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The Dying Wife.

Let me feel your warm breath,
For a strong chill or me passes,
And I know it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Scarcely given are I go—
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow,
Am passing through the waters,
And a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears:
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive through midnight unto day;
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vanishes away.
Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Thy not loveliest, but truest,
See! how to me it shines,
Thy the pearls of my dear.
If in after years beside thee,
Sit another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine more fair;
If a cherub call thee "Father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born, oh! my husband!
Turn not from the motherless;
Tell her something of her mother—
You may call her my sorrow!
Shield her from the winds of sorrow!
If she errs, oh! gently blame.
Lead her sometimes, where I am sleeping,
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessing falls;
Then her soft black eyes will brighten,
And shall wonder whom it came;
In her heart will a years pass o'er her
She will find her mother's name.
It is said that every mortal
Waits between two angels here;
One records the ill, but bids it,
If before the midnight dream
Man repenteth, it is forgiven,
Then the right-hand angel weepeth,
Bowling low with veiled eyes.
I will be her right hand angel,
Feeling her the good for her;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I am sleeping 'neath the sod;
Oh, love the Jew to us given,
As I love thee—next to God!

A CLOSE SHAVE.

"Another step, and you are a dead man."
"By what authority do you bar my passage?"
"Authority? Ha, ha! If this ain't enough," holding out a revolver in each hand, with a hideous leer in his eye, "I reckon I'll have to explain further. By the authority of the Road Agency of this great overland route."
It was in the days when Ben Halliday and the pony express served in lieu of locomotives and telegraph lines. When might was right throughout a region extending over nineteen hundred miles, from St. Joseph to the Gulf of Mexico, the stage ran the gauntlet of road agents and Indians, and bones, many of them human remains, grined up at the traveler unexpectedly as he crossed the plains; when to be "quick on the trigger" was worth more to a man than all the wealth of the culture, and all the courage of the world.
Dick Hartford looked into the man's face calmly, looked into the muzzle of the pistols, smiled and uttered a single word: "Well?"
"Don't you aggravate me, or I will fire, and serve you right."
"I never flinched in my life. I won't flinch now. What do you want?"
"Throw down your revolver. Now turn round, and if you budge a hair's breadth I'll blow your brains out."
Hartford obeyed. He permitted his hands to be put open. Now then, march. There's a good ground here, plenty of it. It will do you good to stretch your legs. Keep right on to the stump to the left, and mind you, don't stumble, for like as not you'll never get up. There was one fellow stumbled here about six weeks ago, and he never got higher than his knees. I'll show his bones 'dreckly."
"Was it a lie, a threat? Hartford cursed himself for refusing to listen to the advice of the conductor of the stage who warned him to beware of the road agents. He had answered that he would take the risk. He desired to see for himself. He had stories told of the robberies and murders on the route were true. And he was learning.
"A little faster, stranger. My horse is reether restive, and besides, Jim Porter would like to see you."
The road was unbroken, but the dust was stifling, and it blew from the horses' feet to the captive. The captive kept his head up, and strode on.
"Rough, isn't it? Now, I suspect you came out to capture some one. Like as not Jim Porter?"
"No response from the captive.
"They do say there's a party looking for us. Porter is anxious to see them. This year's a good-stand. Never thought to meet ye this way. Got tired ridin', I suppose. Thought you'd lay over, do up a little business, and take next stage. Now, I never knew a man to lay over that didn't run it. There was a man from Illinois laid over about three months ago. Had some instruction. I reckon he'd furnish a regiment of Vigilantes with cunning. Kind o' sauntered out of some town you left an hour ago, but he had some company. He wasn't such a fool as you. And his company went back on him. Shot him through the spine, then tickled his ribs with a knife. He was a powerful, active Vigilante, was the company. He was too much for the Illinoisan."
"Just as you were too much for me,"
"I like you places now. You do keep a stiff upper lip. But I'll be all day with you the moment Porter claps eyes

