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In the Days of My Great-Grandmother.

In the days of my great-grandmother,

I've been told,
There were persons of fashion and taste,
Who, in dresses as stout as chain-armor of old,
The parties of Ranelagh grace.

How high were their heads, and how high
Were their heels,
And how high were their motives and ways?
They move in propriety's round like the
wheels

Of a warranted watch, in the days
Of my great-grandmother.

Fashion then was so dull you could scarcely
discern
The minute ebb and flow of her tides;
And a dowager's dress, though untrammelled,
served in turn

Three or four generations of brides,
Like the family jewels, the family gown
Was reserved for their gala displays.
And a rumpled old lady looked placidly down
Upon roving young girls, in the days
Of my great-grandmother.

Oh! the men who for these female paragons
sigh'd
Were unlike those who pester us now;
They approach'd with a smile and a sink and
a side,

And a minuet step and a bow.
They were neat and embroider'd and pow-
der'd and all out'd.

Like the men that we see in the plays,
And 'tis certain there's nothing so grand in
the world

Or so sweet as there was in the days
Of my great-grandmother.

—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

SOPHIE'S ORDEAL.

"White," said Eleanor Kelsey, "with broad, blue sashes, and forget-me-nots in our hair. Every graduate to wear a turquoise locket around her neck, and to have six-buttoned white kid gloves, lined with pale blue on the backs. Madam Imogene herself showed me the design."

"Won't it be exquisite?" said Fanny Willoughby, clasping her plump hands.

The seven young girls who were that day seated in the parlour of Clarendon Hall, were sitting, schoolgirl fashion, under the bowery beeches on the lawn—seven fair, human pearls, happily unconscious of all the pitfalls and trials of the life that lay before them—seven half-blessed beings, basking in the sunshine of school life, whither, as yet, no haunting shadow had followed them.

While on the shores of the calm river below, the other children played and shouted, care not to disturb the privacy of the "radiating class."

"But," said aunts Cousa Hillgrove, "will it be expensive?"

"Not at all," said Eleanor, loftily. "Immense quantities of goods for a hundred dollars each, as there are seven of us."

Just then, Sophie Seyton, who had been absorbed in a letter which the blue-ruffled parlor-maid had brought her, looked gravely at the others.

"I want a minute, Eleanor," said she. "I am afraid I cannot afford so expensive a dress."

"What nonsense, Sophie!" called out Miss Kelsey. "The heiress, to talk about not affording a paltry hundred-dollar costume!"

"But I am an heiress no longer," said Sophie, with a curious quiver in her voice. "This letter is from my guardian, Colonel Oxley. It seems something is wrong about some investments that have been made, and—I am as poor as any factory-girl! I must go out as governess, I suppose, or companion, or something of that sort. I don't know that I can even stay here long enough to graduate!"

She burst into tears, with her fair face hidden in her hands.

For a second or two the other six members of the radiating class sat looking at one another in dire dismay. Then Eleanor Kelsey sprang up and threw her arms impetuously about Sophie's drooping neck.

"You shall do nothing of the sort, darling!" she cried. "You shall come and live always with me. I never had a sister, and I shall treasure you with the fondest affection."

But Sophie shook her head.

"No, Eleanor," she said. "I must go home at once."

And she went; and Mrs. Clarendon's graduating class only numbered six that year.

Colonel Moody was grim and uncompanionable. The loss of the investments, he stoutly maintained, was nobody's fault. No one could have foreseen the shrinkage of stock; no human provision could have guarded against the calamity. It was the fortune of war, neither more nor less.

Sophie Seyton went to her aunt, Mrs. Medbury Moore, who had always declared that she loved her darling niece as if she were her own child.

"Dear aunt," she said, "you will at least give me a home?"

"I'm very sorry, my dear," said Mrs. Medbury Moore, "but your uncle has been unfortunate in business, and we are compelled to retrench in every possible way. An additional member of our family just at this time would be an absolute impossibility."

"But what shall I do?" appealed poor Sophie.

"Oh, get a situation somewhere, my dear," said Mrs. Medbury Moore, smiling sweetly. "Any girl who has received so expensive an education as yours ought to be independent of the world."

"Shall I advertise?" said Sophie.

"My dear, I really know nothing of the way people do such things," said Mrs. Medbury Moore, beginning to grow impatient.

So Sophie advertised, but apparently no one wanted either a governess or a well-qualified ladies' companion.

