14 Hall

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My Lovers.

I have four noble lovers. oung and gallant, blithe and gay, And in all the land no maiden Hath a goodlier troups than they! And nev or princess, guarded By knights of high degree, Knew sweeter, purer homage

Than my lovers pay to me! One of my noble lovers Is a self-poised, thoughtful man, Gravely gay, serenely earnest, Strong to do, and bold to plan And one is sweet and sunny, Pure as crystal, true as steel, With a soul responding ever

When the truth makes high appeal! And another of my lovers, Bright and debonair is he, Brave and ardent, strong and tender, And she flower of courtesy! Last of all, an eager student, Upon lofty aims intent! Manly force and gentle sweetness

In his nature rarely blent! But when of noble lovers All alike are dear and true, And her heart to choose refuses, Pray, wint can a woman do? Ah, my sous! for this I bless ye, Even as I myself am blest, That I know not which is dearest. That I care not which is blest!

RANKIN BROTHERS.

-Julia Dorr.

A REMARKABLE PASSAGE IN THE HIS-TORY OF THE FIRM.

Harry Rankin was married. His elder brother and senior partner, George Rankin, now, for the first time, fully realized the fact. True, he had that very morning arrayed himself in unwonted linery, had gone to church in an uncommonly solemn frame of mind, and assisted at the wedding. He had even gone so far as to print a brotherly kiss upon the lips of the bride, as she and Harry set out on their bridal tour. Still he had not fully mast red the fact that Harry Rankin was married until now. He poked his fire into a blaze and planted his chair fairly in front of and planted his chair fairly in front of it, by way of asserting his sole occu-pancy of the hearth. Around him were all the bachelers' traps that he and Harry had accumulated during their long joint tenancy of the room. He did not inventory them in his mind—he did not see them, for he was looking at the fire—still they were there, and he knew they were there and fet their influence. He felt that the room would never be a home again—nothing but a hermitage

"This is worse than having a tooth-drawn," said he to himself. "It was dull enough here with him, after he got to prosing eternally about Eva, and both ring me with his ground plans for cottage houses. I thought I should be glad when it would all be over, and I should have heard the last of Eva and double parlors and winding stairs, but now that it is over and I have heard the last of it, I don't seem to be very lively The firm of Rankin brothers is dissolved so far as this place is concerned. I shall have to carry on this branch of the establishment alone. I suppose I shall get used to it after awhile, but just now I feel like a fellow's left leg when the surgeon carries off the right one in a sack. I ought to write three or four letters to night, but there's no use in my trying to do anything. If I do I won't accomplish as much as a bluebottle fly on a wooden god's nose. I shall have to resort to opium, or chioroform, or Josephus, or something to get to sleep in this haunted chamber to night."

With these cheerful reflections and many others of the same sort, he whiled the evening until about nine o'clock, when the solitude became so oppressive that he sallied forth, stick in hand, and walked by starlight until about eleven o'clock, after which he turned in and slept soundly.

The interesting event mentioned in the

above paragraphs did not prevent the senior member of the firm of Rankin brothers from resuming his uniform routine of habits and duties the next morning. At precisely eight o'cleck, his long-established breakfast hour, he took his accustomed chair at the hotel table, and was supplied with his immemorial breakfast of toast, coffee and medium boiled eggs.

The rustling of a lady's dress called his attention from his breakfast to the opposite side of the table. There sat his brother's bride.

"Why, Eva," said he, "you here? Did you miss the boat? Where's Harry?" "Sir!" said the lady, with a stare of unutterable astonishment. "How does it happen that you didn't

You had ample time to reach boat. Did the carriage break down on the way to the landing?" said Mr. Rankin. a little discomposed by the amazed look of the lady, it is true, but still confident that he was addressing his brother's wife.

By this time the lady began to see the true state of the case. "You mistake me for some other per-

son," said she.
It was now Mr. Rankin's turn to be amazed. The lady before him so exactly resembled his brother's bride in every line of her face and figure, every trick of countenance, lip and eye, that he felt more disposed to doubt her sanity than her identity. There was the sam slight, lithe figure, the same smooth brown hair, the self-same hazel eye, the identical high, clear forehead and petite,

spirituelle lower face.

"Can it be possible that I am mistaken?" said he. "I took you for my brother's wife. The resemblance is most extraordinary, and if there be any dissimilarity in your personal appearance and hers I cannot perceive it. I don't believe I should ever learn to distinguish you. Your voice, even, is the

Yery counterpart of hers."

