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A Printer's Poem.

TO MISS CATHERINE —, OF U. T. K.
As I sit down I mean to write,
2 you, sweet K. T. J.
The girl without a K,
The belle of U. T. K.
I'll do it for you got the 1
I write to you B. A.
I called in the L. R. D. A.
& sent by L. N. Moore.
My M. T. head will soon conceive
I can't D. A. bright,
But 8 miles from you I must
M. — this chance to write.
At least, I don't N. V. U.
B. E. Z. mind it not,
If any friendship show, B. sure
They shall not be forgot.
But friends and foes alike D. K.
As U. may plainly C
In every general H. A.
From virtue's L. E. G.
Our virtue never D. V. S.
Her influence B. 9
Alike induces liveness
Of 40 divine.
A. if you cannot cut a —,
Or cause an I.
I hope U'll put a .
2 1 2.
R. U. for an Xation 2
My coin, heart and 657 ?
He offers in a *
A broad of land.
He says he loves U. X. S.
U. virtuous and V. S.
In X. L. C. U. L.
All others in his I. a.
This S. A. until U. I. G.
I pray you to X. Q. a.
& do not burn in F. I. G.
My quaint and wayward mme.
Now, fare U. well, dear K. T. J.
I trust that U. R. can
When this U. C. then U. can say
An S. A. I. O. U.

THE BRAVE RESCUE.

A STORY OF CEYLON.

I was an only child, and my father was a widower, so that our actual necessities in that cheap and frugal country, Ceylon, were easily provided for.

Our nearest neighbor was Mr. Forster, a planter, by far wealthier than we were. Now Oswald Forster and I were plighted lovers, but the very idea of an engagement between his only son and the daughter of his embarrassed neighbor was gall and wormwood to Oswald's father—a proud, strong-willed man, who desired to efface from Oswald's mind the idea of marrying poor little Ellen Travers, Mr. Forster, with his wife's concurrence, proposed to send his son to Europe, confident that foreign travel and change of scene would soon obliterate from his memory the image of the lovely little girl beside the great tank of Minary. And now a word concerning the tank itself, the name of which, I fear, conveys to readers but a very inadequate conception of the stupendous reality. The tank of Minary, justly reckoned among the wonders of the island of Ceylon has still to show, is perhaps the grandest of the artificial lakes ever planned by mortal engineer. More than two thousand years have passed since, before the Christian era, a Buddhist king bade his subjects toil to change the massive walls of seven stone and tough chunam that environ that sheet of water, twenty-five miles in circumference.

With the Minary lake, or tank, which lay close to my own home, I had been from childhood familiar, and I dearly loved the massive walls of seven stone and tough chunam that environ that sheet of water, twenty-five miles in circumference.

Aligators were very common, snakes plentiful, and the crocodile, the centipede, and the tree leech were often to be met with in the more swampy and tangled tracts of the woodlands.

Oswald was going away, and it would be very seldom that we were to meet henceforth, since, poor fellow, he was to sail by the Lord Dalhousie, expected at Point de Galle on the thirty-first of the month.

I had waited with a heavy heart to the spot where we always met. To my surprise I did not at first see him for whom I looked, and began to fear that he had forgotten to keep his word; but, on drawing nearer, I beheld a sight that for the moment froze my very veins with horror, and raised the cry of anguish that rose to my lips to die away. Oswald, lying on the turf among the roots of the gigantic palm tree, seemed to be asleep, overcome, probably, by the unusual heat, while around him was loosely coiled something that resembled a stout rope, curiously streaked with black and orange and white—something that caused the withered leaves an I espied grass to rustle, as it stirred, writhing.

I had never seen a living tie palanga, but I knew at the first glance that the snake before my eyes was no other than a large specimen of that dreaded reptile, which in Ceylon takes the position that in continental India belongs to the cobra, and for the bits of which there is no known remedy. Twice within the last three years laborers on my father's plantation had been brought in dying from the venom of the tie palanga, but in each instance the skill of the native snake charmer had led to the capture of the reptile, and it was not believed that any of this species, rare as well as dan-

gerous, had been left alive in our immediate neighborhood. This, however, was unquestionably a tie palanga, many feet long, and it had wrapped its coils, as though in hideous sport, around Oswald's limbs as he lay there unconscious.

