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

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SUNDAY EVENINGS.

Come hither, friends! I come to-day
To greet the joy our Father sends
I want to share with you.
He hath made the blind receive
sight! Come, help me to believe
miracle is true.

At the joy and when the beam
of glory looks as with the gleam
in the waste
I kneel by me, I bend knee
I must stoop low if ye would see—
Lower, if ye would taste!

Sweet friends, ye know the little grave
To which my heart would crawl, and crave,
As 'twere a worm of the dust?
I writhed so low, it rose so high,
The mud that lay out all the sky:
So broken was my trust.

This morn I sought it!—hardly one
Of all my unshod tread
Instead—from out the sod—
A spring had gushed through dust and weeds,
And in the light of God it feeds
My life, direct from God.

We are not only where we seem,
But lighted by some mystic gleam,
Live also in a world of dream!

Some heavenward Window open above
The shut-up soul, to lead out of,
Or let in waiting wings of love.

And there we pass out of our night
A little nearer to the light;
Transfigured in the eternal sight.

And off when darkness fills the place,
I kneel with dawn upon my face;
I feel the infinite embrace.

Beyond the clouds 'tis golden day,
Soft airs of heaven about me play,
They waft all weakness away.

Dear friends, I can no longer here
Are with me, I can feel them near;
So tenderly they come to cheer!

And there in secret life is fed,
Till full in flower it lifts the head,
With all its leaves to heaven outspread.

And by the peace within my breast;
All stormy passions cease to rest;
I know that God hath been my guest.
—Gerald Massey, in the Sunday Magazine.

MR. ANONYMOUS.

PRESENT.

One afternoon toward the end of September, the clocks in the City of Loudon struck four, and the daily routine of business in the house of Franklin Brothers came to a close. These events were not peculiar to that particular day, but a story must have a beginning. The numerous clerks closed their ledgers and stowed away their papers with far greater alacrity than they had shown in bringing them out some six or seven hours before; and as they put on their overcoats, hats and gloves, they began to chat with each other. One had got an order for the theatre for two, and asked another to have a chop with him somewhere, and then go thither; others were members of a volunteer corps, and were in a hurry to get on their disguises and go and be half-right turned somewhere. There were some who were going to the opera, to love, war, pleasure, or dinner in view; in short, the striking of the clock had a magic power, and turned them from mechanical cogs into men.

One young man went up to the head of a department, and from him received papers, which he put into the breast-pocket of his coat, and then walked off without speaking to his fellow-clerks, beyond bidding good afternoon to one or another, and assenting once or twice to the fact of the weather being fine.

"A mean beggar, that Mapleson," said Jones, as he arranged the flower in his button-hole.

"Ay," replied Brown. "He dines for a shilling."

"And links the rim of his hat."

"Perhaps he is poor," suggested the charitable Robinson.

"Poor!" cried Jones. "Who isn't? Millionaires are not commonly found on clerks' stools. He has his salary, and he is not married; and yet, he stunts, and never goes anywhere, or does anything."

"Perhaps he has a vice," suggested Robinson, who always fought the battle of the absent.

"Ah! he may have, certainly," replied Jones the just.

"But it isn't only his meanness," said Brown, who had made overtures to Mapleson, which had been met with more politeness than cordiality; "he is so comically stuck up. Now, of all pride, I hate a mean pride."

The unconscious subject of all this disparagement walked down Chesapeake to St. Paul's Churchyard, where he stopped before a bonnet-shop.

"Still there," he muttered: "that is lucky. How well it will become her!"

He entered, bought the bonnet which had taken his fancy, and with the little cardbox in his hand, started off in the direction of Islington. In vain did Hansom cabbies raise their whips, and omnibus cads cry "Tom! Tom!" He walked every step of the way home.

Home was a parlor on the ground floor—a bright and cheerful parlor, the ornaments and furniture of which, though not costly, were in perfect taste. There were flowers; there was a piano, open; music and books lay about in a comfortable, but not untidy way. Home was presently treated as a man, and the meaningless supplement late diners understand by the term.

