

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

County

### Two Dollars per Annum.

am engaged to sew and sew.

Trust."-Exchange.

ing face.

alacrity.

Items of Interest.

Every base ballist should have a strik-

What a dressmaker may boast of-I

"Can storied urn or animated bust" exceed in eloquence the words, "No

A man may doubt his ability to climb a picket fence, but a growl from a dog will inspire him with confidence and

When Barnum receives word from one of his agents that a sea-lion has been captured, he simply telegraphs back, "Tanks, gentlemen, tanks."

An Iowa farmer, worth \$19,000, start-

ed out four years ago to secure legal revenge on a neighbor. The lawyers have his all now, while he has revenge.

have his all now, while he has revenge. A man bet another ten dollars that he could tell him how much water to a quart went over the falls of Niagara in a year. The bet was taken. "How much ?" was the question. "Two pints to a quart," replied the first, as he pock-eted the wager.

PARTING.

Wide seas wait for our ships. In the grey dawn we'll sail away, This wealth of soul and lips I leave with hopes that die to-day.

Cling, sweet, close to my heart, Joy will die out with morning light; When seas bear us spart We'll weep for moments lost to-night, Lock are with

Look up with your sad eyes And chide me, love, for every tear, And say, "though night-time flies Let sorrow sleep till mora is here."

The poison so freely used by the Ital-

ians in the seventeenth century was called "aqua tofana," from the name of the old woman Tofania, who made and sold it in small flat vials which she called manna of St. Nicholas, on one side of mbiab was no income the sole

side of which was an image of the saint,

She carried on this traffic for half a cen-

tury and eluded the police, but on being detected confessed that she had been a

party in poisoning 600 people, Numerous

persons were implicated by her of all

ranks, and many of them were publicly executed. All Italy was thrown into a

executed. All Italy was thrown into a ferment, and many fied, while persons of distinction, on conviction, were strangled in prison. It appeared to have been used mainly by married wo-men who were tired of their husbands.

its real composition. A proclamation of the Pope described it as aquafortis dis-tilled into arsenic, and others considered it as a solution of crystallized arsenic.

The secret of its preparation was con-veyed to Paris, where the Marchioness

NO. 28.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1878.

# The Foreclosure of the Mortgage.

Walk right in the settin'-room. Descon ; it's all in a muddle, you see,

VOL. VIII.

But I hadn't no heart to right it, so I've jest let everything be.

Besides, I'm going to morrer-I calk'iste to start with the dawn-

And the house won't seem so home-like if it's all upsot and forlorn.

I sent off the children this mornin': they both on 'em begged to stay,

But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe, if I was alone to-day.

For this was the very day, Deacon, jest twenty

year ago, That Caleb and me moved in ; so I couldn't forgit it, you know.

We was so busy and happy ! -wo'd been married a month befor

And Caleb would clear the table and brush up

the kitchen floor. He said I was tired, and he'd help

law! that was always his way-Always handy and helpful, and kind, to the

very last day. Don't you remember, Descon, that winter l

broke my arm?

Why, Caleb skursely left me, not even to 'tend to the farm.

There night and mornin' I saw him, a-settin so close to my bed.

And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my head.

He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he

left me behind-Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin',

somehow it eases my mind. And he sot such store by you, Descon, I needn't

tell you now, But unless he had your jedgment, he neve

would buy a cow.

Well, our cows is gone, and the ho poor Caleb was fond of Jack.

I cried like a fool this mornin' And when looked at the empty rack

I hope he'll be kindly treated : 'twould worry

poor Caleb so If them Joneses should whip the cretur-

s'pose he ain't like to know.

I've thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died,

Her father's sperit was broken, for she

allus bis pride. He wasn't never so cheery ; he'd smile, but the

smile wa'n't bright, And he didn't care for the cattle, though one

they'd been bis delight.

The neighbors all said he was ailin', and they tried to hint it to me :

They'd 'talked of a church-yard cough ; but, oh ! the blind are those who won't see.

I never believed he was goin' till I saw him r-layin here dead.

There, times ! don't be anxious, Deacon ; ] haven't no tears to shed.

I've tried to keep things together-I've been slavm' early and late-

But I couldn't pay the int'rest, nor git the farm-work straight.

farm should sell

For enough to pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be doing well.