An old gentleman, who was seated by the young lady, here took up the conver-

"My daughter," said he, "has been annoyed by the unusual degree of atten-tion she has received since she came here last evening. Her every move-ment has been watched by several curi-ous people. Probably the resemblance ous people.

you speak of has deceived others as well as yourself. May I inquire the maiden name of the lady you speak of? Such a name of the lady you speak of? Such a remarkable resemblance could hardly exist in the absence of any family rela-

Rankin, "was called Eva Noble until yesterday, when she was married to my brother. She is the only child of Judge Noble of this city. By the way," continued he, brightening up as a new thought struck him, "I have heard that Eva had a twin sister who was lost in the woods here when a mere, babe, just able to run about. That was long before I came here. The site of this city was then a wilderness for the most part. The story goes that the little one strayed off into the forest, that search was made for her many days in vain, until her discovery, alive or dead was despaired of, and that no vestige or trace of her was ever found."

"Did you ever hear the first name of this lost child mentioned?" said the old gentleman.

old gentleman.
"I may have heard it, but I have forgotten it if ever I did."

Here a lady boarder at the same table, who had been an attentive listener to the whole conversation, cleared her throat

and interposed.

"The name of the lost child," said she, " was Ella, I have heard Mrs. Noble and the judge speak of her many "My dear," said the old gentleman to the young lady, "I'm afraid I shall have to give you up at last." Then turning to Mr. Rankin, he said:

to give you up at last." Then turning to Mr. Rankin, he said:

"When this young lady was apparently about three years of age, she was found with a family of Indians in Central New York, where I then resided. The Indians claimed to have found her in the woods, lost and nearly famished, many days journey, as they said, to the westward. They professed to be willing to give her up to any white person who would take her and take care of her. They had plenty of children of their own, so they said, and no occasion to steal other people's. Having no children of our own, my wife and I were glad to adopt the little stranger. When she was about twelve years old my wife died, and since then she and I have got along together as well as we could. Her clothing when she came to us was marked 'Ella N.' in several places. It was badly worn and soiled, but my wife carefully preserved it, thinking it might lead to her identification. You have it with you, have you not, Ella?"

"Yes, sir," said the young lady, retreating to her room with evident emotion.

There were about a dozen people at the table, most of them regular boarders and residents of the city. When the strange young lady made her appearance among them, they had all supposed that she was Harry Rankin's bride, and were on the qui vive to account for her appearant there and them. count for her appearance there and then with a strange old gentleman. Of course they were eager listeners to the above conversation, and of course the news of the probable discovery of Judge news of the probable discovery of Judge Noble's long-lost daughter, and her marveious likeness to her supposed sister, traveled fast. The lady who had volunteered to give the first name of the lost child was at Judge Noble's house at the earliest possible moment, and the judge and his lady were at the hotel in less than laif an hour from the time suban Mr. Earlies at down to breek when Mr. Rankin sat down to breakfast. The young lady's history, and her harvelous likeness to their remaing daughter, would have satisfied them that she was their child, if the little garments in which she had been found had been not preserved. These Mrs. Noble instantly recognized as her own handiwork; and her husband and the old strange gentleman smiled and exchanged glances when they heard the mother apologizing to the daughter for the coarseness of her infant wardrobe.

"You see, my daughter," said the good lady, "the country was new then, and the ways of the people very plain and the ways of the people very plain and primitive. There was but one store here, and that a very small affair—no dressmakers, no milliners, no nothing. Your father was not rich. We kept no servants. I was a young mother with no experience, and with a double por-tion of work and care—that is, you understand, you and your sister were twins. You and she could spoil more good clothes than any one woman could make and keep in order. That's why you happened to have on such coarse

little things when you were lost."
"This Western world has changed good deal since that time," said the old gentleman. "Such a loss and finding would be simply impossible now The newspapers would herald the child's lisappearance, in all its known particulars, from one end of the land to the other. Now about these little clothes. My wife was greatly impressed with their original elegance, though they came to her hands badly soiled and tattered. She was especially struck with the fact that each article was marked as

it was."
"The little one's clothing was marked with her first name in full at my sugges-tion," explained the judge. "You see, sir, the two children were so exactly alike that nobody but their mother could distinguish them-and it is my belief that she was sometimes mistaken So we had everything belonging to them marked with their first names in full to avoid confusion. "May I inquire," continued the judge, "the name of the gentleman to whom we are so deeply indebted?"

