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NO. 1.

The Old Sampler.  
Out of the way in a corner  
Of our dear old attic room,  
Where bunches of herbs from the hillside  
Shake over a faint perfume,  
An oaken chest is standing  
With hamp and padlock and key,  
Strong as the hands that made it.  
On the other side of the sea.  
When the winter days are dreary  
And we've out of heart with life,  
Of its crowding cares a-weary  
And sick of its restless strife,  
We take a lesson in patience  
From the little corner dim,  
When the chest yields to treasures,  
A wardrobe, faithful and grim.  
Robes of an antique fashion,  
Linen and lace and silk,  
That time has tinted with saffron,  
Though once they were white as milk.  
Wonderful baby garments  
Bordered with loving care—  
By fingers that felt the pleasure,  
As they wrought the ruffles fair.  
A sword with the rust red on it,  
That flashed in the battle tide,  
When from Lexington to Yorktown  
Sorely men's souls were tried.  
A plumed champion and a buckle,  
And many a relic fine;  
And all by itself the sampler,  
Framed in with berry and vine.  
Faded, the square of canvas,  
And dim is the silken thread;  
But I think of the white hands dimpled,  
And a thimble, sunny head,  
For, here is a cross, and in tent-stitch,  
In a wreath of berry and vine;  
She worked it, a hundred years ago,  
"Elizabeth, aged nine."  
In, and out, in the sun-  
And the little needle flashed;  
And in and out on the rainy day,  
When the merry drops down plashed,  
As close she laid her mother—  
The little Paritiam maid,  
And did her piece on the sampler,  
While the other children played.  
You are safe in the beautiful heaven,  
"Elizabeth, aged nine";  
But, before you went, you had troubles  
Sharper than any of mine;  
Oh! the gold hair turned with sorrow  
White as the drifted snow,  
And your tears dropped here where I'm  
standing—  
On this very plumed chapeau.  
When you put it away, its wearer  
Would never need it more,  
By a sword-thrust learning the secrets,  
God keeps on yonder shield of glory,  
And you wore your grief like a glory,  
You could not yield up,  
Who wore your grief like a glory,  
Who wore your grief like a glory,  
"Elizabeth, aged nine."  
Out of the way in a corner,  
With hamp and padlock and key,  
Stand the 'olden chest of my father's,  
That came from over the sea;  
And the hillside herbs above it,  
So sweet and fragrant and true,  
And here on its lid is a garland,  
To "Elizabeth, aged nine."  
For love is of the immortal,  
And patience is sublime,  
And trouble a thing of every day  
And touching every time;  
And childhood, sweet and sunny,  
And womanly truth and grace,  
Ever cast light like the darkness  
And bless earth's loneliest place.  
—Mrs. M. E. Saugster.

**A DOMESTIC CHAPTER.**  
It was a favorite expression of Mrs. Mayne's. As long as a child of nine lives with me, no matter how big as the house, she has got to mind me. But when girls have become perfectly indifferent to such threadbare assertions, and are ready to old to submit to have their ears boxed, talk to you may, what is a mother to do with her daughter? Very much, indeed. In this predicament was Mrs. Mayne with her daughters, four good-looking, good-for-nothing, charming girls, who, afflicted with the mania for pet names, only too common nowadays, had transformed themselves from plain Amanda, Cecelia, Estier and Margaret into Amie, Cecil, Essie and Midge. Then to complete the family circle, there was Oliver, a half-grown lad with a full-grown grievance. To be alternately snubbed and petted, coaxed and domineered over by his sprightly sisters, who were all older than himself, was bad enough; but when his mother not only disciplined him rigidly for his own offenses, but because those sassy jades couldn't be conquered, would make him suffer for it, that was altogether too much. Had Oliver Mayne been of a philosophical turn of mind, he might have seen in all this tagging a sort of retributive justice for the woes of the fair sex under the despotism of man, but alas! he was not; so he read "Mr. Midshipman Easy," and, when he dared, played truant and prowled around the water-front with ideas in his head.  
Yet in spite of all her inconsistencies, Mrs. Mayne was a mother among a thousand. What would she not do to push her daughters on in society? So, while they were brought up as much like fine ladies as possible with their limited means, she was cook, chambermaid and seamstress by turns; they gave their best energies to the glide, the cream of their good nature to gentlemen friends, and imbibing a taste for dress and fashion well might hesitate.  
As old as the human race, is the liking to have one's own way; so with these young rebellious spirits, nothing was trying as to be obliged to say, "May I?" One Saturday, toward noon, the girls

were in the parlor, under pretense of dusting and setting to rights that most important room, when you girls are so

