

The Elk County Chronicle.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VIII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879.

NO. 48.

The Song of the Stream.

Over the mosses and grasses
The white, cloud passes,
Silent and soft as a dream,
And the earth, in her embraces,
And the earth, in her embraces,
And the earth, in her embraces,
Of the secret birth of the stream;
Till my threads are braided and woven,
And speed through the cloven
Channels, and gather and sink,
And wind, and sparkle, and dally,
With song in the valley
And shout from the terrible brink!
Then the whirl of the wind divides me,
And the rainbow hides me,
As I midway scatter in air;
And I bath with endless showers
The feet of the flowers,
And the locks of the forest's hair;
Till proudly, with waters wedded,
My strength is bedded
By meadow, and slope, and lea;
And the lands at last deliver
Their tribute river
To the universal sea. —Bayard Taylor.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

To say that Harvey Frothingham was in a bad temper was to put the mildest form of words to express the savage mood in which he shot through the main street of the town of L., on his way homeward. Everything had gone contrary to his wishes all the week. To commence with, he had fallen in love with Josephine Orm, whose pretty face was her only fault, and who worked in a paper-box factory for her daily bread. Entirely ignorant of the fact that Harvey Frothingham was a man of standing and wealth in L., pretty Josie allowed the minor facts that he was insidiously free in his addresses, to influence her so strongly, that her dignified reserve taught him the lesson he needed; and when he sought her for his wife she refused the honor.

To add to this discourtesy, the heiress, Miss Maude Chesterton, whom he had held in reserve, that his ambition might win a wife if his love would not—had coolly informed him that she was engaged to Fred Holman.

Now, if there was one man above another who was not desirable in the eyes of Harvey Frothingham, it was Fred Holman.

They had both been rivals at school, where both stood well in talent, application and social position; and Fred was over a little in advance in every study, carrying away the contested prizes far more frequently than it suited Harvey he should.

In society, Fred's handsome face, ready wit, courteous manners, and frank, sunny temper kept him ever higher favor than Harvey. Frothingham's sullen, cold disposition could gain.

And now, when Maude had been ever gracious to the son of the wealthy banker, Silas Frothingham, she answered his love-suit by the tidings that his life-long rival had won the promise to be his bride.

"And the worst of it, it will be just the match to suit my uncle," muttered Harvey, savagely. "No fear of his disinheriting Fred now."

For Harvey knew that Fred depended entirely upon the good will of his mother's brother, James Rutherford, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor, for his income. He had been left an orphan when a mere boy, and his uncle had adopted and educated him, and would probably make him his heir.

But the bachelor having long ago put a veto sentence, if he ever felt, looked to Fred to make a match that would increase his fortune and social position. It was the wish of his heart to see Fred the husband of Maude Chesterton, and his wish was to be fulfilled.

Harvey Frothingham, at odds with her, would like to see his rival refused, humiliated, humbled as he felt himself humbled, since neither love nor money would accept him.

He strode over the pavement in a savage mood, and started suddenly to see Josephine Orm coming out of a shop a few steps in advance of him. In her hand were several small packages, and her face was pale and anxious.

"Let me carry some of your parcels," he said, lifting his hat as he spoke.

"Thank you, I have only a few steps to go," answered Josie, hurrying forward nervously.

"You need not be afraid of me," Harvey said, noting her nervous manner. "I will not annoy you! Why will you not believe my respect is as great for you as my love?"

Harvey spoke exactly what his words were leading him, the young man was renewing the offer he had made before.

At the door of a small lodging-house Josie stopped and faced him.

"You have spoken so before, Mr. Frothingham," she said, gently; "and because I believe you are sincere, I will tell you what I have kept secret for six months; I am already married!"

"Josie! Be quick! Why do you stand there?" cried a voice in the narrow hallway, and a man stepped into the bar of light thrown across the open door by a street lamp.

"Fred Holman!" muttered Harvey, starting forward. "Married! and to Fred Holman!"

It almost consoled him in his own disappointment to think of the hold he had upon his rival. Engaged to Maude Chesterton, and affianced to Josie Orm—mund! Fancy the proud face when she knew she had been deceived for a girl who worked in a factory. And sweeter still was it to Harvey Frothingham to think of the wrath of James Rutherford when the news reached him.

into a large fruit and flower shop, he saw Fred Holman selecting the contents of a large fancy basket of choicest fruits and rarest blossoms. Nodding carelessly to Harvey, he wrote the address upon a card and attached it to the pretty basket.

