pays; some are good for nothing

Items of Interest.

Some men are good because goodness

VOL. VII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1877.

NO. 29.

[Read at the Centennial celebration of the battle of Bennington, at Bennington, Vt., August 16.1

On this fair valley's verdant breast The calm sweet rays of summer rest And dove-like peace benignly broods On its smooth lawns and solemn woods

A century since, in flame and smoke, The storm of battle o'er it broke, And, ere the invader turned and fled. These pleasant fields were strewn with dead

Stark, quick to act and bold to dare. And Warner's mountain band were there. And Allen, who had flung the pen Aside to lead the Berkshire men.

With fiery onset, blow for blow, They rushed upon the embattled foe, And swept his squadron from the vale, Like leaves before the autumn gale.

Oh! never may the purple stain Of combat blot these fields again, Nor this fair valley ever cease To wear the placid smile of peace

Yet here, beside that bettle-noted We plight the vow that, ere we yield The rights for which our fathers bled Our blood shall steep the ground we tread. - William Cullen Bryant,

APPLES.

Madame sat in the sunny window sew ing. The needle twinkled in her rapid fingers, and the scarlet stuff she stitched. glittering in the sunlight, shed a re-flected luster on her black hair, her tintless face, the bits of coral in her well-set cars.

Madame prefers to be on the top story, she says. One is there away from the dust and noise of the street. Also, it costs less. Also, she will tell you gaily, she can see the tops of the sails, and the sun-lit masts of the ships that come and go at the wharves, toward which this dingy street looks down. The ships bring wealth and plenty to somebody. Some of them come from France. Ali beautiful France! It is like being a poet, or having a fine imagination, to own a window one can see the world

Should any one pity madame or officiously offer her sympathy, she will shrug her shoulders magnificently, spread out her hands, and say: "What will you?" glaucing toward her window as though the world were at her feet. Has she not her sunshine, her sewing, and her little Fifine, who flits up and down the ladder-like stairs like a butterfly? Fifine has black eyes and a dancing smile. Fiftne is madame's poem, her princess; she does not know poverty. had been poor in Paris, but Fifine had never gone hungry; they had wanted many things in Paris, but Fifine had always her gay frilles dresses and her tiny polished slippers. Was not her father a professor? was not her mother a lady? Should they, then, associate on equal terms with that degraded and degrading thing called poverty? Nay, indeed! it might own the house, but it should not sit at the board.

It was poverty that had driven this family, thoughtlessly thoughtful, to America. Professor Pierre would come here and teach the people French. It was a wide country, a roomy country, and the people needed education. Professor Pierre set sail, and died on the

"Ah, but he was a scholar!" Madame, sighing. "If he have live (madame's English is not quite so per feet as her French) "we shall by time have the little maison champetre, the pretty place in the country, and the little school, and the garden which we have talk and dream of so much in Paris, For there is room in America-ah, so

She looks up, smiling, from her work, as a light footstep comes flying along the ladder-like stair.

"So come the angles!" says madame, devoutly, as Fifine dances in. She has her tiny apron full of red apples, which tumble out and roll upon the floor. The sunshine, gleaming on madame's scarlet sewing, seems to recognize the ripe round fruit, and glows anew as having met it elsewhere in sweet familiar orchards and on sunny slopes of far-away

"All for you, maman," cries Fifine, looking down on the treasure. oh, maman, he will give me a ride in the great wagon out to the beautiful country and the little old mother!' Madame's cheeks flush, her eyes scin-

tillate with an angry light. "What is it you say, Fifine? And

who gave you these?" But the child only answered breathlessly and confusedly. The apples were delicious, and Fifine was happy, but madame did not like strangers strangers' gifts. She sat anxiously at the high window next day, looking down

for Fifine as she came from school. The street was long and winding, grimy and decaying; but people swarmed in it as if life was not undesirable. They throve in the scents and sounds and stiffing air; they laughed, they chatted, they congregated in the tumble-down doorways; and looked their poverty square in the face, shook hands with it, as it

But the street had its pleasures too, once in awhile, and its pictures. As at this instant, when madame, looking down from the high window, saw a wagon-load of apples come jolting along, ruddy, shining and mellow. A boy in a brimless hat and a blue shirt sat in the midst of the heap, and a tall, sunburned young fellow, with trousers tucked in his boots, walked alongside, hand in hand with a child, who danced about him, with her golden hair flying and her pretty feet twinkling, as she pointed up laughing to the far window where madame sat.

