VOL. VII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1878.

NO. 52.

Miss Edith's Modest Requets.

My Papa knows you, and he says you're a man who makes reading for books ; But I never read nothing you wrote, nor Papa—I know by his looks.

So I guess you're like me when I talk, and I talk, and I talk all the day, And they only say: "Do stop that child!"
"Nurse! take Miss Edith away."

But Papa said if I was good I could ask youalone by myself-If you wouldn't write me a book like this little

one up on the she'f. I don't mean the pictures, of course, make them you've got to be smart; But the reading that runs all around them

you know-just the easiest part. You needn't mind what it's about, for no will see it but me And Jane-that's my nurse-and John-he

the coachman-just only us three. You're to write of a bad little girl, that wicked and bold and all that ; And then you are to write, if you please, so thing good-very good-of a cat!

This cat she was virtuous and meek, and kind to her parents, and mild, And careful and nest in her ways, though 1 er mistress was such a bad child; And hours she would sit and would gaze when

her mistress-that's me-was so bad, And blink, just as if she would say: "Oh, Edith, you make my heart sad."

And yet, you would scarcely believe it, that beautifu', ange ic cat Was blamed by the servants for stealing what ever, they said, sho'd get at.

And when John drank my mi k-con't you te me! I know just the way it was done-They said 'twas the cat-and she s tting and washing her face in the sun! And then there was Dick, my cauary. When I

left its cage open one day, They all made be ieve that she ate it, I know that the bird flew away. And why? Just because she was p'aying a feather she found on the floor.

As if cats couldn't play with a feather without people thinking 'twas more. Why, once we were romping together, when I knocked down a vase from the she'f.

That cat was as grieved and distressed as she had done it herself ; And she walked away sadly and hid herself,

in luever came out till tea-So they say, for they sent me to bed, and she never came even to me. No matter whatever happened, it was laid at

the door of that cat, Why, once when I tore my apron-she wa wrapped in it, and I called "Rat!'-Why, they blamed that on her. I shall never

-no, not to my dying day-Forget the pained look that she gave my who they slapped me and took me away.

Of course, you know just what comes next when a child is as lovely as that. She waisted quite slowly away-it was goodness was killing the cat.

I know it was nothing she ate, for her tas'e was exceedingly nice : caught a bad cold from the ice.

And you'll promise to make me a book that little one up on the shelf, An I you'll call her "Naomi," because name that she just gave herself; For shed scratch at my door in the morning

and whenever I'd call out: "Who' She would answer "Naomi! Naomi!" like a

Christian, I vow and declare. And you'll put me and her in a book, mind, you're to say I was bad;

And I might have been badder than that

for the example I had : And you'll say that she was a Maltese and what's that you ask? "Is she dead?" Why, please sir, there ain't no cat? You're to make one up out of your head! -Bret Harte in the Independent.

A NOVEL GIFT.

"So you won't have me, Nellie? You are sure you won't marry me?"
Pretty little Mrs. Nellie Willard looked meditatively out of the window into the quiet village street, as if among the leafless trees on the frost-bound land-scape she could find the answer to Harry Levison's questions.

Theu, after a moment, she turned her face toward him-a face as fresh and fair in its peachy bloom as many a young girl ten years her junior. 'I-I-am-afraid I can't, Mr. Levi-

Mr. Levison looked her straight in her bright blue eyes-such lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet, and the color of a violet that had bloomed in the shade.

"You are—' afraid'—you can't, Mrs.
Willard? Answer me another question

-yes-or no-do you love me?"
She blushed and smiled, and looked

bewitchingly.
"Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course I lo-like you! I always did ever since I first knew you, years and years ago,

"When Will Willard won the prize all we fellows were striving for! So you liked me then, Nellie, and you like me now? Then why don't you marry me? You've been a widow for three years now. Isn't that long enough to mourn the virtues of the departed?"

You wicked man! As if 300 years could ever teach me to forget poor, dear

Wilson."

