VOL. VIII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1879.

Two Drummers.

A LEGEND OF THE ROAD. It was two rival drummers The merits that did blow Of safes were in St. Louis made And safes from Chicago.

They chanced upon a merchant Who fain a safe would buy, And in the praise of their houses' wares The drummers twain did vie, Each striving to see which could construct

Up spake the St. Louis drummer Once a man a cat did take And locked the animal in a safe

Of our superior make. "They made a bonfire round the safe

With tar and kerosene, And for four-and-twenty hours it blazed

With raging heat, I ween. "The fire went out, the safe was cooled, And I will for feit five

Hundred good dollars if that cat Did not come out alive." Then mild uprpake and answered him The Chicago safe agent:

"With our safe one day we did essay The same experiment. "We placed the safe selected on Of coals a flery bed,

And pitched-pine we heaped in coal-oil steeped Till the iron glowed bright red; And in forty-eight hours we ope'd the safe,

And, alas! the cat was dead! 'Was dead? Abs!" his rival cried, With a triumphant breath;

But the Chicago man replied: "Yes, the cat was frozen to death!" No word that St. Louis drummer spoke,

But silent he stood and wan, While the Kansas merchant an order gave To the Ch cago man.

Better Late Than Never.

His name was John Holt; and, moreover, he looked like his name, or like the image which the sound of his name, in a musical ear, would call up in the mind. Physically he was so well proportioned that his weight could scarcely be guessed, and so broad-shouldered that you had to set him beside another man in order to realize his superior height. His skin was fair and his eyes blue, but the hair, which had been tow-colored in his childhood, had deepened to brown. John Holt's face was not one of those which are called expressive, but wore, in repose, pretty nearly al-

ways the same look. Mrs. Holt had a large and valuable farm just on the borders of the town. Streets had crept gradually about her fields and surrounded them on three sides; on the fourth woodlands stretched back toward the east. Why she should give the control of this place to John, instead of to one of his sharper brothers, The only reason she could give was that John was steady and more likely to remain at home than the others were.

John was in love with pretty Nellie Cramer, a neighbor's daughter; but one day when he started to tell her of his passion she stopped him short with a laugh and a "Nonsense, John!"

He never got angry with her. How could he? But sometimes a shadow would drop over his face, and he wouldn't have much to say to her for a time. Then, when she went to him with her coaxing ways, and laid her little hand on his arm, whispering:

"Now, don't be vered, John; I like you so much; but I don't want you to talk nonsense," he would look down and smile, though not very brightly, and promise to try to avoid nonsense in the future; ending his promise with a sigh. "Dear me! I do wish you wouldn't

sigh so, John !" the girl would say, pet-"It makes me feel melan to hear you. One would think I had done something dreadful to you." Then John Holt would smile again, still less brightly, and promise to try

not to sigh any more. Such little scenes as this were mere asides, however. Nellie usually paid but little attention to John, being chiefly occupied in dancing, flirting and quarreling with his more showy brother Frank, or with any other gay fellow who was so unfortunate as to be taken with her pretty face. For Nellie was an incorrigible flirt. It was only when she had no one else to talk to, or wanted to pique some other lover, or when she wanted some real service, that she went

"You are a sort of grandfather, you know," she said one day, giving his arm a squeeze. "I have an idea that you are about seventy-five years old. How

old are you, John?" "I am only one-third of that," he said, smiling. "I am only a month past twenty-five.

"Possible? Well, you must have been very old when you was born. Besides, twenty five is old to me. I am only nineteen. Now you come and hear my story and tell me what to do. I came

over here on purpose to see you."

John followed her obediently through the garden and down to a bench under the shadow of the beech grove on the lawn; and when she took her seat there he leaned against the trunk of a tree and

waited, looking down on her. 'You see, John," she began, had an offer.

John Holt was tanned that summer, but through the brownness one might have seen a faint blush run over his Nellie didn't see it, for she was looking down and rolling her apron tassels, a very bright color in her own

There was a moment's silence after this announcement, and seeing that he he sawas expected to say something, John presently said "Yes?"