In one sudden moment she saw the little one caught up, deposited in a half-full basket, and both, lifted on the young man's shoulder, disappeared in

Up stairs they came, tramping, laughing and Fifine, eager, joyful and breathless, was deposited at the door.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, clapping her hands, "see what we have brought you! And here is Monsieur Jack."

Outside, abashed, blushing, stood the oung man with the basket. Madam

vendor?

"Excuse me, ma'am," was the stam-mering reply, as the intruder doffed his great straw hat. "I mean—I did not mean—that is, I promised the little one

"And?" said madam, sternly.
"And," answered the youth, gathering up courage, his honest, kindly eye looking straight into hers, "she needs a little change; a ride would not harm

"It is a liberty unpardonable. In my country it is not known that a vendor—a street vendor—will intrude him-self on a lady's apartment. People

know their place, and "—
"I beg your pardon, madam. You
are right," interrupted the stranger, his
cheeks flushing hotly. "But this is
America, not Paris. Good-day."
He was gone. The place was blank
and desolate. The apples lay on the
floor. The sunlight had faded from the know their place, and "-

window. Fifine set up a frightful cry of disappointment. Ah! no ride, no pleasure, no delights in prospect now.

She did not go dancing off to school next day, singing as she went. She came back with a headache, carrying it gloomily up to the top floor and the waiting mother.

Two days, three passed. Fifine was really ill. She chatted incessantly of the ride and the beautiful country. She cried to see Monsieur Jack, as she had named her friend.

One day madam slipped down stairs to buy some apples. It was the day for Monsieur Jack's appearance. The young man bowed when he caught sight of this princess from the top floor. Should he carry the apples up stairs for her?

Little Fiftne, sitting flushed and feverish among a heap of pillows, lit up ra-diantly at sight of the sunburned face

and great straw hat,
"Ah! mamma," she cried, clapping her hands, "now we shall go in the

But Fifine was ill. Not for a day nor But Fifine was ill. Not for a day nor a week, but for a long, weary month, the little creature pined and sickened in the upper story of the tenement-house. And it fell out that nearly every day the young man's step sounded on the stair, and Monsieur Jack's face became familiar to all the neighbors as he made his way to the tenest floor. to the topmost floor.

He petted Fifine, he chatted to her, and charmed madam by stepping softly in spite of his big boots. Fifine watched hungrily for his coming, and thus it was, doubtless, that madam also found herself ometimes listening for his footstep on

One sunny afternoon she stood smoothing her glossy hair in the cracked looking-glass. The day was a hopeful one. The air was clear, the sun shone, Fifine was better. Madam's eyes brightened as she stood at the glass. She adjusted white ruffle about her shapely throat. Without, there was a creaking of the rickety stair. The eyes shone brighter in the dim little mirror. Madam stopped in her toilet suddenly, seeing their expectant visitor.

"Can it be possible?" she said to her self. "Have I come to this-to sewing in a garret, to starving, to begging almost, for Fifine, and to looking for ward every day to the visit of a young man who is an apple vendor? Paul-Professor Paul, was I ever worthy of

thee? But when she opened the door, and Monsieur Jack stood modestly on the threshold, madam's eyes did not lose their sparkle. He brought a bunch of pinks for Fifine.
"Ah!" cried Fifine, clapping her

"they came from the country When shall we go-oh, when shall go, mama ?"

The mother looked at her tenderly, pitifully. The child had grown so thin with long illness.

"My little one," she said, "I wish I was back with thee in my beautiful

Paris, where we should have music and flowers and parks, and "—
"You can have them all here," inter rupted Monsieur Jack, quietly.

There were tears in Madam's eyes.

she turned upon him hotly.
"What will you?" she said. "Shall I take shame to myself that I am poor? was poor in Paris, but I named it not so. In my own country I have pleasant, gentle life. My Paul is very wise, very quiet. He will not have touch himself with what is rude and rough. I have my pot of flowers ; I have my fete days. costs but a few sons to be happy. Ah! why did we ever come away, my

petite, to be reminded that we are beg-Madam caught up her white handkerchief and wipe her eyes. There was an awkward pause. Monsieur Jack played with Fifine's long locks, looking down silent and reproved.

