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The Captain's Sweetheart.

"Only last night, my shipmate in,
Yet years it seemed ere I could speak
Your side, and say to you the words
That I so long have longed to speak.
For I am captain now, and thought
To-day to win you for my bride;
But would I'd not'er set foot on shore!
Would on the ocean I had died!"

With kindling eye and crimson cheek
His words of bitterness she heard,
Then tightly clasped her little hands,
But never spoke a single word.

"Your lovely eyes were dim with tears
When last I started for the sea;
You knew I loved you, and I dreamed—
Poor trusting fool—you cared for me,
Each night your name was in my prayers,
Your picture on my heart had been;
Once more I'll press my lips to it,
Then you may have it back again."

He kissed it daintily, and held it forth
With trembling hand. She raised her head,
And in his face gazed steadily,
But not a single word she said.

"To think that you should wed for gold,
Sell your sweet face for sparkling gems!
Love's sunshine, girl, would brighter make
Your curls than precious diamonds.

And Faith and Truth would bring you flowers
Where Pomp and Pride had weeds can sow;
But since you've made your choice, farewell!
And with a sigh he turned to go.

A smile dawned on her pretty mouth,
She shook her pretty golden curls.
"Stay, Ralph. Who told this tale?" she asked
"Of gold and diamonds and pearls?"

"One who should know—your brother Tom—
I met him as I reached your door.
"If you've gained your ship," he mocked,
"Old Skipper Brown's been courting her,
And he has stores of gems and gold;
And wedding bells may peal
Before the year is six months old."

Her smile grew brighter, and at last
A merry laugh she burst.
"Twas wicked, Ralph, of Tom, but then
He's but a boy. 'Tis April first."

"April?" "No, of course not how could I,
When you're here? You say I do,
And all the time 'Tis April first."
"The month star has not been more true,"
"And you will wed me when the sweet
Will roses, love, begin to blow."
"So soon?" she said. "To ages, dear."
"Yes, then, if you will have it so."

"And from this time may April first
Be ushered in with cloudless sky,
And all the April fools," he cried,
"Be just as glad and blessed as I!"

"—Harp's Weekly.

The Interrupted Wedding.

All the Colorado hills were melting
In the opal dunniness of the soft October
haze, through which, among their pines,
aspens groves shown like yellow flames.
Day by day the wine-colored fringes
of the sunnaker were scattered by the winds.

The air in its mingled brightness and
vigor rekindled that pure joy of
living whose loss the effeminate world
bewails to-day. But it also reminded the
miner that it was time to bank his cabin
or leave for the valley—a thing he was
likely to do earlier than usual this year
on account of threatened Indian
troubles.

It likewise set Mrs. Kent to
making preparations for her only
daughter's wedding. On these occasions
weddings do not occur every day, nor are
they generally of great importance
when they do. This, however, was a
special affair. Mrs. Kent having been
widowed by an accident some years be-
fore, had proved herself a brisk, capable
woman, had opened a stopping place on
the way to the mines, and made it—
with Mandy's help—so clean, so home-
like and popular that she was in a fair
way to become a capitalist. She owned
claims named more or less openly
after herself or her daughter; she had
more than one present by which to re-
member grateful guests; she had her
regular profits and her privileged position.

It could not be expected that such a
state of things would long endure with-
out some matrimonial catastrophe,
though both were adorned with that
general affection which is not very
dangerous in its results. Mandy's choice
had at last fallen on a young ranchman
well started in life, but no great favorite
of Mrs. Kent's. She would have wel-
comed Prince Arthur if he had come to
take away her right hand, but seeing
there was no help for it, she determined
to give, in honor of the occasion, the
grand spread of which only such a
homesteader was capable.

The poor, hearty, generous miners!
All the delicacies of Delmonico's cannot
so please the cloyed appetites of his
patrons as the prospect of a wholesome
"square meal" does them. They were
invited cordially—where indeed, would
Mrs. Kent have been without them?
She had her two hired girls tidy to the
utmost, the tidy dining-room that had
welcomed such various figures, from the
"tony" capitalist and his tonier hiring
to the last dead-beck adventurer.
Under her directions cauldrons of oysters,
stacks of ham, bountiful cakes and
coffee were prepared to invigorate the
guests who, mostly masculine, might be
dressed by the coming ceremony.

