

The Weekly Advocate

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. IX.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1880.

NO. 48.

My Loss.

Day after day, while at my window sitting,
I see the children at their play near by;
Like butterflies in summer gardens flitting,
They hover round beneath my watchful eye.
The little girls, with flushed and merry faces,
Glance at me shyly for my answering smile,
And tempt me with their most alluring graces,
To put sad thoughts away while they beguile.
Blonde hair and brown in soft confusion blend-
ing,
Black eyes and blue returned to meet my gaze,
Roses both white and pink their contrast lending,
To add new beauty to the wildering maze.
But when they one by one, tired out with playing,
Steal slowly homeward through the sunset light,
Memory goes back beyond the dark years,
Among the days of yore that seem so bright.
I turn my head, a radiant, golden splendor
Shines from the west across the pictured wall,
And glories a face divinely tender,
With bronze-brown hair waved round it fall on fall;
With violet eyes so winsome in their sweet-
ness,
That mine grew smiling spite of grief and pain,
With curved lips, the seal of love's compleat-
ness;
Oh, Heaven! could I but press them once again,
In vain I watch and wait, she will come only
When night has cast her spell on sea and shore;
Then when I sleep and dream, no longer lonely,
She comes to feed my hungry heart once more.
Tis then and only then that I behold her;
Her dear voice floats around me soft and low;
'Tis then, and only then, my arms entold her,
The little girl I lost so long ago.
—Boston Transcript.

ALMOST TOO LATE.

"I am going now, Helen."
Charles Archer stood at the door of the room high up in a noisy tenement-house. He had just finished his "home." It was not the wedded home he had dreamed of twelve years before, when he uttered the "Valedictory" at Yale, when Helen Gordon had smiled and believed in him. And, oh, think—only to think what my life might have been, if I had been wise.
Her husband's face darkened all over. "You understand?" he exclaimed. "You mean if you had married Paul Hayden instead of me?"
"How can I help such thoughts? I saw his wife early yesterday morning when I was out. She was driving to the railway station on her way to their country house for the summer. I heard the footman say to some one when he went to buy the tickets for her. And, oh, what a difference there was between us two! No wonder she has kept her beauty. No wonder I have lost mine! Beauty and health, and youth and happiness, they are all going away from me, because we are so poor!"
"Better days may be coming, love," said the husband, after a pause. "I have heard of a good situation this time, you know. I had it, and it was a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich, you know well, my darling, that I shall refuse you nothing."
"You have thought so many times that better days were close at hand, and every time you have been disappointed, and we have lived on the same horrible life," was the discouraging reply.
"I know, my dearest; but this is really good news. I had it, and it was a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich, you know well, my darling, that I shall refuse you nothing."
"But where is my husband, then?" cried Helen, starting up.
"God has been very good to you, too, my dear," said the physician.
"Is he alive? Where is he? Oh, tell me!" her every gesture struggling between hope and fear.
"Here!"
The doctor stepped back. From a dark corner of the room a tall figure rushed forward and clasped the wondering, weeping wife in a close embrace.
"Is it you? Oh, is it really you?" she exclaimed, bursting into tears.
"Oh, Charles, I have been so miserable since you went away! How could I treat you so? You never, never can forgive me or love me again!"
"As if I could help loving you as long as I live, Helen! And you shall be so

happy after this. I have found a good place, I shall have a good salary, and to-morrow, if you are well enough, we will take a trip into the country together and find some pretty little cottage where you can amuse yourself and through this beautiful summer among the birds and flowers."
"I don't want a cottage. I want nothing but you, Charles, and now God is giving you back to me, that will be enough to make me happy," said his wife, giving him the tender kiss which she had refused him that morning.
Nevertheless the cottage was taken, and the summer was as happy a time as any man may ever hope to enjoy this side of Paradise.
Once, on their journey thither, after a shopping excursion in the city, they chanced to be overtaken by the magnificent carriage of Paul Hayden, millionaire. Mrs. Hayden, resident in a toilet fresh from the atelier of Worth, sat therein. She was brown-eyed and pink-checked and very handsome. Yet her face looked worn and weary. It looked like a woman of true and perfect happiness that Helen's wore.
Helen caught the somewhat anxious look that her husband turned upon her, as the great lady drove slowly by.
She remembered the order of her pretty silken shawl her hand stole into his.
Never for one moment had she forgotten the lesson of that long-past summer's day. Never had she ceased from thanking God for the gift of her husband, although it came "Almost too Late."
—Single Song Singers.

