

The Elk County Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1881.

NO. 37.

The Deserted Mill.
Drip, drip, drip,
The eager flow is still,
And only drops of water fall
Beneath the unused mill.
All molder are the bags of meal,
And moss is grown upon the wheel,
So silent and so still.
Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the fruitful fern,
The silent timbers of the wheel
Are powerless to turn,
And where a blade of grass is seen,
The gaping joints it grows between,
Parted, will not return.
Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the stagnant pool
Where glides the spotted water snake,
Among the cresses cool,
And, silent in his coat of mail,
All slimy creep the nations snail
Upon the window stool.
Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the oaken floor,
And broken from its rusty lock,
Hangs, silently, the door,
Save, when a gust of wind goes past,
It groans upon one hinge still fast,
Then silent as before.
Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the rotten dead,
Between the timbers in the roof
The shadows softly steal;
And from a corner of the house
Slyly peeps forth the cunning mouse
That eats the moldy meal.
Drip, drip, drip,
Upon the well-worn stone,
While blue-flies at the window buzz,
Monotonous in tone,
Nor move the miller grinds his corn,
For he, good man, is dead and gone,
The mill is left alone.

TWO SECRETS.

"You don't mean it, Hetty?"
Loyd Sutton, a good-looking, manly young fellow, leaning on the half-open door, looked earnestly in the face of the young girl on the opposite side of the fence.
She shrank from meeting his eye as she answered:
"I am not accustomed to saying what I don't mean."
He made no answer. Hetty scratched industriously with a bit of wild-rose stem up in the trunk of the beech tree which overshadowed them. Suddenly she discovered that she was unconscious of tracing over the initials "L. S." and "H. W."—the latter her own—cut in the beech bark. She hastily withdrew her hand and threw away the rose stem.
"Do you remember what you said to me, Hetty, the day I cut those letters?" asked the young man.
"Something foolish, I dare say," she answered, with affected carelessness.
"You told me you loved me," he said, in a low voice.
Hetty stopped and plucked a sprig of clover.
"Perhaps I thought so, then," she said, faintly examining the blossom.
"And only discovered your mistake when this rich popinjay from the city made his appearance," said Loyd, bitterly.
She looked up with a flash of her dark eyes. She knew very well that she was doing something unworthy of her, and lowering herself in Loyd's opinion, as well as causing him pain, and his reproach stung her.
"I have a right to like or dislike whom I please," she said, haughtily.
He seized an unlucky grasshopper which at that moment lighted near his head, and savagely crushed it to death. Hetty looked at him in surprise. It was so unlike Loyd to deliberately hurt anything.
"You are cruel!" she said, indignantly.
"Not half so cruel as you, Hetty, I had no idea you were so heartless and mercenary."
The word escaped him unawares. Hetty flushed hotly.
"If that is your opinion of me you ought to be glad to have found me out in time," she said.
"Perhaps I ought," he retorted, bitterly.
"Then I hope you will be satisfied—as I am!"
She gathered up the skirt of her blue lawn dress and turned away. Loyd passed through the gate and walked by her side along the grassy meadow-path.
"I didn't mean to offend you, Hetty," he said, in a more subdued tone.
"I am not offended. I don't in the least care for your opinion of me," replied Hetty, biting her lip and turning away her face that he might not see the tears in her eyes.
They had reached a point where the pathway branched right and left, and coming along the latter was a portly, fashionably-dressed, middle-aged man, twirling a cane, with which he was despatching the tall weeds and field-daisies. On catching sight of Hetty he quickened his pace.
"Mr. Frisbee will see me home. I won't trouble you further, Mr. Sutton," said Hetty, with an air of great dignity, as she took a step to the left.
Now, this left-hand track was the most direct and frequented way to Hetty's home; but the right-hand pathway, leading along the little stream and allied hedge, had ever been the favorite with herself and Loyd.
The young man paused now, and standing just where the two diverged, said, in a low tone, agitated, yet full of decision:
"Hetty, decide now, once for all! Will you keep on with me down this path, or will you go with Mr. Frisbee on the other? Choose!"
She hesitated, and her color went and came.
"You have no right to speak to me so."
"I have a right," he replied, firmly—"the right to know whether the girl I love is false or true."
Hetty, like Loyd, was high-spirited, and his look and tone angered her.
"Go your own way, and I will go mine," she said, proudly.
And without another word she turned