Her bright eyes reproved him sharply, and he accepted with good grace.

"Grasting the truth, Nellie, that your deceased husband was a good fellow and a loving partner, I still cannot see why you refuse me. That is the subject under consideration at present, Nellie! Why don't you marry me?" Nellie! Why don't you marry me?" Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler, and her plump, fair hands trembled.

"Because, Harry, because Wilson Willard made me promise never to marry again." Stuff and nonsense! What if he

did. A bad promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and looked at the illuminated shield

spect I say it—poor Will is dead and gone; and you've been true to his memory all these long years, and what has he to do with you now?"

"I know," she sail meditatively, "but —but, Harry, he made me solemnly promise never to marry again under penalty of his everlasting displeasure. And don't be angry with me, Harry, will you? But I almost know he would appear to me!"

he would appear to me!"

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such piteous appeal to his, and the pretty little widow made such a neryous little move nearer to him, that it was the most human thing in the world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protectingly around her and assure her he

was not angry with her.
"So you believe he would haunt you,
Nellie, if you broke your promise? A
sensible little woman like you to veritably believe in such superstitious fol-derol! And, after having waited for you ten years of your married-life, and three years of your widowhood, you con-demn me to hopelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for the sake of such

a shadow as your husband's ghost!"

And Nellie looked imploringly at him again, and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in great crystals on her

long lashes.

"Oh, Harry, how cruel you are! You know I love you better than all the world, only—I dare not marry again!
Don't be angry—please don't be angry

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely face, and assured her he never could be augry with her, and then went away heaping maledictions on the head of the defunct husband who had been tyrant enough to burden his young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden and scarlet pennons on the pale, blue-gray sky, when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy sitting-room at home, to be met by the laughing face and gay welcome of a young gentleman, who had evidently been making himself at home while he waited.

"Heigho, Levison! Surprised to see me? How are you old fellow—how are you?' Mr. Levison stared a second, then

greeted him warmly.
"Fred Willard! Where in the name of goodness did you spring from? Why, I thought you were not to sail from England for a long six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I'm glad so see you, al-though for the instant I confess I was startled—you are the living image of your brother Wilson. We've been dis-

Young Willard's eyes gleamed mischievously, as he interrupted irrever-

ontly:

"'We' is good, Lev. You mean my
pretty little sister-in-law. I know she
religiously believes in 'em. I know I
am imputient to see her—for the first ime since Will's funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at the embers glowing, like melted cubies, behind the silver bars of the

grate; now he turned suddenly to Fred, and laid his hand persuasively on his "See here, Fred; you are a friend of

mine; and I am about to put your friend-ship to the test. I want you to do me a very great favor; will you?" Fred laughed. "Will I? Of course I will. What's

And Mr. Levison turned the keys the doors, and the consultation lasted antil the housekeeper rang the dinner

Five hours later the moon was just creeping over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood of silver-gold glory on the quiet scene, and Mrs. Willard, with fleecy-white zephyr shawl and her crepe brown hair, was standing at the kitchen door, on her return from a tour of inspection to the snug little barn and carriage house, which she had personally seen was secure for the night, ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an oleander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes were glowing like blue fires as she stood there one moment in the broad band of white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like a silent blessing. Then, with a little involutary exclamation at the perfect beauty of the night, she went in locked the door after her, for her three servants were all retired for the night and then gave a little shrick, for stand ing in the self-same accustomed place he was wont to occupy, and looking as natural as if it were himself in the flesh, was her husband. She stifled her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but her heart was tearing around very undisciplinedly as she realized that she was looking upon a bona-fide ghost-s

veritable inhabitant of the land of eternal shadows. "Will," she said, faintly, with her hand tight on the handle of the door,

' Will, is it you?" His voice was precisely as it had been in the old days—mellow, musical, a little domineering—Will's undeniably, unmis-

"Who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on purpose to communicate with you.'

"Yes?" ske gasped, "but what for? I have tried—I have done everything that I thought you could wish. There

is nothing wrong, Will!"

