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Finding the Sunset.

Oh, the beautiful home of the sunset,
Hung out on the western sky,
Where the days lay down their brightness,
And bathing in splendor, die!

Sweet friends in the home of our childhood,
The gentle and loving ones, stand
Gazing out as we enter life's woodland
In search of the sunset land.

Full soon do the meadows grow broader,
And rougher the path where we stray,
Less frequent the cool, gushing fountains,
And the sunset seems further away.

And the friends who have journeyed with us
We lay with the molting dead;
They have reached the bright sunset before us,
And lonely the pathway we tread.

But the floods of molten glory
Which beam from the sunset land
Fill our hearts with a restless longing
On those beautiful shores to stand.

Our locks, once sunny and golden,
Are white as the drifting snow;
Our eyes have grown dim with their gazing,
And our footsteps are feeble and slow.

As we near the eternal splendor
We pause at the swelling stream;
We must cross it ere reaching the hilltops
Which glow in the sunset's beam.

So, closing our eyes for a moment
In the sun's last dazzling ray,
We awake where glory dwelleth,
In a land of perpetual day.

THE LOST POCKETBOOK.

The scene was in New York. It was a cheerless afternoon. A biting wind drove the snow before it like a blinding mist, and the clouds hung so low as to almost touch the roofs of the houses.

"How desolate it is," Mrs. Halpine sighed, gazing out from her attic window at the gloomy prospect below, as she smoothed and folded the garments she had just completed; and the cold's bitter. I don't like to send you out, Louise, but there's not a bit of coal, and Willie must have that medicine. I'd go myself, but—"

"Oh, mother, no! let me go—I don't mind if it is cold. I'll hurry back, and the little girl sprang up from her low seat beside the child's cradle and began to fasten on her faded cloak and hood.

"Well, I suppose you must," the mother said, as she wrapped up the delicately-voiced girl in a shawl. "You know the place? Mr. Rawdon's on Tenth street—that brown stone house."

"Yes, yes, mother! I know."

"Well, dear, run fast and keep your feet warm, and say to Mrs. Rawdon that I'll have finished the work before Willie had been so ill. Three dollars she owes me. You can call at the baker's and get a loaf or two."

The child took the bundle and vanished out of sight down the dreary flight of steps, while the mother turned back to the cradle where the sick child lay. He held up his little hand and moaned piteously: "Give me some tea, mamma, I'm so thirsty."

"Yes, darling, as soon as Louise comes back."

Her eyes filled with tears as she raised the little fellow to her bosom, clasping him closely to keep him warm, for there was no fire in the stove and the desolate attic room was very comfortless. Yet there had been a day when this same pale-faced, meek-eyed woman sat in a luxurious chamber, with every comfort that heart could wish within her reach; and a doting husband's strong arms of love to encircle and protect her. But her husband was dead, friend, unknown, on some distant battlefield in the South; and her riches had made themselves wings and flown away. Forlorn and friendless, sick at heart, and weary from incessant toil, she sat, with her waiting child on her lap, gazing out with hopeless, tearful eyes upon the dismal scene beneath her attic window.

In the meantime, little Louise made her way through narrow by-streets and squalid alleys into the most populous and fashionable part of New York. The biting wind still continued to blow with a dreary, sad-sounding, wild, drifing the leaden clouds and the mist-like snow. But she walked on bravely, and reached at last Mrs. Rawdon's. A dazzling glow of light poured from all the lofty windows, and sounds of music and merry-making floated upon the frosty air. Mrs. Rawdon was giving a grand party in honor of her eldest daughter's birthday.

Louise crept up the marble steps and pulled the bell. A footman in ivory answered her timid summons. "Can I see Mrs. Rawdon, please?" she asked.

"See Mrs. Rawdon, indeed! and she in the parlor in the very middle of the company! Of course you can't."

He was closing the door, but Louise caught at his sleeve and cried, imploringly:

"Oh, please, please wait! Here's the work she wanted; Miss Violet's frock, you know. Mother promised it by to-night; do let me take it to her."

The man hesitated a moment, and then turned back.

"Miss Violet's frock," he said; "she wanted it, I know. I heard her scolding because it didn't come home. Maybe she'll see you. I'll try, anyhow. Come in here and wait."