on you. He makes short work of spies. I reckon that's your line."
The captive did not reply. At that moment he thought of some one. A mighty thro'—wrenched from him by that one thought of home. His wife and child, his boy that he would never see again. It was hard. He had played a bold game and he had lost. The Vigilantes and his league with the road agents. He had been outwitted. The stage company would be short another man, and the road would be under tribute as before. His plans, so carefully concealed in his own breast, were known to the murderous gang. Perhaps in less than a month he would be dangling at the end of a rope. He half turned as he thought of the end.
"None o' that, unless you want your early pill, in which case I'm bound to accommodate ye. Porter didn't say we were to run risks. He did like a friendly chat and had seemed to promise as dry as a leek."
"I'll make you an offer."
"I'll fight you fair, like a man. Tie one arm down, give me a pistol, and let us take shot about, you the first."
"I'll allow you two to one."
"I see you can allow most anything, but unless you move right on, and keep movin', I'll make short work of ye."
A coyote rose slowly from a sage brush, looked at them sneakingly over his shoulder, then trotted slowly away. A noisome bird of prey rose slowly from the carcass of a mule, flapped its wings lazily, sailed slowly through the air, then settled down upon a rib that protruded from the sand. The sun's rays poured down upon the plain until the dust and sand seemed to shimmer with feverish heat. And, to crowd all, the captive suddenly experienced the agony of excessive thirst.
A faint sound in the distance arrested his attention. Was that not the sound of horses' feet? What if it should prove to be his friends—the Vigilantes? Impossible. His morning stroll was unknown to them. The sound came nearer and nearer to him. Then he observed 'or the first time a rocky defile further to the left, as though a chasm lay there, or a stream chiselled out its course across the plain. Now there could be no mistaking the sound. The steady trot of horses' feet and the clinking of spurs could be heard. Suddenly half a dozen horsemen swept around a low rock, at sight of whom the captive grunted.
"Here's Captain Jim. Mind your manners, for he's the perillest man you ever met."
The captive shivered. When a boy he was detected in an act that brought upon the wrath of the teacher of the school in the New England village he would never see again. The eagle eye of the Vigilante singled him out from a covey of misdeeds, and he shivered as he felt that the punishment awarded incorrigibles was unavoidable. But he braced himself, walked out promptly to the middle of the floor the moment his name was called, and to his lasting surprise, was let go with a mild rebuke.
"You were moved to admiration. Dick Hartford braced himself for the most desperate gang of miscreants that ever levied a tax upon the travelers who crossed the plains. This was the man he had dreamed of circumventing. The case was reversed.
The road agents rode forward without order, and surrounded both horseman and captive.
"What have you got, Barham?"
"Make your bow. It's captain Jim," said Barham. Then to Captain Jim's query: "That's for you to find out. I obey orders."
"What a magnificent front the captive presented. His gaze was as clear and steady and level as though he were looking right through Captain Jim, away beyond the ranche, and off to the mountains in the distance.
"What have you got to say for yourself, anyhow?" Captain Jim asked, his face clouded still more as he met the unflinching gaze of the captive.
"Nothing," replied the captive, as he walked in front of the leader.
"You are locked up, and the keys lost," said Captain Jim, sneeringly. "I think it best to perform his mission, as a mind to send Ben Halliday your care. No, I'll send him your heart. This trip's a failure, and Ben ought to know it. If you won't talk—"
"I'll die first!" The words were flung at him so passionately that even Captain Jim was moved to admiration. "I know all about it," he said, "and I'll show you the die it is, then!" exclaimed one of the gang.
"You are seven to one," said Hartford.
"We are in the majority mostly," said Jim. "But I'll give you a chance. You are plucky. Now, what does a milkmaid do for a reward? I'll give you us, share and share alike, and we give you excitement, and opportunity to show the stuff you are made of."
"To make one of a gang of murderers who are afraid to cope man to man," said the captive.
"One of the gang at that moment levelled his pistol at Hartford's head. But the leader ordered him to keep his fire until there was need for it. "Let us do this thing in order," said Captain Jim, as the man on his cheek became livid, then a dull red. "We'll ride down to the old place and pull him up like a dog. You got what was on him?" to Barham. Barham nodded. There was not a word said further. The party rode on perhaps twenty minutes, when the defile deepened, narrowed, and the rocks shut over the horsemen's heads. Then at a word from Jim the men dismounted, and, as if by magic, they were one of the most aristocratic clubs in the city. On the day of a bull-fight, he sends a messenger to his wife after each of his performances in the arena, the destruction of six bulls being his usual task, and twice he has been brought home seriously injured. Francisco took part in the late bull-fight before the king and queen, and his costume was literally covered with diamonds. Most interest was felt, however, in the amateur matadors cavalry officers chosen by the different provinces, and who showed themselves fully as skillful as the professionals.

A Royal Marriage Procession.