The pale, moon-lighted face, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it almost paralyzed Nellie, and yet, aided by the very material contact of the doorknob, she stood her ground and listened. "Nothing wrong with you, Nellie, but with me. I come to bring you a

present." Nellie was startled, and looked at his curiously, wondering what he had brought from the other world.

knowing the wrong I unintentionally committed in binding you to perpetual widowhood for my sake. I come to revoke my decision—to give you my full permission to marry again, and my ad-vice to marry Horace Levison. Promise me you'll do it, and I will rest peacefully

"Go look at the big clock in the din ing-room, Nellie, and see if it is near the

She went dumbly, mechanically, at his behest; and, when she came back, he was gone, and the moonlight streamed

Then the reaction followed, and Nellie flew up to her bed room, and locked the door, and covered her head with a shawl, and sobbed and cried hysterically, until her over-wrought nerves cally, until her over-wrought nerves found relief in sleep. The next day Mr. Levison sent a little

note over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in not coming to bid her good-by on his sudden departure for an indefinite time, and telling her that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might

never meet again, etc., etc.

To which Nellie, all pale, alarmed and crimson with confusion, penciled an answer, assuring him she had changed her mind, and begging him to come over to lunch, to see her, and meet her brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from abroad. Of course Mr. Levison came, and it

didn't take two minutes to settle it, nor did he laugh at her when she solemnly related her experience of the night be-

"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as I am alive and speaking to you!"
"A jolly old—I mean a thoughtful,
pains-taking spirit, Nellie! Bless his
ghostship, we'll hold him in eternal re-

Nor did his countenance change a feaure, even when he and Nellie and Fred

Willard discussed the marvelously obliging kindness of the departed.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs. Nellie ever for a moment dream that her visitant was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false whisker—nor was there any need she should know, for her heavings, was second her or the state of th her happiness was secured, her conscience at ease.

An Indian War Dance.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times thus describes a general war dance, executed in Chief Joseph's camp above Fort Leavenworth: Chief Joseph and his brethren were decorated in the most gorgeous style, their dresses being something new and in the most varied colors. The dance was given as a token of respect to the memory of one of the most valued chiefs of the tribe, who was killed at the battle of Bear Paw Mountain. The chief was a leading brave, and was one of high position in the tribe. Joseph made the occasion of great importance at the camp, and was himself arrayed in magnificent style. Several fine horses, borrowed from the officers of the garrison, were used on the occasion by the warriors, and each animal was decked in all that can be imagined in the way of Indian notions of beauty. Some were almost covered with skins of various animals, while around their necks were long strings of bells and bead work, which would have put a circus to shame. The tails of the horses were artistically decorated with eagle feathers. Among the horses used was a handsome black steed owned by Captain C. S. Ilsley, which was made attractive by being caparisoned in elegant style, and rode by a grandson of the late survivor of the original tribe. The latter left his "tepee" with quiet dignity, and, after mounting his horse, joined the procession which circled about the same in concert with the loud cries and wails of the women

The ceremony was kept up for a long time, and each one of the warriors seemed in earnest. During the ceremony mony Chief Joseph told Captain Ilsley, who was present, through the inter-preter, Mr. Chapman, that the feeling of the tribe had always been favorable towards the white men, and that their good will had always been looked for, and that if his heart was taken out it would show the truth of the assertion; that the tribe had the same feeling now they always had, and that he hoped when, if he should ever return to his own country, he would be able to show ne had told the truth. He then, on behalf of the tribe, presented Captain Ilsley with a handsome buffalo robe as a oken of good faith. The ceremonies of the dance were then begun and lasted until a late hour in the evening

Shakespeare and the Bible.

Read the following curious parallels between Shakespeare and the Bible. They will be found interesting: Bible-"But though I be rude in speech."-2 Cor. xi. 6.

