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At the Bar.
"Who speaks for this man?" From the great white throne,
Veiled in its rosy clouds the voice came forth;
Before it stood a parted soul alone,
And rolling east, and west, and south, and north,
The mighty accents summoned quick and dead:
"Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?"
Shivering he listened, for his earthly life
Had passed in dull unmoted calm away;
He brought no glory to his daily strife,
No wreath of fame, or genius' fiery ray;
Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure,
Born in the shadow, dying 'mid the poor.
Lo, from the solemn concourse hushed and dim,
The widow's prayer, the orphan's blessing rose;
The stranger told of trouble shared by him,
The lonely of bereaved hours and softened woes;
And like a chorus spoke the crushed and sad,
"He gave us all he could, and what he had."
And little words of loving kindness said,
And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,
Sprang up, like leaves by soft spring showers fed,
In some waste corner, sown by chance flung seed;
In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,
Such trifles gathered to so blest a whole.
Oh, yes, by circumstances' strong fetters bound,
The store so little, and the land so frail,
De but the best we can for all around;
Let sympathy be true, nor courage fail;
Winning among your neighbors poor and weak,
Some witness at your trial hour to speak.

Maggie Warren's Dowry.

It was a cool and roomy mansion, and stood gleaming white and distant through the bending orchard trees around. The old Warren homestead was a pre-revolutionary building, and its owners had ever been noted for the persistence with which they added broad stretches of meadow and woodland to their already large farm. At the time our story opens the Warren farm was the pride of the district, and boasted that it could count its acres by the thousands.
The present owner was an old lady, called by the people who served her, and by the neighbors, Mistress Warren. One grandchild, the daughter of her only son, lived with her, and made the old mansion full of light and music, for Maggie Warren was as sunny and beautiful as a bright June morning.
Mistress Warren had been the mother of two daughters, though where they were was a mystery in Durham, and as she never referred to them, no one alluded to them when she was near. She held undisputed sway over the estate, and could will it to whom she pleased, so that it was to one of the Warren blood; and as Maggie was her only companion, and was watched by her with a love that sought to make life one long dream of joy, the supposition was that she, and the next mistress of the noble farm that ran over hill and dale, and circled the old homestead with a domain indeed palatial.
Of course this made her the object of pointed attentions, and even when a schoolgirl, her friends were many, and the smiles for her childish smiles and favors not a few.
She was a wise, clear-headed little thing, and showed did not dazzle her. Her sweet disposition kept her from making enemies, and so her childhood flowed smoothly on, and merged into a brighter womanhood.
In the choice of her companions she was left entirely free.
"You are the one to be with them, Maggie," her grandmother said, "and so they are clean and honest, I care not from what family they come, and so."
So Maggie gave a party and invited all of her old schoolmates, and by every act that she could, conveyed to them the knowledge that she was their friend still.
Having entered society, suitors began to knock around her, and one by one withdrew, as they saw that she could give them friendship only. Two alone remained. Haring Durham, the son of the rich banker, whose father was the founder of the place, and whose estate ranked in value above the Warren farm, and the latter possessed the most land; and Paul Green, son of old Peleg Green, the village cobbler.
Everybody said that Haring was just the man for Maggie. He was stylish and good-looking, and had been through college. He held a position in his father's bank, and had all the money and horses and time that he wished, and laid assiduous siege to Maggie's heart. As he could spend as much time in bestowing his attentions as he chose, he had the advantage of Paul, who was busy learning a trade in the large machine shop that had grown to be the great enterprise of Durham.
Paul was a ready worker, one who bestowed both labor and study on his toil, and left no effort to advance untried. He was advancing, for an earnest spirit always will do this, and month by month showed that he would leave his mark on his profession.
He was good-humored and fine-looking. Both Haring Durham and he had been schoolmates of Maggie's when they were great boys, and she a toddling little thing. They had been friends then, and were so now, though they knew that they were rivals.
"There is no use in your hanging round Maggie Warren," his fellow workmen would say; "young Durham has the money and will win."
But Paul would only laugh, and in the evening seek the Warren homestead and have a nice chat with Maggie.
Thus matters went on for a year, and then Mistress Warren was laid to sleep with her husband, and Maggie followed her to the grave—the only Warren mourner there.
Curiously to know the old farm's ownership ran high, but Maggie had the reading of the will delayed until her grief had been softened by time; then the old lawyer, who transacted business for Mistress Warren, was asked to bring a few witnesses and read the will.