"Oh, if you don't want to advise me, I won't trouble you," the girl flung ont, rising in a pet.
"Come back, Nellie," he said, kind-

"I am not cross, only tell me what She seated herself again with a little quiver in her lip,

"I want you tell me what you think of James Lee. Tell me if you think I'd better marry him. Tell me if you think

"Then why don't you marry Albert Leighton?" he asked, looking up into the tree that spread over his head, and

reaching to break a slender twig.

"He never asked me to," she answered demurely.

"I suppose he means to, doesn't he?" asked John, looking at her with a glance that might be called almost haughty. "How can I tell?" Nellie pouted. "Men are so queer. The most of them would rather wait to be asked, I think."

"If you want my advice, I think."
If you want my advice, I will give
it," John said, twisting and flinging
away the little twig in his hand. "If
you like Albert, don't keep James Lee
in suspense. You have no right to do
it. You can't seriously think of marrying one man when you prefer another.
If Albert likes you, as I believe he
does, take him. He's a good fellow."
"You think so?" the girl said, look-

ing up suddenly.

"I think so," he repeated, turning away. "Now let's go up to the house."

She rose and walked quietly up by his side, her fair, girlish face a little shot. She sat there and looked at the other with her strained eyes, but said pale, her eyes downcast. At the gate she stopped.

"I will not go in, now," she said, in a low tone. "I will go home."

He merely bowed, and looking back after a few stops she saw that he had not entered the house, but was stealing off toward the house.

John's sister, and in a month the two were engaged. Nellie laughed and turned the light of her smiles upon Albert Leighton, a handsome, dashing fellow, who had been crazy about Lee for the last six months. John Holt said nothing, but was rather cool about his sister's engagement. sister's engagement.

"You see, suspense would have killed him," Nellie whispered, mischievously.
"I hope he isn't marrying my sister out of pique toward you," John said, coldly. "If I didn't think Bessie loved him too well to give him up. I'd tell him too well to give him up, I'd tell

"Ard betray my confidence, John Holt," Nellie exclaimed. "I tell you, he is like most of you men—purely self-ish. He didn't care a fig about me. I think he seems to like Bessie."

"When are you going to get mar-ried?" he asked abruptly. The question came so suddenly that

Of course, she recovered herself in a minute, and protested that she had no thought of marrying. Any woman would have done the same. But the blush had convicted her in John Holt's eyes, and It was winter, and while they talked they were waiting, with half a dozen others, for a large sleigh that was coming to take them out to a party given by a friend seven or eight miles off in the country. Even before Nellie's blush had faded, the trampling and jingling at the gate attracted their attention, and Albert Leighton put his head in at the door to call them. Bessie and her lover came forth from an adjoining room, auother group came up from a distant window, and they allran gayly out and and bundled into their places.

The party passed off as such things usually do. All seemed to enjoy themselves; Nellie was lovely as a pink and full of mischief, Leighton was attentive. and John Holt was cheerful and kind to everybody. He was fully as quiet as usual, to be sure, and rather avoided Nellie Cramer, but it is doubtful if any

one but herself noticed that.
It was twelve o'clock when they started to go home, and the moon had set. At first their gayety held out, but after a mile or so fatigue and want of sleep began to tell upon them, and one by one they fell into silence.

"John," Nellie said, "there is just room for me on the seat with you. May I come there? It is cold here." He made room for her in silence, and she left her discomfited escort and took

sometimes hurt to see that she came to film only when she wanted help or aware of a light pressure and aware of a light pressure and the same to aware of a her place next that strong shoulder. arm, then a soft, plaintive whisper stole into his ear.