Single Song Singers.

The *Christian at Work* publishes a list of verses saved from oblivion by single poems:
1. Thomas Gray, 1716-1771. "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."
"Had Gray written nothing but his *Elegy*, high praise be to him, a note more to the corner-stone of his glory."—*Lord Byron*.
2. William Falconer, 1730-1769. "The Shipwreck."
3. James Beattie, 1735-1803. "The Minstrel."
4. Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-1778. "Rock of Ages."
5. Robert Bloomfield, 1766-1823. "The Farmer's Boy."
6. Charles Wolfe, 1791-1823. "Ode on the Death of Sir John Moore." Pronounced by Lord Byron "the most perfect ode in the language."
7. Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795-1820. "Culprit Fay."
8. R. B. Greene Hallock. "Marco Bozzaris."
9. Samuel Woodworth, 1785-1842. "Old Oaken Bucket."
10. George P. Morris. "Woodman, Spare that Tree."
11. Charles Sprague. "Ode on Shakespeare."
12. Richard Henry Wilde, 1817. "My Little Lake a Summer Rose."
13. Edward C. Pinkney. "I Fill a Cup of Wine to You."
14. Richard Henry Dana, 1789-1879. "Buccaneer."
15. Francis Scott Key, 1790-1843. "Star-Spangled Banner."
16. R. B. Lisle. "La Marseillaise."
17. John Howard Payne, 1792-1852. "Home, Sweet Home."
18. David Everett, 1789-1813. "You'd Scarce Expect One of My Age."
19. Reginald Heber, 1783-1826. "From Greenway to Mounting."
20. Julia Ward Howe, 1819. "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
21. William Allen Butler. "Nothing to Wear."
22. Bret Harte. "Heathen Chinee."
23. Emma Willard. "Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep."
24. W. W. Story. "Cleopatra."
25. H. H. Brownell. "River Fight."
26. Thomas Dunn English. "Ben Bolt."
27. Clement C. Moore. "The Visit of Santa Claus."
28. Joseph Hopkinson, 1770-1812. "Hail Columbia! happy land!"
"Who Takes Care of the Sultan."
The revelations of M. Abdul-Hakk, a writer in the *Nouvelle Revue*, resemble the stories of "Thousand and One Nights," and one might be easily tempted to disbelieve the existence of such a man, if the details of his European civilization if the details furnished by the writer were not supported by the undeniable proofs of truthfulness. He tells us that the sultan is surrounded by hundreds of young women in uniform, for the writer terms his "family service" a body of forty young women, selected carefully from among the handsomest in the palace. The duties they have to perform are to dress and undress him, to accompany him to the bath, to keep his hair and finger nails in order and lull him to sleep. He keeps a ballet of fifty girls, who perform several dances every evening after supper while his highness is resting on a divan. He also has a band of fifty female musicians, and about sixty others who take charge of his apartments, clean his narghiles and chibouques, and perform other similar duties. In short, the whole service in the palace is done by female slaves, chosen from among the most attractive ones in his dominions, and it may well be said that Turkey, which does not recognize the social existence of a woman, submits to being practically governed by women.
—Sad Result of a Practical Joke.
Brooks Gould was perhaps the most popular young man in Chicago. General J. M. Waite, a middle-aged man of the same disposition, set Gould down as his first friend and the two were together a great deal. When they entered the apartments of the general on a Saturday afternoon not long ago, Gould, who had about him the dash and sparkle of Mercutio, proposed that they should disarrange the furniture to make the negro servant Joe, fancy that the rooms had been robbed. The joke was carried out. Valuables were removed, the bed overturned and things put topsy-turvy. A burglar, the wags retreating to the bathroom at Joe's foot-fall in the hallway, Joe reached the door and stood agape. With mouth agape and eyes wide open he scrutinized in one look the innermost corners and then straightway walked to the door of the bathroom. This he found locked from within. He put his ear to the keyhole. Faint sounds of breathing reached him. He pulled out a revolver and instantly emptied every chamber into the panels of the door. General Waite felt his young friend's body quiver at the first shot and there his arms around him. Death followed instantly.
—Very taking—Cold. Very glad—The drug. Gists. The very best remedy—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Ancedotes of a Great Business Man.