One of the people he brought was the banker Durham, and when the party

had been seated long enough to grow quiet, the will was produced, and with its spectacles, Mr. Perkins, the old lawyer, read the usual preamble, and then came to the bequest.
I give to my granddaughter, the daughter of my son, the Warren homestead, the orchard that lies around it, and which is inclosed in the high paling fence and all that is in the house or on the ground mentioned; the same to be at her disposal and hers alone.
The remainder of the Warren farm and the stock and the implements belonging thereto I give to my grandsons, Hobart Ward and Parke Manning, the only children of my daughters Sarah and Margery, to be equally divided between them.
This was all the will said, and as it was known that the Warrens had bought all the land they could, and had always paid for it, it was not thought that there was any more to dispose of.
"Rather hard on Maggie," said the banker, as he walked away from the old house. "Well, Haring is bound by no promise, and therefore he is all right."
And Haring was all right. Of course the news of how Mistress Warren had disposed of her property was soon known and many were the condolences sent out to Maggie from sons that had tested her kindness, but she seemed to be with her and comfort her.
Paul Green called to see her that evening. He was free now, and his knowledge made him the recipient of good wages, so that he had no fear of the future. He spoke bravely and hopefully to her, and his name showed very plainly that she was the same to him now as she had always been.
The next day Haring Durham came and stayed a little time, but he appeared ill at ease, and talked as though he was performing a necessary, but disagreeable duty.
Many people had thought that now he would immediately marry Maggie, and take her home, but Haring never called again. Maggie had too much true womanliness to regret his absence. His last call, with its mournful and embarrased words, had left nothing but a pleasant memory, and she was glad to see the hopeful and smiling face of Paul Green when she answered a rap at the door the next Sunday evening.
He was a frequent caller after that, and when the month had elapsed from the burial of her grandmother, asked what she intended to do.
"I have hardly made a decision, but I shall keep the old place just as it is given me. Dear old grandma. People say she treated me wrong, but she did not. John says the fruit and poultry I can raise here will bring me in nearly five hundred dollars a year clear of expense, and that is plenty to support me."
"Yes, that is quite a fortune, and Maggie, I'm going to ask you to share it with me," said she, wonderingly, looking at him.
He smiled and went on: "Why, I wish to share your income. To put it more plainly, I love you, Maggie, and I wish to be with you for a long time, but was not situated so that I could tell you this. Now, however, I am; I have learned a good trade, and my income is large enough to afford me a wife, so I ask you to be this, for I have ever held you dearest and best."
Maggie's face grew moist as she listened to these words, playfully spoken, but thrilling with a strength of love that made them eloquent. For a little time she sat silent, then she took his hand and said:
"I can only give you the answer you wish for. I love you, and shall always love you."
It had been a very quiet love making, for they were people of strong feeling, but now that they belonged to each other, the floodgates of their hearts opened, and a holy ecstasy filled them and made them eloquent.
Maggie's cousins had come on and taken possession of their property. They each tried to purchase the old homestead, but she refused to sell it, and six months after Mrs. Warren had gone to sleep there was a quiet wedding in the quaint parlor, and Paul Green clasped to his heart as sweet and true a wife as ever a man could have. They did not go out on a wedding tour, as Haring Durham and his bride did, but settled down into a quiet life, Paul working steadily at his trade, and as a steadily going on upward, and the old home was a bright and happy home to them.
Some months went by, Haring Durham had brought his bride home, and settled into a partner in the bank, Paul Green was working patiently and bravely in the machine shop, and Maggie was singing through the whole house.
There were many quiet apartments in the house that were seldom entered. There was no need for them, as Paul and Maggie could be content with little. Paul had made a work shop of a long wood room next to the kitchen, which formed a straggling offshoot to the house, and there worked on some model he was making whenever he had leisure. The kitchen and a little sitting-room with a cool and airy chamber formed space enough for them, and in these they passed many happy hours.
On the bright October day the machine shop was forced to rest that the engine might be repaired, and so Paul could stay home, and he worked some time in his special sanctum and then came into the kitchen where Maggie was just finishing her morning's work.
"I want to take a look into the library, Maggie," he said, "we have never explored it yet."
"Sure enough, and there are the parlors and garrets to rummage, and the large chambers."
