

# The Elk County Advertiser.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. V.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1875.

NO. 42.

## Kitty's Christmas Eve.

Christmas is really coming,  
And Santa Claus on to-night!  
Even the winds are happy,  
Tossing the flakes so white,  
Of the beautiful, beautiful snow storm—  
Come quick to the window and see;  
I know you are only a dolly,  
But then you can look with me,  
And we'll wonder if, in heaven,  
The angels have stockings to fill,  
And whether good Santa Claus fills them,  
As they lie, in their cribs so still.  
Do you think they use clouds for their pillows,  
And, instead of a candle, a star?  
I am sure I would like to go up there,  
If it wasn't so very far!  
But papa and mamma would be lonely,  
And Carlo and Popsy, and you—  
O, you dear, darling dolly, I couldn't!  
You're a love in your mantle so new;  
But then, you must take it off now, dear,  
And lie in your snug little bed;  
I will slip off your pretty silk stockings,  
And hang them right here at your head;  
Then I'll go to the chimney corner,  
And call up to Santa Claus there,  
To bring you a muff, and a bonnet,  
And a ribbon to tie in your hair.

[Sings.]  
"So sleep, sleep, sleep, little dolly,  
Santa Claus always is kind;  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, little dolly,  
Santa Claus rides on the wind;  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, little dolly,  
Sleep till the black hours break;  
Sleep, sleep, sleep, little dolly,  
And never, till morning, wake."

There! I've pulled the wire of her eyelids,  
And dolly is fast asleep!  
When Santa Claus comes in the night time  
She won't even get a peep;  
But there isn't a spring to my own eyes,  
Nor a wire for mamma to pull,  
Nor a bit of need for my sleeping,  
So for to-morrow is no more school.  
So I'll jump into bed, and cover  
My eyes which are wide awake,  
And when Santa Claus comes down the chimney  
A look at his things I'll take;  
And then if his face is gentle,  
And the way is all clear and right,  
I'll steal while he isn't thinking,  
And kiss him with all my might.

But I haven't yet prayed to the Savior,  
To ask him "my soul to keep."  
Yes, I'll pray; but, instead of "I lay me,"  
Please don't let me go to sleep!  
For I want to see Kris with his candies,  
And his pack that is full to the brim;  
And I'm sure that my prayer will be answered,  
So I'll sing him my new Christmas hymn.  
I'll sing it over and over,  
To fill up the long, long time,  
Till I hear the tramp of the reindeer,  
And the bells with their merry chime.  
Oh, how could I ever sleep through it,  
And only of Santa Claus dream?  
But I'm tired, so I'll just begin it,  
That dear little Christmas hymn.

[Sings.]  
"Jesus, the blessed Child-king,  
With a beautiful Christmas tree,  
Has come to the earth from heaven,  
And the gifts of His love are free  
To the poorest child in the kingdom—  
To you, little stranger, and me."  
"Jesus, the blessed Child-king,  
Holds flowers in His loving hand,  
And the fragrance is scattered around  
Him,  
All over the wide-spread land;  
His service is sweet and easy,  
To love is His own command."  
"Jesus, the blessed Child-king,  
Has stars in His tree, to light  
The way of the little pilgrims  
To heaven—"

Is Kris in sight?  
I'll pray, I do—  
G-o-o-d n-i-g-h-t.  
—Mary B. Dodge.

## The Latest Trick.

A noted thief once told Chief of Police Beck of Milwaukee, the shrewdest of fies in the country, that their business was as much of a profession as any science can be. "If a safe is made, or a new lock invented, our profession," the thief said, "must be a little in advance of the inventors—hence noted thieves are always smart men. It is true they might, as you suggest, make a living by turning their sharpness to a legitimate business; but notwithstanding our mechanical abilities, we are men of limited culture, and thieves offer greater inducements to us than any other profession would do." This is now the generally acknowledged idea of professional burglars, and is illustrated by a case just reported. A nasal procured the letterhead of an insurance company in New York and wrote to the agent in Elizabeth apprising him that a general manager had been appointed for the State, and requesting him to extend proper courtesies on his visiting Elizabeth. This letter purported to be signed by the president of the company. Next day the swindler made his appearance, and after examining the books, asked the agent to cash a check for \$125. The latter was only too happy to accommodate the agreeable manager, and received a worthless strip of paper.