Her little stock of money began to dwindle. Her earnings failed her. Not one of her relatives cared to assume the burden of her support. No one else took the responsibility of advising her.

One day she timidly entered the plate-glass doors of a mammoth fancy store, and asked for the proprietor.

"Miss Seyton, isn't it?" said Mr. Makemoney, who had sold many a bill of goods to the heiress. "Pray, what can I do for you this evening, Miss Seyton?"

"Perhaps," hesitated poor, shrinking Sophie, "you can help me to a situation. If there should be a vacancy among your lady clerks"

"How—han!" said Mr. Makemoney, feeling of his lank cheek, thoughtfully

"Had any experience in the business?"

"No!"

"Oh, then, the ideal is quite impracticable," said Mr. Makemoney. "We don't take apprentices here."

"But this is very little," said Miss Seyton of his little sanctum.

Sophie applied at a neighboring emporium for fine silk embroidery. She worked a week at a child's cashmere cloak, and was paid—fifty cents!

"But this is very little," said Sophie, piteously, regarding the silver piece.

"Our usual rates," said the forewoman, frigidly. "If you are not suited with them, you need not come again. We have plenty of hands to spare."

Miss Seyton crept home in the frozen winter twilight, crying softly behind her veil as she went. And her eyes being blurred with tears, she did not see the dark presence of a man leaning on the pavement, but slipped and fell, breaking her ankle, and losing consciousness through the intensity of the pain.

When she came to her senses she lay in a little white bed, No. 613, of a great airy, sweet-smelling hospital, with a white-capped nurse bending over her—a woman whom she had known in former days as a young girl.

"Very good, I hear?" she asked, in vague wonder.

"You fell, my dear, and broke your leg," said Nurse Eudora. "It was not convenient for your Aunt Moore to receive you, so they brought you here. I feel very sorry for you, and requested permission to nurse you."

"And why are you here?" persisted Sophie, still only half-conscious.

"For two reasons," said Nurse Eudora, sprinkling scented water over the patient's forehead. "First, that it was necessary for me to leave my living in some way; another was that I could do some good to my suffering fellow creatures here."

Sophie had no comment, but she pondered over that matter; and when she recovered she also assumed the white cap and black serge dress, and took the name of Nurse Sophie.

"As a hospital nurse," she said to herself, "I shall be able to do a good home, a small salary, and the privilege of being of some use in the world."

Sophie became one of the most popular and efficient of the whole corps of nurses. Her head was cool, her nerves strong, her self-possession firmly imperturbable. The sight of blood never dismayed her—the groans of pain only excited her gentle sympathies, instead of chilling her nerves; and it came to pass that her steady, kind, and ready hand, as a surgeon, needed an especially self-reliant and able nurse, the edict went forth, "Send for Nurse Sophie."

One day there was a terrible accident brought in. A team of fiery horses had struck a young man at the seat of a good carriage, his occupant had been flung out upon the pavement, until all semblance of life seemed to be crushed out of him.

"Will he die, doctor?" Sophie asked, with a pale face.

"All intents and purposes, my dear," the physician answered, "he is a dead man already."

"I knew him once," said the hospital nurse in a low tone.

"I never know him, I believe," said Doctor Oxley. "It is the millionaire, Colonel Moody. But all the gold that ever was coined can't buy him a reprieve now, my dear."

Doctor Oxley busied into the next ward, leaving the white-capped nurse to keep her solitary vigil at the bedside of the man who was slowly, slowly slipping out of time into eternity.

A midnight he roused up as from a dream.

"Am I dying?" he asked.

"The doctor answered: 'Yes.'"

"How much time have I left?"

"Perhaps three hours—perhaps six," was the answer.

"Send for my lawyer," he said. "I am in the full possession of my senses. I tell you I cannot die until I have made my will, and signed it."

"I'll call the chaplain in a minute," suggested Doctor Oxley.

"I tell you I want my lawyer," persisted Colonel Moody.

The lawyer was roused out of his midnight slumber, and came at once; and there, in the hospital ward, Abraham Moody made his will, leaving all he had in the world to Sophie Seyton.

"I have defrauded her cruelly," he said. "I will use my money to aggrandize myself, and let her think it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stairfoot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly, she waited awhile, and then, repeating her call, she was answered by, 'What do you want?' in anything but a gentle tone of voice."

"I want to know whether you'll have tea or coffee for your breakfast?"

"I'll have either, or both," was the odd and stinging reply.