"We will go through the library first," and he passed into the large hall that ran through the main building. The little animal sleeps by the prisoner's side at night, and will never be away from him longer than he can help. When the man goes to his work in the morning, it matters not what portion of the prison lot it may be, this faithful little pet will certainly follow and remain near him. The animal knows all of the prisoners, and does not exhibit the slightest fear when any of them approaches him, but will dart away into his corner in his master's cell at the sight of any one who is clothed differently from the inmates of the prison.

shut, but the key was in the lock, and turning this, he opened the long-closed writing-desk. The drawers and compartments were full of papers; the largest drawer had a lock with the key in it, and he opened this, and took up a paper. As he ran his eyes hastily over it, he was surprised to find that it was a large share in a thriving manufacturing company.
He picked up another paper, and another, and found that they were all of equal or greater value.
"Why, Maggie," she cried, "do you know what this desk contains?"
"No, what is it?" she answered, looking at him with surprise, his voice was so excited.
"What is it? Why, a fortune! See here, and as he came and stood beside him he showed her the papers and explained their value."
"Whose are they?" she asked.
"Yours, I think."
"We had best send for Mr. Perkins and ask him."
"Yes, that will be best; I will replace the papers and send John for him."
John was Mistress Warren's old gardener, who had begged to remain with Maggie, and who made himself useful in many ways. In a short time Mr. Perkins arrived, and on being told of the discovery, rubbed his hands violently together, and nodded his head so fast that Maggie felt sure that it would come off.
"Stocks, eh? I always thought it was strange she should only leave Maggie the house and contents, and the orchard, but I understand now. Whose are these stocks? why, yours, and I'm glad you found them. Come, we had best see how much you are worth," and he followed them to the library.
A complete examination of the desk and drawers of the library revealed not only stocks of great value, but bonds and mortgages, bank bills, jewelry and coin, and when it was computed, Maggie Green found that she was indeed an heiress.
Mr. Perkins was entrusted with the management of the stocks and papers, and soon was on his way back to the village, for he said the transfer must be attended to, and the premiums collected; and while the two young people were planning what their new lives should be, Mr. Perkins, who had overheard Mr. Durham's remark concerning Haring's not being promised to Maggie, dropped into that gentleman's office, where father and son were seated, and told his news.
"The lowest computation makes it over half a million," he said, chuckling as he rose to leave, "and when the premiums and interest are counted in, why it goes way beyond that. I always thought Mistress Warren dabbled in stocks, but she never told me," and he went slowly to his door.
"Hearing that," said the elder Durham, when his astonishment let him speak.
"And I only obtained one hundred thousand," said Miss Lamoy, said the younger, biting her lip.
And while Mr. Perkins was going on to his office, Maggie said: "Now you can finish your models, and buy the ship, Paul, for I know you would never remain content unless employed."
"You are right, Maggie," he said, and when Mr. Perkins told Maggie that there was seventy thousand dollars subject to her check in Mr. Durham's bank, she gave it to Paul.
"Their money did not keep Paul Green and his wife from being useful. In fact, it made them more so than before, and Maggie's dowry has brought joy and comfort to many homes that needed such."
A Man Who Never Told a Lie.
Yesterday afternoon an old man with a crude petroleum dripping from his clothes and legs inclosed in high boots, entered the *Derrick* office and said:
"I've got the biggest item you ever heard told on. I struck an oil well on a lease Monday, an' she flowed a stream of oil one hundred feet high straight up for half an hour. Then she kinder died down—one of my drillers was standing over the hole, when she suddenly spouted up again, and if it didn't take that driller right up with it. The stream was a powerful one, you see, an' he went up a hundred feet. You've seen those little balls as dance about on the top of those little spurting fountains such as you see in the cities? Yes, well, that's the way this ere thing acted, an' there's that air driller right up on the top of that hundred feet column of crude oil, an' he's dancin' about like chaff in a fanning mill. What do you think of that?"
"How long has he been up there?"
"He's been up there for an hour, an' he doesn't seem to get any tired."
"Why, we've just put a plate of hush in this stream of oil, and it takes it up to him, you see. An' it's mighty handy, as you see, an' it doesn't get greased, an' he doesn't need any butter."
"But he must have frozen to death before this time."
"Why, man, we've sent him up on the same stream, bed and bedding, a small stove an' wood, an' we're goin' to build him a snug house, an' then he can live there as comfortable as a prince."
