

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

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Five.

With a tors of his curly head.

The great God up in heaven

"But a week is so long !" he said,

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1878.

NO. 7.

his shanty he's been makin' the chips fly. But what gets me is, that the pile don't seem to come down," said Whisky Dick to his neighbor.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven !--Seven whole days ! Why, in six, you know (You said it yourself-you told me so), Made all the earth and the sea and skies, The trees and the birds and the butterflies ! How can I wait for my seeds to grow?" "But a month is so long !" he said, With a droop of his boyish head. "Hear me count-one, two, three, four-

Four whole weeks, and three days more , Thirty-one days, and each will creep As the shadows crawl over yonder steep : Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie Watching the stars climb up the sky ! How can I wait till a month is o'er ?" "But a year is so long ! he said, Uplifting his bright young head. "All the seasons must come and go Over the hills with footsteps slow-Antumn and winter, summer and spring ; Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling Over the chasm deep and wide, That I might cross to the other side,

"Ten years may be long," he said, Slow raising his stately head. "But there's much to win, there is 'much

Where she is waiting -my love, my bride !"

lose ; A man must labor, a man must choose, And he must be strong to wait ! The years may be long, but who could wear The crown of honor, must do and dare! No time has he to toy with fate Who would climb to manhood's high estate

"Ah ! life is not long !" he said, Bowing his grand white head. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven !--Seven times ten are seventy. Seventy years ! As swift their flight As swallows cleaving the morning light Or golden gleams at even. Life is short as a summer night-How long, O God ! is eternity !"

-Harper's Bazar.

Two Saints of the Foot-Hills. BY BRET HARTE,

It never was clearly ascertained how long they had been there. The first settler of Rough-and-Ready—one, Low, playfully known to his familiars as "The Poor Indian "—declared that the saints were afore his time, and occupied a cabin in the brush when he " blazed " his way to the North Fork. It is certain that the two were present when the water was first turned on the Union Ditch, and then and there received the designation of Daddy Downey and Mammy Downey, which they kept to the last. As they tottered toward the refreshment tent, they were welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by the boys; or, to borrow the more refined language of the Union Recorder, "Their gray hairs and bent figures, recalling, as they did, the happy paternal eastern homes of the spectators, and the blessings that fell from venera-ble lips when they left those homes to st of the Golden Fleece on Occidental Slopes, caused many to burst into tears." The nearer facts that many of these spectators were orphans, that others had enjoyed a State's guardianship and discipline, and that a majority had left their paternal roofs without any embarrassing preliminary formula, were mere passing clouds that did not dim the golden imagery of the writer. From that day the Saints were adopted as listorical lay figures, and entered at once into possession of uninterrupted gratuities and endowment. It was not strange that, in a country largely made up of ambitions and reckless youth, these two-types of conservative and settled forms-should be thus celebrated. Apart from any senti-ment or veneration, they were admirable foils to the community's youthful progress and energy. They were put for-ward at every social gathering, occupied prominent seats on the platform at every public meeting, walked first in every procession, were conspicuous at the frequent funeral and rarer wedding, and were godfather and godmother to the first baby born in Rongh-and-Ready. At the first poll opened in that precinct, Daddy Downey cast the first, and, as was his custom, on all momentous occa sions, became volubly reminiscent. "The first vote I ever cast," said Daddy, "was for Andrew Jackson ; the father o' some on you peart young chaps wasn't born then, he! he!-that was 'way long in '33, wasn't it ? I disremem-ber now, but if Mammy was here, she bein' a schoolgal at the time, she could But my memory's failin' me. I'm an old man, boys; yet I likes to see the young go ahead. I recklect that thar vote from a suckumstance. Squire Adams was present, and seein' it was my first vote, he put a goold piece into my hand, and, sez he, sez Squire Adams, 'let that always be a reminder of the exercise of glorious freeman's privilege !' He did ; he ! he ! Lord, boys ! I feel so proud of ye, that I wish I had a hundred votes to cast for ye all." It is hardly necessary to say that the memorial tribute of Squire Adams was increased tenfold by the judges, inspec-tors and clerks, and that the old man tottered back to Mammy, considerably heavier than he came. As both of the rival candidates were equally sure of his vote, and each had called upon him and vote, and each had caned upon him and offered a conveyance, it is but fair to presume they were equally beneficent. But Daddy insisted upon walking to the polls—a distance of two miles—as a moral example, and a text for the California paragraphers, who hastened to record that such was the influence of the foot-hill climate, that "a citizen of Rough-and-Ready, aged eighty-four, rose at six o'clock, and, after milking two cows, walked a distance of twelve miles to the polis, and returned in time to chop a cord of wood before dinner." Slightly exaggerated as this statement may have been, the fact that Daddy was always found by the visitor to be en-gaged at his wood-pile, which seemed for the purposes of liniment. gaged at his wood-pile, which seemed neither to increase nor diminish under

