

The Elk County Advocate.

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

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NO. 36.

VOL. I.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

NOTTING.

BY ISAAC F. RATON.

All I could find I poured at her feet
Of brown nuts falling before the frost;
A harvest ripened with summer's heat,
High on the limbs that twined and crossed.
Too strong for summer winds to toss.

Upon the mossy bank she sat,
Which carpeted an old oak's base;
The curls escaping from her hat
Framed in wild gold as fair a face
As ever did a maiden grace.

She sitting there, I found for her
The butterfly with its meadow rind,
The chestnut with its slaggy burr,
And nuts of every shape and kind
In the autumn woods could find.

The old tree mourned because so few
The leaves upon its branches bare,
Envious to let the sunbeams through
To nestle in her empty hair,
And gather brighter color there.

As if the poor imprisoned fawn
Close held with the forest's shade,
With loving eyes was looking on
The nymph who to his feet had strayed,
And longed to clasp the maiden.

And I, while adding to her store,
(My love did deem it all the less),
Did long to offer something more—
A gift of name or of address;
A crown, it is crown's-gave happiness.

Ah, did she know, with maiden's art,
Which reads our longing looks so plain,
That had given me the crown of gold,
And could not get it back again,
Nor so desired, for that were pain?

But with my lips close to her cheek
This did I tell her as I could,
With stammering tongue I dared to speak,
While silent all the forest stood,
As though its mute heart wished me good.

THE WHITE HANDS.

—ON—

WHO SHALL WIN THE PRIZE?

This is not the story of a king, but of a humble peasant girl; the scene is not laid in a camp, but in a village, at a time when Bonaparte's wars had not yet given to the simple name of Bernadotte (little Bernard) the historic glow which still surrounds it.

A man and his wife had an only daughter, and they were so proud of her that she had scarcely come into the world when they began to think of her marriage. The man, laboring with the greatest perseverance, sought to accumulate for her one of those attractive dowries which fascinate rich young bachelors; the wife seconded his efforts so courageously, grabbing in the ground all day and scheming all night, constantly preparing the bride's outfit, that she fell sick and died, not being willing to call in the doctor, that she might save the cost of the remedies.

Father Hugh, left alone with his daughter, was only too anxious to have a son-in-law, some sturdy laborer possessing a competence, one who would insure both the prosperity of his house and the happiness of his beloved Bernadotte.

When she got to be eighteen years of age there was no lack of suitors. Father Hugh owed to his avarice the reputation of a miser, and he had cleverly turned his pennies to account by making short loans at a rate of interest not sanctioned by the code; but all young men wishing to marry took very good care not to reproach him with any infraction of the statute; the sin would remain with the grandfather; so they rubbed their hands and repeated the universal proverb, "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Bernadotte, worthy of her size in economy and in activity, trudged to town every forenoon to sell her chickens, eggs, and fruit. She frequently encountered young Micouet, the ploughman, who would drive up his oxen to the end of the furrow by the roadside, and keep them standing a long time to bid her good morning, and to chat with her about the rain, and the fine weather, and the chickens, and the cows, and the growing corn, and the beans that were about drying. Bernadotte, no matter what might be her haste to get to market, always had a few moments to spare for her talkative little friend, and even after leaving him to go back repeatedly to answer, as far as he could make her hear them, the last kind words which he sent after her over the hedges.

Arrived at the market place, the first customer whom Bernadotte usually found there was the young baker, Castere, who, under the pretext of examining her eggs and fruit, prolonged the conversation a full hour, praising the bright feathers of the chickens, their remarkable plumpness, and bestowing a thousand compliments on the clever housekeeper who knew how to get them into such a nice condition. Passing from words to acts, he would bargain for the entire lot, appear perfectly satisfied with the price, and carry the basket off to his shop, where the fair merchant always found some refreshments and a couple of nice tarts garnished with sweetmeats.

Bernadotte, on returning home from market, lightened of her load, passed before the shop of the hairdresser Firmin, a young dandy as frizzled and smoothly shaved as the little St. John in the procession of the *Pete Dieu*. M. Firmin had just completed his tour through France, as stated on a handsome sign in big letters, adorned with a pair of scissors and a razor, after the fashion of a heraldic shield stamped with a double device.