A correspondent in Madrid who witnessed the recent marriage of the King of Spain to the Princess Mercedes, describes the marriage procession in the following terms: "The procession was headed by the 'almirantes and tumbales' of the palace. The tumbales were carried on horseback, one on either side of the horse, and covered with tapestry that bore the unmistakable stamp of antiquity. They were beaten from time to time by a quaintly-attired attendant who walked beside the horse. Then came the heralds, richly dressed, with bronzed faces over their shoulders, then a number of *Palafreneros*, and these were followed by twenty led horses, some with saddles and others with side-saddles, all with rich, strange housings. A part of the royal guard came next, and after these the ambassadors in their respective carriages, all in state, and after these many of the Spanish aristocracy, in their magnificent state carriages, used only on such occasions. I noticed that of Medinaceli—coachman, footmen and outriders in embroidered gowns, and the ladies in their magnificent dresses of ostrich feathers plumes on their heads; that of the Duke of Alba, with blue and white livery and plumes; that of the Duke of Seville; that of Fernan Nunez, and of the newly-created Duke of Santona. Next came the Duke of Infantia Cristina. Her carriage was drawn by six horses, with white and crimson ostrich plumes; it was preceded by two outriders, and two gentlemen-in-waiting rode beside the carriage. Next came the Count and Countess of Paris; their carriage was also drawn by six horses with outriders as well. And next came the young infantes in a beautiful blue and gilt carriage drawn by six cream-colored horses, with pure white ostrich plumes. This carriage looked for all the world as though it had come straight from fairy-land, for what with its being all of white and blue outside, with horses that looked like magnified kittens, and inside all white, pink and blue tulle, snowy blonde veils, huge bouquets of natural flowers and sweet young faces with great blue eyes, nothing more exquisite could be imagined. Next came, with the same number of horses and outriders, the carriage of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, who were accompanied by their son, Don Antonio, and daughter, Dona Cristina. The Princess of Asturias came next, accompanied by her father, Don Francisco de Asis, in a magnificent carriage drawn by six horses with white and crimson plumes, and preceded by four outriders.
Then followed the empty carriage which always precedes the royal carriage on state occasions. This carriage was drawn by eight horses. And last of all, the superb tortoise-shell and silver-gilt state carriage, lined with white satin and looking like an immense *bonbonniere*, and in it came the royal bride and bridegroom. The eight horses that drew the carriage were pure white, and the immense clusters of ostrich feathers on their heads pure white, the harnesses scarlet and gold, and the mounted jockeys in scarlet and white uniforms.
The number of bones in the framework of the human body is 246; sixty-three of which are in the head and face, twenty-four in the ribs, sixteen in the wrists, fourteen in the ankles, 108 in the feet and hands, there being in each foot a little more than five inches long, and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,792,000 times per year, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 ounces per hour, 15,744 ounces per day, 5,712,000 ounces per year. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweat-pores, each of which can secrete as much as a drop of sweat in a day. The food of man is regulated by his own experience which agrees or disagrees with him. The average time of the stomach for digesting mixed diet is three hours and a half. Exercise, cleanliness, and a cheerful and contented spirit are Nature's best medicine for sound health and long life.
Fashion Notes.
New velvet mufflers are edged with black lace.
Leg-of-mutton sleeves have been revived.
The novelty for bonnet trimming is dyed grobe.
The out-away jacket supercedes the polonaise.
Neigesse, or snow gauze, is the novelty for ball dresses.
Richly beaded and bonnets will be worn almost to the exclusion of other styles. Spring styles proclaim the fact that everything is headed.
Exquisite pearl fringes and headings are shown for trimming hats and bonnets.
Spring wraps, called "Mantellets," are square in the back, with long ends in front.
Ivory and felt gays are the new shades for dress goods, ribbons and hats for the coming season.
Summer mantles are of coarse black velvet, entirely covered with rows of narrow black lace.
Summer dresses are to be trimmed with embroidered bouces in the Russian colors, red, black, blue and yellow.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Early Vegetables.