His face was as innocent of deceit as a piece of tamed leather, and when he asked to have his name put down as a deadhead subscriber for information he had given we didn't have the heart to hurt his feelings by refusing.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The Convict's Pet.
A convict in the Richmond (Va.) penitentiary has a rat which he has tamed and domesticated until he will come to him when he whistles, and follows him about like a dog. The little animal sleeps by the prisoner's side at night, and will never be away from him longer than he can help. When the man goes to his work in the morning, it matters not what portion of the prison lot it may be, this faithful little pet will certainly follow and remain near him. The animal knows all of the prisoners, and does not exhibit the slightest fear when any of them approaches him, but will dart away into his corner in his master's cell at the sight of any one who is clothed differently from the inmates of the prison.

SOLDIER LIFE IN RUSSIA.
How the Warriors Spend their Time in Camp.
The following is an extract from a letter received by a Russian gentleman in New York from his brother, who is a volunteer soldier in the Ninth regiment of Dragoons of the Russian Danube army. The letter gives interesting details about Russian camp and soldier life, such as it is at present, since the military reform of 1874, and clearly shows that the barbarous military system of former days, with all its tyranny and cruelty practiced on the soldier, has entirely disappeared, giving way to a rational discipline, mostly tempered by mutual confidence between officers and privates. The letter is dated from the bivouac of the regiment near Slatina, a small town on the railway between Bucharest and Krjova:
"We are still here, you see," says the correspondent, "at Slatina, and do not know how soon we are destined to move onward, or else, to stay the truth, we know a great deal; but it would be useless to write to you about it, as I am told that our letters are perused at the post-office of the regiment, and the allusion to future military movements is carefully suppressed. Therefore I must naturally content myself with giving you such particulars of our daily life as are sure to be considered suspicious by our military superiors. I cannot, however, say, to the least, that dreary and monotonous. Only think that during a whole month I have not seen one single newspaper and would have had altogether nothing to read if one of our officers had not lent me a few books. Nearly every evening I take up my gun, and on my drill watches or some other military exercise. I now am able to understand the longing every soldier, even if he be not enthusiastically devoted to the cause he has to fight for, feels for the moment of leisure, to be able to read, and to read the latest naturally brings with it. For the monotony of campaign life, while it is so great and tedious, you feel so keenly, that every hour of day and night is dominated by one idea, one purpose—the desire to be able to read. You may work, but you finally get annoyed and impatient of the delay almost beyond endurance, and come to regard the time when the hour of battle strikes as a deliverance, as the accomplishment of the very purpose of your existence. If you are not a soldier, you may judge for yourself how very much more it is in the present one, which has kindled so genuine and so powerful an enthusiasm throughout the whole Russian nation. To return, however, to our camp life. At daybreak the reveille is sounded, and the folks of the day begin by the watering and currying of the horses; then half an hour is given for breakfast, which generally consists of *kasha* (a sort of porridge, cooked of rice meal) and sometimes milk or honey. After this frugal meal we are all drawn up in squadrons, and drill, maneuvers and military exercises of all kinds take up the whole morning until eleven o'clock. This is the hardest part of the day on account of the dreadful heat we have to endure. Every possible precaution has been taken by the commanders against its effect on the men. The heavy cloth uniform has been virtually abolished and replaced by a light linen blouse we wear on the skin without a shirt; the cap is covered with white linen, and the folds of the cloth, of the same material falling back on the neck, and yet scarcely a day passes without some of the soldiers dropping from their horses, faint and ill from the intense heat, which often reaches 28-30 Reaumur (about 10-15 Fahrenheit). At noon we cook *suppe* (dinner). *Suppe* (soup) meat and kasha are cooked in large kettles and distributed in equal lots among each tent. After dinner our only occupation consists in lying on our backs under the tents as naked as possible, sheltered from the merciless rays of the Roman sun. The camp seems to die out, and you might fancy it deserted by its inmates if here and there a pair of thick, nailed boots did not protrude from under the white covering of the tents. At five o'clock the heat becomes intolerable, and the soldiers are footed on the back of his horse and ridden to the one-mile distant Aluta river, to enjoy together with the horse a refreshing bath in the troubled waters flowing fresh and rapid from the distant Carpathian snows. Between seven and eight the officers and privates, by inspection, examining each tent and ammunition, and inquiring into the wishes and occasional complaints of the soldiers, and with this the work of the day is done. Speaking of the officers, I must say that their behavior toward us is such as will be desired—full of tact and attention. The "Chorus of Officers," soldiers and privates of the neighboring villages lounge around, forming picturesque and lively