"You will send this at once," he said, and then left the shop.

And Harvey, taking the place Fred had just vacated, read the card:

"Mrs. F. Holman, No. 28 Ralph street."

What proof was needed now? It was in the nature of Harvey Frothingham to work openly in any scheme. A blow in the dark suited him better. Feeling sure of his position now, he hurried homeward to write two anonymous letters, that would, he fondly hoped, dishonor and utterly confound his long success.

One of these venomous missives found Maude Chesterton in her pretty boudoir, trifling with some embroidery, and dreaming sweet dreams of her love and Fred Holman's sweet devotion.

She was a handsome, dignified girl of nineteen, of all sciences, sweetness, unspiced by her great wealth.

She loved Fred Holman with the whole strength of her young heart, and she was sure that her love was returned.

The dainty work under the slender fingers progressed slowly, as Maude lay back in her deep arm-chair, looking into the glowing fire, and building castles of future happiness.

From this tender reverie she was aroused by a servant, who handed her a square-folded letter, awkwardly addressed, and fastened with a wafer.

"Who wrote this?" she asked, and her attendant could be, she opened the paper. The same straggling hand inside met her eyes. Only a few lines were written:

"If you would have a proof of the falsehood of one you believe true, go at eight o'clock this evening to the second floor of No. 28 Ralph street, and you will find Mr. Frederick Holman and his wife."

"Anonymous!" the proud girl said, her lips curling and her eyes flashing. "It is a falsehood!"

She threw the note upon the coals and blacken the paper till it flashed out of sight up the chimney.

Then, with all the color stricken from her face, she took up her embroidery. Had Harvey watched her then, he would have thought that that poisoned arrow was not at all a vain aim.

But it was not so. The work was thrown aside, the piano rang out under her restless fingers, a novel was opened, a room was put in order; but while the calm face betrayed no secret suffering, the girl was tortured all day by the words of the anonymous note.

"Frederick Holman and his wife," could it be! Had the frank, brown eyes that had looked so lovingly into hers mirrored only a false heart? Was she, indeed, so far deceived?

Long before eight o'clock Maude Chesterton resolved to prove or falsify the words that seemed burned upon her brain.

Surely, of all the world she had the best right to test the truth of such a notorious charge against her betrothed lover.

And while she was striving to hide from any eyes the tortures she endured, James Rutherford was storming up and down his library, holding the second of Harvey Frothingham's communications in his hand.

In the same awkward handwriting, the same facts were stated, the same hue and place to verify the writer's words.

But the peppy old bachelor made no secret of his wrath. To have listened to him, one would have supposed that making mince-meat of his disobedient nephew was the least he intended. He called him all the pet names suggested by his imagination; he used up all the abusive adjectives in the dictionary to describe Mr. Frederick Holman.

He exhorted every throat that he could devise; long before eight o'clock he had wrought himself up to a rage that was frightful to witness.

"Does that fellow look like a rascal?" he asked, with a sneering smile, as he surveyed that Harvey Frothingham, secretly hidden in a narrow courtyard, watched a tall, stately figure leave a carriage at the head of Ralph street, and walk to the door of No. 28.

In the quiet of the street he heard a clear voice ask the servant who opened the door:

"Does Mr. Holman live here?"

"Yes, ma'am; second floor."

"Is her husband at home?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; you'll find them both there."

Then Maude Chesterton entered the door, and with a short, panting man dashed up the steps, and, not pausing to make inquiry, also entered.

Fever-over-work!

"Josie—Josie!"

She went at once to the room from which the voice came, and again the two, listening intently, heard Fred's husky voice.

"Bring the last cordial, Josie. Ten drops! I am sure he knew me; but he is faint!"

A moment later the same cheery voice spoke again: "Drink this! Don't you know Josie?"

"Then another voice—oh! so very faint!"—said:

"Bring the last cordial, Josie. Ten drops! I am sure he knew me; but he is faint!"