down the pathway by which Mr. Frisbee was approaching.
Loyd, as he reached the gate, turned back to look at the two figures slowly sauntering along the green meadow.
"I could never have dreamed of her," he thought. "I believed she loved me. And to cast me off for a fellow like that, whose greatest recommendation is his wealth! Oh, Hetty, that I should have been so mistaken in you!"
And Mr. Frisbee, as he walked by Hetty's side, admiring her girlish beauty and her pretty, coquettish ways, and thinking how he would "show off" his young wife among his friends—did the thought never occur to him, as to Loyd, that this girl, young enough to be his daughter, could not possibly find in him any attraction save his wealth?
But poor Hetty, since her father died bankrupt, had experienced enough of poverty's ills, and heard enough from her mother and sisters to learn to look upon riches as the key that could open to her the golden store of life's pleasures.
Loyd could give her comfort and competence, but as Mrs. Frisbee she could have an elegant city residence, carriage and servants, balls in winter and watering-places in summer, with everything else that she might desire.
Not that she was light and frivolous, or longed for more worldly pleasures; but for the time being the picture had dazzled her, and in her present angry and resentful mood against Loyd, what wonder that she listened to all that Mr. Frisbee had to say, and before she reached home had accepted the rich widower's proposal?
And yet somehow Hetty felt in her own heart that this was the most miserable evening she had ever spent.
As the days went by Hetty grew no happier in the contemplation of her brilliant prospects. She turned with a species of loathing from the man she had promised to wed, and her heart went out more and more to the lover whom she had discarded.
They sometimes met, but he was distant and proud, and it was not for her to make advances. So she decided to let her engagement become publicly known, and one day went over to Mr. Sutton's and asked Sutton, Boyd's cousin, to be her bridesmaid.
"You ought hardly to expect it of me, Hetty," she said, with some spirit. "I think you have treated Loyd badly."
"How so?"
"Because I know he loved you, and I used to think you loved him. You couldn't behave in a manner to encourage him."
"Perhaps we were mistaken in fancying that we loved each other."
"If you were mistaken, Loyd wasn't. I have never seen a person so changed and unhappy," said Sue, with tears in her eyes.
He didn't appear to be unhappy last evening, flirting with Josephine Willis.
"Oh, that was merely put on! She flirted with him and he humored her, as a blind. I know Loyd—how proud he is, and that he would never allow any one to suspect how he suffers. But when we all came home from the party which he had heard from Mrs. Carter that you were really engaged to that Mr. Frisbee—oh, Hetty, he looked so wretchedly, and we heard him walking up and down his room for hours, and tossing about on his bed! I'm certain he couldn't have slept a wink all night."
"Where is he now?" asked Hetty, a little nervously.
"I don't know. He went out before breakfast, and I haven't seen him since. I believe his heart is broken, and that he will pine away and die, or perhaps take his own life," said Sue, with tears in her eyes. "And he had been looking at your portrait, Hetty, for I found it on his table, propped up against a book."
"My portrait? Why, he sent it back to me."
"Did he? Then this must be a copy. Wait a moment, and I will get it for you to see."
She was hardly out of the room, when Hetty heard a well-known step in the hall, and the next moment Loyd himself entered. Instinctively she had drawn back, and the great book-case screened her from his view. He did not, however, look around, but throwing himself in a chair, leaned back with closed eyes, and seeing him thus she was struck with the change in his appearance. His face was pale and bore unmistakable traces of suffering, repressed by the strong will which she knew he possessed. But now, alone as he thought himself, the strain seemed relaxed. He bowed his face in his hands and groaned.
Hetty's heart beat fast and the tears rushed into her eyes. Oh, if he would but bend from that stubborn pride, she would give up Mr. Frisbee, wealth, everything in the world, for his sake! But for her to make advances—never! Loyd rose from his seat, and walked across the room to the book-case. Hetty shrank more closely into her corner, and the high-backed arm-chair hid her. She heard him rummaging about behind the books on the shelves, and then she saw his arm extended to the light, holding up two glass vials. So near was she that she distinctly read the labels, one of which was "Laudanum." This he thrust into his breast-pocket and seizing his hat, turned to leave the room. But at the door he paused, went back to the table, and scratching a few hurried lines on a sheet of paper, left it lying open and went out.
Hetty, almost as pale as her lover, instantly sprang up, and seizing the paper glanced over it, murmuring brokenly as she read:
"DEAR MOTHER: Can no longer bear agony—seek relief—home—tell Johnny—take good care of you—go before you—meet you in—"
Hetty was trembling all over; but now a great light, as if a sudden resolve, dawned upon her pale face, and without a pause she rushed from the room, crossed the lawn, and with light, swift steps followed the retreating figure down the road. She overtook him just as he turned the clump of cedars near the stables. Was it there that he designed to commit the terrible deed?
Loyd turned on hearing her breath-

