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In the Storm.

Night on the ocean, dark and cold . A shadowy beach where the wild waves rolled. The foam-capped waves, as withsulien roar They argrily charged on the desolate shore. Over the sands a feeble light From the fisherman's but gleamed thro' th

While a woman waited and watched alone, And shuddered to hear the storm's wild moan. "Shine out thro' the gloom, O light!" she

" My boy's frail bark o'er the waves to guide He will know the lamp that his mother's hand Has set to beckon him safe to land!" Loud and louder the wild winds roar, Lashing the lonely, helpless shore, And none may hear the pitiful wail That floats ashore on the cruel gale.

But ere the morning has dawned at last, The wind, the storm, and the gale are past, And one by one in the shadowy sky The starry lamps are hung on high ; And they becken the soul of the fisher boy To a world of wonderful unknown joy, E'en while the light in the window burns, Where a mother's heart for her boy still yearns

Morn on the ocean, bright and fair ; Sunbeams tangled in sea-wet hair; Sunshine kissing the face so white Of him whose life in the angry night, Stranded for aye on the unknown shore, Should never know storm or shipwreck more But the wail from a mother's broken heart The gates of heaven have cleft apart.

A DAY'S BETROTHAL.

"Well, Jenny, it will be hard to part

Jenny answered not a word, but turned away her head, looking out to sea with a wistful, sorrowful glance. The next moment, my arm was about her waist. She did not repulse me. "Jenny," I cried, why should we part at all? you will take me for a skipper, we'll

on, with a miscellaneous cargo from the Mediterranean; and we are now anchored in the roadstead of Havre, a little to the north and west of the pier-head.

above shone like so many caskets of the sail to it. ivory. It was low tide, and a strip of The sail flew out with a tremendous the shores of the bay; bathers were land of the Cape la Heve, crowned by were alike propitious. I turned to Jenny, and spoke to her of our approaching separation; then I made the final

The tide had turned, the flood began to make. The ship was swinging slowly around, presenting to us the opposite half of the horizon. A loud warning erash from the awning above made us both look up. Never shall I forget the shock of altered scenes that met our eyes. The sun was still shining bright overhead, but to seaward a vast livid wall of vapor shut out everything from view. A shrill blast of wind trumpeted loudly in the rigging, which began to flap and creak and strain. The sea was rising rapidly, and waves came rushing in, crested with driven foam. Then the sun was obscured, visible only as a faint and w. tery blotch; the hills crowned reach-steep, inaccessible heights, with with sunshine, the busy, happy town, all were blotted out; we were alone amid nsudden storm and flerce rising sea.

Jenny sprang to her feet, and, with admirable calmness, began to lower the awning; but in a moment the wind was upon us in full force; the canvas flapped wildly, and then, torn away from its fastenings, flew away to the leeward, visible for a moment in the sky, like a white scabird, and then lost in the

"Won't father be angry!" cried Jenny, clasping her hands ; " so many yards

of good canvas." "Are we not in frightful danger here?" I said, "Why, I wonder, has

your father not returned f" Jenny shook her head "One can't foresee everything. Perhaps he is now

She took up the binocular, and peered anxiously through the mist. But no bont was to be seen. The air was full of hideous noises, the scream sea seemed of a sudden descried, except for one or two fishing smacks to the southward, that, with great brown sails half lowered, were scudding rapidly for the harbor. But for us, in the teeth of felt arms about mine, a soft kiss imthis southwesterly gale, the harbor printed on my forehead. mouth was as inaccessible as the moon.

Jenny left the poop, and ran forward to the forepart of the vessel. I followed her as well as I could, holding on by this and that, for our ship was now pitching heavily upon the swell. I found her by the bowsprit, watching the rise and fall of the ship with anxious eyes. The great black chain that, as the vessel fell, would be invisible in the waves, as she rose, stretched itself tight as a bow-string, with a clank and a groan that made me shudder. Our lives hung upon

Then I found that I was that chain that the waves seemed to sport with as a toy. As we stood there, a little by that from the seas that were sport with as a toy. As we stood there, a wave larger than the others rose upon us without warning, and swept the deck with irresistible force, bearing everything moveable with it. I clung desperately to a belaying-pin, and Jenny clung to me; and after a while the Petrel rose gallantly to the shock, the water streaming from her sides. Drenched and cowed by the violence of the shock, we

made our way back to the peop.

