#### VOL. VIII.

## RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1878.

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### To-Day and To-Morrow. When thou art by, I know not why, I love thee, but I love thee not so deeply;

But when thou'rt gone, And I'm alone, I marvel that I held thee then so cheaply.

Thy smile and talk, Thy glance, thy walk,

In vain regret I picture and remember; As well I might Recall the light

Of June smid the darkness of December. Ab. crnel fate! That all too late We learn the golden value of our pleasure

That it must go Before we know Yow passing sweet it was to have our

Preverse are we,

Too blind to see That idle memories only lead to sorrow. Enjoy to-day,

While yet you may; Why wait until to-day becomes to-morrow?

—Ethund Whitehead Housen.

## Tramp's Revenge

A great, fertile hollow, in the midland hills, and one man owned it all. Five hundred acres of level and upland, field and forest; and well might Milly Van Viecck complain that she could not even visit a neighbor without climbing over the hills.

But old Squire Van Vleeck had no

use for neighbors.

Was not the land his own, and the homestead and the sawmill itself, half-

way down the hollow? Such barns !

Such barns!

Why, the biggest of them had scarcely a rival in the county. There was twenty feet of sheer fall, between the mows, packed as they now were with tons of clover and timothy.

What did he or his need of neighbors?

Not much perhaps but that fall

Not much, perhaps, but that fall, when his ambition goaded him to reach out for the civic honors he deemed the rightful due of so much land and for-est, saw-mill and crops, and all that, he suddenly discovered that the people in the other hollows and on the hills and in the villages, all had neighbors of their

Such a snub they gave him !

No wonder the grim old squire went back to his ample homestead and growled at his patient wife, and even at Milly, in spite of her gentleness and her beauty, and behaved himself, generally, like the old bear he had grown

The first heavy snows came earlier than usual and the cold weather brought with it immunity from the one thing the squire hated most,

Not a tramp had been seen in the

hollow for weeks, and no man troubled himself to ask whither they had flown. All the more, however, that bitter afternoon, did the old man's angry soul stir itself within him when he met, at imen of the abhorred race that the whole season had brought before him.

If other tramps had sometimes borne only the seal of misfortune or of common vagabondage, this one was clearly and undeniably a chosen vessel of vice

and crime. Plenty of bone and muscle had he, and the very swing and spring of his slouching gait proclaimed that no lack of mere physical capacity had made him what he

Can a tramp have in him anything like energy? The squire would have said "No." at any time before he gave that roving rufflan so large and so acrid a piece of

his mind and temper.

He had scarcely dreamed of such change as his words produced. There was some magic in them stirring

up evil into a power. The begging whine swelled into a volume of hoarse and strident vituperation. The relics of a mind glowered fiercely through the hairy, flithy face. The whole hulking frame seemed to quiver as the tramp strode away, with the meaning of the threats and curses with which the air was blue behind him.

Fear is a bitter ingredient to put in the cup of anger, and Squire Van Vleeck was in even a worse humor than usual, ten minutes later, when a somewhat fine-looking young man reined in his horse at the gate, and seemed about to spring from his sleigh.

"Good morning, squire,"
"Don't stop, Gil Morse! Drive right on !" roared the old man. "Don't stop agin anywhere in this holler. Yer father's son needn't quit the road anywhere on my land. Et it hed't a been for him, I

might a had the nomination.' More than that he said; but while the young man's face deepened to a hot crimson, he controlled his temper sufficiently to give his horse the reins and do as he was bidden without another

A tall, strongly-built, broad-shoul-dered youth was Gilbert Morse, and a year in a city business-house had made none the less a man of him. His greeting at the squire's had been clearly altogether unexpected, and he pulled his horse to a walk, a moment later, as if he wanted to give the matter some kind of

How he would have driven if he could have looked along the road ahead of him, just beyond where it entered the hemlock-woods!

Distant as were her neighbors, Milly Van Vleeck was too robust and healthy-minded a young lady to remain housed up, even in winter weather, and she had ver looked rosier or prettier in all her never looked rosier or prettier in all her life than she did that afternoon, as she tripped along the frosty road home-ward.