And Fred, appearing in compliance with this request, handed the bottle of cordial to Maude Chesterton with a newspaper to bring her out of a fainting fit.

Before he could frame a question, his uncle said, quickly:

"Get me some water!" And he obeyed.

Then, Maude's blue eyes opened with a bewildered stare, the old gentleman continued:

"We were sent here to see your domestic felicity, and we seem to be disappointed."

"My domestic felicity!" cried Fred.

"Read that," said his uncle, handing the anonymous note. And Fred complied.

"Humph! yes," he said. "So you came to see Mrs. Frederick Holman. Well, that lady has made me a happy man;" and his eyes flashed merrily upon Maude. "But will introduce you to my cousin's wife, Mrs. Frank Holman. Maude," he continued, with gentle gravity, "since you have come here, it will be an act of Christian charity to remain, for"—and his voice sank very low—"and his wife and little woman will be a widow before the morning."

"Poor fellow!" said James Rutherford. "What is the trouble?"

"Over-work. He thought he could increase his small salary by toiling over engraving in his evening, and he broke down. I never knew of his marriage till last week, when he wrote me a painful note, begging me to care for his wife if he died. I came here at once, and he was fortunate enough to win poor little Josie's sisterly confidence and affection. Maude, if the great trouble we fear comes—"

"I will be her true sister, Fred!" interrupted Maude.

Here was a deep silence of several minutes; then Josie, very pale still, except not to the room.

"The doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her, for Fred's sake.

Nearly seven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half-frozen, in the dark courtyard, to see the disappearance of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of No. 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the day of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the slight mistake he had made.

Nothing a Client.

The Eureka (Nev.) Leader is responsible for the following story, a young lawyer of Eureka, who has just been admitted to practice at the bar, had the responsible duty assigned to him by Judge Rives, last week, of defending a criminal confined on a charge of robbery.

The budding Blackstone visited his client, and was shocked to note his shabby appearance and generally unclean and unkempt appearance. As this was his first case, our legal friend was naturally anxious to acquit his client, and in pursuance of this laudable ambition he concluded that if the prisoner presented a cleanly and respectable appearance before the court and jury, his chance of getting off would be enhanced, and, acting on this idea, the lawyer not only sent to the jail his best suit of clothes for the fellow to wear, but also dispatched a barber to the scene, with instructions to shave, shampoo and cut the man's hair. It was all done, and the thief came into court looking as neat as a newly-elected candidate. But, unfortunately, one bad mistake had been made. The barber had shaved the fellow's hair down to a close crop, and in consequence a worse-shaped head or a more villainous set of features never were revealed. The impression on the jury was so marked that they rendered a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats. It was time and coin thrown away; and not only that, but it is said that Blackstone had to get rid of his own hair. After that he will rely on testimony, and let personal appearance take care of itself.

Toad Poisoning.

The following singular account of the action of toad poisoning on the human body, is reported in the last number of the London Chemist.

A child of six years old followed a large toad in a hot summer's day, throwing stones at it. Suddenly he felt that the animal had spurted some moisture into his eye. There suddenly set in a slight pain and spasmodic twitching of the slightly-injected eye, but two hours after, a coma, jumping sight, desire to vomit, abundant urine, great agitation, manifested themselves, followed on the sixth day by sickness, apathy, and a kind of stupor, but with regular pulse. Some days later, having become comparatively quiet, the boy left his bed; his eyes are injected, he howls and pulses rise from fever. He howls and behaves himself like a madman, sinks into imbecility and speechlessness, from which condition he never rallies.

HOW THE CHINESE MARK TIME.

Some Very Curious Extracts from the Latest Official Almanac.

The Chinese Official Almanac is issued annually in December, and is carefully prepared by the board of astronomy, an important body, imperially appointed, presided over by a prince of the royal blood, and equal in dignity to any other government body in the empire. The almanac is bestowed as a special act of grace by the emperor on the Koreans, Loochooans, Annamites and other tributary states. As this publication is so highly respected by the Chinese, it may fairly be considered as the representative of the highest state of astronomical science reached by them. A large part of the astrological portion of the almanac is intended for a "practical guide in the common affairs of life." A translation is given of the admonitions for the first days of the ensuing, or breaking ground; at three a. m. the first day is favorable for sacrifice and for entering school; at noon it is allowable to bathe. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey or exchanging residence.