"High! Bernadotte," exclaimed the artistic barber, "have you any eggs to sell me to-day?"

Bernadotte nodded affirmatively. She had been careful to conceal a dozen from the wholesale buyer, Castere, purposely to have some left for M. Firmin. Prudence is the mother of certainty. Micouet was undoubtedly very attentive, Castere very devoted, but M. Firmin was no less agreeable, and nobody knew what might happen.

The eggs were accordingly handed to M. Firmin, who found their freshness worthy of her who brought them. Far

from attempting to abate the price, he added to the money he gave her a small sack of sweaver-water or cake of scented soap. He wanted to know how Father Hugh was, and all about Bernadotte, and how she was, and how the milkmaid maintained the rosy hue of the milkmaid's cheeks, and about the sheep providing the wool with which to knit those pretty stockings so snugly fitting those little feet. M. Firmin, in his tour through France, had become very impertinent; his presumption might have offended the young rustic had not her interests obliged her to dissimulate, and to be somewhat tolerant. He asked her to bring him eggs the next day, and butter every time she emptied her churn; and, notwithstanding her impertinence—a fault in young men which young girls often complain of to satisfy their consciences—Bernadotte found the hair-dresser quite as agreeable as he was attentive.

Micouet, the ploughman, was daily in the field, no matter what might be the state of the weather, and at the earliest hour, because he could not sleep in his anxiety to see daylight and Bernadotte, and he became so worn out by this way of living, that he resolved to get back both his sleep and usual tranquillity. He betook himself to the father of her who had robbed him of his repose, and, cap in hand, with downcast eyes and a stammering voice, spoke to him for a long time about Bernadotte, praising her virtues, and making her name a property of his. He put off the young man to the following Sunday, and, in the meantime, communicated the proposal to his daughter.

"Micouet is a very nice young man," said Bernadotte. "I stop and talk with him every morning on passing his farm. He has fine oxen, good fields, and an excellent vineyard. Castere, the baker, however, appears also to good advantage; would it not be well—"

"Castere, the baker!" replied Father Hugh, in a reflective mood. "By Our Lady, there is always bread on a baker's counter!"

"And tarts on the dinner table," added Bernadotte.

"I will bring out, my child, what the baker means by deciding."

"His meaning, father, is plain enough. He buys every morning all that I take to town, and without higgling about the price, please you. If I were to ask him double, he would not make the slightest objection."

"Without higgling about the price!" repeated Father Hugh, who did not do business in that way. "That young fellow is very much smitten! We will look into the matter, Bernadotte; and if his granary and his purse are as well stocked with flour and cash as his heart seems to be with love, we will try to make some arrangements."

Father Hugh strode off to town to see the baker, who, delighted with this proceeding, showed himself deeply enamored.

"Which of the two?" exclaimed Father Hugh to himself. "The thing works well. We will set them to competing; goods in demand increase in value."

He returned home, and communicating the baker's sentiments to his daughter, promised her to decide quickly which of the two it would be the best to marry.

"The baker is a very nice young man," said Bernadotte, the same as she had said of the ploughman Micouet, "but there is another, the hairdresser Firmin. He buys something of me every day, and keeps me an hour talking about his tour through France, the yarn his stockings are made of, and my gaily mixed cow. He assures me that he has never seen any one more engaging than she whom he has the pleasure of looking at when he looks at me."

"The compliments of a barber!" interposed Father Hugh. "Everybody knows what they are worth! No matter—the work progresses; competition will lead to the profit all the great! We will see the hairdresser, my dear, and find out what to expect from his admiration."

Hugh again returned to town, where he had an interview with M. Firmin; and, as he knew that the larger the company of buyers the more active the bidding, he invited each of the competitors to come to his house the following Sunday after mass.

"Humph!" he muttered to himself, as he canvassed the situation, "the ploughman courts my daughter, but without neglecting his work or spending a farthing; the baker is doing the same thing, loitering about the market-place, and spending his money to win the saleswoman; the barber overwhelms Bernadotte with fulsome compliments and trifling presents. There is no hurry; things can be cleared up and the characters of these gallants tested, to make them solve one of my riddles."