"What do you think, Harry?" exclaimed the young lady in the course of the meal.

"Think?" replied Henry Mapleson, with his mouth full; "why, I think that if there were many men of fortune who knew that I had a sister who could make such a noble toast as this, they would soon carry her off from me."

"Young men of fortune do not marry their cooks; the new bonnet is much more likely to rid you of me. But what I was going to say was, we have got a goose."

"I ain't you, pussy, and it is not me," quoted the brother, turning to the cat.

"Oh, what grammar!"

"The verb 'to get' takes an accusative, Susan. But about the goose. How did you steal it?"

"Nobow; it came; together with its giblets, and half a dozen of sherry."

"What! Mr. Anonymous again?"

"Yes."

"He is very good," said Harry, a serious expression coming over his face. "But there is one thing that I do wish he would send—his name. I hate mystery."

"But you like goose," added his sister. "Well, yes; frankly, I do—sherry like-wise. He says that he is an old friend of our parents; but if he is ashamed to acknowledge us now, I had sooner be without his charity. However, it is ungracious to say so; and after swallowing a twenty-pound note it would be absurd to strain at a goose and giblets. We will eat the bird on the day set apart by the church. Shall we invite our fellow-lodger?"

"Mr. Nicholson? Oh, certainly."

"When the tea-things were cleared away, and the lamp lit, Susan Mapleson set to work upon her brother's buttons and socks, and while she sewed and darned, he read a novel aloud to her; equitable division of labor."

Just as he had finished a chapter, the hall-door closed, and observing that Mr. Nicholson had come in, and that it would be a good plan to give him his invitation at once, Harry Mapleson rose and went out, returning presently, followed by the fellow-lodger, an elderly man with a slight stoop, who placed his hat and umbrella on a chair, and came forward to greet Susan, who took off her thermos to shake hands with him.

"Have you been to the British Museum to-day?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear; yes, as usual; I am a leech pulled by the publishers to old books."

"A leech? No; a bee."

"Well, that is perhaps a prettier way of putting it, and more complimentary both to myself and the venerable authors I draw from; they are flowery enough sometimes too. But the bee skips from bud to blossom in a gay, coquettish manner, which would never draw the honey out of a black-letter volume, let alone a mediæval manuscript. I fear that leech is more literal."

"But then, what term would you have left to apply to the publishers?" asked Harry.

"Nay, nay," said the old man; "I cannot complain. They pay me very well; there is not much competition in my dusty line."

A tyro in physiognomy might have pronounced Mr. Nicholson to be intelligent, but not quite adept in the art of decipher the expression which habitually spread over his features. There was a weary, hopeless, hunted look told of great suffering, either mental or physical—probably the former, for the deep lines about his mouth and eyes were of that character which is worn by sustained rather than spasmodic action of the muscles. He was a man with a terrible, because a secret, sorrow. I do not say that you would have gathered all this on the present occasion, for when he was in the society of the Maplesons he was a different being. He was a lively man; most workers have two lives, a professional, and a natural one, and until quite lately he had been a student and nothing else; studying for his livelihood; studying for companionship, even at meal-times; studying to find an opiate. But since he had formed an acquaintanceship which soon ripened into friendship with the brother and sister, life had acquired a new interest for him, and that little parlor was an ark on the salt water of existence.

He promised to dine with them on Michaelmas Day; and then Susan gave him his greatest treat—some of Mendelssohn's music. He would sit and listen till the water came into his eyes; and this was not such a very curious phenomenon, for though the girl was not a very brilliant performer, treating her instrument like a musician, and going through all sorts of wonderful gymnastic feats upon it, she played with rare feeling and expression, sending the notes into the heart, as it were. At half-past ten the party broke up. Harry Mapleson considered that as his sister rose early to look after domestic matters, and get his breakfast for him (for even a very small establishment requires considerable attention when you have only got the third part of a servant to do for you), she ought to be early at the other end of the day, too; so he invariably yawned and went up to his room at the top of the house before eleven. But when he got there he made no pretensions for going to bed, but wrote a letter, and then, drawing from his pocket the papers which he had received from one of the heads of departments before leaving the office, he sat down to work. It was three o'clock before his task was accomplished.