I've prayed ag'inst all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian ought, But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he bought ; nd readin' that text in the Bible 'bont wi lowand orphans, you know, I can't think the folks will prosper willing to see us go. But there ! I'm keepin' you, Dead nigh your time for tea. "Won't I come over ?" No, thank you ; I fee better alone, you see. Besides, I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day

The lad's bright, handsome face grew dark and sullen. He was half reclining under a tree, gazing out over a vest ex-panse of rippling waves; for Fairview, where his mother lived, was a seaboard village. It was not a fashionable resort, by any means, but a kind of fishing hamlet, where persons of small means and quiet tastes came for their summer it was too late.

and quiet tastes came for their submer holiday. "I'm full seventeen, and am just rust-ing away here," he continued. "I could do better for mother and myself any-where else. But I'm nothing here but a waiting-boy for that tippling, red-faced Monkton. What a drunken beast he is, with his bottle of whiskey every day! And I'm to fetch it to him, and be sworn at if he's out of temper! Mother's al-ways talking to me about my furious everyone being afraid to move him. "Just what I expected," said Dr. Lyle, bending over the purple swollen face. "These choleric, stout, drinking old men generally end in this way. Apoplety, madam, and not the first attack. This one, I fear, is going to be ways talking to me about my furious temper, and it is violent, I know; but somehow old Monkton makes me bad all over whenever I go near him."

fatal. " Then it's not-ohl it's not-" And "What are you doing there, you lazy rascal?" shouted a horse, cracked voice from an upper window which overlooked the tree under which Tom Courtney was "Then it's not-ohl it's not-" And Mrs. Courtney, unable to finish her sen-tence, gasped for breath. "Whet does she mean?" asked Dr. Lyle of ore of the gentlemen present. "Her son Tom had a souffle with the colonel when he fell, and she was afraid

lying. "I sent you after my whiskey au hour ago, and there you are yet. Better be off, or I'll make the place warm for he had hurt him." Dr. Lyle turned again to the prostrate body and examined it carefully. "Not a bit of it, madam," he said. "I dare say his fit of passion and the exer-tion hastened the old man's end. But

The boy sprang up, his face crimson with rage and mortification. The furi-ous temper his mother deplored had mastered him.

"Go after your liquor yourself !" he cried, "I'm ashamed to be packing your drinks through the street. It's a it was bound to come. I told him yes terday, when he complained of his head your drinks through the street. It's a disgrace to mother's house to have a hippler like you in it, and I won't be wind her a borger " tippler like you in it, and I won't be

your lackey any longer." Col. Monkton for a few minutes seemed dumb with astonishment. But his first impulses when he recovered his

scnses, was to hurl a large water-pitcher at the boy's head. It missed him, but, striking against At the noise, two gentlemen who were boarding at the house put their heads out of their windows, and Mrs. Courtney, hastening through the front yard, en-deavored to lead her son into the house.

"For my sake, my boy !" she cried.

in an agony. He unclasped her hands, and shook his fist at his antagonist, his eyes blaz-

ing with rage. "Yes, I repeat, you're a disgrace to any decent house—with your oaths and vulgar words, and drunken ways. If you were not an old man, I'd horsewhip

you out of it! "I'll go in now, mother. I've said what

I had to say. "Yes, mother," he repeated, when they were in her room, "he is a disgrace, and you know it, if he is the only one

who pays liberally for his board." "Couldn't we have got rid of him without all this trouble?" said the

mother, still trembling and unnerved by the scene. "O Tom, Tom ! after all control, is that ungovernable temper of yours always to master you ?"