The great flat head of the enormous snake rested on the ground among the flowers and ferns. I could see its eyes, bright as jewels, fixed upon me. It showed, for the moment, however, no particular signs of anger or distrust, but contented itself with quietly contemplating the intruder on its lair. As I stood gazing on my sleeping lover and the monstrous creature that lay, so wonderful, but quite so near to him, all the stories of snakes that I had ever heard or read came crowding in upon my quickened memory. I knew that the tie palanga, in common with most of the venereal varieties of its race, seldom employed its poison fangs unless when attacked or annoyed; but I also knew that the hardest elephant hunter of the forests would sooner confront the charge of a herd of incensed tuskers than face the lance-headed and rancorous bite of this dreaded denizen of the jungle.

The tie palanga, unlike the boa and the python, rarely, if ever, preys upon the larger animals, such as deer or cattle, confining its diet, for the most part, to birds and frogs and lizards. Some capricious, most likely, had caused it to twine a part of its supple convolutions around Oswald, and as long as he remained motionless, there was little probability that the serpent would harm him. My great fear was lest he should awake, and, in awaking, by some hasty movement, arouse the ire of the restless foe. Oswald was brave and strong, but I knew, as a snake, he was not a match for the strength or courage when so terrible an antagonist was in question.

Suddenly, as if it had been a whisper from Heaven, there came into my mind a thought that promised good, even in this dire extremity of need. I had often seen a snake, when kept tame in colonial households, and was aware of their habits, and of their love for certain kinds of food, and above all, for milk. Could I but bring to that spot a supply of milk, and place it, before Oswald should awake, temptingly near to the tie palanga, all might be well. And to do so I saw a way, unless Oswald's terrible company seemed cruel; yet it was for his sake, and I felt that I must go. Very slowly, then, lest my footsteps should disturb the sleeper or irritate the huge reptile that kept watch beside him, stole away, and when at a safe distance, rather than run along the forest path.

The nearest European dwelling was Oswald's own home. There were Cingalese huts near, no doubt, where dwelt some of Mr. Forster's hired men, but I should not be able to procure milk so easily from the planter's house. At another time I should not have willingly trespassed on the domain of Oswald's father; but this was no occasion for scruple or punctilio. Life and death, as I knew, depended on my speed.

There at length rose up before me the tank, that, in its imposing and impenetrable thorns of which are often useful in keeping out leopard and jackal, which surrounded the planter's homestead; and passing through an open gate, I entered the compound. The first servant that I met, and who lifted his hand to his turban, and a drinking vessel, and a smile that showed the white teeth, beneath his beard, was a man whom I knew, a Mahabata groom, who had formerly been in my father's service, and whose child I had nursed through an attack of the Ceylon fever.

"Lall Singh," I gasped out, panting for breath, "I need a drink, and for the sake of old bread and salt. Got me some fresh milk quickly, for the love of God, but ask no questions—bhai!"

Something in my tone impressed the Mahabata, for without a word he hurried off, and soon returned bearing a jar of milk, and a drinking vessel, or iola, which would contain something less than a pint, and which, at a sign from me, he filled with milk. This very act, slight as it seems, was no small compliment, for it was doubtless his own drinking cup that Lall Singh was giving me, and should not any lip not belonging to one of pure Hindu descent touch its brimmed rim, it would hereafter be unfit for use. However, I scarcely waited to utter a word of thanks, but snatched up the jar of milk and dashed it off.

It may be thought singular that I had not given the alarm to the household at Mr. Forster's plantation; but I had resolved that I would not, if I could do my errand unperceived, create a turmoil which might bring about the very evil against which I was striving. Oswald's mother and sisters loved him, but their nerves were not of the strongest, and their outcries, had they heard of the foot of the huge serpent and the summoning of a score of servants and coolies, and to seal Oswald's fate by sending a noisy posse of volunteers to the place where he lay at the snake's mercy.

As if on winged feet, yet carrying the precious draught of milk with jealous care, I hurried back to the spot where, at the foot of the huge fallop tree, lay Oswald, yet asleep. The snake, however, as though uneasy, was beginning to stir. Its monstrous head wagged slowly from side to side among the white wild flowers, and its slender tongue protruded from between its grim jaws. But I was in time, and as I poured the milk, or rather a portion of it, on the ground, so that a long trail should lead to the spot where I set down the brass drinking cup, with what of its contents remained, I was careful to avoid, by any abrupt gesture, incensing the tie palanga.