As we reached the cabin door, steward was reeling across the sloppy toes. It was three o'clock, the hour for

the dinner on the table by three; then

his cares were over for the day.
"You surely can't eat, Jenny," I cried, as, after she had changed her dripping garments for dry ones, she sat down at the table with what seemed to me almost flendish indifference.

"Eat! You must eat!" she cried.

"Who knows what an hour may bring forth! If you have to swim for your life, will you have any chance if you start exhausted?"

start exhausted?"

I saw that she was right, and we snatched a hasty meal together as best we could. Just as we had finished, a quiver ran through the ship; the motion changed; she began to roll heavily. The sofa on which we were sitting broke away from its fastenings, and we were thrown violently from one side of the cabin to the other, in the midst of an avalanche of all the movables that were unfastened, or had broken away.

As soon as we regained our feet, we made for the deck. I thought that the last moment had come, and desired only

last moment had come, and desired only to see daylight once more. We had parted from our anchor, and were drift-ing rapidly away toward the dark brist-ling cliffs to leeward.

The sight seemed to restore confidence

and courage to Jenny. "Go forward," the screamed in my ear; "go forward, you and the steward, and get the lower sail on the foremast; black Jem and I will steer the ship."

J nny's voice inspired me; the pros-

pect of doing something to avert our fate gave me new strength. I stumbled forward, holding on to anything that came to hand. The steward stood at the door of his caboose, having jammed himself into a secure position; a pipe was in his mouth, and a black bottle in his who had been attracted by the wreck He looked at me with lack-luster eyes. "Come along, man," I shouted in his ear; "come and help me to get up sail.

"What's the odds?" he replied in a sullen voice; "what's the odds. Let's be happy while we may!"

The man was drunk. I cast a despair-

sail through life together."

We are on board the bark Petrel of Greenock, bound eventually for London, with a miscellaneous cargo from eyes with her hand, looking anxiously forward. Ah! what could I do among all this bewildering maze of cordage and to the north and west of the pier-head.
Jenny is the skipper's daughter, and I am only a passenger.

We had called at Havre, to dispose of part of our cargo, and the captain and mate having gone ashore to settle some dispute with some of his crew who had part of our cargo, and the captain and mate having gone ashore to settle some dispute with some of his crew who had unwarrantably deserted the ship, left Jenny and me on board, in charge.

We were practically alone on board. The steward was basy in his caboose, the black was asleep somewhere forward—in the sum—the ship was riding easily at her anchor with almost imperceptible motion. The town was shimmering pleasantly in the sunshine, and the white villas on the wooded heights above shone like so many caskets of

wet glistening sand was visible along report, and threatened every moment to tear itself to tatters; but, seizing a rope, splashing about; amateur shrimpers I slid down to the deck with a rapidity were pushing their nets before them in that took every morsel of skin off my the shallows. Beyond, the bold head-aukles; and getting hold of the rope that I saw controlled the movements of its two white lighthouses, assumed the the sail, I hauled it in bit by bit, and appearance of some lazy pacific beast succeeded in making fast one side of the conchant on the sands. Time and place sail. The other offered less difficulty. Jenny waved her hand triumphantly from the poop. The ship began to move through the water. We should clear the headland, that now looked so ominously upon us, crouching there like some hungry animal awaiting his prey.

> rewarded me with an encouraging grasp of the hand. "You did that beautiful ly," she cried. "Now, if the gale mod erates, as I think it will, and doesn't veer round more to the westward

I crawled back to the poop, and Jenny

As she spoke we shot past the headland, and gained a clear view of the coast beyond. The sun was sinking low, and showed for a moment a blood-red streak between two angry clouds. The lurid light it east upon the red frowning cliffs was something appalling. They ran along for miles, as far as the eye could the surf beating angrily against them, and flying up in clouds of spray half way to their summit.