Tom hung his head. "But, mother," he said, "I couldn't stand the names he called me. I sup pose the Courtney blood is not quite out of my veins, if we do keep boarders. You see now it's best for me to leave here. I'm nothing but a servant, and an ill-used one at that. Any stout, strong boy can do all I have to do. It will be best for you, too, mother, in every way, if you'd only think so. I'll make money for you; and then you won't be always dreading that I shall get you into trouble by my temper. Mrs. Courtney shook her head sadly. "You won't leave your temper behind, my boy, I'm afraid. But perhaps you are right. I may have kept you here too long. But oh, Tom, it's so hard to give up all I have in the world." She was a widow, and he was her only child. In his delight at his mother's consent, Tom was utterly unconscious of the pain it cost her to give it. He was riotous in his expression of delight. He clasped his arms around her neck and kissed her careworn face. "Mammy mine," he cried, " you've made a man of me ! Look upon our fortune as made. You shall play the lady once more, and wear velvet and lace as in the old times-that is, when my ships come in. "Oh, you needn't smile! They're bound to come in some day, for I've made up my mind to succeed, and you may yourself I never fail when I try. Yes, you've saved me, for there was murder in my heart when that old ruffian bused me. I don't think anything he and the old duties. could say now could move me. "You don't eh, you young vagabond?" cried the well-known hoarse voice ; and turning, Mrs. Courtney and her son saw Col. Monkton standing on the threshold, with a large horse-whip in his hand, and his red face purple and swollen with passion. "Can't be moved by anything I say, eh ?" And the colonel advanced into the room. "Perhaps, young sir, some-thing I can do will move you. I'll teach you to insult gentlemen !' And before Tom Courtney fairly took in his meaning, a cutting lash des upon his shoulder. With a cry like that of a furious ani-mal, Tom threw himself upon his antagonist. Col. Monkton was an old man, but tall, and being still powerful, the struggle was a violent one. The screams of the widow brought the other gentlemen from their rooms; but

As in a dream, he hastened down to his own little skiff, looking around with terror to see if he was pursued. He that it never quite masters me now." cured of my terrible temper; or, at least, that it never quite masters me now." "It has been a cruel lesson to bo:h of s." And Mrs. Courtney shuddered.

loosened the rope, jumped in, and in a few minutes was on board the Minnie, and soon out of sight of Fairview. Then for the first time he realized his "But why to you, mother ?" he cried, vehemently, "You, innocent and good, should not have suffered for my wrongsituation and his mother's desolation. At thought of his mother's tears, he would have returned at any hazard; but doing. That does not seem to me right or just."

"Hush, hush, my boy !" she answer-In the meantime, the physician who had been summoned hastily entered the room where Colonel Monkton still lay,

ed, solemnly. "O my son! my pride in you and my weak over-indulgence deserved chastise-ment. But all my sorrow is forgotten now; and God is indeed good to us both."

### Edison and the Unseen Universe.

Hitherto man's knowledge of the ex-tent of the universe has been bounded

by the limits of vision. During the day, when the range of sight is narrowed by the sun's excessive brightness, we see but a minute fraction of the little world we inhabit. At night a wider reach of vision habit. At night a wider reach of vision is possible, and some thousands of stel-lar and planetary bodies are added to the domain of positive knowledge, thus enlarging enormously man's idea of the magnitude of the universe. But the in-crease of knowledge which darkness re-veals is almost infinitesimal compared

with the wider view of the universe opened up by the telescope's nd every addition to the telescope's penetrative power brings a larger and larger universe vithin our ken. That the most powerful of telescopes enables us to reach the limit of the uni-

True prophet, you see!" Mrs. Courtney tottered to her room and there on her knees offered up a verse no one imagines. See as much as verse no one imagines. See as much as we may, more - perhaps infinitely more -lies beyond. So, at least, all experi-ence leads us to infer; but our positive knowledge ends with the limit of vision. Must this always be so? Hitherto science has given no hint of the possi-bility of exploring the vast and mysteri-our beyond from which are milled one. fervent prayer of thanksgiving that from blood-guilt, at least, her son was free. But now, alarmed at his absence, sh searched for him,—in the house, the garden,—and then, with swift steps, she went through the village, asking every one she met if they had seen Tom. ous beyond, from which no visible ray of light has ever been detected, or is ever likely to be detected, by the most far-reaching and sensitive of optic aids. No, he had not been seen that morn

Old Nathan, a weather-beaten sailor, who had just brought in a load of fish, heard her question, and answered it. "Lookin' for Tom, mistress? I seed But now there comes a promise of an extension of positive knowledge to fields of space so remote that light is tired out and lost before it can traverse the interhim, about an hour ago, goin' aboard vening distance. A new agent or organ of scientific sense for space exploration has been given to the world in the tasi-meter, by which it is possible not only to measure the heat of the remotest of the Minnie, jest as she was gettin' under way. She's jest started on a cruise. But I wouldn't take on, mistress. Tom's a bright boy, and a handy one. He'll most like come back twice the man he visible stars, but, Mr. Edison believes, to detect by their invisible radiations So he had gone, and with a fancied load of guilt on his poor young shoulders! Mrs. Courtney felt as if her burden was stars that are unseen and unseeable! Mr. Edison's plan is to adjust the tasimeter to its utm st degree of sensitive-ness, then to attach it to a large tele-