Fifine, not knowing what was the matter, began to cry.
"Ah, yes," said madam, excitedly. seeing the child's tears. It is no fault of mine, monsieur, that my little Fifine is ill and pining. I cannot advertise that I must have her helped; and I am poor! I cannot advertise that

am poor! I am poor! seemed to be a relief to madam's mind that this well-kept secret was out

'Madam," said the visitor, rising, "I also am poor." "Excuse me, I pray you," said madam, her face paling suddenly; "I have talk much—it is weak. I ask your

pardon. "When shall we go-when shall we go in the country?" asked Fifine, seeing

Thou canst not alone, lit le one said the mother, smiling, and rallying "She need not go alone, madam, suggested Monsieur Jack, patting the child on the head—"not if you will go

with her. Ah! what can poor people do? Was not madam the wife of a professor, and was not her pride 'very great therefor?' Could she go out riding with an apple

"When?" repeated the tiny invalid imperatively. And the mother, driven into a corner, auswered : "To-morrow."

There was a little old woman in a yel-

appearing on the threshold put him to utter confusion. She had the bearing of a duchess.

"What will you?" queried she, haughtily.

"Excuse me, ma'am," was the stammering reply, as the intruder doffed his great straw hat, "I mean—I did not mean—that is. I promised the little one she says, ever and apon looking from the old-fashioned dresser.

"They will soon be here, I think," she says, ever and apon looking from the

she says, ever and anon looking from the great door, of which the upper half swings in, after the manner of old Dutch farm-houses.

farm-houses.

She comes out presently, smiling and courtesying to a party who drive up in a neat little one-horse wagon. "This is my mother," says the young man who drives the equipage. He lifts down Fifine; he helps madam to alight, Fifine's face is shining like that of a cherub new fledged in paradise. She kisses the little old mother, and they are friends instantly.

friends instantly. After that rare, that delicious lunch in the old kitchen, they went wandering about the place—to the old hen barn, to the pasture, where two cows stood pa-tiently and stupidly looking through the bars. "They are tame!" said Fifine,

who had once been to a menagerie. The little old mother laughed, and the two prattled gayly along hand in hand. Madam, with a wild rose in her hair, strolled ahead with the elate Monsieur Jack. Round them rolled the billowy hills, a faint autumnal haze floating at their low summits, and the smoke from there and then a farm-house wreathing up to the sunlight. Some birds twittered softly in the copse, scarcely dis-tributing the silence and sweetness of the summer time hush. A tiny brook running along the hedge glittering with cardinal flowers. Her companion gathered a handful of the flaming spikes

for madam,
"Ah, how beautiful they are!" she
cried, "How beautiful it all is here! One could, indeed, live here forever-" She glanced about at the purple hills, the fields, the peace and plenty every-

"How can you have all these glories, and be poor?" she asked. "In my country a peasant would call himself rich with all these. He will have many friends, and his wife will wear a silk gown. He will not traffic in the city with the canaille.'

A deep flush rose to the young man's cheek. He did nst reply at once.
"Madam," said he, at length, "in this country there are no peasants. We are all free, and we do not care for trifles. A man who owns his little farm is independent; he can make his own market if he chooses. That is enterprise; that is what keeps the fences trim, and the little old mother stirring. I buy and sell where I can. I have no wife to object," he added, laughing; "and for the rest, I

am, after all, a poor man."
"Such poverty!" cried madam, lifting her hands. "Here, I repeat, I could stay forever, my friend." "And w'll you?" said Monsieur Jack,

turning his sunburned face suddenly oon her. "See, madam, how happily we have spent the day together. Let us Fifine came flitting up the path, laughng and singing.

Oh, stay! oh, stay, maman!" she cried; "the dear old mother will not let us go away." I shall buy my wife a silk

whispered Monsier Jack, mischievously. "Say yes, maman," cried Fifine.
And madam, blushing and smiling, ooked down at the cardinal flowers and

Sunday in the Black Hills. A correspondent, writing from Dead-wood in the Black Hills says: On the

said "Yes."—Harpers Weekly.