"Well, you fool !" growled his neigh-bor; " 'spose some chap happens to pass by thar and sees the old man doin' a by thar and sees the old man doin' a man's work at eighty, and slouches like you and me lying round drunk, and that chap, feelin' kinder humped, goes up some dark night and heaves a load of cut pine over his fence, who's got anything to say about it? Say?' Certainly not the speaker, who had done the act sug-control upor the penitert and supersful gested, nor the penitent and remorseful hearer, who repeated it next day. The pies and cakes made by the old woman were, I think, remarkable rather

The pies and cakes made by the old woman were, I think, remarkable rather for their inducing the same loyal and generous spirit than for their intrinsic excellence, and it may be said appealed more strongly to the nobler aspirations of humanity than its vulgar appetite. Howbeit, everybody ate Mammy Dow-ney's pies, and thought of his childhood. "Take 'em, dear boys," the old lady would say; "it does me good to see you eat 'em; reminds me kinder of poor Sammy, that, of he'd lived, would hev been ez strong and big ez you be, but was taken down with lung fever at Sweet-water. I kin see him yet; that's forty year ago, dear ! comin' out o' the lot to the bake-house, and smilin' such a bean-tiful smile, like yours, dear boy, as I handed him a mince or a lemming turn-over. Dear, dear, how I do run on ! and those days is past ! but I seems to live in you again !" The wife of the hotel-keeper, actuated by a low jeal-ousy, had suggested that she " seemed to live off them," but as that person tried to demonstrate the truth of her state-ment by reference to the cost of the met cost of the ment by reference to the cost of the material used by the cild lady, it was considered by the camp as too practical and economical for consideration. "Be-sides," added Cy Perkins, " ef old Mammy wants to turn an honest penny in her old age, let her do it. How would you like your old mother to make pies on grub wages, eh ?" A suggestion that so affected his hearer (who had no mother) that he bought three on the spot.

The quality of these pies had never been discussed but once. It is related that a young lawyer from San Francisco, dining at the Palmetto restaurant, pushed away one of Mammy Downey's pies with every expression of disgust and dissatisfaction. At this juncture, Whisky Dick, considerably affected by his favorite stimulant, approached the stranger's table, and, drawing up a chair, sat uninvited before him.

sat uninvited before him. "Mebbce, young man," he began gravely, "ye don't like Mammy Dow-ney's pies?" The stranger replied curtly, and in some astonishment, that he did not as a "le ut theat yie."

rule, "eat pie," "Young man," continued Dick with

drunken gravity, "mebbee you're ac-customed to Charlotte rusks and blue mange; mebbee ye can't eat unless your grub is got up by one o' them French cooks? Yet we-us boys yar in this camp-calls that pie-a good-a com-pe-tent pio !"

