

# The Elk County Advocate

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## POETRY.

### ACCOUNT OF A CORONER.

A GRAY'S BALLAD.

Joe Bowers was a coroner,  
Of whom the scuffers said,  
That, like the horrid cannibal,  
He made his daily bread  
From the bodies of his fellow,  
Unnaturally dead.

By night and day this coroner  
Was always prowling round  
For "subjects," and he'd play out  
Stabbed, poisoned, shot or drowned;  
And where the carcass was, there Joe  
Would speedily be found.

Joe had a husband's instinct,  
And a hymn's sentiment,  
If any one passed in his checks,  
Joe for the body went;  
And corpses seldom got away  
To any great extent.

Indeed, Joe got so zealous  
He couldn't bear to wait  
But, with the sick he left his ear,  
As if to intimate  
The folly of their struggle with  
Unavoidable fate.

Whether 'twas Joseph's enterprise  
That made grim death a tight sky,  
Or vile procreancy induced  
The people not to die;  
There came a time when corpses ran  
Particularly dry!

Then bodies were but rarely "viewed,"  
"Post mortems" fell away,  
Till "coroners" were scarce,  
A beggarly array,  
And Joseph transiently succumbed  
To sorrow and dismay.

But soon he roused his drooping crest,  
And cried, "Away with woe!  
I'll be an I. M. D. soon,  
And used to play it low!  
Shall my accounts be 'cut' like this  
To-night? No! Not for Joe!"

He hid to a tobacco-stick,  
Full rationally, I swear,  
And bought some snuff, and mixed therewith  
Some nitro-glycerine;  
Then fared forth with the compound  
And a diabolical grin!

He met one of his neighbors,  
A man whose name was Lynch,  
With most expatious nostrils,  
Three-quarters by an inch—  
And asked him quite politely,  
To take a social pinch.

Into his unsuspecting nose,  
A plentiful pinch of snuff—  
Soon felt the grateful stimulus,  
And simply said, "O-ee-ehoo!"  
Yo-yo's! His shattered head into  
A thousand fragments flew!

From that day a fearful rate,  
A plentiful pinch of snuff—  
Soon felt the grateful stimulus,  
And simply said, "O-ee-ehoo!"  
Yo-yo's! His shattered head into  
A thousand fragments flew!

From that day a fearful rate,  
A plentiful pinch of snuff—  
Soon felt the grateful stimulus,  
And simply said, "O-ee-ehoo!"  
Yo-yo's! His shattered head into  
A thousand fragments flew!

FRANK CLIVE.

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### A PERILOUS POSITION.

In the winter of 1858 I was mining, or rather sojourning, and waiting for a chance to mine in the spring, in the town of Onaga, Nevada county, California. Snow fell in the town that winter to the depth of eight feet. Three of us were living in a cabin about half a mile out of town near the head of Sour Krout Ravine. We were in the habit of spending our evenings in town or at the cabins of our brother miners, generally remaining from home till ten, eleven, or even as late as twelve o'clock. I happened to be in town the very evening that the first big fall of snow began. I saw that the snow was coming down very fast, and knew before starting home that the trail would be hidden; but this gave me no uneasiness, as I knew the course well, and could keep within a few feet of the trail the whole distance if not in it. When I finally started home it was about ten o'clock, and there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground, and flakes coming down as big as saucers. Knowing my course, I rushed along, paying but little attention to the trail, and was within two hundred yards of the cabin, when there was a sudden crash of breaking twigs and brush under my feet, and I felt myself sinking into an open space. Instinctively I stretched out both arms to their fullest extent and clutched the snow with both hands.

Instantly, in fact before I had fully settled into this position, I knew where I was, and fully comprehended the danger of my situation. I knew that I was hanging over the old Brookshire shaft—a shaft dug some years before to prospect the hill, and at least one hundred feet in depth. It was but two or three rods below the trail, and was covered by a few pine and spruce boughs that were thrown across its mouth when it was abandoned. I knew that there were huge boulders and sharp, jagged rocks projecting everywhere along the sides of the shaft, and that in the bottom was at least twenty feet of water, for, in passing, I had once or twice pushed the brush covering aside and dropped into it pebbles and pieces of lighted paper. I felt my body and legs dangling in space, and without thinking of the consequences, made an effort to reach out with one of my feet to see if I could touch the wall of the shaft. I had extended my leg some distance without touching the wall, when, to my horror, the dry and rotten covering of the shaft began cracking under my arm on the side upon which my weight was thrown in the attempt I had made to lean something of my situation.