At the very moment, however, when
the minister was ready to unite George
Dickerson and Amanda Kent in holy
bonds, the young lady proved her
womanly qualities by an engaging fit of
hesitation. She didn't know as she
wanted to get married at all. In vain
her girl friends soothed the sobbing
bride-elect, and urged her not to disap-
point any one. She only retorted, half
angrily: "Just wait till you go to get
married and see if it isn't serious."
Finding that they could neither reason
nor joke her out of her whim, they left
the field to her lover, whose protesta-
tions finally induced her to dry her tears
and consent to their union.

The patient preacher had just opened
proceedings in the orthodox manner
when a galloping horse, the Western
signal of disaster, was heard without.
A moment after a red-headed youth burst
in the door, but no one resented his
want of manners as the new arrival
gaped:

"The Arapahos is—a comin'.
Hundreds of 'em, I saw 'em and run."
"Where? How fast? How many?"
were the questions hailed on the un-
responding herald, who, pitching on
horseback, was out of sight in a twink-
ling.

Of course it was a fine chance to make
a piece of border history, to die in de-
fense of the ladies, and the dinner—but
no one happened to see it in that light.
Miners, so far from loving bloodshed,
are, in their daily lives, the most order-
loving people in the world. Danger
does not frighten them, but many had
no firearms, many had little ones back
East to be left helpless. The house
was wooden one, ten miles from town,
null for lack of ammunition to stand a
siege at all. So, to the immense relief
of the women, they resolved to evacuate
the premises, or to use old Sands' ex-
pression, determined "to get out of 'tis
as quick as the Lord'll let you."

He felt, however, not without a fierce
regret, that the provisions, which he
would have strength enough to strike
when the time came—a party of white
people within were indeed testing the
soup and discussing the roast chickens
with the hearty enjoyment only possible
to a disturbed state of society.

If a timid voice protested at the free
and easy banquet, some instantly vowed
to set it all right. Hadn't they money
to pay for what they took? What busi-
ness had people to leave the house open
and the table set if they didn't want
to be hospitable? They had come to the
place, a large body of campers, driving
before them a herd of ponies, to seek
shelter during the coming storm for a
woman with a weakly child. Finding a
deserted feast, the bolder spirits gues-
sed the truth, and treating the matter as
a huge joke, coolly helped themselves,
inviting all to participate in the fun. In
spite of considerable hesitation they
did so, until the seat of the feast was
of stolen fruit. Every moment the
nervous women expected to see the
rightful owners put in an appearance,
every moment they raised fresh scrup-
les, finally starting a cheerful train
of poison, as if they had some occult
knowledge of Jeff Sand's amiable re-
gret. This suspicion, vanished when en-
dorsed by any fearful signs of internal
convulsion on the part of the revelers,
but it did not leave these Western Cas-
sandra silent. When the big fires had
sunk to coals, and the men were excited
to find poisonous resting-places in
sheds, under wagons, or where they list,
they formed a dim, dim conclave.

Perhaps the people of the house were
robbers who had enticed them all into
their power. They had read of such
things. What if they were already
hopelessly entangled in some border
mystery? It was too like an enchanted
house for these simple-minded folk to
feel quite at ease. The seat of the feast
had arisen from a silly youth's excite-
ment at sight of a herd of ponies, when
his ears were full of Indian rumors.

The troubles along the border de-
creased with the cold weather, but Mrs.
Kent—I beg your pardon, I mean the
late Mrs. Kent—no longer keeps a stop-
ping place, though she has not lost that
kindly feeling toward the miners notice-
able in most of mountain women. One,
however, is all she makes provision for,
in the ordinary course of her domestic
arrangements.

Captain Sands has been heard to de-
fend even the red-haired author of the
scare from the unmerciful jeers of his
companions, but on that subject he is
considered an unfair judge. As to
Mandy, I can only state her interrupted
wedding was never completed. She
did not want to see George again, nor
did that gentleman show any desire for
her society. The matter was dropped
by mutual consent, and before the
while she married one of the very party
that had given her such a night of terror
as she hoped never to be called on to
live over again.—Springfield Republican.