Mrs. Contrney felt as if her burden was more than she could bear. She had a faint hope he would write to her, and for days, weeks and months she haunted the post-office. At last she went as if mechanically, and without asking a question would look at the nostmaster. He understood the look and would answer,— "Nothing to day, ma'am." But about six months after Tom's ness, then to attach it to a large tele-scope, and so explore those parts of the heavens, which appear blank when ex-amined by telescopes of the highest penetrative power. If at any point in such blank space the tasimater indicates an accession of temperature, and does this invariable, the legitimate inference will be that the instrument is in range went as in mechanically, and without asking a question would look at the nostmaster. He understood the look and would answer.— "Nothing to day, ma'am." But about six months after Tom's departure, she had no sooner entered the office than a letter was placed in her hand.

TIMELY TOPICS. A Western hait insurance company re

cently paid \$19,000 for damages to crop in one Minnesota county.

France and Switzerland exhibit more clocks and watches at the Paris Exposi-tion than all the other countries put together.

The entrails of cattle are now manufactured into cord, rope, round and flat belting, and other material where extrardinary strength is required.

An Illinois lawyer, who charged a widow \$25 for making out a bill of sale, reduced his bill to \$3 after the widow's brother had taken off his coat.

much resisteth sorrow and recreates the heart." The same qualities were attribu-ted to the hyacinth and topaz. The crys-tal has been the most popular of all oracular stones; a favorite stone was the beryl, "which," says Aubrey, in his Miscellanies, "is a kind of crystal that has a weak tincture of red; in this ma-gicians see visions." The custom was to concerne a "charge" them, as the On one day recently there were sixtyfour steamers, fifty ships, seventy six brigs, 229 barks, and 142 schooners, lying at the port of New York waiting for cargoes.

A woman of Steele County, Minn. had her husband and son killed by lightning five years ago. She married again, and her second lord was killed by lightning last week.

A man recently died in his bed at

Peckham, England, from sufficient produced by eating a hearty supper. The undigested food had risen and choked him to death in his sleep.

The longest daily mail and stage line in the United States, 1,500 miles from

gicians see visions." The custom was to consecrate, or "charge" them, as the modern term is, for which purpose set forms were used, which are described in Reginald Boott's Discovery of Witchcraft. The famous crystal of that prince of quackery, Dr. Dee, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The properties of the rubies were endless; bruised in water it was a panacea for all complaints; it had the peculiarity, whenever worn, of discovering its presence by its luster, which would shine through the thickest clothes. Powered agate was an infallible remedy for "all the ills that life is heir to." Pliny quotes the Magii, as teaching in Persia Fort Worth, in Texas, to Fort Yuma, on the Colorado river, has been formally inaugurated with a procession of Con-cord stages drawn by 200 horses.

the fills that fife is heir to. "Finy quotes the Magii, as teaching in Persia that storms could be averted by burning agates. The amethyst would prove a boon to modern tipplers, if, as the an-cients asserted, it prevented intoxication. The sempling and the operated strength. Figures founded on the nominations made indicate that there will be 800 regular candidates in the field for the The sapphire and the emerald strength-The sapphire and the emerald strength-ened the sight, a property said to have been also possessed by the turquoise; but it could confer a still more wonder-tul gift on its wearer: "Whovever," says Van Helmont, "wears a turquoise, so that it, or its gold setting, touches the skin, may fall from any height, and the stone attracts to itself the whole 293 seats in the Forty-sixth United States Congress, although in many Southern districts there is no opposition to the Democratic candidates.

