

The Elk County Advertiser.

HENRY A. PARSONS, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. I.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1871.

NO. 15.

A JUNE JOURNEY.

BY LAURA D. NICHOLS.

Would you put your soul into sweetest June?
Take a railway ride in the heart of June.
Go without company, go without book,
Drink the country with long, long, long look;
Care, business, politics, leave far behind,
And let nature's sweetness flow over your mind.

Scores of wild roses, as pink as sea-shells,
Slit the rough pastures, and flush the deep
dells;
Scas of white daisies, with wide-open eyes,
Smiling so honestly up at the skies;
Brooks o'er their stones tattle sweet the old
time,
As we wade through the country in blossom
June.

Groups of mild cattle stand under the trees,
Chewing their cud in the sleepy ease;
Grazing or lying or standing midstream,
The sober old cows are so used to the scream
And the rush of the train, they scarce wink at
the sight,
But the calves madly plunge in their ignorant
fright.

Now, acres of clover, the red and the white—
Like rustled beauties, so healthy and bright—
Fragrantly bending in every soft breeze,
Hummed o'er and plundered by armies of
bees!

Here too are buttercups yellow as gold,
And great stary dandelions jolly and bold.

Thickets of elder in generous bloom—
Well I remember the faint, sweet perfume
Of the fat, creamy clusters, suggestive to me
Of grandma's "herb-closet" and "elder-
blossom."

Next come bitter yarrow, and chicory stars
blue,
With sturdy St. John's-wort, bright orange in
hue.

Great furs of logs on the Merrimac ride,
Trees that once towered and waved in their
pride,
Helplessly bound, now they float near the
shore,
And the free, lonely forest shall know them
no more;
Yet perchance, as the masts of some queen of
the seas,
They shall yet stand erect and exult in the
breeze!

Now, a still lonely pool where the blue flag's
in bloom,
Where the wild white azalea wastes sweetest
perfume;
Where floats the queen lily, so pure and serene,
A star, o'er whose beauty tall bulrushes lean;
Where turtles are basking, where frogs croak
and croon,
As we dash through the country in musical
June.

With whistle and scream, through a village we
fly,
Stores, churches, and dwellings, like phantoms
flit by;
A little red school-house,—the children run
out,
For a "ten minutes' recess," they scamper and
pout.

Toss up their torn hats in salute to the train,
Then return to their rough, rustic trolleys again.

'Neath the ardent June sun how the fertile
fields lie,
Here striped with potatoes, there rustling with
rye;
How sweeps the brisk breeze through the bil-
low wheat,
O'er round-headed cabbages, purple-stemmed
beet,
O'er fat, fat carrots, o'er peas and beans tall,
Pumpkins, parsnips, and lettuce, there's sun-
shine for all!

For strawberries ripe that hide under their
leaves,
For swallows, that twittering build 'neath the
eaves;
For the currauts' clear globes, that so prettily
swirl;
Like little red lanterns, all strung on a string;
For every soul that with nature in tune,
There is rest and delight in a journey in June!

Master Charles.

HIS SURPRISING ADVENTURES.

At exactly half-past 9 o'clock on the
morning of Saturday, August 25th, 1869,
Master Charles Summerton, aged five
years, disappeared mysteriously from his
residence on Polson street, San Fran-
cisco. At twenty-five minutes past nine
he had been observed by the butcher
amusing himself by going through that
popular youthful exercise known as
"turning the crab," a feat in which he
was singularly proficient. At a court of
inquiry summarily held in the back par-
lor at fifteen minutes past 10, Bridget,
cook, deposed to having detected him at
20 minutes past 9 in the felonious abstrac-
tion of sugar from the pantry, which
by the same token, had she known
what was a comin' she'd have never pre-
vented. Patsy, a shrill voiced youth
from a neighboring alley, testified hav-
ing seen "Charles" at half-past 9, by
the butcher's shop round the corner,
but as this young gentleman chose to
throw out the gratuitous belief that the
missing child had been converted into
sausages by the butcher, his testimony
was received with some caution by the
female portion of the court, and down-
right scorn and contempt by its mascu-
line members. But whatever might
have been the hour of his departure, it
was certain that from half-past 9 A. M.,
until 9 P. M., when he was brought
home by a policeman, Charles Summerton
was missing. Being naturally of a
reticent disposition, he has since resisted,
with him a statement of his whereabouts
during that period. That exception has
been myself. He has recited to me the
following in the strictest confidence:

His intention on leaving the doorstep
of his dwelling was to proceed without
delay to Van Dieman's land, by way of
Second and Market streets. This pro-
ject was subsequently modified so far as
to permit a visit to Otshite, where
Captain Cook was killed. The outfit
for his voyage consisted of two car tick-
ets, five cents in silver, a fishing line, the
brass capping of a spool of cotton, which,
in his eyes, bore some resemblance to
metallic currency, and a Sunday school
library ticket. His garments, admirably
adapted to the exigencies of his climate,
were severally a straw hat with a pink
ribbon, a striped shirt, over which a pair
of trousers, uncommonly wide in com-
parison to their length, were buttoned,
striped balmaral stockings, which gave
his youthful legs something the appear-
ance of wintergreen candy, and opper-
toed shoes with iron heels, capable of
striking fire on any flagstone. The
latter quality, Master Charles could not

help feeling, would be of infinite service
to him in the wilds of Van Dieman's
land, which, as pictorially represented in
his geography, seemed to be deficient in
corner groceries and matches.

Exactly as the clock struck the half
hour the straw hat and short legs of
Master Charles Summerton disappeared
behind the corner. He ran rapidly,
partly by way of inuring himself to the
fatigues of the journey before him and
partly by way of testing his speed with
that of a North Beach car which was
proceeding in that direction. The con-
ductor not aware of this generous emu-
lation, and being somewhat concerned
at the spectacle of a pair of very short
twinkling legs so far in the rear, stopped
his car and generously assisted the
youthful Summerton upon the platform.
From this point a hiatus of several hours
duration occurred in Master Charles's
narrative. He is under the impression
that he rode out not only his two tickets,
but that he subsequently became in-
debted to the company for several trips
to and from the opposite terminal, and
that, at last, resolutely refusing to give
any explanation of his conduct, he was
finally ejected, much to his relief, on a
street corner. Although, as he informs us,
he felt perfectly satisfied with the ar-
rangement, he was compelled under the
circumstances, to hurl after the con-
ductor an opprobrious appellation, which
he had ascertained from Patsy was the
correct thing in such emergencies, and
perceived peculiarly exasperating prop-
erties.

We now approach a thrilling part of
the narrative, before which most of the
adventures of the "Boy's Own Book"
pale into insignificance. There are times
when the recollection of this adventure
causes Charles to break into a cold
sweat, and he has since its occurrence
been awakened by unaccountable and out-
cries in the night season by merely
dreaming of it. On the corner of the
street lay several empty sugar hogsheads.
A few young gentlemen disposed them-
selves therein, armed with sticks, with
which they removed the sugar which
still adhered to the stave joints, and con-
veyed it to their mouths. Finding a
cask not yet preempted, Master Charles
set to work, and for a few moments re-
veled in a wild saccharine dream, whence
he was finally aroused by an angry
voice and the rapidly retreating foot-
steps of his comrades. An ominous
sound smote upon his ear, and the next
moment he felt the cask within him lay
upon the ground, and he was lying
prone, as if he had been struck. He was
a prisoner, but as yet undiscovers.
Being satisfied in his mind that hanging
was the systematic and legalized penalty
for the crime he had committed, he kept
down manfully the cry that rose to his
lips.