Carefully I swung back till I hung perpendicularly over the fearful chasm, the brush still cracking as I did so. As each little twig snapped I felt that there was that much less between myself and death—each little rotten stick that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout bean under my feet I would have given tens of millions. The snow beat down incessantly upon my head in immense damp flakes, and I could feel it gradually piling about my neck. Occasionally there were wild blasts of wind that roared among the tall pines and

swept the light snow into my eyes. One of the blasts took away my light fall hat, and left my head exposed to the beating storm. As I felt my hat going I made an involuntary movement to raise my arm to catch it, but instantly the crackling twigs warned me to desist. This movement, the slightest in the world, cost me half-a-dozen twigs, and as it seemed to me, greatly weakened my support. The snow melting on my head and face trickled into my eyes and almost blinded me. My hands and arms seemed coming numb, and I began to fear that I would lose my hold upon the brush covering of the shaft. Whenever this notion took possession of my mind I would extend my arms and even my fingers to the joints of my shoulders seemed starting from their sockets.

By straining my eyes I could see the dim outlines of our cabin on a little rise of ground above me. I could see no light, however, and concluded that my partners had either gone to bed or had not yet returned from a neighbor's cabin a quarter of a mile further down the ravine, whither I knew they had gone to spend the evening. Once or twice I shouted, but the effort caused a crackling of the twigs supporting me, and I desisted, determining to wait till I could hear the voices of my cabin companions returning, or see a light in the little window of four small panes, which, fortunately, was on the side of the house next to me; so, too, was the door by which they must enter the cabin. I thought of all this, and it gave me some hope. Several times, as the roaring wind lulled for a moment, I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter, and my heart beat quick with hope and joy; but the sounds were not repeated, and doubtless were but the creaking of some storm-swayed boughs, or the chattering of some distant coyote.

I now began seriously to fear being completely covered in the fast-falling and drifting snow. It seemed coming down the rate of an inch a minute, and already covered my shoulders and was piling close up about my mouth. I dare not make the slightest move to rid myself of the drift which was about to bury me. Should the snow get over my eyes I could not see the light in the cabin, and could only call out by guess. As so slight an exertion as calling out in a loud tone set my rotten platform to creaking, I did not wish to call for aid till I was certain it was near. As the snow began rising about my mouth I discovered that I could keep it away with my breath. I saw that I still had a chance of keeping my eyes free, and I kept constantly at work blowing away the accumulating flakes. This gave me something to do, and was a relief to my mind. So jealously did I keep guard that I would hardly allow two flakes to lie before my lips.

Thoughts of home, my friends, of the little I had ever done in the world, and the jagged rocks protruding from the shaft, with the great pool in its bottom, passed and repassed in my mind. In this circle my mind seemed swiftly revolving, dwelling but for a moment upon any one thing. I would strain my eyes to see the light in the window till they were ready to start from their sockets. Sometimes I would see sudden red flashes, and with a joyous throb of my heart I would say, "It is there!" but in a moment after I would groan in spirit at discovering the flash was only within my strained and weary eyeballs. From straining my eyes and ears for some sign of the arrival of my partners, I would fall into my old circle of thought, and round and round in it as in a whirlpool my brain would whirl till some moan of the wind or creaking of trees would arouse me to thoughts of escape from my fearful position.

After the first few efforts I made towards extricating myself, my whole care was to remain as motionless as possible, and keep my arms stretched out to their fullest extent in order to grasp for my support every twig within my reach, were it no larger or stronger than a rye-stalk. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and it appeared to me that I must have been suspended over the shaft for many hours. I began to fear that on account of the storm my partners had the boys to turn in at the cabin of our neighbor. The moment I thought of this it seemed to me almost certain that such was the case.