"I tell you what it is," said Midge, yawning most prodigiously, for she had been out late to the theater the night before. "I think my plan is the best; just go on and make your arrangements without saying a word to me. She will be angry, but what can she do?"

"Well, I don't know but what you are right, Midge," returned Amie, musingly.

"Of course," asserted Cecil, "since it is for your sake that we are hatching up this plot, Amie, you will have to shoulder the blame; but then we will back you—won't we girls?"

Then they went up stairs, and in half an hour these four had written, sealed and addressed twenty-five or thirty laconic letters notes.

"New," said Cecil, moistening the last stamp, and affixing it with business-like celerity, "all we have to do is to get Oliver to post them. You go and call him up."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, out in the back yard sawing wood, I guess," said Cecil, exclaiming herself comfortably in a chair with a book.

Great readers of romance they all were.

When there was no immediate diversion offered in the way of promenades of ball, one or the other of the sisters had been known to pass a whole day at a time, oblivious of everything except the deeds or misdeeds of some hero of the Strattonmore type.

"Look here, Oly," said Amie, sweetly, when her brother had come up into her room; "I want you to do something for me, like a dear good fellow."

"What's up now?" asked Oliver, the more gruffly, because he knew his sister had a motive in pleasing him.

"I want you to post these letters for me without letting me know."

"Why don't you post 'em yourself?" drawled he, ungraciously, turning one envelope after another to study the addresses.

"Oh, you know well enough, Oly; it does not do for young ladies to run out on the street without fixing up—now, it don't matter about boys a bit."

"That's what you always say," returned her brother, remembering the incident which had been left out at the elbow because in Mrs. Mayne's system of household economy the girls had always to be supplied first.

But Amie knew well how to avert any unpleasant argument when it was politic to do so.

"Never mind—see here," said she, slipping a small piece of money into his hand.

He became perceptibly better natured on the moment.

"Say, Amie," he cried, still intent on the envelope, "I'll bet my head you are doing all this on account of Mr. Picken."

He got no further, for his sister, turning red as a rose, hustled him out of the door. How had he spied that name, when she had put Mr. Picken's invitation to hang on the clothes-horse to air, turned about sharply?

"Unconscious of these machinations, Mrs. Mayne was drudging away in the kitchen with that intense absorption in her work which denotes the thorough manager.

Amie found her over the ironing table.

"Mother," said she, "I should like very much to have some company here next Wednesday evening."

Mrs. Mayne, who had been admiring the petticoat just finished so satisfactorily and hung on the clothes-horse to air, turned about sharply.

"Amie," she exclaimed, "you are a fool."

Whatever luxury Mrs. Mayne denied herself, she certainly did not deny herself the luxury of plain speech.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean by that," she said, "I'll bet my head you are doing all this on account of Mr. Picken."

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"Say, ma, dear, why won't you let us have company on Wednesday evening?"

"Well, my dear, you girls are so ridiculous. I thought I settled all that with Amanda."

"Yes; but ma, dear, you settled it the wrong way to suit us."

"O, I know your tricks, Margaret, and you are all alike. You make up your minds to anything, and there is no getting the notion out of your heads."

"Now, mother dear, if we are self-willed," exclaimed Midge, roguishly, "how did we possibly become so? We couldn't inherit it from you, of course. Why can't you have Mrs. Nesbitt here some other day?"

"Why can't Amanda have her company some other evening?"

"Well," replied Midge, slanting her head with an air of being very critical over her work as she hove mad across a rough place, "because she has already sent out the invitations."

Mrs. Mayne's temper was instantly all ablaze.

"Get away from there, Margaret," she cried, "you are pulling that bias something wrong way; give me the iron."

