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Crossing the Brook.

Gushing and splashing, O'er tiny rocks dashing. Down flows the brook on its way to the sea ; Warm in the meadow. Or cool in the shadow. Onward still flowing with murmurs of glee. Why dost thou fear thee? Child, I am near thee!

Sister will carry thee safe o'er the stream ; Place thee securely, Where thou canst stand surely, On the soft grass, where the buttercups glean Round the neck grasp me, Cling so, and clasp me.

my feet on the stepping-stones tread Green fields before us, Rustling leaves o'er us. Blue sky, yet higher, and God overhead. Life has its gladness, Has, too, its sadness Would I could carry thee, child, through it all

Give thee the brightness, All the heart's lightness, Keeping the troubles, what'er might befall. Vainly I'm sighing! Life is replying.

"Man on this earth his own burden must bear Carry his sorrow To-day and to-morrow Till life is over, and death shall be near." Peace, foolish voices

Faith still rejoice s. Pears not the years, be they gloomy or bright Through sun and shadow.

Through vale or meadow. God shall guide safely on, into the light.

THE PIONEER BOYS.

So long ago as it takes for little boys to grow great men, it was not so easy to live in Nebraska as it is now, when the great land commissioner of the great railroads hangs a buffalo's head in every depot in Boston, to show the world how much more delightful is the society of buffaloes than the society of Bostonians. When John, and Susan, and the children, Titus and Tom o' Shauter, and

Betty, and the new baby came to Nebraska, that plucky young State was, for the most part, an ugly, howling wilder-

In the thick of the wilderness Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs dug out for themselves a home. Literally, they dug it out with their own bands. Susan was a tough little woman, with stout hands and a stout heart, and she dug too. I think, if the truth must be told, she rather enjoyed leaving Titus and Tam with the other babies—there's no guessing how much care one baby will take of another till you've tried—and taking an ax to

very hard, I fancy, that they made the living without dying for it. It was almost worse at first than coachman's wages in Mother England. There was the newness, and there was the homesickness, and there was the distance from the market, and there was the bitter cold, and there was the blighting heat, and always there were the babies, and besides, there were the Indians.

John, and Susan, and Tam, and Titus, and Betty, and the new baby, and the newest new baby (when it came along) got along pretty well with everything else but it wasn't pleasant to see an Indian come walking by with a tomahawk just as you were quietly sitting down to supper; and they got a little tired of sleep ing with one ear open, listening for the awful, echoing sound of the cruel Indian war-cry; and whatever might be urged against life as a coachman in England, at least it was a life in which one's attention wasn't called so frequently to the top of one's head.

" Mine is fairly sore," laughed Susan, "with thinking how it will feel to be scalped. I'll have a gun," she said. So she had a gun. "I'll be a good shot," she said. And quickly she became as good a shot as John. And when John was at work in the woods or the garden, Susan gathered her brood about her in the house, and, lynx-eyed as a sentry, and fine-eared as a mother, mounted

Now, there came a time when nobody had seen any Indians for so long a while that even the wise heart of the mother forgot to feel keenly about anything in this world. If we do not see it -an absent duty, or an absent friend, or an absent terror—all alike they grow a trifle dim or dull.

And one day, when Titus and Tam said: "Just one gallop on the prairie, mother, with old Jerusalem," their mother said: "Well, I don't know," and their father said: "I guess I'd let 'em;" and the lynx eyes, and the keen ears, and the wise head of the mother said her not nay—and so it happened. Old Jerusalem was the big white

horse; the faithful, ugly, grand old horse, that took steps almost as long as a kangaroo's, and was more afraid of an Indian than Titus and Tam.

So Susan kissed Titus good-bye ten-derly—for he was the good boy of those remarkable twins-and that was why they called him Titus; and kissed Tam a little more tenderly still, because he wasn't so good as Titus, and so had got called Tam; and she said: "Hold on tight!" and John came out and said "Come home pretty soon;" and Tam him, and Jerusalem gave one great bound, and away they shot, clinging with shining bare feet to Jerusalem's white bare back-for they were magnificent little riders, seven years old now, and brave as cubs.