"A slice of luck this," he said to himself on turning in at last; "just as I was wondering how I should meet those payments I had overcooled without cutting off some little expense, which could show Susan that I was hard up, I get this extra job of work, which will set me straight. What a manager that girl is! I am afraid she stints herself in dress and that, though, which must not be; it shall not be, mother, if I can help it!" And thinking of her who was gone he fell asleep.

Susan's bedroom communicated with that of the parlor, and when her brother and Mr. Nicholson went up stairs, she passed into it, returning again soon with a quantity of millinery materials, from which she proceeded to concoct one of those articles of feminine adornment which fathers and husbands pay so highly for.

"Poor old Harry!" her thoughts ran, as her nimble fingers worked. "He thinks that I do not see that his salary is too little for our expenses, and I durst not remonstrate with him when he wastes his money upon things I really do not want; it would disappoint him so! How little he thinks that I often follow him into London, carrying my work to the shop when it is completed! The ordinary seamstress work I tried at first was not worth while, but they pay well for this. I wish Harry would spend a little upon himself; I durst not

give him a new coat or hat in return for his mantillas and bonnets. The idea of his getting me that bonnet; how surprised he would be to learn that I made it!"

FAST.

The air of Harrow-on-the-Hill must be peculiarly bracing, if the proverbial sentiment about the bird of St. Michael, attributed to the boys educated there, be founded on anything like practical experience. The goose, they say, is an awkward dainty, being too much for one, and not enough for two. I know that if I had two sons who "asked for more" after finishing a goose at a sitting, I should write to the Times. It is true that there are geese and geese, and the specimen sent to the Maplesons may have been exceptionally fine; but though they had gone into training as it were, by dining at six instead of at one, and though they had the fellow-lodger to help them, they left pickings; and if some Harrovian curls the lip of scorn, I cannot help it; truth is my hobby.

When they had got their first glasses of sherry after the meal, Harry said: "We must drink the health of Mr. Anonymous, please."

"Mr. Anonymous," repeated Susan, sipping.

"Mr. Anonymous," echoed Mr. Nicholson, who drank, and then added, "Some relative?"

"I don't know," replied Harry. "He is a deed, or rather a succession of deeds, without a name. He sent us the goose; he sent us this sherry; he has made us more valuable benefactors. Do you think I ought to receive benefits without knowing from whom they come?"

"Certainly," said the fellow lodger. "I think you have told me that in one of his first letters this unknown professor of himself a friend of your—your mother's. Am I not correct?"

"Yes. But why such mystery?"

"Oh, there are several probable reasons for that; he may be ashamed of not doing more. You may have substantial claims upon him as a trustee of those funds which I think you said had been unwisely invested, or he may have a morbid dislike to being thanked."

"It is strange, anyhow," said Harry, "that our mysterious benefactor should not have come forward to assist us when we most needed it."

"When you lost your mother?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps," said Susan, "he was not in England then, and knew nothing about what had happened."

"That is very likely," said Mr. Nicholson, "especially as you were supposed to be well provided for. Have you not said so?"

"Yes," replied Harry; "our poor mother's little property was in a bank which broke, but thank God! she did not know what had happened. She died in the belief that her children were beyond the reach of sordid cares."

"It was about two years ago, I think you have said?"

"Yes, two years last August. I was at college when summoned away to her bedside, for her illness was sudden and short. And just as we were recovering a little from the shock, ruin came. If I had been alone in the world I think that I should have enlisted or emigrated, for I felt very desperate; but fortunately I had Susan to look after, and that steadied me. Well, we must not complain. I was fortunate to get my clerkship, and we managed to save that piano, and a few things which were sacred in our eyes, from the wreck."