As the sun went down it came on to blow harder and more from the west The line of cliffs to leeward loomed nearer and nearer. The sail ceased to draw, beginning to shake and flap with a loud noise.

"She will go no nearer to the wind, Willie," cried Jenny, knitting her brows; and we drift continuously to leeward You must haul that sheet tighter, Willie;

it's our only chance. I was running forward to my work, when a block, detached from the rigging by the force of the wind, struck me vioiently on the head, and I fell to the ground insensible. When I came to myself, my head was aching violently, although it seemed to be supported by a soft pillow. It was quite dark, and the of the wind, the loud roar of the surf, filled the air with a tumult indescribable. "Where am I?" I said, feebly, stretching out my arms into the darkness. I

We shall be ashore, dear, in five minutes," said a voice in my ear, "and all our troubles over."

I raised myself up, with a groan, and tried to gain my feet, but fell back exhausted. The scene about me struck me with terror; the thought of drowning helpless in this raging gu'f of waters had an ineffable bitterness for me.

"Willie," said Jenny once more in my ear, "if you get safe ashore, will you

Then I found that I was lying beneath breaking over us, and that a life belt was fastened under my arms. Jenny was crouched beside me, holding my head in

her lap, chafing my temples and hands. The few minutes that elapsed before we struck seemed as an age. The wind beneath the cliffs was not so violent, and the back-current of the waves kept us to get out, had been beaten back. for a moment away from the rocks which we almost touched. But the respite was lighted a bluelight, which I now faintly

at the moment of striking, and we were at the moment of striking, and we were hurried away together in a hideous trough of cordage and timber. Dashed violently against a mass of slippery chalk, which afforded no purchase for hand or foot, I lay there, fairly exhausted, expecting every moment the return of the wave that would sweep us back into the gulf, when I thought I saw a light close beside me shining into my eyes, and a face peering auxiously over the waters. It was a delusion, one of the hallucinations of approaching death. Next moment we were covered with

the hallucinations of approaching death.

Next moment we were covered with
blinding surge, and a great green wave
swept over us, driving us pell-mell before it with inconceivable fury. I lost
my senses for a while to find myself
jammed in between two fragments of
rock. Jenny was gone. I had lost my
hold of her, and she had been carried
away into the boiling gulf.

I had nothing to expect myself but instant death. The next wave would wash
me out of my hole, a mere gravice in the me out of my hole, a mere crevice in the precipice. I had hardly strength enough to breathe, and could fight no longer

against my fate.

But though I was constantly covered with surf, and nearly suffocated, yet the waves did not reach me with full force.

The tide was retiring.

Time passed on, I hardly knew how, till the moon rose red and menacing. The tide was down now, but the surf reached to the very base of the cliffs. The flood would come presently, like a lion to his half-devoured victim, and I should perish. Then I heard voices below me, and say by the mocalight some low me, and saw by the moonlight some men draped in short smocks or blouses groping about among the rocks beneath They were countrymen, evidently, and who had found their way down the cliffs by some concealed footpath. I shouted—they heard me, and clambered to my retreat. They were full of com-passion and kindness. They carried me along the base of the cliffs by a footpath among the case of the clins by a footpath among the debris, till they reached a smooth gap in the wall of chalk, by which they ascended. I was presently carried to a house, stripped, and placed in a warm bed. I recollect just this much and then mercury fails up. Thed much, and then memory fails me. I had a long illness, I am teld, and was near death's door, but recovered at last, and found myself the guest of a worthy Norman farmer, who occupied a charming little homestead on the heights above

Well, it remained only for me to return to England, a saddened, melancholy man. I left my watch with the good farmer who had taken care of me, as some recompense for the trouble and expense to which he had been put. The captain of the John Bull gave me credit or my passage money, and I landed at St. Katharine's wharf without clothes but those I wore, sadly stained with sea water, and with only a few shillings in my pocket. But there was money due to me for my pension, a couple of quarters now, and I took a cab to the paymaster-general's office to get it.