Sabbath day the streets present a perfect Babel of confusion. Ox trains and mule teams block the streets, their drivers shouting and cursing in a vain attempt to unravel the tangled teams, Auctioneers strain their throats, while the eating-house keepers add to the clamor by inviting with bells and gongs the poorly-fed miners to walk in and get a square meal. The sidewalks are crowded, and locomotion is difficult. Bootblacks invite the passers-by to take seats in their comfortable booths on the edge of the walks, while the newsboys lift their shrill voices and announce the latest news from the strikers, the Indians, or the road agents. While the city is thus in the possession of people from outside camps, hundreds of those who can get away roam through the country, and the roads in every direc-tion are lively with pedestrians who are visiting the various mines, or going to see how their own ventures are progressing, for nearly everybody has a claim of some sort, and all expect to realize a fortune. A ride through the country is refreshing, indeed, after one has tired of the confusion in the city on a Sunday. The greater portion of the cabins are of course closed and locked, as their proprietors are "seeing life, but occasionally one is found where the inmates are more frugal. Some are reading, some playing cards, some re-sume practice on their fiddle and accordeon, and some are busy in pounding rocks, snxious to find colors. Once in a while you will come across a cabin which is distinguished from the others by an air of neatness and taste. The path before the door has been swept. The window has a curtain and perhaps a few plants, and a little bed of vegetables is visible. If the door is open, you will see a clean floor with perhaps a strip of carpet on it, and a rude bedstead with snowy sheets and pillow slips. Look carefully, and you are sure to find a woman and probably a baby. When you discover such a habitation, if you will examine those immediately about it you are certain to find a comparative degree of neatness prevailing, although they are inhabited by men alone, for one woman has a refining effect on a whole neighborhood, and the rough, lonesome bachelor miners are ashamed to live in dirt while their neighbor's

The young ladies in Upper Sandusky, O., are aiding the Murphy temperance movement in the following manner: When a young man calls upon one of them with matrimonial intentions, he finds a Murphy badge on one corner of the center table, and on the opposite corner the representation of a mitten, and he is asked to decide which corner

LUNG-SING AND THE INDIANS.

He w a Chinese Miner Held the Fort Against a Band of Sloux-Chased from Boston Town, He Strikes it Rich in Baked Po-tato-A Cave with Gullets-Slege of Chin-Lungi and How It was Raised.

When Boston Town, in the Black Hills, and about thirty miles from Dead-Hills, and about thirty miles from Deadwood, woke up one morning, and found a Chinaman walking with his kit on his shoulder, every old miner was dumbfounded. It had been given out, and was generally understood, that Boston Town wouldn't wait a minute before shooting the first Chinaman who dared to show his head in camp, and this traveler ought to have been posted. He traveler ought to have been posted. He coolly walked about trying to discover whether the diggings were rich or poor, and nodding familiarly to every miner who showed his head. It took the camp just four minutes to realize the situation, blow the rallying horn, and resolve:

"That there is one of them blamed

Chinese in camp, and it is our duty to teach him a great moral lesson."

Lung-Sing went out o' there like a tornado, his sheet-iron frying pan banging the back of his head at every jump, and his heels digging up a perfect shower of gravel. None of the bullets fired at him took effect, and breakfast was health eaten before the inideal fractions. was hardly eaten before the incident was forgotten. The Chinaman was out there to make a stake. He knew all about the Indians, but when chased out of Boston Town, he pushed right ahead over the frontier and up the hills, and when he "struck yellow" he was four miles in advance of any camp. Lung-Sing wasn't one of your dirt washers or gravel pawers, but he struck for quartz rock, and he kept a loose eye squinting around for nuggets. He halted where he did, because it was far enough from white miners, near enough to the Indians, and the place offered a secure retreat. It was a cave extending into the hill or range since christened Baked Potato. The hole was large enough for three men to enter abreast, and the cave was cut up in curious shape. Back twenty feet from its mouth it split into three caves, each winding around in a half circle, and after a short time Lung-Sing discovered that each of the three had an outlet on the hill, but not within half a mile of each other. "Alle light," he mused, as he made ready to take posses-sion in the name of the Celestial Empire, "alle light; Injun man come if he wantee, Lung-Sing no flaid." There was rich quartz rock in the cave.

