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## The Home Concert.

BY MARY D. BRIDE.

Well, Tom, my dear, I trust you good-bye,  
I've had a wonderful visit here;  
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could  
Away from all that my heart holds dear.  
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—  
A little awkward, your wife would say—  
And very likely I've missed the hint  
Of your joyous day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof  
Sheltered us both when we were boys,  
And the same dear mother-love watched us  
Both,  
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,  
Yet you are almost a stranger now;  
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,  
As though we had never been an arm  
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;  
Your wife and children are fair to see;  
You've grown up as far apart  
As though we had never been an arm  
About each other with loving heart.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night  
(For the clash of the music veiled me),  
And close to my heart this vision came:  
The same sweet picture I always see:  
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,  
Half in shadow and half in sun,  
A mother chanting her lullaby,  
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell  
From the mother's lips, I heard the coo  
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue  
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."  
Together they sang, the mother and babe,  
My wife and child, by the cottage door,  
Ah! that is the concert, brother Tom,  
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good-bye, and I wish you well,  
And many a year of wealth and gain,  
You may be rich and gay;  
I am content to be poor and plain.  
And I go back to my country home  
With a love that abides as strengthened  
to—

Back to the concert all my own—  
Mother's singing and baby's coo.

## MISS CUTHBERT'S BIRTHDAY.

"Miss Cuthbert, are you an old maid?" The governess looked up in surprise from the columns of figures she had been correcting, and met the puzzled blue eyes of Miss Fleming.

"Why do you ask me that question, May?"

The child flushed and hung her head. "Nothing; only last night when you and Mr. Kenneth came in the way we were all on the piazza, and mamma said Mr. Kenneth was a very nice young man; French; and Alice said that she was absurd, for you were only a governess, and an old maid besides; and Bertha said—"

"Never mind what Bertha said. Your mamma and sisters would not like you to repeat what you happen to hear them remark. You are quite correct," she added, "and you can go now."

"Have I said any thing bad, Miss Cuthbert?" and the blue eyes grew abashed and wistful as they noted the unwonted flush on the governess's cheek.

"No, dear, certainly not," and she smiled down in May's doubtful face as she gave her the kiss of dismissal.

But the smile faded as soon as the small observer vanished, and tossing her scattered books together, the governess listened out of the sunny, dusty school-room and up to her own apartment.

It was a wonderful September day, magnificent in clearness and color. Yellowing fields and crimsoning woodlands were steeped in magic sunshine. Down below her, in the garden, the flowers glowed like jewels, and far away in misty, glittering distance, hills, forests, and oceans were bounded by a purple sky. Was it tears in Amy Cuthbert's eyes that made the sunlight seem misty? Impatiently she dashed them away, but still they gathered and fell slowly, blurring the bright day.

Only a governess! Well, had she not become accustomed to being only a governess during some weary years of lonely struggle with the world? And an old maid besides—yes, surely that, for this day even now declining to its close must be counted as her thirtieth birthday. But that, too, was no new thought. Why should a girl's careless, slighting speech wound her so much?

"Do hope and romance never die in a woman's heart? Sitting with clasped hands and bent head, the governess reviewed the twenty months that had elapsed since the morning when Bertha Fleming, smiling sweetly at her sister over the top of an outspread newspaper, had inquired—

"Say, Al, which of your New York Adonises do you think is in this neighborhood?"

"How can I tell?" and the golden-haired Miss Fleming went on carelessly asserting her worsted.

"I suppose you could tell by reading this paper, but I'll save you the trouble. It's nobody less than Mr. Carl Kenneth, the 'young and gifted artist.' Now as you didn't catch him last season, aren't you glad your country-seat is located in this romantic spot? Oh, don't trouble yourself to blush, Al. You are too impatient. If I were your governess, I would teach you better manners."

"Good manners don't run in our family," was the serene response.

"When I reach your age I'll begin to cultivate them."