But Midge was determined not to let the main question drop.

"You needn't worry about baking," said she, merrily, "because it would be so easy to order a few things from the confectioner."

"Don't let me hear another word about it," she told you," retorted her mother, in high dudgeon. "And you may tell Amanda for me that whoever sets his feet inside the front door on Wednesday evening, if he was the Pope of Rome, would be insulted."

Notwithstanding this edict, and the fact that Mrs. Mayne's pleasure had not been softened meanwhile by entreaties, tears or tempers, at precisely seven o'clock on Wednesday evening the girls had all gone up stairs to dress.

They occupied two or three rooms opening into each other, and were obliged to share many things in common. Just to imagine four girls forced to take turns at one mirror! Then add to this the unaccountable way which ruffles, skirts and ribbons have of getting mixed up, and you will not be surprised that there was some wrangling during the interesting process of toilet making. However, there are some things which must be viewed from a purely feminine standpoint.

Of all the sisters, Amie's temper seemed to be the most rasped on that eventful evening. Everything went wrong with her.

"My goodness, Essie Mayne!" said she, scrambling breathlessly around, poking and eyeing, the bed side bureau, and ever looking back at the door into her handbox, "I do believe you have got on one of my Oxford ties by mistake."

"No such thing, Amie," replied the sister addressed, who was at that moment subjecting her eye-lashes to a mysterious treatment which necessitated the "making up" of a horrible face, "mine were together in the shoe-bag."

"Come, do get out of the way, Es," another voice—Midge's—was heard, coming in at the door, "I want to do my hair; you've been long enough crouching on that black stuff to make yourself into a Hottentot."

"What I want to know," said Amie, who had found her shoe in the work-basket, and was now struggling with an obdurate lac'er, "is whether any of you had sense enough to light the gas in the hall?"

"No body in this family pretends to be smart but you, Amie," responded Cecil, smugly.

"Why do you go down stairs this instant and see to it," exclaimed Midge, impatiently, "here I am only here, dressed, and every time there is the least noise it gives me such a start—expressing to hear the bell. I have a sort of feeling that Mr. Picken will be here early."

"Amie, who hated to be ordered about, scolded:

"Oh, bother you and your old Picken!" but she threw a shawl about her and went hastily down stairs.

"I suppose ma wouldn't go to the door," continued Midge, "if the bell should ring forty times before any of us are ready—here, Midge, hold these crimping-irons in the gas for me."

In spite of all these wearying annoyances, could there have been possibly a sweeter, more artless face than Amie's when she had combed the tendrils of her hair low down upon her forehead; had knotted her hair like a Turk and turned to go down stairs?

She was in good season after all, and had full five minutes quite to herself in which to collect her thoughts. "Yes," said she, "I have made up my mind. I'm sure I don't know what you mean by that," she said, "I'll bet my head you are doing all this on account of Mr. Picken."

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"I am sure ma will be melted at once, if I can whisper two or three words to her ear."

Unfortunately, when Amie got to the hall door she heard loud voices in angry discussion.

From parlor to kitchen is always a sharp transition; but was there ever so marked a contrast between the two rooms as in Mrs. Mayne's house that night?

"There's no doing anything with ma," said Cecil; "she's just as obstinate as the Sphinx."

"Yes; everybody has been asking for her," said Midge, pointing, "and wondering why she didn't come into the parlor."

"So be sure—and I would have told them she is sick, but like as not if I did, she would come popping in the next minute, saying that she never felt better in her life," added Essie.

Then Mrs. Mayne broke in angrily. "Don't want another word from you, Esther. I've caught you at your tricks, miss. Didn't you think I had any eyes in my head when you were giving Oliver money in the hall to-night?"

"Well, suppose I did," retorted Essie, indignantly; "I can't see people coming to the house and go away without a crumb to eat."

"That's just what they will do," said the mother, raising her voice, and sitting on the table at which she had been sitting with her sewing. "Didn't I tell you that there shouldn't be any supper to-night? And as for tampering with your brother, and making him as disobedient as you girls are, that I will not permit!"

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Essie, nearly inarticulate with anger, "that you stopped Oliver from going out?"

