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**Petition to Time.**  
Touch us gently, Time!  
Let us glide away thy stream  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife and children three;  
One is lost—an angel fled  
To the azure overhead!  
Touch us gently, Time!  
We're not proud nor soaring wings;  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.  
Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er life's dim, unrolled sea,  
Seeking only some calm time;  
Touch us gently, Time!  
—Barry Cornwall.

## The Silent Woman.

A LOVE STORY FROM THE JAPANESE.

Osakiko Nobutaro was a young noble who found himself quite disillusioned, so that the gaieties of society, the variety of travel nor the achievement of literary distinction were pleasing to him, and he retired, a prey to multitudes of little needs, and when all trembles and blanches with conscious warmth, Iriye Ichigoro ordered a couple of *norimonos*, and started off to Biva to take counsel with his exiled friend. He found Nobutaro in the fields at the base of Mt. Fuji, practicing the enlightening pursuit of hawkling. The greetings of the young men were polite and decorous, and their conversation, which turned upon various subjects, was at once exhilarating and instructive.

Toward the close Iriye introduced the topic which most closely interested him. "Nobutaro, there is a maiden"—said he. "Alas, there are so many," said Nobutaro. "If my amiable and well-conned friend would restrain for a moment his noble impetuosity, his servant would endeavor to make himself more plainly understood."

"Pardon me, Ichigoro, I will listen with the respect which is due your excellent character." "There is a maiden, Nobutaro, whose indescribable charms have for many weeks afforded the youth of Kioto the most pleasing sensations. Her father is known to us all as eminent for riches and refinement, and is, in truth, a member of the exalted house of Sanjo. As for the girl, who has but recently emerged from the rigid privacies of girlhood, and been revealed to the eyes of a few whose rank may claim so rare a privilege, the incapable words of Iriye Ichigoro can convey only a faint and inadequate idea respecting her. Her form is like the waving willow leaf, and her face as full of beauty as the moon, of which she is the younger sister. Her eyes are like the brightest stars of winter, and her feet, which have never been spoken of without emotion, are said to be wholly incompetent to the support of her delicate frame."

"And what of her tongue?" asked Nobutaro. "Most accomplished, Nobutaro," answered Iriye, in some irritation. "You talk like a person of vulgar birth and no education whatever. Her conversation is regulated by a wise discretion, and modestly conceals every word that is issued from her exquisite lips." "Ah!" sighed Nobutaro, "if I could have the most beautiful woman who is not possessed with the *oni* of speech." "Nobutaro, my first and only brother," exclaimed Iriye, "will you take one of my *norimonos*, and, after a journey which will all pray may be distinguished by an unhappy sensation, ascend upon this fair and dazzling dais, and consider her for yourself?" "No, Ichigoro," said Nobutaro, "that is entirely out of the question."

"But the truth was, Nobutaro had already found that his self-imposed exile was a punishment very pressing, and that it became Nobutaro in due time to gradually dispose of his scruples, and, by slow degrees, to yield. When Nobutaro first encountered the maiden, Tama-ko, of whom his friend had told him, his breast did certainly quiver with a new and strange sensation, and his self-confidence, which, until that moment, had never known a variation from its firmness, experienced an unexpected shock. Her loveliness, he was compelled to admit, was not to be disputed. The flash of her dark eyes kindled inextinguishable flames. The smile of her ripe lips as if deftly-gilded lips were brighter than the glimmer of sunbeams. Her whole countenance was elegantly pale and full of sweetness. Her hair, falling in black waves about her face, added grace and symmetry to the movements of her head. Her dress was embroidered with marvelous accuracy, and revealed as she moved twin feet of proportions too minute to be distinctly measurable. Iriye saw with friendly satisfaction that Nobutaro was for a moment moved. And the distinguished parent of Kioto, not a few of whom were present on the occasion, carefully watched the countenance of the manliest of the manly and the fairest of the fair. Nobutaro approached Tama-ko, his hands folded upon his breast and his body reverently inclined. She knelt awaiting him, her eyes cast in humility downward, and a timid flush of expectation illumined her brow.