"But go on about Mr. Kenneth," interposed Mrs. Fleming—a matronly lady, who loved to ease too well to interfere with the little passages at arms between her daughters. "Is he alone here?"

"No, mamma; there are three other

artists mentioned. One is that dried-up Mr. Finnis, he's so fond of."

"Who, by the way, is an artist of great merit," remarked Miss Alice, with much superiority.

"Well, well, my dears, we must have Mr. Kenneth here to dinner. He is a very charming young gentleman, and a great favorite of mine. And we'll invite his friend, of course."

So it happened that the two artists had been guests at the Flemings for an evening, which proved an introduction to much pleasant social intercourse. Having been prepared to see in Mr. Kenneth only a handsome, fashionable, self-conscious devotee of art, the governess had been astonished to meet one who seemed scarcely more than a boy, with all the ardor and enthusiasm of young life flushing his cheek and firing his glance, who yet possessed that subtle refinement, delicacy, and dreaminess which mark the true artist. Taking her place as a quiet, unobtrusive member of the family circle, she noted with increasing wonder the simplicity and frankness of manner of this much-praised young painter, this pet of society, who sat in the center of a group of children, his face alight with interest and merriment, talking as vivaciously as if he were a child himself.

That had been the beginning. From that evening the sober governess, who had thought her romance dead, had become conscious of a new element in her eventful life. Had it been only the language of Carl Kenneth's dark eyes, that had so often sought her retired corner, or had it been the novelty of receiving numberless little attentions to which she was all unused, that had first gladdened the dull days? How was it that the barriers of reserve and pride had been leveled so completely by this stranger's gentle courtesy? How had she managed to forget that she was only a governess, and the heir of millions—she a woman past the heyday of life, he in the very prime and glory of youth?

Ah, what a foolish dream! And now, abandoned by that careless smile of ridicule, she must pay the cost of her folly in these bitter tears, falling on cheeks that burned at the remembrance of her presumptuous fancies. Young Mr. Kenneth had been kind and chivalrous to her, as it was his nature to be to every woman; but she had been kinder to her, out of pity. And she—well, thank heaven, no one would ever know of it, this idyl of a dead summer, this idyl that she would bury in the sunset of her thirtieth birthday!

It is easy for a woman to see the glory fade from her life—to look forward bravely over a waste of gray, cheerless years that brighten only as the dawn of heaven breaks upon their close? You who think it easy would have wondered at Amy Cuthbert's haggard face as she sat with the dusk gathering around her, and the faint light of astonished faces, as the last note died away, and confronting that prospect of—

"Long, melancholic peals to and fro,  
And a dull life, and a sapphire end."

It was late when a knock at her door was followed by the delivery of a message:

"If Miss Cuthbert is not indisposed, Mrs. Fleming would be glad to have her come down. Miss Bertha can't sing without her accompaniment."

Bowing herself with an effort, the governess was astonished to see moonlight already silencing terrace and lawn. The afternoon had long passed, and merry voices below told her that, as usual, the Flemings' hospitable parlors were filled with guests. How could she go down there, mechanically she had said to herself, "I'll be there in a moment." "Yes," to the servant-maid; so as she rose and dressed, removing as far as possible the traces of tears, and saying bitterly to herself, as she cast a last glance at the pale face reflected in the mirror, "What does it matter how I look?"

The maelstrom of gay life surged around her as she reached the hall. Bertha Fleming, followed by a noisy party, rushed in from the terrace, waving a book over her head.

"Oyez! Oyez! Come here and improve your chances. I've purchased Mr. Kenneth's sketch-book—the same he refused to exhibit!"

The owner of the book, who had been running over a light air at the piano, sprang to his feet.

"Pray, Miss Bertha, was the vexed reminiscence which he tried hard to make polite, 'don't take advantage of your discovery.' Don't make public the fruits of my late industry, I beg."

"What's the use of begging, Mr. Kenneth? After being shameless enough to steal the book from the pocket of your blondest coat, you might know I would also disregard your prayers."