lessly call his name. He looked a good deal surprised at seeing her—no longer pale, but flushed and with disordered curls hanging about her forehead.
"Oh, Loyd, don't do it! For my sake, don't!"
"Hetty, what ails you? Don't do what?"
"You know; you didn't see me, but I was in the room when you took the poison—the laudanum. Oh, Loyd, don't kill yourself—don't!"
He looked at her steadily, with a curious working of his countenance.
"Why, should I not? You would not care," he said, gloomily.
"Indeed, indeed I should!" she sobbed. "Oh, Loyd, I could not bear it; it would kill me!"
Her pleading, fearful eyes were upturned to his. He looked down into her face for a moment, then took both her hands in his.
"Hetty, you are going to be another man's wife."
"Never, Loyd—never! I was wrong—forgive me!"
"You don't mean to say, Hetty—his face lighting all over as with a flush of new life—you don't mean to say that you do really love me?"
"Yes, I do! I always did love you. Loyd, I wouldn't have told you but for this—but for that horrible poison. Give it to me, Loyd, that I may feel you are safe."
He answered by taking her in his arms. There was no one near to see them. And then he gave the deadly vial into her hands, and she flung it as far as she could into the neighboring pond.
"Life is now living for now, Hetty," he said, as with her arm in his, and her hand clasped in his own, they walked toward her home. "But you will never know what pain I have suffered." Most people said that Hetty had done right in choosing Loyd Sutton, after all; and Mr. Frisbee indignantly went back to the school he had just quitted, selecting as his wife some other young and pretty woman. His marriage took place about the same time with Hetty's. Some three years after this, Mr. Loyd Sutton, a comfortable and happy-looking father family, said to his pretty wife:
"I believe that any man can keep a secret from his wife; but no woman can keep one from her husband."
"Don't you, indeed, dear? Now, I think just the contrary."
He laughed knowingly.
"Perhaps I can convince you. I've had a secret from you, Hetty, ever since we were married."
"Indeed! Won't you tell it to me, Loyd?"
"Why, yes, as I don't see any reason in keeping it longer to myself. I wouldn't tell you at first, for fear you should feel mortified in knowing it. Do you remember when you pleaded with me so earnestly not to take my life? Well, the truth is, I hadn't the least idea of swallowing that laudanum. I merely intended to use it as a remedy for the pain I was suffering from a terrible toothache."
"Yes," said Mrs. Loyd Sutton, demurely, but with an arch glance of her black eyes. "I know that all the while, dear, you see, I read the note you left on the table, telling your mother that the pain was such that you could not wait till tomorrow to take her to town—must go at once, to see a dentist, and that Johnny would bring her, and you would meet her there. Then I knew what the laudanum was for."
Mr. Loyd Sutton opened his eyes very wide, and gave a low whistle.
"You see, love," resumed his wife, stealing her arm around his neck. "I had no other way of getting your name so that I could read it, and I regretted my folly. It saved us both from being very miserable. But"—with the same arch look—"don't you think now that a woman can keep a secret from her husband as well as a husband from his wife?"
And Loyd Sutton, kissing his wife, had the manliness to acknowledge himself convinced.