Susan stood watching them after John had gone back to his work—stood watching long after they had swept away into the great, green, beautiful sea of the treacherous prairie grass.

Uneasy? Not exactly. Sorry she had let them go? Hardly that. She was a sensible little woman, and having done what she thought was right, had no idea of being troubled by it, till the time came. But still she stood watching, her hand above her eyes-this way-and she did not go into the house till the newest new baby had cried at least five minutes

at the top of its new little lungs. Titus and Tam and Jerusalem Titus and Tam and Jerusalem got pretty far out on the beautiful, terrible prairie. How beautiful it was ! It did

it tried. The green waves of the soft grass rolled madly. The wind was high. The sun was so bright they could not look at it. The strong horse bounded with mighty leaps. The boys could feel the muscles quivering and drawn tense in his soft, warm body, as they clung. It was like being a horse yourself. They did not know which was horse and which was boy. They laughed because they could not help it, and shouted because they did not know it.

Hi! Hi! Oh, the sun, and the mad shouted because they did not know it. Hi! Hi! Oh, the sun, and the mad grass, and the wild wind! Hi! Hi! Will he get us home? Can he ever, were keep ahead so long? Oh, how the arrews fly by! We shall be hit, we shall be hit! Oh, mother, mother! "Tam, why doesn't father come to meet us? Why don't they do something for us, Tam? Has mother forgotten us?"

Hi! Hi! Yi.jec.ee!"

That I think must have been the

Hi! Hi! Yi-i-ee-ee!"

"I guess we ought to go back," said
Titus, pretty soon; Titus was so much
more likely to remember to be good,
"Oh, no," said Tam, who was generally a little bad, when there was a

" Father said to come home pretty soon," said Titus.

(i! Yi!"
Ah! what was that? What was it? Could Jerusalem answer? Can the wild winds talk? Will the mad prairie speak? The sunshine is tongue-tied, and the great sky is dumb. But some-

and the great sky is dumb. But something answered Tam O'Shauter's shout.
Oh, there! Oh, Titus! Quick, quick, quick! Turn him round, Tam!
Turn Jerusalem round! Injuns! Injuns! Oh, I wish we hadn't come!
What shall we do, what shall we do?
Oh, Tam, what shall we do? Oh, Tam, thav're and they are and they're are, they've all got horses, and they're coming straight! Get up! Get up! Oh, Jerusalem, do hurry! Old fellow, do get us home! Good boy! Good old fellow!

Oh, Tam! they've got arrows, and they're going—to—shoot! Pretty little Mrs. Jacobs had got the newest baby to sleep, and got the baby that wasn't quite so new to sleep, and given Betty her patchwork, and swept the kitchen, and built the fire, and started supper on the way, and I don't know what else besides, when that fine mother's ears of hers detected, through

the sough of the wind upon the prairie a sharp, uneven, and, to her notion, rather ugly sound. Betty was sitting in the door, but she heard nothing. The sleeping babies did not stir from their baby dreams. John was in the garden, but John heard never

Only the mother heard it. Only the help her husband fell trees and cut the derbrush, or taking a hoe to hoe her row in the darling little garden, out of which they meant to make a living, if which they meant to make a living, if who have lived much face to face with who have lived much face to face with leath—without a word. She did not

even call her husband. The time had not come to speak. It might have been three minutes; it might have been less or more; who could tell? when John Jacobs, digging heavily over an obstinate potato, felt a nand laid lightly upon his shoulder. His wife stood beside him. She was as pale as one many hours dead; but she stood

come into the house a minute." He obeyed her in wonder and in silence. He just dropped his hoe and

"Now, shut the door," said He shut it. "Shut the windows,"
"What's the matter, Susan? Any-

thing wrong? Ain't the boys in? "Hush sh! Before the children! I'll tell you in a minute. Don't, John !

