

PRAYING FOR A WIFE.

"Saints, sinners and the Beecher family," has been printed as the remark of the late venerable Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, Mass. Possibly the following anecdote of the father, which had from his eldest son, Rev. Wm. B. Beecher, may illustrate the peculiarities of his family. The old gentleman had lost his second or third wife, says the Cleveland Plaindealer, and was resolved to marry again. Hence, at a family gathering in Cincinnati he said "My children, heretofore I have married altogether to suit myself, but now I am willing to marry to suit you if you can think of any suitable and proper person who will have me." The children put their heads together and concluded that a certain Mrs. Jackson, who kept a large boarding house in Boston and was a member of Edward's church, would make him a capital wife, and it was arranged for Rev. Edward to negotiate with Mrs. Jackson. After waiting a week or so the old gentleman became impatient and started to Boston, driving to Mrs. Jackson's house, calling for her and unfolding at once the object of his mission. The good lady was thunderstruck, protested that she had no idea of marrying and couldn't think of such a thing; it was impossible. To all of which the old doctor replied that he was equally surprised. The arrangement had been made in Cincinnati, Edward was to prepare the way, and he had made his arrangements to preach in Andover and Amherst and to attend the May anniversaries, and expected, of course, to take her with him as his wife. At this point the good lady expressed herself as shocked that Edward had never spoken to her on the subject; nor would it have made any difference if he had, for, as to marrying again she could not and would not—not even the venerable and celebrated Dr. Lyman Beecher! After a moment's pause the doctor said: "My dear Mrs. Jackson, I am sorry you have so much feeling about it, but I will stay with you a day or two and we will talk the matter up," to which the lady responded that her house was full, she had no suitable room for him, and could not entertain him. "Oh, never mind, then," said the doctor, "I will go round to Edward's and come and take tea with you." And sure enough at tea time he was there and set next to Mrs. Jackson at the table. It was one of those large boarding houses on Beacon street at which the lady of the house presided as a sort of matron, and to the table of which the boarders kept coming and going for two or three hours. Of course the old doctor became impatient, and kept whispering to Mrs. Jackson, "I want to see you alone!" "I must see you alone!" "Can't you see me alone?" At length Mrs. Jackson left the table with him and they went to a room by themselves. What then occurred God only knows, but the story is that the good lady protested, expressed her amazement, and even said, "You must be crazy; the subject is too serious and solemn to be thought of without prayer to God." "Have you not prayed about it?" said the doctor. "Prayed about it? No," said Mrs. Jackson; "I have not thought of such a thing. 'Let us pray,' was the solemn response of Beecher, and they knelt down and prayed. Of course, the Almight was argued with; what a good wife Mrs. Jackson would make him; what a blessing it would be to her how much good she could do in the holy cause; what a disappointment if she did not marry him. Then observing her to be in a melting mood, he reached out his hand, took hold of hers, and said "Amen." Yes, and amen it was. The Grand boarding house was broken up, to the surprise of all Boston, and Mrs. Jackson became Mrs. Lyman Beecher, making him a "capital wife" indeed.

MEASURING AND WEIGHING.

The following system of apportioning, for household purpose, in the absence of scales and measures, will no doubt prove useful:— One quart of flour weighs one pound. A tablespoonful of salt will weigh about one ounce. A pint of water or milk will weigh about one pound. About six tablespoons of this material will fill a common sized teaspoon.

JOB MOSES' MILLIONS.

STORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE BRADFORD OIL FIELDS.

How a Rochester Pill Man Found Financial Success—Pushing the Drill in the Valley—Going 200 Feet Deeper. The Flood.

Job Moses was a country boy, born somewhere up about Leroy, N. Y., who drifted into Rochester, who still in his teens, to make his fortune. In 1863 he had made it, and a big one, out of a patent pill that he or some one else had invented. About that time Oil Creek was in its glory, and the newspapers teemed with accounts of the fortunes to be made out of oil. The stories fired the imagination of the Rochester pill man, and he determined to try his hand at the new source of wealth.

Up in the northern part of McClean county, this state, and the southern part of Cattaraugus county, N. Y., lies a valley which was then and is yet one of the wildest and most forsaken sections of country to be found east of the Mississippi. Through this valley, then given up to lumbering, Charles Minot, who used to conduct the Erie road sometimes for profit, but mostly for pleasure and glory, had for some reason built a branch road which ran through Bradford—which then boasted three houses, a blacksmith shop, a school house and a tavern—and terminated at the little lumber camp of Glenville.