My escape, I now began to think, rested with myself. I thought there might be before me a pole across the shaft strong enough to bear my weight. Slowly I began rising my right arm, in order to feel for some such support, but a startling snapping of twigs, when this extra weight was thrown upon my left arm, caused me very quickly to desist. "Great God!" I groaned, as I settled back into my former position, "how long is this to last?"

Just at this moment I heard the sound of voices. This time there was no mistake about it. I heard the loud, ringing laugh of my jovial partner Tom, and heard bean-poker loving Bob say something about a game they had been playing at "the other cabin." As they came nearer I heard Tom say, "I wonder if Dan has got back from town." They spoke in their ordinary tone of voice, and this gave me great joy, as I knew I could make them hear without shouting so loudly. I heard them at the door, scraping the snow away with their feet, and that now was the time to call—for once they had entered they might not hear me. "Tom!" I cried, "Tom!" There was no answer, and my heart felt cold within me. "Tom!" I again cried, and this time to my great joy both the boys in a breath said, "Hello!" "Tom!" I cried again, in as loud a tone of voice as I dared use. "Tom, come here!" "D—d if that ain't Dan!" cried Bob; "what the d—l can be the matter?" and both came as fast as their legs could carry them down to near where I was hanging. "Don't come too near!" I cried, "for God's sake, don't come too near me! I have fallen through the brush over this shaft, and it's just ready to break and let me down; get a rope, quick—the windlass rope, you know!"

Tom ran to the cabin, and in less than a minute—though it seemed an hour to

me—was back with the rope. Both of us raised up the shaft with the rope, when I stopped them.

"Stop right where you are, boys! Now listen, or you will kill me. Don't come near the brush about the shaft, or you will break it and let me down. Take hold of the rope about twenty feet apart and walk so as to bring it across the shaft, so that I can reach it."

They did as I directed, and the rope was soon against my face. I began slowly to lift my right hand to clutch it, but a crackling of the brush on which I hung suspended startled me so much that I had not the courage to try and grasp the rope. I thought of making a sudden plunge for it, but feared I might fail to catch it, when I would most certainly break through and fall to the bottom of the shaft.

"What is the matter?" asked Bob. "Can't you get hold of the rope?"

I replied, "No; I will break through if I do not be a danger."

"Take hold of the rope with your teeth," cried Tom.

This was the very idea. "Hold the rope a little lower," said I, "and I will try—lower yet—there, hold on!"

"Have you got it?" asked Tom.

"As well as I could, I answered. "Yes." "Now try for it with your hands," cried Bob.

As quickly as I could use my stiffened right arm I made a clutch at the rope, and most luckily for myself got hold of it. Had I missed it I would have been precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, for as I clutched the rope the whole rotten pile of boughs broke loose and dropped to the dark pit below. After being jugged some distance from the black and yawning mouth of the shaft, I still held the rope with both teeth and hands, and could hardly be persuaded that I was yet out of danger. I was so completely exhausted that I was unable to walk to the cabin without the assistance of both of my partners, and it was some weeks before my strained shoulders were free from pain.

There may be more trying and perilous positions than that above described, but if there are I beg to be excused from "bying in."

### Life's Brightest Hour.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to the unknown, "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "who think of the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one-and-twenty I had saved up \$800. I was earning \$500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-one I had secured a pretty cottage, just outside of the city. I was able to pay the rent, and I was down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in the past, but to my own home—my own house. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and pushed open the kitchen door and was—in heaven! The table set against the wall—the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hand of her who had come to be my helpmeet in all as well as in name—and by the table, with a loving, expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife. I tried to speak, and could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing to her the ecstatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long years—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied; but as true as heaven I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of the hour that that June evening, in the long, long ago!"—New York Ledger.