The *New York Mercantile Journal* prints a sketch of the life of David Leavitt, who died recently at the ripe age of eighty-nine years. We quote from the article:
The deceased was a prominent and esteemed merchant and banker, and had been intimately identified with the business interests of this city and Brooklyn for more than three-score years. Many of our most flourishing mercantile and financial institutions were either founded by him or are largely indebted to his active aid and timely counsels for their present prosperity. He was the founder, and for many years president, of the Brooklyn Bank, and was one of the oldest and most extensive establishments of the kind in this country.
Mr. Leavitt was born at Bethlehem, Litchfield county, Conn., August 29, 1791, and came to this city in the year 1813. He was employed as a clerk in a produce and commission house for several years, when, on obtaining his share of his father's estate, amounting to about \$10,000, he began business on his own account. In the outset of his career John Jacob Astor imported a cargo of tea, and Mr. Leavitt bought the entire lot. During the progress of the negotiations Mr. Astor asked his customer in broken English how he proposed to pay for it. Mr. Leavitt coolly drew from his pocket the required amount in notes drawn by Mr. Astor, which young Leavitt had bought up on the street. An instance of the pluck and energy which marked the enterprise of his career was shown before he was twenty-five years old, when the Colombian government, being engaged in a local war, authorized its agents in this country to raise a regiment of volunteers, and provided with its armament and equipment in this country. The agents were unwilling to fulfill the commission, and sought aid from other sources. Young Leavitt heard of the matter, and undertook the enterprise. He raised a regiment and induced the United States government to assist him in its armament, and then assumed command of the ship. He sailed for the destined port, and arriving there, he raised a regiment of volunteers of the Colombian government, and a draft of the city of London for \$100,000 more, a clear profit of \$100,000 on his recompense. Realizing that Spanish doubloons would be more easily negotiated in this city than Colombian currency, he sold the draft in London for \$100,000 more, a clear profit of \$100,000 on his recompense. Realizing that Spanish doubloons would be more easily negotiated in this city than Colombian currency, he sold the draft in London for \$100,000 more, a clear profit of \$100,000 on his recompense.

Longevity Notes.

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Robert Kidd, 105 years old, is the oldest man in Texas.
Mary Fernay died in Little Valley, N. Y., at the age of 105.
Samuel Losey recently died in Pike township, Pa., aged 107.
Margaret McMahon died in Durham, England, in her 113th year.
Ant Sarah Hicks, in the county hospital in Flatbush, L. I., is 104.
Clara Chair, of New Orleans, was burned to death at the age of 103.
Luke Courville, 102 years old, hanged himself in a pig-pen on a poor farm.
Thurlow Weed saw the first steamboat and rode in the first steam railway train.
A pupil in the Carsonville (Ga.) school is eighty-two years old. She is a negress.
After living more than a century, a Michigan man committed suicide by hanging.
Andrew Jung, ninety-three years old, of Columbia, Pa., served under the first Napoleon.
Lucy Kurney, of Lansing, Mich., was fifty-five years a slave and over sixty years free.
Rouns Kemp, ninety-six years old, of Galloway, Ky., married Mary Bridges, aged sixteen.
Over a century ago Ann Collins, of Paris, Ky., was born. She remembers Washington.
Diana Dorsey, of Springfield, Florida, was supposed to be 115 years of age when she died.
Mary Donohue, whose grandfather died in his 121st year, recently died in New York aged 112.
Poleg Sprague, of Maine, is ninety years old, and blind. He was a United States Senator in 1829.
James Smith, of Somerset county, N. J., died at the age of 105.
Thomas Howe, of Barrington, N. H., lately made a marriage proposal to a lady eighty-five years old and fifteen years his junior.
A negro died not long ago in New Haven, Conn., leaving a family of children from sixty to eighty years old. The father was 108.
The eleven daughters of the late Robert Johnson, of Middletown, Conn., are alive, the youngest over fifty years of age, the oldest over eighty.
Edwin Porter, of Luzerne, Pa., died last month aged ninety-eight. He voted for Thomas Jefferson for President, and for Samuel J. Tilden for the same office.
Although 103 years of age, Jane Gilbert, who is living at 26 Vine street, Baltimore, is in excellent health. She remembers the bombardment of Fort Mifflin, and saw George Washington once.
A North Carolina couple, who are each over ninety years of age, desire to die at the same hour. They have completed their funeral outfit even to their tombstones. They live in Ireddell county.
Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Jewish banker, is in his ninety-seventh year. He served as sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1837, the year of the queen's accession to the throne, and was knighted by her majesty that year.