An Ark Built in Fear of Another Deluge.
A few miles below Otho, Ala., there is an old negro named Moses, who claims he had a revelation from the Lord, in which he received information that the world would again be destroyed by water. He was so convinced that the destruction would be by water that he at once began the work of building an ark. He has thus been engaged for several months, and the result of his labors may be easily seen from the river. This ark is very unlike the representation of the one built by Noah, and would doubtless not withstand any severe gales, such as might be expected in a cruise of forty days and nights. The oddly constructed vessel or house is placed on a high hill, ready for the rising water. It is composed of several apartments, about five feet wide and ten feet long, which are placed on top of each other. Each has a small portico, and apries, with feathers as ornaments. Approaching the dwelling of the negro, one has to pass through a very elaborately decorated arbor, over the entrance to which are the words: "Welcome, peace, rest and happiness."—Columbus Inquirer.

Rothschild and the Artist.
The late Baron James Rothschild was persuaded by his friend, Eugene Delacroix, the distinguished painter, to sit for him as the model of a beggar, as much by the way of a joke as because of his capacity for excellently assuming the appearance of a mendicant. While he was thus disguised one day in the artist's studio one of Delacroix's young friends and disciples entered, and was so completely deceived by the model's woe-begone appearance, that in passing out he stealthily pressed a coin into the old man's hand. Rothschild greatly enjoyed his success in his assumed character, and took the money; but he afterward made inquiry concerning the young man, and learning that he was in needy circumstances and eking out an existence by teaching, became a very useful friend to him and the source of substantial pecuniary aid.

HANDWRITING.
Some Curious Facts About Letters and Manuscripts.
"Yes, I am an expert, if you call one an expert who has passed fourteen years of his life poring over specimens of handwriting, and numbering them in glass. In that time a blind man would know something about the peculiarities of penmanship."
This was the remark of Mr. Henry Sohier, whose home is in Philadelphia, where he combines the avocations of a conveyancer and a writing expert, and it has frequently happened in the last few years that he has been called on to make long journeys through the country to aid in determining the genuineness of handwriting.
"Are there many experts in the country?"
"No; there are generally one or two in each large city who have taken up the study of handwriting for the pleasure and interest which they find in it, but as far as real experts go, I don't think that there are more than three in America; the others are amateurs—amateurs certainly with considerable knowledge, but still only amateurs."
"What is the first step you take when a piece of forged writing is submitted to you?"
"I must have also some of the genuine writing of the person whose name has been forged, and, if possible, some too of the person who is suspected of having committed the crime."
"And then?"
"And then comes a microscopic comparison of all three. The first step is to determine whether the names are crooked. Now I suppose you understand—everybody understands—that handwriting is peculiar and distinctive. But no one but those who have dug in handwriting all their lives know how very peculiar and distinctive it is. The oak and the hickory have different leaves, but those leaves are not more different than Smith's Bs and Jones's Bs, and supposing a fraudulent oak wished to produce a leaf which might be mistaken for a hickory leaf it might possibly throw off an imitation whose veins would be all right, but whose shape would be all wrong—that is what we judge by; it is the inner motive. There is nothing individual about it; it will receive a bank cashier, or a probate court, but he cannot do it so that it will deceive me."
"And how do you judge?"
"Well, let me illustrate. Here is a sheet of paper written by a copying clerk; you see the same machine-made letters over and over again. The handwriting is nothing individual about it at all, for the reason that you go hunting for those little marks and flourishes with which people seek to individualize their writing—that process would be much like trying to recognize a beauty of the regency by the position of her patches. An expert goes to the capital letters, which are the first learned and which contain most of the unconscious individuality of the writer. Notice those Ns, each of them shaped in the center imperceptibly, and ending in a slovenly turn, now up, now down, getting more and more slovenly as the pages go on and the hand tires. See here; he has changed the position of his pen between the index and thumb to the next two fingers, and the writing, to your eye, is that of another person. But follow those Ns; don't you see they are all the same?"
"Do you believe that character can be read from handwriting?"
"Most assuredly I do—every one does. If you will take a letter from a friend and examine it closely you will see the characteristics of his mind reflected again in the characteristics of his letter. If he is a wild, careless sort of fellow, there will be a wild helterskelter gallop of the pen over the paper; if he is methodical, accurate and precise it will be again. I saw a very curious illustration of this some years ago when I was traveling in Ireland. I stopped at Kildare castle and while there was shown letters written by about eight generations of the Fitzgeralds. To an expert the heredity shown in these notes was startling. Of course they were diverse, but there was an underlying similarity among them all as well marked and recognizable as the Hapsburg nose. From the villainous scratching done by Silken Thomas, down to the civilized steel penmanship of the present earl, the hands were various but alike."
"How do you account for the different styles of penmanship in vogue among different nations?"
"That is a point which is coming to you. It is very curious. You can tell a German by his handwriting as readily as by his tongue, or a Frenchman either. Spain and Portugal write as a rule one hand, while Italy writes altogether another, and Greece still a third. There are race distinctions, just as the Fitzgeralds had a family distinction. Writing divides itself into great groups before it is separable into small ones and into individual units. Take the stiff angular writing of the German where there is but little originality and you see the product of a system. Compare it with the utterly untrammelled hand of America, and we are forming a national hand, and you will see the enormous difference. There is no prettier writing than the cramped but symmetrical hand of the nuns in the French convents. Here, again, after cause look for effect. There is more in the scribes' art, young gentlemen, than is dreamed of in your philosophy."