Away beyond the sawmill, and into the woods she had been, almost aimlessly, in sheer exuberance of youth and high spirits, never dreaming of such a possibility as danger there and then. Down the road she was coming, and the frosty snow that crackled under her

light feet was not more innocent or fearman in the road ! It might be Jake, her father's sawmill hand, or it might be one of the farmboys, or it might be neither, should she care?

And yet, as that man drew nearer, Milly walked more slowly, and her beart began to beat, she could not have She could see him more distinctly

She could see him more distinctly now, and never had her eyes fallen on anything like that before.

"I almost wish I had the dogs with me she said to herself with a shudder, "What a horrible looking man. I thought the tramps were all gone."

More and more slowly walked Milly, for, as the hideous human form drew nearer, a pair of blazing, hungry, wild-beast eyes gloated fiercely and triumphantly were has the county the methal lake.

antly upon her through the matted locks hung from under the battered felt on his head.

felt on his head.

"A darter of his, I reckon," growled the tramp. "It's all the same, anyhow; some rich man's gal."

A wild scream burst from Milly's whitening lips, and she tried to spring past him; but his long arm caught her as she went by and in an instant her. as she went by, and in an instant her shawl was wound around her head.

"No more screechin'," growled the hoarse, deep voice, "though there's no-body nigh enough to hear ye," Nobody?
Then why was it that the lash had fallen so suddenly on the good horse Gilbert Morse was driving, just beyond

he turn in the road? A scream from vigorous lungs goes far in frosty weather, and the whip fell

more than once.

Milly struggled hard, even in that grasp of iron, but her strength was failing fast, when a wild, angry shout rang down the road, and the tramp loosed

his hold for a moment.

"Don't meddle, youngster," he began, as a flercely plunging steed was pulled up in a flurry of snow at the roadside.

The answer came from the loaded end of a whip, square between his eyes. A thinner skull might have been

cracked by it, and, even on his brazen forehead, the blow brought him to his Milly Van Vleeck was free, and she almost instinctively bounded into the

cutter. There was no room to turn and Gilbert Morse gave his trotter the reins, for he saw the tramp was feeling among his rags for something which might have danger in it. He longed to stay and finish his work with his loaded whip, but there was Milly.
"Ob, Gil!" she exclaimed, "how shall

"The saw mill road," he replied; "the track has probably not been broken, but the snow isn't deep."

"Yes, but it has," said Milly. "They were hauling logs, yesterday,"
"Safe enough, then," said Gil. "But
ain't I thankful I came along, just

"Did father tell you I was out this way? I knew you would come to see me first thing. And how you have im-

proved!"
Milly's excitement was taking a form that could not be unpleasant to her companion; but a deep cloud was settling on his face, notwithstanding, and she checked herself suddenly to ask him: "But what can be the matter? He did not hurt you, did he?'

" No. but your father has, Milly. cannot stop at your house. Your father has forbidden me. Something between him and mine, about the election. When we get to the gate you can get out and go in. Perhaps he'll get over it soon, and I don't want to make him any worse just now."

A wise young man was Gilbert Morse in spite of his Milly's all but tearful pre testations, for the sight of his daughter returning home in such company aroused old Squire Van Vleeck to the

uttermost. It was even an aggravation that Gill so deftly pulled up just long enough for Milly to jump out, and then raised his hat so politely to her father as he drove

away. So choked with wrath, indeed, was the bitter old man that he could not find words to express himself, and, before he had recovered his utterance, Milly was rapidly recounting to her mother her awful peril from the tramp, and the gal-lant manner in which she had been res-cued by Gilbert Morse.

The squire could not help listening.

although it seemed a good deal like a romance at first.

But Milly had bruises to show, as well as her torn shawl and disordered dress, and in a moment more the old man was striding up and down the room like a

tiger in a cage.
"On my own land! in my own woods! My own daughter!" he gasped at intervals; and then stopped in front of her, with: "Did you say Gil Morse knocked him down? "Yes, father."

"And saved ye?" "Yes, father; and he brought me home in his cutter."

"And I drove him away like a dog or a tramp this very afternoon!" roared the squire, "I'll drive them all away. I'll shoot 'em on sight, They'll burn me out of house and home next.