"William Thornley," said the clerk, looking at his list. "Why, he's dead— struck off the list two months ago. You're the man, you say. Well, I'm orry to say that only a treasury order

will bring you to life again."

The personnel of the office was almost entirely changed since I was last in Eng-The old clerk who used to pay me had been pensioned off, and there no one who recognized me. The information came, I was informed, from my old office, and there I went in much cha-There could be no difficulty in eventually getting the matter put to right, but in the meantime I wanted money-money, and I didn't know where

I went to the old office. The place once so familiar to me, now knew me no more. One of my old chums was still there, and him I found out. He looked at me, stared, burst into laughter.

"What! you're not drowned, then?"

"Drowned? No! but precious near Who stopped my pension, pray?"
"Oh, some friends of yours came it. here; a seafaring party, and a pretty girl in deep mourning—a deuced pretty girl," said my friend, pausing, and be-ginning to bite the stump of his pen. Well, they gave me a long account of your loss on board the Petrel. Why he came to me was, that he remembered my name as a fellow who knew you, don't you see! Of course, I was very sorry to hear it, and all that; and then the old captain asked me who your relations were, and I couldn't tell him; but I said I'd make inquiries; and as they were going to Scotland, they promised to call and see me again on their return. And, by Jove, here they are!" said my friend, rising as the room door was thrown open, and the messenger annonneed a gentleman and lady

-, by appointment. I was sitting with my back to the door, and turned my head towards it. A young woman in black ran forward with a scream. I sprang to my feet, and clasped Jenny in my arms—Jenny, safe and sound, but pale and worn-suffering

for me! Her father, it turned out, had been on the cliff, and had followed the Petrel along the shore all that eventful pight he had offered five hundred pounds in vain for a tug to put out to the rescue and the life boat, although she had tried had seen the ship coming ashore,

provided with a chain and bucket; and sided by some douaniers, he had descended by this means the face of the precipice, and had caught hold of his daughter as she was swept away from me in the last mad rush of waters. He was an eye-witness, as he thought, of my loss in the abyss, and had never dreamt that I could possibly have escaped.

"I wish you'd have stopped drowned," said my friend between his teeth; but for all that, he stood best man at my wedding, and my rough day's betrothal has been followed, thank God, by a union of constantly increasing happiness.

The Modern House.

The nineteenth century house, says Popular Science Monthly, has no spe-cial provision for the admission of fresh air, and, except in warm weather, its entrance is jealously prevented. Venti-lation is change of air, and, unless scientifically arranged, and especially warmed in cold weather, such change of atmosphere means cold currents with their attendant train of colds, catarrh, bronchitis, neuralgia, rheumatism, ca-and the evils that spring from them. Again, perfect ventilation means the realization, in a great measure, of the condition of the air out of doors; and few persons, probably, have esti-mated the enormous flow of air requisite to effect this. The ordinary notion is, that the proper renewal of the air in a room ought to be measured by the quantity passed through the lungs of an individual in any given time. But an ordinary property of the control of the c ounce of poison may vitiate a gallon of water, and nothing short of the removal and renovation of the whole of the tainted portion, as fast as it becomes tainted, can insure perfect salubrity. Dr. Dal-ton estimated the average respiration of a man to be twenty-four cubic inches, and the average number per minute to be twenty; consequently four hundred cubic feet pass through the lungs of an ordinary man in twenty-four hours, while the fallacy to which we have alluded assumes that a supply of four hundred cubic feet in the room in twenty-four hours insures sufficient ventilation. Certainly, if any one would draw breath out of one bag, and dis-charge the tainted air from his lungs into another, he would always breathe good air. But it is calculated that a

themselves to me, and I told myself that keep a diary. Little harm and some I should never see her like again. I ingood may come of the practice, proquired as to her last resting place. Only two of the bodies had been found, it seemed—those of the cook and the black cabinboy.