Then came a minute or two of agonized expectancy, and then, to my great joy, I saw the reptile slowly uncoil itself, evidently making for the milk. First one wreath and then another of the snake's limber length was unwound, and the great serpent, brushing through the forest grass and flowers, stooped its broad head to drink. As I saw Oswald, said thus freed, and the unsuspected foe drew further away from the place where he reposed, I felt the strength which had hitherto supported me suddenly become weakness. My nerves being no longer braced by the sense of Oswald's mortal peril, the instinctive terror and disgust which I had from childhood

felt for the serpent tribe overpowered me, and I grew weak, and could scarcely stand and steadily see.

What was this before my dim eyes? The well known porch of the Dutch colonist's summer house, overgrown by trailing creepers, and all choked by tall weeds. Mechanically I entered, sinking down on a moldering wooden seat, one decked with silken cushions and gilded, I gradually regained the physical strength which had deserted me, and with it the capacity for thought. It is curious how, in such cases of extreme exhaustion, the abandoned train of thought, and thus it was with me. By degrees I remembered Oswald's danger, my own efforts to save him, and—

What was that rustling among the stems and leaves and buds of the luxuriant plants that festooned the shattered windows of the summer house in all the rank profusion of the tropic? The Surely—surely not, the rippling, undulating motion with which a huge snake drags himself through the brake and jungle grass! Yes; my fears were but too true, for there in the open window sprang a snake, a treacherous foe which had been replaced by wild vines and dangling orchards—appeared, at a height of six or seven feet above the ground, the hideous head of the serpent that had lately menaced Oswald and now confronted me.

And when I dashed upon me that this deserted knook was probably the reptile's actual home, and that, as though in a very irony of terror, I had ventured to intrude into the lair of the terrible creature from the sight of which I had—once that Oswald's safety seemed assured—recoiled dizzily away. I had often heard of the snake which had been replaced by wild vines and dangling orchards—appeared, at a height of six or seven feet above the ground, the hideous head of the serpent that had lately menaced Oswald and now confronted me.

That the snake was curved there could be no doubt. It turbed its graceful neck like that of a swan, and hissed slightly, while its broad jaws were partly opened. I fancied that I could see the cold poison fangs—more to be dreaded than even the fangs of a cobra or Moorish dagger—while the bright, glittering, and how frequently they hunt the outbuildings of Europeans' abodes and the huts of the natives, and yet here had I rashly strayed into the lurking place of the deadliest guardian of the Ceylon jungle.

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The serpent noise from the snake's head, the green, yellow, and half-bright jaws were menacing, while the grim head towered high aloft, ready to strike, when suddenly some bright light flashed through the flowering vines of the creeping plant, and the snake's head and his body disappeared as if by magic. Then I heard the sounds of a fierce struggle, repeated blows, trampling feet, and snapping boughs, and the accents of human voices; and then Oswald came leaping through the doorway, clasped me in his arms, and bore me out into the broad light of day, where he was writing with the carcass of the snake, lying on the ground, sharp cutting ax which Oswald still grasped in his right hand.

"Shabash!" exclaimed Lall Singh, whose swarthy face gleamed with delight as he spurned the body of the vanquished reptile. It was well that the first blow went home, and that I was not but badly with the young sahib who this accursed slayer of men turned a tiger."

To Lall Singh I was, indeed, in no slight degree indebted for my safety, and his prudent agitation of my senses, that something so terrible had followed me, and was in the act of arousing Oswald from his slumber when the piercing shriek which fear had wrung from me re-echoed through the woods and called attention to the imminent peril. Then Oswald had snatched up one of the keen, short axes which the native woodcutters had left sticking in a tree trunk, and had been fortunate enough to disable the snake at the first blow.

My story is now told, and I have only to add that I was overwhelmed with praises and caresses by the Forster family—hitherto so cold—and that on the following day Mr. Forster himself rode over to my father's house to entreat Mr. Travers, from whom he had of late been estranged, to accept his renewed friendship, and to ask for my hand on behalf of his son. Oswald lost his passage on board the Lord Dalhousie, and came back that was to touch at Point de Galle; and when he did visit Europe, he took with him Ellen Travers as his wife.

We have long been happily settled—far from tropic jungles and their dangerous inhabitants—but never has either my husband or myself forgotten those few instants of bitter anguish and alarm beside the tank of Minary.

Poor Humpty Dumpty.