## Care of the Ear.

In his treatise on physiology, Hinton gives us to understand that the passage of the ear does not require cleaning by any nature; undertakes that task, and in the healthy state fills it perfectly. Her means for cleansing the ear is the wax which dries up into thin scales and peels off and falls away imperceptibly. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty, but an attempt to clean it will infallibly make it so. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad; it keeps the wax moist when it ought to become dry and scaly, and makes it absorb dust. But the most hurtful thing is the introduction of the corner of a towel screwed up and twisted around. This proceeding irritates the passage and presses down the wax and flakes of skin upon the membrane of the tympanum, producing pain, inflammation and deafness. The washing should only extend to the outer surface, as far as the fingers can reach.

## PECCADILLE.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

It was in Paris after the events of 1830. The leading question of the day was to persuade Austria to accept the revolution of July, and the change of dynasty. To conduct this difficult negotiation the government had chosen Marshal Maison, a brave old soldier of the empire, but more used to the tactics of war than to those of diplomacy and politics. The marshal accepted reluctantly the post confided to him, and, before his departure, he turned his steps toward the hotel of Prince Talleyrand, in order to receive from the Machiavel of the Rue St. Florentin his last secret instructions.

He met with poor success. The Prince was affable enough, but the marshal could not get him to talk business. He would converse on every other subject but the one which the marshal was most anxious to engage in. At this the marshal lost all patience. "Sacrebleu!" he cried; "for more than an hour you have been telling me stories that do not concern me, and showing me toys that I despise! And when I try to talk of my mission you instantly beat a retreat. Do you know that I strongly suspect you, M. le Prince, of making a fool of me?" "Your mission!" replied Talleyrand, calmly. "Ah! of course, my dear marshal, let us talk of it. Why did you not mention it sooner?" "How sooner! For more than an hour!" "It is easy to see that you do not know the person of whom I speak."

"Not you then, the one whom I mean." "If you had seen mine you would not talk so enthusiastically of the beauty of the others."

Thus commenced the conversation gradually grew animated, and finally degenerated into a quarrel. "We are absurd, gentlemen," said at length M. de Talleyrand; "there is a very simple means of solving the difficulty; let us bring these three mysterious beauties together."

"An excellent idea, but difficult of execution." "Not in the least. This is opera night; I offer you my box. Each of us will write to his goddess, and when the three are met together there, we will arrive."

"What am I to say to M. de Metternich?" "What are you to say to him?" "Yes." "I really do not know." "What! you do not know!" "I had not reflected when I told you that."

"Well, I am about to leave for Austria, and that—"  
"Austria—a fine country! a very fine country!"  
"And that in Vienna—"  
"Vienna, a charming city! I am confident that you will like it!"  
"I will see M. de Metternich."

"An excellent good fellow, though perhaps a little ceremonious. We led a very joyous life together. That reminds me of an adventure."

"Allow me to observe, M. le Prince, that we are talking of my mission."

"What am I to say to M. de Metternich?" "What are you to say to him?" "Yes."

"I really do not know." "What! you do not know!" "I had not reflected when I told you that."

"Well, I am about to leave for Austria, and that—"  
"Austria—a fine country! a very fine country!"  
"And that in Vienna—"  
"Vienna, a charming city! I am confident that you will like it!"  
"I will see M. de Metternich."

"An excellent good fellow, though perhaps a little ceremonious. We led a very joyous life together. That reminds me of an adventure."