"Health is with the daughter of the stars," said Nobutaro. "Thanks to your accommodating wishes," said Tama-ko. "Your air announces your goodness," said Nobutaro. "Ab, sir, it is you alone who can judge," said Tama-ko. "Virtue and a contented mind are painted upon your face," said Nobutaro. "My acknowledgments should be everlasting," said Tama-ko.

"It is a fine evening," said Nobutaro. "It is a most fortunate and successful evening, since the noble gentleman honors it with his approval," said Tama-ko. "It is impossible to be sufficiently respectful to you," said Nobutaro. "How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say?" said Tama-ko. "Well, well," said Nobutaro, making a grave obeisance and withdrawing. "I have not treated you with sufficient distinction."

Tama-ko, less rigidly cynical than Nobutaro, did not conceal from herself the joy which this interview afforded her. All that she had heard of the agreeable Nobutaro was abundantly verified. And she discovered, too, graces and attractions of which she had not been warned. "But alas," she said to herself, "he loves not women, and each day strives more and more to harden his heart against our inferior and unprofitable sex."

Nobutaro feared to admit the suspicion that his fancy had been touched. He resisted with much coldness the importation of Iriye Ichigoro. "Ah, Nobutaro," said that good-natured friend, "the refreshing Tama-ko is not a mere ornament."

"Acute Iriye, this time you are wrong. If, now, she had the gift of silence with her other visible advantages, there would be something to talk about." "Noble cousin," answered Iriye, "you are always sensible and well-informed, but this time you are also very absurd. Her language is the language of purity and evident propriety."

"I do not like the language of the woman at all," said Nobutaro. "Better a speechless daughter of the yets than the fairest and richest of the loose-tongued kuge."

"Estimable Nobutaro, you have too much ginger in your temper." "Very well, Iriye, only I shall see the beautiful but talkative Tama-ko no more."

"Oh, Nobutaro!" "Precisely, my Ichigoro. As she dazzles the eye, so might she confuse the understanding. In time she might destroy my principles and compel me to endure the female tongue. No, Ichigoro, my resolution remains to be unshaken. Remember that a restless tongue is one of the five causes allowed by the philosophers for divorce."

When Tama-ko heard this, as she very speedily did, a gloom came like a veil of chimeron over her face, and she expressed a tear, as round and as pure as the most precious of the jewels of which she was the namesake. Then it was observed by her family that she sank into reverie, out of which she emerged an hour later, smiling and contented.

"A few days after, the court circles of Kioto were convulsed with the intelligence of a sorrowful calamity. The beautiful Tama-ko, during a visit of duty to the temple of Kiyomizu, had thoughtlessly ventured too near the edge of the religiously exposed platform and had fallen, not, fortunately, from the extremest height, but from an elevation sufficient to injure her in a general way, but principally in the region of the head. For two entire days her condition was deemed dangerous, and she lay in a state of insensibility, her well-organized constitution triumphed, and she began to recover. One startling misfortune, however, elung to her. She had lost the power of speech forever."

When Osakiko Nobutaro heard this, he was at a loss what to do. He had loved her, and he could not overcome his gratification on finding that no impediment need now oppose the progress of his affections; and yet the conviction of his supreme selfishness was at times too bitter for him. But one thing, at least, he was sure of. It would no longer be possible for him to forego the presence of the beautiful Tama-ko.

So, as soon as the circumstances of her recovery would permit, he sought an interview, and communed with her. The language of her eyes told him all she wished to know, and he was thoroughly happy in her oral incompetency. Tama-ko was happy too. For many weeks their course of companionship ran swift and smooth, and all Kioto's nobility smiled sympathetic and complacent. By day they were never parted, and each night tender chants, expressive of hopeful passion, sustained by the throbbing koto, resounded in the dell which lay contiguous to Sanjo no Nishi's garden; that lovely dell which in all ages has been the moonlit resort of artist and poet; where the river rustles in harmony with happy thoughts, and the snipe sings soft encouragement to youthful hearts.