"Oh, Harry and I often talk over old times. I like it," said Susan. "But should I tread that thing to avoid speaking of mamma because she had been taken from us; it seems to me that those we love are really 'lost' when we banish them from our memories."

The old man bowed his head and sighed deeply. "Have you any likeness of her?" he asked, after a pause.

"O yes," replied Susan; and she rose and placed a miniature in his hand. He gazed at it in silence for some time, and then murmured: "How like!"

"You knew our mother!" exclaimed Harry in surprise.

"I mean how like your sister," said Mr. Nicholson, handing the miniature to him.

"Yes; there is a strong family resemblance," said Harry. "But since you will not have any more sherry, suppose we go up to your room and smoke a pipe while Susan makes tea."

When the old man and the young one had settled down to the mutual absorption of nicotine, the latter referred again to the subject of his personal affairs. "The only thing I regret," said he, "is the way in which my sister is shut up. It must be a dreadful thing for her, poor girl, to be alone all day; and it is bad for her to be entirely without any companion of her own sex."

"Have you no relatives or friends?" asked Mr. Nicholson.

"Our relatives east us off many years ago, on account of a family misfortune. But there were some friends, who got me my present appointment, and who would have taken charge of Susan. We declined, because of that family affair, for Susan thought, and I thought, that it would perhaps be brought up against her if she mixed in the society to which these friends would have introduced her. Of course we did not put our refusal upon that ground; Susan said she would not leave me, and I believe they think me very wrong and selfish. I am quite confident that I am right myself, and yet the pride which springs from raking up an old shame can hardly be a false pride—can it?"

"It is not an easy thing to decide in a moment the degree of pride which every man ought to allow himself—to point out where the proper ends, and the false begins—to beat the parish bounds between self-respect and vanity. No wonder that Mr. Nicholson puffed hard at his pipe in silence. It was evidently no

lack of interest that held his tongue, however, for he turned away his head, and his hand shook as though it were palsied. And probably Harry did not look for a reply; he was thinking aloud as much as talking to the other; and presently he perceived this, and said with a laugh: "A pleasant sort of company it should be with my sentimental egotism! My excuse is the relief it affords me to speak out, and there is no one else upon whom I can inflict the ideas which sometimes plague me; for, of course, I want Susan to think me as free from care as a lap-dog. And then I seem to have known you all my life; I forget that it is hardly six months since we left the house together one morning, and both walking city-wards, fell into conversation. But I know that you will pardon me."

"There is no need for pardon," said Mr. Nicholson. "You do me a favor by taking me into your confidence. I am a lonely old fellow, who has spent the better part of his life away from his country."

"Ah! where?"

"The last few years at Simancas; before that, in Paris; before that, at Göttingen. I am little more than a dusty old book-worm crawling from library to library; living so much in the past as to have lost all connection with the present. You have recalled feelings, sympathies, associations, which I thought were lost to me forever. He paused for a while, and then said abruptly: "How you must hate that member of your family who brought upon it the shame—of which you speak?"

"O no, no," cried Harry. "You little think—But I will tell you all about it some day. I say that you have finished your pipe; suppose we go down stairs again."

Sad subjects of conversation did not crop up again, and the rest of the evening, though "musical," was not "melancholy."

FUTURE.

One evening in October Harry Mapleson came home at the usual time, but not in his usual state of calm composure. His face was pale, his eyes were sparkling with excitement, his forehead was bathed in perspiration, and he flourished an evening paper about his ears.

"What the matter?" cried Susan.

"Don't be alarmed—it is good news. We can look the world boldly in the face, my dear; our father was innocent!"

"I know it; dear mamma always said so."

"Ay, but it is proved! See here. I don't think you ever knew the details of the matter?"

"No; I never wished to do so."