When Sunday came Bernadotte made herself look as beautiful as the virgin queen of a May-day festival. She put on her best Scotch muslin cap, calico petticoat, red cotton handkerchief and slippers, and awaited the appearance of her suitors, who, on presenting themselves, the father welcomed in these terms:

"You three wish to provide a husband for my daughter, and you all cherish the same object. A custom obliges her to reject two in the selection of one; she must proceed cautiously in this ever uncertain lottery. Every scholar who goes to college passes five or six years in acquiring wisdom, the robes of a lawyer, or that of a doctor. A young girl may be excused if she asks eight days to decide what kind of a noose she will put around her neck. Come back here next Sunday, my friends, in your best attire; I am a little particular in the interests of my dear Bernadotte, and I have always felt somewhat superstitious in the matter of marriages. You must not be surprised if you see me give my daughter

to the one who shall show me the wisest hand."

Father Hugh uttered these last words with marked emphasis.

Micouet was almost ready to die with grief. Working in the fields had made his hands drier than so much pumice-stone. The baker and barber, on the contrary, always working in butter or soap, had hands as soft as the satin folds of a duchess's dress.

The poor rustic felt that he was set aside, regarding the forthcoming struggle as calculated only for city gallants. The latter, animated by equally well-founded hopes, spent the week in getting their hands in proper condition, using unguents of the most mollifying character, and they became so soft and smooth as to satisfy their consciences.

Micouet had not even the courage to wash his hands in the brook, so inferior did he regard himself to these town gentlemen. His grandfather Simon, perfectly familiar with the world ever since he had stumped through it on his old crutches, and who was covertly regarding him through his white eyelashes, comprehended his embarrassment and came to his assistance.

"Micouet, my boy," said he, handing him a little gray bag covered with dust, "put that in your pocket and keep your appointment at Father Hugh's. When the time comes to show your hands, plunge them into this bag, and fill them with the unguent it contains."

"But, grandfather, my skin is as dark and coarse as the bark of an old tree. How can you—"

"Follow my advice, my boy. The washball I gave you is so efficacious, that the most obstinate spots will not resist its action. Its use is of very ancient date, and time has not diminished its virtue."

Micouet took the soap-bag, and resorted to Bernadotte's house. The baker and the barber were not far behind him.

Castere first showed his fingers; they were whiter than the bosom of the dogwood. The hair-dresser then displayed his, and they looked as fresh as a lily bud just in bloom. It now came Micouet's turn. Firmin and Castere began to laugh as he drew his huge hands from his pockets and held them forth, when Father Hugh uttered a cry of admiration, for they were filled with bright and beautiful crowns.

"Ah! my boy, that is the real durable whiteness which I love. Bernadotte is yours, for you have courted her without leaving your field, and you know the whiteness most appreciated in the hand of a son-in-law."

The two abashed and mute candidates returned to their shops with their ears ringing lower than a lowered drum, and Bernadotte and Micouet good-naturedly invited them to their wedding, and they had wit enough to go, as townsmen hardly ever neglect to enjoy what is good in the dwelling of a disdained peasant. The happy couple, happy as everybody is with as much money as good temper, labored through the contents of the soap-bag, the gift of their venerable grandfather.

In these pleasant days, when perambulators fill all the pleasant places, pushed by their neat attendants, and filled with a priceless parcel that, out of all its foam of laces and embroideries, winks and wonders at the world around it, we are constantly led to remark upon the transcendent qualities, not of the sixth or seventh half as much as of the first baby. The lovely little beings that follow may tumble up in such clothes as are already at hand, with only here a ruffle and there a scollop of their own-good enough for vagrants—but the first heir to be, and is, a mass of delightful and beautiful things.

Enough to swell the infant's nest, and enough for his swan's down is not soft enough, and, if the hair of frost of the hedges, bediamonded with the dew of the morning, were available, lace would not be good enough for it.

What a rapture that first baby is in the house where it comes. What importance belongs to all related, with their new dignified weighty titles, while the young mother, just escaped from the awful gates, sees the little bundle on her pillow, composedly sleeping or starting, as if it had an equal right there with any one else; and she feels a surprise as great as if she had never expected it, together with, perhaps, something like an awe of herself on account of the great mysteries through which she has passed. And what parent looms in the other's eyes into a wonderful and mighty guardian angel, to be venerated, for the time being, beyond words.