In one month after being occupied by a In one month after being occupied by a party of six white men it panned out \$17,000. Lung-Sing knew that he had struck a big thing, and his mind was made up to stay there, Indians or no Indians. In the afternoon of the second day after he began work the Chinaman, who was working by torchlight, felt a twist at his pig-tail, and he glanced around to discover an Indian warrior beside him. Some Chinamen would have side him. Some Chinamen would have "played calf at once," but Lung-Sing was working for \$200 per day. At the special jerk on his queue he seized his torch, and thrust it in the face of his captor. The next instant he was rattling his canoe-toed shoes down the dark passage with a noise like a horse galloping on a plank sidewalk. When he climbed out on the hillside and looked down, he saw a score of Indians around the mouth of the cave, and one of them was hopping around, as if he didn't feel well. Lung-Sing sat there behind a bush and chuc kled and grinned for an hour, and when the redskins departed he went back to

his work, sagely musing:
"If Injun manee flink I'm a fool he find outee." They were certain to come again. had no arms except a light shot gun and a hatchet, but he had come to stay. The dea of his dusting out of that just because a few hundred Indians might object to his presence was too absurd to contemplate. He stretched a score of bark strings across the mouth of the cave. and then connected them with a single string running back to his work. last string ran along the roof and over a stone splinter, and held up a stone which must fall to the floor if any one attempted to displace the strings across the mouth of the cave. When he had finished this work and satisfied himself that it

could be depended on, the heathen drew down his left eye, slanted his hat over his left ear, and quoted Confucius.

The redskins weren't at all pleased at the way they had been cheated, and next morning a whole car load of them returned to the cave, having torches to explore it. When they saw the bark strings across its mouth they suspected a trap, and fooled around for two or three hours. Meanwhile Lung-Sing was plying hammer and pick, bringing down ninety per cent. of gold with every ten per cent. of stone. He had struck it rich. "Spat!" came the stone which he had fixed up for a signal bell, and the long-eyed heathen scored for a start and get away in fine style. The Indians halted in the mouth of the cave to peer around and light their torches, and during this delay Lung-Sing wasn't stopping to play marbles on the floor of the cave. He emerged from the same cavity as before, a little damp under the collar, but in prime condition. He was making his left eye wink cutely at his right, and figuring up the profits of his morning's work, when he heard the Indians coming. They had divided into three bands an followed the three passages. He got. Instead of making for Boston Town or Measles City, he slid down the mountain side and entered the cave by the front door. The Indians had brought along almost a wagon load of dry grass an weeds, expecting to have to smoke him out. There was a strong draft through the cave, and when the heathen dis-covered the grass, and that none of the savages had remained behind, he nearly wrenched himself to pieces to carry out a suddenly conceived plan. In course of seven or eight minutes he had carried the grass to the point where the cave split, and he choked each passage as far as the material would go. he pulled out his match box and listened and waited. He reasoned that the Indians would return by the same routes, and he was right. He heard them in the three passages a most at the same time, and when the foremost was not more than forty feet away the match was lighted. The grass was like tinder, and the draft drew the roaring flames into

the passages in an instant. Three grand yells from the three bands reached

Lung-Sing at once, and he put his finger

Lung-Sing at once, and he put his finger on his nose and softly said: "Lung-Sing somebody's flool, maybe."

The redskins got a terrible roasting. It has been twice stated by members of the same band that not a savage escaped injury, and it is certain that more than a dozen cooked and charred bodies were a dozen cooked and charred bodies were found in the passages weeks afterward by white men. Those who got out were terribly burned, and several died at their village. As the redskins had found no one in the cave the fire appealed to their superstition. They believed the place to be occupied by the spirit of some outlawed warrior; he had kindled the flames in revenge on them for daring to intrude. None of them had ever to intrude. None of them had ever been near the cave again up to six weeks

Lung-Sing, rearranged his signal, and returned to his work. In the gray of morning, six weeks after he had been driven out of Boston Town, an early riser caught sight of him again. He was trotting along at the head of four pack mules and a dozen Chinamen, all loaded down, but he hadn't time to stop and explain whether they carried goods and explain whether they carried goods to set up an "original dollar store" in the Hills, or had the material which yellow-boys are made of. The miners had their own ideas about that, and after close search they discovered the cave and its great riches.

Girls Attacked by a Buck.