**NObUTARO'S SERENADE.**  
There is a maiden.  
There is a maiden whom I love.  
And her head is in my arms.  
The night winds are always breathing it in my ear.  
Somehow has been telling it to me all the night.  
But who shall convey the extent of her beauty?  
To others she is frigid.  
But to me she is as the moonbeam, radiant and warm.  
She is exempt from the ordinary weaknesses of women.  
Her piety is the theme of admiration among all classes.  
Her virtues are so lofty that they reach the stars.  
She reads all the sacred books and knows them by heart.  
With strong moral principles she immingles a cheerful spirit.  
And her rich black hair is involved in unctuous gums.  
Numbers of costly ornaments shine in her hair; they are the clusters of stars relieved by a jet-black sky.  
Soft silken scarfs encircle her throat;  
Oh! enviable soft silken scarfs!  
A redness of princely dimensions and incalculable price encircles her waist!  
Oh! enviable satin obi of princely dimensions and incalculable price.  
Her countenance needs not the additional glow of her hair.  
And her neck wears the inferior luster of powder.  
Her form is enveloped in many colored marvels of millinery.  
And her petticoat is embroidered with a hundred butterflies fluttering among flowers.  
Her feet are atoms of celestial origin.  
And her head is the pink cloud which protects them.  
To many her heart is hard and cold;  
To them it is very beautiful porcelain.  
To me it is soft and warm;  
To me it is fresh-cut velvet.  
Her lips are sealed, and words proceed not therefrom.

But in their place comes sighs of aromatic fragrance. Her family are conspicuous for sagacity. And her father is of the true blood of Fujiwara. He possesses a great many tiger skins. All brought from Cho-sei and very valuable. Myriads of *kiyos* glitter in the strong chests of his kura.  
But for the greatest treasure—The treasure beyond all, for me, is the little maiden,  
The little maiden whom I love.

As the loves of Nobutaro and Tama-ko advanced and prospered, an indescribable tinge of regret came over the young Japanese nobleman. At first, to his surprise, but presently to his consternation, he found himself longing for a word of fondness from his affianced. For a time he repelled his sentiment, as unwelcome to his pride, but at length he overcame him again and again, until he became prey to the deepest anguish. He was forced to admit within himself that his ideas on the subject of the female tongue had been too dangerously radical, and that experience had at last taught him the value of a gift he had once considered an excrescence. The eloquence of the eye, he found, the pressure of the hand, the assurance of a caress, were insufficient to complete his comfort. Oh, for a word he sighed, but signed in vain; and it at last appeared painfully evident that Nobutaro had simply stepped from one unsatisfactory extreme to the other, and that he was now almost as miserably miserable as when he had started to adapt himself to the scoldings of the laughing box on the shore of Biva.

It was natural that Tama-ko should feel a deep concern at the returning unhappiness of her lover. She besought him to explain it, and, indeed, succeeded in drawing from him the reluctant truth. And on learning the real condition of things, she did nothing but smile with great and persistent appearances of delight, which Nobutaro thought the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever happened.

Nevertheless, as Kioto had expected, the announcement of the impending marriage ceremony was not long deferred. And in early autumn it came. Festivities were profuse, and correspondingly brilliant. Everybody palpitated with sympathetic emotion; everybody was irreversibly lost in admiration at the beauty of the loving pair; everybody mourned the affliction of the bride, who, for her part, seemed never so joyous.

Nobutaro raised the cup with which he was to pledge his fair companion. He spoke a few words, and his intentions through life so far as Tama-ko was concerned, and then an amazing incident occurred.

Lifting her beautiful eyes to her lover's face, and opening her beautiful lips, Tama-ko softly murmured: "This is my dear husband, my lord, the master of my faith and duty!" "Naruhodo!" cried everybody, Nobutaro included.