### Sonography.

A hopeful philosopher thinks the time may come when a man's words will be made to write themselves down automatically as fast as they come from his lips—when a speech will yield a sound picture, or a sonogram, that we may gaze upon, as we do now a light picture, and translate as we do now the notes of music. Light, he says, is a wave motion, and the chemist has found a substance which the waves, as they dash against it, can transform or transmute, and so we have got photography. Sound is a wave motion; its waves are as breakers—lights are as ripples; the former large and slow, the latter small and rapid. Since we have got the substance that is impressed by the little weak waves, why should we despair in finding a substance that will alter under the influence of the great strong ones? We can make a lamp-glass ring with the voice pitched to a certain note; soon we may cause the same sound to vibrate a body that will make a mark on paper while it swings, and then we make another working body vibrate to another sound, and so on up the gamut. Thus we shall get an apparatus which will mark the notes of a melody each as it is sung; and after this it is not difficult to conceive a series of vibrations, each attuned to one of the few separate and distinct sounds the human voice can utter. Here will be an analogue to the photographic camera. Placed before a speaker, such an apparatus will sonograph all he has to say.

Women, under the name of "assistant pastors," do missionary work for several of the St. Louis churches, and receive compensation therefor.

## THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

### Streams of Fire Issued From the Side of a Mountain—The Whole Country Shaken Like a Pan of Dirt—All the Houses Crumbled—Land Ridges and Water Spouts.

From the Virginia (See) Enterprise, March 26.

We yesterday met with an interview of Mr. Frank Bell, Division Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this State, who was at Independence, Inyo county, California, last Tuesday morning when the great earthquake occurred which shattered that whole region, and which shook us up not a little in this city—300 miles north of what would seem to have been the centre of the great telluric disturbance.

THE FIRST GREAT SHOCK came at 2:30 on Tuesday morning, and was probably the most severe that occurred. Mr. Bell, who was sleeping in the second story of the hotel in Independence (a frame building filled in with adobe), says that when the first shock came it threw his pitcher and wash-bowl, which were upon a washstand six feet distant, upon his bed, whence they rolled to the floor and were broken. After a few heavy sidewise lurches to the north, during which Mr. Bell was trying to climb out of his second-story window, about half a dozen perpendicular jolts came, which seemed to lift the house to the height of several feet. The earth now settled down to a steady, tremulous motion, which sort of calm lasted long enough to allow Mr. Bell to partially dress himself, find his overcoat and carpet-sack, and get down stairs and out into the open air. Here he found the startled inmates of the hotel to the number of twenty-five or thirty.

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN EX DESHABILLE, all in momentary expectation of a repetition of the shocks. Frightened as all were, one man still had sufficient command of his wits to notice Mr. Bell's overcoat and carpet-bag. "Hallo!" he cried, "here is a man who has packed his kids and is going to leave the country." The joke must have been considered a good one in some quarters, for just at the moment the earth laughed such a laugh, and so shook its sides that nobody cared to make another attempt at a joke.

From this time till nearly 7 o'clock the earth was never for a moment perfectly quiet, and every few minutes heavy shocks of a few seconds' duration were occurring. In all, there were more than fifty very heavy shocks. The first shock cracked and threw down many walls, and buildings which were with wonderful freedom of touch and grotesqueness, represented, in a few bold strokes of the brush, a group of husbandmen sowing rice in the field, and on one side of the drawing was a distich running thus:

### PERILOUS POSITION OF A CHILD.

When the first shock occurred, Mr. Harris of the firm of Harris & Kline, rushed out of his dwelling with his family. After getting out he found one child was missing and was rushing back to allow Mr. Bell to partially dress himself, find his overcoat and carpet-sack, and get down stairs and out into the open air. Here he found the startled inmates of the hotel to the number of twenty-five or thirty.

THE SHOCKS WERE STILL CONTINUING when Mr. Bell left, and the people were so utterly demoralized that they did not know where to turn or what to do. The impression at Independence was that the southward earthquake was still more severe than in that place, and fears were entertained that but little was left of Cerro Gordo and other mining camps in that direction. They worked an hour and a half trying to get at Wells, Fargo and Co.'s box, buried in the ruins of Nathaniel Rhine's store, and at last the stage came off without it. Even as the stage started there came one or two rattling shocks. All the adobe buildings at Fort Independence were laid low, and a child killed; the mother, also, was seriously injured.

THE INVO "INDEPENDENT" OFFICE, a frame building filled in with adobe, was not thrown down, but the office was badly damaged—even a cooking stove that stood in it being smashed to pieces.