The New York Dramatic News tells a sad story of the condition of Geo. L. Fox. He is harmless, and sits for hours in one place numbing to himself. At times he has lucid intervals, and spoke sensibly of the past, but these are growing rarer, and his mentality is becoming sapped further week by week. He is also gradually failing in physical power, particularly in his limbs, which he is almost unable to make use of. He needs little or no watching, and is allowed to go about of his own free accord. But he never wanders far from the house. His occupations are eating, sleeping and talking to himself. When he becomes sensible he asks about his wife, and expresses a hope of being able yet to return to his old vocation. This, however, is a delusive hope. Dr. Brown-Sequard, one of the most eminent of our authorities on brain troubles, says he can never appear in public, and any attempt to put him on the stage would only result in failure and hasten the end. It is a very decided and incurable case of softening of the brain.

Discovery of Gold in America.

In a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, R. B. Vance member of Congress from North Carolina, said that the first discovery of gold in the United States was made in Mecklenburg, in the month of August, 1820, by a prospector of a North Carolina newspaper corrects this statement, saying that the first gold was found in Cabarrus, in 1799, and refers to Wheeler's "History of North Carolina" for evidence.

Old chroniclers give an account of a province called Catachiqui, which was visited by De Soto's gold hunting expedition in 1538-40, and which was embraced in what afterward became the States of Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and, according to Logan, in his history of "Upper Carolina," had its limits of North Carolina. Its capital and chief town stood upon the tongue of land between the Broad river, of Georgia, and the Savannah, just opposite the modern district of Abbeville. The Spaniards entered this country after a two months' march, and found the country ruled by a beautiful Indian queen, Adala, who entertained the Spanish governor and army with great ceremony. Here they found hatched forms from an alloy of gold and copper. By this their avidity was greatly excited, and they concluded that they had found a country abounding in the long coveted precious deposits of gold. And so indeed they had, says Logan (whom we quote freely), but it was neither their good fortune nor their desert to find out the precise spot where gold could be obtained. In less than three days the country was abandoned to the opposite or Carolina side of the river, lay one of the most extraordinary gold deposits in the world. The Cherokees were well acquainted with the Dorn mines. This is shown by the numerous relics of their handiwork scattered about it, and there can be little doubt that the miners used by the Spaniards, who supplied them abundantly with the finer metal of the alloy that so attracted the eyes of the Spaniards. It is no less known, to a few who have inquired into the traditions of the aborigines, that the gold and copper, found in the mountains of the Indian territory, were obtained from these sources.

The Indian method of smelting these metals was one of the most remarkable devices of savage ingenuity; in practical efficiency the furnace of Dr. Haro was scarcely surpassed. Logan tells us that, having first hollowed out a flat stone in the form of a basin, they filled it with charcoal, and upon this laid the nuggets of metals. A number of Indians now seated themselves in a circle around the basin, each having in his hand a long green log, and the entire length and end of each log was a clay tube or pipe. Everything being ready, fire was applied to the charcoal, and the whole mass instantly blown into a powerful heat through the reeds, the clay extremities of which were inserted into the holes of the pipes. The heat passed through them upon the charcoal with all their might, and with protracted expiration. No ordinary lump of either gold or copper could long maintain its solidity in such a crucible. With this process the Indians could easily procure the finest quality of metal from their metals, using them either alone or in alloy. This method was known to have been in use among the Indians who lived upon the gold producing lands of North Carolina, and the same process must have been known to the Cherokees.

These chronicles and traditions go to confirm what Lawson says, that the Indians, from time immemorial, were acquainted with valuable mines of gold and silver in Upper Carolina.

The Man to Live Long.

He has a proper and well proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of a middle size, and somewhat thick set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is not a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black. His skin is strong but not rough. His head is not too big. His shoulders are round rather than flat; his neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft; his feet are rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. There is harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse slow and regular; his stomach is excellent; his appetite good and digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to a bright and cheerful mood, and in the pleasure which they communicate, it does not rest merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity. He eats slowly and has not too much thirst, the latter being always a sign of rapid self-consumption. He is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and aversion. His passion never becomes violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, and an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflow of the bile. He is also fond of employment, particularly calm meditation, and agreeable speculations. He is an optimistic, a friend to nature and domestic life. He has no thirst after honor or riches, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.

Mankind's Belief.