It is a very remarkable circumstance in the native country of wheat that cats, barley and rye should be entirely un-known. This has led to the opinion by the skin, may fall from any height, and the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the blow, so that it cracks, and the person is safe. The Romans regard-ed the diamond with superstitious rev-erence, and Pliny tells us that it baffles vain fears. Ben Mansur, alluding to the elefter properties of the diamond with a superstition of poison, keeps off insanity, and dispels vain fears. Ben Mansur, alluding to the elefter properties of the diamond with superstition of the pleatric properties of the diamond with a superstition of the state of the superstition of the superstit superstite superstition of the superstition of the superstition some naturalists that all our cereal plants are artificial productions, obtained acci-dentally, but retaining their habits, which have become fixed in the course of ages.

the electric properties of the diamond, says: "It has affinity for gold, small par-ticles of which fly towards it. It is also wonderfully sought after by ants, who crowd over it as though they would swallow it up." A marvelons curative power was supposed to exist in a dia-mond belonging to the Rajah of Matara, in the Island of Borneo, the Malays be-

Superstition About Precious Stones. Parts of speech-The lips. The moonstone, was, as its name im-plies, venerated from its supposed lunar attraction. It is one of the prettiest, Ashard thing to sharpen-the water's

Advocate.

attraction. It is one of the prettiest, though most common of precious stones in Ceylon. Pliny describes it as con-taining an image of the moon, "which, if the story be true," he observes, "daily wakes or wanes, according to the state of that luminary." Chalcedony hung about the neck dispersed sadness, and if a person carried one perforated, with the heirs of an ass run through it, he

if a person carried one perforated, with the hairs of an ass run through it, he would overcome all disasters. Crystal dispelled witchcraft. The chrysoprasus gladdened the heart: the chrysolyte ex-pelled phantoms, and, what was more serviceable, rid people of their follies. The onyx in the Middle Ages was be-lieved to prevent ugly dreams by night, and law-suits by day. The jasper was a charmer of scorpions and spiders, was worn as a talisman by the Boman athelete; Burton, in the Anatomy of Melancholy, tells us that, "if hung about the neck, or taken in drink, it much resisteth sorrow and recreates the heart." The same qualities were attribu-

Rena Willis, a colored girl, died a few minutes after being baptized in Wilkes county, Georgia. She was overheated when she went into the water.

There's somethin' here that chokes - I'n narvous, I s'pose you'll say. "I've worked too hard?" No. I haven't

Why, it's work that keeps me strong ; If I sot here thinkin' I'm sartin my heart

would break before long. Not that I care about livin'. I'd ruther be laid

BW8V In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest

till the jedgment-day. But there's the children to think of-that

makes my dooty clear,

And I'll try to follow it. Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly speer,

Good-by, then. I shan't forgit you, all the kindness you've showed ;

'Twill help to cheer me to-morrow, as I go on my lonely road.

For-What are you sayin', Deacon. I needn't I needn't go?

You've bought the mortgage, and I can stay i Stop ! say it over slow .--

Jest wait now-jest wait a minute-I'll take i in bime-by

That I can stay. Why, Descon, I don't see what makes me cry !

I haven't no words to thank you. If Caleb way

only here, He'd sech a head for speakin', he'd make my

feelin's clear. There's a picter in our old Bible of ange

from the skies,

And though he hasn't no-great coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,

He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and trew,

And whenever I see that picter, 'twill make me think of you.

The children will be so happy ! Why, Debby

will 'most go wild: She fretted so much at leavin' her garding be

hind, poor child ! And, law! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for

jest one thing-Now I can tend the posies I planted there last

spring On Caleb's grave : he loved the flowers, and it

seems as of he'll know

They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there below.

-Mrs. E. T. Corbett, in Harper's Magazine

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

"It's always the same thing,-cutting wood, fetching water, and running er-rands for mother's boarders. It's 'Here Tom!' 'There Tom!' 'Look sharp, boy!' from morning until night, till I'm fairly discouraged. Most of them are civil enough, but that detestable Col. Monkton speaks to me as if I was a dog. I'm as much a gentleman born as he, though mother does take lodgers now. It's hard for her, brought up as she was in wealth and luxury; and if it wasn't that she needs so much, I'd leave here to-morrow." on her

when they entered. Tom had freed him-self from Col. Monkton's grasp, and pushed him violently against the wall, upon striking which, he had fallen heavily on the floor, where he was now wing in an unconscious condition lying in an unconscious condition, breathing with a strange sound. "You've killed him, I believe," said

one of the gentlemen who had been ex-amining the fallen man. "At least, I think he's dying. Here, Miles, run for the doctor. He's at the next cottage." "O my boy! my boy!" moaned Mrs. Courtney, wild with terror. Bewildered, and hardly knowing what he was doing, Tom fled from the

room. "You've killed him!" rang in his ears

as he ran towards the beach. Was he indeed a murderer, he kept asking himself as he hurried on. , Some distance from the

schooner was preparing to sail. "It's the Minnie," he muttered, "bound for Galveston. I heard yes-terday she was short of handa. I'll ship

"Come at last, ma'am," said the cheery postmaster, "and it's Tom's handwrit-ing. Sit right down here and read it. You're all in a tremble, and you can't walk home yet. Yes, it was from Tom. He was in Galveston, and had made several trips on the Minnie to different ports.

was when he started.'