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Remarkable Trees.

The last treaty with the Cherokee Indians was signed beneath a giant white oak, and not far from the Cherokee corner, Oglethorpe, Ga.
At Wyoming, in Western New York, is an elm that measures thirty-four feet around the trunk. Its branches are thirty-four feet from the ground.
A curious freak of nature can be seen near Eureka, Cal. It is in the shape of a tree, and grows from the bosom of which is pine and the other fir.
Many oaks in England are 800 to 1,000 years old. The Newland oak is forty-seven feet six inches in girth. The Cowthorpe, now more than 100 years in process of decay, still has a girth of sixty feet.
A peach tree in the garden of Mrs. Caleb Cook, of Hartford, Ky., is bearing a full grown pumpkin. The *New York Herald* says: "This tree bore none of its natural fruit this season; but nevertheless there hangs the healthy growing pumpkin, high up, and dig in your ribs with its present size, which is much larger than a man's head."
Not a rivulet can be found on the island of Ferro, one of the largest of the Canaries, yet there is a species of tree, the leaves of which are narrow and pointed, and grow from the trunk of the tree. These trees are continually surrounded by a cloud which is condensed, and falling in drops keeps the cisterns placed under them constantly full.
The trunk of an old tree that resembles a block of plaster of Paris may be seen on the grounds of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. An inscription at the root of the branches announces that the tree is the *Acacia Virginensis spinosa* of the North American continent. It was planted in 1611 by Jean Robicquet, who was planted in the place it now occupies by Vespasien Robin, gardener to Louis XIII., in 1636. This tree, which is now 275 years old, formerly reached a great height, but its top was broken by wind and had to be cut off to obtain new shoots. All its branches are bound with wire and carefully stopped with a composition so that water cannot infiltrate into the trunk of the tree, as that would cause its death.

Heart Disease.

The cases of heart disease are far less common than is generally supposed, the heart being one of the toughest organs in the body. Still there are many cases, and they are of different kinds. There are paralysis of the nerves of the heart. When this occurs death is instantaneous. Angina pectoris not infrequently terminates in this way, for excruciating pains exhaust nervous force as greatly as does excessive pleasure.
There may be what is called a fatty degeneration of the heart, in which fat takes the place of the fibrous tissue, and sooner or later gives way under some slight excitement.
Such changes in the walls of the heart become quite thin at some point, and this, in connection with the general enlargement of the organ, renders it subject to more violent action, and it may suddenly burst on the quickening of that organ. Such enlargements are often produced by violent and protracted exertions, as in boat-racing.
Or there may be a dilatation of a portion of an artery leading out from the heart; such dilatations are called aneurisms, and are attended with a loss of the elasticity of the heart and a thinning of the walls of the vessel. Hence it may suddenly rupture, or, which is equally fatal, the walls may dilate so far as to prevent the outflow of the blood to the brain.
Every one even in health knows how quick and strongly any emotion whatsoever acts upon the heart—knows from his own experience. In all diseases of the heart absolute self-control at all times is of the most urgent necessity. Without it life may cease at any moment.—*Youth's Companion*.

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Timely Topics.