"I am Jonas Cummings, the origin-ator of the railroad which first brought your city into notice, as I am vain enough to believe. You and I have been occasional correspondents these years, though we now meet for

the first time. "And father," said the young lady now for the first time taking an animated now for the first time taking an animated part in the conversation, and blushing and stammering over her difficulty in calling a strange gentleman "father." "if you only knew how kind he has been to me, you wouldn't blame me, even now that I have found my true father and mother. He has spoiled me with his indulgence, as you will find, I amfraid. I will try to be a good daughter afraid. I will try to be a good daughter

afraid. I will try to be a good daughter to you and always call you 'father,' if you please, sir. But won't you let me continue to call him 'papa,' as I have done so many years?"

"My daughter,' said the judge, with emotion. "I shall value you in proportion to your gratitude and affection for your benefactor. If he has spoiled you with indulgence, as you say he has—and as I can easily believe from what I know of him, though we now what I know of him, though we now meet for the first time—it is well that your sister was married and gone before you come, for it would be inconvenient to have two spoiled girls, two only daughters, in the same family. Besides, it your sister had not secured a husband before you came I don't believe she or you ever could have got one. What what I know of him, though we now me of the lady you speak of Such a before you came I don't believe she of you ever could have got one. What ist in the absence of any family relanship."

The lady I referred to," said Mr.

could possibly make up his mind which he wanted."

Mr. Cummings and Mr. Rankin took dinner with Judge Noble and his lady and their newly-found daughter that day. Mr. Rankin had never been a violent admirer of the lady whom his brother had wooed and won and wed. He had regarded her as a very nice girl and a very suitable match for Harry. Further than that he had never committed himself in his own mind in her favor. Now that he was scated by one whom he could not possibly have distinguished from her had she been there and similarly dressed, he began to be sensible of charms which had quite escaped his attention before. In fine, he went away from that dinner party a smitten man.

smitten man.

It was agreed that Mrs. Harry Rankin should not be informed of the discovery and return of her sister until she came back from her bridal tour, and her mother undertook to communicate this arrangement to every person who would be likely to correspond with her in the

meantime.

Mr. George Rankin was a very frequent visitor at Judge Noble's house, where he was so cordially welcomed that he soon made bold to propose to Miss Ella. He was frankly accepted by the young lady, to the undisguised satisfaction of her parents.

After some little demur on the part of the young lady and her mother, it was arranged that the wedding should come off before the return of Harry and his bride, which arrangements, was duly carried out. A bridal tour was out of the question as Mr. Rankin could not leave his business during his brother's absence. He and his bride took a furnished house, and proceeded to estab-

absence. He and his bride took a furnished house, and proceeded to establish a home forthwith.

When Harry and his bride returned, they were received by Judge Noble and his lady at their house. As soon as the first rush of questions and answers between mother and daughter had subsided, George and his bride appeared, and the latter was duly presented.

Harry's astonishment at finding his brother married to a fac simile of his own wife, though very great, was not to be compared to the amazement of his bride. She seemed to be confronted with her own image in a mirror. Ella,

with her own image in a mirror. Ella though fully prepared for the interview was also strangely impressed with this first sight of her sister. She seemed to ee her own features on another face, and to hear her own voice from the lips of an-other. To their husbands and parents the extraordinary likeness of the two ladies was astonishing and bewildering, but to the ladies themselves it was magi-cal and almost uncanny. It was at first hard for either of them to regard her

double otherwise than as an apparition.
Harry was the first to speak. "George," said he, "I knew you trusted my taste more than your own, but I really did not expect you to duplicate my wife!"

"It must—it must be Ella!" said Eva, in a suppressed tone, such as one invol-utarily adopts when overwhelmed with astonishment. "Where—where was she found?"

When the whole story had been duly told to the newly-arrived, the sisters went up to Eva's old room and there made such changes in their toilets as de-stroyed their previous identity. They then presented themselves before their husbands, and required them each to

make no mistakes. Rankin & Brother were obliged to su ender at discretion and confess that they could not recognize their own

Since then the ladies have been care ful to dress so differently that their husbands and the other members of families should be able to distin guish them, but their wonderful like-ness still causes perplexity in their large circle of acquaintances.—St. Louis Illus trated Magazine.

A Wonderful Georgia Parrot.