"That's just what I do mean to say," Mrs. Mayne's temper had now risen to such a pitch of exasperation that, notwithstanding the fact that since her entrance Amie had not ceased to pour gentle pleadings into her mother's ear, the good lady felt she must have fuller vent in mere words. Her finger itched to box somebody's ears.

Just as she glanced about from one to the other, poor unfortunate Oliver, who had been sitting on the lounge behind his mother, in swinging his foot, accidentally kicked his mother's chair, which fell over him, and he was sent flying into the air.

"I ain't doin' nothin'," he cried, sharply, clapping to his geography to hide the "Claude Duval" he had been slyly reading. "You needn't take it out on me because you are mad at the girls."

"Things have come to such a pass," said Mrs. Mayne, bitterly, "that I never expect to take any peace or comfort in this house any more."

Just then there came a gentle rapping at the hall door.

The girls' hearts stood still. Was some guest coming out to be insulted? Was their mother going to shame them forever?

"Let me in," said a cheerful voice at the door of which poor Amie's breath came sobbing. "I have a letter for you; may I come in?"

"Bitter as the pill was, Mrs. Mayne swallowed it down whole and walked to the door with a smiling face.

"Why, Mr. Picken! is that you?" said she, giving him her hand.

"Yes, I am," he said, "I was going to be invisible all the evening," replied Mr. Picken, "and I would hold to hunt you—besides, I want my Amie."

A shock went through Mrs. Mayne's frame. Mr. Picken had told the whole story bluntly in those few words, and magically as a picture spangled from slate were Amie's shortcomings wiped from the tablet of her mother's remembrance.

"I'm sure," said she, tremulously, "I don't wish her a better choice, Mr. Picken; but she has been a daughter, you will be a happy man."

The little disturbance was all forgotten. The girls went back into the parlor radiant, while Mrs. Mayne dropped a few salt tears as she brewed some delicious coffee for her daughters' guests, and Oliver, harboring no resentment, sped to the baker's as fast as his legs could carry him.

It was not until the guests were all gone, and the girls were alone together, that Amie received her sisters' congratulations.

"The gas flared over the bureau, piled with ribbons and crimping-pins; bracelets and shreds of torn curling papers; a fringe of silken fritzes had fallen across the powder box; then there were ribbons, brushes, cosmetics and combs. But nobody minded the disorder in the least."

Perched on one bed, arrayed in the "prettiest night-gowns under the sun," were the four girls, talking and talking, in spite of the lateness of the hour.

"I was the only one of three of us to squabble for the looking-glass," said Midge, sighing.

"And I suppose we will have to go on paying for meat that is eaten, and clothes that are worn out, while Amie will have no end of lovely dresses and bonnets," added Cecil.

"You haven't guessed the nicest thing of all that shall have," laughed Amie.

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Cecil, triumphantly; "your own way!"

Her Economy.

The dried apple of to-day has a hundred years the start of the dried apple of ten years ago, but yet all people are not willing to admit it. A Woodward grocery was yesterday trying to induce a woman to buy a three-pound package, instead of her usual bushel of green apples, telling her that she would save money by the operation.

"Yes! I might save money, and again I mightn't," she mused.

"I know you would," he urged.

"If I look home dried apples instead of green, there would be no parings for the children and no cores for my husband to chew on during the long evening. And there's the worm-holes—they're awful nice for my eyes."

She took her green apples.—*Free Press.*

**Fashion Notes.**  
Chene silks are revived.  
Macrame lace is revived.  
Polish styles are coming in vogue.  
Soft-finished percales are preferred.  
Table napery is trimmed with Macrame lace.  
Crape effects are seen in new spring goods.  
Watteen backs are revived for princess dresses.  
Moonstones and cat's-eye jewels are very fashionable.  
Scotch gingham are woven to produce bourette effects.  
Velvet and satin are the materials for matron's ball dresses.  
Black and white lace over white satin is revived for ball toilets.  
Moss greens, indigo, blue and indigo blues are retained as spring colors.  
The new colored grenadines show India colors and Turkish designs.  
The coming bonnet is a capote of shirred silk with a tulle cap under it.  
Cheap cotton and wool goods show a great improvement in the method of manufacture.  
Knotted, boucle or rough surfaces, polka dots, and Greek squares are conspicuous in spring fabrics.  
New grenadines are rough, knotted and crumpled, and woven also in Mexican, brocade and canvas effects.  
Black goods relieved by figures of white, gray, brown and high colors appear conspicuously among the new spring goods.  
Basques are simulated on fourreux, but are no longer made separate garments in the most fashionable dress-making establishments.  
A novelty is black grenadine *lamé*, woven with flat threads of metal—old gold, silver and fine red, thrown into both warp and wool.