Louise followed him through the arched hall and past the glittering parlors into a kind of ante-room adjoining the supper apartment. Here, motioning her to a seat, he went in search of his mistress. But it was a full hour before Mrs. Rawdon could disengage herself from her guests, and poor little Louise, tired out with waiting, and benumbed with cold, was just on the point of bursting into tears, when the lady swept into the room.

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dearing of days gone by, and of the dear husband who had gone to his last, long home, with no tender hand to close his eyes.

The shadows grew heavier and darker; and the wind moaned dismally, and the snow about tinkled sharply against the windows.

"Oh, mamma! please make a fire. I'm so cold, and the dark makes me afraid!"

"Wait a little bit longer, darling! Louise will come soon."

At last there was a noise below, a bounding, joyous step up the stairs, and Louise burst into the room, her face all glowing and radiant.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, "father's not dead! He's alive—he's come back to us again!"

The soldier's wife rose to her feet, grasping at the bedpost for support; as she did so strong arms clasped her to a warm and loving bosom.

Louise crept up to her father's feet, her blue eyes swimming with tears.

"Oh, father! what if I had kept it!" she asked.

"Then, dear, you would not have found me. Always remember that wrong wins its punishment, and right its reward."

Pet Names.

Tom Hood said that a nickname was a concentrated calumny; but Hood wrote in an aristocratic atmosphere, and where people stand at their dignity to an extent scarcely comprehensible in the United States. In London a merchant goes on 'change in a stovepipe hat, and if he should venture to depart from that formality and appear some afternoon in the *debutante* freedom of a "wide-awake" his paper would be refused before the day was over, while if he should, in a moment of hilarity, greet his business partner with "Good day, old Beeswax," there would be a notice of dissolution in the *Gazette* within forty-eight hours. How different all this is with us here, adds the New York *Herald*, scarcely needs to be said; the most characteristic point of the difference of life under democratic influences is seen in the very different appreciation in which nicknames are held with us. Scarcely any man goes far without one, and no one resents the infliction, because if there is any large, and large spite in the name the folly and bad temper of exhibiting irritation would expose any man to general laughter; but because, also, the thing is commonly done without animus—in a spirit of rollicking, easy jollity and pretended familiarity. Very often, indeed, the nickname becomes more a joke than a more than even a good-natured joke. It becomes the starting point of new and more intimate relations between the subject of the name and a wide circle of friends; or, in the case of a public man, between him and the public. How much did "Old Hickory" do in his way for General Jackson, or "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" for a famous Presidential ticket. How much of sturdy pride and simple minded admiration did the nation concentrate in "Old Rough and Ready"; and what a tender plea in the memory is yet touched by "Old Abe."

A Curious Romance.

Norfolk street, Strand, says the *London Court Journal*, has a curious commemorative monument. An observant spectator will notice that the first floor windows of a large house at the corner of Howard street present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust, while through the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust, and moldering away with age. These shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, untouched, for about fifty years. During that time no human foot, it is believed, has entered that room. And the reason is this: Fifty years ago a certain nobleman was engaged to be married, the day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the bride was laid out in that spacious and handsome room, the bridegroom was ready to proceed to church, when it was discovered that the wife was missing; a note in her hand, written in her own hand, addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped with his "best man," a gay and gallant captain of dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much; but he went alone to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out, with his own hands pulled up the shutters and found the locked door, and took the key. He gave orders that the doors should be nailed up and barred with padlocked bars, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and the sum of \$200 per annum was paid to the tenant to compensate him for the deprivation of the use of the room. The nobleman has been dead some years, but it is believed the room has never been entered since he closed it, and there are the "wedding meats" moldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbing into dust in the funeral gloom.

A Western Tornado.

In traversing the Western States it is not unusual to come across the track of a tornado. If it be in a timbered tract, the trees will be seen all down, their tops turned in the same direction, the roots torn up from the ground, each carrying a high, circular mass of the surface earth which adheres to their network of fibers. This belt of prostrated timber is sometimes only a few hundred yards in width, the hurricane seeming to have shot through it like a bolt, leaving the trees on each side standing and untouched. Sometimes the line or column of destruction is much wider, but in most cases with a well-defined boundary, outside of which nature remains calm and unscathed. Woe to the wayfarer who chances to be caught in it! "herkin" when it passes in its Cyclopean strength.