The second day is favorable for sacrifice and bathing. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey, removing or practicing acupuncture.

The third day: there are no indications.

The fourth day: may receive or make visits and cut out clothes; at seven a. m. may draw up contracts, barter and sell property. May not go on a journey or break ground.

The fifth day: may visit, bathe, shave and clean up; may not plant and sow.

The sixth is favorable for sacrifice, visiting, taking on a new servant, starting on a journey, removing, marrying, repairing, entering office, removing or practicing acupuncture.

The seventh day: may level roads, but must not start on a journey.

The eighth: may sacrifice, memorialize, enter office, remove ceremonial clothes; at five a. m. may sit toward the southeast; also favorable for conjugal union, visits, weddings, taking on a new servant, starting on a journey, erecting uprights and putting on crossbeams, building, removing soil and burying.

The ninth: may receive more items and comments as follows:

And so it goes on for nearly every day in the year. Enough has been translated to show the excessive childishness and absurdity of this, the principal part of the imperial almanac, at the present time.

Nearly seven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half-frozen, in the dark courtyard, to see the disappearance of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of No. 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the day of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the slight mistake he had made.

The doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her, for Fred's sake.

Nearly seven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half-frozen, in the dark courtyard, to see the disappearance of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of No. 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the day of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the slight mistake he had made.

The doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her, for Fred's sake.

Nearly seven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half-frozen, in the dark courtyard, to see the disappearance of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of No. 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the day of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the slight mistake he had made.

The doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her, for Fred's sake.

Nearly seven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half-frozen, in the dark courtyard, to see the disappearance of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of No. 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the day of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the slight mistake he had made.

The doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her, for Fred's sake.

Nearly seven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half-frozen, in the dark courtyard, to see the disappearance of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of No. 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the day of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the slight mistake he had made.

The doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her, for Fred's sake.

The Octopus.

Though all the octopods, large or small, can swim freely at will, such is not their habit; they prefer to lie concealed, or partially so, on the side or in the clefts of rocks. There the octopod's body is protected from the attacks of larger animals while it extends its long feelers in search of prey, of which fish, mollusks, and crustaceans are the principal objects. Its movements, among an object of food is perceived, are marvellously rapid, swifter than the flight of an arrow from the bow of an expert hunter. The long, flexible arms grasp the victim; its hundreds of suckers, acting like pneumatic holders, make escape impossible; and, as the long arms draw the object nearer and nearer, the other shorter arms add their multiple disks, forming "a perfect mitral-closure of inverted arms, which take horrid hold, and the pressure of the air is so great that nothing but closing the throat-valve can produce relaxation." This throat-valve is the neck, as we have before described. These lengthy appendages, the limbs, are rather in the nature of arms, or rather, as we would call them, as octopods usually draw them close alongside, whence they extend in a horizontal position, acting the part of a tail to a kite. It propels itself by drawing in and expelling water through its locomotory tube. The octopods swim backward, and it has been remarked that it changes its color to a darker hue when it starts out for a swim. This change of hue, apparently at will, is one of the most peculiar characteristics of the octopus. It may be considered the camouflage of the sea. Its ordinary color when in repose is a mottled brown; but when irritated it assumes a reddish hue, approaching to purple. Nature seems to have been most scrupulously careful in furnishing this animal with protecting elements; for this coloring matter, which resides between the inner and outer skin, enables it even to assume the color of the ground or rocks over which it travels, so that one can hardly say what color it is before it may have changed to something quite different. When exhausted after a battle or a struggle to get on a trap, it turns pale like a human being.

Others besides Victor Hugo's hero have had a chance to test the strength of these devil fishes. Major Newsome, R. E., when stationed on the east coast of Africa in 1877, took to bathe in a pool of water, with the reefing waves. He says: "As I swam from one end to the other, I was horrified at feeling something around my ankle, and made for the aids as speedily as I could. I thought at first it was only sea weed; but as I landed and tried to get my foot on the rock, my disgust was heightened at feeling a fleshy and slippery substance under me. I was, I confess, alarmed; and so apparently was the beast on which I trod, for he detached himself and made for the water. Some fellow bathers came to my assistance, and he was eventually landed."