The emigration statistics for 1879 show that 175,589 persons landed at Cadiz, Spain, New York, of whom 133,070 were aliens, against 131,369 arrivals in 1878, of whom 75,347 were aliens. Germany sent the largest number of emigrants in 1879, the total being 33,574; Ireland came next, with 23,264, and then England, with 21,555. France sent 2,331. The labor bureau found employment for 11,010 males and 5,517 females.
The Cuban planters evidently do not think they will lose their slaves for some time to come. They are confident the emancipation bill will not pass at this time, and owing to this feeling a spirit of confidence has sprung up among them of late, and it is said slaves ready to command \$500 in gold. It is whispered that what the Cuban planters pretend to foresee is the revival of Don Carlos' pretensions in Spain and his possible success. They believe that his government would earnestly oppose any emancipation of their slaves.
The world's annual crop of cotton is now equal to twenty million bales of the average weight of American cotton. This quantity about five million bales are produced in the United States. Some statisticians reckon that the whole crop of the world could be raised on a section of Texas less than one-twelfth of its area, or could be divided between any two of the other principal cotton States without exhausting one-half of their good lands; or it could all be raised on less than one-half the Indian Territory that is not yet occupied at all.
Within the last few months the newspapers have been printing the statement that a man in Paris offered \$4,000 to anyone who would draw the axle of a carriage with a pen without lifting the pen from the paper:
Henry L. Carlton, a steamer of Stockton, Nev., saw this puzzle and tried to unravel it. He worked at the thing for four months until at last he became victorious. Dr. McClellan, of Stockton, decided that Carlton was a cheat, and upon a certificate issued by him Carlton has been confined in the Esmeralda county asylum.
An application of electricity to the mouth of unruly horses promises to be more successful than even Bary's method. A metallic conducting wire runs from a Clark magnet on the seat of the wagon or carriage, through the reins to the horse's bit. By turning the crank of the magnet a current of electricity is induced and sent to the animal's mouth. No violent shock is given to numb or alarm the horse, but a slight pricking sensation, peculiar to electrical influence, surprises and subdues him. It was invented by M. Depuy, but the superintendent of the Paris omnibus company brought it to public notice. A leather whip, to prevent rearing or turning suddenly, is another ingenious invention. We seem to be just learning the application of the wonderful power of electricity to daily life, although it has so long been tamed to serve us as a messenger.

Timely Topics.

Now and then a notorious case of lost boy or lost man excites the country, and people fall to wondering how it is possible, since telegraphs, newspapers and detectives have come into existence, that these mysterious disappearances can occur. The fact of the matter is, however, says the *Philadelphia Times*, that mysterious disappearances are occurring at the rate of something more than one a day. At the New York office headquarters alone, during the past year, more than three hundred cases have been reported of men and boys who have disappeared, and of whom no trace whatever has been found. The majority of these lost ones belonged in New York or the immediate vicinity, thus making the average estimated rate of one disappearance a day in the whole country, an estimate very much within bounds. While these figures seem rather startling, there really is ground for surprise that they are not greater. When we consider the dangers of great cities, the possibility of dying unknown on a journey, and above all, the temptation there is to a man or woman to hide crime or indelicacy by slipping silently out of their accustomed places in society, the wonder is not that so many people but that so few people are lost.
She Renewed.
One of the sanitary police was the other day wandering over a box full of dead cats in an alley off Seventh street, when he heard yells and the sounds of conflict in a house near by. As he entered the yard a man and woman had opened the side door and rolled down the steps in a heap, kicking and clawing with right good will.
"That is the trouble here?" asked the officer as he pulled the man out.
"There, I'm glad you happened along!" exclaimed the man as he jumped up. "The old woman and me have had a dispute for the last ten or fifteen years as to when Christopher Columbus discovered America. Maybe you know?"
"It was in 1492," replied the officer.
"Just what I said—just the date I had!" cried the husband as he danced around. "Now then, old woman, will you give up?"
"You won't?"
"Not an inch! I said 1490, and it had your neck across the edge of the step. We agreed not to bite nor scratch, and I prefer to renew the conflict rather than take a stranger's figures! Come into the house!"
The officer waited at the gate until he heard two chairs smashed down and a dozen yells, and he resumed his rounds with a growing conviction that Columbus would ultimately be two years ahead in that house.—*Detroit Free Press*.
Alphabet of Precious Stones.
With this alphabet any English word can be spelled out with precious and semi-precious stones. The list comprises just the letters of our alphabet: A—Amethyst; B—Beryl; C—Cat's-eye; D—Diamond; E—Emerald; F—Felspar; G—Garnet; H—Hyacinth; I—Ide-crasis; J—Jasper; K—Kyanite; L—Lapis-lazuli; M—Malachite; N—Natroite; O—Opal or Onyx; P—Porphyry; Q—Quartz Agate; R—Ruby; S—Sapphire; T—Turquoise; U—Ultramarine; V—Vand-Antique; W—Waltersapirine; X—Xanthite; Z—Zircon.

Items of Interest.