The explanation was rapid and complete. "How could I help it?" said Tama-ko. "What they said that you scorned me for my tongue. Oh, hateful tongue, to bring me Nobutaro's scorn. I would have forever remained your silent lover, but for your latter words, compelling me to take once more my gift of speech. Does Nobutaro forgive me?"

"Oya! domo! sweet Tama," whispered Nobutaro, "I am conquered." For awhile the entire upper class of Kioto, excepting Iriye Ichigoro, the faithful friend, laughed immoderately. But the lovers and their friends, far away from the city's turmoil, once more on the shore of Biva, they lived only for one another, and there, where nature is ever the most fair, they found unending happiness.

**Most Wonderful Railroad in the World.**  
The Galles, Lima and Oroya railroad, generally known as the Oroya railroad, now the Transandinian railroad, is probably the most wonderful railroad in existence, according to so good an authority as the *Railway Age*. It was constructed by Henry Meigs in 1869, at a cost of \$24,000,000, more or less, in bonds. Work was begun in January, 1870. Ballasted with cobblestones, not dust arises; trains every half hour; fare forty cents; four separate depots accommodate different parts of the city. No one who makes a round trip on this road ever reports a single day of rain. The heights and distances are so great that few heads are not affected. From San Mateo to Anchi the road passes through the "Liferillos" (Little Hills). Nearly perpendicular walls from two to three thousand feet hem in the river Bimas, having a mountain, from two to four hundred feet. At first, it was proposed to make a cut in the side of these mountains, but, fearing the falling of loose rocks, it was decided to tunnel. Miners were let down with ropes, one-quarter and one-half mile long, to certain indicated points on the rocky wall every 500 feet, more or less, and, after they had entered a few feet, began working to the right and left, using the entrance as a place from whence to throw the excavated material. About midway a bend in the river made it necessary either to make a dangerous curve or span the chasm by a bridge. The latter was chosen, and now a bridge unites the tunnel about four hundred feet above the river bed. Emerging from the second of these tunnels at Anchi, the Rimac is recrossed, and the road follows up the river Blanco a few miles, which it crosses, and then enters a mountain, where it turns around in a curved tunnel, and, emerging a few hundred feet above, recrosses the river and returns, passes Anchi and continues up the river Rimac. At Chichla, a few miles further, the road passes the town, crosses its own track and the Rimac, turns and passes again, and, reversing, turns and passes Chichla five times.

The view from the summit, 15,568 feet, at the entrance to the Galera tunnel, is not so imposing as at other points. A plateau of a few miles square, with lakelets and patches of snow covered with rounded pebbles. But the oppression of breathing, the quickened pulse, 130 to 140 per minute, the dull, dizzy head, the cold, frosty air, make an impression one never forgets.

## THE BARON BELA.

Strange Case of a Hungarian Nobleman whose Life was Heavily Insured.

Several years ago a Hungarian nobleman, well known in sporting circles as a horseman and hunter, named Baron Bela Olney, triumphed over a crowd of rivals, and bore home as his prize the rich and beautiful baroness, Irma P—y. Baron Bela was at that time a wealthy landed proprietor, and was able to indulge to the full all his inclinations and whims. His married life was a happy one. Years followed one after the other, but they were not all alike. The beautiful baroness, as time wore on, presented her spouse with six of the dearest little barons and baronesses that ever were seen, and Baron Bela began to grow impatient. It was the old, old story, that has been repeated a thousand times. Toward the end of 1874, the baron's vast possessions, which were worth nearly two millions, had been sold, and the family mansion in Pesth was mortgaged to its last cent. The baroness was kept in complete ignorance, and the family establishment was maintained in its usual style.

When the baron realized that he was completely ruined; and that all that was left was his wife's property, which could be sold for a large sum of money, he made a singular resolution. He got his life insured in five different companies for one hundred thousand guilden in each, the terms being that this amount should be paid over to his family in case he should die within a year. None of the insurance companies had any objection to the premium of two thousand florins from a man just forty-five years of age, in the full vigor of life and in exuberant health.