them "Well, boys, I've got just the biggest the Saints had climbed to their meridian stranger again disclaimed uldn't hev believed it !" thing but a general dislike of that form should together decline. The first shadow fell with the immigration to "It ain't thet ghost ag'in ?" growled Robinson, from the depths of his armof pastry. "Young man," continued Dick, utter-Rough-and-Ready of a second aged pair. chair ; " thet ghost's about played." ly unheeding the explanation,-"young The landlady of the Independence Hotel "Wot ghost ?" asked a new-comer. man, mebbee you onct had an ole-a had not abated her malevolence toward "Why, ole Mammy's ghost, that every feller about yer sees when he's very ole mother, who, tottering down the Saints, and had imported at considerable expense her grand-aunt and grandhe vale o' years, made pies. Mebbee, half full and out late o' nights.' and it's like your blank epicurean sou!, uncle, who had been enjoying for some "Where?" ye turned up your nose on the ole wo-man, and went back on the pies, and on years a sequestered retirement in the poor-house of East Machias. They "Where? Why, where should ghost be? Meanderin' round her grave her! She that dandled ye when ye woz a baby,—a little baby ! Mebbee ye went were indeed very old. By what miracle even as anatomical specimens, they had been preserved during their long jouron the hill yonder, in course." "It's suthin bigger nor thet, pard, back on her, and shook her, and played said Dick, confidently; "no ghost kin rake down the pot ag'in the keerds I've ney was a mystery to the camp. In some respects they had superior memooff on her, and gave her away-dead away! And now, mebbee, young man ries and reminiscences. The old man-Abner Trix-had shouldered a musket got here.' This aint no bluff !" -I would'nt hurt ye for the world, but mebbee, afore ye leave this yar table, "Well, go on I" said a dozen excited voices. YE'LL EAT THAT PIE !". in the war of 1812, his wife, Abigail, The stranger rose to his feet, but the had seen Lady Washington. Dick paused a moment, diffidently, Whether it was jealousy, distrust or muzzle of a dragoon revolver in the un-steady hands of Whisky Dick, caused with the hesitation of an artistic racor timidity that oversame the Saints, was never known, but they studiously deteur. him to sit down again. He ate the pie, "Well," he said, with affected deliband lost his case likewise, before eration, "let's see! It is nigh onto an clined to meet the strangers. When di-Rough-and-Ready jury. Indeed, far from exhibiting the cyn-ical doubts and distrusts of age, Daddy Downey received always with child-like. hour ago ez I was down thar at the rectly approached upon the subject, Daddy Downey pleaded illness, kept himself in close seclusion, and the Sunshow. When the curtain was down hetwirt the ax, I looks round fer Daddy. No Daddy thar! I goes out and asks some o' the boys. 'Daddy was there a minnit ago,' they said ; 'must hey gone home.' Bein' kinder responsible for day that the Trixes attended church in delight the progress of modern improve ment and energy. "In my day, long back in the twenties, it took us nigh a the school-house on the hill, the triumph of the Trix party was mitigated by the fact that the Downeys were not in their home,' Bein' kinder responsed and goes the old man, I hangs around, and goes a passage leadweek -a week, boys-to get up a barn, accustomed pew. "You bet that Daddy and Mammy is lying low jest to ketch and all the young ones-I was one then -for miles 'round at the raisin'; and out in the hall and sees a passage lead-in' behind the scenes. Now the queer them old mummies yet," explained a Downeyite. For by this time schism yer's you boys-rascals ye are, toothing about this, boys, ez that suthin in and division had crept into the camp; the younger and later members of the settlement adhering to the Trixes, while rons up this yer shanty for Mammy and my bones told me the old man is thar. me 'twixt sun-up and dark ! Eb, eh, you're teachin' the old folks new tricks, I pushes in, and, sure as a gun, I hears his voice. Kinder pathetic, kinder are ye? Ah, get along, you !" and in playful simulation of anger he would the older pioneers stood not only loyal pleadin', kinder-" to their own favorites, but even, in the "Love-makin'!" broke in the impashake his white bair and his hickory staff at the "rascals." The only indicatrue spirit of partisanship, began to seek for a principle underlying their personal feeling. "I tell ye what, boys," tient Robinson. "You've hit it, pard,-you've rung the bell every time! But she says, 'I tion of the conservative tendencies of observed Sweetwater Joe, "if this yer camp is goin to be run by greenhorns, and old pioneers, like Daddy and the rest of us, must take back age was visible in his continual protest wants thet money down, or I'll against the extravagance of the boys, "Why," he would say, "a family, a hull family-leavin" alone me and the and here I couldn't get to hear the rest. And then he kinder coaxes, and she says, sorter sassy, but listenin' all the time,-women like, ye know, Eve seats, it's time we emigrated and shoved out, and tuk Daddy with us. Why, they're talkin' of rotation in old woman,-might be supported on and the sarpint !- and she says, 'I'll And he says, 'You what you young rascals throw away in a see to-morrow.' And he says, 'You won't blow on me?' and I gets excited and peeps in, and may I be teetotally blamed ef I didn't see......" single spree.' There was little doubt that the old offiss and of putting that skeleton that couple were saving, if not avaricious. Ma'am Decker sets up at the table to But when it was known, through the in-discreet volubility of Mammy Downey, take her boarders' appetites away-into the post office in place o' Daddy." And, indeed, there were some fears of such a "What ?" yelled the crowd. that Pappy Downey sent the bulk of their savings, gratuities, and gifts to a "Why, Daddy on his knees to that conclusion; the newer men of Roughthere dancer, Grace Somerset! Now, and-Ready were in the majority, and wielded a more than equal influence of wealth and outside enterprise. "Frisdissipated and prodigal son in the East if Mammy's ghost is meanderin' round, -whose photograph the old man always carried with him-it rather elevated him why, et's about time she left the ceme tery and put in an appearance in Jack-son's Hall. Thet's all !" in their regard. "When ye write to co," as the Downeyite bitterly remarked, "already owned half the town." The old friends that rallied around Daddy "Look yar, boys," said Robinson, rising, "I don't know ez it's the square and Mammy were, like most loyal friends in adversity, in bad case themselves, and thing to spile Daddy's fun. I don't object to it, provided she aint takin' in the old man and givin' him dead away. But were beginning to look and act, it was ez we're his guardeens, I propose that we go down thar and see the lady, and find out ef her intentions is honorable. observed, not unlike their old favorites. At this juncture Mammy died. The sudden blow for a few days seemed If she means marry, and the old man persists, why, I reckon we kin give the young couple a send off thet won't diso reunite dissevered Rough-and-Ready. Both factions hastened to the bereaved Daddy with condolements, and offers of aid and assistance. But the old man grace this yer camp! Hey, boys?" It is unnecessary to say that the proposition was received with acclamamay be premised that Daddy Downey received them sternly. A change had come over the weak and yielding octowas strictly temperate. The only way he managed to avoid hurting the feelings genarian. Those who expected to find him maudlin, helpless, disconsolate, shrank from the cold, hard eyes and tion, and that the crowd at once departed on their discreet mission. But the result was never known, for the next morning brought a shock to Rough-and-truculent voice that bade them "be-gone," and "leave him with his dead," Even his own friends failed to make "Next to snake-oil, my son," he would truculent voice that bade them "be-gone," and "leave him with his dead." Even his own friends failed to make him respond to their sympathy, and were fain to content themselves with his cold intimation that both the wishes of his dead wife and his own instincts were against any display, or the reception of any favor from the camp that might tend to keep up the divisions they had innothe same time making pies, seemed to give some credence to; the story. In-deed, the wood-pile of Daddy Dowr ey was a standing reproof to the indolent and sluggish miner. "Ole Daddy must use up a pow'ful sight of wood; every time I've passed by to keep up the divisions they had inno-