Bolt the front door!' "Lock everything. Draw the shutters. Fasten them with case-knives be-sides the buttons. Is the cellar door

tight? Is everything tight? Betty, take care of the babies a minute for mother. John, come here!" She led him to the little attic, and

from the narrow, three-cornered window And still, how beautiful it was! How

the wind played like one gone crazy for joy with the tender tops of the unoker, unbounded grass. And soft, as if the world had gone to sleep for very safety, fell the magnificent western sun. Beautiful, terrible, treacherous thing ! Cutting through the soft horizon line, sharp as the knife through shrinking flesh, six dark figures loomed against strides of a long-stepped ro dster, fled a big, gaunt, homely, grand old horse. And clinging with lit-

tle, bright bare feet to his white sides, and clinging with little, despairing arms to one another.
"My God! They are our boys!" John Jacobs threw up his arms and

Quick as woman's thought ran, his wife was before him, and had bolted the attie door.

"Where are you going, John?" She spoke, he though, in her natural tones, though she trembled horribly. Where was he going? Why, to meet them, save them—get his gun—blow these devils' brains out—what did she mean? Why did she keep him? Quick,

quick! Open the door! "My husband," said Susan, still in those strangely quiet tones, "we cannot save our boys. Look for yourself and see. They will be shot before they reach the house. We have three children left. You must save them, and for their sakes, yourself, John. Keep the door looked. Keep the windows barred. Keep the shutters drawn. Give me the old pistol and my gun. Take your own and guard the door. There's a chance that they'll live to get here and be let in. But not one step outside that door, John Jacobs, as you're the father of three liv-ing children! Oh, John, John, John!

My poor little boys !"

He thought she would have broken down at that. He thought he could never get her from the attic door, where she lay trembling in that horrid way, with her chin on the window sill, and her eyes set upon the six dark figures, and the grand, old, ugly horse, upon which the slipping, reeling, hopeless, precious burden clung. But all he could hear her say was "mother's poor little

That, I think, must have been the cruelest minute in all the cruel story.

And yet, perhaps, not so cruel as the minute when the mother, at the attic window, gave one long, low, echoing cry, and came, staggering from her post, down stairs to say—still in that strange voice that mothers such as she will have at such a minute: "John, "But," urged Tam, with a bright air, "mother said to hold on tight. Hi! will have at such a minute. John, they are hit; the arrow struck them both. Let me to the kitchen window. You stay at the door. There's just a

moment now.' There was but a moment, and like a wild dream, the whole dreadful sight came sweeping up, over the garden, into

the yard. the yard.

Now John could not see anything but the mighty form of the horse Jerusalem. To this day, he says that the saddle, to his eyes, as the magnificent creature leaped by, was empty as air. He only saw the horse—and the horse made straight for the bars.

But why did the caveges pures a

But why did the savages pursue a riderless horse? And whooping and shooting cruelly after it, into the barn

they plunged.
"The boys are on the horse, hoarse whisper said the mother; "I saw them both. They are bleeding and falling. The arrow has pinned them to-gether, John, but they have kept their

"My boys are pretty good riders," said John, turning his white face round with a grim, father's pride, even then; "but even my boys can't keep a horse after they're shot through the body.

Fright has turned your brain, Susan."
I tell the story just as it was told to me; and the way of that was this: how Jersusalem leaped into the barn, with the boys, or so the mother thought, bleeding upon his back; how the savages scoured the barn, the yard, the garden, plundered a little here and there, and fitfully attacked at intervals the barricaded house; how John, brave and white at one door, and Susan, white and brave at the other, abundance of powder and unflinching hearts, and the love of three helpless babies, drove gone, the parents, shivering and sad, crept out with white lips, little by little as they dared, to hunt for the bodies of

their murdered boys. "They ain't in the barn," said the father, bringing his hand heavily across his eyes. "I'll go to the woods, I suppose they scalped the little fellows and eft them there."