Truly what a pathos, as well as a rapture of hopes and anticipations, hovers around those folds of flannel—the pity of it! The half of those anticipations should never be fulfilled. And what moment the minor masters take upon themselves! What contentions arise regarding those chameleons eyes! What resemblances are discovered to family portraits, ugly yesterday as unknown shadows; but glorious to-day as baby's ancestors; by what divine instinct does it suck its thumb! and what miracle that it should not happen to be misshapen! To think of the day when it will go alone; to conjecture the voice in which it shall repeat "The Stag at Eve"; to imagine the hours when it may undergo these same experiences in its own turn; to dream concerning the fate before it; to know that this atom now of a day's experience already inherits eternity.

The time is too bright, the success of the thing is too intoxicating, not to need the shading of the reflection of stiller moments, when the mother, lying and holding that tiny hand in hers, feels that what she has become herself she has made this child; that where any sin has struck its dark tap-root into her blood, that sin has gone to her child; that wrong wishing, evil imaginings, selfish acts, now all come back to plague their inventor, and more than that, to plague and clog this precious spirit, on its upward flight, till she expiates the faults of years in the apprehension and suffering of an hour.

Yet, in the ecstasy of the blissful season that comes but once, such thoughts can have but brief duration; there is but little time to spare out of the happiness, out of the marvel, of this new being starting on its course like a new star. Death fled from the place a moment since; the great wealth of life blew set beating in time and tune with all humanity. Their hearts have caught the key-note of the lives before and the lives that are to come; for certainly the childless must be aware that they drop out of the world like dead leaves, that they send they have no bond with it, no part in it, no right or room in the great and perfect race which one day shall blossom out of them; they fall by the way, and are no more.

But that first baby is a pledge and an assurance of perpetuity to its parents; it links them, like a secure chain, to the destinies of the planet as nothing else can do; they will live again in that child's life; and they fancy that, carrying their noblest hopes and their best into the new generation, with virtue and heroism of its own, it will glorify their passive and undeveloped traits into splendid deeds, vital characters.

Your little white arms and wheels of fortune, and wheels of time; the world waits upon you. And if those who guide you understand as much, and guide you well, calling health and wisdom to their side, it will not wait in vain.—*Harpur's Bazar.*

An Editor's Misfortunes.

A special from Chicago to the Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "One of the first men I met on landing from the train, early yesterday morning, was one of the McCullough brothers of the Chicago *Republican*. He had both pockets full of money, and he was very much pleased with the amount of it."

"Mac" lost \$25,000 invested in the *Republican* and \$15,000 cash in the *Traders' Bank*. The office was insured for \$45,000, but how much of any of the money will be recovered remains to be seen.

The contents of their safe—ledgers, subscription list, and insurance policies—were charged to indistinguishable cinders. Mr. Henry Reed had a tin box in the safe, containing some silver coin, all of which was melted and run together. Mr. Reed has estimated any of the money he has lost.

"Mac" is undecided as to his future course, as his partners seem to be discouraged on the subject of future investment. He says he worked up the *Republican* to a paying point, the edition that was burnt containing nearly a thousand dollars' worth of city advertising. The city owes the *Republican* six thousand dollars, and the owners have recently sold their job room for \$22,500. The man who bought it lost all in the fire, and like his sureties, can't pay a cent; and the notes he gave are burnt up anyhow. The *Traders' Bank*, in which "Mac" had his fifteen thousand dollars cash, loaned its capital to Chicago merchants, and they are bankrupt. This is a sample of the accumulative losses that have overtaken so many thousands of the industrious and enterprising business men of Chicago, literally compelling them to return to the point where a living is made by one's wits.

The Man Who Cooks.

Every old Californian, having in '49 baked his own bread and boiled his beans, writes Prentice Mulford, deems himself a good family cook. He maintains even a greater conceit than this: He deems himself a cook superior to any woman in the world, when he chooses to concentrate his mind on culinary affairs.