"Allow me to observe, M. le Prince, that we are talking of my mission."

"What am I to say to M. de Metternich?" "What are you to say to him?" "Yes."

conversed for a long time with the French envoy. The next day the promised interview took place. Shortly afterward the marshal returned to France, having accomplished his mission in the most satisfactory manner possible. It now only remains to us to solve this riddle, which is what we are about to do.

In 1814, three statesmen, namely, MM. de Talleyrand, de Metternich, and de Nesselrode, were met together in Paris, and were engaged in settling the grave questions which had arisen out of the fall of Napoleon and the entrance of the allied powers into France.

Those grave interests took up nearly all their time, and yet they occasionally found means to escape from the preoccupations of diplomacy, saying among each other: "Let us put off serious matters till to-morrow."

One day the three diplomats were assembled at a gay dinner. The conversation, after roving from one frivolous subject to another, finally turned upon women.

"Oh," said Prince Talleyrand, "I know a marvel of beauty to whom nothing is comparable."

"I was about to say the same," said M. de Metternich, "know a woman who is fairer than the fairest!" "And I," said M. de Nesselrode, "the envoy of Russia, 'can cite a person who certainly has no rival!'"

"There exists apparently three incomparable beauties," then said M. de Talleyrand, "and I am not sure that I do not doubt that mine is the handsomest of the three."

"No; it is mine."  
"No; mine."  
"It is easy to see that you do not know the person of whom I speak."

"Not you then, the one whom I mean." "If you had seen mine you would not talk so enthusiastically of the beauty of the others."

Thus commenced the conversation gradually grew animated, and finally degenerated into a quarrel. "We are absurd, gentlemen," said at length M. de Talleyrand; "there is a very simple means of solving the difficulty; let us bring these three mysterious beauties together."

"An excellent idea, but difficult of execution." "Not in the least. This is opera night; I offer you my box. Each of us will write to his goddess, and when the three are met together there, we will arrive."

"What am I to say to M. de Metternich?" "What are you to say to him?" "Yes."

"I really do not know." "What! you do not know!" "I had not reflected when I told you that."

"Well, I am about to leave for Austria, and that—"  
"Austria—a fine country! a very fine country!"  
"And that in Vienna—"  
"Vienna, a charming city! I am confident that you will like it!"  
"I will see M. de Metternich."

"An excellent good fellow, though perhaps a little ceremonious. We led a very joyous life together. That reminds me of an adventure."

"Allow me to observe, M. le Prince, that we are talking of my mission."

"What am I to say to M. de Metternich?" "What are you to say to him?" "Yes."

## A MURDER CASE REVIVED.

The Discussion in New York Relative to the Murder of Adams—The Story of the Murder.

The discussion relative to the hanging of John C. Colt in New York many years ago has been revived with renewed interest, and everybody who knew anything about the case reporting it in their papers. A well-known physician writes to the *Star* as follows:

I knew Colt personally. He was not successful in business. He was a very handsome man, very poor, very proud, very ambitious. He owed money to Adams, who frequently called upon him for payment, and who, like the Dr. Parkman murdered by Dr. Webster, was imprudent at a time when payment was an impossibility. In the heat of Colt's excitement, he struck Adams on the head with an ax, fracturing the skull and causing instant death.

At that time Colt occupied a room in the building at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, now Delmonico's. His neighbor in the next room was a gentleman who taught the art of penmanship in twelve lessons. The missing Adams was the town's only conversationalist for several days. At last the writing-master remembered that he had heard in Colt's apartment the sound of a third, as of a body falling heavily upon the floor, and that he had seen Colt carrying an empty box into his office and afterward down the staircase to the sidewalk.