The effects of such storms are often of the most eccentric kind. There is a well authenticated instance of a barn-door fowl, a "rooster," having been stripped bare of his feathers, standing tall towards the tempest when it struck him—chattering and screaming without any further damage.

IN THE GEOGRAPHICAL WORLD.

The Important Discoveries of 1875—Africa and the Open Polar Sea.

The year 1875 will ever be a memorable one in the history of geographical discovery. Within the twelvemonth two of the most important questions of African geography have been settled; and in the far north the demonstration of an open water way between Europe and the countries drained by the great Siberian rivers is perhaps the most important addition to geographical science that could be made in polar regions. Certainly there remains for no future year so many first-rate problems to solve.

The source of the Nile! For twenty centuries it has been the goal of the explorer's ambition. The boldest spirits have essayed its discovery, only to be turned back by insuperable obstacles. Its conquest waited for the plucky energy and resistless push of Stanley.

Starting from Zanzibar in November, 1874, with three hundred soldiers and carriers, an important part of whose luggage was the open boat *Lady Alice*, in sections, Stanley had before him seven hundred miles of unknown country—part forest and part desert—much of it swarming with hostile savages. By dint of resolute marching and fighting, he accomplished in a hundred days what in his usual course of African travel would have taken as many weeks, though at the most of half his command; and on February twenty-seventh he caught his first glimpse of the great lake with which his name must hereafter be inseparably associated.

Speke and Baker had traced the Nile to the Victoria Nyanza. What was the source of that great freshwater sea, and whence came its supplies? Thanks to the *Lady Alice*, which was soon set up and afloat, these questions had not long to wait for solution. Within the next sixty days, its shores and numerous islands had been mapped, and its tributaries noted; an immense considerable stream which feeds the Nyanza, the largest and most important proved to be the Shimoeyo, in all probability the ultimate source of the Nile. The details of the discoveries thus auspiciously begun we shall not consider here, for the importance of the region now for the first time opened up to geography, is enough to note that, through Stanley's daring energy and genius for command, the question which, more than any other, has vexed geographers and challenged explorers for two thousand years has been substantially settled.

Livingstone had long taken up the unfinished work of Livingston, and—spurred on no doubt by a determination not to be forestalled by his Yankee rival, as he was in the search for Livingston—he has overcome the obstacles that baffled the veteran explorer.

After constant use for months, or maybe a year, the most carefully kept black dress will begin to show the effects of age, in a certain rustiness of hue and general dinginess of aspect, if in no place actually rubbed or worn. Now is the time to expend a little skill and ingenuity in its renovation when the economist may be rewarded by coming out in an old dress made new, sure of eliciting the admiration of at least all those who are in the secret. For the undertaking provide yourself with ten cents' worth of soap bark, procurable at any herb store, and boil it in one quart of water. Let it steep a while, and then strain it into a basin for use. If the job is to be a perfect and thorough one, take the body and sleeves apart and to pieces; rip off the trimming from skirt and overskirt. Brush off all loose dust first, and then with a sponge dipped in the soap bark decoction, wipe over each piece thoroughly, folding up as you proceed. Have ready a ladies' skirt board for pressing, and well heated iron. Smooth every silk trimming; and when you have once more put it together you will be amazed to see the results of the simple process. One advantage of taking the whole dress apart is that, by putting the trimming on in some style a little different from what it was at first, the attraction of novelty is added to make the effect more pleasing. If one has not time, however, to go through the whole process, a dress may be greatly improved by being wiped over with this mixture, and pressed on the wrong side while damp—indeed, for a time, it will look quite as good as new. The process may be repeated from time to time as shall seem advisable. I have seen a cashmere, which had been worn two winter seasons, a dress made in this way, and the closest observer would have supposed the dress to have been put on for the first time, such was its soft, fresh look, and the vividness of its black. Grena-dine may be submitted to the same sort of cleaning with fine results.

Coloring a Black Silk Dress.