Well, it remained only for me to return

wided the diary is made an honest record of deeds done, places visited, books round, singing slowly rude rhymes describing marriage. She has no toys—
suggested by reading and observation. But there are two "shall nots" which should govern the practice. One is that the diary shall not contain affectations of sentiment. The second is that the liary shall not be shown. The one will make you sincere, the other will train you to honesty. But a better practice. as it seems to us, is to keep a record, either in the memory or in a book, of the kind words and deeds shown to us by others. Here is an account of a Book of Thanks," kept by a boy:

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must "-"Do something in revenge?" inquired

his cousin Cecelia. "No. Look over my book of thanks." "What's that ?" said Cecelia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing, in a round text hand. "Here it is," said Mark. Then he

read aloud: " March 8.—Ben lent me his hat." "Here again: 'January 4.—When I ost my shilling Ben made it up to me kindly.' Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy,

"What do you note down in that?" asked Cecelia, looking over his shoulder

with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross and out of temper I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."

Something Entirely New.

The latest dodge, and one of the sharpest sort, has been attempted upon several sporting men of Cincinnati recently, and successfully in one instance Here is how it was done: Eph. Holland and a friend were rolling ten-pins at the Empire, when a note came to Eph., asking him to call at the Grand Hotel to see a particular friend. It was written on a Grand Hotel "letter-head." He walked down to the hotel, but found nobody there that he particularly cared to see. While he was gone, a note came to "Doc." Martin, at the Empire, writ-ten on a Grand Hotel letter-sheet, signed "Eph." and asking the doctor to send him a hundred dollars by the bearer, a young man of respectable appearance. The doctor knowing that Eph. had gone to the hotel, and supposing he had met some friend and wanted to use that much money, promptly inclosed one hundred dollars in an envelope and sent it "by bearer." When Eph. returned the doctor merely asked him if he had received the money all right. Then the little game was discovered.

In the San Francisco jail is a girl only sixteen years old. She is excessively shy and demure, blushes when looked a by visitors, and faints when drunkards are brought bleeding and yelling into the prison. Her face is delicate and exnot for long; we grounded upon an outruning spit of rock, and instantly the running spit of rock, and instantly the sea made a clean sweep over us, carrying away masts, spars, rigging—everything went by the board. I had seized Jenny lighted a bittengit, which I how lainty the prison. Her face is declete and extra the prison.

AN UNHAPPY LIFE.

The English Parm Loborer's Daughter, and the Manner in which she Livess and is Treated.

At seven or eight years old the girl's labor begins. Before that she has been set to mind the baby, or watch the pot, and to scour about the hedges for sticks for the fire. Now she has not only to mind the baby, but to nurse it; she carries it about with her in her arms, and really the infant looks almost as large as

really the infant looks almost as large as herself, and its weight compels her to lean backward. She is left at home all day in charge of the baby, the younger children and the cottage. Perhaps a little bread is left for them to eat, but they get nothing more till the mother returns about 4:30, when woe be to the girl if the fire is not lit, and the kettle on. The girl has to fetch the water—often a hard and tedious task, for many villages have a most imperfect supply, and you may see the ditches by the road-side dammed up to yield a little dirty water. She may have to walk half a mile to the brook, and then carry the bucket home as best she may, and repeat bucket home as best she may, and repeat the operation till sufficient has been acquired, and when her mother is washing, or worse still is a washerwoman by pro-fession, this is her weary trudge all day. Of course there are villages where water is at hand, sometimes too much of it. is at hand, sometimes too much of it. I know a large village where the brook runs beside the highway, and you have to pass over a "drock" or small bridge to get to each of the cottages, but such instances are rare. The girl has also to walk into the adjacent town and bring back the bread, particularly if her mother happens to be receiving parish pay. A little older—at ten or eleven er twelve—still more skinny and hony now as a rule. still more skinny and bony now as a rule, she follows her mother to the fields, and learns to pick up stones from the young mowing grass, and place them in heaps to be carted away to mend drinking places for cattle. She learns to beat clots and spread them with a small prong; she works in the hayfield and gleans at the corn-harvest. Gleaning—poetical gleaning—is the most unpleasant and uncomfortable of labor, tedious, slow, backaching work ; picking up ear by ear the dropped wheat, searching among the prickly stubble. Nothwith-standing all her labor, and the hardship she has to endure-coarse fare and churlish treatment at the hands of those who should love her most—the little agricultural girl still retains some of that natural inclination toward the pretty and romantic inherent in the sex. In the spring she makes daisy chains and winds them round the baby's neck; or with the stalks of the dandelion makes a chain several feet in length. She plucks great bunches of the beautiful bluebell, and of the purple orchis of the meadow; gathers heaps of the cowslip, and after playing with them a little while, they are left to wither in the dust by the roadside, while she is sent two or three miles with her father's dinner. keep a diary. Little harm and some She chants snatches of rural songs, and