"I am so sleepy, John!"
He turned a little—why not? they were old friends-and lifted his arm to the back of the seat, took the head softly and tenderly to his bosom. And so she lay in that faithful and tender clasp till they drew near home; then, with one whispered word of loving gratitude, "Nobody is so good as you!" she drew away, and took Albert Leighton's hand

to step out at her own door. After a stir in his own mind, John Holt concluded that Nellie and Albert had quarreled. He sighed, since she could not hear and so be annoyed, pitied the girl, and then went steadily about his work. The waters of his soul

were too deep for babbling. When spring came, for the first time in his life John electrified his friends. He was going to California. The announcement was made quietly but firmly, and he stood like a rock, against which expostulation beat itself to spray. He gave good reasons, and absolutely maintained his right to choose for him-

"You have always said, mother, that you wished I were more venturesome," he said. "I am going to please you

"But how is the farm to get along without you?" she objected. " Frank understands everything and

can manage. Mrs. Holt took courage, and, breaking over some little awe, which, in spite of her talk, she felt for her son, spoke out: "John, has that Nell Cramer jilted

" Jilted me !" he said, flushed as much

"I want you tell me what you think of James Lee. Tell me if you think I'd better marry him. Tell me if you think I'd better marry him. Tell me if you think he cares enough for me to go just where I say and live where I wish."

The color waved again in John Holt's face, and he drew a quick breath. Some impulse to speak seemed to come upon him. Glancing up for his answer, Nellie saw the change and added a word:

"You see, John, I like Albert Leighton better than I do James."

The color and light dropped out of his face sgain, and a rim of even, white teeth pressed for an instant his under lip.

"You are entirely mistaken, mother," he said flushed as much with anger as with surprise. "What do you mean, mother? We have always tom. "Is it you, James?" she said, half turning, expecting her brother.

John took a step nearer, and this time his voice did not fail.

"Nellie!"

She started, half arose, hesitated, that she liked you, only that you were too slow to see it. Then, Nell has got a little money of her own that wouldn't be amiss."

"You are entirely mistaken, mother," he said decisively. Don't let us say any "Then and always."

he said decisively. Don't let us say any more about it."

"Oh, you great fool!" muttered the mother, looking after him as he went out. "Was there ever a man so blind! He is no more fit to live in the world than an angel out of heaven is."

Then, seeing Nellie Cramer passing the street, she lifted her voice and called

The girl came in, wondering at such a peremptory summons.

"Come and sit by me!" commanded
the matron, and Nellie obeyed.
Mrs. Holt scanned her from head to

her in.

oot; the neat, trim figure, in its snuglyfitting paletot of dark gray, the green bonnet, that brought out her fresh,

clear color with a new luster, and the fair, bright face.
"Did you know that our John is going to California?" said Mrs. Holt, abruptly, her keen eyes on the girl's

no word.
"Yes," said Mrs. Holt, unable to repress a slight smile of satisfaction at this proof of the correctness of her surmise, "yes, he's set on going, in spite of all that I can say. He is going in a month or six weeks. Let me see; this

That smile of Mrs. Holt's was an unfortunate one. Nellie had always feared those sharp eyes, and now the thought the falling off in the number of carriages flashed upon her mind that John's mother was trying to expose and mortify her. A woman's pride will do a great deal for her, even when her heart is breaking. It brought the color to her face again, and strengthened her trembling limbs. It steadied her voice and her eyes. Mrs. Holt was puzzled and disconcerted by the sudden change.

"I'm so sorry!" Nellie said, in a tone.

"I'm so sorry!" Nellie said, in a tone. and disconcerted by the sudden change.
"I'm so sorry!" Nellie said, in a tone
of fearless regret. "We can scarcely get along without John. He seems such a stand-by. But men ought not to be tied at home, I think. If they choose to go, they should be allowed their own way. There he is now, in the garden. I

This prayer would have been effectual, but for the memory of that smile much each per month until a certain which rankled in the girl's heart. Had sum is reached. Should death overtake This prayer would have been effectshe not given John Holt every encour- them before that sum is paid, the society agement, if he had cared about her? Had she not said and done things so know of colored women who belonged to affectionate toward him that shi had three or four of these societies at one blushed with shame thinking of them afterward? John was no fool, and if he had a burial fund of \$200, and every had cared for her, he might have understood. He had probably been trying to the heirs. Poor things! They in-