Some months ago, says a correspon-dent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, 1 met a gentleman from Alabama wh related the following parrot story, which I believe to be the best I even heard: Dr.—, of Montgomery, Ala., owned a parrot during and after the war that was the pride and wonder of all Montgomery county. The doctor, like all physicians, was frequently called out at night by some one's "halloo" at the front gate. Polly learned this, and one night when the doctor answered a shrill "halloo" by coming to the door and asking what was wanted, Polly answere from a bunch of rose bushes: "He! h ha! I fool the doctor that time; hi! ha!" Polly received a sound thrashing for this trick and was quite sullen for a week or so, when one dark, rainy night the doctor woke up to hear some one at the gate repeating his "halloo" frequently. Going to the door he asked who was there. From the top of a tall Lombardy poplar the parrot screamed out in fiendish glee: "Ha! ha! You can't catch Polly this time! You can't! you can't!! you can't!!!" All the doctor's persuasive arts were called into requisition to get the parrot down from her high perch, but she could not be deceived, coaxed or flattered into doing as he commanded or entreated her. She resolutely kept her perch all night in the rain, and waited until 1 c started off next morning on his daily 1 cund before

she ventured down.

The doctor had a little boy aged The doctor had a little boy aged about two years, for whom the parrot formed a strong attachment. Warren was the child's name, and by-and-bye he fell sick. The parrot moped around and appeared to be quite melancholy. At times, when the child was left alone for a few moments, Polly would hop up on the edge of the cradle, and, spreading out her wings, she would vibrate them like fans, and ask as she had heard the nurse ask: "Poor baby! Baby want nurse ask: "Poor baby! Baby want water? Baby sick? Baby hungry? Poor

baby? Polly's so-o-o sorry."
Finally the child died, and the parrot slunk away for the two days preceding the funeral, and was neither seen nor heard. On returning from the cemetery, the family met it, waddling along the middle of the road, repeating to herself in the tenderest and most mournful manner: "Where's little Warren? Poor baby! Baby sick? Baby want water? P-o-o-o-r baby! Polly's 80-0-0 SOITY.

She was picked up and taken back home, but never spoke another word un-til the day of her death, when she cried out, "Hawks, hawks," and the next minute was whisked away in the talens of a monstrous chicken-hawk that had been watching for an opportunity to carry her off for several hours.

Scarcely has the warm breath of summer diedaway, when coughs and colds, those avant couriers of dangerous disease, show themselves. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always cures them, and most quickly too.

HORACE GREELEY.

Two New and Good Stories of the Great

The New York correspondent of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal writes: Narrating something of my conversation with Mr. Reid reminds me of an interesting talk I had the other day with Professor V. B. Denslow, of Chicago, concerning Mr. Reid's great predecessor. Professor Denslow was the chief editorial writer on the Chicago Tribune when I first met him, ten years ago, and wonderful spirited, bright and attractive articles did he contribute. He had been for two years previous financial editorial ticles did he contribute. He had been for two years previous financial editorial writer of the New York *Tribune*, but the offer of a higher salary had transferred his brilliant pen to its namesake on the lake. In 1872 he left it on account of ill health, which resulted in a distressing insomnia, and he has since done little

insomnia, and he has since done little newspaper work except to write the series of long exhaustive and scholarly articles on "Modern Thinkers," now running in the Chicago Times.

"I well remember when I first met Mr. Greeley," said Denslow. "I was just twenty-one, and had recently been admitted to the New York bar. I was at the residence of one of my first clients, Mr. Partridge, publisher, when Greeley called. When I went into the room with his hands under his cont tails, looking at some pictures. 'Mr. Greeley,' said Partridge, 'this is Mr. Denslow, a young attorney.' Greeley uttered a short grunt of recognition, but did not even look around. I, embarrassed, shrunk away to one corner of the room and took a chair. He went on around the room, looking at pictures and what not, and in about five minutes when his tack was looking at pictures and what not, and in about five minutes when his tack was turned on me and I thought he had forgotten me, he suddenly, without looking at me said: 'Hem! So you're an attorney, are you?' I confessed it. 'I hate lawyers,' he exclaimed emphatically. 'I hate lawyers; they do more mischief than their heads are worth!'

"'I suppose they are a necessary evil,' I suggested, deprecatingly.
"'Wholly unnecessary!' he insisted
"'I suppose you will acknowledge,' I said, 'that they promote good order and remove impediments to good government?'

ment?"

"Just the contrary! just the contrary! he squeaked, in his old falsetto; 'they cause disorder, and they are the chief obstacle to good government!" "I thought the man was crazy. 'Per-haps you will tell me,' I suggested, 'how would be collected without law

debts would be collected without lawyers.'

"'Don't want 'em collected! don't
want 'em collected!' he squeaked; 'if A
lets B have his property without payment, I don't see why C, D, E, F and all
the rest of the alphabet should be called
on as police to get it back! No debt
should be collected by law. It's monstrous! Let a man trust another man
at his own risk. Even a gambler pays
his debts that he isn't legally obliged to
pay, and calls them debts of honor; but
men will put their property out of their
hands to prevent the legal collection of
their grocery bills. Abolish all laws for
the collection of debt, and that would
abolish most of you lawyers—good riddance!'