TOMATOES.—Sow in hot-beds in March; when two inches high transplant into pots or another bed, and attend them carefully until all danger of frost is past, then transplant them permanently into a warm situation, fully exposed to the sun. Support with brush to keep the fruit off the ground. Pinch the ends off, to hasten ripening. After the fruit has begun to set.
LETTUCE.—Sow in hot-beds for early use, in February, and for general successive crops sow every two or three weeks in the open ground, commencing as early in the spring as the ground can be worked. Cover the seed one-quarter of an inch deep, in a well-prepared bed, or in drills. Water liberally in dry weather. Thin out and transplant to one foot apart into the richest soil, for heading. The more rapid growth the better quality.
CARTELOTTES.—For general crop, sow the seed in hot-beds in March or beginning of April; for late crop, sow in the open ground in May. Transplant into rows two and a half feet apart, leaving two feet distance between the plants. Cultivate as cabbage. Aid the growth by liberal watering, and protect from the sun by breaking its leaves over the head when in flower. Cauliflower succeeds best in a deep, rich, moist soil. One ounce of seed produces about 2,000 plants.
CEREALS.—Sow seeds in hot-beds, or very early in the open ground, half an inch deep, in drills one foot apart. Transplant when three inches high into rich soil, finely pulverized, four inches apart. Water and protect until well rooted, then transplant into rows five or six feet apart, either on the surface or into well-manured trenches, a foot in depth, using thoroughly-rotted manure. Set the plants from eight to twelve inches apart, then give a good watering. To branch them earth up two or three times during the season. In general crop, the ground has become warm, in very rich soil, in hills four or five feet apart each way, elevating the hills a little above the ground. Put eight seeds in each hill; having buried some warm, well-rotted manure therein, cover half an inch deep with fine soil and lightly press the earth over the seeds with the back of a hoe. Keep the ground loose and clear of weeds; in dry weather water occasionally. Thin out, leaving four or five plants in each hill, when insect dayer is past. Sprinkle with plaster, soot or air-slacked lime to protect from insects. A warm location is most suitable.
CABBAGES.—Sow early varieties in hot-beds from February till April, thin out the plants to hasten development, and admit plenty of air. The later varieties are sown in May, for general crop in the open ground. Transplant when six inches high, into well-manured soil during the month of June, if sufficiently developed. For early kinds, one and a half to two feet each way between the plants, and two and a half feet apart for the late varieties, are the respective proper distances. Transplant before a shower, or in moist weather, giving each plant water occasionally, when needed, at the root. The ground must be well worked to produce good heads. Hoe often and draw the earth up around the plants. Cabbage should not follow cabbage or turnip successively.—*Boston Globe.*

Cultivation of the Pea Crop.

In a reply to a query in regard to raising peas, presented to the Elmira (N. Y.) Farmer's Club, the following reply was elicited from R. D. Button, of Madison county, N. Y.: "Peas are raised in this section of the State on the ground in the best of order for what. The yield will vary with the soil, frost bushes being a large yield. In preparing the land I aim to fall plough and fit with cultivator in the spring; although the best crop I ever raised was on corn stubble, spring ploughed. Peas are better if drilled but can be sowed broadcast on the furrow if rolled afterward. Peas like a fine, dry loam or sandy soil best, but will thrive well on a clayey soil, if well fitted. I never have threshed peas with a machine, as it splits them badly, and sheep will not relish the straw as well as if threshed with the flail. If the vines are very luxuriant sheep will not eat them very closely; but if cut before all of the top pods have grown white, sheep will not only eat, but relish the straw exceedingly. If the straw is fed at night sheep will cur it more than if in the morning or at noon. We have been troubled with bugs which sting the peas while yet soft, leaving small eggs, which are hatched; the worm feeds upon the pea, leaving but a thin shell by the following spring. This is obviated by early sowing, so as to have the maturity of the pods so hard by the time the fly arrives at maturity that it is impossible to pierce them. If the season be backward and this cannot be done, very late sowing will secure the same result. Good crops have been raised when sown as late as the fifteenth or twentieth of May, and a quantity of seed will depend on the soil. If it is very fine and rich, sow one and one-half bushels to the acre; an ordinary soil, two; and on very poor, three bushels, or, better still, not any."
Things Not to Do.
Never believe much less propagate an ill-report of a neighbor without good evidence of its truth; never listen to an infamous story handed to you by a man who is inimical to the person defamed, or who is himself apt to defame his neighbors, or who is wont to sow discord among brethren and excite disturbance in society. Never utter the evil which you know or suspect of another, till you have an opportunity to expostulate with him. Never speak evil of another while you are under the influence of envy and malevolence, but wait till your spirits are cooled down, that you may better judge whether to utter or suppress the matter.

REFORMING A THIEF.

A Novel Method Put in Execution by a Tennessee Merchant.