In a few moments he felt the cask
again lifted by a powerful hand, which
appeared above him at the edge of his
vision, and which he contended belonged
to the ferocious giant, Blunderbore,
whose features and limbs he had fre-
quently met in colored pictures. Before
he could recover from his astonishment,
his cask was placed with several others
on a cart and rapidly driven away. The
ride which ensued he describes as being
fearful in its character. He rolled round
like a pill in a box, the agonies which he
suffered may be hinted at, not spoken.
Evidences of that protracted struggle
were visible on his garments, which were
of the consistency of syrup, and his hair,
which for several hours, under the treat-
ment of hot water, yielded a thin tressle.
At length the cart stopped on one of the
wharves, and the driver began to unload.
As he tilted over the cask in which
Charles lay, an exclamation burst from
his lips, and the edge of the cask fell from
his hands, sliding its late occupant to
the wharf. To regain his short legs, and to
put the greatest possible distance be-
tween himself and the cartman, were his
first objects, and he regained his liberty.
He did not stop until he reached the
corner of Front street.

Another blank succeeded in this ven-
erous history. He cannot remember how
or when he found himself in front of the
circus-ter. He had an indistinct re-
membrance of having passed through a
long street or streets, which were all
closed, and which made him fear that it
was Sunday, and that he had spent a
moment in the sugar cask. But he re-
membered hearing the sound of music
within the tent, and of creeping upon
his hands and knees when no one
was looking, until he passed under the
canvas. His description of the wonders
contained in that circle, of the terrific
feats performed by a man on a pole,
since practiced by him in the back yard;
of the horses, one of which was spotted,
and resembled an animal in his Noah's
ark, hitherto unrecognized and undefin-
ed; of the female equestrians, whose
dresses could only be equalled in magni-
ficence by the frocks of his sister's dolls;
of the painted clowns, whose jokes ex-
cited a merriment somewhat tinged by
an undeciphered fear, was an effort of lan-
guage which this ven could but weakly
transcribe, and which no quantity of ex-
clamations could sufficiently illus-
trate. He is not quite certain what fol-
lowed. He remembered that almost im-
mediately on leaving the circus it be-
came dark, and that he fell asleep,
waking up at intervals on the corners of
the streets, on front steps, in somebody's
arms, and finally in his own bed. He
was not aware of experiencing any re-
gret for his conduct. He does not recall
at any time a disposition to go home; he
remembers distinctly that he felt hungry.
He has made this disclosure in confi-
dence. He wishes to have it respected.
He wants to know if you have five cents
about you.—[Bret Harte.]

Among the Mails.

A correspondent of the Genesee Repub-
lican, who has evidently "been there,"
thus graphically describes his experience
as Deputy Postmaster:

I was sworn in and entered upon
the duties of the office on the first of
July, 18— Yes, I was sworn into the
office, and for fear one oath would not
answer the purpose, I swore in the office
every day for a year; at the end of
which time I had become so profane

that I swore myself out of office without
any difficulty.

I shall never forget that first day's ex-
perience. It was as hot as an attic
sleeping-room, and the office about as
large.

Mails were in from Slangville, Talk
Town, Blow-on-Valley, Lip Creek, Gab
Hill, Buzzin Flats, Clackfield, and
Shouting Hollow.

Mails were in from the east, west,
north and south, side mails, catch mails and
through mails all slung at you like
bundles of wheat when you can't move
them away half as fast as they are slung.
I stood in the midst of that mountain of
mail matter, so helpless and dumb-
founded. I didn't know what the mail-
matter was. I was as weak and limber as
the limpest bag in the pile. I actually
did not know myself from the sides of
old leather that lay about me.

In ten minutes the mails went east
and west, in fourteen they went north
and south, and already a half dozen
sorrel whiskered, raccoon-capped stage
drivers were shouting "Mails!" "hurry
up here," "d—d slow this morning,"
and I heard one shingly-shambly, grassed-
field mule director say to another, "I
guess the new deputy is a better hand
on sorting taters than he is letters."

On knowing I wasn't much of a sorter that
day, nor much of a fighter any day, but
I did *not* want to get at that miserable
skinned devil, and show him my
proficiency as distributing clerk, but I
was otherwise engaged.

Frantically I seized the mail key, and
the first thing I attempted to do with it
was to wind the office clock. Finally I
succeeded in getting the mail bags open,
and all emptied into a huge box in the
center of the office.

As near as I could guess there must
have been about fourteen bushels of un-
sorted mail matter.

If it had been about fourteen bushels
of beans to be handpicked, the task
would not have seemed any more formi-
dable.