John Stuart Mill was of opinion "that as mankind improve, they will more and more recognize two independent provinces—the province of belief and the province of imaginative conjecture; that they will become capable of keeping these apart, and that while they limit their belief to the evidence which it allows to let their imaginative anticipations go forth, not carrying belief in their train, in the direction which experience and study of human nature shows to be most improving to the character, and most exalting and consoling to the individual feelings."

The Child Slayer.

The Boston Transcript says: N. W. that the question of the commutation of the death sentence of Jesse H. Pomeroy is settled, an item of news that we have refrained from publishing on account of the injury it might do to the one whose life was pending before the executive council, may as well be made public. It has been announced that Pomeroy once attempted to escape by working the bricks from his cell with the wire taken from the rim of his wash-basin, and that he asked the assistance of his mother, whom he wrote to send a file in a banana, but that Jesse Pomeroy has since his confinement in jail made four desperate Jack Sheppard attempts to escape is not generally known. The last attempt was while his case was being considered by the governor and council, and it was not made public. It caused it might bring too strong a prejudice to bear upon the authorities. On the fourth of July last, Jesse's mother sent him some ice cream in a tin pail. Had it been any other article it would have been placed in another dish. He had this tin, perhaps, two hours, and at that time he ingeniously drew the wire from the rim and turned down the edge again so that to the officer the article appeared all right. It of course required much strength to do this, but Pomeroy is a powerful man now, with large bones now to another cell, it was the average of full grown men. With this wire he took from the wall near the floor and under the ventilator a flat, sharp piece of brick, about the eighth of the size of an ordinary brick, which he broke into other pieces and wrapped in paper. The door of the cell was made of heavy round bars intersected with a few flat bars. It was Pomeroy's custom to sit at his cell door reading, with his feet on the lower bar. Sitting in this posture, with his head bent over a book in his lap, he would receive small bricks, and every other day he would receive applications for employment in the course of a single month. All the sucking baristers make use of the press as long as they can, or as long as they need it, and then, as your London namesake said not long ago, take good care to abuse it the rest of their lives. In the country, the proprietors of newspapers are sometimes able and experienced men—in large towns they always are; but I am now speaking of only third and fourth rate places, inferior even to Guildford; there the proprietor is usually a small local politician, with a few subscribers, and a few old ideas—but I think I have heard of newspaper proprietors of that type elsewhere. And certainly they seem to get on very well in the world.

The Burial Cure.

In 1848 there lived at South Shields (England) a laboring man named Dickinson, a native of the village of Coniscliffe, near Darlington. He was afflicted with paralysis, which for some years had crippled his limbs, and deprived him of the use of the left side of his body. One day, as he was slowly crawling along the street, he met with an elderly, well dressed man, who stated that he was a physician from Edinburgh, and he, on hearing of Dickinson's case, advised him to return to his native village, and have himself covered by with earth, which operation would cure him. The poor fellow, nothing doubting, dragged himself on foot to Coniscliffe, where he persuaded an old acquaintance to assist him in temporarily burying himself. He proceeded to the Teesside, where he had a hole in the ground, with his spine, dug a hole in the ground, and with his hands to be for four hours. Dickinson stretched himself in the excavation, with his head only at the outside, and soil was heaped upon him to the depth of two feet. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour the patient broke out into profuse perspiration, and in intense pain at the same time, stroked his left side, loins and leg. Notwithstanding the agony he endured, he remained till the expiration of the allotted time. The man who buried him, seeing him turn black in the face, and fearing he would die, went off to fetch a doctor, but Dickinson would not consent. The sick man, when the earth was taken off him, arose and walked away with an active step, cured of his disease. This remedy for sickness is an old one; and Dampier, the voyager, attacked by illness in the East Indies, was cured, as he writes, by being buried in the earth until his pain abated.

Slumbering Plants.

It is well known that plants sleep at night, but this form of sleeping are a matter of habit, and are not disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. A French chemist subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours—exposing it to a bright light at night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding, in spite of the artificial sun that shed his beams at midnight, and sometimes making up for the force of habit, by closing its leaves in the dark in spite of the first day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But, after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night, without any apparent ill effects.

The Boomerang.

A writer says: The boomerang, still the deadly weapon of the natives both of Australia and Central America, has been discovered in the hands of the sculptured Nimrod at Khorsabad and of hunters represented in a basso relievo at Thebes. It may have been the crooked weapon of Saturn; it is supposed to have been the club of Hercules (and, we may add, the hammer of Thor, which is said to have returned to his hand when thrown), and if the matter were properly investigated it would perhaps be shown that it was not unknown to the ancient Celtic nations.