FOR THE LADIES.
German Wives.
Some statisticians have discovered that in Germany the best ages for marriage among women are from twenty-five to thirty-five years; that few take place before nineteen, and the number slowly increases until twenty-five is reached, when the high numbers appear, receding after thirty-five. Few German girls marry before nineteen and few after forty. The German girls are taught housekeeping thoroughly, and by the time they marry they are able to take excellent care of a house, relying but little on imported cooks. A German lady's kingdom is her kitchen; her parlor she enjoys, but to display her talent as a pianist or conversationalist she would not sacrifice her ability to appeal to the hungry sentiments of her husband and his friends. Probably if there were more marriages before nineteen in the course of time an enormous intellect will be required to comprehend and expound the entire system.
One of the oldest citizens of Minersville is Judge Rollins, who passed some time in California in the very earliest days of its settlement, and was formerly the possessor of a handsome fortune, which he lost in mining operations. He is an American by birth and is strongly attached to the Mormon faith. If my memory serves me right he has only two wives, with whom he dwells in peace and contentment. I was surprised that a man of his intelligence could believe in all the Mormon talk about visions, angels, revelations, the casting out of devils, miraculous cures, the laying on of hands, etc. He was firm in the faith, however. He took me over one evening to witness a meeting of the choir of the Minersville church. The structure in which the little convention was held was plain and unpretentious. The Mormons pay great attention to the musical department of their religious services, and the choir "people" present were gay and light hearted, and in no wise different in appearance from a similar gathering in a Protestant community. They sang "the songs of Zion" with effect, and evinced great interest in the musical part. Evidently the female portion of them gave little thought to the dark face which polyanthos unfolded before them. Afterward, at the judge's house, I met Captain Sam, an Indian chief, who was on a begging tour. The Mormons are liberal in their dealings with the Indians, invariably treating them with great kindness, regarding them as the descendants of the Lamanites, who conquered the Nephites. Considerable success has been met with in converting the Indians. The entire Navajo tribe are said to have become Mormons. I saw a delegation from this tribe at Beaver City. The chief was decked out with feathers and gewgaws in a manner to quite come up to the standard of one of Cooper's copper-colored heroes. The number of members of the party were also well adorned, and all were well armed and well mounted. They were on their way to Salt Lake City "to ask President Taylor a question."
At the hotel in Frisco I met a very intelligent gentleman who had passed a lifetime in Utah, and had traveled throughout almost every portion of it. In the course of an interesting conversation he said:
"I was intimately acquainted with the late Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son. He was a man of noble personal appearance, and of the most brilliant talents. I have heard him preach with a eloquence that drew tears from the eyes of his Mormon listeners. In the pulpit he was the embodiment of dignity, grace and intellectual power. Then, after the audience had departed, I have known him to laugh and make sport of the deluded creatures who had been listening to him. To be made no secret of the fact that he was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He took me into the library and pointed out elegantly bound volumes of Hume, Voltaire, Paine, Volney, and other distinguished writers of that school. He believed in no existing religion. I reproached him for continuing such deception, and urged him to go forth into the world and win the noble name his abilities entitled him to. 'Pshaw!' he replied, with a smile, 'the human race loves to be humbugged. Somebody will get their money, and I might as well have a share of it as anybody else.' His mental splendors were clouded by an unaccountable vice. At times he drank to excess and made great trouble for the church. On one occasion, when under the influence of liquor, he pointed to a party of Mormons on their way to labor in the fields and desirably remarked: 'There go some of my father's slaves.' His contempt for human nature was unbounded. He died a premature death at Manté from the effects of a protracted spree. He was the only promising son in Brigham's family."—San Francisco Chronicle.