"But the sketches are so poor," the young man persisted, mildly discomfited, "that I really must insist—"

"No, you mustn't insist nor apologize," and Bertha's voice was supported by a chorus from the curious group.

"You're a genius, you know. Now, are we to have a contest, a study of foliage, and next the old bridge over the creek. Very pretty. Foliage again—rocks—moon shadows; how peculiar those are! How low!—oh, how lovely!" and she paused, enraptured by an exquisite little color sketch of convolvulus.

"Oh, beautiful!" and Mr. Kenneth, how could you deny us the pleasure of a formal apology?"

"Oh, now we come to the character studies! Here's a Goliath to begin with, and an Airy Fairy Lilliant on the opposite page. What a contrast! And oh, here's the funniest charcoal study of toads!"

A laugh rose and grew as head after head bent over the paper. But it was checked by an exclamation from Bertha, who had turned a leaf:

"Why, here's St. Cecilia, and, as I live, it's the image of Miss Cuthbert!"

Every eye sought the governess's face as she stood by the balustrade gazing out at the moonlight with absent eyes. Confused by the general notice, she said, hastily: "Of me!" and glanced from the picture upheld by Bertha to the face of the artist. The latter met her look with another, half eager, half deprecating, and a dark red flush rose to his cheek as he tried to stammer a formal apology.

"I cannot excuse the liberty I have taken, but I can beg Miss Cuthbert's pardon. Her attitude and expression as

she sat at the organ the other evening struck me and haunted me until I made a sketch and christened it St. Cecilia."

"Excellent! That heavy coat of hair, that sweep of drapery, and that absorbed look are all perfect."

"And so like her!"

"Mr. Kenneth must have made quite a study of the lady's face and figure," Alice Fleming said, with a somewhat derisive smile. "He ought to have a vote of thanks."

"But I am afraid Miss Cuthbert, on the contrary, is displeased with me," the proprietor of the sketch-book remarked, doubtfully.

"Indeed, no," the governess hastened to say. "I am very glad you thought my face worth sketching. It has never been so much honored before."

"She owes you more substantial thanks, Kenneth," said Mr. Finnis, with a laugh. "She ought to take the very attitude you have depicted, and repay you by giving us a song. Ah, Miss Cuthbert, don't say no!"

The governess shrunk back.

"You must excuse me. I'm not in the mood for singing."

"Must one be in the mood?"

"I may oblige Mr. Kenneth, Miss Cuthbert," said she, maliciously.

"I really can not."

"When she says she can not, she means she will be urged."

The impertinence, half joking, half serious, was continued, until Alice Fleming, who was already annoyed by the affair of the pencil, quite lost patience.

"I never before," she said, coldly, "have seen Miss Cuthbert attempt the role of the prima donna in society. She does it very well; but I really think we had enough of it."

Utter and amazed silence followed this speech. No one knew what to say. Amy Cuthbert crimsoned to the temples, and walked straight to the piano, struggling hard to keep back the tears that threatened to overflow.

Still possessed by the sadness and exhausted by the excitement of the afternoon, the effort of singing had seemed impossible. But now she became conscious of an imperative desire—almost a necessity—of expressing her mood in music. Stopping abruptly in a light prelude, she tossed aside the sheet of music before her, and in a few days before she had set to music the lyrics of that had struck her fancy, and now, without premeditation, she began to sing it, feeling as if all the sorrow and despair in her soul were floating out in the notes.

Higher, sweeter, the voice rose, freighted with infinite sadness and yearning, starting the careless listeners into attention. The passionate tones, soaring above them, seemed singing the dirge of hope.

"Upon my word," said Miss Fleming, looking around the circle of astonished faces, as the last note died away, "Miss Cuthbert seems to be the sensation of the evening!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed an exquisite beside her, remembering to raise a forefinger, "she has dropped five minutes before she sang that song. She'd make a sensation any where."