On such a man, when duly married, there breaks out once or twice a year a culinary mania. He must cook; he will cook. He watches the opportunity when his wife has prolonged her afternoon visit a little longer than usual. He invades the kitchen. He kindles a fire in the stove, he brings all the frying pans he can find into use. He sets their sooty bottoms on the clean pine table. He contemplates making tea. He reflects as to the quantity he used in the mines for a "making." He cannot recollect exactly. He crams several fistfuls into the tea-pot. He will have enough anyway. No one who drinks thereof sleeps that night. Nervousness he says, he will make biscuit. He wonders how much saleratus they used in the mines to get a good rise on. He uses enough. He kneads his dough, and wanders vacantly about the house, leaves traces of flour at every step. It is in the parlor, on the door knobs, on the banisters. He can cook. He says he can cook better than any woman in the world if he was only allowed to give his mind to it. This conceit is never to be taken out of him. It is peculiar to all old Californians: for he made bread in the mines. It was good bread, too—good to kill. They say that two "pardners" who "cabined" with him, died of heavy bread indigestion. He was given twenty-four hours to leave that camp.

In the midst of all this culinary rick, chaos, smoke, grease, soot, lard, and flour, the wife comes home. She opens the hall door, and is oppressed by the cloud of smoke. She knows then that the culinary fit is on her husband. She steps into the kitchen. There he stands, red, heated, flushed, caught in the act, with a big spoon in one hand, a tormentor in the other, a spot of black on his nose. The frying pan is full of hot, smoking lard. It sizzles and sputters all over him as he stands there with his back to the stove, and all over everything for many feet around. There

comes from the oven door a suspicious smell of smoke—his biscuit are burning. All sorts of things in pots are boiling over. She rushes to his assistance. Both burn their fingers. He has mislaid them the stove-covers, and cannot find them. One is discovered a fortnight afterwards upstairs, under the bed. How did it get there? He says he didn't know he was carrying it up at the time. Absent-minded. He was looking for a clean towel.

His wife, in despair, goes to her room and cries, and thinks of her happy girlhood days.

The Great Payment.

The largest sum of money ever contracted for in one bargain is the indemnity to be paid by France to Germany in consequence of the recent war. It is so large that its payment disturbs the money markets of the whole world; and no intelligent forecast of the financial future, even in New York, cannot be formed without understanding the progress already made in it, and that soon to be made.

Reducing the payments in every case to American money, the account, according to the best advices by telegraph, stands thus: France has paid, as a contribution for the city of Paris, \$40,000,000; for the maintenance of German troops in France, from March to October 1871, \$60,000,000; and for a first payment upon the national indemnity, \$235,000,000, besides \$66,000,000 allowed as the purchase money for the railroads in Alsace and Lorraine; in all \$335,000,000. Of this, perhaps \$5,000,000 must be deducted, as spent in France by the German troops for supplies, leaving \$330,000,000 for the amount of specie actually moving to Germany, and causing the present disturbance.

There are due to Germany in the spring of 1872, \$100,000,000, to be paid in six instalments of \$16,666,666 each, beginning with January 15; the remainder of \$4,000,000 to be paid April 1; besides more than \$30,000,000 of interest, at five per cent. per annum, upon the remaining \$60,000,000. The total amount of money to be transferred from one country to the other for the year ending April 1, 1872, is, therefore, more than \$400,000,000. England is the only mediator through which the payment can be made, in the present disorganized state of the French currency, and is indeed, the only market in which French credit can obtain cash on a large scale. Hence the alarm of British financiers at the prospect of a heavy drain of coin and bullion from their vaults.

It remains to be seen how London is to escape a "Black Friday" of her own, which now threatens to come to her before February next. According to all precedent, there will be a severe stringency in the money market there, a panic in securities, a long list of mercantile failures, a minimum bank rate of ten per cent.—all as the consequences of a drain of specie from the Bank of England; and then, after endless wailings is done, the Government will step in, suspend Peel's banking act, enabling the bank to expand its loans and circulation without so much coin in its vaults; and public confidence will gradually return. The bank lost \$23,000,000 in coin during the month ending October 7, and \$29,000,000 in its total reserve; and this seems to have been but the beginning of the drain, since the German Government is very slow to restore the funds to general circulation, and there is every prospect that, by February 1, it will have \$300,000,000 locked up from use as carefully as is the coin reserve in the United States Treasury.

But public attention has been called to the subject in England, and in full view of the dangers yet in prospect, the alarm which the first great movement of coin causes has subsided. If the confidence and hope now expressed have any justification, it must be that the financiers of London have in view some way, which is not clearly understood by others, of keeping their own money at home without producing a panic.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Treed by Bears.