"Well, then, I will not enter into it now. It is sufficient for you to understand that our father was a man of considerable talent, who took a high degree at his university, and was considered a rising man by the political party whose cause he espoused. Indeed, for some time he was private secretary to a Minister, and it was only because of his desiring a more certain income upon his marriage, that he resigned that unstable office, and accepted an appointment which was not dependent upon one set of men going out of office and another coming in. It was a position of trust, and large sums of money passed through his hands. Well, there was wrong-doing—embezzlement, and downright theft, in the department. Our father could not clear himself; his name appeared to fraudulent documents which could not have been used without his signature—in short he was condemned—sent across the sea—lost; for from that time our mother could hear no more of him. I am innocent, my dear, when they parted; and what does that matter—the disgrace is the same. I hope to die soon; but if this blessing is denied me, I desire to be forgotten, as though I had really escaped from this den of thieves. I will not drag you and my children down any lower. Do not speak of me to any one—never seek for tidings of me. Our mother prayed, remonstrated, wept in vain—she was firm, saying that she knew it was for the best. That was eighteen years ago, Susan, when you were quite a baby, and I so young that I have only the vaguest remembrance of calamity and change. Well, our father had no more to do with that crime than we infants had; a man in the same department forged his name, and embezzled the money; he is dying—struck down with a painful disease, which leaves him in full possession of his faculties; and in his terror he has confessed, and he appeals to the family of the man he has wronged to murder—us—for forgiveness! Here it is—see! Can you forgive him, Susan? I can't. Forgive me, my dear, my dear father, that I might have my fingers round his throat, and my knee in his chest, and watch his black soul stifling in his black heart! Soul! I hope—"

"Harry, Harry!"

"Well, well, I forgot myself; don't look frightened, Susan. It is well that the wretch has spoken at last, at all events; our father's memory will be cleared from reproach; and you can stay sometimes with those good Poynter people, and see a little society."

Susan was protesting that she was quite contented and happy under present circumstances, when she was interrupted by a knock at the door, and the fellow-lodger entered the room. He too held a newspaper in his hand; he, too, was evidently under the influence of strong emotion, for he stood glistening from one to the other with a strange, yearning expression in his eyes; twice he essayed to speak, and twice his voice failed him.

"You have seen this account in the evening papers, and have concluded that we belong to the family of the Mr. Mapleson whose cruel story is told there?" asked Harry.

"The old man nodded.

"You are right; we are his children. This sympathy is indeed kind."

"Perhaps you yourself are a connection?" said Susan, with a woman's penetration.

The fellow-lodger at last forced words to his lips: "Yes," he said, "I—"

"Look to him, Harry," cried Susan; and they did not run forward to support him, the old man would have fallen there!"

They got him into a chair, bathed his

forehead, gave him sherry, and he soon came out of his faint. "The emotion was too much for me," he said presently. "I am myself again now. No, no, do not go for a doctor. I am not ill. It is nothing but an overdose of happiness; a medicine," he added, with a sad smile, "that I have not been much accustomed to."

"You were a great friend of his, perhaps?" asked Harry, who looked puzzled; but Susan glanced rapidly from the youthful features of her brother to the time and care-worn face of the other, and a light flashed upon her.

"Father!" she cried.

"My girl! My children!"

In the course of that evening he told them all. How when a few years of his sentence had expired he was allowed to live as a free man within the boundaries of the colony; how his book-craft had gained him the situation of librarian to a wealthy settler, who had a touch of bibliomania, which it was difficult to gratify out there; how he nearly died of the gnawing desire to communicate with his wife, but fought the battle out with what he felt to be self, and conquered; how at length, when free to return to Europe, he had engaged in certain literary pursuits, which there is no occasion to specify, but in which he was eventually so successful, as to be in receipt of an income far beyond his wants; how that, hearing of his wife's death, and certain that his children could not recognize him, he had come to England and had contrived to obtain lodgings in the same house, and to make their acquaintance.

"And if it had not been for this happy occasion, would you have never told us who you were, papa?" asked Susan.