When the writing-master began to suspect that the box contained the body of Adams. He notified the detectives—the police department of New York then included only four or five experts—and the detectives advertised for the carman who had carried the box. He returned with the information that the box had been taken to the dock for shipment to New Orleans in the packet *Montezuma*. The vessel was to have sailed with the morning's tide. She was detained, her whole cargo discharged, and in a wooden structure, about one hundred feet high, supporting a fire alarm bell. At the top of the tower was a fire observatory, for the accommodation of the several friends to visit the tower invited to see the execution.

The visitors, as was said, accidentally met the burning stove, and set fire to the lofty structure. As it may be, the tower burned with fierce rapidity. In the prison there was a scene of wild excitement, the screaming of women and boys, the rush of frightened children, the clanking of the iron doors, the shouting of the prisoners who feared that they might be burned alive within their cells, the crash of falling timbers from the tower, the yells of the rabble from the Five Points—all this was not soon forgotten by the man who saw it.

During the execution of the fire a hearse containing a coffin was driven into the prison yard. The sheriff and attending officials waited upon the condemned man to bring him forth to the gallows. In the cell was found nothing but a dead body, with a dirk knife stuck in it, and a small amount of money. The hearse was driven away, and a verdict of suicide returned. The hearse was never seen or heard of more.

There were not a few of the "knowing ones" who would look well when the hearse was mentioned, and ask what manner of body it brought out into the Tombs and carried away as that of Colt. For my part I believe what I read when I know that it is true. I think that Colt killed himself.

## The Garden of the Gods.

Passing through the majestic gateway of the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, says a writer, you find yourself in the weirdst of places; your red road winds along over red grounds, thinly covered with a few shrubs, pines and firs, and through a wild confusion of red rocks; rocks of every conceivable and inconceivable shape and size, from pebbles up to gigantic boulders, from queer, grotesque little monstrosities, looking like seals, fishes, cats, or masks, up to colossal monstrosities looking like elephants, like huge gargoyles, like giants, like sphinxes eighty feet high, all bright red, all motionless and silent, with a strange look of having been just stopped and held back in the very climax of some supernatural catastrophe.

The stillness, the absence of living things, the preponderance of grotesque shapes, the expression of arrested action, give to the whole place, in spite of its glory of coloring, spite of the grandeur of its vistas ending in snow-covered peaks only six miles away, spite of its friendly and familiar cedars and pines, spite of an occasional fragrance of nature's smile, or a daisy or twister of a sparrow, spite of all these, a certain unaccountable atmosphere which is at first oppressive. I doubt if any one ever loved the Garden of the Gods at first sight. One must feel his way to its beauty and rarer, must learn its language; even if one has known the depot by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father.

"The well's kind," replied the boy.

"And nothing has happened?"

"Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's been good, and I never saw my behave herself so well as she has this time."

## Behaved Well.

A resident who reached Detroit by a noon train, the *Free Press* says, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the depot by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father.

"The well's kind," replied the boy.

## A Batch of Anecdotes.

AN UNDERSTANDING.—Yesterday morning after an old lady had taken a seat in the train going west a young man came along and inquired if he could have part of the seat. "I guess you can," she replied, "but you must understand me first. No chewing tobacco, no swearing, and no soft soaping around so's to get a chance to pick my pocket." After thinking the matter over he took a seat on the woodbox.

A BAD SYSTEM.—"No, sir—no, sir," remarked an old Detroit collector, "this carrier system should never have been tolerated for a day. Why, sir, seven or eight years ago if I had a bill against a man I'd come to the post-office, and be likely to nab him the first thing, but now he hires a room on some fourth floor, has his letters shoved under the door, and while I'm up there knocking away he's looking through a gimlet hole and grinning like a Chicago alderman."

THOSE SAD LEAVES.—She, a girl of seventeen, walked under the maples a month ago and gathered the golden leaves and said: "Oh, leaves, you remind me of crushed hopes and scattered plans." He, her father, found them in a nail keg the other day and shook them down in a corner of the woodshed and said: "There, that dog has got just as good a bed as any canine in this town."