But the mother, when he was gone, went around and around stealthily as a cat about the barn. Ah, blessings forever on the mother's ear, and blessings

on the mother's eye!
From a pile of fresh earth thrown up in the barnyard, a little stream of blood came trinkling down-and she saw it. Deep from the middle of the mound a little cry came, faint, terror-stricken, smothered—but she heard it.

To be sure. When Jerusalem went leaping through the barn door, just an arrow's length ahead of his pursuers, off tumbled Tam and Titus, and out into the barnyard, and down into the pile of mud and gravel, deep and safe. about and about, and here and there, the Indians had searched, and scoured, and grumbled-and gone; and there they

from the narrow, three-cornered window pointed to the prairie, still without a word.

And still how beautiful it was! How

don't know. I'm sure they never would have, but for their brave, black-eyed little mother, who picked them up and washed them off, and carried them in (but she pulled out the arrow first) and put them to bed and bandaged, and contrived, and cared, and kissed, and cried, and prayed-and they got well. They lived to be six feet high; and as they are living now, I pre-

sume they measure six feet still. It is a pretty long story, I know, but it is a true one, for I've seen the arrow. John gave the arrow to a gentleman and the gentlemen gave it to his daughter; and the daughter—no, she wouldn't give it to me; but I held it for five minutes in the very hand with which I write these words. And if that doesn't prove that the story is true, what could?

And Jerusalem? Oh, Jerusalem lived to a good old age, and was buried in the barnyard with great honors. And Tam and Titus cried, and John and Susan cried, and Betty, and the new, and the newest, and the very newest, and the very, very newest, and all the babies cried, and it would have been very sad if it hadn't been a little funny.

A Strange People.

In Urimi, at Suna, says Stanley, in his report of his African expeditions, discovered a people remarkable for their manly beauty, noble proportions and nakedness. Neither man nor boy had either cloth or skins to cover his nudity; the women bearing children boasted of goat skins. their physical beauty and fine proportions they were the most suspicious peo-ple we had yet seen. It required great tact and patience to induce them to part with food for our cloth and beads. They owned no chief, but respected the injunctions of their elders, with whom I treated for permission to pass through their land. The permission was reluctantly given, and food was begrudingly sold, but we bore with this silent ostility patiently, and I took great care that no overt act on the part of the expedition should change this suspicion

Notwithstanding the consumption of oysters they are considered healthy.

The Destruction of Lisbon. A writer is Lippincott's gives the following description of the destruction of Lisbon: The morning of November 1 dawned serene, but the heavens were thazy; since midnight the thermometer have noticed that one of the handsomest young men in Burlington has suddenly grown bald, and dissipation is attributed as the cause. Ah, no; he went to a church sociable the other hazy; since midnight the thermometer had risen one degree, and stood at nine o'clock at fourteen above freezing, Reaumur. As it was the feast of All Saints, the churches were thronged from an early hour, and all their altars brilliantly illuminated with thousands of tapers, and decorated with garlands of tapers. various-tinted muslius and thin silks, softly: At a quarter of ten o'clock the first shock was felt. It was so slight that many attributed it to the passage of heavy wagons in the street, and even to "I regret to say," the young mere fancy. Three minutes afterward a second shock occurred, so violent that it seemed as if the heavens and earth were any change to " passing away. This agitation lasted fully ten minutes, and ere it diminished the greater portion of the city was in ruins. The dust raised obscured the sun; an Egyptian darkness prevailed, and to add to the universal horror the fearful screams of the living and the growns of the dying rose through the air. In twenty minutes all became calm again, and people began to look around them and consider the best means of escape. Some were for going to the hills, but were soon discouraged from so doing by the rumors that those who had already gone thither were suffocating from the effects of the dense fog of dust which still rose from the falling buildings. Then they rushed toward to the company of the compa with all the people and edifices upon them. Those who thought to put out to sea were told to look at the river, and, "But," the young man gasped out, lo! in its center they beheld a whirlpool which was sucking in all the boats and vessels in its vicinity, and not a fragment of them ever being seen again.

The royal palace had been entirely swal-come up."