Othello-" Rude am I in speech. Bible—"Consume thine eyes and to grieve thine heart,"—Samuel ii. 35. Macbeth-"Show his eyes and grieve

his heart. Bible-" Thou hast brought me into

the dust of death,"—Psalms,
Macbeth—"Lighted fools the way to
dusty death." Bible-"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked

upon me."—Solomon Song i. 6. Merchant of Venice—"Mistake m not for my complexion; the shadowy livery of the burning sun." Bible-" What is man that thou art mindful of him! For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thon

hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands."-Psalms viii. Hamlet-"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world,

the paragon of animals.

A PASTE FOR FAMILY USE. -The Drug-"I present you," he said, "with your gists' Circular gives the following reliberty, for I can't rest in my grave ceipt for making a paste similar to that used on postage stamps and gummed labels: Dextrine, two ounces; acetic acid, four drachms; alcohol four drachms; water, two and a half ounces. Mix the dextrine, acetic acid and water, stirring until thoroughly mixed; then add alco-hol. For attaching labels to tin, first rub the surface with a mixture of muria-

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Butter Making. The American Farmer thus sums up The American Farmer thus sums up the various modes of making butter in different parts of Europe: "Denmark and Sweden, along with France, are the countries which supply England, Brazil and the east with butter. The prepara-tion of butter in the first two countries is altogether the opposite of what takes place in France; yet the products of France appear, from market notes, to realize the higher prices. In Denmark and Sweden the butter is prepared from cream skimmed from milk cooled in ice the moment after the cows are milked; it is churned at a similar low tempera-ture, well-worked to expel the milk; never washed, and salted at the rate of four to six per cent. The French admit this plan enables the butter to resist rancidity and a hot climate, but at a loss rancialty and a hot climate, but at a loss of its consistency, flavor and aroma. It is the opinion of excellent judges, that by adopting the Swartz process of butter making, viz.; cooling the milk by means of ice or well-water, and churning the cream before it becomes at all acid, also at a low temperature, then washing the butter with water, salting it once and for good working it slightly. it once and for good, working it slightly and rapidly, the most perfect butter for exportation could be obtained. In rance butter is sent unsalted to the market, and hence its aroma and flavor can be fully tested; the wholesale buy-ers then salt and barrel it up immediately for exportation to Brazil, the most important market after England. In the case of the extreme east, Denmark, however, beats France in the market;

however, beats France in the market; but France is the first in the preparation of fresh butter. It is admitted that when a dairy is suitably fitted up, it is advantageous to place the milk, immediately on being drawn from the cow, in pans cooled by ice or well-water; this secures a better throwing up of the cream, and a more profitable yield of butter. It is still a curious fact that experiments made by M. Maisonhante, according to the Swartz process, failed to secure aroma and flavor in the butter, while in perfumery manufactories it is by the agency of cold that the volatile and essential oils are fixed in fatty sub-

and essential oils are fixed in fatty sub-stances." Sweden seems to have orig-inated the plan of using deep cans, which are set to the rim in water made as cold as possible by the use of ice. For the taste of many, the Swedish butter salted at the rate given above (from a half to an ounce of salt per pound) would be too salty. Our best dairymen

use about one ounce to three pounds. As a sequel to the above we clip the following from the London Farmer: Copenhagen paper states that importa-tion of American butter into Denmark, which commenced some months ago, has now attained considerable proportions, many hundred packages being frequent-ly delivered in the same week. The majority of it appears to come from Canada, via Scotland, and, as at present delivered, cannot for a moment compete with the better class of Danish butters, though it may do fairly well for pastrymaking and for cooking purposes gener