Milly's mother had her arms around her, almost hysterically, but her excitement was calmness itself compared to the almost ludicrons frenzy of the old

Lack of love for his own had never been charged upon him, whatever were his other faults. The events of the afternoon had not.

moreover, been of a sort to induce any unusual quietude.

His expected supper and evening at Squire Van Vleeck's having been so unceremoniously put out of the question, his afterthoughts equally forbade an immediate drive home, for that would be ten miles at least

ten miles at least. Just over the hill, and less than three miles from the Van Vleeck homestead, was a pleasant country hostelry, and there Gil naturally betook himself for

supper and horse-care.

This attended to, he said to the land lord, an old acquaintance:

"Al, can you keep a secret?"
"Did, once," replied Al.
"Then lend me your shotgun," said
Gil, and, with the request, he added an
account of his exploit on the road and
the differences between himself and the

squire. "Can't go to the house, "Can't go to the house, you see, Al, but I'm bound to know if that rascal is daughter this afternoon?" asked the loafing around there,"

could get away," almost shouted the landlord. "Gun? Yes, two on 'em if you want. I wish my wife wasn't sick. It won't do for you to arrest him all alone, and without any warrant, but try alone, and without any warrant, but try come chance to fill him full of buck-

Morse began to retrace, on foot, the road he had so recently driven over, for the moon was not yet over the hills, but he felt all the better for having the double-barreled duck-gun over his shoulder.

"Better than a pistol for night-work," he said to himself, He did not keep the road up to the homestead, but made a detour through the woods and came out beyond, not far

from the saw-mill.

"Better go on toward the main road,"
he muttered: "it's early yet, and he's
likely to come in from that direction."

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, a moment
later, as he stood among the sheltering shadows of a clump of trees, "three of 'em. The big fellow's the same one. They're making straight for the sawmill. Bent on mischief not a doubt of

There was no earthly reason for any sort of doubt.

The big tramp had met his two asso-ciates, returning from an expedition somewhat more successful than his own, and they had promptly agreed with him that the circumstances called for the infliction of the extreme penalties known to the laws of their guild.

It was already getting well into the evening, and rural retiring hours are notoriously early.

Not that slumber was likely to come

very promptly to the Van Vleeck family that night, though the squire had calmed down a good deal and was unusually silent. Mrs. Van Vleeck had kept very close

Mrs. Van Vleeck had kept very close to her daughter all the evening, and had taken the precaution to bring the two dogs, both large ones, into the house.

The dogs and the family might be the safer, but how about tramps?

The big rufflan, as has been said, was not without some traces of a vicious intellect and the safer.

intellect, and was quite competent to be the leader of a little affair like that, "Set the saw mill first," he said. "All the men folks 'll start for it to put it out. Then the barns, to call away the resl, and we kin work the house quick and get to the woods and over the hills

So they could, indeed, if no mishap came in to interfere.

The house-folks must be in bed now. A match, some kindlings and bits of wood, on the opposite side of the saw mill from the house—nothing easier

than to start a fire.

''Now, boys, for the big barns. We kin wait there till this 'uns well a-go-They made a run for it, but the only reason they were not more closely pursued, or even fired upon, was that Gilbert Morse deemed it his duty to stop and scatter the growing blaze behind the saw mill. It was not hard to do, although the fire was beginning to come although the fire was beginning to come up very well when the desperadoes left

I the snow, and there was not a trace of it in three minutes after he got there. But those three minutes! The big barn was better than either of the small ones, because further from the house and more easy of entrance. It contained no horse, and was not even

The three tramps were inside quickly enough, and the big one climbed one of the high mows.

"Better light it up here," he said to his friends below. "They can't get at it to put it out. Say when. Is the saw ill well a-going?"
"Can't say edzactly," growled one of

the smaller ruffians, peering through the door. "And there's a feller runnin' crost the field."

"Here goes then!" exclaimed the leader, as he caught up a wisp of hay and scratched a match. "Now, boys, I'm coming. Make for the shed. work it."

A slippery thing is a hay-mow, and nucertain footing in the dark. Instead of coming down as he went up, the big tramp found himself sliding, sliding helplessly into that twenty-foot gulf be-

tween the two mows.

In vain he grasped at the dry timothy and clover, he did but scatter his lighted wisp among the tinderish masses he pulled down with him in his fall.