But, the young man gasped out, "Go Monday?" queried the deaf cashier. "I don't care when you go. You must pay, and let these other people come up." lowed up, and over its site is now the vast square of the Paco, or Black Horse, one of the largest public places

in Europe. The great library of the Holy Ghost had treated, were giggling and chuckwas in flames, and its priceless Moorish ling audibly. was in flames, and its priceless Moorish and Hebrew manuscripts fast becoming ashes. The opera house had fallen in, the Inquisition was no more, and the great church of San Domingo was but a heap of stones, beneath which lay crushed to atoms the entire congregation. The Irish church of St. Paul was the death place of one thousand perturbation. 70,000 persons had perished, and the majority of the survivors were cruelly wounded and in agony of mind and Some went mad with fright some lost forever the power of speech sinners went about confessing their secret crimes, and fanatics, believing the last day had come, cried out to the for that Christ was coming to judge the quick and the dead."

Detroit Free Pressings. The grocer who knows his business will set his snow shovels out now and get the public worked up to a winter The Maine man who kicked a can

nitro-glycerine out of his path won't be Michigan has fifteen more boys in its

State reform school than Ohio has, and it also offers other advantages over Ohio to the settler.

The man who argues that a city of 6,000 inhabitants ought to support a daily paper can lose \$5,000 in finding Some of the New York ministers con-

tend that coffins should not be opened at funerals to allow Tom, Dick Harry to gaze on the face of the dead, and there's sense in the objection. Ells, of the Charlotte Leader,

voted the handsomest man at the Eaton county fair, six hundred ladies voting. But you ought to have seen him after his wife got the news!

The government wants \$1,500,000 from the firm of H. B. Claffin & Co., and we can't see why they don't hand it right over and have the thing off their

Boys, if a man comes along with a buggy and asks you to take a ride, do you peg it for home. He wants to steal you, and prove to the world that the average detective is no sharper than the average man who is not a detective.

A Porter street lad secured two boards and an old bedquilt, set up a grocery store in the back yard and stocked it with an apple, four potatoes, a whistle, two steel pens and an ancient horseradish grater, and he sat on an ash box all the afternoon and finally closed the whole assortment out on trust without a complaint.

Suffering the Penalties.

Carl Schurz the name of Herr Krueger, of Spandau, Germany, is fraught with interesting memories. After the trying days of 1848, when Mr. Schurz escaped from confinement in the fortress Spandau, Krueger gave him shelter be-neath his own roof. In a country where everything savoring of treason was as harshly dealt with as in Germany, this act demanded no small degree of courage. Indeed, Krueger soon learned what it cost to trifle with the law. A two rebeis; and forthwith his estate was confiscated, his business broken up, a small office which he held under government taken away, and himself thrown into prison. He survived these trials, retrieved his fortunes to some extent, and passed his remaining days in com-parative ease. Lately he died at the

Treating the Girls.

"I am ashamed to say I have no

"I regret to say," the young man re-peated on a little louder key, "that I any change to "—
"Change two?" chirped the deaf man,

"Oh, yes, I can change a five if you want it." "No," the young man explained in

dust which still rose from the falling buildings. Then they rushed toward the quays which line a part of the quays which line a part of the Tagus, but only to learn the horrible news that these had sunk into the earth lands; "but I haven't got time to talk

"But," the young man gasped out,

"I have no money!" the mortified young man shouted, ready to sink into the earth, while the people all around him, and especially the three girls he

tne death-place of one thousand per-sons, and the palace of Bemposta, where with the half-stifled laughter that was Catharine of Braganza, widow of Charles II., lived and died, had fallen over from the heights on which it was built, and utterly destroyed the poor but populous part of the town which lay be need to be a some of the church members came up to the deaf man to understand him until some of the church members came up to the deaf man to understand him until some of the church members came up to the deaf man to understand him until some of the church members came up to beneath it. In a word, where but an see what the uproar was, and, recognizhour since was In was now nothing but desolation. As to the people, who with the cashier. And the young man himself, and shred his locks away until

The Origin of Coal.

he was bald as an egg.