With these thoughts burning in her heart, Nellie Cramer went directly to John Holt as he walked up and down the garden. He stopped, seeing her, undertaker is handed a list of those who and looked wistfully into her face. Though he had denied his mother so Though he had denied his mother so decidedly, her words had not been without weight. Women understand each other. Could it be possible? And there was Nellie coming down the walk. Her head was erect, and her face per-fectly composed, though slightly pale. "I am so sorry," she began. "Your mother has been telling me your plans. Of course, you know best what is good for you, and I have been telling her to

let you have your own way. But we shall all be sorry to lose you, John." That was all. He gave a last grasp at his self-command, and held it. There was a short formal conversation; both so engaged in making a pretense of being kind and friendly, and just as usual, that each could not perceive that the other was also making a pretense; and four weeks after they parted with tol-erable composure, and John Holt went

He stayed there five years, and sent his mother her gold spoon. He stayed three years longer, and then came home himself. Nellie was Nellie Cramer still, they told him, and was much sobered. Some way she hadn't seemed to care much about flirting for several years, Her father and mother were dead, and she was keeping house for an unmarried brother. There were hints that the new minister went to see her very often, but Mrs. Holt didn't believe that Nellie

would look at him. John listened, and, when evening came, took his hat and went out for a walk. No one but his own family as yet knew of his return, and he was solved to see himself the effect of his coming on Nellie. The soft spring twilight was settling down when he reached her house, and as he walked quietly up the path a slight figure sat in a window, looking out, singing lowly to herself in a mournful reverie. She did not see him; but when he came nearer he saw her face clearly. The round outlines and bright color were gone, but he was forced to own that she had grown far more beautiful. The chastened luster of the eyes, the firmer, sweeter closing of the mouth, the purer and more per-fect outlines—all belonged to one who had eaten of the bread of sorrow, and had found a blessing in the bitterness. Something swept over his heart with passionate force—some regret, some longing, he scarce knew what. If he had suffered at losing her eight years before, he felt that such a loss now would kill him. He quietly entered the open door, paused on the threshold of the room where she sat alone. She still sang softly, but, as he looked, stopped, sighed, and became silent.

"Nellie!" he would have said, but his voice was only a whisper. He went forward into the shadowy

asked. "Did you care for me before I went away?"

"Then and always, John. How could you be so blind?"

John Holt smoothed her hair tender ly, for one moment of silence; then ex claimed, as though some great truth had suddenly dawned upon him.

"I deserve it! I always thought them wrong, but they were right. I was, indeed, a great fool."

Funerals in New York.

"Is there as much extravagance in funerals as there used to be?" inquired a New York reporter of an undertaker.

a New York reporter of an undertaker.

"Oh, no! I suppose few trades suffer more severely from the hard times than ours. Persons who used to spare no expense at the funerals of their dead now calculate every penny, and in all cases, except, strange to say, the very poor, the desire for display has given place to strict economy. There are exceptions, of course, but they are few and far between. In the past twenty years an almost entire change has been worked in one essential of funerals. I mean the carriages. In old times it was worked in one essential of lunerals. In mean the carriages. In old times it was customary for families to send out funeral invitations, and provide carriages for those who came, but now the practice is for friends of the family to him their own carriages. hire their own carriages. This custom was in vogue among the Irish many years ago, but now it is gaining ground among the Germans and Americans. It off toward the barn.