The day, however, Baron Bela had the last policy in his pocket, he entered upon an entirely different course of life. He had been a man who never missed a race or a hunt, who went to the club every day, and regularly took his drive or ride on horseback in the park; now he was to be seen nowhere in company. He never visited his friends, nor did he remain at home in the bosom of his family. He left his house every morning early, and only returned in time for dinner. After dinner he disappeared again, and remained absent until midnight. During this time nobody knew where he went, and he was completely untraceable.

The change in his external appearance was not less remarkable. He had previously been getting rather stout. He now began to lose flesh. His cheeks, which had been florid, changed to an unhealthy paleness, his eyes lost their brightness and were surrounded with heavy circles of blue, his face became haggard, and his strong manly voice became cracked and feeble. When these symptoms of dangerous disease multiplied in such a striking manner, the friends that occasionally visited him and his wife endeavored to persuade him to take medical advice, and to explain his mysterious absences. His answer was a positive refusal. Finally, in October, the physical constitution, once so strong, could no longer withstand the agency so potent for evil as his own habits. He was taken to a hospital, and there, where nature is ever the most fair, they found unending happiness.

The man wore no clothing except coarse linen trousers, and was armed with a pocket-knife and a small canteen. The travelers, who accompanied him to the lair of the animal, as soon as we reached the spot the man boldly leaped into the hollow, at the same time uttering a shrill cry, in order to arouse his enemy from his slumbers. Upon seeing his resolute aggressor advancing, the animal raised his fore legs as if to spring upon him, but he was held back by a terrific howl.

As the little Hindoo continued to approach, which he did slowly, and with dark eyes keenly fixed upon the face of his formidable foe, the tiger rose to its hind legs and, with its claws extended, furiously with its tail; yet it evidently appeared to be in a state of great embarrassment. Still the man advanced deliberately and undauntedly; the uneasiness and rage of the excited beast increased with every step. At length it sprang forward, with a determination to make its terrible spring.

The man suddenly stopped, when the tiger paused, turned up his head, and, uttering a horrible noise between a snarl and a howl, made one step forward and sprang toward its victim, who instantly bent his body, receiving the animal's paw on his shoulder, dashed the knife into its body, and fell under, but almost entirely beyond the extremities of his wounded enemy. The creature turned upon his back, the little Hindoo regained his feet in an instant, striking the prostrate tiger with astonishing quickness and precision, a desperate blow upon the throat, which completely severed the windpipe, at the same moment springing with the quickness of thought beyond the reach of the monster's claws. The tiger died almost immediately.

**Caucasian Greetings.**  
The etiquette of salutation in the Caucasus is extremely elaborate and ceremonious. It does not by any means satisfy all the requirements of perfect courtesy to ask a mountaineer how he is, or how his health is, or how he does. You must inquire minutely into the details of his domestic economy, manifest the liveliest interest in the growth of his crops and the welfare of his sheep, and even express a cordial hope that his house is in a good state of repair and his horses and cattle properly protected from any possible inclemency of weather. Furthermore, you must always adapt your greeting to time, place and circumstances, and be prepared to improvise a new, graceful and appropriate salutation to meet any extraordinary exigence. In the morning a mountaineer greets another with: "May your morning be bright!" to which the prompt rejoinder is: "And may a sunny day never part you?" A guest he welcomes with: "May your coming bring joy!" and the guest replies: "May a blessing rest upon you."

"When there's will there's a way," as the pig said when it broke out of its pen and upset the slop barrel. "When there's will there's a way," as the farmer said, three months afterward, when he sold his pork.

was called upon for an opinion. The cause of his death is believed to have been due to nicotine, taken into his system in poisonous quantities through the process of smoking.