The discovery of diatoms in coal, by Count Castracane, recently announced is of much interest, as throwing addihorror-stricken multitude "to repent, tional light on the mode of formation of carboniferous coal. These minute forms of plant life have not been recognized in any but very modern formation; but Count Castracane has succeeded in show-ing that they date from the palæozoic epoch, and as far back, at least, as the carboniferous period. He says: the forms I have been able to observe among the ashes of the coal present such an appearance that the most practiced and sharpest eye could not detect the slightest difference between them and actually living diatoms: outline, structure, shape, and number of the flutings
—in short, all the peculiarities which characterize the species that we meet with in the state of actual vegetation agree exactly with those of the carbonif-erous period." It can scarcely be denied that the existence of these minute forms of aquatic vegetation in the substance of carboniferous coal goes to confirm the view of those who hold that this mineral has been formed in presence of water, and the great preponder ance of fresh water forms of the diato macese proves that this was fresh water still the occasional occurrence of marine waters of the ocean occasionally had access to the lagoons or inland lakes,

In fine, the presence of diatoms, taken in connection with the strategraphical phenomena of carboniferous coal beds, appears to bear out the views of those who hold that the mineral has been formed from the decay of successive growing with their stems partly im mersed in the stagnant waters of vast lagoons, these lagoons being nearly on a level with the waters of the sea, which sometimes gained access to them, and carried with them marine forms.

Buying on Credite

The practice of buying on credit the necessary articles of the household is fatal to good economy. The housekeeper has always to pay dearer when she does not pay cash. The tradesman does not pay cash. must have interest for his money, for a man will never in a busy community be willing, and is seldom able, if he were willing, to forego it. To the ordinary adds the interest which may accrue dur ing the time that credit is allowed. This, moreover, is not all; there must be a premium exacted by the dealer for the risk he runs in trusting his goods to that class of more or less dangerous cusmers who never pay ready money. Even the most honestly disposed of these are often unsafe debtors; for they are generally such as are imprudent enough to anticipate their incomes, and to overrun them in expenditure. rumor reached the ears of the authorities credit system, moreover, is a tempta-that he had given aid and comfort to tion to unnecessary purchases. There is hard-won money to the disposition to dispose of it lightly. On the other hand, there is something in the facility of credit, removing as it does the disagreea-ble necessity of payment to a vague future, very seductive to the buyer who can gratify his love of possession with a ripe age of seventy-six years, surrounded by loving relatives and friends, and all the peaceful, pleasant associations which rob the long valley of its shadow.

Splitting Wood.

I rolled them up in my apron for a few minutes, and after struggling a moment to keep back the tears, I took up

the ax and went at it again.

This time I took hold of the handle nearer down to the blade, and when I came to bring down the ax I remembered my former experience. I hesitated just half a second before letting the ax ordinary relations of life in their station;

this, and losing my balance, over I went head foremost, stick and all. I can't tell exactly how I landed.

I placed my stick in a new position, shut my teeth hard, and—no I didn't, though. There was a clothesline just behind, which I had not noticed; my behind, which I had not noticed; my ax caught in this and jerked me backwards over a big chunk, the ax falling almost into my face. There was a sharp twinge in my back and a buzzing in my head, so I laid quite still, until I was startled by the strained voice of dear John: "Mollie, Mollie, are you hurt?"

He picked me up in his great strong arms and carried me into the house. I wasn't very much hurt after all, but I

wasn't very much hurt after all, but I had a good cry on John's shoulder, and ever since that I've had a whole wood house full of nicely split wood always on hand. If a woman can't do a thing one way she can another.

Want Some Nitro-Glycerine ?