The next week James Lee commenced is the middle of April. He says he shall start by the first of June at far-flown's sister, and in a month the two thest."

month or six weeks. Let me see; this is no uncommon thing in Irish funerals for four friends of the dead persons to hire a carriage and attend the funeral, hire a carriage and attend the funeral, and the Germans are rapidly adopting the same economical habit. Since 1869 has been gradual, but steady. Then a "But, talking about poor persons

funerals," the undertaker resumed, after having opened a case and gazed for a while in silent ecstacy at a group of polished caskets, "you ought to go to a colored person's burying. You have no idea how provident and methodical the better class of colored folks are as to "When are you going to get married?" he asked abruptly.

The question came so suddenly that for once the girl lost her composure. A crimson blush swept over her face, and she dropped her eyes without being able to speak a word.

Of course, she recovered herself in a associations so popular in Philadelphia buries them out of its surplus funds. cent of it was spent on her funeral by herited nothing. But in all colored funerals, mostly, the family hires the carriages, and friends are invited pretty are to ride to the cemetery, and seats

Results of Aerial Navigation.

Mr. E. C. Stedman, the poet, writes in Scribner of this subject, which he confesses to be his "hobby." The paper is in a half humorous, half serious tone, but discusses practically the causes of failure heretofore and the desiderata of final success, Mr. Stedman speaks thus buoyantly of some of the ultimate results of aerial navigation :

Not only by these processes of con-struction, but also by the power and freedom gained through their success, a delightful reflex influence will be exerted upon the sesthetics of life. Poetry and romance will have fresh material and a new locale, and imagination will take flights unknown before. Landscapes painted between earth and heaven must involve novel principles of drawing, color, light and shade. Music, like the songs of Lohengrin, will be showered from aerial galleys. In every way the resources of social life will be so enlarged that at last it truly may be "Existence is itself a joy." Sports and recreations will be strangely multiplied. Rich and poor alike will make of travel an every-day delight, the former in their private seronons, the latter in large and multipeople, and far more numerous and splendid. The ends of the earth, its rarest places, will be visited by all. The sportsman can change at pleasure rom the woods and waters of the North, the runways of the deer, the haunts of the salmon, to the pursuit of the tiger in the jungle or the emu in the Aus 'airmen." The adventurous and wellto-do will have their pleasure yachts of the air, and take hazardous and de-lightful cruises. Their vessels will differ from the cumbrous aerobats intended for freight and emigrant busi-ness, will be christened with beautiful and suggestive names—Iris, Aurora, Hebe, Ganymede, Hermes, Ariel, and the like—and will vie with one another in grace, readiness and speed.

When does the rain become too familiar with a lady? When it begins to patter on her back.

POTATOES AND DIPHTHERIA.

Novel Theory of a Nebraska Doctor, who Cinims Diphtheria is Produced by Ex-

Melville C. Keith, M. D., of Lincoln, Neb., writes to the Chicago Inter-Ocean as follows: Some seventeen years ago the attention of my father, Dr. Alvan Keith, late of Augusta, Me., was called to the fact that children who were not fond of the tuber known as Irish potatoes were not subject to attacks of that much-dreaded malady diphtheria. Following out this hint, he advised families of his friends to avoid the use of this vegetable among the children, and until his decease he was accustomed to make the assertion that rotten potatoes produce the throat disease known as diphtheria. It may not be inappropriate to remark that he was considered a very success-ful practitioner in the treatment of this

In 1865 the writer visited San Francisco, and was there engaged in the practice of medicine until 1867. During that period of time he had an opportun-ity of fully testing the truth of the statement of potatoes being a producer, or at least an approximate cause of the condition known as diphtheria. In 305 cases in and about San Francisco, the fact was noted that every one who had the true diphtheria was an eater of Irish potatoes. The writer is well aware of the presumptive charge of novelty, to say the least of the assertion, and for this reason has hesitated to place himself on record. The condition of many famion record. The condition of many fami-lies in the West, and more especially in this State and Kansas, urges the under-signed, as a matter of interest to the hu-man family to make public a series of observations for the past two years in the West. During this time thirty cases have come under my direct supervision have come under my direct supervision and prescriptions. More than 200 have been carefully inquired after, and in every case it has been proven that the diphtheritic patient had been a potatoeater; and in a large majority of in-stances the patient had been known as an excessive eater of the tuber. A rule to hold good should be valid from both sides. The undersigned made the foresides. The undersigned made the foregoing statements to a very intelligent lady of this city, now a teacher in a distant city, and the result has been that where the diphtheria prevailed fatally last year they have (by the influence of this lady) largely refrained from eating potatoes, or only eaten them to a very moderate extent, and the disease is almost unknown. In my practice in this