Jennie Morgan, Kittie Vail and Gertrude Dykman, aged eighteen, seventeen and fifteen, respectively, all of Brooklyn, N. Y., came to spend a brief vacation with some relatives who dwell near the Blooming Grove (Pa.) Park association's pond. A fishing excursion was arranged for them, and they took an old boat and rowed out into the water and anchored. They fished for several hours, and then rowed once or twice around the pond, and then started to row across to the point from which they started. Near the center of the pond the head of a buck hove in sight. The maidens took the situation as coolly as the circum-stances would admit, and began to paddle with a will. But the animal gained upon them, and seeing that further efforts to reach the shore would be futile, they stopped paddling and prepared for an attack. And their preparations were not in vain; for, slashing and plunging, and with eyes like balls of fire, the buck bore down upon them. When he was within a few feet of the boat, one with a piece of a seat, and the others each with piece of a seat, and the others each with one of the oars, made a thrust at the buck's head. The blows sent him under the water, but in an instant it shot up, other. Miss Vail began to bring he blows to bear upon the buck's head, but with little effect. The snorting monster

swayed and plunged, yet the plucky girls maintained their hold, and screamed Within a few rods of the pond lives a German, who, hearing their cries, hastened to the pond with his rifle. The girls still clinging to the boat, which was about five hundred yards from the shore, the buck had freed itself, and was swimming for the opposite shore. Getting into an old scow, the German paddled out to a good range and shot the buck dead. After the German had land, ed the maidens, Miss Dykman and Miss Morgan fainted. They were cared for in a farm house near by. The clothing of the two girls who had been in the water was nearly torn from them, and they were considerably scratched and bruised by the deer's antlers. The deer was brought to the shore, and when dressed weighed over two hundred pounds.

How Some English Girls Marry. According to an English paper, the richest heiress now on the engaged list is Miss Crawshay, the daughter of the Vulcan of the Hills in South Wales, Her dowry is said to be £500,000, and she is about to bestow this with her hand and heart upon a briefless barrister on the South Wales circuit. I should be very happy to take her sister upon the same terms, if I felt inclined to marry-for money. These iron masters' daughters have a very considerate way of selecting poor men for their husbands, for Sir leorge Elliott's daughter married one of the special correspondents of the Daily News, and a few days ago the heiress of Durham colliery proprietor bolted with the editor of a north country newspaper. It is said of one of these ladies, perhaps it would be cruel to say which—for the nanœuvre after all was innocent enough -that meeting with a gentleman on board a steamer which was engaged in laying a deep sea cable in the Atlantic, they very naturally took to flirting on the quarter deck. The lady was all alone except with papa. The gentleman made him-self agreeable, and, being tall and handsome of course soon ingratiated himself with the iron-king's daughter. One day, finding himself alone, he proposed there and then. "Hush!" said the lady, "papa is asleep on the sofa and might ear you. Let us take a stroll on deck.

exactly like me; you would not know us apart, and when you return home I will introduce you to her." The intro-duction followed in due course, and the marriage within six months. The courtship all took place by proxy.

Lake Superior. There are few persons in this country, and still less in the old world, who have anything like an adequate conception of the immense extent of this great inland sea. To the lakes of Europe it bears about the same relative comparison in point of size as the Missouri and Mississippi bear to the European rivers. The lakes of England and Scotland are mere ouddles compared with this leviathan Lake Superior is 500 miles long, and its greatest breadth is 190. Its circumference is about 1700 miles, or about half Lake Superior contains one island nearas large as Rhode Island and Delaware. glas and glassware.

THE COTTON GIN.

History of the Invention-Culture of Cotton
-The Old Method of Cleaning.