The Laramie (Wy. Ter.) Sun of recent date says: About ten days since the engineer of a freight train, near Bryan, eard a terrible cracking noise, and thought something must be wrong with his engine. The train was stopped, when it was discovered that something when it was discovered that something was leaking from the car, near the engine, and that the loud reports were caused by the wheels passing over drops of the drid which the loud reports were caused by the wheels passing over drops of the loud reports were caused by the wheels passing over drops of the loud reports were caused by the wheels passing over drops of the loud reports were caused by the loud reports large tanks found upon the inside labeled "Glycerine." The horrible truth then burst upon the train men that they were hauling a whole car load of that terrible explosive compound, nitroglycerine. The car was side-tracked so unearthly that for an instant I dare and left at Granger, where a spur track was built, and the car run out upon it away from the main deck. It will recordant. Before it died away I was at main there, and the citizens and railroad | the window with Janet, who was equally some firm in San Francisco, but the are respectfully requested to come forwrad, prove property, and take it away.

The remains are a queer looking mass The port side has been cut down nearly to the keel, planking having been torn off and ribs sawed off by those who thought it was no harm to steal a piece of wood off the Lawrence, and this has been kept up until at least a third of her bottom has gone. The Lawrence lay on her starboard side, and that side is, therefore, tolerably whole to her deck beams (upper works all gone years ago) and the timber is, in general, sound and in good condition, but is a purple black the result of the action of the

Of the twenty-seven killed in that naval engagement twenty-two were killed on the Lawrence, on board of which was the intrepid Perry. Lawrence was one hundred feet long, twenty-eight feet beam, and nine feet depth of hold. In her time she was a model war vessel, but in these days of ron-clads, monitor rams and heavy armament she would not last as long in an engagement as a yawl boat in a hurri-caue. She fulfilled her mission, however, and gave our English cousins cause to remember her contemporary and Perry's famous victory.

An Analysis of Love.

As a frisky colored youth was walking up Clay street, Vicksburg, the Herald tells us, he was accosted by a colored acquaintance, who remarked: "Well, Brutus, dey say you iz "I iz, Uncle Abra'm-I don't deny

the alleged allegation. "And bow does you feel, Brutus?"
"You has stuffed your elbow agin a post or sumthin' afore now, hasn't you, Uncle Abra'm ?"

"And you remembers de feelin' dat runs up yer arm ?"
"I does." "Well, take dat feelin', add a hun-dred per cent., mix it wid de nicest ha'r

"I reckon."

oil in town, sweeten wid honey, and den you kin 'magine how I feel!'

Trousseaux. New wedding dresses, says a fashion journal, are of soft lusterless faille, trimmed with a galloon of white tulle wrought with pearls, and also with picot crepe lisse that is scalloped and fin-ished with a narrow "purl edging" or braid. These dresses have square court trains, elaborate tabliers, and cuirass

"Keep your patients alive," said an old doctor to a graduating class of students. "Dead men pay no bills,"

Getting Married. I was expecting John home a little earlier that night, so I determined to have some nice spring chicken broiled just to a turn already for him when he came. All went very well until, just as the crisis came in the broiling of those chickens, I discovered that the wood was out. What should I do? If I waited till John came the chicken would be guite spoiled.

Every young girl, now-a-days, expects to get a rich husband, and, therefore, rich men ought to be abundant. In the country we admit that girls are sometimes brought up with an idea of work, and with a suspicion that each may chance to win a steady, sober, goodlooking, industrious young man, who will be compelled to earn by severe labor the subsistence of himself and I picked out a nice, straight maple stick, and leaned it up against another stick, just as I'd seen John do, and then I actually laughed at the idea that stick, just as I'd seen John do, and then I actually laughed at the idea that a woman couldn't split wood. I placed the tip of one of my toes against the stick, arranged my dress gracefully, and then taking hold of the extreme end of the handle, I raised the ax high over my head and brought it down with all my might, the blade striking—not the stick, but beyond it. Oh! oh! how to become worthy helpmates to such worthy partners. But in town it is different. From the highest to the lowest class in life the prevailing idea with all is that marriage is to lift them at once above all necessity for exertion, and even the servant girl dresses and even the servant girl dresses and even the servant girl dresses and even the prevailing idea with all is that marriage is to lift them at once above all necessity for exertion, and even the servant girl dresses and even the servant girl dresses and even the prevailing idea with all is that marriage is to lift them at once above all necessity for exertion, and even the servant girl dresses and even the servant girl dresses, and even the servant girl dresses and even the servan of marrying a prince, or, at least, of being fallen in love with and married

by some wealthy gentleman if not by some nobleman in disguise. That is why so many young men fear strike.