IN THE MORMON HOMES.
How They Bolster Up Polygamy by Threats in Their Churches.
When a good Mormon dies who has "lived up to his religion," and has had a dozen or two wives and fifty or sixty children, he does not become a mere angel like an ordinary Christian—he becomes a god with a world of his own to reign over. A Mormon wife who opposes the polygamous marriage of her husband goes to perdition and is "destroyed." A Mormon who obeys the mandates of the church in most respects, but neglects to "go into polygamy," becomes a mere angel, who must be a kind of celestial servant to the gods and other angels. His wife must share the same humiliating fate. The doctrine of "blood atonement" is simply this: That if an apostate's throat is cut, the spilling of his blood upon the ground will save his soul. If he is left to die a natural death, his soul will go to perdition. A great many apostate souls have been saved in Utah. This, in substance, is the Mormon religion. Its vagaries, however, are constantly branching out in every direction, and in the course of time an enormous intellect will be required to comprehend and expound the entire system.
One of the oldest citizens of Minersville is Judge Rollins, who passed some time in California in the very earliest days of its settlement, and was formerly the possessor of a handsome fortune, which he lost in mining operations. He is an American by birth and is strongly attached to the Mormon faith. If my memory serves me right he has only two wives, with whom he dwells in peace and contentment. I was surprised that a man of his intelligence could believe in all the Mormon talk about visions, angels, revelations, the casting out of devils, miraculous cures, the laying on of hands, etc. He was firm in the faith, however. He took me over one evening to witness a meeting of the choir of the Minersville church. The structure in which the little convention was held was plain and unpretentious. The Mormons pay great attention to the musical department of their religious services, and the choir "people" present were gay and light hearted, and in no wise different in appearance from a similar gathering in a Protestant community. They sang "the songs of Zion" with effect, and evinced great interest in the musical part. Evidently the female portion of them gave little thought to the dark face which polyanthos unfolded before them. Afterward, at the judge's house, I met Captain Sam, an Indian chief, who was on a begging tour. The Mormons are liberal in their dealings with the Indians, invariably treating them with great kindness, regarding them as the descendants of the Lamanites, who conquered the Nephites. Considerable success has been met with in converting the Indians. The entire Navajo tribe are said to have become Mormons. I saw a delegation from this tribe at Beaver City. The chief was decked out with feathers and gewgaws in a manner to quite come up to the standard of one of Cooper's copper-colored heroes. The number of members of the party were also well adorned, and all were well armed and well mounted. They were on their way to Salt Lake City "to ask President Taylor a question."
At the hotel in Frisco I met a very intelligent gentleman who had passed a lifetime in Utah, and had traveled throughout almost every portion of it. In the course of an interesting conversation he said:
"I was intimately acquainted with the late Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most talented son. He was a man of noble personal appearance, and of the most brilliant talents. I have heard him preach with a eloquence that drew tears from the eyes of his Mormon listeners. In the pulpit he was the embodiment of dignity, grace and intellectual power. Then, after the audience had departed, I have known him to laugh and make sport of the deluded creatures who had been listening to him. To be made no secret of the fact that he was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He took me into the library and pointed out elegantly bound volumes of Hume, Voltaire, Paine, Volney, and other distinguished writers of that school. He believed in no existing religion. I reproached him for continuing such deception, and urged him to go forth into the world and win the noble name his abilities entitled him to. 'Pshaw!' he replied, with a smile, 'the human race loves to be humbugged. Somebody will get their money, and I might as well have a share of it as anybody else.' His mental splendors were clouded by an unaccountable vice. At times he drank to excess and made great trouble for the church. On one occasion, when under the influence of liquor, he pointed to a party of Mormons on their way to labor in the fields and desirably remarked: 'There go some of my father's slaves.' His contempt for human nature was unbounded. He died a premature death at Manté from the effects of a protracted spree. He was the only promising son in Brigham's family."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Humor of the Day.
"How does that suit you?" asked the chimney. "I think that you are a thing of fines habits," answered the poker.
It is not strange that when the sexton pulls the wedding bells the contracting parties should be paired off.—Toldeo American.
A boot and shoe shop hangs out the sign: "Cast iron lasts." We all know it does, but we don't want any boots made of it.
When the ruined physician placed his door-plate in pawn he was heard to remark: "Had I signed the pledge, I would not now have to pledge my sign."
A church choir consists of one accomplished musician and a lot of other folks who are densely ignorant of music. The accomplished one is the one you are talking with.
An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said: "Wal, no; not for damages. I've had enough of them; but I'll just sue 'em for repairs."
A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION.
Said Master Jones, "Now must we go without delay to the deo-pot."
Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so—let's start at once to the day-pot."
Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh, we'll all run down to the deo-pot."
Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot to drive you all to the deo-pot."
Said the children of pronounciation, "Would not be if they'd call it 'station.'"
—Norristown Herald.