The singer was surrounded, and eagerly complimented.

"What is that song?" one after another inquired.

"Only a little poem called a 'Woman's Birthday.'"

"Surely you don't mean to stop. Sing something else."

But Carl Kenneth, at her side, said, imperatively, "Come out into the air; you look really ill. Pray don't ask any thing further of Miss Cuthbert," he said to the others. "She has given me my song; that is enough."

Only to get to get away from the crowd and the lights, the governess accepted his offered arm. Ill enough she felt, indeed, as they paced down the garden path in the waning moonlight. All her excitement had passed into intense languor—a weariness so great that she was glad to sink down on a garden seat at the end of the walk. But remembering her resolution of the afternoon, she half rose as her companion threw himself on the grass at her feet.

"I ought to go in. I forgot that Mrs. Fleming sent for me to play Bertha's accompaniment."

"Ah, no; don't go back amongst all those people. Stay here in the moonlight, and let me talk to you."

Another wave of the self-sorrow which had humiliated the governess that afternoon seconded his entreaty. "Why," Amy Cuthbert said to herself, "Why should she not sit down and talk to Mr. Kenneth as any friend or acquaintance would do? Why need she be so foolish—she who had buried romance forever?"

"I shall be glad to have you talk to me," and she told him about that last picture you were so much interested in," she responded.

"I have not touched it for a week. I am tired of attempts in art," and the young aristocrat moodily tossed his heavy hair away from his brow. "I believe I shall keep only one picture of all those I have painted this summer."

"And what is that?" she asked, unsuspiciously.

"A St. Cecilia."

Amy Cuthbert could not repress a start at this unexpected reply. Neither could she at once find a fitting rejoinder. She sat in silence, idly pulling to pieces a blossom of Virginia creeper, thankful that shadows hid her face.

"No, I will not keep that piece either," her companion continued, impatiently. "I do not want to remember you with that cold, pure, rapt expression I have depicted. I will rather paint you as a Madonna—a happy, radiant, beautiful woman."

"You flatter my face; it suits neither of those characters."

"How might I paint you, then?"

"As Elaine, perhaps," she answered, with a sigh—"if I were young and beautiful enough."

"Elaine! No; if I painted you thus, I would paint Lancelot kneeling before you, as he—"

"Bed-cross knight forever kneeled to a lady, in his shield."

And you, who were kneeling before me, would you smile upon him?"

Something in the voice, something in the flushed face uplit in the moonlight, thrilled her strangely. Why did Mr. Kenneth talk to her so? She forced herself to answer, with a laugh:

"I could not be the 'lily maid of Astolat' if I did not smile on Lancelot."

"But I cannot paint you, for I have rarely seen you smile—have never once seen you look glad and care-free. And you are so low-spirited, so morose, 'tis the face of all in the world that I most wish to see happy and bright."

Involuntarily the listener started at the words, and a quick heart-throb disturbed the even answer.

"Like most of the race, I am neither very happy nor extremely miserable."

"But not happiness possible. Let me make you happy by the effort of my whole life. Miss Cuthbert, will you not understand me? I want to tell you that I love you."

The last leaf of the blossom she had read fell on the grass. The hand that had held it was primed in two others, and the moonlight shone on the earnest dark eyes that were trying to see her face. Amy Cuthbert's resuscitated romance, warm and glowing with life, stole back into her heart and fired her cheeks with blushes. Half incredulous, she listened, as the voice went on passionately:

"I love you. My darling, my rose of life, what will you say to me because I love you?"

Reader, what do you think Amy Cuthbert answered? On the one hand lay the effort of life, on the other hand varied; in the other waited love, joy, light, and beauty. Could she turn away, when

"From lands of bliss enchanted, over wastes of sunset sea,  
Snow-capped and crimson-tinted sped a wondrous argosy?"

In the waning moonlight, amid the dying year, she read another page of her idyl—an idyl destined to grow fairer and dearer through many a coming year. So ended Miss Cuthbert's birthday.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## An Ant Fight.