"You've got out on the wrong side of the letter, my dear," said the irritated dame to herself; but I'll fit up your order, my dear," so saying, she went to the cupboard, took therefrom another teapot, and putting therein equal quantities of tea and coffee, she made a strong decoction thereof for the preacher.

Presently, he betel that he had a strangely flavored beverage before him; so, pausing, he asked: "What's this, missis?"

"It's both, sir; and you shall either sip it or gargle without."

Cellars.

Experiments prove that the air in a cellar rises and circulates through the holes, and that, too, generally by means of the frequent closed doors, but even when every door is kept shut and the keyholes are stopped. It is simply impossible to keep a dwelling free from contaminated cellar air.

Yet how many sources of contamination are found in cellars—rotting wood, the entire floor often being pervaded by decay; vegetables stored there for the winter, and their refuse left the year round; musty barrels of vinegar or oil; leaky gas fixtures; badly constructed furnaces, from which escape various noxious gases; water closets, foul at the best, and often fouler through defects; defective sink and sewer drains, not infrequently situating the soil beneath the floor with filth.

Many cellars are dug directly into made land, and the gases of the decayed matter with which the soil is more or less filled find their way into them, just as the water of the soil finds its way into the well.

This latter point is more important than it may be thought, for the air circulates freely through the soil, even when frozen, and conveys into them, just as the water of the soil finds its way into the well.

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As the ground water rises or falls, the air follows it. Barometric influences—changes in the pressure of the atmosphere—force it down further or lift it out of the earth. Changes of temperature similarly affect it, and particularly does the warmth of a house establish an upward current from the cellar to the rooms above, and from the soil into the cellar. Hence—

1. Keep everything out of the cellar like rats, and all vermin.

2. Get the best constructed furnaces.

3. Have the gas meter and fixtures frequently examined.

4. Let the drains be of the best material and construction, and be every way tight—suspend them from the ceiling instead of being buried under the floor.

5. Have the floor and sides made as impervious as possible.

6. Let the cellars be constantly and thoroughly ventilated with sun purified air.

7. If vitating sources must remain, use the best disinfectants—not mere deodorizers.—*Youth's Companion.*

Words of Wisdom.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

The faith which looks forward is richer than the experience that looks backward.

It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

There are few occasions when ceremony may not be usefully dispensed with, kindness never.

A good constitution is like a money box—its full value is never known until it has been broken.

The raven is like the slanderer, seeking carrion to feed upon, and delighted when a feast is found.

Let every one sweep the drift from his own door, and he will not busy himself about the front of his neighbor's tiles.

Intellectual pride is less outraged by the obscurities of faith than by the authority with which it is clothed.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them, for the better a man deserves the worse they will speak of him.

The man or woman whose excessive caution holds him back from his duty is evil with earnest endeavor, is poor and cowardly of purpose.

A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he reproaches others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that he shows to himself.

Taking Him at His Word.

The inhabitants of the north of England are a matter-of-fact people. The following incident illustrates their straightforwardness and ready resource. In a village in one of the Dales lived a kind-hearted but somewhat hot-headed woman who entertained the minister when he came to preach there. On the last day of the first week of this winter, she deemed it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stairfoot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly, she waited awhile, and then, repeating her call, she was answered by, "What do you want?" in anything but a gentle tone of voice.

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A Curious Combat.

A traveler in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace, pursuing him was a host of small black ants.

Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Fanning, the caterpillar would turn his head, and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue.

The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tall first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk.

The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

A New Peril for Smokers.

The poisonous effects of nicotine, which the anti-tobacco party has based most of its arguments against the weed on, have found a powerful ally. A well-known journalist of New York, one of the most distinguished war correspondents of this country, was recently much alarmed to learn that his lips, from which he had been suffering for some time, was diagnosed by his physicians as a symptom of a scrofulous disorder of a serious character. A thorough examination failed, however, to reveal the presence of any other evidence of the disease, and the doctor was, for the time, at a loss to discover its origin.

The patient is an inveterate cigar smoker, and this fact led his physician to make some inquiries in regard to the quality of the cigars that he smoked, the manner and place of their manufacture and other particulars. His investigations resulted in his forming the opinion, in which his patients are disposed to concur, that the mysterious sore and the disease, of which it is the undoubted evidence, were due to the smoking of cigars which had been made by some person with whom long acquaintance had communicated through the cigars to the smoker.