> the home-made butters of inferior quality. It is sold retail at 51d, to per pound. The original quality of the outter appears to be superior to that of the Galacian butter formerly used in Denmark, Its general 'get up,' too, is good, and it is well packed; but the long journey and the tedious delay in Scotland have a very injurious effect upon it. In the colder season of the year it may, perhaps, arrive in better

which case a very keen competition with home production must ensue.' Medical Hints. ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,-This an be corrected by using alkalies. Borax is good, if used properly. Take a small pinch every day; too much might cause

condition, more especially under better

arranged and accelerated service, in

nausea. FOR DYSPEPSIA. -Burn alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days probably will answer; but take

it until cured. SPRAINS .- Cold fomentations are useful in sprains, but not until the active inflammation has subsided, and it is required to give tone and strength to the part. The best way of applying them is to put a thick bandage upon the part

and keep pouring cold water over it. COLD IN THE HEAD. -This can be cured at once if taken in time. Dissolve a tablespoonful of pulverized borax in a pint of hot water; when tepid, snuff some up the nostrils two or three times a day, or use the dry powdered borax like snuff, taking a pinch as often as re quired.

Baring. - Baking is a more economical mode of cooking than roasting, es-pecially in small families where economical stoves, or ranges with side ovens are used. In baking there is less loss of weight than in roasting, as the first is much less dried; then again, it requires far less attention in the process.

Great Muscular Power.

Mr. Gosse relates the following anecdote in The World of Wonders, of a three-horned beetle, which is not larger than an ordinary English stag-beetle: "This insect has just astonished me y a proof of its vast strength of body. When it was first brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at i oss where to put it until I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I clapped the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonis of all who witnessed it.

"The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the eetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and the

Juvenile Jack Sheppards,

At Hawick, England, recently, William Laidlaw Emers Hemsley, aged sixteen years, and John Turnbull, aged fourteen years, had been detected in the act of shoplifting, and were apprehended. After their apprehension, Superintendent Morrison searched the boxes in Thick present where Hemse house in Tiviot crescent, where Hems-ley lives with his father. In the closet in the house he found a large quantity in the house he found a large quantity of various articles, supposed to have been stolen. Two MSS, were found, in which the young culprits had made most business-like records of their transactions. One of the books is a sort of journal. It had been only a few days in use, and on the title page is written, in a clear, bold hand, "W. L. Emers and John Turnbull's secret and memorandum book. Tuesday. Jan. 1, 1878. United book. Tuesday, Jan. 1. 1878. United Order of Outlaws." It is understood that the entries are all in Hemsley's handwriting. The first page is headed.
"What I have stolen in money." The
first theft recorded is one of one penny
"from mether." There are trifling sums entered as taken from neighbors, obtained by altering the figures in a shopkeeper's pass-book, and abstracted from the till of an office where he was formerly employed. Another page has the heading "How many locks I have stolen," and then follows a list of the places where they were taken from, such as stables, garden and field gates, with the owners' names when they were known, and in other cases the locality where the theft was committed is min-utely described. Next comes, "What I have stolen out of shops," which list in-cludes, besides many of the articles re-covered, tins of beef, jars of jam, shop weights, twenty-eight keys from one weights, twenty-eight keys from one ironmonger's shop, etc., etc. Under the heading "What I have stolen from persons and places," there is a list of a number of places, including factories, schools, and the theatre, where thefts had been committed. The booty includes half a barrel of ale from a hotel door. The MSS volume also contains door. The MSS volume also contains sketches of plans and operations for the future. Lists of "What I have to steal," "What I have to buy and make," including a variety of articles, useful and ornamental, from a steam engine and boiler to a musical-box. And then there is a memorandum of "What I have to write for." This includes, singularly enough for such apparently cool hands, 'A cure for the nerves," besides several medicines and cosmetics, and a volume of poetry. Further on in the book is an inventory of their ill-goten possessions, and another of "Tools for housebreakand another of "Tools for housebreak-ing," among which are enumerated seventy-seven skeleton keys. The other headings, "What I got by housebreak-ing," and "What Turnbull has got by housebreaking," have no entries ap-pended, the interference of the police having suspended the bookkeeping as

Fashion Notes.

Everything is to be beaded in the ally, and so prove a formidable rival to Bronze-brown and brouze-green

two leading colors. A handsome feather for a dress hat i made of India game-cock's tails and ophomore tail feathers combined. Skirts are worn short in front and grow

onger and longer in the back. Russia leather fans, mounted with silk or satin, in all the new dark, rich colors,

are very popular. The latest povelty in scarfs are of India crepe, embroidered with silk in all the

Oriental shades, The latest fashion for handkerchiefs is to have them made to match exactly the collars and cuffs worn.