**Artemus Ward as a Practical Joker.**  
Browne and Griswold, "the Fat Contributor," were on newspaper work at the same time in Cleveland, and were very intimate friends. One day there came to the city a dramatic reader, a man of some note, but of a very timid disposition. These two worthies in some manner discovered that he was a person easily to be imposed upon, and shortly after his arrival they paid him a visit. It was an early hour in the morning—long after the man had retired—and they found it difficult to arouse him. They told him they were editors, and wanted to hear him read before writing him up. They invited him to step into a hall adjoining the hotel and give them a specimen of his powers. At first the man refused to go with them, but when they told him sternly that they were editors, and would crush him if he did not comply, he felt compelled to go. Now would they allow him to put on his clothes, but forced him to go in night-dress to a cold and dreary hall, where they complacently smoked their cigars while they listened to him declaim, with chattering teeth and trembling voice, for several hours. When they thought they had heard enough, they turned to Bryan's property-room, and by way of consolation, that they had always thirsted to hear a dramatic reader in night-dress, and that they were very much gratified with his performance.

Browne was a great lover of a practical joke. One of his maddest pranks was in New York city, in 1863. He had been at some benefit performance with Dan Bryant and Nels Seymour, and at its conclusion he induced these two to join him on a lark. Accordingly, they went to Bryan's property-room, and each donned a complete suit of armor. Then they armed themselves with broadswords, and in the still hours of the night went forth in search of defenseless citizens. Up and down the streets in grim array they marched, and whenever they found a lone and unarmed, they would make him down on his knees and pray for mercy. Then, after having frightened him almost out of his senses, they would permit him to go on his way. Their fun, however, after a while was brought to an abrupt termination by the police, who marched them off to the Tombs. They entered fictitious names; but the judge next morning recognized the culprits, and discharged them with an admonition. On the same night they visited the house of Tom Jackson, who had just brought to this country the famous Swiss bell-ringers. In response to their violent ringing of the bell, Jackson came to an upper window, and not knowing who his visitors were, asked them in tones of thunder what they wanted.

"We want an engagement," said Browne. "We are the original bell-ringers." Jackson then recognized them, appreciating the joke, invited them in.—*Scribner.*

**A Fight Between a Hindoo and a Tiger.**  
The man wore no clothing except coarse linen trousers, and was armed with a pocket-knife and a small canteen. The travelers, who accompanied him to the lair of the animal, as soon as we reached the spot the man boldly leaped into the hollow, at the same time uttering a shrill cry, in order to arouse his enemy from his slumbers. Upon seeing his resolute aggressor advancing, the animal raised his fore legs as if to spring upon him, but he was held back by a terrific howl.

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**One Hundred and Fifty Years of Law.**  
An intricate suit for the possession of an estate—Stanfield Hall, in Norwich, England, for nearly a century and a half in dispute—has just been decided, the trial traversing many strange experiences, including a horrible tragedy. The estate came into the possession of William Jermy in 1735 through marriage. Mr. Jermy made a will, bequeathing it in succession to Jacob Preston and his heirs, and to Thomas Preston and his heirs, and in default of issue by either of them, to such relative of the name of Jermy nearest akin to the testator, and to his heirs forever. These Prestons were relatives of his second wife, and not of the wife through whom he acquired the property. William Jermy died a year after making the will, and the father of the Prestons, who were both minors, sought out the two Jermys next of kin and prevailed upon them to relinquish all claims upon the estate for \$100 each. The sons dying without heirs, the elder Preston claimed possession by virtue of his purchase, and entailed it by will upon his son, Rev. George Preston, and his heirs forever. The affair became the talk of the country, and pamphlets were printed explaining and attacking it; but as the Jermys made no attempt to recover the property the matter was forgotten, and for eighty years the Prestons enjoyed the fruits of the bargain. At length one of the Prestons made a bitter enemy of one of his tenants named Rush by a quarrel and lawsuit, which left Rush financially ruined. Rush revived the old story of how the Prestons (who had adopted the name of Jermy) came into possession of the estate, and made a written agreement with two other claimants that he should have the farm at low rates if he put them in possession. Being hard pressed for money, Rush masked himself and went over to the hall one night and murdered Mr. Preston-Jermy and his son, and severely wounded the son's wife and her maid. The murderer, in spite of the scheme to fix the crime upon the two Jermy claimants, was brought to trial and hanged. But lately a new claimant appeared, who based his claim upon the assertion that he was a descendant of a Jermy nearer related than the two whose claims were bought by the elder Preston. The defendants set up the statute of limitation, upon which plea they won the case; and thus, after 150 years, the title is for the first time legally settled.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