This theory, alarming as it is, is fully borne out by the testimony of the physicians of Bellevue and other metropolitan authorities, who are reported by the New York correspondent of a Western paper to have recently declared that, within their own experience, cases of contagious disease have frequently been traced to the same cause. These medical gentlemen assert that disease is so common among the tenement-house cigar-makers, who use their mouths as well as their hands in their labor, that it is not difficult to find a person who has had use of a tube or holder, so as to avoid contact with the possibly infected leaf.

In the present case the physician is of opinion that the disorder thus strangely acquired has gone already too far even to be completely eradicated from the system, and hence another illustration of the danger of indiscriminate cigar-making and of unprotected cigar-smoking.—*New York News.*

How the Pyramids Were Built.

The pyramids are the tombs of the Egyptian kings, and are built on the cardinal points of the horizon, they differ in breadth and height, as is shown by the measurements of the three oldest, as follows: 1. The Pyramid of Khufu—height, 450.75 feet; breadth, 740 feet. 2. Pyramid of Cheops—height, 477.5 feet; breadth, 390.75 feet. 3. Pyramid of Menkaure—height 203 feet; breadth, 352.75 feet.

The construction of these enormous masses has long been an insoluble mystery, but later generations have succeeded in solving the problem.

As soon as the king mounted the throne, he gave orders to a nobleman, the master of all the buildings of his kind in the kingdom, to build for him a pyramid on the site of a certain amount raised on the limestone soil of the desert, in the form of a small pyramid built in steps, of which the well-constructed and finished interior formed a solid, polished like glass, and a stone sarcophagus lying on the rocky floor.

A second covering was added, stone by stone, on the outside of the kernel; a third covering was added, stone by stone, on the outside of the kernel; a fourth covering was added, stone by stone, on the outside of the kernel.

More than twenty such pyramids have been built, and the same method of construction was used for all of them.

When a wall like a fish? When it is scalded.

How does a stove feel when full of coal? Grateful.

Which of the reptiles is a mathematician? The spider.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is drifting.

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

What is a literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.

Why is the letter U like the sun? Because it is in the center of light.

What is that which shows others what it cannot see itself? A mirror.

What is the letter B like a faithless lover? Because it is in constant.

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

Why is whispering a branch of good manners? Because it is not allowed.

What is an old lady in the middle of the river like? Like to be drowned.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

Why is a miser like a man with a shaggy memory? Because he is always forgetting.

How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea (see).

Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon? Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

Queen Victoria's Escape.

Queen Victoria narrowly escaped an accident during her recent journey to Balmoral. At a station called Sollit, not far from Birmingham, a signalman was overtaken by violent hemorrhage, which so weakened him as to incapacitate him from attending to his duties. The poor fellow, however, had presence of mind enough to place his lamp on the line with the danger color facing the engine, the driver of which was thus warned to reduce the speed of the train. The signalman was afterward found lying exhausted near his post.

A New Use for Glass in the Manufacture of Window Shutters.

A new use for glass is found in the manufacture of window shutters. These are now made of opal glass, decorated, and have the important advantages of being beautiful, and easy to keep clean.—*American Machinist.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Lost Wife's Return.
The wife of Antoine Weber, of Pittsburgh, Pa., eight months ago mysteriously disappeared. Every effort to find her failed, and she was given up for dead. Since that time the husband has lived alone. On a recent Monday the deputy mayor of Pittsburgh was recognized by a woman at the poor farm, who soon convinced him that she was the missing wife of Weber, and begged to be taken to her home and husband. The records show that she was picked up in the street about eight years ago. She could not then remember her name nor where she lived. Her mind for a long time was under a cloud, but she is now entirely sane, has been taken home and lives happily with her husband.

News and Notes for Women.
At Lille, France, the Princess Margaret, who died there in 1910, after all these years is about to have a monument erected to commemorate her goodness.

A remarkable woman, Mrs. Mary Ann Dean, died lately in St. Louis. She was thirty-seven years old, and had been married twenty years. She was the mother of twenty-one children, of whom there were three pairs of twins, two sets of triplets, and one set of quadruplets. Ten of her children are living.

Female barbers are gaining considerable custom at Washington. All are colored and the entire custom comes from their own race.

The millennium for women is now at hand. The new dress-making machine has been invented that will do the work of ten women.

Miss Rosa Bonheur, the painter, having no father for the lion and lioness which she served her as models at the custom of adhering to the same artist, she presented them to the Jardin des Plantes.