After constant use for months, or maybe a year, the most carefully kept black dress will begin to show the effects of age, in a certain rustiness of hue and general dinginess of aspect, if in no place actually rubbed or worn. Now is the time to expend a little skill and ingenuity in its renovation when the economist may be rewarded by coming out in an old dress made new, sure of eliciting the admiration of at least all those who are in the secret. For the undertaking provide yourself with ten cents' worth of soap bark, procurable at any herb store, and boil it in one quart of water. Let it steep a while, and then strain it into a basin for use. If the job is to be a perfect and thorough one, take the body and sleeves apart and to pieces; rip off the trimming from skirt and overskirt. Brush off all loose dust first, and then with a sponge dipped in the soap bark decoction, wipe over each piece thoroughly, folding up as you proceed. Have ready a ladies' skirt board for pressing, and well heated iron. Smooth every silk trimming; and when you have once more put it together you will be amazed to see the results of the simple process. One advantage of taking the whole dress apart is that, by putting the trimming on in some style a little different from what it was at first, the attraction of novelty is added to make the effect more pleasing. If one has not time, however, to go through the whole process, a dress may be greatly improved by being wiped over with this mixture, and pressed on the wrong side while damp—indeed, for a time, it will look quite as good as new. The process may be repeated from time to time as shall seem advisable. I have seen a cashmere, which had been worn two winter seasons, a dress made in this way, and the closest observer would have supposed the dress to have been put on for the first time, such was its soft, fresh look, and the vividness of its black. Grena-dine may be submitted to the same sort of cleaning with fine results.

A Good Hotel.

One day, several years ago, one of those old hard-tack who grow fat on whisky entered a Detroit hotel, the *Free Press* says, and after a dance around the office made for the clerk and said: "I want some whisky—some regular old hard-tack."

The bar was down stairs, but under the counter was a bottle of the worst liquor ever made, found in one of the rooms a year or two before. The clerk handed this up without a word, and the customer pulled the cork and "let her mingle" for nearly a quart. When he got the bottle down his eyes were full of tears, and there was a raw streak clear down his boots. He coughed, and wheezed, and gasped, and finally said:

"Young m-man, I like this hotel."

"Yes, it is a good hotel," answered the clerk.

"I like it because a feller can get anything he calls for," continued the man, as he coughed himself into a seat.

An Old Custom.

It was at one time the custom for the doctors to charge for the medicines they prescribed, not for their visits, and hence it was for their interest to give large and frequent doses. A London physician, not a hundred years ago, prescribed six different draughts to be taken daily by his patient, and these were to be repeated so often, that during the twenty-four hours the poor invalid received no fewer than a hundred doses of physic.

The Battle of New Orleans.

The *Picayune*, in a sketch of the battle of New Orleans, says: On May 31, 1814, Gen. Jackson was appointed a major general, and became the recognized chief of the military forces of the United States in the Southwest. At that time Florida, although a Spanish province, was occupied by the English, who used it as their own, organizing expeditions at Pensacola against the United States and in aid of the Indians. The Spaniards, for their part, lacked both the power and the inclination to offer any effectual opposition to that violation of neutral territory.

When Gen. Jackson arrived at Mobile he learned in the usual correspondence with the Spanish authorities. The English commander continued his preparations at Pensacola for an attack upon Mobile, and the American general resolved to retaliate, if possible, by the capture of that post. His re-enforcements, however, failing to reach him in time, he was obliged to sustain the attack of the enemy. The British fleet, under Prof. Bower, on Mobile point, Sept. 15, aided by a combined force of Indians and marines, but was repulsed with a loss of one ship and seventy-two men. Gen. Coffee at length arriving in time, he was obliged to sustain the attack of the enemy. The British fleet, under Prof. Bower, on Mobile point, Sept. 15, aided by a combined force of Indians and marines, but was repulsed with a loss of one ship and seventy-two men. Gen. Coffee at length arriving in time, he was obliged to sustain the attack of the enemy. The British fleet, under Prof. Bower, on Mobile point, Sept. 15, aided by a combined force of Indians and marines, but was repulsed with a loss of one ship and seventy-two men.

ROSSI AS A DUELIST.

Fighting in the Dark with Cigarettes to Guide the Aim.