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.—A Griswold street lawyer employed a new boy the other day, and when he had asked for instructions the attorney replied: "Your instructions are to be taken in general. Keep the office clean, borrow coal whenever you can, and under no circumstances must you ever lend my umbrella to a lawyer."

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—The other day a Detroit doctor took home a book containing several anecdotes showing the power of imagination, and after reading them to his wife he tenderly said: "Now, Angeline, you may some time imagine that you hear me kissing the servant girl in the other room, and you see how base it would be to accuse me of such a thing." "John Henry," she replied, in a smooth voice, "I never imagine such a thing you'll need a doctor within fifteen minutes, no matter what that book says."

WHERE SHE WAS.—In a Baker street car yesterday some men were talking about the nerve of William Tell in shooting an apple off his son's head. To vex an old lady who was listening one of them said: "That was Mr. Tell, but what did his wife amount to—why doesn't history mention her?" "I'll bet a hundred dollars," called the old lady in an excited voice, "I'll bet a hundred dollars that she sat up half the night before patching that boy's trousers."

A STRANGE EFFECT.—Nineteen years ago, Henry Luddington, a farmer, living two miles west of Galesburg, Michigan, was mowing grass in his field, when, stooping over to pick up a bit of straw, he was struck by a snake. The snake bit him on the wrist of his right arm. He instantly killed the reptile, and hastened to the house to apply the usual remedies in such a case. The wrist and whole arm commenced swelling, and finally turned spotted like the snake. The remedies used finally subdued the swelling, and the wrist became apparently well. But every year since that, about the same time in the season that the snake bit him, his wrist has commenced swelling, the swelling extending to his hand, and he has to be confined to his bed, with excruciating pain, and remains so for two or three weeks, when the swelling about the wrist would gather to a head and burst. It would then gradually quiet down, and he would be relieved from all pain and trouble from his snake bite, until the time in the year when it first occurred and then the pain and swelling would commence, his arm turn spotted, and he would suffer this distressing affliction and swelling for two or three weeks again. The pain and swelling do not seem to abate, but are rather on the increase each year.

## At a College.

Something of an excitement arose at Princeton (N. J.) College over the expulsion of about forty students for disobedience of college laws. It seems that for some time past a secret society has been in existence among the students, and that the faculty has acted hastily and dangerously, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it. When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirit and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. They turned spotted like the snake, and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it.

## KASPER HAUSER.

The True Story of the Man of Mystery.

It is the story of the man of mystery, the identity of the unfortunate Kasper Hauser, the founding of Nuremberg, has formed the subject of much speculation. To the present, the mystery hanging over his origin remains undisputed, and the whole affair is beset with many contradictions and contradictions, that it is almost impossible to form even a well-grounded conjecture on the subject. The following are the ascertained facts of the case: "Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th of May, 1828, a young lad, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, was found in a helpless and forlorn condition in the market-place of Nuremberg, by a citizen of that town. He was dressed like a peasant boy, and had with him a letter addressed to the captain of the Sixth regiment of horse at Nuremberg. Being conducted to the office of the police, he was interrogated, and it soon became evident that he could speak very little, and was almost totally ignorant. To all questions he replied: 'Von Regensburg' (from Regensburg), or 'Ich weiss nit' (I don't know). On the other hand, he wrote his name and legible characters on a sheet of paper, but without indicating the place of his birth, or anything else though requested to do so. Though short and broad-shouldered, his figure was perfectly well-proportioned. His skin was very white; his limbs delicately formed, his hair light and curly, and beautiful—the latter, however, showing no marks of his having ever worn shoes. With the exception of dry bread and water, he showed a violent dislike to all kinds of meat and drink. His language was confined to a few words or sentences in the old Bavarian dialect. He showed the entire ignorance of the most ordinary objects, and great indifference to the conveniences and necessities of life.