The power of the plug hat.
The plug hat is virtually a sort of
social guarantee for the preservation of
peace and order. He who puts on one
has given a hostage to the community
for his good behavior. The wearer of a
plug hat most covetous with a certain
sagacity and propriety. He cannot run,
or jump, or romp, or get into a fight
except at the peril of his headgear. All
the hidden influences of the bearer tend
toward respectability. He who wears
one is obliged to keep the rest of his
body in trim, that there may be no in-
congruity between head and body. He is
not to become thoughtful through the
necessity of watching the sky when he
ever goes out. The chances are that
he will buy an umbrella, which is an
other guarantee for good behavior, and
the care of hat and umbrella—perpetual
and exacting as it must be—adds to the
sweetness of his character. The manly
who wears a plug hat takes seriously to
the society of women, with all its de-
clatating tendencies. He cannot go hunt-
ing or fishing without abandoning his
beloved hat, but in the modern enjoy-
ment of croquet and lawn-tennis he may
sport his beaver with impunity. In
other words, the constant use of a plug
hat makes a man proper in manner,
quiet and gentlemanly in conduct and
the companion of ladies. The inevitable
result is prosperity, marriage and
church membership.

Bungs.
The bung is a homely device, lacking
altogether the symmetry of an obelisk
and having little even of the grace
which corks often possess. But where
other liquids are contained in casks or
barrels there must the bung be also.

It is almost impossible to estimate
the quantity of bungs made and used
annually, but the number is well up in
the millions. They are made of wood
well-seasoned, and are cut by machinery
which is patented. In no country are
so many bungs made as in the United
States, for nowhere else are the woods
which are used so plentiful. Oak, hick-
ory, spruce and pine are among the
varieties utilized, and the bung facto-
ries are scattered about the country in
the neighborhoods where the woods
used are found. By cutting the bungs
before shipping the cost of transporting
the waste material is saved. A great
many bungs for beer casks are sent both
to Germany and England from this
country, not because they are better,
but because they are cheaper than those
made abroad. Bungs are cut by pecu-
liar and ingenious machinery, which
works against the grain of the wood,
tapering the bung with the grain. In
many cases the taper is made but slight
in the cutting, and then the bung is
submitted to a powerful compression to
increase the taper.

The outside fiber of the coccoanut is
now used for shoe-heels, and is said to
be a good substitute for leather.

Florida Oranges.
The orange culture in Florida
amounted to little or nothing before the
war. Northern industry and methods
have found their way into the State since,
and gave this cultivation its remarkable
impetus. Ten years ago even the
product amounted to but little. Now it
brings millions to the State, and its in-
crease for the next ten years can hardly
be estimated. General Cameron was
taken recently by ex-Senator Yulee, a
friend and former associate, who repre-
sented Florida in the Senate thirty-five
years ago, to see the largest orange
grove in the world. This was the first
time they had met since Mr. Yulee left
the Senate for the South in 1861, and
the renewal of the friendship between
the two has been one of the pleasing
features of the Florida. Colonel
Duffy and myself were invited to ac-
company the party, and did so. Long
before we reached the great grove to-
ward which we were tending there were
patches of orange trees to be seen on
every side, many of them with the
golden fruit still hanging to the
branches. Beautiful flowers bloomed
in the black mud, and early vegetables
were just springing up. A little later
the train dropped us in the midst of
75,000 orange trees, covering over 400
acres of ground. A perfect wilderness
of orange trees, apparently not culti-
vated with care, certainly not planted
regularly, but of a nature had sown
the wild seed. The wild luxuriance of
nature had, however, been curbed
by man, who in pursuit of wealth had
turned vinegar into honey, and by graft-
ing on the sour trees the finer sweet
varieties, had snatched from the wildness
an income of over \$400,000 a year.
General Cameron rambled with us over
the place, all of us plucking the golden
fruit ad lib, and imagining ourselves in
the veritable Garden of Eden—earth,
air and sky, soft balmy and ethereal,
combining to fix the illusion—and were
only brought back to a realization that
we were fifty miles from our hotel by an
exclamation from one of the party:
"By Jove, we're lost!" This fact soon
became apparent to us all, and just think
of it—you who are bound by bands of
thick-ribbed ice—lost in an orange
grove in Florida! General Cameron
enjoyed the joke, and busied himself
eating the fruit plucked with his own
hands. Many of the trees were laden
with fruit of immense size and beautiful
color, although much of the crop had
been gathered. One of the tempting
sights in the grove was the forbidden
fruit of the Garden of Eden. It is use-
less, except to look at and for preserving,
although it is eaten by some. It has
soft, insipid taste. Lemons of immense
size, growing upon small trees, now and
then dotted the orchard. After an hour
spent in looking over the grove, we
were fifty miles from our hotel by the
pack-trail, where the superintendent
told us that 13,000 boxes of oranges had
been shipped this season from one-half
of the grove over which we had been
rambling; that means 1,800,000 oranges,
for which the owner had been offered
\$35,000 while the fruit was on the trees.