Wisconsin's bounty of \$5 for every wolf scalp cost the State \$18,000 last year, as the wolves are increasing, and it is suspected that the wolves are raised for their scalps.

Philadelphia's permanent exhibition is still open, occupying the main building of the international exhibition of 1876. Concerts and balls are the chief attractions, and the receipts for a year have reached within about \$10,000 of expenses.

The Mennonites are increasing rapidly in Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota, owing chiefly to the immigration of the Russian Mennonites, who are allowed by the Russian government until 1880 to remain in Russia to avoid military enlistment. There are about 70,000 of this sect in America, about one-tenth of them being in Canada.

As an illustration of the prevalent extravagance of dress in our day, it is said that bonnets are selling in Paris just now at incredible prices. A lady can easily procure one for \$2,500. They are made in imitation of lace, but carved in mother-of-pearl and decorated with jewels. Such a figure as \$1,250 is estimated as comparatively cheap.

American cigars have recently been advertised in London at very low rates. They have proved to be the cabbage leaf and brown paper brands not unknown this side of the water. Says a London newspaper: "These precious specimens are known to be largely formed of a peculiar description of straw paper steeped in tobacco juice, which is manufactured in the United States for this express purpose, and largely exported to the Cuban and other markets."

M. D. Conway writes from London that "Frank Millet, who, from being a drummer boy in the American war, became an earnest art student at Antwerp and at Rome, has a charming little chalet near Honfleur, from whose summer house in the garden he can gather figs and cast their rinds into the sea. Millet had enough interest in the battle-field at Antwerp to follow him for a time and go off as a war correspondent in the East with poor MacGahan, and he has brought back captive a fine specimen of that region—a certain Greek-Turk, one Paulo, who, having been his guide out there for a time, refused to leave him and followed him wherever he goes. Paulo is a matchless servant, is able to do anything at all; already since he has been in France he has mastered its best culinary art, and the way he makes up seaside delicacies for Millet's table is such as might inspire even French cooks with envy."

An incident of a recent flood in Texas is thus described by the *Austin Revue*: "A man was carried down by the flood, but managed to get up a swiftly-dissolving bank of earth. He called to his son, who was on high ground above, to bring a rope, and the boy hurriedly obeyed the request, and when he arrived at the edge of the bank and threw the rope over to his father the old man took it in his hand, and in a cool tone said to the boy: 'Now listen to me, and do as I tell you. If you find you can't hold on with it, throw it. There's no use in both of us being drowned; I'm here in the water, and you are safe up there on the bank, so don't let me pull you down. If you find you can't hold the rope, drop it, and run down on the flat and grab for me as fast as you can. I'll be waiting for you on the ground and tell your father to come on, and the old fellow went up the rope like a cat going up a back-yard fence with a bootjack in pursuit.'

**Rattlesnake's Bites.**  
As to the remedies for the bite of the rattlesnake, a physician in western Pennsylvania says that whiskey is a specific. He treats twenty or thirty persons a year for rattlesnake bites. The bites rarely prove fatal when whiskey is used in season. The rattlesnake always strikes at the neck, or as high up as he can get. In experiments in Indianapolis every animal put into the snake's cage was struck in the neck. The snake's fang makes a very small wound, but little blood escapes. Inflammation sets in at once. The animal struck seems to suffer very little pain, but to be rather in a stupor condition. Human beings are said to suffer acute pain from the wound. It is not known whether or not the rattlesnake poisons the animals that it desires for food, but it is known that it can swallow its own poison with impunity. It is said also that a human being may swallow a rattlesnake poison with perfect safety if there is no wound about the mouth. There is one animal invulnerable so far as the rattlesnake is concerned, and that is the hog. The hog wages war upon all snakes, innocent and poisonous, and destroys them with eagerness.