"Do you know, mother," he wrote 'I've been afraid to write to you, fear ing it might give the clew to my wherebouts. But I've a friend here, a young lawyer, and he tells me I was a simple-ton to run away as I did. Col. Monk-ton made the first attack on me, and no burnt-out suns or feebly-reflecting planets-now unknown because not luminlaw could bring me in guilty of murder. ous. - Scientific American.

"I've often wondered how the one blow which knocked him up against the wall could have killed him. It was the Foreign Bodies in the Nose and Ears. first I gave him after I got away from Dr. Mason, in a lecture on the Surhis grasp. I know I'm really guilty. wanted to kill him, and his blood gery of the Face, published in the Lancet, says that foreign bodies, such as on my hands. cherry stones, locust beans, brass rings, slate pencils, screws, buttons, pieces of "I'm going for a long cruise on the

wood, peas, etc., are not unfrequently met with in the aural and nasal cavities coast of Africa, in the Albatross, and when I return I'll come back to Fairview. For I feel that I must see you whatever the consequences may be. "I will write when I can; but as I do not know the course we are to take, or

the ports we are to touch at, I canno tell you where to address your letters. In two years I will be at home." Thankful for the letter, Mrs. Courtne took up the broken threads of her life and tried to fill it with the old interest

But the two years spread to four, and no further tidings came from Tom. The mother's hair turned gray, and her The mother's hair turned gray, and her was at school forty years before. And eyes lost their light. It was such a third instance, in which a cherry stone

weary work waiting and watching for had been in an ear for sixty years. A what never came ! She knew by heart all the shipwrecks on the African coast, and the plagues which desolated it. Where so many lost

their lives, how could she expect her boy would escape? Had he been alive. he would surely have written. "I shall never seen my boy in this world," she would think in her hours of

lespondency. The seventh Christmas after Tom'

departure found Mrs. Courtney not only sick, but without means to defray the necessary expenses of her illness. It the the author's care in the hospital, to It which she had been admitted on account was raining and blowing without, and of a small stone in her ear. She subse-the invalid shivered over her wretched quently had paralysis of the facial nerve. fire of drift-wood, just brought in by kind neighbor. "It's come at last," she murmured,

with her sad, patient smile-" the poverty I've fought against so hard and so long. I had hoped to die and be with my boy before this hour came upon me. But why should I murmur? He doeth all things well ? I will trust Him even if He".

As she spoke, the door was thrown open, and a figure sprang forward. It was muffled up, and the face was bronzed and changed, but the mother knew her son, and lay sobbing in his No questions were asked or answere

It was enough for them both that they were together once more. But after a long time he told of the loss of his ves-

sel, and of a long tedious sickness on the coast. He had written and sent money when he could, though the letters

never reached her. "But I've risen, mother, till I am now first mate of the Vampire, and your bad days are over. Yes, I heard in the village that old Monkton die.<sup>4</sup> of appo-plexy, and I thank God that I did not

the position of such body can be fixed PACA BS B and mapped the same as if it were visinumbers. ble. Seeing that the tasimeter is affected

by a wider range of etheric undulations The publisher of an esteemed contemthan the eye can take cognizance of, and porary on Mount Washington prints the is withal far more acutely sensitive, the probabilitities are that it will open up names of the young men at the hotels who work off on a hand press the great-est number of copies of his paper in a hitherto inaccessible regions of space, and possibly extend the range of our real knowledge as far beyond the limit attained by the telescope as that is begiven time; muscular summer boarders ovetous of fame flock to the office, and thus he saves the cost of a steam engine ond the narrow reach of unaided vision. or a mule,-New York World. Possibly, too, it may bring within human ken a vast multitude of nearer bodies-

ent.)