most unknown. In my practice in this city and county the offer has been to treat any one free of compensation, if they would avoid the use of Irish potathey would avoid the use of Irish pota-toes. As a sequence not one of the pa-tients who was not a potato-eater has been threatened with the disease. In many of the inland towns of this State, the writer has patients, and in some of the infected districts the families of the infected districts the families of those who have learned of this simple preventive have escaped any attack of throat disease, although the potato-eat-ers on either side of them have unfor-tunately had cases of diphtheria which

liatal betiliag It would not be in accordance with the well-known proclivities of medical men if the writer did not have a theory to account for these facts, and a special treatment to correspond with the belief of the constitutional cause. He has; but the theory, like many others, is only partially developed or proven, and could easily be argued. The facts, embracing a period of seventeen years and a knowledge of 1,100 cases, are, in the writer's estimation, incontrovertible, and may be summed up as follows: The writer maintains that the person does not use the tuber known as Irish potato can never have the disease known as diphtheria; that in every case of diphtheria (true) will be found an

The Laundries in New York.

habitual eater of Irish potatoes.

The manager of one of the larger laundries of New York lately said that there were between five and six hundred important laundries in the city, counting steam laundries that do the work of large manufacturers of white goods and of hotels and restaurants, and the hand laundries doing house hold work. The first steam laundries were started in Boston, in 1853. Several steam laundries in New York employ from 100 to 150 hands. The Empire laundry, doing the work of fifteen hotels and restaurants, turns out 40,000 pieces a day, or more than 1,000,000 a month, washed, dried and finished. These pieces include sheets, pillow cases, white towels, silver towels, brown towels, brown table cloths, white table cloths, napkins, curtains, jackets, aprons, counterpanes, blankets, bed covers, pillow covers, chair covers, table covers, crumb cloths and dollies. In the performance of this work there are us

\$4,000 worth of soap, \$1,000 worth of starch, \$250 worth of bluing a year, and the pay roll amounts to \$25,000 yearly. Another laundry manager said that the amount of private washing done in the public laundries has increased immensely since the establishment of the first large public laundry, the New York, form structures, corresponding in use to the excusion-boats of our rivers and barbors, the "floating palaces" of the St. Denis, California, Home, Stuyvesant and New York. The work they do is mainly for persons living in flats, boarders, bachelors, and transient hotel guests. Notwithstanding the great facilities offered by the public laundries, most housekeepers prefer to have their washing done at home. The public laundries that do private washing do not use steam or any machinery except the simple "patent wringer" tralian bush. An entirely new pro-fession—that of airmanship—will be thoroughly organized, employing a countless army of trained officers and the necessary fluting, puffing, scallop-ing, and doing up. The charges range from seventy-five cents to \$9 a dozen. The laundry business requires very little capital; the work is simple and the terms are invariably cash. No class of business men lose so little money from bad debts as the laundry men, and the reason is plain; they always have ample security for their bills in the clothing that they wash, and clothing is never returned until the bill is paid.

It is estimated that from one and half to five million dollars are invested in laundries in New York, giving employment to from ten to twenty thou-

Care of the Eyes.

The sight in most persons begins to fail from forty to fifty years of age, as is evidenced by an instinctive preference for large print; a seat near the window for reading is selected; there is an effort to place the paper at a convenient dis-tance from the eye, or to turn it so as to get a particular reflection of the light; next the finger begins to be placed un-der the line read, and there is a winking of the eye as if to clear it, or a looking away at some distant object to clear it; or the fingers are pressed over the closed

lids in the direction of the nose, to remove the tears caused by straining.