A certain prominent grocery firm in this city had been missing little articles quite frequently of late, and suspicion fixed upon a certain young man, who visited the store often in passing, occasionally making small purchases. They agreed to watch him the next time he came in, one partner outside and one inside, until he had been in for three weeks or more; still the articles disappeared and the young man made his visits; though he had never been seen taking anything. One day last week the partner who was watching from the outside, pretended to be reading a newspaper, and by looking over it, caught him in the act. The inside partner collared him and led him back to the rear to counsel him.
"Now," said the merchant, "you have been stealing from me for several weeks, and I want to know how much you think you owe me? Be honest about it; you have been both clerk and customer."
The young man stated the amount he considered justly due, and was anxious to pay it.
The merchant said: "Well, sir, you know the law doesn't allow a man to steal, and you must take your choice, to pay me all you owe me and submit to a whipping, or go to the penitentiary. Which will you do? You are young and may be reformed, and I don't want to disgrace you publicly, but I feel that you would do a great deal to let you go without a whipping to remind you of it."
The young man said he would receive the whipping and pay up; while he appreciated the kind motives of the merchant he would like very much to have the whipping omitted. The merchant invited him to walk down in the cellar and see what a fine stock was stored there. When they reached the bottom and the door was closed, the young man said:
"You won't whip me, will you?"
The merchant said he certainly could not do otherwise and satisfy his conscience.
"What are you going to whip me with?"
"That piece of board," replied the merchant, pointing to a strip some three inches wide.
"Back yourself across that chicken-coop, and I'll do my solemn duty, young man. It's a serious matter, and I am truly sorry to have to do it, but my conscience requires it."
The customers heard a noise for about a minute that they mistook for some one knocking the bung out of an empty barrel or splitting kindling. After a good, heavy stroke the merchant let him up.
"How do you feel now, young man?"
"I feel very bad, sir; very sorry."
"I, too, feel very bad, and I think you had better get down on your knees, and ask God to forgive your sins."
The young man prayed a feeling prayer, and shed copious tears of repentance.
When he arose the merchant said:
"How do you feel now?"
"I feel better," said the young man.
"Then, in order to impress this occasion on your mind, and that you may never forget the cause of it, I just bled over that chicken-coop again a minute."
He bent over, and the sound of splittling stove-wood was heard again—ten more.
Then when he got up he wanted to cry, but the merchant insisted that it was too serious a matter for that, and suggested that he lead in prayer again. The young man complied, and he had so much improved in that style of composition that the merchant released him.
"Now," said he, "you are a young man, you are respectable, and more in respectable circles; you have kind and honorable parents; this would disgrace you and them if made public; you have submitted to the chastisement and repented; pay me what you owe and go your way, and I'll never molest you, and I'll not molest you." He went, but he hasn't paid the money yet. This style of reformation for young men beats the penitentiary. He did not live in Jackson.—*Jackson (Tenn.) Sun.*

White Hair.

"Is it possible for a person's hair to turn white in a short time?" There are so many instances now on record that there ought to be no longer any doubt upon the subject. In the late Arctic expedition nearly every man's hair became gray, and in some cases white, but assumed its natural color when the men returned to lower latitudes. In many cases the human hair is said to have turned gray from grief, extreme care, or sudden fright. During an outward passage to Australia (says a correspondent) the ship was in suffered greatly in the British Channel; twice we were nearly wrecked, having lost three anchors and two cables. The pilot who had charge was constantly on watch, only snatching a few minutes' sleep here and there, as opportunity afforded. On the whole, he had a very anxious time indeed, and when he eventually left the ship off the Isle of Wight he certainly looked twenty years older. I thought his hair had decidedly turned gray; this may, however, have been only imagination, and therefore ought rather to be considered as an impression than actual fact. Within the last few months a fresh case of the possibility of the color of hair changing has come under my notice. An old gentleman, aged eighty-nine, residing in my immediate neighborhood, lately died. For many years his hair has been perfectly white, but a few days before his death some of his hair became black, giving the appearance of his having black hair and black hair. Here it is interesting to note that in his younger days his hair was light. After the death of this gentleman the tips of his hair for about an inch assumed the original color, becoming white again. I have heard of another instance where after death the hair turned from white to black. Dogs seem to be affected with regard to their hair in like manner as human beings. I lately read of a case where a black Newfoundland dog became gray in a few weeks, and the writer declares that the only cause for this sudden conversion was grief.

Items of Interest.