Fatal hesitation? It turned the ax a hair's breadth, and it glanced off the side of the stick and struck deep into such a "noble disdain" for all kinds of the soft earth. I wasn't prepared for this, and losing my balance, over I went head foremost, stick and all. I can't tell elegance in the matrimonial connection, that to wed any one of them is to secure

a life long lease of domestic unhappiness, and purchase wretchedness, poverty and despair.

All this is wrong and should be amended. Such fallacies do not become a specially people. Our grand fothers and sensible people. Our grandfathers and mothers had more wisdom than this, The present age is much too fast a one in this respect. Let us sober down a little. Let every young woman be taught ideas of life and expectations in marriage suitable to condition, and she will not be so often disappointed. Should she be fortunate and wed above that condition, she may readily learn the new duties becoming to it, and will not have been injured by having pos-sessed herself of those fitting a station below. Let her anticipate always a marriage with one in the humbler walks of life—and then should she happen to do better her good fortune will be more delightful.

A Night Among Vikings. The scene is laid in Gamie Norge, in Norway, visited by some English lady home thoughts and longings over the wild waters which we were so glad to be done with. I woke suddenly, my heart beating wildly with fright, room quite dark and filled with a sound officials are alike at a loss to know what startled and had hurried to my room to do with it. The car is consigned to that we might meet the catastrophe together. Again it came. This time shippers cannot be found, although the louder, nearer-was taken up at some company have made most stringent distance, swelled into a horrid chorus efforts to discover them. The owners and ceased just as all the neighboring clocks struck twelve. "The watchman only the watchman," affirmed Janet. She was right; and calming ourselves to this bit of common sense we went to bed again, to sleep till morning. Now please don't think I exaggerated the hideous unearthliness of the sound; how it can proceed from human lungs I am at a loss to imagine. I believe they do assist na ture by using some kind of horn. agine a number of donkeys, lunatic, heart-broken and gifted with articulation, parading the streets at dead of night to awake the inhabitants with the information that the clocks are soon expected to strike, that the wind is blowing (generally) southwest, and conse quently rain pouring from a cloudy sky but that otherwise "all's well," and everybody may go to sleep again—imagine all this, and you have an idea of what the Bergenese endure every hour of every night all the year round. I never hear it without thinking of the dead-carts plying through the streets of a plague-stricken city to the doleful cry: "Bring out your dead."

Children in Factories.

An eminent Englishman of science re ports, after careful investigation, that the physical stamina of the children employed in factories is steadily deteriorating. This is attributed less to the hard labor these poor little creatures have to undergo than to the wretched habits of the factory operatives. Too early marriages, slovenliness, intemperance, want of proper open air exercise, and the excessive use of tobacco, are noted, as main causes of the deterioration. the causes, the fact is an alarming one. It is a serious question whether children should be allowed to engage in exhaust-ing factory labor at all—whether the devotion to this hard work from an early period is not in itself a prominent cause of the bad habits observed. But, if children are to be so employed, there is no doubt that their hours of labor should be limited, and a further duty is cast on the mill owners. This is, to so look after the habits of their operatives that the chil-dren may have a chance of entering upon their cheerless life work with tolerable good constitutions. In Germany parents are not allowed to derive any income from the labor of their children until they have had a thoroughly good schooling, and have grown well-nigh to manhood and womanhood; the consequence is, that Germany contains both the healthiest and most efficient race of laboring young men and women in the world. The English law is as yet notoriously deficient in protecting the health and condition of the children of the manufacturing districts; and unless more vigorous reforms are made, the prospect is that factory labor will beame more weak and more scarce, while the bill for parish relief will become a heavy burden to the taxpayers and a discouragement to the philanthropist.