"How many years does it take for an
orange grove to come into bearing?" I
asked the superintendent. "Eight
years from the seed, and about five
years if grafted or budded on to the
wild fruit. That is, I mean to say they
will bear in eight years from the seed,
and in five years from the graft. They
constantly grow better and bear more
oranges every year. No man can tell
how long they will be useful—certainly
more than 100 years."

Mr. Fairbanks, the historian of Florida
and an eminent authority upon the
orange, says that an average tree will
bear, season in and out, 700 oranges,
and that where they are grown from the
seed or transplanted regularly, about
sixty trees to the acre would be a fair
average. These sixty trees in a fair
season would yield 42,000 oranges,
worth at the grove \$840. This is a cold,
reliable estimate of what an ordinary
orange grove will do; many will do
more, and still more will do less, but
\$840 worth of fruit upon an acre of
ground will strike the Northern farmer
as being decidedly profitable.—Boston
Herald.

A Dwarf Who Wears a Man's Hat.
John McConnell is the name of the
smallest man in the coal region and one
of the smallest men in the world. Un-
like many other small men, he is only
noticeably small in the matter of height.
His head, the breadth of chest and size of
arms are those of a fully developed man.
To see Mr. McConnell take a seat on an
ordinary chair would bring a smile to a
bronze statue of grief. He climbs upon it
like a three-year-old, and when once
seated his feet dangle six inches from
the floor. He has a pleasant and intelli-
gent-looking face, which he keeps closely
shaved. He will be thirty-two years of
age on the twenty-fourth of June, and
stopped growing a good many years ago.
He was born in Vermont, and came to
the coal regions of Pennsylvania nine
years ago. He wears a 7-18 hat and
measures thirty-six inches around the
chest. His arm measures sixteen inches
from the shoulder to the tip of his
middle finger. His legs measure eight-
een inches in length. He wears a No. 2
boot. He stands three feet eleven and
a half inches with his boots on and
weighs eighty-six pounds.—Pottsville
(Pa.) Journal.

The Calculation of Interest.
A well-known actuary, has devised a
very simple and easily remembered rule
for determining how long it will take a
given sum of money to double itself at
a certain rate of interest. Divide the
rate of interest into seventy-two and
the quotient will be the number of
years to within a small fraction. Thus,
at four per cent. interest, the answer is
eighteen years, which is only one-quarter
of a year too great, the exact time being
about seventeen and three-quarter years.
For six per cent., it may be said to be
exact. This is a good rule for editors and
other large capitalists to remember.

The New York Commercial expects
that when Rowell dies his legs will be
buried in Westminster Abbey.

Curious Facts.

A tree bearing thirty bushels of apples
is really sustaining half a ton of water,
for water constitutes about eighty-five
per cent. of apples.

A brick of gold measuring twelve by
seven by four inches is worth at out
\$75,000. Such a brick represents one
month's product of one of the hydraulic
mines of California.

The rings noticed in the wood of a
tree cut across have been considered an
index of the age of the tree—counting
one ring for each year, but this does
not hold in all species. A tree eighteen
years old has shown, when cut, thirty-
six distinct rings.

Nerve impulses are conducted along
the nerves very slowly in comparison to
the speed of electricity along a copper
wire. The latter travels sixteen million
times as fast as a nerve impulse, and yet
the downward impulse travels with the speed
of the fastest railroad train.

There is no tide perceptible in the Mis-
sissippi river after you have passed by
about thirty miles from its mouth, and
the tide only rises from one and a half
to two feet at Balize. The number of
tributaries (the Ohio, Missouri and so
on) which help to flood the Mississippi
and swell its volume of water, gives it
that downward current which over-
comes every resisting influence, even
the tidal.