"It seemed impossible to talk with a man with such eccentric notions." And this story of Professor Denslow's ainds me of the nethod by which Seilheimer got on the Tribune ten years ago. "I brought a letter from my uncle, Thad Stevens," said Seilheimer, "and up to Greeley's cubby-hole I went. There he sat with his chair tilted forward, writing away rapidly, with the paper close to his nose. The boy thrust mus-tard between his nose and the paper but he knocked it away without looking up. I waited and waited until I had been there an hour. Greeley never looked at anybody and rarely spoke. When Young want ed him to sign anything he brought it and thrust it unceremoniously between his nose and the manuscript, and held it there till Greeley signed it. At last I thought I would try that with Stevens' letter to him, which lay on the desk unopened. I opened it, and slowly slid it signature uppermost. He took no notice. I cautiously pushed it a little further. Scratch, scratch, scratch—he was oblivious. I timidly advanced the document till its edge overlapped his writing, but when he came across the paper the next time he pushed it away an inch or two with his pen and kept on. Emboldened now, I waited a moment; then, when he reached for ink, I deliberately pushed the letter till it covered up his manu-script. He looked down, saw the signature, and gently pushed it off again, merely saying in a high, shrill voice, 'How's Thad?' I told him, and that I had brought him the letter for him to read, but he was again absorbed, and I could not induce him to again permit his voice to fall on the auditory nerve or my image on his retina. After waiting another half hour, I withdrew. "Young gave me a place and I went

to work. Mr. Greeley never came to the office on Saturdays, but remained at Chappaqua. One Saturday I was surprised to see him come in and go to work. Presently he came out and looked around surprised. 'Where's Young?' he asked.
'Where's Winter? Where's Sam?' Where's Winter? Where's Sain. (Wilkinson). I saw that the old man was puzzled and had mistaken the day. They do not come Saturday.' 'Is this Saturday? he asked with a start. 'I think it is,' I answered, as if doubtful. The revelation irritated Mr. Greeley, for he thundered out, as nearly as his curious voice could be said to imitate thundered out, it is the same and the said to be der, 'Oh, you think it is, do you? you think it is? And who the — are you?'"

I have omitted the theological term which Mr. Greeley introduced to render the owner the produced to render the owner meaning the produced to render the owner the produced to render the produced the produced to render the produced th his exact meaning plain.

An Interesting Enterprise.

A number of prominent citizens of New York, have formed a company, with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, for a with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, for a conservatory and zoological garden in that city. They have purchased a tract of land bounded by the Harlem river, St. Nicholas avenue, One hundred and fifty-fifth and One hundred and fifty-ninth streets. There are three plateaus upon the land of which the highest point is nearly 155 feet above Eighth avenue. The land has been purchased for \$400,000, and surveys have been for \$400,000, and surveys have been made by an Austrian engineer and landscape artist at an expense of \$10,000. The plans have been prepared by Wm. Mertanez, who laid out the zoological garden in Philadelphia and other simigarden in Philadelphia and other similar places of resort. Arrangements have been made to set at work about 500 laborers who are to be engaged in forming the topography of the ground to the contemplated buildings. The proposed building will be among the largest and most elegant in the country.

Awful Scenes at a Railroad Wreck.

Awful Scenes at a Railroad Wreck.

The conductor of the Wagner sleeping cars attached to the express train, which collided with a freight train, a) Jackson, Mich., gives the following account of the terrible disaster by which fifteen persons were crushed to death in a twinkling:

My train was made up of three Wagner sleepers, the St. Nicholas, Fort Wayne and Dexter, with forty passengers. We did not get away from Detroit until about 10:30 o'clock, being fifty minutes behind time. We ran like the deuce—all of forty-five miles an hour—to make up, until pulling into Jackson yard, when we slacked up to twenty-five miles. I was in the rear coach, the Dexter, that is shackled at Detroit for Grand Rapids, kind of drowsing, when I felt a slight shock as though the engine had reversed. Many a time I have felt a hard r jar from common causes, but I noticed the train came to a stand very quickly, and I stepped out to see what was the trouble. There was a brakeman hurrying past with a light, and he said in answer to my halloo of "what is the matter?" that the train was smashed up. I jumped off and ran allead and saw the terrible sight. Engines lay side by side. ter?" that the train was smashed up. I jumped off and ran ahead and saw the terrible sight. Engines lay side by side, up against the banks, the boilers together as you would lay your fingers. Both cabs were off, and I noticed that one steam-box was stripped, the steam escaping from the vent with a shrill roar. Baggage and smoking cars were shoved together a little, but not much, while the together a little, but not much, while the
two next cars were completely telescoped. I never saw anything like it, they
being jammed through each other. It
was norrible beyond any words of description or imagination. The first car
was well filled with emigrants, and their
groans, cries and shrieks made me sick. groans, cries and shrieks made me sick. I did not stay long, as I had my own cars to look after and could give no assistance there. It was right in the village, occupied by road employees, and more than a thousand people seemed to be helping. The engineer of our train was "Mat" Gilbert, and the fireman Smith. I did not know the latter's first name. Both men were killed outright. Gilbert had both legs cut off and bowels torn out. I con't bear to think of it as I saw him lying with his hot life's blood shining in the glare of the many flaring lamps. Smith was cut and torn beyond recogni-