Favor the failing sight as much as possible. Looking into a bright fire, especially a coal fire, is very injurious to the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight; reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for pro-tection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight should observe the following rules, and preserve their general health by correct

1st. By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall obliquely over the shoulder upon the page or sew-

ing.

2d. By not using the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light.

3d. By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before break-

4th. By resting them for half a minute or so while reading or sewing or looking at small objects; and by looking at things at a distance, or up to the sky; relief is immediately felt by so doing.

5th. Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or corners of the eyes with the finger-nails; rather moist-en it with the saliva and rub it away with the ball of the finger. 6th. Frequently pass the ball of the finger over the closed eyelids toward the nose; this carries off an excess of water into the nose itself by means of the little canal which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, this canal having a tendency to close up in con-sequence of the light inflammation which

ttends the weakness of the eyes. 7th. Keep the feet always dry and warm, so as to draw any excess of blood

from the other end of the body. Sth. Use eyeglasses at first carried in the vest pocket attached to the guard, for the vest pocket attached to the guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with very little trouble, whereas, if com-mon spectacles are used such a process is required to get them ready that to have trouble the eyes are often strained

to answer a purpose.

9th. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water is used let it be flapped against the closed eyes with the fingers, not striking hard against the

10th. The moment the eyes feel tired. the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

Theatricals in China. The Celestial empire has much the

resemblance to an immense fair, where, amid a perpetual flux and reflux of buyers and sellers, of brokers, loungers and thieves, you see in all quarters stages and mountebanks, jokers and comedians laboring uninterruptedly to amuse the public. Over the whole surface of the country, in the burghs and villages, rich and poor, mandarins and people without exception, are passionately fond of dramatic representations. There are theaters everywhere; the great towns are full of them. There is no little village but has its theater, which is usually opposite to the pagoda, and sometimes even forms a part of it. In some cases the permanent theaters are not found sufficient, and then the Chinese construct temporary ones, with wonderful facility, out of bamboo. The Chinese theater is extremely simple, and its ar-rangements exclude all idea of scenic llusion. The decorations are fixed, and do not change as long as the piece lasts. One would never know what they were intended for, if the actors did not take care to inform the public, and correct the motionless character of the scenes by verbal explanations. The only arrangement ever made with a view to scenic effect is the introduction of s trap-door in front of the stage, for the entrances and exits of supernatural personages, and goes by the name of the Gate of Demons.'

Cat's Customs. Cats are not supposed to have the in telligence of dogs, says an exchange, and yet if we observe them we find that they are capable of a great degree of reasoning. A cat belonging to us had a kitten, which, when it had learned to drink milk from the saucer with its mother, was given to a neighbor. For many days after the old cat never drank more than a certain quantity of the milk given to her, leaving the rest for the kitten, which she hourly expected to return. After a time, finding the kitten did not come, she resumed her habit of drinking the whole of the milk placed in the sancer. We were calling at a cottage when an old cat came in, "Ah!" said the woman of the house, she has been to see what our neigh bor's cat has got for her. She is too old to hunt for herself, so our neighbor's cat will keep a mouse or a bird for her, and she goes regularly every morning to see what there is for her." Another cat we have seen who has been taught tricks in the same manner as a dog, and if her master places her on the table and says "Die," manner as a dog, and it her master places her on the table and says "Die," she will lie quite motionless, and not move a paw or her tail until he tells her to get up, when she jumps up immediately and is as frisky as ever.

"I walked the floor all night with the toothaghe" said her to which his up.

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache," said he; to which his unfeeling listener replied: "You didn't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

tude dispersed. The report having spread that the commander of the garrison to which the guilty officer belonged had expressed his approval of the murder, he received challenges to duels from half a dozen students.

Quiet Lives.

NO. 51.