dressed in a rag. Poor things! they need no artificial dolls: so soon as ever

they can lift it they are trusted with the

in a shrill treble perpetually; her father the height of her voice, and, upon being enforces his orders with a harsh onth joined by the other child about the and a slap, -Fraser's Magazine, The Great Showman. The Hartford Times has just discovered an old card, showing that P. T. Barnum kept a boarding house in New York about 1831. He had just been treated to sharp treatment in his native State for his liberality in matters of religious belief. For his attacks on Judge Daggett and the court's decisions in his newspaper, he was arrested and put in the Danbury jail. He served out his sentence, and then went to New York, where, it seems, he set out as the keeper of a boarding house. A few years later he conceived the brilliant idea of launching out into the showman's business. He got an old Maryland colored woman, took her to Boston, and had circulated and read in the churches an appeal for aid for her, to purchase her freedomshe having raised enough money, into about \$300, and was, moreover, the same old aunty who had nursed George Washington! The "sell" was perfect. The ministers went to work to aid the contribution, a larger sum than was asked for was raised, and Barnum's career as a

showman began. His old colored woman 'drew" like a house on fire-not only ia Boston, but all about the country and the success of the scheme led later to the "woolly horse," and various other wonders, and finally to the New York museum, then to the traveling show.

Making a Change.

I got chatting with an acquaintance the other day, says a correspondent, and asked him what he was doing.
"Well," he replied, "just now I am
doing nothing, but I have made arrangements to go into business. "Glad to hear it. What are you go-

ing into?"
"Well, I am going into partnership with a man.' "Do you put in much capital?"

"No ; I put in no capital."

he will have the experience!'

"Don't want to risk it, eh?" No: but I put in the experience. "And he puts in the capital?" "Yes, that is it. We go into business for three years; he puts in the capital, I put in the experience. At the end of three years I will bave the capital, and

An Accommodating Town.

As an innocent looking old may was going up Washington street, Vick sburg, going up Washington street, Vier sburg, a drayman nodded at him, and asked: "Want a dray, mister?" "No., I guess not," replied the old man, "I'm too far from home, and can't pay freight on it. Much obleeged, though. Vicksburg is a powerful nice town. A fellow back there asked me if I didn't want a goat, and the property inquired if wasted, a back and another inquired if wanted a hack, and now you offer me a dray. I wish I lived here."