Scandinavian Hospitality.
The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweden and the far North the author was heartily received by every one, from the king in his palace to the Laplander in his tent. During five years of almost incessant travel in the course of which every part of the peninsula was visited, Mr. Du Chaillu was cordially treated only once. The Swedes and Norwegians have the reputation of being reserved and cold, but this is true of them only when they meet strangers of the class best suggested by the word "tourist." To any one whose interest in them cannot be measured by a stare or two, and a few impertinent questions, they are unreserved and communicative, as well as cordial to the verge of affection. Mr. Du Chaillu went among them freely, conversed with them in their language, wore garments like their own, and took part in their labors, sports and ceremonies. The treatment he received in return causes him to speak most enthusiastically in praise of their sociability and kindness.
As in all other countries that retain primitive habits, hospitality in Scandinavian always implies eating and drinking. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight. The author mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting any one's feelings, he ate thirty times in two days, and drank thirty-four cups of coffee. Often strong cheese is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the cities a formal dinner is preceded by a smorgas or lunch, at a table crowded with alleged appetizers. On a single smorgas table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, raw salmon with poached eggs, raw salmon freshly salted, hard-boiled eggs, caviare, fried sausage, anchovy, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled potatoes, eggs, beet and onions. There were also three kinds of spirits on the table, and from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully, and then did justice to an excellent dinner.
—Harper's Magazine.

Sausage Made from Horseshell.
That popular delicacy, Cervelat-wurst, or brain sausage, has lately been the occasion of a prosecution at Dusseldorf. It was proved that a certain specimen of this article contained horseshell, and the prosecution asked for the punishment of the fabricator under the provisions of the new law against the adulteration of food, May, 1879. The defendant made no concealment of the matter. His sausages, he boldly confessed, were composed of two-thirds horseshell and one-third of bacon, with the addition of the necessary herbs and spices. He said that he freely told this to every one who wished to know what they contained. After citing an opinion on behalf of horseshell, he declared that good Cervelat-wurst could not be prepared from any other animal. The famous Gotha and Brunswick Cervelat sausages, he said, were invariably made with horseshell. The Italian "Salami" as many have probably learned in Italy, is prepared with donkey-flesh. The sausages of this Dusseldorf fabricator are sent to many of the best known houses in Germany. The use of horseshell has increased so very largely in recent years that one is by no means certain that at a table d'hôte whether he may not be partaking of it under some deceptive nomenclature. It was asserted at the trial, and was not contradicted, that the dainty little Vienna sausages at the Dusseldorf exhibition were made of horseshell. The court declared that the charge of adulteration was not proved, and the defendant may now manufacture horseshell sausages without fear of punishment and with a quiet conscience.