A green grocer—One who trusts.
There are 2,000 barber shops in New York and 7,500 barbers.
A little boy will never willingly relinquish any of his cakes except his spank-aches!
A 200-pound bear can hug a new pork barrel to splinters, which takes a pressure of 1,000 pounds.
A Buffalo sparrow recently carried off a whole lamp-wick in his beak, and he had to beak-wick about it.
Many poor families keep a goat. If they are denied the luxury of bread, they always have their butter.
One of the saddest incidents of the recent German royal marriage was the Prince of Mecklenburg Schwerin.
A cur Chinese aphorism suggests that one day's work was worth three to him who does everything at the proper time.
"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information of the brain."
The French artillery having discarded bronze ordnance for steel breech-loaders, England is the last country which clings to the bronze muzzle-loaders.
Nilson asks six hundred dollars a night to sing in Paris during the exposition, and the manager of the Grand Opera House is not eager to sign the contract.
The seedless orange of Brazil is the best in the world. It cannot be shipped on account of the thinness of its skin, and will not grow anywhere in the United States.
The position of the English women engaged in Russia to teach, says a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is one of comfort and dignity. They are handsomely paid and courteously treated.
"Ma! did you know corn could walk?" "No! my boy, I never heard such a thing." "You didn't? Well, corn stalks." "Nurse, give Johnny some ipecac, and put him to bed."
As a party of gentlemen and ladies were climbing to the top of a monument one day, lately, a gentleman remarked: "This is rather a spiteful flight of steps." To which a lady replied: "Yes, precisely," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.
PATHOS DEEP.
Fathoms deep may drift the snow,
It may hail, and it may blow.
I'll my windows groan and shake,
For that I never will make,
For, while in my breast I bear
My darling's image, I am here.
—From the German of Browne.
The death of Cardinal Broens-Saint Marc and the elevation of Cardinal Pecci to the pontifical throne reduce the numbers of the Sacred College to sixty-two. According to the Roman proverb, cardinals always die in threes, and during the last two years, at least, the truth of the saying has been attested in a remarkable manner.
A citizen of Elkton, Md., recently had a dog that behaved in a very peculiar manner. He supposed that the animal was getting hydrophobia and shot it; but a post-mortem examination revealed a snake ten or twelve inches in length coiled around the animal's liver, and would, no doubt, in a short time have caused the animal's death.
"Gentlemen," said an auctioneer, who was selling a piece of land; "it is the most delightful piece of land; it is the easiest land to cultivate, it is so light, so very light. Mr. Parker here will corroborate my statement. He owns the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it's very easy to work, but it's a plaguy sight easier to gather the crops."
The Real Hero.
In 1793 the Prussian officers of the garrison of Colberg established an economical mess, of which certain poor immigrants were glad to partake. They observed one day an old major of hussars, who was covered with the scars of wounds received in the Seven Years' War, and half hidden by enormous gray mustaches. The conversation turned on duels. A young stout-built cornet began to prate in an insouciant tone on the subject.
"And you, major, how many duels have you won?"
"None, thank Heaven," answered the old hussar, in a subdued voice; "I have fourteen wounds, and Heaven be praised, there is not one in my back; so that I may be permitted to say that I feel myself happy in never having fought a duel."
"But you shall fight one with me," exclaimed the cornet, reaching across to give him a blow.
The major, agitated, grasped the table to assist himself in rising, when a unanimous cry was raised:
"Don't stir, major!"
All the officers present joined in seizing the cornet, when they threw him out at the window, and sat down again at the table as if nothing had occurred.
A Feline Nurse.
Calling at a farm house the other day, says a writer in an English paper, I was told I was just a day too late to see a very wonderful sight—a cat nursing some little chicks. It appears the cat had a family of dead kittens a few days before, and the same morning some five or six chicks were hatched. As there were others to come out, the lady of the house took the just hatched chicks into the house till all were hatched, and placed them before the fire in the sitting-room, or, as we say here, the keeping-room. Puss, greatly to the horror of the good lady of the house, took a great fancy to them, and would not be kept away from them. Wishing to see what would take place the owner allowed her to come near, when she began to stroke them down with her paw in the most affectionate and tender manner, and, after awhile, lying down, gathered them well under her. There she lay all the day; in the evening they were taken from her, but the next day she did the same; but the third day, fearful of accidents, they were taken away from her and put under their proper mother, who had now hatched out her whole brood. I wonder what puss would have done with them?