The *Detroit Free Press*, of the 4th inst., gives the following account of how the hunter became the hunted:

A man named Chas. Tyrell was hunting on the St. Clair river when two bears appeared. Somewhat excited, he leveled his rifle and fired, and the next moment both the bears were coming down upon him at full speed. The hunter saw that they meant business, each uttering fierce growls, and he dropped his gun, caught hold of the limb of a small oak tree, and swung his legs up just in time to save his boots. As he expected, one of them was not long in attempting to secure a closer acquaintance. The animal got up about seven feet, and then the limbs refused to let him by. He pawed, bit, and growled at a great rate, and, in making a big effort to push away the limbs, fell to the ground. Tyrell commenced shouting, which excited the bears, and one of them was quickly up to the limbs again, when he struck a match and dropped it down on the bear's head, frightening him so that he went down the tree at a lively rate. The hunter had about a dozen matches with him, and every time the bears started to climb he would light one and let it fall, the trick never failing to stop their ascent. After a few minutes he got away, and the hunter carefully commenced to descend. He was just about to touch the ground when both the bears came charging at him out of the darkness, and he had to go up again, one of his boots being raked by claws before he was above the limbs.

The animals made no further effort to climb the tree, but tore around for a full hour at its base. Tyrell dared not descend for fear that they had laid a look a fork, mounted a stack of barley, and pitched the whole stack over to the machine—a distance of fifteen feet—in forty-seven minutes, the stack yielding 132 bushels of barley. The woman is 48 years of age.

The Dutch Churches in New York.

The *Christian Intelligencer*, alluding to the approaching centennial of the Reformed Dutch Church says:

Down to the year 1800, the Dutch language was used in nearly all the Reformed Dutch pulpits in New York. The minutes of our ecclesiastical bodies were in a foreign tongue, and our Constitution was not printed in English until 1794. With the general introduction of the English tongue, there came progress, enterprise, and improvement. Rutgers College at length, in 1825, was placed in a fair working condition. Twenty-five years of educational training and aggressive work of many kinds brought the Church down to the year 1850. Then began those elemental throes of conscious power, feeling after development. The development followed on the heels of much friendly agitation, and what has been gained within the last twenty years is an inspiration and encouragement to larger efforts than have hitherto been attempted. Within this latter period, our collegiate and theological institutions have been nobly endowed.

Our Church boards, twenty years ago, were but two in number, viz.: the Board of Education, and of Domestic Missions—the Foreign Board being then only a nominal affair. But now the Reformed Church has the complete apparatus for large and effective work, and its several boards find their fields and their opportunities widening and increasing every year.

Brazilian Turtles.

The size of these creatures may be imagined from the fact that the flippers and feet of one, in crawling over the sand, leave the tracks of two irregular grooves, or four feet apart, as though a great wagon with cog wheels had been driven over the ground. It is an easy matter to find a turtle's nest by this track. She comes out of the sea and travels far up on the beach to lay her eggs in the sand, digging a hole a foot and a half or two feet deep for the nest. Professor Hens, who was in Brazil with Professor Agassiz, says that he saw a turtle deposit one hundred and forty-three eggs in one of these nests. The eggs are all laid at one sitting, then covered up closely with the sand and left to hatch. The eggs are rather larger than hen's eggs, round and covered with a tough white skin. The Brazilians eat the eggs, and also the flesh of the turtle. The creature is captured in a curious way. Two persons go behind it, and taking hold of the shell, turn the animal on its back, in which position it is at the mercy of its captors, as it is impossible for it to turn over on its feet again. The hunters are obliged to creep up behind it, and, for as soon as it is alarmed, it thrusts its fore paddles into the sand and throws it behind, so that if the pursuers do not quickly close their eyes they are likely to be blinded.

Comfort for Travellers.

The *Boston Transcript* says, for the benefit of railroad travellers, that the desideratum so long sought for by inventors, namely, a practical apparatus for dust arrester, after repeated experiments and failures, has at last been brought to what may be termed perfection, by a gentleman of Massachusetts. The invention is simply a curved smoke stack, in nearly the shape of a "horn of plenty," attached as ordinary smoke stacks are, the mouth running backward toward the centre of the locomotive. Within, near the enlargement at the upper curve, is placed a wire screen at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the direction of the smoke, and the usual screen is placed over the immediate outlet.