Praised by the lips of distinguished report, fostered by the care and sus-tained by the pecuniary offerings of their fellow citizens, the Saints led for two years a peaceful life of gentle ab-sorption. To relieve them from the embarrassing appearance of eleemosy-nary receipts—an embarrassment felt more by the givers than the recipients —the postmastership of Rough-and-Beady was procured for Daddy, and the duty of receiving and delivering the

duty of receiving and delivering the United States mails performed by him, with the advice and assistance of the

with the advice and assistance of the boys. If a few letters went astray at this time, it was easily attributed to this undisciplined aid, and the boys them-selves were always ready to make up the value of a missing money-letter and "keep the old man's accounts square." To these functions presently were added the treasureships of the Masons' and Odd Fellows' charitable funds—the old man being far advanced in their re-spective degrees—and even the posi-tion of almoner of their bounties was superadded. Here, unfortu-nately, Daddy's habits of economy and avarisions propensity came near nately, Daddy's habits of economy and avaricious propensity came near making him unpopular, and very often needy brothers were forced to object to the quantity and quality of the help extended. They always met with more generous relief from the private hands of the brothers themselves, and the re-mark "that the ol" man was trying to set an example...that he meant well ".... set an example-that he meant well, and that they would yet be thankful for his zealous care and economy. A few, I think, suffered in noble silence, rather than bring the old man's infirmity to the

public notice. And so with this honor of Daddy and Mammy, the days of the miners were long and profitable in the land of the foothills. The mines yielded their abundance, the winters were singularly open, and yet there was no drouth nor lack of water, and peace and plenty smiled on the Sierrean foot-hills, from their