Slangville letters went to the right,
Talk Town letters went to the left,
Blow-on-Valley went over the right
shoulder, Lip Creek over the left, Gab
Hill went obliquely to the left, Clack-
field went directly over the head, and
Shouting Hollow between the legs; the
space directly in front being reserved
for Bottled.

I was a little particular at first not to
make any mistakes, but the grumbling
of those waiting for their letters, and
the shouting of the drivers without,
warned me that my time was nearly up.
So I just threw them around like deal-
ing whist, gave each a fair proportion,
reserving the biggest pile for Bottled.

Then I studied the mail bags, and
jerked them out of the office door, and
it was wonderful to see how all the
hurry and impatience of those miser-
able drivers vanished as soon as they got
possession of them. One, the noisiest of
the lot, the one who had made the un-
dignified and *de-l-tered* comparison as a
writer, actually hung around for half an
hour, staring at me through the win-
dow, and laughing at my perplexities.
He said he would have me reported at
headquarters.

I made my mind if I ever got a chance,
I would report at his headquarters, and
bind too, for the matter of that.

The stage drivers disposed of, a more
formidable and more impossible task
presented itself.

Three hundred and fifty letter boxes
to be hunted up, each with the owner's
name in fine hand, written on its upper
margin. My boss, the P. M., told me I
must find them out myself, then I would
always remember where they were.

It was a man who had far more confi-
dence in his judgment than I had in
my memory. I recollect, and very sur-
prising it is that I do! when I was first
put upon the multiplication table, that
solid square table, as constructed in the
days of Daboll and Willet.

I remember how dim, how uncertain,
how unintelligible its twelve ranks of
figures looked, beginning with 1 and
ending with 144.

Just so that parallelgram of hollow
squares looked to me at that moment.
It seemed as if each individual owner
was gazing with blood-thirsty eyes upon
his number, and unless he received a
letter he would go for the deputy. In a
fit of desperation I seized a large pack-
age of letters.

Alonzo Plummer was the first name.
Where was Alonzo Plummer's box?
If the name had been written on it in
letters as big as horseshoes, I could not
have seen it. I slammed it into the
nearest box.

I did so with all the rest.

Every box had a letter as far as they
went, and then I raised the slide. A
rush was made for the opening.

"No. 9, No. 7, No. 50, No. 60, No. 102,
No. 10, No. 240, if you please; anything
for Stokes? anything for Bilget? No.
319, No. 185, anything for Shellgrave?
anything for Pickleto?"

And so it went, every mouth belching
forth a number or a name. I shoved
out the letters indiscriminately and im-
partially, without regard to age, sex,
nationality, color, or previous condi-
tion.

Everybody got letters, but not one in
fifty got their own.

"Here, Sam," says one, "is a letter for
you in my box." "Yes, and here is one
for you in mine."

"What's this doing in my box,"
says another.

"Ah, yes, excuse me, a slight mistake,
belongs to Mr. Bangs." "Bangs, did
you say? I just asked and you said there
was nothing for Bangs."

With my pencil I marked on it the
number of the box from which I had
taken it, and handed it out, remarking
in a tone of injured innocence that it
was a mistake of the sender, and not of
mine.

"What is that nasty Polly Ines' let-
ter doin' in my box," screamed a rural
swain on the right of the attacking
column. "Mistook your name." Mad-
am though it was politeness.

But the greatest pests of all were the
school children.

As soon as school was out, there was
an wild race for the post office. They

went to enquire as soon as they came
within shooting distance.

Anything for Ann Murphy? No.
Anything for Tom Murphy? No.
Anything for Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy,
nor Pete Murphy, nor for any Murphy,
dead, living, unborn, native or foreign
born, naturalized or otherwise, male or
female, why created he them? The
Murphy family disposed of, the Fitz Ger-
alds, and Fitz Patricks and Fitz Moo-
neys were thrown at me until I caught
them myself. I had Fitz chronic, and I
could tell every day when they were
"comin' on."

Children came to the office to en-
quire for letters, so young that they
lacked strength to carry home the week-
ly Tribune, and who didn't know the
difference between a letter and door
plate.