Down in a half stunned heap, with vast pile of kindling hay on top of him, to choke and stifle him with its smoke as he limped about in the suffocating darkness and vainly groped for a way to

escape. Bang, bang! One of the smaller tramps went down amid a storm of leaden pellets, but the other reached the shed just as the door of the house swung open, and the two mastiffs bounded out to see what might

be doing there. Squire Van Vleeck and his "hands, old and young, were out in the shortest order, and the female part of the house-hold were not far behind them; but it

was too late to save the big barn, what-ever might be done for the others. Well for the squire's pockets that he had built them some distance apart. As for Gilbert Morse he was calmly reloading his old duck gun when the "I'm going in a minute," he remarked, coolly. "Don't be in a hurry. I've

ed, coolly. "Don't be in a hurry. I've put out the fire at the saw mill, and I think I peppered the fellow lying there by the shed. If I'd been a little quicker might have saved the barn." "So you've been out here this winter night lookin' out for my property, hev ye?" said the half-bewildered squire. "The barn's gone, and no mistake; but we kin save the others."

The old squire was just the man to be steadied by an actual calamity; but, while his "hands" were doing what little could be done in the way of a fire department, he strode straight for the two

tramps.

The one who had been in the way of the buckshot would never answer any more questions, but the one the dogs were holding down gave some informa-

Where's the man that attacked my squire, sternly.
"In the barn," replied the tramp.

TIMELY TOPICS.

dogs were taken off, and the man was tied up.

"Oh, Gil, come into the house," were the pleasant words that came to the young man's ears, as he stood looking at the tramp he had shot.

"Not till your father asks me," was the half-haughty response.

"Don't be a fool, Gil Morse, just because I am," growled the old man. "Do as Milly tells you, now and hereafter. Go right in. We'll take care of things for ye for a while; but I reckon it'll all be yourn one of these days."

And so Gilbert Morse did not go back to the hostlery that night, and when, a few months later, at the trial of the captured tramp, he was asked, "Are you in any manner connected with Squire Van Vleeck?" he manfully responded:

"He is my father-in-law."

But nothing more was seen of the big

But nothing more was seen of the big tramp, not a relic of him, until they re-built the great barn the following spring. — W. O. Stoddard, in Hartford Times.

Miss Lee and a Naples Landlord. A letter from Naples to the Columbia (S. C.) Register says: Miss Mary Custis Lee, a daughter of General Robert Lee, arrived here a few days ago, in company with some lady friends from Malta, who registered at the Hotel Royal des Etranwith some lady friends from Malta, who registered at the Hotel Royal des Etrangers. It appears that during the night of the 8th the mosquite bar around the bed ignited accidentally from a candle which Miss Lee had lighted. In a few moments the flames spread and caught the lace curtains, and the room was soon enveloped in flames, which Miss Lee heroically endeavored to suppress, but without success, and fearing that the hotel might be burned she gave the alarm of fire, which soon was heard by some gentlemen who were occupying rooms on the same floor, when ex-Judge Samuel W. Melton and Mr. A. W. Clark, of Columbia, S. C., were the first who came to the rescue of Miss Lee, and succeeding in saving her money and valuable jewelry from the flames. The morning following the fire Miss Lee expressed her willingness to pay all damages, though the fire had occurred from accident. The proprieter, taking advantage of the lady, demanded 2,000 francs, which was a preposterous and enormous charge of the damage. The friends of Miss Lee at once demurred to this charge. The American consul, Mr. this charge. The American consul, Mr. Duncan, at this place was exceedingly kind and protested against the payment of any such sum. The proprietor, now being foiled in his disgraceful effort to overcharge for damage occurring from accident, became insolvent and spoke in a manner which reflected upon Miss Lee. The insult was quickly resented. Mr. Clark, of Columbia, S. C., struck him over the head with an umbrella. In

are on our knees.

storm is raging.

n our own light.

was able the first.

what they will.

exposition of it,

numbler and wiser.

not their own hearts.

who finds peace in his home.