Job Moses looked over the field, studied the maps and finally made up his mind that the valley through which Minot's little railroad ran was underlaid with one vast sea of oil. As time passed on he became as certain as fate that his conclusions were right. One day he showed up in Bradford, leased some thousands of acres, and soon had a well under way. The simple minded natives, who had thought him eccentric from the first, set him down as a lunatic when he told them that the earnings of the railroad which ran past their door would soon be increased twenty fold, and to this opinion they clung for many a long year.

PUSHING THE DRILL.

When Moses began pushing the drill in the valley many of the oil kings of to-day were unknown and unheard of. John D. Rockefeller, Oliver H. Payne and Bill Thompson had not yet matured their plans. Dan O'Day and H. L. Taylor would have looked upon \$1,000 as a fortune. Peter Grace and Capt. J. J. Vandergrift had not yet returned from the war. Col. Dyer was on a farm down in Maine. The Nobles, now the Standard Oil company of Russia, were making barrels in Pittsburg. Lem and Ike Willets were cutting logs up in Allegheny county, and Charley Young was working for them at \$40 a month. The Fishers and Phillips had their fortunes to make, while Joe Craig was not yet out of the primer, and John McKown was still dressing tools along the creek.

For twelve years Job Moses, with dogged resolution, sunk hole after hole in his leases, but with no show of oil. Then he woke up one morning to find that the thousands he had made out of pills in Rochester had vanished into the holes he had been punching in the woods and fields about Bradford, and that he was a poor man. Disappointed, but not discouraged, he went to New York, and with an eloquence born of earnestness succeeded in obtaining from the capitalists who gave him a hearing money with which to continue his search. This was in 1873. Once back on his field of operations a new idea struck him. Up to that time he had drilled all of his wells only 900 feet deep, the horizon at which oil was found along the creek. Perhaps there might be a producing sand still further down. He sunk one of his wells 200 feet deeper, and was rewarded with a fifty barrel producer. Another and another told the same or a better story. Moses had found the oil field for which he had so long been searching. Every well he sunk gave him rich returns. The news of his success spread abroad and the tide of oilmen turned slowly toward Bradford. A year later it had increased to a flood, and the fact was freely admitted that no such field had ever been struck before. Lands which two years before had been almost worthless sold for more than a prince's ransom. But Moses had it all under lease and was able to make his own terms. His thirteen years of waiting netted him millions. He lives in New York now, enjoys life, and always has a spare \$50 to loan to any of the boys who happen to get broken in the metropolis.—Philadelphia Times.

Getting Rid of a Headfowl.

There will be an immense crowd assembled in this city on the occasion of the national encampment next September, and there will unquestionably be a large number of people crowded into a single room. For the benefit of such as may find themselves in unpleasant company, I will relate the measures I took to protect myself on the occasion of the California encampment. The hotel was crowded, and I was obliged to share my bed with an unknown gentleman from Petaluma. The clerk introduced us, and I soon perceived that the gentleman had not only looked upon the wife when it was red, but also drunk alone it is probable that I should have had the use of two good eyes for the rest of my life. After the wound healed it was covered by a slight scab, which the physician said must be removed by the use of nitrate of silver. This he applied in so large a quantity that the eye was seared as with a hot iron, and the sight went out forever. A fierce inflammation was set up, passed to the other eye, and with two blazing furnaces under my forehead I spent two years in a room dark as night, on a diet of gruel, mush and molasses and rice, with almost daily doses of medicine, cuppings, leechings and bleeding administered after the heroic method of that time, the eyes kept constantly wet with a solution of sugar of lead. When I came out of the prison it was with a small fraction of the right eye, for the solution had left a deposit, which, uniting with the lymph from the inflammation, had formed opacities in the corner, which in time blotted the sun from my sky and shut out from me the beauty of the world.—Rev. W. H. Milburn in Lippincott's.

A Counterfeit Ball Ticket.

The Arion society has added a curiosity to its collections. It is a counterfeit ball ticket. The imitation is of the coupon, which was detached from the big ticket for presentation at the door, and was the work of a well known designer of this city, whose facility with the pen is great. He made it on a wager that he would get into the ball without paying, and success crowned his ingenuity. The imitation is quite close enough to deceive any one in the rush of a crowd at the entrance to a public ball room, and the society values it much more than it would the \$10 whose loss it represents. Ten or twelve years ago there was quite an epidemic of counterfeit tickets received at the Academy of Music during an Italian opera season. For weeks they were received undetected. When the forger was spotted he was found to be a lithographic engraver with more love for music than money to gratify it with. I think it was Maretzky who was managing that season—or perhaps Straloveh. At any rate, whoever it was took the matter good humoredly and deadheaded the ingenious penman for the balance of the season.—Alfred Trumbull in New York News.

Cure for Snake Bite.