Among his scanty articles of clothing was a handkerchief marked K. H.; he had likewise about him some written Catholic prayers. In the letter which he carried, dated "From the village of Bavaria, place unknown, 1828," the writer stated himself to be a poor day laborer, the father of ten children, and said that the boy had been deposited before his door by his mother, a person unknown to the writer. He stated further, that he had brought up the child secretly, without allowing him to leave the house, but had instructed him in reading, writing, and the doctrines of Christianity; adding that it was the boy's wish to become a horse-soldier. The letter inclosed a line, apparently from the mother, stating that she, a poor girl, had given birth to the boy in the month of April, 1812, that his name was Kasper, and that his father, who had formerly served in the Sixth regiment, was dead. The poor boy having been taken before and attended to by the magistrates, his story was soon made known to the public, and he himself became the object of general sympathy. Binder, a burgomaster, exerted himself, in particular, to throw some light on the obscurity in which the origin of the young man was involved. In the course of many conversations with him, it came out that Hauser, from his childhood, had been in a state of natural and artificial sleep. His sole occupation was playing with two wooden horses. For some time before he was conveyed to Nuremberg, the man had come often to his dungeon, and had taught him to write by guiding his hand, and to lift his feet to walk. The narrative given by the various witnesses, positions and rumors. According to some, this mysterious foundling was the natural son of a priest, or of a young lady of high rank, while others believed him to be of princely origin, or the victim of some dark plot respecting an inheritance. Some insisted that he had been believed the whole affair to be a imposture. On the 18th of July, 1828, Hauser was handed over to the care of Professor Daumer, who afterwards acted the part of his biographer.

The history of his education is remarkable in a pedagogic point of views and done, and has interested the public. His extraordinary memory and acute understanding, decreased in proportion as the sphere of his knowledge extended. His intellectual progress, on the whole, was small. On the 17th of October, 1829, he was bleeding from a slight wound on the brow, which he said had been inflicted by a man with a black head. All efforts made to discover the perpetrator were ineffectual. The incident excited a great sensation; Hauser was conveyed to the house of one of the magistrates, and constantly guarded by two soldiers. Among the many strangers who came to see him was Lord Stanhope, who became interested in him, and sent him to be educated at Anspach. Here he was employed in an office of the court of appeals, but he by no means distinguished himself either by industry or talent, and was gradually forgotten, till his death, which occurred on the 14th of December, 1833. The hapless young man was faithful to the rendezvous, but he had scarcely commenced to converse with the unknown emissary, when the latter stabbed him in the left side, and he fell mortally wounded. He had, however, sufficient strength left to return home and relate the circumstances of his assassination, and three days afterwards, on the 17th of December, 1833, he died. Among the many surmises current regarding the unfortunate Hauser, the latest is that he was the son of a noble family in England, and that his dark and mysterious history, with its atrocious termination, had its origin in this country. But nothing beyond mere conjecture has ever been advanced in reference to the subject.—*Reynolds' Newspaper*.

It is a good thing for men to revolve questions in their mind, if they have reason enough.

Items of Interest.

Parisian ladies are said to "look like pencils covered with raiment."

History classes, it is said, will take the place of spelling schools this winter.

A single bolt of lightning in Dakota lately killed fourteen horses and five steers.

Complete success is said to have attended the attempt in Paris of raising and training zebras for domestic purposes.

Marian Singer, daughter of the over-married sewing machine inventor, has appeared on the stage in San Francisco, in burlesque.

Mathias Powell of Dunceville, Pa., a naval hero of the war of 1812, and ninety-six years old, walks two miles twice a week to see his barber.

A happy thought that never occurred: Mother (in continuation)—"And so the wicked children orders fifty; and the baby boys should be killed. Madeline—"But, mamma! didn't any of their mothers say they were girls?"

The National Grand, Patroness of Husbands, loaned last year \$2,660 to subordinate granges throughout the South and West, to aid them in recovering from local pests. A lottery paying membership of \$2,363 is reported.