Feathers arranged in bands form a beautiful trimming. A fringe of Mara-ocut tips is exquisite on an evening silk. Clasps, such as are worn to fasten vraps, are now used in bolding drapery. Insects are also worn in the hair. They seem almost to flutter on their velvety

Gilt and enameled emblems of birds have been introduced on velvet head gear, some pinnioned down by minute arrows, somewhat bent, to show that the missile was light and the prey heavy

The very latest in hosiery is black silk stockings elaborately embroidered with clair-de-lune beads, presenting quite a sparkling appearance. Many ladies, however, object to these beads, because they hurt the foot, and the pattern gets tatooed on it; for these there are inser-

tions of black lace insteps. A pretty model of a capote bonnet is thistles, and diminutive fir cones, grasses and moss of every conceivable shade of green, a few loops of satin ribbon at the back, and a double ruche of tilleul silk under the border.

Lace will, if possible, be used even more than ever. While it is always desirable to have it real, there is not an absolute necessity for it. Those who can afford them still cling to real thread and guipure, but for those to whom the real is unattainable, the Nench is pretty and within reach, and allowable by fashion The lace used for undergarments is all of one kind, although it is distinguished with a number of names, a few of which are Clevis, Mirecourt and Torchan.

Ca ualties of Land Travel.

M. Gartiaux has published some curious statistics on the dangers of traveling by land. He says that in the old dili-gence days a man had one chance of be-ing killed in 300,000 trips, and one chance of being injured in 30,000. the railway, between 1835 and 1855, there was one chance of being killed in 2,000,000 journeys, and one chance of being injured in 500,000. From 1855 to 1875 one chance of being killed in making 6,000,000 journeys, and one chance of being injured in 600,000. Now the chances of being killed are as one to 45,000,000, and of being injured one to 1,000,000. Consequently, a person traveling ten hours a day at the rate of forty miles an hour would, in the first "I know it is," she said, slowly, but—"
"Oh, Will!—if you will say so—if you think it best—yes, I will!"

Mr. Levison looked earnestly at her.
"Yes—'but' what, Nellie? In all re"Yes—'but' what, Nellie? In all re"I know it is," she said, slowly, be imprisoned under the great bell of St. destruction during 321 years; during the second period during 1,014 years, and it will adhere almost as well as on glass.

"I know it is," she said, slowly, be imprisoned under the great bell of St. destruction during 321 years; during the second period during 1,014 years, and it will adhere almost as well as on glass. period, have had a chance of escaping

THE UNITED STATES MINT.

tems of Interest to Business Men and the People Generally.

The two cent pieces were abolished five years ago.

There are five times as many one cent

pieces used as threes.

Less than \$10,000 of one cent pieces were coined last year.

No fives or threes (nickel) were coined

last year for circulation.

The old-fashioned silver dollar has

The old-fashioned silver dollar has not been made for five years.

The shipping of silver coins from the mint began about a year ago.

Silver is purchased at the mint to a limited extent. It is paid for in gold.

Nickle and bronze coins are only made in the United States mint in this city.

The Eastern, Middle, and Western States take most of the nickle and bronze Double eagles are being made for the depositories because they are more sala-

No silver is coined in subsidiary coin for depositors. The government coins for itself alone.

In the South the people are now us-ing one cent pieces and threes and fives very extensively.

Five times as many five cent pieces as ones are sent away, and five times as

many ones as threes.

There is no coinage charged in gold.
The only charge is for parting, refin-

ing, and toughening.

No silver is exchanged for notes at the mint. This is done by transfers which come through Washington.