in the glare of the many flaring lamps. Smith was cut and torn beyond recognition. I went back and found many of my passengers not even awakened, and they were a good deal vexed at being hastily aroused. I threw out bedding, towels and mattresses as fast as could be done with the help of the porters. From the little looking around I saw there was a siding right there, with a freight train a siding right there, with a freight train on it. Our wrecked cars lay upon them, and after awhile the freights were cleared and our cars shifted.

Mr. William B. Clapp, who, with hs wife, occupied a middle berth in the firit sleeper, was first apprised of the disaster by being violently thrown from his couch upon the floor. Mr. Clapp said I gathered myself into a standing posture as soon as possible, but was unable for as soon as possible, but was unable for five minutes or so to make an exit from the car, owing to the confusion. Upon reaching the platform the scene revealed was a sickening one. The lady inmates of the sleepers, who had scrambled from their couches, and had the horrible spectacle and its enormity suddenly revealed to their sicion. to their vision, alternated their sobs with prayers to be removed from the ghastly sight. The first of the victims to whom my attention was directed was a flaxen-haired little girl of perhaps five years. The right side of her face had bee away as if severed by some sharp instru-ment, while the child's limbs were tightly wedged in the debris. A short distance away was a mass of six human beings, jammed and disfigured almost beyond recognition, with arms and limbs in their nakedness protruding in the last quivers of death. Still a little further long were the bodies of the fireman and engineer of the express train, under mountain of splintered wood and warp ed iron. "For the sake of a mother, save the child!" came the husky voice f a young woman as she drew the atten tion of a group of lookers on to a little boy wedged in among the wreck a few yards off, who cried pitcously to be liber-ated, while its mangled head and shoulders swayed in its struggie for life. Of course, such scenes as these unfitted the stoutest heart for the work needed. As morning wore on, however, the passen-gers, the railroad hands and those attracted to the scene, entered upon the work of extricating the unfortunate ones. The ordeal was one I hope never

to pass through again. Tools Great Men Work With. It is not tools that make the work-man, but the trained skill and perse-verance of the man himself. Indeed, it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir." was his reply. It is same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvel-ous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens and sheet of paste-board enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and origin of color.

composition of light and origin of color.

An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Woollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science has been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him in a study, and pointing to an old tea tray, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance and a blow-pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have."

Stothard learned the art of combining Stothard learned the art of combining

colors by closely studying butterflies wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects A blunt stick and a barn-door serve i Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk, and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the blunt stick and a barn-door serve i

fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies, by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder cloud of its lightning by means of a kits with two cross-sticks and a silk hand kerchief.

Watt made his first model of the con densing steam-engine out of an old an-atomist's syringe, used to inject the ar-teries previous to dissection. Guilford worked his first problem in mathematics when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow-handle.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The towing of vessels on canals by means of locomotives has recently been successfully tried in France. A railroad is laid on the tow-path, near the side of the canal, on which are run small locomotives of four or more tons, according to the weight to be pulled. One man manages the locomotive. Vessels are thus drawn at a speed of two miles or more an hour—about twice the mean rate of a horse upon the tow-path. The locomotive has drawn an empty vessel locomotive has drawn an empty vessel six miles an hour, but such speed inures the banks of the canal.

The speed of carrier pigeons appears to depend as much on the clearness of their sight as on the strength of their wings. The London Spectator relates that in an experiment recently made with some Berlin pigeons, on a clear day, a distance of over 300 miles, from Cologhe to Berlin, was accomplished in five hours and a half, or at the rate of sixty miles an hour; while the most expedition of a group let loose the next day—a day not of the same kind—took twelve hours to reach Berlin. Hence it would appear that in the latter case a good deal of the pigeons' time was taken good deal of the pigeons' time was taken up in exploring the country for land-marks, as was some of Mr. Forbes' in his ride from Ulundi with news of Lord Chelmsford's victory. It is not instinct but sight by which the carrier pigeon guides its flight.