After crosses and losses men gro

He is happiest, be he king or peasant

The praises of others may be of use in

eaching us not what we are but what

Do nothing in thy passion; why wilt

Most of the shadows that cross our

oath through life are caused by standing

A man may say a thing twice if he says it better the second time than he

Good counsels observed are chains to

grace, which, neglected prove halters to strangle undutiful children.

Our passions are like convulsive fits.

which though they make us stronger

or the time, leave us the weaker ever

Health is the only riches that a man

ought to set a value on; for without it

all men are poor, let their estates be

Whatever you would not wish your

neighbor to do to you do it not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere

"The goodness which struggles and

battles and goes down deep and soars high, is the stuff of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and

kept pure. It is the seed which bears

fruit in martyrs and makes men noble

than their nature-and demi-gods and

A Piece of Impudence.

Professor Johnson, of Middletown University, was one day lecturing before

University, was one day lecturing below the students on mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of speci-

mens of various sorts to illustrate

the prophets of a better time.'

Karl Piloty, the great historical painter, recently heard from a brother artist that Dr. Trettenberg, an old phycician of seventy-three, Piloty's friend for many years, had said that the attempts on the emperor's life were the legitimate fruits of the emperor's massacres in 1848, when he was in command of the Prussian troops. The painter denounces the physician, who was sentenced to eight months' detention in a fortress, which at his age is next thing to a sentence of death. When Piloty a few moments the proprietor was sur-rounded by a number of Italians, who were clerks, waiters and attaches of the hotel, but they were met by Judge Melr.. Mr. to a sentence of death. When Piloty D. A. P. Jordan, of South Carolina, appeared in court he was hooted and and Dr. I. B. Roberts, of Georgia, who, by their courage and determination,

caused them to stampede and call for the police. A large crowd soon assem-bled about the hotel. The proprietor was denounced by Colonel Sloan for his The total area of Denmark, says an English exchange, is 6,900,000 acres; 5,200,000 acres are under cultivation, of conduct toward Miss Lee, and chal-lenged him to go into the garden and which 300,000 have been added during the last ten years. The area is divided into more than 200,000 different properanswer for the same with swords or pistols, which the proprietor declined to ties, of which 170,000 are each owned by a different proprietor; and out of 280,000 families not living in the towns accept. It would be well for Americans to avoid this hotel when coming to Words of Wisdom. The great are only great because

other alarms.

only 26,000 are cottagers. It will thus be seen that in Denmark, as in France, the soil is divided among a number of small proprietors, and not, as in Eng-land, accumulated in a few hands. During the last ten years an extraordi-nary increase in the breeding of cattle and a corresponding decrease in the production of grain has taken place. All who know their own minds know I'wo thirds of the imports and exports fall to the share of England and Germany, Sweden and Norway coming next.

may be desired. The completion of the

electric circuit may ring a bell or sundry

# A Mathematical Prodigy.

Gilbert Miller, a lad nine years old iving at Keokuk, Iowa, has recently exhibited most remarkable powers in mathematics, being able to give answers to difficult problems with scarcely any hesitation. He is a strong hearty boy, not overly fond of school, and differs only in this one respect from other children of his age. His parents are averse to any display of precocity and will not allow him to be questioned. But enough has already been elicited to show his wonderful faculty. He probably inherits this gift from his father, Prof. Miller, of the Keokuk Mercantile College, who has long made a specialty of rapid commercial calculations.

We here present a few examples given recently to the lad as a test. The answers were forthcoming at once,

out any apparent effort: Cube 74. Answer-405,228 Multiply 9,876 by 7,117. Answer-70,287,492. Divide 678,632 by 323,

How many times will a clock tick in a year of 365† days? Answer—31,557,-Find the fifteenth term of a geometri-

al progression-first term five, ratio three. Answer-23,914,845. These results were found to be exactly correct. Other questions involving difficult fractions were also given and answered, but we cannot represent them in type. — Birmingham (Iowa) Enter-

Presidential Summer Resorts. A Washington letter says: Presi

A roguish student, for sport, slyly dents John Quincy Adams, Jeffer-son, Madison and Monroe used to go slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The professor was taking up to their respective rural homes for an "outing" during the heated term. Andrew Jackson went down the Potomac to the "rip-raps," a fort on the edge of the stones, one after another, and naming them.
"This," said he, "is a piece of granite; this is a piece of feldspar," etc.
Presently he came to the brickbat. to the "rip-raps," a fort on the edge of the ocean, or rather in it, which was begun in his day and has never yet been finished. Polk, Fillmore and Pierce hired summer residences on Georgetown heights, Buchanan occupied as a sum-mer residence a house at the Soldiers' Home, and his example has been follow-ed in turn by Lincoln, Johnson, Grant and Hayes. changing his tone of voice:
"This," he said, holding it up, "is
piece of impudence."
There was a shout of laughter, and

Habits of the Eskimos.