The End of the Line.

WHAT IS COBRA.—Bishop Whipple gives a striking illustration of the cost of the Indian war. He says: If ten soldiers were placed in a line with an Indian at one end, and the American people could be brought to understand that in order to secure the scalp of that one Indian it would require the sacrifice of the ten soldiers and an expenditure of \$500,000 in money, they might be led to inquire whether the scalp was really worth the outlay.

The English Newspaper.

Here is a town, says Louis Jennings, writing of Guilford, England, of I believe, some ten thousand inhabitants, and yet it has only one weekly newspaper, and that is a picaresque affair, with nothing in it more interesting than some police news, and the records of such local events as little Bobby Tucker cutting his finger with a bit of glass and old Mrs. Fusby slipping down on a piece of orange peel. No local "editorials"—no smart paragraphs. What a dust a sharp and active man, like some American editors, would soon kick up here! I should very much like to see one of them lying around loose in a newspaper office at Guilford for a few weeks. He would soon strike a light, or I am much mistaken. A meeting of the board of guardians is quite a startling event in a place like this, and as a general rule, the editor of the local paper takes good care not to make any comments which would be disagreeable to any of his customers. His articles on national politics are written in London, by some accomplished scribe who keeps about half a dozen country newspapers informed as to the latest doings in aristocratic circles and the most prominent topics of conversation at the "clubs."

The scribe turns out a "Conservative" or a "Liberal" article with equal facility, and is busily engaged to-day in denouncing Turkey, and the countries who to-morrow he will quite as successfully defend them. Of all the methods of earning a livelihood known to mankind, surely that pursued by some of our worthy journalistic brethren is the hardest and most melancholy. How many good men I can remember to have seen who have tried to earn their bread "at the press," and have gone down sorrowfully to their graves amid black disaster and failure! And yet the numbers who flock to it as a means of occupation increase every year. London is overrun with them, and every other place has hundreds of applications for employment in the course of a single month. All the sucking baristers make use of the press as long as they can, or as long as they need it, and then, as your London namesake said not long ago, take good care to abuse it the rest of their lives. In the country, the proprietors of newspapers are sometimes able and experienced men—in large towns they always are; but I am now speaking of only third and fourth rate places, inferior even to Guildford; there the proprietor is usually a small local politician, with a few subscribers, and a few old ideas—but I think I have heard of newspaper proprietors of that type elsewhere. And certainly they seem to get on very well in the world.

Varieties in Fashions.

Among late novelties is Dove's lever buckle. This buckle is made self-adjusting by means of a lever, and is capable of supporting a weight of ten pounds. It is applied to various articles with very good effect, such as garters and stocking supporters. An improvement in stocking supporters is to have suspending straps from the waist instead of one. The same principle of the lever clasp is also applied to buttons, which are thus attached to the garment without being sewed on, and therefore, very convenient for gentlemen's clothing.

Now belts of velvet and of leather are wide girdles pointed behind and in front, and laced with silk cord. Straight belts are ornamented all around with square clasps of silver.

Purses for carrying specie are in fashion again. They are made of fine silver wire, and are suspended from the chate-laine.

New felons or kerchiefs China crapes are of delicate colors, blue, rose, or cream, or else dark blue or cardinal red, and are trimmed with white silk lace woven on the popular Smyrna lace designs.

Basques of new dresses have vests in front, and the back is elongated to represent a polonaise back, and join with the trimming on the back of the skirt.

New braids for trimming dresses are of wool twill, through which are threads of chenille. The fringe used with the so called chenille threads also.

The colored nets for the hair are fast becoming popular with young ladies. The hair is not now braided before being put in the net, but is tied in a straight loop, which is called the Catagone loop.

English calicoes are brought out in fustian patterns, with soft flims that makes them resemble the fine French foulard cambrics. They are shown in stripes, dots, cross-bars and in damask patterns in the stylish gray-blue, brown and navy blue colors. They cost twenty-eight or thirty cents a yard, and are a yard wide.

Sleeping-Rooms.