Calistoga is a famous mineral spring resort, sixty-eight miles from San Francisco. It was intended to be the Saratoga of the Pacific coast, the name being an abbreviated combination of California and Saratoga. The waters are principally sulphur, iron, soda and magnesia. Some of them will boil an egg in two minutes. Overone is built a pretty support minutes. Over one is built a pretty summer house. It is called the chicken soup spring. Here the guests resort, after a bath, with pepper, salt and crackers, and if you are very hungry and of an imaginative turn of mind, you may, perhaps, be induced to believe that nature has indeed prepared in her subterranean kitchen this delicate decoction for her visitors. After people have been in California awhile they learn not to be surprised at anything that comes from the heavens above or the earth beneath.

The colony of New Zealand has a very extraordinary prime minister in the person of Sir George Grey. This gentleman was twice governor of the Cape, and then appointed to the government of New Zealand. When his tenure of the latter office expired he elected to remain in the alloward to the second to the second to the second to the second to the latter office expired he elected to remain in the alloward to the second in the colony, and took up his abode in a remote locality, an island, where he lived almost exclusively among the Maories, with whom he cultivated the most intimate relations and domestic ties. He has now been for some time governor, but of late serious dissensions, assuming the character of violent per-sonal antagonisms, have arisen in the cabinet, and the retirement of the premier is expected. Sir George is a man of force and ability, but decidedly eccentric, both in character and habits. New Zealand, whose area is estimated at 122,000 square miles—about that of the British islands—is divided into eight provinces, each of which is gov-erned much after the fashion of one of

our States, while the general government consists of a cabinet of five officers In ore of the suburbs of London, the other day, a medical district officer called in to see the children of a man named Bailey sick with an eruptive dis-ease, declared that they had small-pox and ordered the whole family to go into hospital. When they had been there a ortnight they were discharged with the consolatory assurance that the doctor's diagnosis was erroneous, that they never as a matter of fact had small-pox, and hat what the children had caught was chicken-pox, an innocuous form of infantile disease. Thus the whole family had been exposed for a lengthened time to the contagion of a most mortal and loathsome malady; the bread-winner lost his situation and two weeks' pay, and the local authorities, by way of compensation, magnanimously offered the sum of five shillings in money, two shillings worth of groceries and four loaves of bread. A family is broken up, a house disinfected at considerable cost, and no end of mischief done because an ncompetent health officer could not disinguish between variola and varicella The moral is obvious.

The Slave of Drink.

I need not dwell any longer upon the morality-sapping effects of particular diseases, but shall simply call to mind the profound deterioration of moral ense and will which is produced by the long-continued and excessive use of alcohol and opium. There is nowhere a more miserable specimen of degradation of moral feeling and of impotence of will than the debauchee who has made himself the abject slave of either of these pernicious excesses. Insensible to the interests of his family, to his personal responsibilities, to the obligations of duty, he is utterly untruthful and un-trustworty, and in the worst end there is not a meanness of pretense or conduct that he will not descend to, not a lie he will not tell, in order to gain the mean to gratify his over-ruling craving. It is not merely that passion is strengthened and will weakened by an indulgence as a moral effect, but the alcohol or opium which is absorbed into his blood is car ried by it to the brain and acts injuri ously upon its tissues; the chemist will ndeed, extract alcohol from the besot ted brain of the worst drunkard, as he will detect morphia in the secretions o n person who is taking large doses of morphia. Seldom, therefore, is it of the east use to preach reformation to these people until they have been restrained orcibly from their besetting indulgence for a long enough period to allow the brain to get rid of the poison and its tissues to regain a healthier tone. Too often it is of little use then; the tissues have been damaged beyond the possibility of complete restoration. Moreover, observation has shown that the rink-craving is oftentimes hereditary, so that a taste for the poison is ingrain-ed in the tissues, and is quickly kindled by gratification into uncon sire.—Fortnightly Review.

A hog scraping machine which has just been tested in Chicago worked very satisfactorily. A hog was killed, placed in the machine, and almost in an instant came out with only a few odd hairs on his head and legs. Seven hogs were passed through the machine, and each one came out as hairless as could be desired. With a few of improvements, the machine is expected to finish off a 000 hogs in ten hours. the machine is expected to 6,000 hogs in ten hours.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Euery man has his prejudices and every woman her bias.

