

# The Elk County Advertiser.

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

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1872.

NO. 10.

## POETRY.

### LIFE'S APRIL.

Sweet April—the April verging toward the May  
Whose shadows speed  
O'er blossomed mead  
Chased by the light of variable day!  
Thou hast a beauty that no one can fail,  
As low from grass  
These on their wings  
Breathe from out the thickets seem to hear.  
Soft, changed about, seem to go,  
To light they pass,  
The quivering wings  
Ere silver sun has on their golden gleam.  
The partridge flatter of a ruffled foot  
Breaks o'er thy face,  
To pass in grace  
Where every tiny web she clings and cool,  
No heat, no flame, but a mild lambent light  
Plays round thy words,  
The like of the clouds,  
On answering hearts go slapping in thy flight.  
Thy smiles glance out like sparkles on the snow,  
Or rays that cross  
The dew-touched moss  
That comes so fresh and far from the snow.  
Thy tears, that start so quick, that flow so free,  
Seem poured by grief  
For her relief,  
Because cold sorrow hath no hold on thee.  
Ah! who would see thee other than thou art?  
Who downward bends  
The quivering wings  
The eddying dance of the untrammelled feet?  
Sorely, thou! World! Brush not the down which lies  
So soft, so light;  
In time's despite,  
Leave that untrammelled soul within her eyes!

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### HOW HERMAN WON HIS WIFE.

"I don't know how to answer you. Your news is very hard for me to bear. I feel amazed, angry, Herman."

Herman Wilson, himself, the picture of sorrowful amazement, looked at his uncle in silence, as the old man spoke with angry vehemence. He was a tall, stalwart young man of twenty-four, with a fresh, handsome face, now deeply clouded. His uncle was not over fifty, but an appearance of ill-health and feebleness made him seem much older. His usual pallor crept once more over his flushed, excited face before he spoke again to Herman, and his angry voice was gentle as his uncle's designation, as he said:

"I was lousy, Herman, but and surprised. Tell me now, how did it happen?"

"I scarcely know how to tell you, sir," said his nephew, respectfully.

"Where did you meet this girl?"

"Miss Miller," said Herman, flushing a little at his uncle's designation, "was very intimate with Mr. Grey's daughters. I met her there. Mr. Grey made me welcome in his home as soon as I became his clerk."

"You met her at Grey's. Well?"

"I loved her. That is all."

"Enough. I should think. And as for you, I suppose, or I should not care for all this?"

"Loves me," said the young man, in a reasonable pride.

"Herman, why couldn't you have loved one of Grey's girls? These, home-like girls, that made a home for you. I am an idle, stuck-up girl, if I am calling you."

"You misjudge her, uncle."

"Tell me," was the answer, at an impatient. "She is John's daughter. I can never welcome her here. Never."

"I hope you will not hold to that resolution, Uncle James."

"I suppose you were influenced some by the thirty thousand dollars her mother left her?"

"I didn't know she had one cent."

"Her mother kept that safely, and left it to the daughter. I knew that at the time she died. Oh, my lad, think better of it. Money is not everything."

"I tell you I never heard of her money till this minute. I wish you would see her."

"I—see her? Never! If you marry John Miller's daughter, you may take leave of me and the farm. I'll have none of that blood around me. John Miller's daughter!"

"Bah! you won't care for that. You've been living in Tournay a year now, and you say Mr. Grey makes you a good offer if you stay with him. Then your wife will be rich, so you need not care for the farm."

"For, he it, known, James Wilson had had a sore heart ever since his nephew had left the farm, and gone to be clerk in the town near by. He did not like farming, he said, and could make more money in town. But as his uncle spoke now, Herman suddenly remembered the years spent in this his only home, the kind, fatherly love of his relative, and spoke with honest warmth.

"I do care for the farm, Uncle James, and I care still more for your love. No matter how much money I make or hold, I can never have another such home or father."

"Well, boy, why don't you stay here, then? Oh, if it was anybody but John Miller's girl."

"But, Uncle James, it is John Miller's girl. Will you tell me why one of Mr. Grey's daughters would have suited you any better?"

There was a dead silence in the room for some minutes after this. Uncle James spoke at last, in a low tone, as if he was reading instead of conversing.

"When I was a young man, Herman, not older than you are now, I was working on this farm for old Squire Heyward, who was very fond of me even then."

"He left you the farm, did he not?"