An interesting account of an engagement between a party of red and black ants is related by a correspondent of the *Forest and Stream*. "Last week, as I was coming in the gate," says the writer, "my attention was attracted by seeing a stream of ants moving across the walk, going in different directions. They were traveling in a belt about four inches wide, and making very rapid progress. Of those going in one direction, each had a large nut egg in its mouth. I followed the empty mouthed ones and found they were robbing a nest of red ants. The nest was about one foot across, and was covered with red and black ants engaged in a most desperate battle. The reds tried to defend their home from their thieving enemies. At times the ants would form in their little hills, sliding and rolling over the ground. I observed that the black ants that were engaged in looking around the circle of astonished faces, as the last note died away, and confronting that prospect of—

## Wheat Production.

The following table gives the annual production of wheat in the United States for twelve years, together with the annual exports and the home consumption, seed and wastage:

Year	Production	Exports	Consumption
1863	178,677,928	39,689,773	138,988,155
1864	160,695,823	14,657,641	146,038,182
1865	148,228,527	15,359,137	132,869,390
1866	151,139,000	10,713,222	140,425,778
1867	212,441,400	23,556,319	188,885,081
1868	224,636,600	21,136,029	203,500,571
1869	269,146,900	60,026,612	209,120,288
1870	238,854,700	49,794,432	189,060,268
1871	230,722,400	35,434,161	195,288,239
1872	241,227,000	45,643,643	195,583,357
1873	281,372,000	58,958,643	222,413,357
1874	308,000,000	70,466,890	237,533,110
1875	290,000,000	71,028,246	218,971,754
1876	290,000,000	65,008,758	224,991,242

This season it is known that the reserve has been cut down to the minimum by shipments of 30,500,000 bushels from the West since Jan. 1, against shipments last year of 29,000,000 bushels from a crop 40,000,000 larger. At five bushels per capita, the home requirement would be about 235,000,000 bushels, beside the quantity needed to replenish the reserve which consists of yearly consumption. It may be roughly estimated at 20,000,000 bushels. Hence, if the coming crop is as much as 325,000,000 bushels, and the price is not unusually high, consumption and replenishment of reserve will take about 255,000,000 bushels, leaving 70,000,000 bushels for export. If prices rise high, both consumption and the quantity taken for reserve will be diminished, and the surplus for export may then be as much as 98,000,000 bushels.—*New York Tribune.*

## A Nose Fashioner.

Dr. Cid, an inventive surgeon of Paris, noticed that elderly people who for a long time have worn eye-glasses supported on the nose by a spring are apt to have this organ long and thin. This he attributes to the compression which the spring exerts on the arteries by which the nose is nourished. Not long afterward a young lady of fifteen consulted him to see if he could restore to moderate dimensions her nose, which took exact measurement, and had constructed for her a "bonnet price-noz"—a spring and pad for compressing the artery—which was worn at night, and when she conveniently could in the daytime. In three weeks a consoling diminution was evident, and in three months the young lady was quite satisfied with the improvement in her features. This story recalls Captain Maryatt's physiological developer.

## WOMAN.

What the Poets Think of Her.—The Days of Celibacy.—Some Noted Women.

Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee To temper man; we had been brutes without thee!

Angels are painted fair to look like you; There is in you all that we believe of heaven, Amazing brightness, purity and truth, Eternal joy and everlasting love.—*Othway.*

Woman, dear woman, don't 'till the same While beauty breathes through soul or frame; Woman's bright empire never dies.—*Moore.*

The bluest rock upon the loneliest heath Feels in its barrenness some touch of spring; And in the April dew or beam of May, Its moss and lichen freshen and revive: And thus the heart most sacred to human pleasure, Melts at the tear—joys in the smile—of woman.—*Beaumont.*

Oh, woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade Of a mountain's brow, or the breeze of a sea; When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou!—*Scott.*

Poetic rays of ancient times were told to tell how the bold warrior returning from the fight would doff his plumed helmet, and, reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm. But never a wearied knight or warrior, covered with the dust of battle-field, was more in need of woman's soothing power than are those careless sons of mental or physical toil who struggle for the bread of life in their more peaceful and enlightened days. And still, though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume and the "Clarion wild and high," may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so, for these deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound and passions more intense in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory or of wealth.