As the grasp of an ordinary-sized octopus holding to a rock is not less than thirty pounds, while the floating power of a man is between five and six pounds, I believe if I had not kept in mid-chamber, I could not have escaped the struggle between myself and the beast on my ankle. In the open water I was the best man; but near the bottom or sides, which he could have reached with his arms, but which I could not have reached with mine, he would certainly have drowned me."—Popular Science Monthly.

A Model New England Farm.

Mr. Burnett, the owner of the three hundred acre farm in Southboro, Mass., known as Deerfoot farm, and noted for its fertility, raising and fattening pigs, and converting them into various articles of food, and of the products of the dairy. The conversion of the carcasses into hams and bacon, and the manufacture of sausage, are carried on in the most systematic manner and on an extensive scale; extra pains being taken to produce for the private consumption of customers in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, the choicest and most palatable articles.

Mr. Burnett raises about 350 hogs annually, and purchases from the farmers of Vermont 1,500 fat Berkshires, which make the best pork. After being dressed, the hogs are kept in a refrigerator for forty-eight hours, when they are cut up, the hams and bacon cured in the approved manner, the lard tried out and carried to the adulteration, and the pork packed in kegs of fifteen and twenty pounds weight; the sausage meat chopped by machinery and seasoned with the best quality of sage and pepper that can be obtained, and then made into sausages. Mr. Burnett's bacon has been sold for many years in the English market in the Boston market, and has become so popular in Philadelphia that one dealer has offered to take the entire product of Deerfoot farm, which amounts to 300 sides a day, while 3,000 hams are cured annually. The product of sausages averages about 1,000 pounds a day. Another specialty of Mr. Burnett is the raising of pigs' feet, which are sold largely in the season to yachting parties. The piggery at Deerfoot farm is an extensive affair, located at some distance from the main buildings, and consists of a building forty by twenty feet, containing 100 pens, in which were seen about 250 swine of all ages, from the suckling pig to the hog ready for the slaughtering vat. The animals are fed twice a day, on a cooked mixture of two-thirds corn meal and one-third ground oats, which Mr. Burnett has demonstrated to be the most profitable food for fattening hogs. In the dairy, the Devonshire process of producing clothed cream is used. New milk, scalded, is placed in long, large pans, which are placed under a refrigerator, where it is cooled rapidly, the temperature being reduced in three hours from 100 degrees to thirty-two degrees, and cream raised to the thickness of three-fourths of an inch, which ordinarily required forty-eight hours. This cream will keep sweet several days, and is sold for sixty cents a quart to Boston families. Mr. Burnett also manufactures from 250 to 300 pounds of butter a week from the milk of fifty cows, of which twenty-five are thoroughbred Jerseys. The butter readily sells at seventy-five cents a pound.—Boston Transcript.

ASSASSINATION.

Men in High Places Who Were Attacked During the Past Year.

Four times within as many months were attempts made on the lives of three sovereigns of Europe. The German emperor was twice in danger. On the afternoon of May 11, as he was riding in the Avenue Unter der Linden, Berlin, with the grand duchess of Baden, E. H. M. Hoesle, a tinsmith and a socialist, shot at him with a revolver. The ball did no damage, and on his trial Hoedel asserted that he did not aim at the king. But evidence to the contrary was overwhelming, and in accordance with the sentence, he was beheaded on August 16. The second attempt on Kaiser Wilhelm's life was made last three weeks later, and as he was riding through the same street, when K. E. Nobiling, from a window in the third story of the house No. 18, discharged a double-barrelled gun at him and lodged forty shots in his head and neck. In spite of a desperate resistance Nobiling was immediately arrested, but not until he had succeeded in inflicting upon himself a dangerous wound, from which he died on Sept. 11. He was an internationalist, and, unlike Hoedel, was a man of good education. The emperor's wounds were so serious that he was rendered incapable only by his command that no guard should surround his carriage as he entered cities in the course of a tour which he was making through Italy. His intention was that the presentation of petitions should be entirely free. On Nov. 17, as the carriage of 1873. His king, the queen, and Prime Minister Cortol were en route, Naples in this unprotected manner, Giovanni Passante, concealing a knife with a red banner, mounted on the steps and aimed a deadly stab at Humbert's heart. But the king defended himself with his sword, and the blow which could be repeated, Cairo, at the cost of a severe wound, had grappled with the murderer, and in a moment he was in the custody of the police. He was twenty-nine years old, a cook by trade, and, like Hoedel, Nobiling and Moncasi, an Italian anarchist.