Grew a little forn leaf, green and siender Veining delicate and fibers tender; Waving when the winds crept down so low. Rushes tall, and moss and grass grev

Playful sunbeams darted in and found it; Drops of dew stole down by night and crown

But no foot of man e'er came that way, Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful

Searching nature's secrets far and deep From a fissure in a rocky steep He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran Fairy pencilings, a quaint design, Leafage, veinings, fibors clear and fine, And the fern's life lay in every line ! so, I think, God hides some souls away, weetly to surprise us the last day !

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Reigning favorites-Umbrellas. Excellent wash for the face-Water. Wanted-A life-boat that will float on

sea of troubles. Gloves were first worn by our hand-cestors in the tenth century.

What is the size of the needle that carried the threads of discourse? Brown thinks that all-absorbing tales should be printed on blotting-paper. The onion originated in Europe. So mportant facts leak out one by one.

The eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, is fifteen years A number of horses have been poisoned in Kansas by being fed raw castor

If a word spoken in time is worth one

piece of money, silence in its time is worth two. Toads and frogs were originally intro-duced into the Sandwich islands to ex-

terminate cockroaches. Examination of 8,000 grammar school pupils at Boston shows that about five per cent. of the boys are color-blind, and only about one-half of one per cent.

of the girls. In Egypt mummies feed the fires that propel the iron horse on the railroads. These dried-up human bodies, are said to make a very hot fire. Their supply is almost inexhaustible.

"There is nothing impossible,' ex claimed a man who was discoursing on Edison's achievements. That man, to find out how egregiously he is mistaken, has only to attempt to cut his own hair. A great many years ago a poor beg-

gar explained his ragged appearance by observing: "I have no money to buy new clothing, and mend I can't." And his class have been called mendicants ever since. The Cornish folk in England are noted as wonderful pie makers. They even serve vegetables in this manner,

times, are said to exist largely upon a curious compound known as turnover." When a snowball as hard as a door knob hits you in the back of the head as

you are crossing the street, no matter how quickly you turn, the only thing you can see is one boy, with the most innocent face and the emptiest hands that ever confronted a false accusation. -Hawkeye.

"Will ye love me thus forever?" And she looked into his eyes With a glance that seemed a token Of the fervor of her sighs.

"I windn't guaranty it,"
With a smile responded Pat, "For I'm hardly av the notion That I'd lasht as long as that!" Burdette, in a letter to the Hawkeye, mas nanimously allows the palm to the East in the matter of Revolutionary relies, but in the next breath is inclined to take it back. He says: "I remember in 1876, when we had the great centennial tea-party at Burlington, that I saw more Revolutionary relics at Union hall than I have seen in all New England.

And they were better looking relics, too. Those I saw in Old South church

were very old and battered and faded,

and altogether shabby-looking, while

the Iowa relies had a bright, fresh,

A Remarkable Funeral.

One of the most remarkable funerals

modern look to them, that was much pleasanter to contemplate,"

ever seen anywhere was that of the student who was shot in Wurzburg, Bavaria, by an officer of the city guard. He was arrested while on a lark, and, attempting to run from his captors, was deliberately shot in the back at close quarters. Great public commotion followed, the general aversion of the German people to the insolence of the military being stimulated by this act to the highest pitch. A mass meeting was called, at which a petition and address to the government were adopted, demanding the severest punishment for the "frivolous and brutal assassination." The funeral was attended by nearly a thousand students and by the entire faculty of the university. The body had been lying in state in the hospital during the day, and as darkness set in it was borne forth with funeral music, followed by the long procession of students, bearing torches and flags draped in mourning. It was carried slowly through the main streets of the city to the railway depot, where a special train was waiting to convey it to the home of the young man's parents. The return of the procession was through the streets along which the student had taken his way on the fatal night. posite the main garrison, to which the officer who had shot the student belonged, the procession came to a halt and formed a hollow square, in the middle of which the standard bearers with their draped flags stationed themselves. Then while the flickering torches cast fantas-