Letting the Animals Loose. Lucy Hooper writes to the Philadelphia Telegraph from Paris: The Menagerie Bidel closed its doors with a
grand farewell performance, which was
likewise a gratuitous one. This memagerie added to the usual display of
wild beasts and the feats of lion-tamers a
new and popular attraction. M. Bidel
was in the habit, at the close of the performances, of letting loose a number of
tame and harmless animals to receive the
caresses and admiration of the audience,
particularly of those spectators who had
reserved seats on the front row next the
ring. First came three men, bearing on reserved seats on the front row next the ring. First came three men, bearing on their shoulders an enormous boa-constrictor, with head erect and quivering, darting tongue. Nobody cared particularly to touch him, so his bearers marched around the ring with him and then disappeared. Next came a huge alligator, carried in the same way, the first man carefully keeping down his threatening upper jaw. He was not a popular pet citner, though many curious individuals ventured to touch his sealy back and dangling paws. Then came a group

and dangling paws. Then came a group of soft-eyed clumsy llamas, who blun-dered about and walked over the spectators and tumbled on the children and behaved themselves absurdly in general. Then the giraffes and the elephant were turned loose, and were immensely caressed. A race was organized between the elephant and one of the giraffes, wherein the former got beaten, and tes-tifled his sense of his discomfiture by a series of horrible howls. But the great success of the evening were the lion cubs, five jolly little fellows, looking like kittens on an exaggerated scale, and all perfectly wild to be let out for a frolic. As soon as the door of their cage was opened out they all tumbled, down the inclined plank that led to the ring, and all mightily inclined to play. They were picked up and patted and hugged by everybody who could get hold of one of them, their tails were pulled and their ears were pinched, and they were generally treated with a familiarity to which members of the royal lion family are totally unaccustomed. They took it all in good part, however, growling a little sometimes when a royal tail was pulled too hard, or a royal ear unduly pinched, but never attempting to scratch or bite. After a general frolic all round, ome of them got under the seats, curl ed themselves up, and went to sleep, in a comfortable, domestic-cat sort of fashion. It is an interesting question to me as to what influence the training will have on these specimens of a usually in-tractable and savage race. Will they grow up to be ferocious brutes, growling at humanity from behind the bars of a cage, or will their baby gentleness and domesticity continue?

A Young Heroine. The Houston (Texas) Telegraph says

One morning recently a man and wife who live about nine miles east of Willis. sometimes three or four together, join- left home on business, leaving the house doll ; cr, if they do, it is but some stick on a bed in an adjoining room, utter a feeling, upon opening the door, to see a bage panther with the babe in its mouth leaping from an open wind a mouth contrary to law for a farmer to law for a farmer. real baby. Her parents probably do huge panther with the babe in its mouth not mean to be unkind, and use makes leaping from an open window immethis treatment bearable, but to an outsider it seems unnecessarily rough, and even brutal. Her mother shouts at her the nout of the window, screaming at would thus be deprived of the benefit They followed about forty rods speed. to a pair of bars which separated the clearing from the forest, at which place the girl states that she approached to within fifteen or twenty feet of the panther, when it relinquished its hold of the child, leaped the bars and made its way to the woods. The infant was picked up, much strangled from its rapid movement through the grass and sand, which filled its month and eyes, but soon recovered and is now well, save few scratches about its body, which have the appearance of having been made by the panther's teeth. marks are very plain, and there are several blood blisters where the teeth in slipping came in contact. The girl states that the panther dropped the child once sefore arriving at the fence, and it is supposed the giving way of the clothing ras the cause, as it was much torn. We obtained the foregoing particulars from a gentleman living in Willis. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the brave girl who saved the child's life.

A Scene from Life.

Of all the terrible curses that have destroyed humanity, intemperance is the most fearful. A young man entered the barroom of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord, you have had delirium tremens once,

and I cannot sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon air out from a point near the floor, althem very politely. The other stood by, silent and sullen, and when they had tinished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now—I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glass-es more, and your work will be done! I efficiency that invariably result from shall soon be out of the way; there is no living in unventilated apartments. hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more

to them! The landlord listened, pale and trem bling. Setting down his decanter, he

"God help me! this is the last drop I will ever sell to any one!"
And he kept his word.

Two sailors belonging to the crew of a bark lying off the coast of Nova Scotia made an effort the other day to reach Halifax by launching the hatches of the vessel and paddling toward the shore. A stiff breeze sprang up, however, blowing their raft out to sea, and nothing has been heard of them since.

Items of Interest.