In Adrian Mark's biography of Rossi, the following interesting story in the early Italian life of the great actor is rehearsed: It was at Cassale, during a farewell representation. Gentlemen and ladies of the court society filled the boxes and chattered so loudly as to interfere with the representation. Rossi, who was playing "Hamlet," came to a full stop in the middle of a sentence, and, turning toward a front box from which the greatest noise came, he bowed and said, "I am not so deaf as you long as you do not hush." The public applauded, the interruption ceased and the play went on, but afterwards Rossi was met at the door by one of the young gentlemen, who fell called upon to ask for satisfaction. Rossi made a long face, for he was expected on the morrow at Milan, and his engagement was a serious one. The bills were up, the theater was hired and every place let beforehand, and it was as much as his fortune was worth to disappoint his manager. So he explained his situation to his bloodthirsty adversary, and begged him to wait until he could get away, their little affair as speedily as possible, they should go to his (Rossi's) rooms at the hotel and quietly shoot at one another there. The proposition having been accepted, they went to Rossi's rooms and had just placed themselves at either end of the *salon* in order to exchange three shots when the innkeeper, over-anxious as to his guest's health and hours, knocked at the door (which he found locked) and asked in an anxious voice if monsieur was ill, as his light burned so unusually late.

"No," replied Rossi, "I am going to bed; thanks; good night."

"You are deceiving me," persisted his anxious keeper, perhaps enlightened as to the scene in the theater. "You are certainly ill."

"Go to bed," replied Rossi, "I am putting out my light"—and in a lower tone he added to his antagonist: "This is the only way out of it, blow out the candles."

"What! are we to fight with pistols in the dark?"

"Not quite; we will each smoke a cigarette, and that will serve to guide our aim."

"All right."

And so the famous duel was fought, in which Rossi again had the good luck to wound his adversary slightly; but the poor actor's troubles were not at an end. The report of the pistol aroused the whole neighborhood, and whilst the doctor and Rossini were being taken care of Rossi was left to the justice of the peace, where, with his eyes anxiously fixed on his watch, he listened to the judge, who told him, at length, that he deserved five years of prison, if not of hard labor, and as seven o'clock struck (he was to leave for Milan by the eight o'clock train) Rossi groaned aloud.

"Now," said the judge, suddenly changing his voice, "the law has said all it has to say, and the friend may speak. I was at the theater last night. You were quite right to punish that *fagotto*. I know you are expected in your new duties, to the justice of the peace, where, with his eyes anxiously fixed on his watch, he listened to the judge, who told him, at length, that he deserved five years of prison, if not of hard labor, and as seven o'clock struck (he was to leave for Milan by the eight o'clock train) Rossi groaned aloud.

Carrying System Too Far.

As an illustration of systems carried too far Barnum tells a story of the original proprietors of the Astor House, New York. One of these believed thoroughly in system, and when his system was interfered with became utterly upset. On one occasion one of the waiters was taken ill so as to be unable to attend to his duties, and this distressing circumstance occurred just half an hour before dinner time. The systematic proprietor came to his colleague in great distress, and, wringing his hands, exclaimed that it would be impossible to serve dinner that day, that a waiter was disabled and that the system was all broken. His colleague suggested that Pat, the "boots," should take the sick waiter's place. This was an excellent plan, and Pat was called up and asked if he knew how to serve at the table. Pat announced that he did, and that there was no need to tell him a thing about his new duties. He placed the soup washed and combed and powdered. Pat came to the table to wait and there met the systematic proprietor, who had come simply to tell him to "observe system" in his new duties. Pat answered, "never fear but he would mind the system, and went to bring soup for two of the guests. He placed the soup before them and stood respectfully behind their chairs until they should have finished. One guest proceeded to eat his soup; the other pushed his plate away, saying that he would have fish. Pat stood stiff and silent, and the guest repeating his order for fish a second time, the waiter leaned over and said: "Ye'll get no fish till ye get the soup; that's the system." "And that," said Barnum, "was carrying system too far."

United States Electoral Vote.

A statement is going the rounds of the press that the next electoral college—including the new State of Colorado—will comprise 370 members. Without the new State the number was 366, with it the number should be 369, as follows:

1. New York	35
2. Pennsylvania	23
3. Ohio	23
4. Illinois	21
5. Indiana	15
6. Missouri	15
7. Massachusetts	13
8. Kentucky	12
9. Tennessee	12
10. Virginia	11
11. Georgia	11
12. Michigan	11
13. Iowa	11
14. North Carolina	10
15. Alabama	10
16. Wisconsin	10
17. New Jersey	9
18. Maryland	8
19. Louisiana	8
20. Mississippi	8
Total	369

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Mr. Quid's Currency.