groups. Then the band touches the first notes of the "Karaminskaya," the younger soldiers spring forward, and the merry dance begins, with its usual accompaniment of whistles, singing and exciting cries. The others form a circle around it—strong, stalwart, sun-burnt figures, with their short clay pipes between their teeth, and watch with a serious and busy expression the younger generation. In another part of the camp the chorus of the regiment assembles. (In the Russian army each regiment possesses one or several choruses composed of soldiers; on the march they generally precede the regiment and entertain the weary marchers with their songs). One after another the national airs, with their wild mirth and pathetic sadness, ring through the still evening air, and their quaint melody flows as freely over the Valachian plain as it did long ago at home, hundreds of miles away, over the broad expanse of our own steppes. Many a sad, serious thought of the past and the future conjured up by these sounds, and if we were not for the shades of night rapidly falling, a tear might be seen here and there rolling down a brown, tawny cheek and losing itself in the grizzled whiskers

of a veteran soldier. Then the watchfires are lighted, and the coolness of the air becoming more intense, groups assemble around them, listening to some story of an old soldier about former battles fought and feats of valor achieved, and dreaming about the future which lies in store for us beyond that river flowing through the plain before us. One hour later—and all is quiet; only the drawing, sleepy cries, *Snooshai!* (hear) of the sentinels disturb from time to time the profound stillness of the night. All these are pictures and impressions, the remembrance of which, as I have said above, will never die out; hardships and dangers shall be forgotten, but that quaint, wild and pathetic poetry of soldier life will remain one of the fondest memories of my life.

Be Something.
Man was not made to rust out his life. It is expected he "should act well his part." And is it not the duty of every one to assume some part as actor on the great stage of life? Many think they are doing so, but without being anything in particular. This is a great mistake, and one very common; man has a work to perform, which it is his duty to attend to—he must be somebody. It is a principle in the creed of the Mohammedans that everyone should have a trade. Is a man to live upon the wealth acquired by his ancestors? Is he to pass through life as an automaton? As a citizen of the world has he nothing to perform? A man who does nothing, is useless to his country as an inhabitant—he is a mere cipher, he does not fulfill the obligations for which he was sent into the world, and when he dies he has not finished the work that was given him to do. He is a mere blank in creation. Some are born with riches and honors upon their heads, but does it follow that they have nothing to do in their career through life? Be something. There are certain duties for every one sent on this earth. Don't live like a hermit and die unregretted. Be something. Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or on your future prospects, but these riches may fly away, or other hopes may be blighted, and if you have no place of your own, in such a case, ten to one you will find your path beset with many thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it, and having no profession of any kind, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is, therefore, important that you should be something. Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle mistress, which often falls when you lean upon her with the too great confidence. Trust in your own exertions. Be something. You certainly have a part to act, and the honor in performing that part depends upon yourself. Everyone is capable of learning a trade, or a craft, or an art, and can earn a competence for himself. Children should be taught to be something; to know how to provide for themselves in case of necessity, and to act well their part they will reap the honor that therein lies.

Tree Poisoning.
A case of alleged poisoning by the ailanthus tree has been reported to the New Haven (Conn.) board of health. The victim is a girl of twenty, and claims to have been poisoned while lying on a lounge near an open window and looking at the tree, distant some four yards. The eruptions nearly closed one eye and covered one side of her face and body. This side was uppermost. The side she was lying on was not affected. Regularly every time the tree flowers she breaks out, and sometimes the eruption takes place when the leaves are shooting. The odor of the tree is not stronger than usual. The patient is not feverish, and has no increased pulsation. Her temper is not affected and she has a good appetite. The irritation is only on the surface, and she has no other symptoms of poisoning. Professor Brewer, in the course of the discussion which followed, said that, as a rule, persons once poisoned by a plant or tree were ever afterward especially sensitive to it. He had seen in the newspapers cases of poisoning by the ailanthus tree, but had never known of a case in his own experience. The tree had existed in England about 130 years, and in France 120 years. It has existed in this country for a long time, and thirty or forty years ago was spread by the desire for a quick-growing tree to take the place of the elm, which was subject to ravages by worms. In Brooklyn an enormous number of these trees were set out, but afterward cut down. The result of the discussion was a vote directing the owner of the tree to remove it, and ordering investigations to be made in the place of the elm, which next year before the trees bloom.