A new style of kid gloves is striped from the ends of the fingers to the wrist. "So dark, and yet so light," as the man said when he looked at his ton of

She was overheard to say to him: "Our parlor stove is up now; do call and see what a little spark it takes to

cindle a flame?' The Milwankee Sentinel remarks that times will continue hard as long as the \$2,000 a year man strives to appear as a

\$10,000 a year man.' Is the millennium approaching? The conductor and engineer of a train that recently killed a man in Chicago have been held for trial for murder.

For many years every table of State areas has set California down as covering 188,984 square miles. The lines, as established by recent United States surveys, show that the area is in reality only 156,720.

An old sailor, passing through a grave-yard, saw on one of the tombstones: "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and shifting his quid, he ejaculated: "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man man lie; but if I

was dead I'd own it." Mr. Walker, a Cincinnati scientist, has allowed himself to be stung once a day for three weeks by bees to ascertain the effect. He says that after about the tenth time the pain and swelling were slight, the body seeming to become inoculated with the poison.

A man in the last stages of consump tion was recently found in the New York and New England railroad station at Boston. He had been sent away from New Milford, Conn. (where he lived), by the selectmen, who feared he would die on their hands, and had but ninety cents

in his pocket.

A citizen of Springfield, Mass., last spring planted a sweet potato in a hill of sand, with a liberal supply of compost. This autumn he found the hill well filled with a potato weighing three pounds and a half, from which radiated roots to this high read of preference of ordinary. which six pounds of potatoes of ordinary

size were attached. Feeling makes a lively man; thought makes a strong man; action makes a useful man—and all these together make a perfect man. Now, abide these three; Feeling, thought, action, and the greatest of these is action. Some men think much, feel little, and act less. They are

universally unsafe men. John Chinaman's method of warfare is slow, if not sure. The troops who started from Pekin for their western frontier three years ago to repress Ya-koob Khan, happening to get out of provisions en route, stopped to supply themselves by planting grain, and are now awaiting the harvest.

Since the first issue of postal cards paid the contractors \$357,349.85, and has collected \$2,554,780 from the people. The entire shipments of the cards weighed nine hundred and six tons, and would fill a freight train of ninety cars.

The French court of cassation has just given a decision of interest to gleaners, and they have in this generasheep into his fields for two days after which humanity and law have reserved to the indigent." Is there any other house, pursued the panther at her utmost | county where the pitiful thrift of a gleaner could become a subject of litiga

The young wife of a merchant in Barnesville, Ga., during his absence in New York to buy goods, gave evidence of aberration of mind, and when friends in her presence proposed to telegraph him, she said: "You need not telegraph him. The good Lord has enabled me to apprise him of my condition." they telegraphed him and in a very short time he was home, and says that the night during which she screamed out he dreamed that she was in the condition These he found her in and when the telegram come he was fully aware of her condi-

Common Sense Ventilation.

The best practical statement I have met about ventilation was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania : " Air is like a rope ; you can pull it better than you can push it. All mechanical appliances for pushing ir into a room or a house are disap pointing. What we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room the fresh supply will take care of itself if means for its admission are provided. It has been usual to withdraw the air

through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room, with their gradual accumulation of cooled carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the air out from a point near the floor, allowing the upper and warmer portions to descend and take its place.

An open fire, with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room ; the one-half or two-thirds of the heat carried up the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease, and large though this seems from its daily draft on the woodpile or coalbin, it is trifling when compared with doctors' bills and with the loss of strength and

Homesick Exiles Returning. After the war three or four hundred

Southerners went to Brazil, where they intended permanently to reside. They were, however, disappointed in their hopes, and soon expressed a desire to return, many of them being in actual distress. The government, on being informed of their condition, tendered to them free passage on board of naval vessels. In pursuance of this offer twenty-four of them returned to New York in 1871. Since that time others have reached this country by the same means, and now the United States steamer Swatara will soon leave for Para, in Brazil, to bring to this country the remainder of the expedition, and will land them at Port Royal, S. C.