Aspasia, the wife of Pericles, was a woman of greatest beauty and talents, and the first genius. She taught him his refined maxims of policy, his lofty imperial eloquence—nay, even composed the speeches on which so great a share of his reputation was founded. The best men in Athens frequented her house and sought their wisdom and lessons of economy and right deportment. Socrates himself was her pupil.

Guyot, the statesman and historian, owed much of his success to his wife's co-operation.

The wife of Louis Galvani (daughter of Professor Galeazzi, under whom he had studied anatomy), being a woman of quick observation, noticed that the leg of a frog, placed near an electrical machine, became convulsed when touched by a knife, and a series of experiments on this led to the discovery of a new system of physiology, ever since called "Galvanism."

The wife of Lavoisier, the French chemist, not only could perform his scientific experiments, but even engraved the plates which illustrated his "Elements."

The blind man, who wrote the best book on bees, derived his knowledge of their habits and instincts from the observations of his wife.

Mary Cuniz, one of the greatest geniuses in the sixteenth century, was born in Silesia. She learned languages with amazing facility, and understood German, French, Polish, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. She attained knowledge of the sciences with equal ease; she was skilled in history, physics, poetry, painting, music, and playing upon instruments; and yet they were only an amusement. She more particularly applied herself to mathematics, and especially to astronomy, which she made her principal study, and was ranked in the number of the most able astronomers of her time. Her astronomical tables acquired her a prodigious reputation.

## A FIGHT FOR LIFE WITH RATS.

An Army of Rats Attacking a Signal Service Officer and His Wife—Containing the Reasons by Electricity—Terrible Fate of a Child.

The vast number of rats inhabiting the rocky crevices and cavernous passages at the summit of Pike's Peak, in Colorado, have recently become formidable and dangerous. These animals are known to feed upon a saccharine gum that percolates through the pores of the rocks, apparently unheeded by that volcanic action which, at irregular intervals of a few days, gives to the mountain crest that vibratory motion which has been detected by the instruments used in the office of the United States signal station. Since the establishment of the government signal station on the summit of the Peak, at an altitude of nearly 15,000 feet, these animals have acquired a voracious appetite for raw and uncooked meat, the scent of which seems to impart to them a ferocity rivaling the starved Siberian wolf. The most singular trait in the character of these animals is, they are never to be seen in the daylight. When the moon pours down her queenly light upon the summit they may be seen in countless numbers, hopping around among the rocky boulders that crown this barren waste; and during the warm summer months, when the water of the lake, a short distance below the crest of the Peak, and of a dark, cloudy night their trail in the water exhibits a glowing, sparkling light giving to the waters of the lake a flickering silvery appearance. A few days since a John T. O'Keef, one of the government signalmen at the signal station, returned to his post from Colorado Springs, taking with him a quarter of beef. It being late in the afternoon, his colleague, Mr. Hobbs, immediately left with the pack animal for Colorado Springs. Soon after dark, Mr. O'Keef was engaged in the usual forwarding night dispatches to Washington, he was startled by a loud scream from Mrs. O'Keef, who had retired for the night in an adjoining bedroom, and who came rushing into the office screaming: "The rats! the rats!" Mr. O'Keef, with great presence of mind, immediately girdled his wife with a scroll of zinc plating, such as had been used in roofing the station, which prevented the animals from climbing upon her person; and, although his own person was almost literally covered with them, he succeeded in driving them away. The rats, however, from the bedroom, the door of which had been left open. The entire quarter of beef was eaten in less than five minutes, which seemed to only sharpen their appetites for an attack upon Mr. O'Keef, whose hands, face and neck were terribly lacerated. In the midst of this attack Mrs. O'Keef managed to reach a coil of electric wire hanging near the battery; and, being a mountain girl familiar with the throwing of the lariat, she lurched it through the air, causing it to encircle her husband, and spring out from its noosed fastenings, making the rats spiral ways, along which she poured the electric fluid from the heavily-charged battery. In an instant the room was all ablaze with electric light, and whenever the rats came in contact with the wire they were hurled to an almost instant death. The appearance of almost instant death, such by the concussion of the electric charge, caused them to take refuge among the crevices and caverns of the mountain, by way of the bedroom window, through which they had forced their way. But the saddest part of this night attack upon the Peak is the death of their infant child, who, Mrs. O'Keef thought she had made secure by a heavy covering of bed clothing; but the rats had found their way to the infant (only two months old), and had left nothing of it but the peeled and numbed skull. Drs. Thorn and Anderson, who arrived first at the summit of the Peak, were told by the arm of Sergeant O'Keef would have to be amputated, but succeeded in saving it.