### STREAMS OF FIRE ISSUE FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

Fourteen miles this side of Independence, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is a large mountain called Black Rock, the sides of which are covered with lava and which is supposed to be an extinct volcano. The settlers informed Mr. Bell that during the time the shocks were most severe, flashes of light were seen to issue from the top of this mountain and streams of fire ran down its side.

There are on the side of the mountain three old lava streams, but when the stage passed along no one had yet gone to see if any fresh flow had occurred. Mr. Mallory, formerly of Carson City, stated that he observed flashes of light in other places in the mountains, but he was of the opinion that they were caused by rocks striking together as they rolled down the slopes of the peaks. In places on the stage road there were encountered

ROCKS AS LARGE AS TWO-STORY HOUSES, which had rolled from the mountains. From Independence to Big Pine, a distance of forty-five miles, there is not a square yard of ground that does not show cracks. Near Big Pine they found a crevice across the road sixty feet wide and six feet deep. Off the road, but in plain sight, this crevice was two hundred feet wide and over twenty feet deep, and it could be traced a long distance,

## A Nevada Serial by Several Hands.

The Weekly Occidental, devoted to literature, made its appearance in Virginia. We expected great things from the Occidental. Of course it could not get along without an original novel, and so we made arrangements to pass into the work the full strength of the company. Mrs. F. was an able romancer of the ineffable school—I know no other name to apply to a school whose heroes are all dainty and all perfect. She wrote the opening chapter, and introduced a lovely blonde simpleton who talked nothing but pearls and who fell to the work the full strength of the company. Mrs. F. was an able romancer of the ineffable school—I know no other name to apply to a school whose heroes are all dainty and all perfect. She wrote the opening chapter, and introduced a lovely blonde simpleton who talked nothing but pearls and who fell to the work the full strength of the company.

A Japanese Inn. The evening was far advanced when I reached Fujisawa and rode up to the Suzukiyu, once a porcelain-shop, now a really excellent hostelry, where, to my astonishment and delight, I found the luxury of table and a very hard, straight-backed chair, such as our great-grandfathers sat in and were contented, such as we, more effeminate, vote to be an instrument of torture. The room was so natty and tidy as to deserve a few words of description. The sliding panels were covered with a smart new paper, decorated with a pattern of fans sprinkled over it with marvelous effect; the tokonoma, the raised recess, which is the place of honor, was supported on one side by a wooden pillar, composed of a single tree stripped of its bark so as to be perfectly smooth, and contained one of those quaint zigzag sets of shelves which have their origin in a piece of obsolete etiquette. When persons of rank used to meet together in old days to drink and be merry, they would lay aside their caps and dirks, the man of highest rank placing his traps upon the highest shelf, those of lower rank not presuming even to allow their caps to take a precedence which did not belong to them. This is said to have occasioned the invention of those shelves which in lacquer cabinets must have puzzled collectors at Christie and Manson's. The mats and wood-work, which are the pride of the Japanese household, were white and new, the beams decorated with carving of no mean taste. One solitary picture, executed with wonderful freedom of touch and grotesqueness, represented, in a few bold strokes of the brush, a group of husbandmen sowing rice in the field, and on one side of the drawing was a distich running thus:

"Unless even for drugs,  
How happy are the frogs!"

The literal translation must plead my excuse for the badness of the rhyme. I was not a little puzzled by the meaning of the couplet until Shiraki came to the rescue and solved the riddle. "Sir," said he composedly, "here is a lesson of humility and content conveyed in a parable. It is a fact which will meet with the imperial assent, that frogs are of no use in the world either as food or even as medicine."

"Very good food," I objected, "either in a cury as eaten at Hong Hong, or with a white sauce as at Paris." Shiraki smiled a smile that was incredulous. "Some insects feed upon smartweed. However that may be, we say that the frogs being useless, no man interferes with them, and they are allowed to live out their lives in undisturbed peace. So it is with the farmers: their position is lowly, but they have shed the cares of the world, and are contented; therefore they should be contented, and the poet praises their modest lot."—The Cornhill Magazine.

### A Pathetic Scene.

The first scene of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the noise meant, and possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my bed-room in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, "papa could not help me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to see us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amid all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature is so no more; but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.—Sir Richard Steele.