Two hundred and eighty-one members of Congress are lawyers.
Talk about catching possums asleep, did you ever see a pillow-slam?—*New York News*.
Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, is the youngest member of the United States Senate, thirty-nine.
The library of the supreme court at Washington is the most complete law library in the world.
The cotton trade of Charleston, S. C., amounts to \$20,000,000 a year, and the rice trade to \$2,000,000.
A man refused to be treated by a physician the other day. But suppose it had been a saloonist?
Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath with exercise and in health with joyfulness.
Japan has iron coins worth about 100th of one cent. They are alleged to be chiefly used for alms and as offerings to gods.
Upward of 2,000,000 acres of land have been taken by settlers in Manitoba, British America, during the past two years.
The New Orleans *Picayune* calls the gout a sort of brake which a wise Providence puts on a man's legs when he is living too fast.
Virginia has 675 colored schools, taught by 415 colored teachers. The average teacher's salary averages \$30 a month, the female's \$24.
King Humbert has been able to take a sleigh ride at home for the first time in nine years, there having been no snow in Italy before since 1871.
A physiognomist says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why the ears of a man are his kind legs.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.
"Embroidered crash is much used for piano covers," says a fashion exchange. That makes a terrible sameness about the instrument.—*Boston Post*.
A poet in one of our exchanges bewails the loss of a kiss. "The short-haired driver, who does not know enough to go and get another."—*Rochester Express*.
What is the difference between the meat, flour, etc., this country ships to England and a hungry boy alone at the dinner table? Ans: One is food-stuffed and the other stuffs food.—*Norristown Herald*.
The average housewife will take more pains to carry a sickly fifteen-cent plant through four months of winter than she will to keep butter on the ice during three months of hot weather.—*Detroit Free Press*.
I sing this praise of the cobbler bold,
A merry old sole is he,
He'll peg away through merry can and cold,
And always as merry as he can be.
—*Cincinnati Commercial*.
A tramp asked for a meal at a residence in Columbus, O. The head of the family said, "Get along, or I'll set the dog on you." Then the tramp bet that within five minutes he would be invited to eat the best that the house afforded. He won, too, because he proved that he was a wandering son returned.
A German journal publishes a curious list of the decorations conferred upon Prince Bismarck, forty-seven in number. Among them may be mentioned the star of the Grand Commanders of the House of Hohenzollern, with brilliant order of the cross of the Knights of St. John; the order of Fidelity of the Grand Duchy of Baden, with brilliants and a chain of gold; the grand cross of the Hanoverian order of Guelphs; the grand cross, with brilliants, of the Austrian order of St. Etienne; the order of the Annunciation of Italy; the grand cross of the Legion of Honor; the order of the Scorpions of Sweden; the Lion and the Sun of Persia; the White Elephant of Siam; the Order of the Dannebrog, with brilliants, and the Tolson d'O.
Last spring the five children of M. B. Corbin, of Colorado, promised to earn money enough to pay for an organ if their father would buy one. The bargain was made, and a grand organ, worth a dozen chickens, and an acre of arable land were planted with onions, and yielded the remarkable crop of three tons, for which \$145 was received. The net receipts upon the organ were \$55, making the total receipts \$200. T. O. organ cost \$118, leaving a balance of \$82 still in the children's treasury. The children are from six to fifteen years of age, and worked throughout the season with great energy and perseverance, and hence deserved their success.
The wisdom of the German postal telegraph authorities in determining to connect Berlin with the chief cities of the empire by means of a system of underground telegraph wires, has been fully confirmed. Londoners, who have weather recently prevailing. While the violent storms of wind and snow have in many districts been the cause of constant stoppages in the telegraphic communication between places connected by cables, the German postal telegraph towns connected by subterranean lines has gone on through the worst weather without the least interruption or inconvenience. A considerable extension of the underground system is looked upon as probable both in Germany and other continental countries.
Estivation.
It is curious that some creatures which are allied to the newts become torpid, not by cold, but by heat, and pass into a lethargic state, which we will call estivation for want of a better word. These creatures are called by the anglers "lethargic" and are very well known as mud fishes, and are found on the muddy banks of certain African rivers, the Gambia being the best known. During the fierce heats of an equatorial summer the waters are dried by the sun, and the mud baked into a brick-like hardness, so that the lepidid-like fishes, which live chiefly on fish, would die for the want of food.
But as soon as the summer heats begin, the lepidid fishes, however deeply into the mud, make themselves up, and pass into a state of lethargy exactly parallel to that of hibernating animals. As in hibernation, they require neither to breathe nor to eat, and remain in their cells safe from all foes until the rainy season returns and converts their brick-like homes into mud. I have had many specimens of estivated lepidid fishes, and have always found them in the same position, not coiled but doubled up with the tail partly over the head.—*Res. J. G. Wood*.