"Yes, but there was no talk of that then. I was only a farm hand, though the old squire always chose me to drive him out, or to do any business that required a trusty person. He had no family, so it made rather a stir when his sister died in New York, and her daughter came to live on the farm. She was the handsomest woman I ever saw in my

life, quite young about seventeen, but with all the self-possession and coquetry of a woman of thirty. I was, as I said, often about her father, and met Arabella—that was her name—frequently. She was so kind to me, so gracious, had so many winning ways, that she had my heart in her grasp in less than a week. My love was fairly worshipping, and when she would give me smiles and words of encouragement, how was I, a poor country boy, to know it was all skillful coquetry, the sport of a hard-hearted flirt? Then John Miller came, and he too loved her. He was a young lawyer, who settled in town, but came over here very often, sometimes for a week's visit at a time. Arabella played her part so well, that I never suspected the truth till I summoned up courage to ask her to be my wife in the future, when she told me she was engaged to John Miller. While we were talking John came in, and she told him my cherished hope and secret as a good joke. Together they laughed at the country bumpkin, and John made sneering remarks that stung me almost to madness. I think I would have struck him to the ground, but a kindly hand was placed upon my arm, and turning, I found the squire had entered the room unperceived. Sternly rebuking the others, he led me away, and sent me on a long journey the next day, upon some private business. When I returned, John was gone with his bride. The old squire left her thirty thousand dollars, but he left the farm. I was nearer to him than his own niece. Herman, don't ask me to welcome the child of John and Arabella here. I cannot do it."

"You know that her parents are both dead. She lives with her father's sister."

"I know. John died insolvent in spite of his sharp practice and avarice. Arabella only lived a few years after her husband."

"Another long silence followed. Then Herman spoke:

"Uncle James, I cannot give Fanny up. But I promise never to bring her home as my wife until you consent to the marriage. Will you see her?"

"No, no! Wait till I die, Herman. I won't live very long, Doctor Hodges says."

"Uncle James?"

"I did not tell you before, lad, for fear of paining you. Doctor Hodges said last week that I was failing. I made him tell me. I may live a few years longer—I may be called any day."

"And I was worrying you," said the young man, in a patient and tearful.

"No, lad, I like to know all you are doing. You will come home often?"

"Do you think I will go away again? My place is here."

"I should be very glad to have you, Herman. It is hard to find an honest overseer when the farmer himself is sick. But your prospects in town, Herman?"

"Let them go. Uncle James, do you think I could leave you now? You have been more than a father to me; let me try now to fill a son's place to you."

"And Fanny Miller?"

"Tell me how far she is from here. The conversation that followed awakened still further the kindly emotions of the young man's heart, and his remorse for the past year's absence. It seemed like desertion, when he heard of his uncle's loneliness; of how badly out-door matters had gone, in hired hands; of the waste, the domestic difficulties and losses.

"I would not have told you all this, if you had not offered to stay," the old man said.

"I should have stayed before, had I known you were so ill. You have always been about when I came over."

"I have never been confined to my room. Still, I grow weaker. I wish you had a good servant. Eliza is very wasteful, impudent, and, I think, dishonest."

"I will drive over to Tournay to-morrow, and see if a good servant can be found, uncle."

But the first call the next day was not in search of a servant, but to the doctor's, and Herman Wilson came out of his office with a very grave face.

"I am glad you are to be at home," the doctor had said. "Though the first relief may not be as complete as you would desire."

"What do you mean? You said that rest and freedom from care or responsibility might prolong my uncle's life for years."

"I say so still. But the first reaction from the long strain and worry may be serious. He has kept up by sheer force of will; now, when he may rest, he will probably be ill for many days. I wish he had a good servant. Eliza is not a pleasant nurse, I should judge. She looks to me as if she had lived upon lemons and pickles all her life."

"I am going to look for a good servant to-day."

"Why don't you take the old man a nice little niece?"

"All in good time, doctor. I must say good-day. I have to tell Mr. Grey of my new plans, and find a servant."

"Good-day, then. Send for me, if I am needed."

The day seemed a long one to James Wilson, watching for the nephew who was like a son in his heart. Eliza, resenting the new arrangement that threatened to disturb her much-abused kitchen-jars which were very trying to the invalid's nerves. A dinner, badly cooked, and served with bangs of spite and ill-nature, did not improve matters, and made the arrival of Herman's companion almost as welcome as himself. For he had found a servant, whom he escorted to the house with pardonable pride, and introduced as—

"Annie, uncle. She has been highly recommended to me, and I think will suit us."

"I will try to make you comfortable, sir," said the new girl, modestly; and Uncle James decided that the sight of her face and sound of her voice were sufficient for that.

She was not pretty, though her face

was very pleasant to look at, and her voice was still more pleasant to hear. She was neatly dressed as became her station; and before she took off hat or cloak, she had made the room seem like another place.

Uncle James wondered how a few light touches here and there, a gentle little stir of the dull fire, a dropping of the curtains, a little twitch of the tablecloth, could do so much.