A discussion of the question, "What is Inspiration ?" appears in the Septem ber-October number of the North American Review. The writers will be the Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge (Unitarian), the Rev. Dr. E.A. Washburn (Episcopalian), the Rev. Channey Giles (Swedenborgian), the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman (Methodist), Most Rev. Dr. James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, (Roman Catholic), and John Fiske (Independ-

of children, and even of adults. Such substances have been known to remain Forty-five millions of pairs of sewed shoes and 55,000,000 of pairs of pegged shoes were made and sold by the manuin one or other of these cavities for nearly a lifetime, causing little or no inconvenience. Thus a case is related of a lady from whose nostril a foreign body acturers of the United States in 1877 and eighty-five per cent, of the work was dislodged during the act of sneez-ing. It was found to be a button which had belonged to her little brother when they were both infants. Another case done on these shoes was done by machine ry. The uppers are cut out by hand, simply because of the variableness o the quality of the leather in the same is recorded in which a piece of slate pencil was removed from the lady's ear, skin. The soles are cut out by machine ry, and the binding, pasting, closing, crimping, stitching, heeling and polishand which had been put there when she ing are all done by machinery, without the aid of human hands.

case is recorded of a gentleman, aged forty-one, from whose ear a piece of cedar wood was removed by syringing. The patient remembered distinctly the fact of an introduction when he was a "Well, the deuce !" remarked Mr. R. Townsend, of Newport, Ky., when, hav-ing asked for supper at a Cincinnati hotel he received no change back out of a one dollar bill. Then, as if in a dream, he went to the dining-room and boy at school, at least thirty years previous. No attempt had been made made to extract it, and it had not troubled consumed two cups of coffee, three plates him until now. It occasionally happens, however, that a good deal of inflammalain bread, two plates fried mush, one plate corn beef, one plate chicken, one plate cold ham, two plates loin of veal, two plates broiled beef, three plates broiled ham, four plates fresh fish, three plates tory action is set up by the foreign body, as in the case of a girl who was under ham, four plates fresh had, enter plates fried eggs, two plates fried potatoes and one plate of baked potatoes. The clerk figured it out that, at restaurant prices, Mr. R. Townsend was \$3.05 ahead

> Oity Territorial Enterprise as follows "The writer once knew a family in which there were six bouncing girls without a break. Being very poor, the father had taken the eldest to assist him n out of door work. To this she seem ed to take naturally, and eventually be came an adept in mowing, reaping, tree felling, and even snow-shoeing-one of the most difficult of things to acquire mmand cf. Although fully equal to the boys of her age in doing the above work, there was only one thing in which she showed a decided superiority, and that was in stone-throwing. The pre-cision and velocity with which she could hurl one of those missiles was to me, who was a year or two her junior, a source of never-ending wonder and admiration. As a proof of her skill, she brought home three partridges, (ruffied grouse,) killed in one day with

ieving that a draught of water in which it had been placed would cure every disase.

The Dead-Point in Mind Tenison.

It is a common subject of marvel that riminals in the presence of immediate if he wished any business transacted. execution are usually self-possessed, and often exhibit singular composure. Th doomed creature sleeps through the night before his violent death, and rises composed to pass through the ordeal.

The exceptions to this rule are few, and there is no reason to suppose that the individuals who display greater emotion, or who are prostrated by the agonizing prospect of death, feel their position more acutely than those who preserve control of their demeanor. It is a prevalent but a groundless error to suppose that the state of mind in which most

capital offenders meet their doom is one of scare or paralyzing amazement. They or scare or paralyzing anazement. They retain every faculty, taste, consideration and even fancy. They frequently give tokens of especial thoughtfulness, and are punctillious in the observance of rules and the adoption of measures to minimize their own pain, and the trouble and sympathetic suffering of those by whom they are surrounded, or who will be left burdened with their memories. Mentally and physically the criminal, during the last few hours of his life, in the immediate presence of a cruel death is self-possessed and tranquil. His pulse is even less disturbed than those of the officials who are compelled to take part in his execution. Why is this? The answer will be obvious on reflection

The mind has reached what may be designated a "dead-point" in its tension.