**A Mother's Influence.**  
The late Thomas H. Benton, who was so long in public life and surrounded by temptations, paid the following tribute to his mother: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco, and I never touched it from that time to the present day; she asked me not to gamble, and I have not; and I cannot tell who is winning or who is losing in games that can be played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking, and whatever usefulness I may attain in life, I attribute it to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence, at a time when I was sole constituent member of my own body, and that I have adhered to it through all the time I owe to my mother."

## In the Fall.

In the fall a silent sadness to the drooping flowers leaves.  
In the fall the woodlands dreary with the flow'ers from the leaves—  
And the whir of the partridge, &c.

In the fall the hazy gloaming with a purple glory burns.  
In the fall Miss Georgiana in the Bible places ferns.  
If she has a young man to help her gather them.

In the fall above the valley snowy cloudlets stretch for miles.  
In the fall the Broadway windows are profuse with Paris styles—  
Much to the joy of the ladies, be it said.

In the fall the merry songster leaves his pretty summer lair.  
In the fall the politician a divorced from rolls of V—  
For reasons which require no explanation.

In the fall all breasts with reverie are buoyant  
In the fall a man will fondly kiss his pretty cousin Kate—  
Or Mary Anne, as the case may be.

In the fall the sort of beauty dwells within the garden ferns.  
In the fall we are all positive that winter's drawing near—  
The other fall happenings are too far removed to mention.

**Items of Interest.**  
Failures in England have been heavier this year than last.  
"These are the days," says the Philadelphia *Chronicle*, "when the man with two hands goes out hunting, and comes home without any game, and with only one hand."

"How long are you going to stay here?" "Why, my little dear?" "Cause I'm hungry; and mamma says we shall have dinner as soon as that dreadful nuisance goes away."

The captive balloon, which is one of the attractions of the Paris Exposition, is said to have cost nearly \$150,000, and the proprietors pay a ground rent of \$3,000. The price for a twenty minutes' ascension is \$4 a head.

An inquiring man thrust his finger into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The inquiring horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

This is how James Ferguson, of Detroit, came to swim for twenty-one hours among the perilous billows of Lake Ontario: Ferguson was second mate of the Bay Leaf, a lake schooner. One night recently he was knocked overboard and, though he shouted lustily for help, no one left his cabin to the darkness. One by one he divested himself of coat, vest and shoes. A soft light in the horizon told him where the east was and that the moon was rising. Two hours later, when nearly exhausted, he saw a piece of board floating in the moon's glitter. After a long swim this was reached and he got partial rest. He buffeted the waves all night. Next day the sun came out hot on his bare head, but Ferguson never gave up his plank, working toward what he knew must be the blue line of the shore in the distance. He landed safely, but much used up, near the village of Niagara.

Henry Faxon, of Buffalo, is said never to have recovered from a fright that Blondin gave him, his nervous system receiving a lasting shock. Blondin was about to start on one of his walks on a rope across the chasm below Niagara Falls. Faxon stood laughing and jesting on the edge of the precipice overlooking the river 150 feet below. Blondin, motioned to the bystanders for silence, seized Faxon under both armpits from behind, and held him for a second or two over the verge. Faxon's countenance when Blondin laid hold of him was irradiated with excitement. When Blondin drew him back and dropped him on the green sward, he sank in a heap, horror-stricken. In the next instant, Blondin, grasping his heavy balancing pole, danced out on his rope beyond the precipice, and, turning to enjoy the effect of his manœuvre, saw his collapsed friend with a comical gesture.

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