Elephants in a Quicksand.
On the river Ganges, says a military journalist, there are many quicksands; and during our expedition a somewhat distressing case happened. An elephant incautiously came within the vortex of one; first one foot sank, then another; and in endeavoring to extricate himself, matters became worse; no portion of either of his legs was at last visible, and the bystanders had given up the poor animal as lost; being, fortunately, unusually powerful, he three several times with what appeared to all supernatural strength, drew a foot from the closely-clinging earth, placed it where, by sounding with his trunk, he found the most solid; not until the third time did the ground bear his presence. During the gradual release himself, his cries were exceedingly dolorous, and might have been heard a couple of miles; his grunt, when they were at an end, was equally indicative of satisfaction. The internal application of a bottle of strong spirits soon dissipated his trembling and restored his equanimity. Many unfortunate elephants are lost in these treacherous sands, when large quantities of grass or straw are not at hand to form an available support for them. After a certain time the poor beast becomes powerless; and the owner can only lament the pecuniary loss he thereby suffers, for all human aid is futile. They have been known to be twelve hours before entirely sinking.

A Ride in Texas.
The Cattle Trade—Its Dimensions and Its Needs.
A correspondent who writes from Fort Worth, Texas, says: My ride has been through eighteen of the western and northern counties—the great pastoral region. The grass is long, thick and nutritious. The streams come pulsing in such frequency that the herds do not need to be driven to obtain water, as is the case in Kansas and Colorado. The climate is so mild that the cattle graze the year round. A little snow falls in midwinter in the northern counties, but only enough to swell the streams after the next day's sunshining. The grass dries in November, and the stranger would suppose that it had lost much, if not all of its juice. But appearances deceive; it is as sweet and nutritious as in June, and the truth is now confessed the world over that mottled Texas beef is the finest and purest food.
The cattle trade of the State is already immense, although the herds have to be driven hundreds of miles before obtaining transportation to the North and East. The western and northern counties are capable, I do not doubt, of supplying not only our own continent, but Europe, with beef, and the demand for American meats in England is only the small beginning of what must become an immense inter-continental traffic. The only objection offered to American beef on the tables of London and Liverpool is that when brought over in refrigerators it is already slightly deteriorated and must be cooked immediately. The causes of this deterioration are not far to seek. The herds must now be driven thousands of miles over the plains, in some sections, and are weakened by the inferior grasses and scarcity of pure water procurable on the journey.
They are crowded in this exhausted state into badly ventilated cars, in which they are so crowded that they cannot breathe comfortably, or even stand at ease, and if one falls he is trampled or horned to death, or dies of suffocation. The yards along the railroad routes are not numerous enough; cattle should be unloaded for fodder, water and rest at least once in twelve hours; on the contrary, they are now kept thirty-six hours and even forty-eight hours in their poisonous and enfeebling prisons. The law whose passage was sought with so much earnestness by the Massachusetts Humane Society, requiring the moving of cattle from a space of not less than eighteen miles an hour, prescribing the intervals at which they were to be unloaded, fed and watered, and prohibited the detention of cattle trains on side-tracks during unreasonable periods and for trivial causes, is a dead letter, just as are the other statutes which prohibit the inclosure of more than a certain number in a car or certain distances. Laws are very good in their way, but they do not enforce themselves. The men who have charge of cattle trains are very little and care less about animal hygiene. Not that they intend to be brutal; they are simply ignorant, thoughtless and reckless. The evils of cattle transportation, of which we heard so much five years ago, have been very slightly modified, and the result is a mass of unclean, neglected and wanton brutality is the wretched condition in which the beasts reach Boston and New York. They are killed while overcome by starvation, thirst and fatigue; the already deteriorated beef is hastily packed in refrigerators, and the result is the meat is not of the very best quality when reopened, for it was not of the very best when packed.
A Prairie Minuet.