Just below the first screen a perforated steam-pipe is run horizontally through the smoke-stack, connected with the boiler by a valve-pipe under the control of the engine driver. As the refuse matter from the furnace passes through the stack, it is moistened by the fine spray ejected from the perforations, thus deadening the particles and increasing their weight. Striking at the inclined angle named above against the first screen, the refuse matter is passing through, and fall to the under curve of the stack, whence, through the natural motion of the engine, they are directed by a tube to beneath the boiler, and thrown upon the track in a moist and consequently harmless condition.

A Hairy Family—but no Chance for Bar-num.

The following account of a hairy family appears in the *Indian Daily News*, an East India journal:

The hairy family of Mandalay consists of a woman of about forty-five years of age, a man of twenty, and a girl of eleven, with hair over every part of their faces, forehead, nose, and chin, varying in length from three inches to a foot, and exactly the color and texture of that on a Skye terrier. The hair of their heads, on the contrary, is just the same as on any ordinary Burman; they appear to be quite as intelligent as the ordinary Burmans. The father of the woman was the first of the hairy progeny. He married an ordinary Burman woman and the issue of the union was the present hairy head of the family. She married an ordinary Burman, and has issue, a son about twenty-three years of age, not hairy, and the boy and girl alluded to in the preceding paragraph.

The Burmese explanation of the phenomenon is, to say the least, curious, and might possibly possess a special interest for Mr. Darwin. These hairy people would be worth a fortune to the enterprising Barnum if he could get hold of them, but the king will not allow them to go out of his dominions.

The Hon. O. F. Clarkson, of Grundy county, Ohio, says that one of his tenants was short of help the other day, when the man's helpmate came forward, took a fork, mounted a stack of barley, and pitched the whole stack over to the machine—a distance of fifteen feet—in forty-seven minutes, the stack yielding 132 bushels of barley. The woman is 48 years of age.

THE OLD BARN.

No lay upon the wide-spread mow,
No horses in the stalls,
No broad-horned oxen, sheep or cows
Within its time-worn walls.

The wind howls through its shattered doors,
New swinging to and fro;
And o'er its once frequented floors
No footsteps come and go.

But once, alas! each vacant bay,
And every space around,
Was teeming with sweet-scented hay,
The harvest of the ground.

And well-fed cattle in a row,
At managers ranged along,
Each lusted by an oak-bow,
Stood at the stanchions strong.

But where so long old Dobbin stood,
His master's pride and care,
And from his hand received his food,
All now is vacant there.

Then those broad fields, from hill to plain,
Waved in the summer air,
With choicest crops of grass or grain,
Now left so bleak and bare.

How sweet the music of the fall,
Resounding far and clear,
As borne upon the passing gale
It reached the distant ear.

The blackbird hailed the dervy morn
From out his rusty perch;
The sparrow sang upon the thorn,
The catbird on the birch.

The robin from the highest tree
Sent forth his whistle clear,
His soul partaking of the glee
That wakes the vernal year.

And childhood's merry shout was heard
The farm-yard choir among,
Which, mingling with the note of bird,
Enriched the tide of song.

The master on his daily round,
With conscious pride would go,
His faithful dog, close by him found,
Attending to and fro.

Old honest "Trip" long since has gone,
And moulder's 'neath the wall;
No more he takes the welcome home,
Or hears his master's call.

The kindly master, too, has died,
The mastron in her grave,
And dead, or scattered far and wide,
The remnants of their race.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A learned writer asserts that, after all, energy quite as often drives off disease as it brings it on.

In a libel suit against a newspaper at Little Rock, Ark., for \$30,000, the plaintiff obtained \$1 in damages.

Negotiations are pending between Germany and the United States for the mutual recognition of trade marks.

A Tennessee girl, in order to make a sure thing of it, allowed two young men to take out a license to marry her. She probably kept her matrimonial books on the double-entry system.

It is said that a number of Californians, men of means and position, as well as many men of other States, will petition Congress at its next session to place heavy restrictions on emigration, so as to stop the great influx of Chinese, if not to repeal our treaty with that country altogether.