## A Rattlesnake's Attack.

When a rattlesnake is disturbed it sounds an alarm, and then, if compelled, it will fight. When the victim is within reach the jaws of the snake are separated and the head thrown back so as to bring the fangs into a favorable position to penetrate the object. The head is then darted rapidly forward, the stretched tooth penetrates the body of the victim, and the poison is injected into the flesh. The same muscular acts which open the wound inject the venom through the duct, and into the part penetrated by the tooth. The divergence of the fangs points when the snake bites often causes a considerable distance between the two wounds. The power with which the venom is ejected from the tooth depends somewhat upon the amount contained in the gland and its ducts. If the snake fails to strike the object aimed at, the poison is sometimes projected several feet; and a case is on record where it was thrown into the mouth of a man, who was struck upon the snake, when it struck upward at a stick held above its coil.

## School Population of the United States.

White males, 5,264,635, colored males, 814,576; total, 6,079,211; white females, 5,157,929; colored females, 806,402; total, 5,964,331; grand total, 12,043,543.

Attending school—White males, 3,325,797; colored males, 88,594; total, 3,414,391; white females, 3,087,943; colored females, 91,778; total, 3,176,721; grand total, 6,591,112.

Not attending school—Whites, 4,007,824; coloreds, 1,330,606; total, 5,338,430.

From the above it appears that of the white children of the whole country, between the ages of five and eighteen years, thirty-eight per cent. are not attending school; of the colored children eighty-eight per cent. are not attending, while an aggregate of forty-five per cent. of both classes are not under instruction.

The money presented to the Pope by pilgrims during the jubilee amounted to \$3,900,000. Of this sum \$1,840,000 was in gold; the remainder in paper.

## Items of Interest.

Cuba has been fighting for freedom for nine years.

The first newspaper in England was issued in 1588.

The wealthiest farmer in Ne-braska is Isham G. Chicken. He certainly should always have a full crop.

In Bath Abbey is to be seen the following epitaph: "Here lies Ann Mann; she lived an old maid and died an old Mann."

If all Russia and all Turkey should come to engage in the strife, there would be 87,000,000 Russians fighting 43,000,000 Turks.

A Spanish proverb says: "The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family will never get promoted."

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not all the better competent to sing "pieces."

A young lady in town, who does not pride herself particularly on being a political economist, thinks the so-called greenbacks reach "pa," the sooner she will be able to invest in a new fall bonnet.—*Rutland Herald.*

The following is all the space given in a Texas newspaper to a lynching: "Dudley Hansford was hanged by a mob of forty men this morning, near his home, two miles from Wray, in this county. Too much cattle."

Such is the glut of money on the London Stock Exchange that any man in good credit can obtain the loan of almost any sum for, say, a fortnight, at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum. Yet even on these terms there is scarcely any demand.