Let us examine the more immediate environment of the Eskimo-their house. Property on Sixth avenue, New York, has been injured (so it is claimed) to the amount of \$60,000,000 by the elevated Let us examine the more immediate environment of the Eskimo—their house. It is composed of a hillock of turfed earth, of square form, recalling somewhat our military fortifications. It is entered by a low door giving access to a narrow and very low passage, in which the Greenlander himself, notwithstanding his small size, is forced to bend down. The single apartment to which this passage gives access, and the floor of which is lower than the surrounding ground, is ventilated by an orifice in the upper part. It is lighted by two openings on each side of the door and hermetically closed by strips sewn together of a sort of goldbeater's skin made of the intestines of the seal. This kind of immovable glazing sifts into the apartment a sufficient light, but appears from without altogether opaque. The furniture consists of a sort of camp-bed which occupies the entire half of the Herr Stronsberg, the European ex-railroad king, has offered his creditors three cents on a dollar, Their claims amounting to \$16,000,000. An interesting black worm, an inch long, that falls to pieces on being handled, has appeared in Colorado, and taken to boring through the roots of the A young woman residing in the neighborhood of Headley, in England, recently arose in her sleep, and, taking a carving knife from the kitchen, proceeded to the fowl house, where she cut off the heads of six fine cocks and hens. She which occupies the entire half of the apartment, provided with sealskins, and on which the entire family pass the night, after having taken off their day afterwards slaughtered five pet rabbits, and wound up her somnambulistic ex-ploits by mortally stabbing a favorite costume, and put on another more ample dress. On the ground astone basin, said to be of serpentine, the form of which resembles that of a fish, is filled L. D. Atchison, who fell a distance of 200 feet from the trapeze bar of his bal-loon at Elmwood, Ill., being killed inwhich resembles that of a fish, is filled with seal oil, in which are steeped several wicks. The fisme which rises from this vessel gives a sufficient light, and maintains the confined space at a high temperature. The cotton wicks come from Denmark, as also the chemical matches which the Greenlanders constantly was to light their briggroup. loon at Elmwood, Ill., being killed instantly, was a veteran seronaut and acrobat, having replaced Donaldson with Barnum's show. Some five years ago, while exhibiting in Kentucky, his balloon burst at an elevation of 2,000 feet, but he clung to the pieces and escaped with his life, though he was badly interest.

stantly use to light their briar-root pipes, which, with their tobacco, their alcohol, and their coffee, are sent them alcohol, and their coffee, are sent them each year by the Danes.

Their costume is made almost entirely of sealskin. It consists, in the case ef the men, of a shirt (Danish), above which is placed a woolen vest. The pantaloons are of hairy scalskin; the boots, under the pantaloons, of sealskin leather. Gloves of fur, armed, when necessary, with bear's claws, blue spectacles—against the wind and the reflection from the snow—complete the accountement. A Texas, (Mich.) girl tried to get in to a rear window of the school-house the other day, when the sash fell and held her fast about the neck. Several men across the street heard her scream, but across the street heard her scream, but supposed it was children at play, and it was ten or fifteen minutes before she was seen and her unconscious body re-leased. It were long before indications of life was discovered, and several hours before the child regained consciouness. the snow—complete the accourrement. The costume of the women is not wanting in elegance. The hair is raised a la Chinoise on the top of the head, and bould into a sort of vertical chignon, tied by a colored knot. A well-fitting An electric alarm has been recently designed which may be fixed to an ordinary clock. It is so arranged that when the hour hand of the clock touches tied by a colored knot. A well-fitting blouse of European material, trimmed with fur, is provided with a hood, in which the mother carries, when necessary, her latest born, as the opossum does her young. The women wear very tight breeches of sealskin and high boots reaching above the knees; red, embroidered with yellow, after marriage; white, embroidered with green, among unmarried girls. a button an electric circuit is completed; the minute hand passes over the button without effect. There is a series of holes for the different hours, into any one of which the button can be pushed according to the time at which the alarm

inmarried girls.