A Boston merchant says that if everybody will let business alone business will revive. Now mind your business and see.

It has been ascertained that a hen may live to be twenty-eight years old, but of course much depends on whether the coop is accessible by night.

Dio Lewis recommends people to raise their arms when they fall into deep water. It's for easier to put your hands in your pockets and raise a yell.

Danbury News: You will notice that when a boy steps on a Canada thistle, or sticks a splinter into his foot, it's invariably a few seconds before school.

"I want you either to hit me or stop making such a blamed racket," said a thief at whom a Detroit policeman was shooting. Even a thief has a right to public peace.

A prisoner at the Detroit house of correction, when handed a piece of bar soap, burst into tears and said: "I never could get soap, no how; it always gives me the heartburn!"

If your wife says anything about green wood your reply should be: "One hundred years ago a young republic struggled into life," and so on. If you are well posted you can out talk her.

He hadn't but thirteen dressing gowns, and when he found another in his stocking on Christmas morning he was real glad, and he kissed his wife and praised her for her thoughtfulness.

A Toast That Went Untasted.

Even the worst of men would shrink from tempting a fellow being to his ruin, if the consequences involved themselves also; and few would risk it if met at the moment by the full knowledge of what they were doing. A young man in Virginia had been sadly intemperate. He was a man of great talents, fascination and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would he urge his friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion he latter agreed to yield to him; and, as they walked up to the bar together, the bartender said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and constant friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity and said:

"Set down that glass!"

It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

Items of Interest.

Illinois has a uniformed and equipped militia force of 3,156 men.

In New England they run paper mills from the Sabbath midnight to the Saturday midnight.

The *Temperance Alliance* thinks the spirit of '76 is all the intoxicating beverage that should be allowed at the Centennial.

"Mrs. Hon. Congressman" is the modest and tasteful way the wives of some of the Washington "members" print their cards.

The German immigration amounted to 27,541 at the port of New York during 1875, being a falling off of 15,745 in comparison with 1874.

"Oh, we don't mind the fourth story," said a Congressman's wife in choosing Washington lodgings the other day; "we can go up and down in the ventilator."

A huge petrification, formed almost entirely of serpents in various positions, but making a solid mass, has been found near the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

A criminal on his way to the gallows, recently remarked: "If I had received one-half of the kindness, earlier in life, which I have received here, I would not have been here."

The Duke of Cambridge, in the course of a speech the other day, said that the cost of the eighty-one ton gun would be about £15,000, and every shot fired from it would cost £25.

German lawyers claim that if Thomas had survived his attempt at suicide he could only have been lightly punished under existing laws, though he caused the death of 128 persons.

Ex-Governor Clifford, who died at New Bedford, was president of the Boston and Providence railway, and about a month before his death had his own salary reduced as an example of economy.

"I'll be down again in a few days and bring your father's name and address," was the thoughtful remark of a youth the other day, when he dropped in at a marble worker's to select a gravestone for his paternal relative.

The increase during the last five years of letters and postal cards in Canada amounts to sixty per cent., the increase in the number of post-offices to twenty-five per cent., and of the post-office revenue to forty-six per cent.

At Crescent, New York, there live two twins by the name of Lansing, now in their seventy-fourth year, one of whom was born one year and one the next. The former came late on New Year's eve and the other early New Year's morning.

There is a musical prodigy among the coal miners near Massillo, Ohio. He is a boy of seventeen and seems devoid of intelligence, except in musical matters. Brought up in the mines, without training of any kind, he has nevertheless remarkable powers for mastering music, and readily learns and plays difficult airs without missing a note.

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a story of a Winchester Confederate, who was so overjoyed at receiving his pardon that he exclaimed: "Thank you, Mr. President! Thank you! Now I'm pardoned I s'pose I'm as good a Union man as any of you—emphatically one of you again. But didn't Stonewall Jackson give us thunder in the valley?"