highest sunny upland to the trailing falda of wild oats and poppies. If a certain superstition got abroad among the other camps, connecting the fortunes of Rough-and-Ready with Daddy and Mammy, it was a gentle, harmless fancy, and was not, I think, altogether rejected by the old people. A certain large, patriarchal, bountiful manner, of late visible in Daddy, and the in-crease of much white hair and beard, kept up the poetic illusion, while Mammy, day by day, grew more and more like somebody's fairy godmother. An attempt was made by a rival camp

to emulate these paying virtues of rever-ence, and an aged mariner was procur-ed from the Sailor's Snug Harbor in San Francisco, on trial. But the unfort-San Francisco, on trial. But the unfort-nuate seaman was more or less discased, was not always presentable, through a weakness for ardent spirits, and finally, to use the powerful idiom of one of his disappointed foster-chi dren, "up and died in a week, without slinging ary blassica."

blessin'. But vicissitude reaches young and old alike. Youthful Rough-and-Ready and

mind. His harmless aberration was accepted and treated with a degree of intelligent delicacy hardly to be believed of so rough a community. During his wife's sudden and severe illness, the safe containing the funds intrusted to his care by the various benevolent asso-ciations, was broken into and rob-bed, and although the act was clearly attributable to his carelessness and preoccupation, all allusion to the fact was withheld from him in his severe mind. bere and there detached out conuse and practical information.
"Yes, gentlemen, you are right, Mrs. Downey is not dead, because there wasn't any Mrs. Downey! Her part was played by Geo. F. Renwick, of Sydney — a 'ticket-of-leave-man,' who was, they say, a good actor. Downey? Oh, yes! Downey was Jem Flanigan, who, in '52, used to run the troupe in Australia, where Miss Somerset made her debut.
Stand back a little, boys. Steady! 'The money?' Oh, yes, they've got away with that, sure! How are ye, Joe? Why, you're looking well and hearty! I rather expected ye court week. How's things your way?"
"Then they were only play-actors, Joe Hall?" broke in a dozen voices.
"I reckon!" returned the sheriff, coolly. practical information. was withheld from him in his severe in affliction. When he appeared again before the camp, and the circumstances were considerate explained to him with it the remark that "the boys had made it all right," the vacant, hopeless, unin-telligent eye that he turned upon the speaker showed too plainly that he had forgotten all about it. "Don't trouble the old man," said Whisky Dick, with a burst of honest poetry. "Don't ye see his memory's dead, and lying there in the coffin with Mammy." Perhaps the speaker was nearer right than he imag-ined. They took various means of diverting was withheld from him in his severe

then performing in the town. The result of the visit was brief-ly told by Whisky Dick. "Well, sir, we went in, and I sot the old man down in a front seat, an d'kinder propped him up with some other of the fellers round him, and there he sot as silent and awful ez the grave. And then that dancer, Miss Grace Somerset, comes in, and blame my skin, if the old man didn't git to trembling and fidgeting all over, as she cut them pidgin wings. I tell ye what, boys, men is men, way down to their boots—whether they're crazy or not! Well, he took on so—that I'm blamed if at last that gal herself didn't notice him ! and she ups, suddenly, and blows him a kiss-so! with her fingers !" Whether this narration were exagger-ated or not, it is certain that old man ated or not, it is certain that old man Downey every succeeding night of the performance was a spectator. That he may have aspired to be more than that was suggested a day or two later in the following incident. A number of the boys were sitting around the stove in the Magnolia saloon, listening to the onset of a winter storm argingt to the onset of a winter storm against the windows, when Whisky Dick, tremulous, excited and bristling with rain

KANCID BUTTER. —Butter that has be-come rancid may be restored by washing it thoroughly in good new milk, and then working it over with cold spring water. Butyric acid, which, when pres-ent, causes rancidity, is soluble in fresh milk, and can be removed in the manner foundations. On the third day the sheriff of Cala-veras—a quiet, gentle, thoughtful man —arrived in town, and passed from one to the other of excited groups, dropping here and there detached but concise and stated.