The other day a horse in Irwin county, Ga., was bitten on the nose by a rattlesnake. He was at once dosed with sweet milk and alum, and then three bottles of serpentine were heated and the mouth of the horse placed in succession over the part bitten. It is said that the green poison could be plainly seen as it was being drawn into the bottles. This horse recovered.—New York Sun.

Somebody is working hard in New York to get up an exhibition of the portraits of society women.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

Long ago, long ago, in this valley of woe, The white mists were silver, the sunshine was gold; Long ago, long ago, every dew drop lay gold; Was the purest of diamonds of value untold. Long ago, long ago, every floweret low Looked out from the grass like a star from the sky; Long ago, long ago, every streamlet aflow In a volume of perfect crystal went by. Now the silvery mist is water, I wist, To which the grand power to climb upward is given; The sunshine of gold is a wave of light rolled On the earth through the open portal of heaven. The dew in the grass now shineth, alas! In my altered eyes like an angel's tear; And the deep waters roll, the type of a soul, Right on to the sea of eternity near. The flowers in the grass, they die and they pass From life into life, as to it is given; The mist and the dew, stream, flower and light are now.

Like souls are sent down but to climb back to heaven. —Harper's Weekly.

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

A Visit to the Burial Places of the Parsees—The Towers. A hundred yards distant through the trees intervening is one of the gloomy Towers of Silence, fully in keeping with its gloomy name. As visitors are not permitted to approach nearer than 100 feet, we are directed to a small working model under a lilac just off the garden. Here, with the aid of a reference card, we examine in the interior arrangements of the tower.

It is a roofless, circular building of stone and painted white, 300 feet in circumference and about sixty in height; thirty feet from the base on the side facing the garden is a small entrance, just large enough to admit the bearers and body, closed by double iron doors. These doors open on the main platform, which is paved with large slabs of stone and divided into three rows of shallow open receptacles, into which are placed the naked corpses to await the coming of the vultures.

The first, or outer row, is for males (adult), the second for females (adult), or the third, or inner, row for children. These three rows correspond with the three moral precepts of the Zoroastrian religion—good deeds, good words, good thoughts. Between the rows are foot paths for the bearers to move about. In the center of the tower is a great well 150 feet in circumference and forty to fifty feet in depth, into which the dry bones are thrown after being denuded of flesh. From this great well toward the cardinal points of the compass diverge four underground drains, each of which has at its terminus, about thirty feet away, a small well. The bottom of each of these small wells is covered with a thick layer of sand. Pieces of charcoal and sandstone are also placed at the end of each drain. Thus the rain water coming from the great well and bringing with it the decomposed osseous matter passes through two sets of filters for purification before entering the ground, thereby observing a tenet of the Zoroastrian religion—that "mother earth shall not be defiled."

A corpse is carried into the tower by two bearers, called Nassars, who alone are privileged to enter; the clothes are then removed, the body placed in one of the receptacles and the bearers withdraw. Now is the opportunity for the vultures to fulfill the duties of their office. Upon the approach of the procession hundreds of them arise from the tops of the palms, which have become withered and dead from contact with their carnivorous bodies, and hover in a circle above until the bearers have gone. Then like darts they descend—a boiling, seething mass of carrion, each particle of which, intent only upon precedence, is quarreling and fighting with the other in its horrible work. In an hour or two the corpse is entirely stripped of its flesh; the bones are then left until perfectly dried by the heat of the tropical sun, then thrown into the well, where, in course of time, they crumble to dust. According to the teachings of Zoroaster, earth, fire and water are sacred, and in order to avoid their pollution it is strictly enjoined that the dead bodies shall not be buried in the ground or thrown into the sea.—Buffalo News.

One Scientific Man Not Infallible.

I was born in Philadelphia, and when five years old received an accidental cut in the left eye, from a sharp missile in the hand of a playmate of my own age. The injury was not a fatal one, and if the doctors had let me alone it is probable that I should have had the use of two good eyes for the rest of my life. After the wound healed it was covered by a slight scab, which the physician said must be removed by the use of nitrate of silver. This he applied in so large a quantity that the eye was seared as with a hot iron, and the sight went out forever. A fierce inflammation was set up, passed to the other eye, and with two blazing furnaces under my forehead I spent two years in a room dark as night, on a diet of gruel, mush and molasses and rice, with almost daily doses of medicine, cuppings, leechings and bleeding administered after the heroic method of that time, the eyes kept constantly wet with a solution of sugar of lead. When I came out of the prison it was with a small fraction of the right eye, for the solution had left a deposit, which, uniting with the lymph from the inflammation, had formed opacities in the corner, which in time blotted the sun from my sky and shut out from me the beauty of the world.—Rev. W. H. Milburn in Lippincott's.

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Railroads.

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