Peoria shipped 30,000 car loads of grain during the year 1871.

## Facts and Figures.

The only steam-ploughing apparatus in successful operation in the United States, it is said, is on a Louisiana plantation. The Chicago Evening Post introduces its obituary of Prof. Morse with the following appropriate text: "His line is gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world." An air-loom has been invented by an Englishman, in which the shuttle is almost noiseless, through across the room by the action of compressed air. Every family can have an air-loom now. Mrs. Ann Thompson, of West Union, Iowa, is distinguished for patriotism. She has stopped the pension paid her as a war-widow, her son, aged fourteen, being now able to support the family. A Connecticut paper says: "An unhappy and disgraced family found in Danbury was brought to a tragic end Saturday, by the head of one family presenting a son of the other with an accordeon.

A remarkable coincidence was presented in connection with the death of John Parker, at Goshen, Maine, lately. Three cousins of the deceased, residing in different States, all died the same night, and nearly all at the same hour, and each in a fit. A California Court has granted a divorce to a husband on the ground that he was insane when he married. The Judge has the immediate prospect of an immense business, and the Pacific Railway Company is making provisions for an extraordinary travel westward during the spring.

The Danbury News moralizes thus of the peacock: "Vocally the peacock needs cultivation, but in attire it cannot be improved upon. When it puts up its awning and sails around the yard there is a comfort in looking at it that is not experienced in looking at a woman. This is probably because the plumage is inherited.

If any man has an uncontrollable desire to sleep with somebody, we recommend to his thoughtful consideration the example of the Missouri man who a few days ago ran away with his own wife. In this particular case the man made a mistake, the lady being in the disguise of a fancy ball costume, but the result was the same. He had reason, no doubt, to bless his luck that prevented his falling into wicked ways. A young man in Wilmington, Del., lately helped a feeble old man over a street crossing and soon after found himself remembered in the old man's will to the extent of \$40,000. Ever since this became known of course all the young men in town have been on the lookout for feeble old men at the corners of the crowded streets. It is always a safe thing to pay particular attention to these tottering patriarchs, although very few fortunes of \$40,000 are to be picked up in this way.

They have a way of extracting teeth in Iowa which has its advantages and its drawbacks. The victim of toothache goes forth into the woods, bends down a vigorous sapling, lashes the offending grinder thereto, and then lets the sapling spring up to its natural position. This process is economical and generally effectual, but instances are recorded in which the entire jaw has been extracted, or the individual landed bodily in a neighboring pond after having described a graceful curve over the top of the grove.

With regard to those gold discoveries in the Black Hills, Gen. Hancock who is in command of the Department of Dakota, has written a letter to an Iowa paper in reply to many inquiries sent to him, which ought to settle the minds of all who had thought of seeking their fortunes in the new El Dorado. In the first place he says the Black Hills are within the limits of an Indian reservation, and any expedition setting out from that point will be unlawful, and will be stopped by the use of troops; and furthermore no gold has been discovered there.

One of San Francisco's largest caviar-aneries is entirely under the management of the fair sex. From the proprietress to the hall-girl, from the bar-tender to the boot-black, all connected with the establishment are women. The portresses are muscular Germans, who handle the most mammoth "Saratogs" deftly and easily, while the clerk is a handsome brunette, who parts her short black ringlets on one side, and makes bright repartees to the jokes of the drummers and travelling salesmen who largely frequent the house. The bar-tender can make a cocktail better and quicker than any other in the State, and drinks herself every time she is asked to, which on the average is about fifty times a day. The landlady is fair, fat, and forty; and has received offers of the hearts and hands of more than 400 of her sometime guests.

Hall's Journal of Health protests a cruel error into which many fall in recommending all consumptives to leave home and its comforts to seek health in distant regions, such as Minnesota or the Southern States. Dr. Hall does not deny that climatic influences benefit consumptive people, but much depends on the stage of the disease and how far the comforts and surroundings of home can be provided in the new home of the patient. It is a cruelty, Dr. Hall contends, to send away from home a patient far advanced in consumption. In fact he believes that, other things being equal, in any ordinary case of consumption, if a man has money enough the chances of recovery from consumption are better in a large city than in the country with all its boasted advantages of pure air, fresh vegetables, luscious fruits, spring chickens, rich butter, and fresh laid eggs. These things can be better obtained in New York the year round in their highest perfection than at the farm-house. After an elaborate summary of all the needs of a consumptive, Dr. Hall concludes that New York is just as likely to benefit a consumptive as even Minnesota.