CANNED CIDER.—Cider may be pre-served for years, by putting it up in air-tight cans, after the manner of preserv-ing fruit. The cider should be first set-tled and racked off from the dregs, but fermentation should not be allowed to commence before canning. To SASH HOLDERS, -- Window sashes

nay be retained at any desired height, may be retained at any desired height, by boring three or four holes in the side of the sash, and inserting into them common bottle corks, leaving them to project about the sixteenth part of an inch. These will press against the win-dow frame and hold the sash at any height required.

CAMPHON ICE.-Melt slowly together white wax and spermaceti, each one ounce; camphor, two ounces, in sweet almond oil, one pound. Next, triturate

Then allow one pound of rose water to flow in slowly during the operation. Then perfume with attar of rosemary,

one drachm.

The journal of the French Statistical Toads in the Garden. Toads in the Garden. Many persons have a loathing of these really interesting, if not handsome, little animals of the genus Bufo (*Bufo* vulgaris). The toad is perfectly harm-less, and is often useful in gardens by feeding on noxious insects. One writer gives it as his opinion that they are worth more per head to the horti-culturist than chickens, even allowing that chickens did not scratch. Dr. Harris tells a very interesting story of Society publishes some curious statistics Society publishes some curious statistics concerning the Popes which may not be without interest. Pins IX. was the 252d Pope. Of these fifteen were French, thirteen Greeks, eight Syriaus, six Ger-mans, five Spaniards, two Africans, two Savoisiens, two Dalmatians; England, Portugal, Holland, Switzerland and Canada furnishing one each; Italy provided the rest. Since 1523 all the Popes have been selected from Italian Cardinals. Seventy Bishops of Rome, belonging, with very few exceptions, to the epoch preceding the establishment of the temporal power, have been proclaim-Harris tells a very interesting story of these insect devourers, which we think ought to put the reader in good humor with them. He supposed the odor of the squash bug would protect it from the toad, and to test the matter he offerthe temporal power, have been proclaim-ed saints. The last ten centuries have seen nine Popes judged worthy by the Popes themselves of being sanctified. ed one to a grave looking Bufo, under a cabbage. He seized it eagerly, but spit it out instantly, reared upon his hind legs and put his front feet on top of his head for an instant as if in pain, Of the 252 Pontiffs, not including St. Peter, eight died within a month of their elevation to the Popedom, fortytheir elevation to the Popedom, forty-eight within a year, twenty-two were seated between one and two years, fifty-four from two to five years, fifty-seven from five to ten years, fifty-one from ten to fifteen years, eighteen from fifteen to twenty years, and nine more than twenty years. Pius IX., in the years of his Pontificate, surpassed in 1874 all the Bornen Pantific screent the Specific hard. of his head for an instant as if in pain, and then disappeared across the garden in a series of the greatest leaps a toad ever made. Perhaps the bug bit the biter. Not satisfied with this Dr. Harris hunted up another toad which lived under the piazza, and always sun-ned himself in one place in the grass. He offered him a squash bug, which he took and swallowed, winking in a very satisfied manner. Twenty other fine Roman Pontifis except the Spanish anti-Pope, Benedict XIII, of Luna, who, elected at Avignon in 1394, died at Pope, Benedict XIII., of Luna, who, elected at Avignon in 1394, died at Pensacola, near Valencia, 1424. In utes, with no difficulty or hesitation in taking or swallowing, though, from the a very great number of his predecessors. wriggling and contortions, it appeared There died at the age of over eighty-two their corners did not fit well within. years Alexander XIII. (1689-91) and Horse Stables. Pius VI. (1775-99); at eighty-three years, Paul IV. (1555-59), Gregory XIII. (1575-85), Innocent X. (1644-55), Benedict XIV. (1740-58), Pius VII. Dark stables are an abomination and should not be tolerated. There is no necessity to sacrifice comfort, either in winter or summer, to secure enough al value are entirely ignored by its pres-(1800-23); between eighty-four and eighty-six years, Paul III. (1534-49), Boniface VIII. (1294-1803), Clement X. light. A horse's eyes are enlarged—the pupil of the eye is—by being kept in a A popular dark stable. He has the harness put on 1670 76), Innocent XII. (1691 1700), him, and suddenly brought out into the etween ninety and ninety-two years; bright, glaring sunlight, which contracts the pupil so suddenly as to cause extreme John XII., Pope of Avignon (1316-34), Clement XIII, (1730-40), at the age pain. of 100 years. dark, take a walk some dark night for a short time, till the eye becomes accus-

Items of Interest. The more suits at law the less suits go on your back.