A West Indian schoolboy, after he has committed his lesson to memory, crosses and recrosses the pages of the book from which he has learned it with a "lucky bean," after which he feels no responsibility, as according to a prevailing superstition his lesson cannot fail to be perfect.

The examination of the body of Lexington, the great Kentucky race horse, revealed that the part of the skull under the left eye, where the trouble seemed to be, was filled with at least a quart of masticated food, that had been forced into the cavity through an opening in the upper jaw, made by the loss of a tooth.

They got up a mock marriage for amusement at a party in Portage county, Ohio, the other evening, but a real magistrate, who was among the guests, performed the ceremony, and it now appears that the couple are legally married. At last accounts they hadn't quite decided whether to accept the situation or get a divorce.

There are in England and Wales one hundred and fourteen local prisons, or one to every twenty-two square miles of territory, equal to one to every 200,000 people. Some are nearly if not quite empty at times. Through 1874 eight had an average of ten prisoners; thirty-one of an average of fifty; and fifty-three had upward of four hundred.

Baron Edmond Rothschild and Count de Turenne of France, two gentlemen representing \$500,000,000 of property, have arrived in San Francisco. They travel, dress, and lodge plainly; are exceedingly inquisitive; and as they are to spend a month in the State, every one is endeavoring to learn what financial enterprise they have in contemplation.

"The Young Idea."—Mamma:—"Whatever you say a crying for, Annie!" Annie (who has suddenly burst into tears):—"Because—because—you've taken my orange." Mamma:—"Why, you asked me to have it two or three times." Annie:—"Yes, I know I did; but I thought you would say no, thank you, and give me another one as well."

There is no such poverty in South Australia as is known in England. If a workingman is healthy, sober, and industrious, his family can have good meat two or three times a day, bread made of the finest wheat, and fruit and vegetables are abundant and cheap. During the fruit season, incredulous as it may sound, the very pigs are fed on peaches and milk.

Mr. Jones—"What a wonderful collection of walking sticks, Mr. Brown!" Mr. Brown—"Well—yes! there are ninety-six of them. And what makes the collection really interesting is that every one of them has a history. Take this one for instance—labeled No. 1. In 1837 I happened to be"—(Mr. Jones suddenly recollects he has a train to catch, and bids a hasty farewell.)

William Ogg's twenty-year-old girl, in Georgetown, Ohio, became provoked at something that her baby sister had done, and slapping the child, she in turn chastised the older child. This so incensed the girl that she immediately went to the river—the Big Miami—with a bundle of clothes under her arms, and first throwing the clothes deliberately into the river, jumped in after them, and was drowned.

A Fire Bug.

George H. Forward, a farm hand at Hadley Falls, Mass., has surrendered himself to the sheriff, and asked to be kept from incendiarism. He burned Henry Strong's house and barn about a fortnight ago. He says he arose in the night, took his lantern to go and feed the stock, when the impulse came on him that there must be a fire, and that he must set it. This impulse had such influence on him that he could not resist it. His first feeling was to set his own barn on fire, but then the idea seized upon him to go to Mr. Strong's. With his lantern he went up across the lot to the rear of Mr. Strong's barn, and kindled the hay between the cracks in the boards, and then ran rapidly home. Seeing his work was effectual, he was the earliest to give the alarm. When he saw the buildings blazing he would have given anything to undo his work. He has attempted to destroy himself since, but could not do so. The story of Forward is probably correct, as persons living across the river on the heights above say that they saw the light of a lantern moving in a field.

WHAT IS LABEL.—In a suit of Representative Kasson, of Iowa, against the *State Register*, for libel, the court, in instructing the jury, held that the publication being by a newspaper in the Congressional district concerning a candidate, was privileged; that an elector had a right to acquaint his fellow-electors with anything which he knew, or had reason to believe, to be true, or concerning a candidate unfit for the position he sought.