Not weekly nor semi-weekly, nor daily,
but hourly, as often as they could
think of it.

I have often seen them hang around
on the outside waiting for their hour to
come and enquire for letters.

Great strapping girls came every day
for weeks and months who had the mes-
sages often than they had a letter, but
they might have come to see the deputy,
which was better than the messes, if
not quite as good as receiving a let-
ter.

One man came every day for three
weeks, and made a terrible rumper
every time he came about the careles-
ness and inefficiency of the mail service.
At last his important letter arrived, and
it proved to be a patent medicine al-
manac of last year, but he had got fifty-
teen or twenty dollars' worth of labor
and information out of me for nothing,
and he was accordingly satisfied.

I like an enquiring mind. It shows
research and progression.

It is the spirit reaching out for some-
thing by which to draw itself higher,
and it gets hold of a soft thing when it
grabs a deputy postmaster.

He can get more civil answers out of
him in one minute than he can blast
out of all the railroad conductors in
Christendom, and he gets it for nothing,
which is wrong.

If the government would charge a
farthing for every No that is given in
answer to the enquiry, "Is there any-
thing in the office for me?" it would pay
off the national debt in six weeks; and
then I studied the mail bags, and
jerked them out of the office door, and
it was wonderful to see how all the
hurry and impatience of those miser-
able drivers vanished as soon as they got
possession of them. One, the noisiest of
the lot, the one who had made the un-
dignified and *de-l-tered* comparison as a
writer, actually hung around for half an
hour, staring at me through the win-
dow, and laughing at my perplexities.
He said he would have me reported at
headquarters.

Mrs. Fair is said to be one of the most
fascinating women that ever destroyed
the peace of a family. She is above the
ordinary height of woman, symmetrical
in form, graceful in carriage, and in-
fatigable in manner and magnetism.
Her hair is a dark chestnut, her eyes
dark brown, and her complexion as clear
as that of a child of three years. Her
hands and feet are small and elegantly
moulded. With the exception of her
lissam with Crittenden, she was always
well liked, and the terror of
married women wherever she went. It
was evident that she never did anything
that could call for rebuke, she was a
smouldering volcano, and not averse
to a warm flirtation. Men thronged
around her wherever she went, and
women hated her with inexplicable viru-
lence. She had the *entree* to the best
society in Kentucky and New Orleans.
She is not a thorough-bred, but vivacious,
sprightly and magnetic, and when
she entered a saloon or ball room, the
gentlemen would desert other ladies to
gather around her and compete for her
smiles and recognition. She had a
mania for stock speculations, and an
another great advantage would be
merchants into her schemes. Her tem-
per is exceedingly violent, and she has
been known to break the head of a ser-
vant with a chair. She is fond of cham-
pagne, and sometimes takes too much
of it at dinner. In short, she is a beau-
tiful, heartless, fearless, terrible tigress,
who loves and hates like a wild beast,
and is always ready to murder anybody
who crosses her passions.

How Women are Fattened.

The London Court Journal tells about
the very curious mode of fattening for
the imperial harem practiced in Morocco.
You take a plump young damsel of
about 14, with a tendency to obesity—
a few Moorecock girls are destitute of
such a tendency—and you shut her up
in a room of which the windows are
carefully darkened by heavy curtains
of green silk. You cause your plump
young damsel to sit cross-legged on a
divan, and then, having by her side a
roll of *concombre*, or moistened meal
rolled into balls, you cram her during a
certain number of hours every day with
as many of these balls as she can conveni-
ently swallow. Well crammed, the
Emperor of Morocco will pay an exceed-
ingly handsome price for her. That
nothing may interfere with the due con-
duct of the fattening process, a black
nurse stands behind the incipient fa-
vorite with a *matras*, or big stick, much
used in Moorish domestic economy, and
if the patient manifests any reluctance
to swallow the balls of *concombre* she is im-
mediately and unmercifully thrashed.