Their arms consist of bows with which they shoot arrows pointed with bone or iron and similarly made harpoons, which they throw from the hand. When the harpoon is to be thrown into the water it is attached to a cord provided at the other end with an inflated seal-bladder which acts as a buoy and prevents the loss of the wounded animal, which would run away into deep water with their harpoon. Their other apparatus are iron fish-hooks, wooden baits representing fish colored and wave well important to the state of the colored and wave well important to the state of the colored and wave well important to the state of the colored and wave well important to the state of the colored and wave well important to the state of the colored and wave well important to the state of the state of the colored and the colore senting fish, colored, and very well imi-tated. To these we may add cases of skin which they put on the paws of the dogs when the cold is very intense; leathern muzzles to put over the snow of the dogs, smoothing-irons of stone, knives identical with those which irontanners use to dress skins, and intended for the same purpose. This will give au idea of all that the Greenlanders have to

help them to struggle against the inelemency of their native climate. Before concluding what relates to the surroundings, one word about the ali-mentation. The word Eskimo is not the name which they give to themselves. They call themselves Innuit (the men) so true is it that under all climates hu-man vanity prevails. The name Eskimo (eater of raw fish) is a nickname given them by their American neighbors. It is not, however, so well merited now as it was last century, at the time when Crantz observed them. They continue, nevertheless, to eat the lard sent them from Denmark and also the lines of the The rest is eaten cooked, -Na-

Popular Superstitions of the Turks.

The interpretations of dreams gives rise to much cogitation, and furnish frequent topic of conversation for Turks, men and women. Fire means sudden news, as water forecasts a journey. A erson who has a reputation for explaining dreams finds a ready welcome every-where in the East. The Evil Eye is feared by all classes. It is to divert harmful admiration from her own beauty to her ornaments that a Turkish bride decks herself with diamonds pasted on chin, cheeks and forehead; for this that chin, cheeks and forehead; for this that is a willingness to cast asi e the old for she shrouds her face with a glittering the new, and however much we may reveil of thin, copper-colored strips of tin-foil; for this that she sits under the aski —a festconed canopy of artificial green boughs, with bunches of dyed feathers and shining metal balls completing the decorations. It is for this that every Turkish baby has its little muslin skull cap, adorned with a medallion of pearls. And if you happen to say "Ne guzel tchoudjouk!" (What a pretty child!) you are instantly asked to spit in its face or to say "Mash-Allah!" to correct the mischief of your words.

Divination is often made at holy wells, by observing the surface of the water. At Eyoub, the sacred quarter of Stamboul, near the mosque where the sultans are girt with the sword of Osman, in lieu of coronation, is a famous well. It is to be found in the back garden of a poor, tumbled-dcwn house belonging to the Khodja who takes charge of it. It is an ordinary round well, about a yard in diameter. A low coping-stone runs round it, over which the votaries at Dame Fortune's shrine stoop low, to catch, if they may, some image in the depths below vouc for their enlightenment. All Mussulmen, before looking in, reverently hide and stroke their faces with their open hands, and as is their manner in praying for some favor. - Belgravia Magagine.

He stood barefooted on the seashore in the moonlight and turned his poetic ear to catch what the wild waves were saying, but when a wandering crab ap-propriated one of his toes for a tooth-pick, he keeled over and let out the other nine in a shadow dance that just

Items of Interest. "Green pears"-Young married folks. A lazy cook .- One that "fritters'

Rome has 365 churches—a church for

every day in the year. A leading physician says heat is the sole cause of cholera infantum.

"You can't do that again," said a pig to a boy who had cut off his tail.

Why are good resolutions like fainting iadies?—Because they want carrying out. A boy says that when he eats water-melon his mouth feels as if it were in

swimming. Leprosy has made its appearance in the United States on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Why is a philanthropist like an old corse? Because he always stops at the sound of woe.