"After the trial I have gone through," replied his father. "I think I may boast, never!"

It fell in certain influential circles that "something should be done" for "poor Mapleson"; something is also to be done for his son Harry. This vague announcement sounds, I grant, woefully like "chops for two"; but I am in a position to state that Mr. Mapleson will have a pension, and that Harry will get a nomination; and when it comes to competitive examination, within certain limits, I'll back him. Meantime, father and son and daughter are settling down into their relationship, and Harry has been relieved of a nightmare. It was this: He fancied that perhaps the man—since dead by the by—who committed the crime his father suffered for, had made him the various presents he had accepted; and one evening when the three were together, he owned that this suspicion made him wretched.

"Silly!" cried Susan; "why, of course Mr. Anonymous was papa?"

"Is that a fact, father?"

"Susan is right, my boy."

—Chamber's Journal.

Boston Rich Men in Disguise.

The Boston correspondent of the Rochester Democrat writes:

The old adage that "you can't always tell what a man is worth by the clothes he wears," is true in no sense; than among the most poverty-stricken looking men that debarred one business thoroughfare for old paper is worth half a dozen brick buildings at the south end, and an old apple woman in the vicinity of Kilby street pays taxes on a \$30,000 house in the same part of the city. The foundation of the wealthiest foreign fruit house in town, Draper & Co., was laid by selling domestic fruit on a street corner thirty years ago. Some men have a knack of turning everything into greenbacks which they touch. Opportunity, too, is one of its elements of success. The head waiter of the Parker House, Barrett, understands his business, or he would not be able to erect a handsome granite building, which he is doing. This same person has real estate in Cambridge, and is happy. There is also another character rich in disguise. He is a porter in one of the State street banks. At the close of business hours he is disguised in overalls and an old hat, and sweeps out and dusts down. During business hours he acts as messenger, thus drawing two salaries. He owns eight houses, and although worth \$25,000 he is not above the menial service of an Irishman armed with a broom. One of the wealthy men of Newburyport rides into Boston every morning, except Sunday, and stands behind the counter as faithfully as though he had a large family to support on a small salary; but he is not happy.

Some Coders doing business in the city, with help \$500,000, works side by side with his help in the store, and does not dress so well as his salaried clerk, who would not contaminate his hand with tarred rope under any circumstances; which shows the difference in people.

To Develop Talent.

Place a man in a position that will fearfully tax him and try him, as position that will often bring the blush to his cheek and the sweat to his brow, a position that will overmaster him at times, and cause him to rack his brain for resources. Place him in a position like this. But every time he trips go to his rescue; go not with words of blame or censure, but go with words of encouragement; look him boldly in the eye, and speak them with soul and emphasis. This is the way to make a man of a boy, and a giant of a man. If a man has pluck and talent, no matter whether he ever filled a given position or not, put him in it, if worthy, and he will soon not only fill it, but outgrow it. But put one in a position with a faint heart. This is the way to kill him. Put him in grandly with most unimpeachable confidence. Drop no caveats, but boldly point the way, and then stand by with a will and countenance of a true friend. Thus try twenty men, such as have been named, and nineteen will succeed.

Methodist churches were built in America last year at the rate of four per diem.

Sardines, where They Come From and How Preserved.

There are few delicacies so well-known and so highly esteemed as the sardine. The delicious flavor of the fish when the tin is first opened, and the sweetness of the oil (always supposing a good brand) print their charms upon the memory. It will be unwelcome news, however, to many to be told that anything good in this way is exceedingly scarce this season. Unfortunately, it was the same last year. Then the destroying demon of war took the fishermen from the villages, and added to this, the fish were scarce, so that more were contracted for than could be delivered. This year it is worse. Few fish of any size have been caught (except some very large), least of all those of the finest quality. The consequence is, that the French manufacturers are again unable to carry out their contracts.