The excitement is over, the agony of anticipation, the trembling doubt be tween hope and fear of escape has exhausted the irritability of the mind, and there is, as it were, a panse, an interval of passive endurance between the end of the struggle for life and the bitterness of remorse and agony of disappointment which may begin at death. In this in-terval the mind is released from the tension of its effort for self-preservation, and almost rebounds with the sense of relief that comes with certainty, even though the assurance be that of impending death. In the pause there is time and opportunity for the recognition of surrounding circumstances, which have

been, as it were, overlooked in the yearning for life. The clearness of mental vision, the cognizance of detail at such a moment, are remarkable, not only on account of the strange circumstances under which they occur, but in degree. Men and women who have for some time previously exhibited no trace of delicacy or refinement exhibit charac-teristic traits of thoughtfulness. They are, so to say, lifted out of then and placed in new conditions calculated to awaken feelings of courtesy, which seldom fail to respond. The mental state of a criminal during the hours preceding execution presents features of interest to the psychologist, and, rightly comprehended, it is to be feared they

would throw new light on the supposed preparation these unfortunate persons evince for a fate which, being inevitable, they at the final moment are able to meet with a composure in which hypoc-risy or self-deception finds the amplest scope,-London Lancet.

A man is not a man-when he'

#### What He Was After.

A strong, healthy-looking young man entered the County Clerk's office and gazed respectfully around. Harry Thompson, the Chief Deputy, stepped up and blandly inquired of the stranger Harry

The young man, when spoken to, started back as though dreading an as sault, but he soon recovered himself, and said in a whisper:

"Yes, sir-I called to see-I wanted to have a little talk-how much is it, anyhow?'

He held a soft cloth hat in his hand, and kept turning and twisting it about as he spoke; his face had grown terril ly red, and big drops of perspiration were standing on his brow.

"What is it you want?" asked the clerk.

The man looked at him pleadingly, but struggled in vain for utterance. His eyes bulged out, his face grew red. der, and the veins in his neck and on his forehead swelled till they looked like great knotted cords. He twisted the hat convulsively and then straightened it out again, and then he pulled the new lining out of it and dropped it on the floor. Then he picked it up all dusty from the floor and wiped his steaming face, leaving a dirty streak after each wipe. Finally it seemed as though the poor young man had quite recovered himself, for he looked cheerfully around the room, and then turning to Mr. Thompson, remarked in a pleasant and confidential tone:

"Well, it is real warm for this secion, isn't it?"

"Very warm, indeed," replied Mr. T. "It is a good deal hotter than we have t down in the valley, and somehow I've always had just the other notion about t-that the higher up you got, the cooler-

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson; "but about that business of yours." Another flery blush that looked as if

t would scorch the collar off his neck, followed this remark, but the stranger held up bravely. He leaned on the desk in an easy, careless sort of way, and began to toy with a mucilage brush. "The fact of the matter is, that I wanted to—""

Here he paused again, and meditaively jammed the mucilage-brush into

the ink-stand. "What the dence are you doing with that brush?" asked the clerk, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, by George-excuse me," stammered the man, as he hastily withdrew the brush, spattering the ink all over the clerk's shirt bosom, and as if it had been molasses dripping from his fingers, thrust the brush into his mouth, daubing himself with ink and mucilage, and then bolted from the office.

"That's about the worst case I have ever seen," remarked Mr. Thompson, as he wiped a big ink spot from the star-board side of his Roman nose. "Orazy as a loon," said Alderman Orndorff, who had been an interested

spectator of the whole scene. " You ught to send a policeman after that

"No; he's not exactly crazy," replied Thompson. "I knew from the start that he wanted a marriage license, and I thought I'd have a little quiet fun; but he's broke the line now and gone with the book."- Virginia City (Nev.) Chroniole.

A case is reported of a child who not only had facial palsy, but died of menin-gitis, caused by the presence of a locust bean in the ear. Living larvæ have been found in the meatus of the ear. Dr Bouth mehiches make and the ear. A Girl who Could Throw Stones, Dr. Routh publishes such a case. The A Nevala man writes to the Virginia patient was a gentleman who three years before was tormented by a fly near his ear. Convulsions followed the presence of the larvæ, but the patient recovered, although he remained deaf, Dr. Blake of Boston, has seen four such ases. A case is reported which shows the surious course taken by a pin that had been introduced into the external meatus. It passed through the middle ear, proba-bly along the Eustachian tube, and was

extracted by the patient from her throat by hooking it with her finger. "A little four year old, bright eyed girl, who has planted a little garden all for herself, was asked by an older sister