Two or three centuries ago there were a hundred hospitals for lepers in Eng-land and Scotland. "Here is your writ of attachment," said a town clerk, as he handed a lover

a marriage license. "Maria, I'm almost discouraged. How many times have told I you not to say tater, but pertater?"

Monday I dabbled in stock operations; Tuesday owned millions, by all calculations; Wednesday my Fifth-Avenue palace began; Thursday I drove out a spanking bay span; Friday I gave a magnificent ball; And Saturday "smashed," with nothing at all.

Many a young man's fate has been adversely settled by his porsisting in walking his sweetheart down shady side streets when she expected to be

taken to an ice-cream saloon. The barber is an independent chap, and, like all strapping big fellows, can always hold his hone.—Alta California. Great fellow, though, for getting into scrapes.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Says the New York Commercial Advertiser: "Lightning getteth over a good deal of ground in a very short space of time." But we'll back an American youth against the field when he flops out of the water without stopping to comb his hair, and legs it along the bank with a policeman two lengths behind.— Rochester Union.

The greatest eel-pond in America is on the farm of James N. Wells, in the town the farm of James N. Wells, in the town of Riverhead, Mass. It covers five acres, and is now so full of eels that they can be raked out with a garden rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells put 2,000 dozen of eels into the pond, intending to have them undisturbed for five years. They have increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse feet," a peculiar shell-fish. The eels know when they are to be fed, and the stroke of Mr. Wells' whip against his wagon calls thousands of them up to his wagon calls thousands of them up to dinner, although anyone else may pound away all day without any effect. One of these shell-fish, fastened to a strong cord and thrown into the water, may be drawn out in a few minutes with hundreds of eels clinging to it.

Roses-Their Increase. According to De Prouville, a French writer, there were, in 1814, only 182 varieties of roses, and the advantage of multiplication by seed is sufficiently evinced by the fact that there are now more than six thousand varieties, the poorest of which are much better than any which existed at that day. Among the earliest cultivators of roses from the seed were three Frenchmen-Dupont, Vilmorin and Descemet. The former was the gardener of the Empress Josephine. When the allied armies entered Paris in 1815, the garden of Descemet contained 10,000 seedling roses, which Vibert, in his anxiety to secure from destruction, succeeded in carrying to the

interior. In England very little attention seems at that time to have been paid to the production of new varieties from seed, and the English relied very much upon the continent for their Now, however, they are abundantly re-deeming their reputation, and many fine varieties have been produced by the English rose-growers, at the head of whom stands Rivers, whose efforts are seconded by Wood, Poul, Lane and others. They are still, however, compelled to yield to the French cultivators, for to these we are indebted for our finest roses - for Lamarque, Solfaterre, La Reine, Chromatella, the new white Perpetuals, Souvenir de Malmaison and

The varieties of roses became increasingly great after the introduction of the Bengals, Noisettes, Teas and Bourbons -all these classes producing readily from seed, and in endless variety. There gret this disposition, for some old and truly deserving favorites, we cannot feel willing to denounce it, for it exhibits a gratifying evidence of a desire for improvement, and the existence of a spirit of progress, which, dissatisfied with things as they are, is continually striving after nearer approaches to perfec-tion.—New England Farmer.

# President Polk's Cocktails.

Judge Carpenter, of California, tells this anecdote of James K. Polk's term of the Presidency: Polk was a temper-ate but not abstinent man, of very regular habits. He rose early at the White House, and had his servant bring, pune-tually, a very large cocktail in a tall glass, of which he drank just one-half and left the other half for his return from his morning walk. On this wall he required the company of Marshall Polk, his nephew. Young Polk was also fond of a cocktail, though his uncle did not know it and would not counte nance it. However, they would hardly have left the house on the daily occa-sion, when Marshall, pretending to have forgotten something, would slip back and drink nearly all the remaining half of the cocktail and pour in some water. After returning from the walk, President Polk repaired to his chamber in a brown Polk repaired to his chamber in a brown political study, and seizing the tumbler gulped down the water and sediment, and then exclaimed: "Paugh!" This continued with regularity, and the cheat was never found out. Polk now lies before his dwelling in Nashville, interred in his yard, and Marshall Polk has not been heard from since the beginning of the war.