Mince pie for 1880 will be composed of the usual fourteen ingredients.

A bunch of choice ostrich feathers was recently sold for \$337 a pound.

An old dealer says business is just now moving in the furniture line.—Picayune. The small boy who got slightly scalded was only a son-burnt.—New York News. Chicago kills six hogs for every min-ute of every hour of every day in the

The Sultan of Turkey spends \$10,000,000 yearly upon himself and his 800 wives.

There is one consolation in being broke. You have nothing to lose, and everything to gain.

A lame farmer was asked if he had a corn on his toe. "No," he said, "but I've got lots on the ear."

If Edison can render sound available in so many ways, why doesn't he utilize the howling wilderness? — Saturday

Major Thornburgh, who was killed by the Ute Indians, was one of the best rifle shots and horsemen in the United States Army. "So ends my tail," as the bee said to the boy, at the same time giving him a practical illustration of how he con-

fucted business Pennsylvania has eighty incorporated county agricultural societies, thirty-one of which have representation in its State Board of Agriculture.

The difference between the man who girdles a tree and the one who entraps Bruin in its branches is this: One bares a tree and the other trees a bear.—Bos-

ton Transcript. Because a newly-married couple sit upon opposite ends of the sofa and throw sheep's eyes at each other in silence, it is no sign of fear or bashfulness. They are simply unspeakably happy.—Water-loo Observer.

Switzerland has been visited this year by \$1,400,000 strangers, a number which exceeds by several thousands the average of the last four years. Of this total one-fifth are said to be English, Germans and Austrians; five-tenths Russians, one-twentieth French and Danes, three-twentieths Americans, and

other nationalities one-tenth.

Forests and Meteorology.

An important paper in *Polybiblion* on this subject gives the result of observations made during the last six years under trees and not far from the edge of a forest, and also in the plain and far from all trees. 1. Forests increase the quantity of meteoric waters which fall on the ground, and thus favor the growth of springs and of underground waters. 2. In a forest region the ground neceives as much and more water under cover of the trees than the uncovered ground of regions with little or no wood. 3. The cover of the trees of a forest diminishes to a large degree the evaporation of the water received by the ground, and thus contributes to the maintenance of the moisture of the latter and to the regularity of the flow of water sources. 4. The temperature in a forest is much less unequal than in the open, although, on the whole, it may be a little lower; but the minima are there constantly higher, and the maxima lower than in regions not covered with wood. These observations have been made in the neighborhood of Nancy, and by the pupils of the school of Forestry of of that city, under the direction of M. Mathieu, sub-director of the school. On the other hand, Mr. Fautrat, when sub-inspector of forests at Senlis, made during four years, but on a different method, observations on forestial meteorology which fully and completely corroborate in certain respects those of Mr. Mathieu. The laws which seem to follow from the figures given by M. Fau-tral, as well as an inspection of the curves which graphically represents them, are as follows: 1. It rains more abundantly, under identical circumstan-ces, over forests than over non-wooded ground, and most abundantly over forests with trees in a green condition. 2. The degree of saturation of the air by moisture is greater above forests than over non wooded ground, and much greater over masses of *Pinus sylvestris* than over masses of leaved species. 3. The leafage and branches of leafed trees intercept one-third, and those of resin-ous trees the half of the rain water, which afterward returns to the atmosphere by evaporation. On the other hand, these same leaves and branches restrain the evaporation of the water which reaches the ground, and that evaporation is nearly four times less under a mass of leafed forest than in the open, and two and one-third times only under a mass of pines. 4. The laws of the change of temperature out of and under wood are similar to those which result from the observations of M. Mahieu. The general conclusion seem to be that forests regulate the function of water, and exercise on the temperature, as on the atmosphere, an effect of "pon-deration" and equilibrium.—London

Words of Wisdom.

Feeling is no criterion of right or wrong.

Adversity is the balance to weigh friends. To him that lives well every form of

life is good. We must not look around on the universe with awe, and on man with scorn. Love, like fire, cannot subsist without

continual movement; so soon as it ceases to hope and fear it ceases to exist. Love and enmity, aversation and fear, are notable whetters and quickners of the spirit of life in all animals.

No man is called on to lose his own palance for the advancement of the world in any particular direction.

Logic helps us to strip off the outward disguise of things, and to behold and judge of them in their own nature. The law of food is, that man should eat what is good for him, at such times and in such quantities as nature re-

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because

revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

The sweetest music is not in the ora-torio, but in the human voice, when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenferness, truth and courage.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, or your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.