## THE CHICAGO EVENING POST.

The Weekly Occidental, devoted to literature, made its appearance in Virginia. We expected great things from the Occidental. Of course it could not get along without an original novel, and so we made arrangements to pass into the work the full strength of the company. Mrs. F. was an able romancer of the ineffable school—I know no other name to apply to a school whose heroes are all dainty and all perfect. She wrote the opening chapter, and introduced a lovely blonde simpleton who talked nothing but pearls and who fell to the work the full strength of the company.

A Japanese Inn. The evening was far advanced when I reached Fujisawa and rode up to the Suzukiyu, once a porcelain-shop, now a really excellent hostelry, where, to my astonishment and delight, I found the luxury of table and a very hard, straight-backed chair, such as our great-grandfathers sat in and were contented, such as we, more effeminate, vote to be an instrument of torture. The room was so natty and tidy as to deserve a few words of description. The sliding panels were covered with a smart new paper, decorated with a pattern of fans sprinkled over it with marvelous effect; the tokonoma, the raised recess, which is the place of honor, was supported on one side by a wooden pillar, composed of a single tree stripped of its bark so as to be perfectly smooth, and contained one of those quaint zigzag sets of shelves which have their origin in a piece of obsolete etiquette. When persons of rank used to meet together in old days to drink and be merry, they would lay aside their caps and dirks, the man of highest rank placing his traps upon the highest shelf, those of lower rank not presuming even to allow their caps to take a precedence which did not belong to them. This is said to have occasioned the invention of those shelves which in lacquer cabinets must have puzzled collectors at Christie and Manson's. The mats and wood-work, which are the pride of the Japanese household, were white and new, the beams decorated with carving of no mean taste. One solitary picture, executed with wonderful freedom of touch and grotesqueness, represented, in a few bold strokes of the brush, a group of husbandmen sowing rice in the field, and on one side of the drawing was a distich running thus:

"Unless even for drugs,  
How happy are the frogs!"

The literal translation must plead my excuse for the badness of the rhyme. I was not a little puzzled by the meaning of the couplet until Shiraki came to the rescue and solved the riddle. "Sir," said he composedly, "here is a lesson of humility and content conveyed in a parable. It is a fact which will meet with the imperial assent, that frogs are of no use in the world either as food or even as medicine."

"Very good food," I objected, "either in a cury as eaten at Hong Hong, or with a white sauce as at Paris." Shiraki smiled a smile that was incredulous. "Some insects feed upon smartweed. However that may be, we say that the frogs being useless, no man interferes with them, and they are allowed to live out their lives in undisturbed peace. So it is with the farmers: their position is lowly, but they have shed the cares of the world, and are contented; therefore they should be contented, and the poet praises their modest lot."—The Cornhill Magazine.

### A Pathetic Scene.

The first scene of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the noise meant, and possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my bed-room in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, "papa could not help me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to see us again." She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amid all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark, with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature is so no more; but, having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defenses from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.—Sir Richard Steele.

Peoria shipped 30,000 car loads of grain during the year 1871.

Facts and Figures. The only steam-ploughing apparatus in successful operation in the United States, it is said, is on a Louisiana plantation. The Chicago Evening Post introduces its obituary of Prof. Morse with the following appropriate text: "His line is gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world." An air-loom has been invented by an Englishman, in which the shuttle is almost noiseless, through across the room by the action of compressed air. Every family can have an air-loom now. Mrs. Ann Thompson, of West Union, Iowa, is distinguished for patriotism. She has stopped the pension paid her as a war-widow, her son, aged fourteen, being now able to support the family. A Connecticut paper says: "An unhappy and disgraced family found in Danbury was brought to a tragic end Saturday, by the head of one family presenting a son of the other with an accordeon.