John Taylor, the president of the "Twelve Apostles," and acting president of the Mormon Church until a new president is elected, was shot at Nauvoo, Ill., at the time when Joseph Smith was killed, and is a most bigoted and bitter fanatic.

The war correspondent of the London News says that at the battle near Kazleva, where the Russians were defeated, a Russian officer, who was observed gallantly endeavoring to rally the men, was killed, and the body, when subsequently discovered, proved to be that of a woman. She was buried where she fell.

An Englishman who has made a bet of \$10,000 that he will in six years walk through France, Germany, North Russia, and Siberia to China, has started from Odessa on his journeying. His bet obliges him to return through Persia, and Southern Russia, and from there over Greece and Italy to France. He must be in Liverpool by July 1, 1883.

According to a Louisiana paper, most desirable lands in that State, fronting on navigable streams, and capable of producing from 2,000 to 5,000 pounds of sugar and 120 to 320 gallons of molasses per acre, or crops worth from \$200 to \$500 per acre, can be purchased for the low sum of \$15 to \$30 per acre. Further desirable lands in a few miles of navigable water courses, land can easily be bought for \$5 to \$15 per acre. Excellent sugar lands can be had at very much lower prices than even the above in Texas, says a Galveston journal.

## Fashion Notes.

Simple and pretty ways for autumn duds are square shawls of India or of French cashmere of solid color, lightly fringed, and worn in fichu fashion crossed on the breast and tied behind.

Long slender saques, of medium length, made of the new rough cloth, double breasted, buttoned their entire length, and with coat flaps behind, will be favorite wraps for fall and winter.

The Carrick cloak—a long Ulster shape, with three small round capes known as coachmen's capes—is the stylish overall. It is seen in rain cloaks made of water-proof cloth, and in the English cloths of gray invisible plaids used for traveling cloaks.

Many headed ornaments are used in bouffant, the preference being for the blue-gray *clair de lune* beads; there are also many jet fringes, drops, and netted pieces, while for brown, maroon, moss, olive, bronze, and other colored bonnets the *maiorde* or golden colored beads are used.

The majority of the new bonnets are small cottage shapes and close-fitting capotes, but there are many large Marie Stuart bonnets, with pointed front and flowing plume, and there are also dressy Bergese hats, with little crown and spreading brims—gray and dressy shapes for young folks.

New ornamental bows for the throat are of ribbons of two contrasting colors tying a small cluster of flowers on shells of Valenciennes lace, and from thence the ribbons hang in ends a yard long. Vulcan red ribbons contrasting with pale blue or with mandarin yellow make pretty bows.

The most stylish colors in head gear are *maiorde*, or moss green; Vulcan red, more brilliant than scarlet, and containing much of the mandarin yellow shade; *clair de lune* gray, with blue tinges, and the old-fashioned silver gray; rose coral, a delicate shade for brightening somber hues, and the dark myrtle green of last year.

The hair is dressed with reference to the shape of the bonnets. For bonnets to be worn on dressy occasions, the coiffure is high soft loops and puffs on top of the head. For the close shawls the back hair is arranged in a flat chateleine loop very low on the nape of the neck, or else the chateleine is braided in wide basket braids of seven strands or more.

Feathers and flowers are more beautiful than in any former season. The bird of Paradise, with its golden plumage, is the choice for expensive bonnets. There are, however, the pretty feathers of the heron, wings, guinea-hens' breasts, peacocks' breasts, and many other stiff and slender feathers for less costly hats. Ostrich tips and the long Marie Stuart plumes are used in profusion.

The materials for the new bonnet are plush or velvet trimmed with satin. The plush may be plain or striped. Some broad-cloth silks in Marguerite pattern are used for crowns of special bonnets. There are also some kid bonnets like those introduced last year, and there are very fine felt bonnets with plain cut edges, while others are wrought with jet or with *clair de lune* beads.