of the world were not prepared, and was suited only to a bold and adventurous people. In 1784, the year after the close of the Revolutionary war, a vessel from this country, that had carried to Liverpool eight bales of cotton, was seized in that port upon the suspicious charge of illicit trade, grounded on the presumption that so large a quantity of cotton could not possibly have been the production of the United States. Eleven years later than this, in 1795, when the commercial treaty which bears the name of Mr. Jay was negotiated between the United States and Great Britain, one article of the treaty, as it originally stood, prohibited the exportation from this country, in American vessels, of such articles as Great Britain had pre-viously imported from the West Indies. Mr. Jay was surprised to learn subsequently that cotton was included in this quently that cotton was included in this prohibition, and still more surprised to be made acquainted with the fact, of which he was till then wholly unaware, that cotton was becoming an article of export from the United States. The culture was continued, amid difficulties and embarrassments which constantly threatened its abandonment, till in 1791 the whole amount of cotton exported from whole amount of cotton exported from the United States was but 189,316 pounds. The next year, that preceding the invention of the cotton gin, the amount exported was diminished 50,000 pounds. There was, in fact, from the incipiency of the culture to the period of this invention, no indication of any of this invention, no indication of any tendency to an increase of the produc-tion. The chief difficulty in the prose-cution of the enterprise had been found to be the extremely slow and laborious process of cleaning the green-seed cotton, or separating it from the seed; and so serious had this emburrassment come to be regarded that the cultivators were generally inclined to yield to it as an insuperable objection to what had been the grand design of the undertaking, namely, the raising of cotton for the

The green seed cotton is that which is commonly known as the upland or bowed Georgia cotton, by which tiame it is distinguished from that produced in the island and low districts near the shore, called sea island, or black seed cotton. The latter is the finest kind, and derives its name from the circumstance of its having been the first cultivated in this and the buck planted his fore feet into the side of the boat, nearly capsizing it, and throwing Miss Dykman and Miss Morgan out into the pond. Miss Vail seized the opposite side of the boat and saved herself. The two girls now, each with one hand, seized the buck by the analysis and clause to the head with the buck by the analysis and clause to the head with the pondiary and clause to the head with the properties. It will not flourish at a distance from the sea, and its quality gradually deteriorates as it is removed from "the salutary action of the ocean's spray." It has a longer fiber than other cottons, and is of a properties and clause to the head with this country in the low sandy islands on the country in the c antlers, and clung to the boat with the peculiarly even and silky texture, which qualities give it its superior market value. The expression "bowed," which is applied to the upland cotton, is descriptive of the means that were employed for cleaning it, or loosening the filament from the seed, previous to the invention of the cotton gins. The process was similar to that employed by hatters for beating up wool to the proper consistency for felting. Strings, attached to a bow, were brought in contact with a heap of uncleaned cotton and struck so as to cause violent vibrations, and thus to open the locks of cotton and permit the easy separation of the seed from the The cleaning was likewise done wholly by hand, the work of the bowstrings being scarcely more efficient than that accomplished by the fingers of the slaves. In either case the process was discouragingly tedious and slow. Whitney's cotton-gin overcame all this diffi-culty and furnished the means of separating the seed and cleaning the cotton with such economy of labor and time as at once to give a spring to the agricul-tural industry of the South, and an impetus to what in a few years, comparatively, became one of the most important branches of the commerce and manufactures of the world.

European market.

Japanese Grog-Shops.

The grog-shops of Japan are neither more nor less than tea-shops. All along the public roads, at frequent distances, are planted pleasant tea-houses. The "tea," according to a correspondent, when they must stop by the wayside, and in such little bits of cups that one could drink the contents of twenty of them, and then want more. Pretty tea-girls stand by the entrance, and (their teeth not yet blackened) with pretty ways and courtesies so fascinating that tea even without sugar or milk become agreeable. On pretty lacquered waiters the tea-girls hand you little tiny cups with a mouthful in them, and you squat down on the nice clean mats, if squat you can, and you sip, and sip, and sip this mouthful of hot tea, as if the gods nectar was going down their throat in infinitesimal drops of microscopic invisibility. The keeper of a Japan tea-house picks out as pretty a place for a tea-house as he or she can get. The keeper covets, if possible, a view of and the air of the Bay of Yeddo, along which the most of the way here runs the Tocaido. The grand tea-house is cut up "I am very sorry," said the lady, resuming the conversation on deck, "but, of course, you did not know when you were talking to me below that I was engaged. But I have a sister at home who is except like most of the way here runs. To caido. The grand tea-house is cut into numerous little rooms, with partitions to part them, running slides, but all removable at will, to store the whole to one grand rooms. into numerous little rooms, with paper slides, but all removable at will, to restore the whole to one grand room. Cakes, sweetmeats and candies are brought in with the tea, all put on the

Window Glass.