The fishery, says the London Grocer, is carried on generally from July to November, all along the west coast of France. Two of the largest stations are at Douarnenez and Concarneau. Fleets of boats go out some few miles and spread out their nets, by the side of which some cod roe is thrown to attract the fish. The nets are weighted on one end and have cork attached to the other, so that they assume a vertical position—two nets being placed close to each other, that the fish trying to escape may be caught in the meshes. Brought to land, they are immediately offered for sale, as if staler by a few hours, they become seriously deteriorated in value, no first-class manufacturer caring to buy such. They are sold by the thousand. The crew employ large numbers of women, who cut off the heads of the fish, wash and salt them. The fish are then dipped into boiling oil for a few minutes, arranged in various sized boxes, filled up with finest olive oil, soldered down, and then placed in boiling water for some time. Women burnish the tins; the jars are put on, or sometimes contained in wooden cases, generally containing 100 tins, and are then ready for export.

It does not always seem to be remembered that the longer the tin is kept unopened the more mellow do the fish become; and if properly prepared, age improves them as it does good wine. But if they are too salt at first, age does not benefit them—they always remain tough. The sizes of tins are known as half and quarter tins. There are two half tins, one weighing eighteen ounces and the other sixteen ounces gross. The quarter tin usually weighs about seven ounces, but there is a larger quarter tin sometimes imported. Whole tins, and even larger ones still, are used in France, but seldom seen here.

As is well known, the sardine trade is an important branch of industry, very large quantities being consumed in France; and the exportation to England and America is truly wonderful.

Sayings of Prentice.

An editor in Michigan, talking of corn, professes to have two ears fifteen inches long. Some folks are remarkable for the length of their two ears.

"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?" "O; it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

"The editor of the G— says he hopes to reach the truth. He is laying out for himself a long journey. He had better make his will before he starts."

"Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?" said a gentleman politely to an anxious maiden.

"I am no waiter, sir." "Is that so?" thought, from your appearance, you had been waiting a long time."

"A Western rhymist says he writes only when an angel troubles his soul. We don't know that the fact of his soul being troubled gives him the right to trouble the souls of other people."

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

"A well-known writer says that a fine coat covers a multitude of sins. It is still truer that such coats cover a multitude of sinners."

"Landlord, you do me too much honor; you let me sleep among the big bugs last night." "O; don't be too modest, my dear lodger. I don't know how you have your own blood running in their veins."

Pensions, and to Whom Paid.

THE SOLDIERS SINCE 1775.—The following facts in relation to pensions have been compiled from data prepared for the report of the Commissioner of Pensions:

The aggregate annual amount of pensions of widows and dependent relatives upon the roll June 30, 1871, was less than on the 30th June, 1870. This was owing to the lessening of individual pensions by minors reaching the age of sixteen years. There were 57,923 Revolutionary soldiers pensioned for services, 11,308 soldiers of the Mexican war, and 103,791 soldiers of the war of the rebellion pensioned as invalids. It is thought that the annual expenditures for pensions for other than the latter class have nearly reached their maximum, and that during the next ten years they will gradually and materially decrease.

The following is a statement, compiled with great care in the Pension Office, of the total number of soldiers serving in the wars, and so forth, which the nation has engaged in since 1775. It will appear in the forthcoming report of the commissioners of Pensions:

Soldiers of the War of the Revolution..... 273,000
Soldiers of the War of 1812..... 237,521
Soldiers of the Seminole War of 1817..... 5,911
Soldiers of the Black Hawk War of 1832..... 5,011
Soldiers of the Florida War of 1835..... 25,863
Soldiers of the Creek disturbance of 1836..... 17,483
Soldiers of the Southwestern disturbances of 1839..... 2,363
Soldiers of the Mexican War of 1846..... 3,960
Soldiers of the New York frontier disturbances of 1862..... 1,128
Soldiers of the Canadian War of 1862..... 2,629
Soldiers of the War of the Rebellion of 1861-2, 1862, 1863..... 2,629,523

Boston is contemplating the annexation of a dozen or so of the neighboring towns.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The name of a London street has been changed to "Charles Dickens avenue."