Two weeks ago nearly \$300,000 in gold dollars were made for the subreasury department of New York. There are lying in the depositories and vaults of the sub-treasury in this city nearly \$300,000 in five cent nickel

Five cent pieces are circulated considerably in New Orleans. Pennies were recently sent to that city, which

were the first ever called for. The largest number of early orders for small coins came from the southeast. Recent orders are chiefly from this section of the country.

A large amount of the \$38,000,000 in

small coins circulated within the year

period, and consequently the coins are The government has issued over \$38,-000,000 of small silver coins since the redemption of fractional currency began, and the market is fairly glutted with

The demand for one cent pieces has increased within the last three or four months, and the demand for fives has lecreased. This is due to the issue of

so many dimes.

In brisk times the mint pays out from three to five thousand dollars a day for the accommodation of people making change and for shipment through the well as other contemplated operations. No trade dollars have been made this

year. Several millions were coined in 1877. Their coinage was suspended in limited extent for circulation. Nickel and bronze are kept at par by redeeming them in greenbacks. are deposited in the mint in sums of not

less than twenty dollars, receipted for, and checks sent to the depositor. No silver five cent pieces have been made for five years. In fact, they have been abolished as well as the silver three cent piece. The nickel threes are still issued, although but few are used.

From five to ten thousand dollars of eagles, half eagles, and three dollar pieces are made every year in order to keep up the history of the coin. About \$2,000 of ones are nade for the same

The mint shipped over the country in 1876 about \$500,000 in small coins, consisting of one, three, and five cent pieces. They went chiefly West and East. In 1877, only about \$386,000 in these small coins were shipped. The authorities at the mint can feel the pulse of business by the amount of coin sent in for redemption. If busi-

ness is falling off the redemption is

larger. When it is steady the redemp tion moves along at the rate of about \$500 a day. The greatest demand for silver coins is for the half dollar. The quarter dollar is the second favorite and the dime is the third and last in the list. The demand for half dollars is twice as great as for quarters, and five times more

halves are required than dimes. When business is brisk in the city about seven or eight hundred dollars day in change is required for nickel and bronze. The railroad companies are dequite seasonable in appearance. It is of manding more than usual on account of bronze felt, trimmed with a wreath of the six-cent fares. This demand, however, has fallen off somewhat within the

More trade dollars were coined from April, 1873, to December, 1877, than there were coined of the dollar of the fathers for the eighty-one years preceding. The trade dollar was intended for the China trade, and nearly all that have been coined have gone to China, Japan, and India.—Philadelphia North

A Mayor's Fif een Cent Dinner.

Miss Juliet Corson, of the New York cooking school, recently gave a test dinner at No. 8 St. Mark's place to his honor Mayor Ely and a select company of invited guests, the object being to show what could be done for fifteen cents for each person. The following bill of fare was figured up accurately and was found to have fallen within the financial limit by two cents :

Puree of Peas, with Croutons. Olives. Celery. Chow-chow. Perch, with Fine Herbs. Bass a la Chambord, Maitre d'Hotel Potatoes Salmi of Duck, with Olives Lentils Saute. Maccaroni a la Milanaise. Roast Tenderloins. Lettuce and Water Cresses Salad, Celery Fritters, Bronchees, with Preserves. Mexican Chocolate.

Apples, Nuts, Roquefort Cheese, The table was set for twelve people and eleven were present. The mayor expressed both his wonder and gratification.—N. Y. Telegram.

Items of Interest.

If money is tight, avoid it—it ought to know better.

"Man wants but little here below," and he generally gets it, too.

Riches will never take wings and fly away, if you sprinkle a little economy on its tail. A man recently knocked down an ele-

phant, a lion and a rhinoceros. He was an auctioneer.

Horace Greeley's estate, which was inventoried at \$206,000 shortly after his death, yields little more than \$20,000 on the final settlement. "Do they miss you at home?" he asked, as she folded and put away a letter she had just received from her mother. "Never," she answered; "they

always call me sis. "My dear," asked Mrs. J --- of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets?" "The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

"This is meat and drink," said the sailor, who sat on the gunwhale sipping his grog—following his remark by tumb-ling backward into the water. "Aye, and there's washing and lodging," said

his messmate. Young Green: "Hot, isn't it?" Young lady (tired of the subject): "So you said just now." Y. G. (nervously): "Yes, but don't you think it has got hotter?" Young lady gives young Green up as a bad job.