A Kansas newspaper offers a premium for the best poem on mud. France smoked 150,000,000 cigars last

year, and 182 tons of cigarettes.

In 1872 there were thirty-two circus shows on the road. This year there are but thirteen.

This is a world of second-hand goods. Every pretty girl has been some other fellow's sweetheart.

Rice is more largely grown and con-sumed as human food than any other cereal. It is said to be the main food of one-third of the human race.

Chicago has 2,800 liquor saloons for her 500,000 inhabitants, giving one saloon for every 178 people, or one to every thirty-five adult males.

The number of children lost daily in the city of New York is very large. Over

the city of New York is very large. Over thirty found temporary quarters at the police central station one day recently. It costs just six cents to paste a printed slip on a postal card and send it through the mails. The sender con-tributes one cent and the receiver the other day other five.

Josh Billings says lasting reputa-shuns are a slow growth. The man who wakes up famus sum morning iz quite apt to go to bed sum night and sleep it all off.

In a New York druggist's window a placard announces: "Ladies afflicted with pale, faded eyes can now have them tattooed black, brown, or dark blue with India ink.

In Kentucky vagrancy is punished with involuntary servitude, and a colored offender was sold on the block at auction for six months to the highest bidder at

Hickman, in that State, the other day. It is when a man is carrying a pound of honey on one arm, and a bag of eggs on the other, and leading a bulldog by a string, and attempts to brush a fly off his ear, that he feels no man can be an expert in all things.

Queen Victoria has seven palaces, Three in London--Buckingham, St. James, and Kensington. Her out-of-town palaces are at Windsor, at Osborne, Isle of Wight, and at Balmoral, in the Scottish Highlands.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart But has some bird to cheer it; So Hope sings on in every heart, Although we may not hear it. And if to day the heavy wing Of sorrow is oppressing, Ferchance to-morrow's sun will bring The weary heart some blessing.

Dr. C. B. Eddy of Finchville, Ky., who has recently imported from Canada a drove of Berkshire hogs, has erected for them the finest pen in the country. It is made of heavy stone, and through it runs a hallway six hundred feet long, traversed by a stream of water. Per-fect light and ventilation have been secured, and the entire cost has been \$20,000.

A fanatic Mussulman at Constantinople attributes the Sultan's disasters to the fact that Baron Tecco, a former min ister of Italy in that capital, fraudulently purchased for a mere song the Prophet's sacred flag and sent it to Turin. The flag certainly is in the possession of the Royal Museum of that city, but its sacred character and magic-

coolly. "And for a matter o' five blank years," said Whisky Dick, sadly, "they played this camp !"-Scribner's Magazine. They took various means of diverting his mind with worldly amusements and one was a visit to a traveling troupe, Nationalities and Ages of the Popes.

drops and information, broke in upon

become indispensable. When the medi-cal practitioner refuses to increase the doses, the patient unable to sleep or

A Ferocious Alligator.

Morphiomania.

In the Norman river, Australia, the tomed to the darkness, then drop sudalligators are so numerous and daring that they will not leave the steamers' denly in some well-lighted room, and you will scarcely be able to see for a few moments in the sudden light. A dark path until they are actually disturbed by the motion of the floats. As the stable is invariably a damp one, and steamer Pioneer was on its voyage, a Kanaka belonging to the vessel was such stables we are not yet willing to put either a valuable or working horse in. Give good ventilation, let the sun-shine and the air have a chance to effect standing on the margin of the river unfastening a rope, when he was charged by one of these terrible saurians. The an entrance, and your stables will be people on board who saw the danger cried out to alarm the man; but before purer and more healthy. Fat Horses.

he could make his escape the alligator There is a tendency at this season to seized him by the thigh. The unforfeed too much grain and get the horses tunate man threw his arm round some too fat. This is done at the expense of mangroves, and so held on until assistmuscle, because an animal kept conance came from the steamer. Six men stantly at work will not get "hog fat," luickly seized him, and then there was the food going to furnish tissue and muscle used up and destroyed. Not so horrible trial of strength between human muscles and the jaws of the alliwith an animal kept in a stall and given gator. The captain struck the brute a no exercise, except, perhaps, that ob-tained while being led to water. The amount of grain fed should be reduced, blow on the head with an axe, which forced him to let go his hold, and the wictim was dragged away. Thealligator, however, made another charge up the bank, but was repelled with difficulty by repeated blows of the axe. The poor of the yard every day. If only given Kanaka's leg was taken off below the their liberty occasionly, they are liable knee. Medical assistance was near at hand, but the excessive loss of blood able animals have been lost by rupture or a fall obtained through giving exer-cise to exuberant animal spirits.rendered recovery hopeless. The man died within fifteen minutes after he had reached the doctor's dispensary.