An Iowa court has decided that a woman can sue her husband for money borrowed of her.

A young convert down in Maine demonstrated the force of habit by remarking in a conference meeting that some of the proceedings were not "according to Hoyle."

A young blacksmith in London has undertaken to earn money in the last two years in a rather novel way. Half a crown fee is paid to the individual who gives the first intelligence of the breaking out of a fire. This diligent youth has set fire to 109 different buildings, with no other purpose than obtaining the 109 half crowns. The last time he was detected, and is now on trial.

A "jour" (tailor named Jimmy Yolk, ninety-four years old, is now traversing Ohio as a professional "tramp." He has been on the tramp for seventy-five years, and has visited every State in the Union many times, walking on an average 3,000 miles every year. He has good eyesight yet, and professes to be able to work at his trade. He has just returned from a little walk into Nova Scotia, and is now en route for Texas.

The Speaker of the House of Commons enjoys a magnificent residence, finished and kept in repair at the public expense, and containing one hundred rooms. He receives a salary of \$25,000 and his retirement is always created a vicount and has a pension of \$20,000, which on his death passes to his eldest son. Oddly enough neither the late nor the present Speaker, although married men, have any son to inherit these good things.

Alarm bells of a new style have recently been attached to thirty-four locomotives of a railroad company in Michigan. The bell is placed immediately in front, and is so attached that at each revolution of the driving wheel it is struck once by a hammer. It is claimed that the position of the bell causes the sound to be thrown forward and conducted by the earth and railroad track so that it can be heard a considerable distance ahead of the train.

A professorship of Chinese is mooted in California, and from the interest taken the idea may really become long-lived. The English have long had professorships of the Oriental languages and literature with singular advantages to their sway in their Eastern possessions, and from some popularization of Chinese and its twin-brother, Japanese, we of the United States might derive no inconsiderable benefit in our commercial intercourse with the coming man.

The records of the American whale fishery tell the story how petroleum is driving other oils from the market. Only four years ago the whale fisheries of this country employed three thousand two hundred and eighty vessels, but since that period the number of the fleet has been continually decreasing. In a single year after the time named over two thousand nine hundred vessels went out of the trade. In the succeeding year there was a diminution of twelve ships, and this year there are fifty ships less. In four years the entire whaling fleet of the United States has been reduced to one-thirteenth of its former extent, there being but two hundred and forty-nine vessels engaged in that trade in 1871.

A Chicago lover went to visit his girl one evening recently, but for some reason, possibly that the fire had materially changed his condition in life, she received and treated him coolly. He remained standing in the parlor a few moments, but finally made a movement toward the front door, remarking that "he guessed he'd go." "Oh!" she remarked, starting from a beautiful condition of semi-unconsciousness, "won't you sit in a chair?" "Well, I don't care if I do," was his reply, and he took the chair, thanking her kindly, and carried it home. He says it is a good chair, made of walnut, with stuffing, and green cover—just what he wanted. But he is down on that girl, and declares he wouldn't marry her—not if her father owned a brewery.

Gail Hamilton recently attended a meeting of the women's branch of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. She found it decidedly tiresome to stand in the aisle for two hours to listen to feminine oratory, and openly professes that if she is obliged to stand to hear anybody speak she prefers that the speaker should be a man. In the course of the meeting a small dog entered the hall, and, pretending to the speeches proceeded to bark at the ladies present shrieked in fear, and called upon a man to put the dangerous beast out. Wherefore Miss Hamilton laments that women will never be true to themselves, but that after clamorously demanding an equality in all things with men they seek refuge behind the latter whenever a small dog inconsiderately barks. That malicious little brute furnishes her with a conclusive argument against the equality of women.

The Illinois Legislature has taken up the subject of abolishing Canada thistles. A bill has been introduced providing for a Canada Thistle Commissioner in each town, whose business shall be to extirpate them in the roads, and when he finds them growing upon any person's