A family of four persons has been poisoned at New Orleans, and Mrs. Lambert, one of its members, aged sixty-two years, fatally, by eating oysters fried in corn meal with which arsenic had been mixed by Mrs. Lambort's son in law to kill rate. bert's son-in-law to kill rats,

Coming back from a little trip to Havre a Parisian bewails his misfortune to his railway companion. "One thing is certain; you won't catch me on any more of these pleasure excursions. I lost my wife and my cane." And then he adds with tears in his voice, "A new cane, too.' A steer in Piermont, N. H., lost its life in a singular waya few days ago. Its owner had chopped a hole through the ice in his trough to allow the cattle to

were manufactured during the same drink, and as the water was low the steer had to force its nose to the bottom. In so doing it caught its horns under the ice, and after it had drunk its fill the water ran in and drowned it. the water ran in and drowned it.

A funny incident recently happened at a sumptuous dinner giving by a Welsh society in liverpool. An old stonemason of eighty years was called upon to entertain the company with a song, for which he was noted, but instead of giving the one desired, he launched forth into a dismal, wailing measure, composed some sixty years before upon the occasion of a street murder. This refreshing production contained no less than eighty verses, and the droning hum-hum of the

verses, and the droning bum-bum of the melody went on for over half an hour before the end was reached. The late Commodore Hollins was once ailing with an Amer who used often to insult his inferior officers and apologize to them afterward. After such an insult had been offered to him Hollins was called to the cabin of the commodore, who said: "I am a man of a very passionate nature and have treated you as I should not have done, and now I wish to apologize." Hollins replied: "I too, am a passionate man, but I notice, Commodore, that

perior officers, always with those beneath BEAUTIES OF ORTHOGRAPHY. A pretty deer is dear to me, A hare with downy hair. A hart I love with all my heart. But hardly love a bear. Tis plain that not one take a plane

I never get into a passion with my su-

Although a rake may take a rake To tear away the tares. Sol's rats raise thyme, time razes all, And through the whole hole wears. A scribe in writing right may write To Wright and still be wrong :

For write and rite are neither right,

To have a pair of pears.

And don't to right belong. Beer often brings a bier to man, Coughing a coffin brings, And too much ale will make us all, As well as other things. The person lies who says he lies When he is not reclin'ng;

And when consumptive folks decline They all decline declining. Quaile do not quail before a storm, A bow will not bow before it : We cannot rein the rain at all. No earthly power reigns o'er it. The dyer dyes awhile, then dies-

To dye he's always trying ; Until upon his dying bed He thinks no more of dyeing. A son of Mars mars many a son . All Deys must have their days; And every knight should pray each night

To Him who weighs his ways Tis meet that man should mete out meat-To feed one's fortune's sun ; The fair should fare on love alone, Else one cannot be won.

A lass, alas, is sometimes false :

Of faults a maid is made ; Her waist is but a barren waste-Though stayed she is not staid. The springs shoot forth each spring, and shoots,

Shoot forward one and all: Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves The leaves to fall in fail. I would a story here commence

But you might find it stale: so we il suppose that we have reached The tail-end of our tale.

Tit for Tat.

Would-be wits are apt to have the tables turned on them. At a dinner in honor of Nick Denton, one of the staff of the Illinois Central railway, his friend Jack Watlace, intrusted with the toast of the evening, proposed it in this wise:
"The two nicks—Old Nick and Nick D nton!" Denton rice bearing any ing he appreciated the honor conferred upon him by connecting him with Mr.
Wallace's most intimate friend, and
scarcely knew how to requite the compliment, but as one good turn deserves another, he would give "The two Jacks
-Jack Wallace and Jackass!"