**A Free City of Constantinople.**  
Constantinople under Turkish rule became the centre of a vast system of plunder and conquest. The city was enriched by the spoils of Europe and Asia. A large multitude gathered there. But its legitimate commerce had never been large. The race which held this golden key of the world's commerce has never been able to open the store-house. They were like barbarians in possession of a complicated machine. The sultans have simply wrung their wealth from the plundered nations, and lived generations after generation in their rich palaces on the Bosphorus. No building, no work of art, no machine or invention, so far as we are aware, has ever been discovered or constructed in Constantinople by a Turk. The Greek has done all that has been done in this rich sunlight of that delicious climate, and has enjoyed all the luxuries and beauties of the Golden Horn for more than four centuries, has seen the current of the world's history flow by, and has never contributed a single blessing or favor to mankind. Outside of the city, its dominion has been to Christians a curse and a burden; inside, it has permitted all things to remain as they were.  
As a free city, it might, like Venice of old, or Hamburg in later times, be the centre of a world's commerce. The Greek has an aptitude for trade, and no doubt, the merchants of all countries would gather there. The burdens that have hitherto rested on all production and industry in the Turkish empire should be removed, and we might see a new centre of civilization where Slav barbarism has reigned so long. But this will not be till the empire of the race of Osman has come to its end, and that must be yet in a future, not remote, but not immediate.—*New York Times.*

**How Much Tobacco?**  
The entire mass of tobacco which is annually consumed in the United States and in chewing on the earth, is 4,000,000,000 pounds—manifestly too high an estimate for from 1,200,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 of inhabitants. Let us take the half as the more probable, and let us suppose that tobacco leaves transformed into roll tobacco, a tobacco pipe is created which, with a diameter of ten inches, and following the direction of the equator, could wind itself around the earth thirty times. Let us suppose that the tobacco is formed into tablets similar to the chocolate tablets, and which, instead of the pipe, the chewing tobacco of sailors' pipes, and we have a colossal pile worthy of being placed beside the third largest of the pyramids of Gizeh, that of the Mykerinos, and as massive and high as that of real office. Let us grind all the tobacco into snuff, and let us suppose ourselves the sad case that an equinoctial wind, one fine morning, blows the snuff over the ocean, and showers it on one of our German states, we are certain more than one of the Lilliputian states would have much difficulty in recovering their existence by shoveling away the snuff.—*Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

**Be Social.**  
We are social beings, and the home circle, alone, however attractive, will not satisfy. The old-fashioned singing school, the possible party, the yeomanry, the Grand Old Men's lodge, or division of the Sons of Temperance, whatever draws together the young men and women, the boys and girls, for development of mind and character and for social enjoyment, is to be welcomed. And the better, the more frequent the renew their youth, if the parents can induce the young people's enjoyment. There is but one object in the world more pitiable than the adult man or woman who feels no thrill of sympathy over the happiness of the young, and no pride of parentage, and no interest in the young people's enjoyment. We grow old, and are glad to be glad to accept the keen wisdom of the old Roman poet, "It is pleasant to be foolish sometimes." Work and play each have their time, and advancing years bring no pang for the innocent sports and enjoyment of the youthful days long past. We grow old, and are glad to be glad to accept the keen wisdom of the old Roman poet, "It is pleasant to be foolish sometimes." Work and play each have their time, and advancing years bring no pang for the innocent sports and enjoyment of the youthful days long past. We grow old, and are glad to be glad to accept the keen wisdom of the old Roman poet, "It is pleasant to be foolish sometimes." Work and play each have their time, and advancing years bring no pang for the innocent sports and enjoyment of the youthful days long past.