Catgut, it is stated, was used in the
earlier watches in place of chains, the
latter, it would seem, being first at-
tached to such mechanisms in the gold
egg or acorn-shaped watches of Hans
Johns, of Konigsberg. Some of this
maker's timekeepers had small wheel-
work, and one of them, when an alarm,
in addition that would go far to respect the
equable temperament and delicate sus-
ceptibilities of a modern chronometer.

Female Smugglers.
A New York paper says: She walked
off the steamer Germanic on to the
dock with dignity and an evident con-
sciousness that she knew what she was
about. She wore a silk mantle, whose
bottom was tucked in. This having
been pulled down a large quantity of
valuable black lace a foot deep was
found to be tacked on the garments with
stitches eight inches long. The woman
boldly claimed that the lace was for her
personal use, and that she had the right to
use it and wear it in any manner she
pleased. "There being no means of
disproving her statement she was re-
leased." (Now hear the twitter of sat-
isfaction among the ladies, that for once
those odious custom-house ruffians have
been outwitted. But see what followed.)
A moment later two women quit the
steamer, whose apparel also attracted
the captain's attention, and he gave
them in charge of the inspectors. One
wore a new silk dress that did not fit
her around the waist by four inches, and
an elegant under her ulster, had on a
most precious silk, trimmed all over
with beads, and reaching to the ground.
They abused Captain Adams in the
most voluble manner, and threatened
him with all sorts of disasters for put-
ting such an indignity upon them. At
length, when the elder paused an in-
stant to catch her breath, the captain
took advantage of the opportunity to
ask whether she would candidly answer
a question or two. Receiving an affirm-
ative response, the following colloquy
took place:
"Are you a dressmaker?"
"I am."
"Do you intend to offer those goods you
are wearing for sale?"
"I do, if I can get a customer for
them."
"Did you put them on with the in-
tention of evading payment of duties?"
"I did. But I have been instructed
that I have a right to bring in free of
duty anything I can wear."

Captain Adams said that there was a
difference of opinion on that point, and
informed the deputy surveyor present of
his discovery. The women were told
that the goods were liable to seizure,
and they then offered to pay the duties.
This was agreed to, and an appraiser
was sent for. When the silk cloak was
being removed by the inspectors for his
examination, she noticed that it was
unusually heavy, and asked the reason.
One of the women replied that it was
made so for purposes of warmth, but on
closer investigation the inspectors dis-
covered evidences of "tacking," and in
a few moments, by the rupture of a few
stitches, had resolved the apparently
single cloak into two, both equal in
costliness and beauty. The women paid
the amount demanded, which was \$120,
without another word.

A Woman's Foot Blown Off by Light-
ning.
A woman named Galligan, who re-
sides in Castle Grove, Iowa, was struck
by lightning while engaged in her
household duties about the cooking
stove. The electric fluid seems to have
struck the chimney, tearing and setting
on fire the end of the house, demolishing
the stove and striking Mrs. Galligan's
foot, tore it to pieces and then
escaped through the door. The foot
was mutilated and shattered as though
blown to pieces by dynamite or some
other terrible explosive. The heel of
one of her shoes was driven half through
the floor. The most singular feature of
the affair is that Mrs. Galligan was not
stunned or shocked by the stroke, and
with great presence of mind dragged
herself to a tub of water, extin-
guished the flames, and then crawled to
the door and summoned her husband.
A doctor was sent for without delay, and
amputated the foot just above the ankle
joint.

Travelers in Egypt are surprised at the
large amount of ophthalmia and blind-
ness prevalent among the inhabitants.
Want of cleanliness is the cause. An
Egyptian mother, under the influence
of a widely prevalent superstition, does
not wash her child's eyes until eight days
after birth. By that time the organ is
frequently ruined. The teachers in the
American and British mission schools of
Cairo say that Egyptian mothers become
invariably angry when urged to wash
the eyes of their newly-born infants,
and can rarely be persuaded to comply
with a request of the kind.

Mysterious Disappearance.

'Come little pet,' the old bird said,
In most endearing term,
You must be early out of bed
If you would catch the worm."
The smallest of the feathered herd—
A puny little thing—
Outsprang the tender baby-bird,
To grab for worms and sing.

And lo! she found an early worm—
It was a monster, too—
She chirped: "Oh you may write and squirm
But I will gobble you!"
That birdling's chirp, the rest affirm,
Was never after heard,
And it's surmised it was the worm
That caught the early bird.