More sensational, and, perhaps, scarcely less important than these crimes, was the unsuccessful attempt, on Feb. 5th, at St. Petersburg, of a young woman—Yera Sasulitch by name—to kill Gen. Treppoff, chief of the St. Petersburg battery, and the second minister of police.

The Russian police are generally rather than political, but an incident of detention in which the Russian police is held may be gained from the fact that, though she fired the shots in broad daylight, as was abundantly shown by proof and not denied by herself, she was acquitted by the jury on the charge of murder, and the large and ever brilliant audience of the courts. Two high Russian police officials were killed during the year—Baron Heyking, of Kiev, and Gen. Mezentsoff, chief of the czar's private police. These were political murders.

This mania for assassinations extended even to Peru and Japan. The latter country Mr. Okubo, minister of the interior, was almost hacked to pieces on May 14th by six men armed with swords. He was in reality the power behind the throne, and was somewhat known in this country as a member of the Iwakura embassy of 1873. His assassins were of the Samurai, or privileged class, and professed, probably honestly, to have acted from patriotic reasons.

In Lima, Peru, on Nov. 10th, Don Manuel Pardo, ex-president of the republic and acting president of the senate, was shot by Melchor Montero, the sergeant of his guard. The crime was to be the first act of a revolution, but Montero was deserted by his confederates.

Trichinosis.

This is a parasitic disease, caused by eating pork infested with minute hair-like worms, called trichinae. It is only since 1860 that the disease has been fully investigated and understood, but it can now be traced back, under other names, to the remotest antiquity. Since the above date it has been recognized wherever pork is eaten raw or imperfectly cooked; and there have been many epidemics of it.

The trichinae, after passing through the stomach, rapidly multiply in the intestines, and thence they work their way into the substance of the muscles generally and of the internal organs, where they soon roll themselves up into coils, like worms of the earth.

If comparatively few trichinae are taken into the stomach, either because the pork is but slightly diseased, or is eaten sparingly, or the meal is not repeated, the disease is light and soon over.

In severe cases there is vomiting; diarrhoea, followed often by obstinate constipation; profuse sweating; fever; great pain in the limbs; difficulty of chewing, swallowing and breathing; the pulse, often, the entire loss of voice; neuralgic attacks and restlessness, except in children, with whom the opposite condition of stupor prevails.

In the milder cases the patients begin to recover in five or six weeks; in severe forms, convalescence is deferred for four months, while the full strength is not restored for many longer time. A fatal termination is very common, generally from paralysis of the respiratory organs. In children, recovery is the rule. No means have yet been found to destroy the trichinae.

American hogs seem to be especially liable to the disease. They should be sold for the market, home or foreign, only after legal inspection. But thorough cooking kills the trichinae. Lard, of course, having been subjected to a high heat, cannot contain them.—Youth's Companion.

Instead of leaving flowers and wreaths on the graves of dead friends, custom expects the people of Madrid to leave visiting cards.

Items of Interest.

"Anti-fog remedy"—Killing the hog when young.

Winter is the season best suited to freeze speech.

A hotel bill may be called in-dubbed-ness.

Why is a healthy tree like a dog? Because the bark is sound.

Look out for the girl who throws her whole soul into a pair of slippers for the parson.

George W. Matchett, of the *Arkansas Traveler*, has been sticking type fifty-eight years.

Woman's capabilities are great, but hardly sufficiently developed to allow of her driving a nail without hitting her finger.

A man who bought a box of cigars, when asked what they were, replied, "Tickets for a course of lectures from my wife."

Nothing can exceed the intense affection which a girl deals out to her father for a day or two before the time when she's going to ask for a new dress.

Old buttons are in demand in Paris as articles of parlor ornament, and large prices are paid for those in steel, Jasper, silver, pebbles or Alencon diamonds.

He that is found reasonable in one thing is concluded to be so in all; and to think or say otherwise is thought so unjust an affront and so senseless a censure that nobody ventures to do it.