**The Years.**  
Silent—silent! Like God's blessing on a sin-bewildered earth!  
Coming—coming—with a glory and a promise at their birth!  
Wondrous—wondrous, white-winged heralds, with a wordless mystery,  
Bearing with them gleam and glimmer of the far-off "Jasper sea."  
Swiftly—swiftly—down our earth-way; bringing treasure all unknown;  
Reaching out still hands to touch us with the radiance of a Throne!  
Silent—silent! going—going—out beyond our utmost reach!  
Bearing with them so much sweetness scarce we knew they came to teach.  
Swiftly—swiftly—while we struggle for a little less or more,  
Down their tide dark footprints vanish, leaving ours upon the shore!  
Calmly—calmly—while our pulses beat to every sun's tune,  
On their waves our sunlight trembles, and our day grows dim at noon!  
Onward—onward—ending ever at God's foot-stool! Ah, will He Merge these weary fragments into His serene Eternity?  
—New York Evening Post.

**Items of Interest.**  
Snoring is now politely described as indulging in sheet music.  
Petroleum is the favorite illuminator in many French households.  
About 20,000 Italians annually immigrate to this country to settle.  
Turkey's experience is that iron clad fleets do not amount to much.  
Dr. Petermann, the leading geographer of the world, places Stanley foremost among all explorers.  
It is said by men who have sailed a mile a minute on an ice boat that the sensation is like falling from a building.  
A London paper estimates that during the latter 200 days of 1877 that human blood flowed at the rate of forty gallons an hour.  
A Chicago German, who wanted to add a postscript to a letter after he had mailed it, was found trying to dig up the lamp post.  
A paper speaks of a horse that cats meat. Harry says that he has never seen a horse actually eat meat, but has seen one running for a stake.  
Lieut. Tippier, the only colored graduate of West Point, is to be appointed military instructor of the colored branch of the agricultural and military college of Texas.  
A patent has been taken out—SPQR almost everything of value, but there is a fortune waiting for the man who patents a boot-heel that will kill two Thomas cats at one time.  
An Indiana farmer missed a 360-pound hog and found him, after thirty-five days, under a box that had fallen and caught him under it. The hog lived, but he only weighed 200 pounds when found.  
There was a shower of worms in Michigan, one day recently. Some days previously there was a shower of fire. And now, if Nature understands her business, a shower of fish-hooks is next on the programme.  
The total dividends paid last year by mining companies, banks, insurance and express companies, and other commercial enterprises on the Pacific coast, not including the Central Pacific Railroad, was \$84,306,000, an increase of \$1,250,000.  
A deserted Uto squaw, grievous by the heartlessness of the Indian who had only a few months previously taken her to his wigwam, drowned herself. Before her suicide, she formally and elaborately cursed him. The Indian belief is that such a curse is a potent.  
A Frenchman has analyzed the dust and debris of the streets of Paris and Florence, and has found that thirty-five per cent. of that collected from the roadway is iron given off by horse shoes, and that from thirty to forty per cent. of that taken from the sidewalks is glue.  
In the harbor of San Francisco a wave struck a fishing boat, and overboard went two disciples of Ike Walton. Some parties who happened to be in a boat close by, to their assistance, and rescued the half-drowned pair. On being questioned how the accident occurred, they replied: "We didn't capsize; we only went down to see why the fish wouldn't bite."

**Absent Minded.**  
A letter from New Preston, Conn., to the *Litchfield Equivocal*, contains this associate: A man who had been sorting tobacco for one of Ed's neighbors, stopped at one of the stores on his way from work and purchased a pair of shoes. He threaded his dinner-pail upon his arm, took the shoes in the same hand, and with the other thrust deep in his breeches' pocket, started for home. Having got opposite Dr. Ed's missed his dinner-pail, and, thinking he had left it at the store, back he went for it. As he went through the door it swung open, and hit the pail strung on his arm. His only ejaculation was, "Thunder! I thought I left it!" He's the same man who took his watch to New Milford to be repaired, and two days afterward found it in his vest pocket.