Lady Cropper, one of the most beautiful ladies in London, was an American girl from San Francisco. Her mother was called the handsomest woman in Ohio.

The Baroness Roger de Launay ventured to ascend the Right of the Alps without a guide. She slipped over a small precipice, and received injuries of which she expired two hours later.

The number of female students at the Imperial Academy of Painting at St. Petersburg, this season, is thirty-five, of whom only three devote their attention exclusively to sculpture.

The Princess of Wales has dressed her hair in the same style for the past ten years. Knowing when a style is becoming to her, she is sensible enough to continue it, despite the changing fashions.

Miss Hilda Montaba, the young English artist, has painted a more elegant picture, a Venetian scene, for \$800. This is a notable price for a young woman's painting.

Fashion's Variety in Autumn and Winter Dress.
Dressmakers and modistes are making elaborate preparations for the winter fashions, says a New York paper. The custom of adhering to a certain amount of style is being abandoned for some years past. There are set fashions, it is true, but these can be varied to satisfy all tastes. Many ladies plan their toilettes exclusively to one style. If possessed of a certain amount of taste, these ladies generally prove most successful, and by this means great uniformity and monotony is avoided.

The general tendency in respect of many articles of dress is toward enlargement. Bonnets, dresses, and even muffs are to be larger than those used last year. Heavy fabrics, such as broadcases with designs of large flowers and "velours de France," are among the winter goods. Toilets of these goods are made of rich, heavy folds. Fur is to be much more lavishly employed than it was last year. The large bonnets are to have a great variety of May-bags in all sizes placed among the trimmings.

Dresses continue to be narrow. Wide sleeves gathered at the top will be much worn. As is usually the case, new combinations will be combined with old ones. Jackets are to retain their bell-shaped collars, the favorite style is the Louis XIV. One of the latest of these is belted on the waist, and falls over a skirt which is drawn tightly over the hips by means of a crossed scarf. The lower border of the skirt is plain, and the skirt is of woolen goods in the new shade called "gris de mer." Another style of autumn wear consists of a tight-fitting Spencer waist, and a plaid skirt of plaid woolen goods in very light colors, blending into each other. The skirt is fastened by means of a scarf, which is taken across the hips, is fastened by means of thick woolen cords. These scarfs will be much worn. Plaid materials for autumn wear are preferred with dark green and brown. The skirt is made in three ways. One has a plaid skirt of Scotch goods, with a blouse waist of plain blue or bronze green serge, and a hood lined with Scotch plaid. The second way is to have scarfs over the Scotch plaid skirt, and a jacket waist of plain cachemire or very fine cloth. The third way is to have the whole suit of plain serge, crossed by a plaid sash. The basque, collar, cuffs, and skirts are made in the following manner: The polonaise is something quite new. It buttons up the side by means of elegant green and gold buttons, which are the colors of the suit. The dark green velvet collar is trimmed with fine golden galloon. The leg-of-mutton sleeves have a jockey full and long. They are very full and long, and are drawn in at the wrist under a green velvet cuff embroidered with gold fringe. This polonaise is very simple and very handsome.

Another new suit is of vigogne in the color, called "vin de Champagne," and fire-colored Surah. The vigogne skirt is covered with pointed plaits, from under each of these falls a narrow Surah plaiting. The skirt is open in front and draped in the back. Over the back drapery are loops of satin ribbon with a buckle in the center. The vigogne coat has the fronts out in the neck in a large square, with a mouseline de Indes chemisette underneath. It is crossed over the breast and rounded on the ends of the basque. The fire-colored belt closes by means of a buckle.

From a seam under the arm falls a square basque, or "paysanne" shape. The waist is trimmed with Surah cordings and lined with the same. The Amazon hat is lined with black velvet and covered with white feathers. This style of toilet will be in vogue for evening and theater dresses during the winter.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A scheme of African exploration is said to be under consideration in Portugal, which, if carried into execution, will probably result in the achievement of the most important geographical work. It is proposed that two expeditions should start simultaneously from the Portuguese possessions on the east and west coasts of Africa, and after founding a series of scientific and commercial stations along their line of route, meet at some point in the interior.