PROTRACTED FESTIVITIES.—A young
woman in the States is threatening to
get a divorce on the novel ground of
"protracted festivities." She says her
husband celebrated his marriage by
getting drunk, and has kept up the festi-
val ever since.

Domestic Life in Norway.

As a general thing the Norwegian
peasants, both men and women, retire to
rest without undressing, merely remov-
ing their heavy wadmal, or sheepskin
jackets, and sometimes the woolen
worsted nightcap which forms the usual
covering for the head. I often entered
a Norwegian sater, or farm, in the mid-
dle of the night, and the occupants of
the bed—or the best bed, if there were
several—would immediately vacate it
and offer it to the guest, themselves re-
siring to consume their broken rest in
the barn or on the floor. On entering a
Norwegian country house the visitor
will observe a number of wooden boxes,
of all sizes, placed all round the room,
and serving, in many instances, also as
tables, chairs, sofas, bedsteads, etc. They
are all painted in gay and glaring colors,
red ground, with blue and yellow
stripes, and bouquets in green and pink,
seem to be the favorite designs. On
each is painted, in large letters, the
name of the maker and proprietor, as also
the date and year of its manufacture.
This is invariably the case, and from
these dates it would seem that most of
these boxes are very ancient and much
valued relics in a Norwegian family.

The oldest box I ever saw was in a sater
on Doerfeldt. It was a tremendous
affair—fully three feet by six, and four
feet high—in which the badeier, or girl
in charge of the sater, kept all her Sun-
day wearing apparel, change of linen,
and fladbrod, fresh butter and old cheese.
I have seen a box of the same kind
belonging to a farmer in the parish of
A. D., 1711, and was accordingly, I
more than a century and a half old.
In these boxes, which serve the purposes
of the bureau and chiffoniers of less
civilized countries, are kept the holiday
dresses, table linen, extra linen and
household cloth, and also the silver
spoons and saved-up "specer" of the
whole family, and it must be indeed a
grand occasion when any of their boxes
are opened and their contents displayed.

Hardly a Norwegian farm-house is
without an immense old-fashioned loom,
upon which all the cloth and linen used
in the family is woven. Tailors and
shoemakers are unknown in rural Nor-
way, every article of wearing apparel
being made at home, from the raising of
the flax and clipping of the sheep, to the
last stitch of extra embroidery and the
finishing spangle of a bridal outfit. In
a corner of the shell will be invariably
found the tools and utensils for shoe-
making, which are in steady request
during the long winter evenings when
new shoes are made for the whole house-
hold, and the old worn-out ones repaired.
If there is no more of this work to be
done, carving in wood is resorted to to
kill time and in this art the Norwegians
are wonderfully proficient, equaling
the country of the "Yew and Black Forest,"
whose carvings are known and for sale
all over the world. Every man always
carries a short knife in a sheath attached
to his belt, and the wooden handle of
this talisman is often a perfect specimen
in the art of beautiful and original car-
ving. Wooden spoons, tankards, bowls,
and other articles of the kind are
in this way manufactured, many of
which are bought as souvenirs by the
tourists or sportsmen who visit the
country districts.—[Letter to Evening Post.]

Man or Woman?

The authorities of St. Louis are just
now in a quandary over some sort of a
being that is capable of transforming
itself into both man and woman (to all
outward appearance), at pleasure. This
remarkable personage represents both a
man and a woman, as occasion or con-
venience may require. His (or her) name
is in St. Louis began with renting
elegant apartments for himself and sis-
ter. The next day the sister was found
in the room, but was not seen to enter.
She said her brother had gone out, and
would be in towards evening and pay
the rent. Watch was kept for the com-
ing of the brother, but he came not.
During the vigil of the landlords, and
brother was seen to go out, who inform-
ed her that he had given the money to
his sister, but upon repairing to the
room no sister could be found. Still
later the brother came in, and the sister
was seen to go out, she telling the same
story of her brother, but no brother
could be found in the rooms, neither
could the parties be found together.
This kind of farce was enacted for several
days, when the lady of the house think-
ing she had been bewitched applied to
the police for succor, but they could not
find the brother in, and failing in get-
ting her rent, she landlady caused the
removal of her mysterious tenant. She
next turned up at a hotel where she
"suppered" dinner one day as a young
man, and next day as a woman. He
she, or rather it, was then arrested and
subjected to a medical examination, but
even that failed to solve the mystery.
The doctors looked wise, and shook their
heads, declaring their inability to give
correct information in regard to its sex.
The matter is still being investigated; in
the meantime he is allowed to don such
apparel as she chooses, license being
given it to that effect.