A crying evil—A cross baby.
A backward spring—grips.
The scale of good-breeding—B nat-
ural.
A poor relation—Telling an anecdote
badly.
A fish would be real nice if it didn't
drink.
What word is always pronounced
wrong, even by the best scholars?—
Wrong.
Some ladies are so fond of dress that
they have their meals served on fashion
plates.
Ere, go to grass, as Mary said to her
little lamb when she sent it out to get
its meals.
"It's easy enough, after you get your
hand in," was the reply of the criminal
with the fetters on his wrist.

When steamboat passengers talk too
much to the captain he can always find
relief by shouting: "Man over-board!"
—Piscayne.
The moral of "Josh Billings" suc-
cess is a very bad one for boys. It
shows how much money can be made
by hard spellings.
We have seen spring bonnets with
sixteen full-blown poppies on them.
The young ladies' poppies have to pay
dearly for them.
The young man who would scorn the
idea of being a farmer is the very one who
is apt to be an expert in sowing "wild
oats."—Mordant Recorder.

"Is that mule tame?" asked a farmer
of an American dealer in domestic
quadrupeds. "He's tame enough in
front," answered the dealer.
Josh Billings says that "a good doctor
is a gentleman to whom you may pay
three dollars a visit for advising us to
eat less and exercise more."

It is said that a long upper lip indi-
cates a certain degree of good nature.
But the less lip, the better nature on
the part of the unwilling listener.
"Yes," said the schoolgirl, who had
risen from the lowest to the highest
position in her class, "I shall have a
horse-shoe for my symbol, as it denotes
having come from the bottom."

A stranger in St. Louis, thinking he
recognized his coat on the back of a pe-
destrian, shouted: "Stop Thief!" and
about thirty of the inhabitants suddenly
disappeared down a side street.
Child at table devours gluttonously
her food. Mother, with gentle reproof
—"Well, what does baby say to kind
nurse? that brings her all these good
things?" Baby, with her mouth full—
"More."
It has been estimated that the
common fly moves its wings 330 times
per second, and 19,800 times per minute.
The calculation was made by a bald-
headed man, one day last August.—New
York News.

It runs thuswise: "There came to our
cabin one morning in spring, a sweet
little robin. He came there to sing, but
the cat was attentive, and watched from
after till the robin, all his good looks,
was killed like a cat."—Derrick.
A Milwaukee girl, suffering from
lockjaw, was left alone with a mouse
by a shrewd physician, and she con-
grived to open her mouth enough to
toss a ball that made the crockery in
the china closet rattle.

In the year 1880 America issued sev-
enty patents to women. And not one of
them was an indicator to be attached to
a bedpost to show if there is a man
under the bed. And yet the world has
much getting down on hands and knees
such a thing would save women.—Boston
Post.

It is not pleasant to have the barber's
apprentice practicing upon you, lay
open your cheek with a two-inch gash,
and then follow the cut with the cherry
remark, "Skin's very tender, sir." It
is not pleasant. We don't know what it
is, but it isn't pleasant.—Burlington
Hawkeye.

Died While Laughing.
A singular and fatal accident occurred
at Jackson, Miss., recently. Mr. W.
Bailey, clerk of Madison
county, in company with Mr. T. Wharton,
of Jackson, was eating dinner at a restau-
rant. During the meal, while engaged
in friendly and sociable conversation,
allusion was made to the strange and
sad fate that befel the late Walter
Brooks, of Vicksburg, who was choked
to death by eating an oyster. Mr. Whar-
ton said something further, which dis-
tracted Mr. Bailey's attention and
caused him to laugh, and, a few seconds
after, it was noticed that the latter gen-
tleman appeared very sick, and was
gasping for breath. Mr. Wharton and
others immediately attempted to relieve
him by carrying him to the door and
slapping him on the back, but without
avail. Physicians were sent for, but
before they arrived Mr. Bailey was dead,
and it was beyond the power of medical
skill to revive him. He had inadver-
tently swallowed a piece of beef, which
became lodged in his throat and choked
him to death.

There are on Long Island forty fish
cultivators. Some of them breed trout
for the market, and others let fish
privileges to sportsmen in the season.
Seth Green says that an acre of good
water can be made to produce twice as
much food as an acre of land.