The wool-clip of the world has increased five times since 1830, when it was about 330,000,000 pounds in weight. In 1878—the latest year for which there are complete figures—Europe produced 740,000,000, North America 240,000,000, United States 208,000,000, Australia 350,000,000, and South Africa 48,000,000 pounds, making a total of 1,588,000,000 pounds. Great Britain and France consume each about the same quantity of wool—350,000,000 pounds a year. Germany consumes about 165,000,000 pounds, United States 350,000,000 pounds, and Russia, Austria and other countries 400,000,000 pounds.

It is a curious fact that the locomotive which, with its train, went down with the Tay bridge, is now running regularly between Glasgow and Edinburgh. For three months it laid in the bottom of the river, but when it was brought up it was found uninjured, except the funnel, dome and weather-board, which had to be renewed. She ran on her own wheels to Glasgow just as she came out of her long bath. Strange feelings might arise in the traveler's breast if he found that his train was drawn by that engine—but there is a locomotive engineer, it is said, in the United States, running regularly upon a railway upon which he was once the cause of a most terrible disaster.

Cologne cathedral, which has just been completed after centuries of labor, is one of the largest and loftiest buildings in the world. For the past six years the work has been carried on with but little intermission, the cost being met by both public and private contributions, and a German architectural journal has ascertained that the aggregate amount expended during the period of eighteen millions of marks, or about \$5,400,000. When to this is added the money contributed during past centuries, and notably what has been sunk in the colossal fontaine, and the cost of purchasing various necessary parcels of land, it appears that the cathedral, as it now stands, represents about forty millions of marks, or \$12,000,000.

The number of postoffice employees in England (46,192) seems very large in proportion to an exceedingly small number of offices (13,912) until it is considered that the English postoffice also conducts a large savings bank and telegraph business. The United States postoffice number 42,989. The total of "returned" letters in England was 3,345,678, while 2,998,513 letters passed through the post office. There are less than 590,469 persons in receipt of mail service in a system by which receipts are given for letters posted (which must not be confounded with the registration system), and the charging of a "late fee," by paying for the delay, and after they are received after the mail has been closed, as is now done here for foreign letters.

Tale of a Refractory Goat.
Maybe there is never any excitement at the West End, but you can't make the people who saw a colored gentleman try to lead a goat through that district. The goat didn't want to go, and the colored gentleman, who was about ten feet ahead of the animal, pulled vigorously on the rope. He had just got his whole mind on when the goat changed his mind, and started forward so suddenly that the colored gentleman didn't have time to recover his balance and went down, and as the goat ran past him and kept running he was dragged along, clawing wildly, until his head collided with a lamp-post, and he brought the procession to a halt. On regaining his feet the colored gentleman was very angry and ran for the goat to kick him, and the goat took to flight, and he flew at a rapid pace down the street. About five rods ahead the goat observed a citizen bending over to look down an open coal hole, and on reaching him the goat contrived to hit him just under the hip pocket, and the citizen disappeared down the coal-hole like a stub just as the colored gentleman stumbled over the goat, which had come to a halt. A number of people had gathered about, and then the goat took a notion to turn and go the other way, and he got the rope so entangled that the people felt that seven were upset and much blasphemy resulted. The man down the coal-hole then attempted to climb out, and got his head and shoulders above ground when the goat made another rush at him and he had to dodge down again. And then the goat assailed his owner, who went up a lamp-post; and then the goat went for another man, and as the owner had tied the rope to his belt he was jerked off that lamp-post, and stuck in powder. Fortunately for him his belt broke and he sprang to his feet and took off toward Harvard college yelling fire, and the goat suddenly jumped into an open door, and disappeared into a fainting fit, and upset a table on which stood a dish of hot water. He got most of the water upon himself, and made more frantic by pain jumped out of the window again, but a lid and dove in three of the main's ribs, and then disappeared down the street, amid a cloud of dust just as a policeman came around to shoot him. And the man down the coal-hole came up with awful expressions on his face and in his language and offered \$75 to any one who would take him home to see for damages.—*Boston Post.*

A two-story wall is one of the curiosities of Erin, N. Y. The two parts are one above the other and separated by ten or twelve feet of hard-pack. Water can be pumped from either wall, and the lower one pumped dry while the upper one retains an inexhaustible supply.

Smiling and Mourning.

Some go smiling through the gray time,
Under naked, soggy bowers;
Some go mourning all the May time,
Mid the laughing leaves and flowers.

Why is this,
Rosalie Winter
Comes to kiss your winter gray?
Why, ah, why
Doth sorrow sigh
On the lap of lovely May?

Happy love, with song and smiling,
Through the withered woodland goes;
Happy love hath no bequilling
From the redoubt or the rose.