A goodly part of our lives is spent in sleeping, and there is reason in the thought that our sleeping-rooms should be regarded with a good deal of care. To be healthy they should be large and well ventilated. We do not think of putting the things filled with decaying material in our stomachs; much less should we take poisonous substances into our lungs, and still we do this every time we are confined in such a manner as to breathe over and over again the same air. We require fresh air in abundance, and if more people would look well at the amount of it which they can get during sleeping hours there would be a smaller number of people who need to seek the heights of Colorado for new life, from the buoyant atmosphere. Our air is pretty good if we only insist upon taking it fresh instead of breathing such so much of it that contains the poison breathed out from our bodies as a result of the disintegration of tissue. Cover up warmly but sleep where the air circulates fully and become purified.

Items of Interest.

A Chinese soldier, at Soochow, had his head cut off for putting a girl on the cheek.

Two farmers in France recently fought with thrashing rods, and one killed the other after ten minutes' exertion.

Milk is slow stuff to steep when it has to be taken from the cow. Adam Greiner, of Kentucky, got shot in the leg the other night while doing it.

The old man's toast: "It's hard work to keep your sons in check while they're young; it's harder to keep them in checks when they grow older."

The Chesapeake (Md.) Chesapeake is a new paper. Here is the editor's salutation: "What I have to say to this community will be said gradually."

The German empire has now nine military schools, five schools of subalterns, and nine of cadets. Four additional schools for subalterns are soon to be opened.

Mother—"Now, Gerly, be a good girl, and give Aunt Julia a kiss, and say good night." Gerly—"No, no! If I kiss her I shall box my ears, like she did papa's last night."

"But that jurymen is deaf," exhibited a man at the opening of a case. "Oh, that's all right," whispered a bailiff, in reply, "the sheriff's told him on a piece of paper what kind of a verdict is wanted."

Said a gentleman, a well known fancy farmer, to some guests at his country seat on the Hudson: "Will you have milk or champagne, my friends?" adding somewhat sadly, "one costs as much as the other."

Advertising in the bull's-eye of trade. The successful business man is that which advertises most. Now is the time to make the shots tell, when thousands of spectators have assembled to see the fun and distribute prizes.

Ah Lee, of St. Louis, is what his name implies—a Chinaman. His wife is Irish. Of their progeny, the boys are unmistakably Irish, and the girls are as clearly little Celestials as ever had their feet cramped in babyhood.

When you see a young man and woman leaning over the garden gate in the twilight, and hear a sound like the "squash" of a potato being beneath a farmer's heel, but instinctively feel that there has been a climax of two souls.

The immigration from England to the United States last year was almost precisely equal by the numbers returning from thence. More than 81,000 persons left for the United States, and more than 80,000 returned to the British Isles.

A man may love domestic quiet and harmony enough to keep his mouth shut while his wife's relations are in the house, but when he sees one of his fine ruffled shirts on his brother-in-law, what wonder if he feels he must go down in the cellar and shovel coal or burst.

A stranger who called recently at the office of a newspaper, on the day of its publication, was surprised to find a notice on the door saying: "Office closed. Paper will be out to-morrow." Upon inquiry, it turned out there was a baseball match in progress in the suburbs, and all hands had gone out to witness it.

It is a curious fact that in the salt mines of Poland and Hungary the wooden pillars supporting galleries, which have the most lasting flavor, are found in consequence of being impregnated with the salt, while pillars of brick and stone, used for the same purpose, crumble away in a short time from the decay of their mortar.

Investigation tends to confirm the story that Samuel Lester was recently buried alive at Port Antonio. His health had been uncertain for several months, and, after partaking of a hearty meal, he suddenly fell in what the doctor, who was called at once, declared an apoplectic fit, and he was pronounced dead.

"Mr. Tompkins," said a young lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dancier, you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Julia," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment let me remind you that you occupy my upper story."

A hydrometer for testing the proportion of water in cider has come into use in New England. The test, however, does not indicate which has the most pleasant flavor, but simply determines the amount of water in the cider, whether it came from the apples, or was poured in to reduce the strength. Cider made from grafted fruit contains the most water. A miserable knuckle apple will produce the highest grade of cider, according to this standard.

A good story is told of a dispute entered into by a Scotchman and an Englishman, as to which of their respective countries had produced the most eminent men. Every name was claimed by the Scotchman as that of a man who had been born north of the Tweed, till finally the Englishman said: "Surely you won't claim Shakespeare as a Scotchman?" "Weel," replied the canny Scot, "if Shakespeare was a Scotchman he was clever enough to be aue."