Western Stock Journal. Feeding Fowls.

In a state of nature fowls run over Morphiomania has become a great great extent of ground before they get a crop full. They pick up their food grain by grain, and with it small pieces of dirt, blades of grass and other things secourge in Berlin since the introduction of opium injections as a relief from bodily suffering and sleeplessness. Trades-people, merchants, judges, barristers, soldiers, students, doctors and clergythat all help digestion. Placed before the fowls in boxes filled with grain, the men become the victims of the habit, birds do in five minutes that which and when the medical attendants are called in it is too late to counteract the should be the work of two hours; they eat a greedy fill, and, suffering unnatevil. At first, these sub-cutaneous in- ural evil. At first, these sub-cutaneous in-jections offer the quickest and easiest means to allay pain and bring rest to the sufferer. But to prove effectual in its cure, the treatment must be continued for a certain time; and during that period the patient becomes so accustom-bad practice of throwing down the food repletion they have recourse to

period the patient becomes so accustom-ed to these skin injections that they in heaps.

Spralas Between the bones of the ankle and the wrist there are muscles. When by

rest without the calming injection, procures the necessary instruments and applies the remedy himself. Sometimes, also, even after the patient has been cured without any undue doses, and when he should dispense with the opinm injections, he delays doing so under the plea that they make sleep and rest so well. In fact, when once these sub-

cutaneous injections have begun, they can rarely be left off. Like drink, the appetite for them increases antil chronic drunkenness ensues.

A popular doctor of Utica while escorting a lady home the other evening, attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in To see just how it is to face a her mouth. No relief was experienced bright light after having been in the and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a pantaloon button with a note saying he must have given her the wrong kind of troche, and might need this one.

A fearful catastrophe occurred at Parma, Italy. An artillery officer and six men were trying to uproot an old horsechestnut tree by the use of dynamite in the public promenade when, owing to the officer's carelessness, an explosion occurred, killing the officer, two soldiers, two children and another person, and wounding sixty-three. Among the seri-ously wounded were four noblemen and several gentlemen who were out for an afternoon walk, and were attracted to the spot from curiosity to see the experiment.

OF FLOWERS.

There were no roses till the first child died, There were no roses til the first child died, No violets, nor balmy-breathed Leart's-case, No heliotrope, nor, buds so dear to bees, The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-syed And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide, Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas, Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze breeze

breeze Runs gid ty races playing seek and hide. For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise. And all the world was flowerless awhile, Until a little child was laid in earth ; Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes, And from its lips rose-petals for its smiles, And so all flowers from that child's death

took birth. --Maurice F. Egan in Scribner.

The ancients had neither pen, ink, pencil, nor paper; but their needs were small and their necessities of publication slight, so that their primitive methods sufficed. They cut upon stone, and sometimes blackened the letters after entting; more generally and longest, they used a scratching implement called the "stylus." For materials, they had bronze, brass, leaden sheets, palm-leaves, skins, bark of trees, tablets covered with a thin sheet of wax, and as convenient as the modern slate for ensure, and the layers of the stalk of the papyrus. The brittle papyrus would not endure folding, and so the book was a continuous rell.

There is no nationality on the face of the globe that can compare with the Chinese as vegetable gardeners, with the exception of the Italians. The gardens of the latter south of this city are marthe wrist there are muscles. When by accident these are drawn out of their places, what we call a sprain is produced. When one is aware that he has suffered this species of derangement, the first thing to be done is to keep the part in-jured perfectly still, and by no means use it in the least. The muscles left to themselves will return to their places gradually. Hops steeped in vinegar and applied hot to the injured part will quiet the anguish and restore wholeness. But more important than any applica-tion is perfect quiet. vels of order and economy. This nation-