There are seventy establishments in the United States devoted to the production of window glass. Twenty-seven of these are in New Jersey; the others are scattered through New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio and elsewhere in the West. The capital invested in the industry is about \$6,000, 000 in New Jersey alone, while the an-nual production of that State is between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 boxes of the various qualities and sizes of glass. Th window glass manufacturing interest is now one of the principal industries of e is about 1700 miles, or about half this country, and is destined to check distance from Boston to Liverpool. the importation of glass to America; in fact, many of the American manufacturly as large as Scotland ! and has several ers are now exporting large quantities of

Cuban money is coming up a little. Thirty dollars now buys a cheap pair of

The cotton gin was invented in 1793.

The culture of cotton was begin in the Southern colonies in 1770. It was an experiment for which the older nations boots. "Where are the great men?" asks att exchange. Perhaps they are at fat meas picnics. Between 8,000 and 10,000 glass eyes are sold annually in the United States. An eyemaker gives one in 125 as the proportion of one-eyed people. It is estimated that Louisiana this year will make about 400,000 bales of cotton, 200,000 hogsheads of sugar, 300,000 bar-rels of molasses and 150,000 pounds of From many of the larger places in Connecticut there is reported a large increase in beer drinking within a year or two, and a corresponding decrease in the use of spirits. Tweed's daughter, who married Maginnis in 1870, and whose wedding presents cost \$60,000, is now living in absolute poverty, the bridal presents and finery having all been sent to the pawn-

Swearing on the Bible was first introduced into judicial proceedings by the Saxons about A. D. 600. It was called a corporeal oath because the witness with his hand touched some part of the holy scripture. Fifty thousand shirts, on which are printed extracts from the Koran in blue characters and as many woolen waist-coats, whereon is emblazoned the pro-phet's seal, are being manufactured in Paris for the Turkish soldiers.

Her majesty Queen Victoria has been pleased to appoint Lady Elizabeth Phillippa Biddulph extra woman of the bedchamber. And they say it is beau-tiful to see her take a pillowcase between her teeth and slip the pillow in. "I want five cents worth of starch."

said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk wishing to tease the child, asked: "What do you want five ceuts' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered, and the clark concluded to attend to his own business. In the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, in

Paris, there is a grave from which rises a woman's arm, beautifully chiseled in marble. The hand is clasped by another, evidently a man's, that comes from an adjoining grave. It was the fancy of a young husband who did not long survive

A New Hampshire register of deeds recently traced the name of Rollins back two hundred years. He discovered that within that period the spelling had been changed nine times, as follows: Rowlings, Rawlings, Ralins, Rolins, Rolins, ings, Rallings, Rollins, Rollins.

Did it occur to you," said he, timidly leaning around the doorpost, "that a steam engine and a trained clam are not wholly unlike?" Mingled with the racket produced by an office chair vio lently hurled after his vanishing form, came certain confused sounds which resembled: "Because, you see, they are both controlled bivalves.

Why she wouldn't: A young lady was at a party during which quarrels between man and wife were discussed. said an unmarried older son, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have t out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding breakfast, and settle the smoking question forever. "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know, I don't think you would be there," he remarked.

Oh, the flies! the horrible flies! Buzzing around like election lies : Dodging about like a maniac's dream, Over the butter and into the cream Holding conventions all over the bread, Biting your ears and tickling your head Crawling.

Begone, thou buzzing, pestiferous fly ! Words of Wisdom.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth Most of our misfortunes are more sup-

ortable than the comments of our friends upon them. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

Frowns blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

Be not hasty to cast off every aspersion that is cast upon you. Let them alone for a while, and then like mud on clothes, they will rub off of themselves. The memory of an eye is the most deathless of memories, because there, if anywhere, you catch a glimpse of the visible soul as it sits by the window.

No charity should be extended to those who are not as willing to do justice as they are to receive it.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and is an enemy to pomp and noise. It arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions.

The willow that bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it, and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.

Turkish Proverbs.

Rival; don't envy. Sow wrong: reap remorse. Envy is a sickness never cured. Poverty is the companion of ambition. • Multiply your children: add to your

A stone from a friend's hand is worth

an apple.

Dear things are cheap, if you don't recall the day you bought them.

The word you hold back is your slave,

the word you say is your mast r.

Make your equal your crony, and be thick with him who knew your father and grandfather.

Rendering good for good, he is most generous who begins; rendering evil for evil, he is most unjust who begins.