This is why
Woods may sigh,
Flowers die and hearts be gay;
This, alas!
The piteous pass
That leaves us mourning all the May.

—*Affred Percival Graves.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A rose tree of Hannover is said to be more than a thousand years old. The costs were \$600 in a suit over a hog to two farmers of Monticue county, Mo.

Dogs are used as baits of burden in Northern France, Belgium and Germany.

A large number of Jewish negroes have been found in Africa, near the boundary of Barbary.

Banged or frizzed hair is forbidden among the women of the Bishop Elder's congregation of Cincinnati.

From a single potato vine planted by David Brown, of Pricetown, Pa., the product was 537 fine potatoes.

In a Hungarian shanty in Fayette county, Pa., a birth, a death and a marriage occurred all at the same time.

Sixty per cent. of the cases of insanity occurring in France are, according to a physician of that country, caused by the use of absinthe.

There are 5,000 telegraph offices in France. Last year the number of dispatches sent averaged thirty for every 100 inhabitants.

There are in Philadelphia 434 churches; in New York city, 354, and in Brooklyn, 240. In no other American city are there more than 200.

One oleomargarine company of New York city has contracted with a New England tub manufacturer for 25,000 tubs to be delivered within a year.

The profits of the Saratoga hotels last year were less than at any time since the war. The United States, where the millionaires go, is said to have cleared \$75,000.

For forty-eight years a Lovell (Pa.) hen was in a grain-stack, where she had lain accidentally covered up. When she was taken to be buried over in a fit, but soon recovered.

After traveling one hundred miles through the woods, and crossing several streams, a cat that had made the journey in a box escaped and found its way home in British Columbia.

L. Kimesor, of Dallas, Texas, while walking through some brush was attacked by an eagle. He killed it with an ax he had with him. It measured six and a half feet from tip to tip of its wings.

A butterfly, when apprehending danger, turns right on a green dewdrop, and flies into a clump of dead leaves, where it so adjusts its wings on a twig as to look exactly like a shriveled leaf, and deludes discovery by its foe.

A child at Connersville, Ind., three years old, that has had a supposed case of this kind was starved. A superstitious person about a mile away from the house in its nose the other day, and is now cured. Some child had stuck it in for fun.

While making a call at a neighbor's, a young lady of Madison, Ohio, said to her mother, "I don't know what you're fussing about. I haven't seen your babies yet, are they pretty?" The cat immediately went out, and returned with a kitten in her mouth, which she laid at the feet of her questioner.

While Jim Eiler, of Alden, Iowa, was looking at his own shadow, he fell from the sky a ball of fire apparently about the size of a flour barrel. He was paralyzed with fright, and saw the globe strike the heat of the animal he rode, when he became unconscious. Upon coming to his senses he found that the ball was dead, the head of the animal being scarred as if by a red-hot iron.

Feeding on One's Self.
When the human body suffers from a lack of food, it practically feeds upon itself, and absorbs its own substance as food. The fact is, however, that certain animals normally exhibit this process of feeding upon themselves under certain conditions. The humps of the camel or those of the Indian cattle visibly decrease and many disappear altogether, if the animals are starved. A superfluous store of fat, in other words, is made use of under the exigency of hunger. So it is also with the bears and other animals which hibernate or sleep through the winter's cold. The bear, which in autumn retires to winter quarters in a well-favored condition, comes forth in spring lean and meager. His fats have been absorbed in his nutrition, and the succeeding summer will lay the foundation of new stores of stable food to be utilized during the next winter. With man, we repeat, the phenomena of starvation are essentially similar. In the starving man the fats of the body are the first substances to disappear. The fat comes next, then the muscle, and ninety-three per cent. next in order the blood suffers; then the internal organs, such as liver and spleen, suffer; the muscles, bones, and nervous system being the last to lose weight. In due time, also, the heat of the body decreases to such an extent that ultimately death in a case of starvation is really a case of death from loss of heat. When the temperature falls to about thirty degrees Fahrenheit, death ensues. This decrease arises from want of bodily fuel or food; but the immediate cause of the fatal ending of such a case is decrease of temperature. It is likewise a curious fact that the application of external warmth is even more effectual in reviving animals dying of starvation than a supply of food. In exhausting diseases in man, in which the phenomena are strikingly like, and, indeed, thoroughly analogous to those of starvation, the same facts are observed.—*Chambers's Journal.*