Charles E. Whitehead, in the course of an article in *Scribner*, says: One autumn day, watching for ducks which ensconced on a muskrat house in the great Mendocino marsh, which extends back many miles and the Mississippi river opposite Clinton, I noticed a group of objects moving on the summit of a knoll. By careful watching I discovered they were prairie-fowl, and moved by curiosity, carefully approached them. As I drew near I discovered fifteen prairie-fowl apparently dancing. Driven together by the wind, they were a group of native birds impressed the scene vividly on the spectator's mind. A neighboring farmer to whom the circumstance was mentioned, said:
"Yes, then same birds skye around there mostly every day."
The other varieties of prairie grouse indulge in the same kind of amusement.
The Instinct of Mosquitoes.
An exchange says: The mosquitoes, it has been discovered by a learned professor, are possessed of great powers of observation and penetration. Down at the seaside we notice this fact ourselves. When a big trunk was lauded from an express wagon into the entry of a hotel, the nimble insects usually made for it and crawled through the keyhole for the purpose of taking notes. If the clothes within betokened that a fat person was the owner, the mosquitoes would stay within and be carried up to the room, where they would lay for the fat person until bed time. If the garments belonged to a thin person the insects would pile through that keyhole in double-quick order.
She Knew the Dodge.
They brought her his hat and his fishing rod, and with tears in their eyes told her they'd found them lying on the end of the pier; they must be her husband's. She put her arms akimbo over the washboard, she did, and looked 'em straight in the face. "This is the third thing that John Henry's played this thing on me. This means he'll be home by ten to-night drunk as a lord. None of your sympathy here." And the committee beat a hasty retreat at the end of a broomstick.

Items of Interest.
The United States in 1880 contained 12,700,000 inhabitants.
Clergymen, like railway brakemen, do a good deal of coupling.
Now they tell of a drug (cooca or cuca) that will cure bashfulness.
It cost about \$7 to send a ton of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool.
Virginia and West Virginia combined cover an area of 64,000 square miles.
You can always get trusted at the telephone office; they send messages "on tick."
American shoes are now being largely sold in Germany, Switzerland and France.
"What did you get?" asked a wife of her husband on his return from a hunting excursion of several days duration. "I got back," he sententially replied.
Spicer is anxious to know if the merchant who advertises "full lines of underclothing" is connected with the party who walked off with last week's wash from the back yard.
"Madam," said a certain nameless one to Mrs. Brown, the other day, "you are talking simple rubbish." "Yes, sir," replied the ever-crushing lady, "because I wish you to comprehend me."
Yet another warning. Joseph Bates, of Vermont, falls dead while carrying in an armful of wood. Show this paragraph to your wife. Nay, cut it out and pin it to the washboard door.
"Miss C—," said a gentleman, one evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid!" replied Miss C—; "is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good officer, sir?"
Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when it gets away, but after that she'll jerk it down into position as if she was throwing a door mat out of the window.—*Oil City Call.*
Spilkins came down town with a nose-egg in his buttonhole. "Hallo!" said a friend; "why, Leander, you look as if you'd just come out of a green house." "No," replied Spilkins, mopping his forehead; "but I passed the night in a hot bed."
One test of a great mind is its instantaneous availability in an emergency. The boy who can drop a paper-bag of eggs on the seven years, and shut it without changing his gait, interrupting his whistle, or looking at what he has dropped, has a future before him.
Lightning struck a hive of bees in Kansas the other day. The painful stinging is soon told. The misguided lightning came out of that hive quicker than it could get into it, and it was with its tail between its legs. Moral: Never pick a quarrel when you are not acquainted with the folks.
A poor tailor, dunning for an old debt the other day, wrote as follows: "Dear Jim, this little account has been standing for seven years, and I don't know when it was paid." To which Jim replied, on the same sheet of paper, while the boy was waiting: "Dear Sam, I don't; and may a difference of opinion never alter friendship." What a splendid diplomatist Jim would have made!
A literary gentleman, wishing to be unadvised one day, instructed his servant to admit no one, and if any one inquired for him to give him an equivocal answer. Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his visitors. "Did any one call?" "Yes, sir; wan gentleman." "What did he say?" "He axed you to tell him in." "Well, what did you tell him?" "Sure, I gave him a quivver answer, just." "How was that?" "I axed him was his grandmother a monkey."
TO A SEAMSTRESS.
Oh! what totem but must yield,
When, like Pallas, you advance,
With a mind that is unerring,
And a needle for a lance?
Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And, in pity for my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.
"Ahem," she said, "tis needless, sir,
This question of my needle's frisk,
Why seam sew earnest in your suit?
Take care—my crimp—don't muss it."