Moral Influence.

The influence of a good example is far-
reaching; for our experience and con-
flicts with the world lead us at times to
indulge in unsanctified sentiments, and
charge all men with selfish and impure
motives. The play of pride, prejudice,
and passion, and the eagerness manifest-
ed by the great majority of men to ad-
vance their own interests, often at the
expense of others, and in violation of the
golden rule, cause us to look with sus-
picion on the best intents of others. Ar-
rogance, hypocrisy, treachery, and vil-
lence, every day outrage justice, and we
are almost disposed to distrust human
nature, and become discouraged. But
amid all that is sad and disheartening
in this busy, noisy world, now and then
there is presented to us a life of such uni-
form virtue, that we recognize in it a
character that brings hope for the perfect
development and ultimate regeneration
of our race. Such characters are pre-
cious, and such examples should be held
up to the world for its admiration and
imitation; they should be snatched from
oblivion and treasured in the hearts and
thoughts of all who are in process of
forming habits and maturing character.

The Young Men's Christian Conven-
tion in Washington has decided that it
is inexpedient for it to meddle with the
subject of the use of tobacco and the
question of woman's work in the church.
It rightly believes that there are other
subjects of much more immediate im-
portance than either of these—the first
especially.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Milk is good for babes. Curd is not;
neither should you let them have their
whey.

Twenty-six thousand children are now
learning music in the Boston public
schools. Fifteen thousand of them are
so far advanced as to be competent to
take part in a musical festival.

"What is your consolation in life and
death?" asked a Sabbath school super-
intendent of a young lady in the Bible
class, who blushed and said, "I'd rather
be excused from speaking his name."

Of the editors of the *Cornell Era*, just
closed by their fellow students, one is a
waiter at Cascadilla place, and one, for-
merly a member of the Maine Legisla-
ture, is now working his way through
college.

A fond mother in Kingston, N. Y.,
keeping an old-fashioned rocking-chair
settles in a corner as an ornament, be-
cause in it she has rocked ten babies, all
of whom grew up to be men, and are
now living and married.

The present partners of the Roth-
schilds number some 70 in all, and are
the fourth remove from Mayor Anselm
Rothschild, the founder of the great
family of Hebrew bankers.

In the Friendly Islands, where fifty
years ago there was not one native
Christian, but gross and unbroken dark-
ness, the regular attendance on public
worship now exceed 30,000, and contri-
butions toward religious objects are over
\$15,000 a year.

The Emperor of Germany is reported to
be a practical printer. All the mem-
bers of the royal family of Prussia are
required to learn some trade, and Wil-
helm chose typography as the most dis-
crepant craft, and spent three years at the
case.

An estate in Germany, valued at \$1,-
500,000, is said to be seeking, as one of
the heirs, Frederick William Keyser,
who served as a drummer during our
war, and who, when last heard from
was a paroled prisoner, lying seriously
ill at Wilmington, N. C.

The fortune of Miss Burdett Coutts,
recently raised to the peerage by Queen
Victoria, is estimated at £10,000,000. She
has given to charitable purposes not
less than £5,000,000, and will leave large
bequests to benevolent institutions after
her death.

A Chicago German made quite an ad-
vance toward blotting out his name and
memory the other day, by burning
down his house, corn crib, and stables,
including 1,500 bushels of corn and
three horses, and then cutting his own
throat.

A clergyman who was lately depict-
ing the alarming increase of intemper-
ance, astonished his hearers by exclaim-
ing: "A young man in my neighbor-
hood died very suddenly last Sunday
while I was preaching the Gospel in a
beastly state of intoxication."

The Empress Augusta has been in a
state of profound mental distress, for a
year past,