"This is the living-room, I suppose," she said, presently. "I think I shall ask for an hour or two alone here to-morrow."

"Just as you please."

"Will you see Eliza now?" Herman asked.

"Yes. Is she in the kitchen?"

"I have told Annie," Herman said, "to keep Eliza, if she will be reasonable, and submit to her."

"Two girls, Herman?"

"Annie is to be our housekeeper, uncle; and Eliza is to do the rough work. I must be out of the house a great deal, if we are ever to get affairs straightened, and spring is opening very fast. Annie is to make you her special charge."

"Arrange it as you will, Herman. I feel very faint and so-so. My dinner was quite unsteady."

"Annie will see to supper. I will give her a hint."

Surely, Uncle James thought, Herman had made a most judicious selection of a girl. The table was set as he had never seen it before. Cloth, dishes and the homely service all shone with cleanliness, and the supper would have tempted an epicure. Light, flaky biscuits, an omelet that was a miracle of lightness, some pork cooked in a most delicious sauce of cream and other mysterious ingredients, and coffee whose aroma alone was a bouquet to the gentlemen's nostrils. Presently over all the pleasant face and neatly attired figure.

"Eliza declines to take a second place, Mr. Wilson," she said; "but will remain until you find another girl."

In about a week, Mr. Wilson, senior, began to wonder how he had ever existed without his new housekeeper. A young, cheery girl with her hair room took Eliza's place, and the old farmhouse settled a home-like peace that was the best medicine for the invalid.

Doctor Hodges proved a true prophet. For many days after his nephew returned to him, James Wilson was very ill, requiring patient and tender nursing. It was Annie who made his room cozy and pleasant with pretty curtains, a strip of carpet here and there, till he was well enough to have a whole one tacked on. It was Annie who brought him tempting little dishes, just enough to satisfy him, without exciting the disgust that Eliza's coarse excess did. Annie read to him, chatted with him, got Herman to buy a bag-knack-governor, and taught the invalid to play.

Annie brought him little cheering pieces of news—how the farm matters were improving, how Herman was plowing here and sowing there; of the new barn arrangements, and the new cow, the cattle healthier, and, as she said, "ever so much happier." Never did a fretful word fall from the pretty mouth, never did a frown cross the broad white brow.

Uncle James wondered if Herman knew how pretty Annie could look, when she was so patient and kind, and telling him pleasant news in the afternoon, or when she ran up in the mornings, from household duties, to bring him little luncheons or some strengthening drink ordered by the doctor.

The great day came in three weeks, when Doctor Hodges said his patient might go down-stairs again.

"Annie, you are a fairy. Where did you find time for this?" he cried, as Herman tenderly led him to a wide, chintz-covered armchair.

"Mr. Wilson helped me," said Annie, demurely, glancing with pardonable pride around the room she had found so neat and chintz-covered.

Now, a neat carpet covered the floor, and snowy curtains were draped from the clean, bright windows. Every inch of paint fairly shone. All the shabby old furniture wore a new dress of gay chintz, and the table had a crimson cover that was in itself a furnishing of brightness. On the mantel were all of quaint old china, long hidden in a corner of the garret, now full of spring flowers; and by Uncle James's chair, a little table bore the bag-knack-board, some new magazines and papers, and a cup of Annie's coffee.

When Uncle James first learned the comforts of a dressing-gown, instead of a worn-out coat, for house wear, embroidered slippers for old shoes cut down, and other little feminine contrivances quite new to his bachelor experience, I cannot stop to relate in detail. One by one the comforts a loving woman can bring creep into the old farmhouse, and to the amusement of the owner, the economy of the household more than balanced the added expense.

"Eliza never had anything but the plainest of food, and she spent twice as much as you do with our tempting table."

"Eliza wasted, and I save," said Annie, with a smile. "She had not your interest at heart."

"I was nearly frightened when Herman asked me to look over the month's account. So much comfort! My room so neat and pretty, the new china, the kitchen utensils, and so many pretty things to pay for. And yet the income showed a clear saving."

"A master's eye on the farm," said Annie, modestly.

"And a housekeeper indoors," said the old man, affectionately.

"I was brought up to make an invalid's home pleasant," said Annie, quietly. "My mother was never very strong, and depended upon me for such duties as I perform now, even when I was a schoolgirl. I have not had such care since she died, but it seems quite natural to resume it again."

"Your mother is dead, then?"

"I am an orphan. In the house I left when I came here, I shall scarcely be missed. My aunt, who took me

when my mother died, has five daughters."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes! I smell something burning! Let me see if my eyes are ruined!" and Annie escaped for the time from questions it was becoming difficult to answer.

The old man sat musing a long time. It was not the first time a vague mistrust of Annie had crossed his mind—a wonder why a woman so gentle and refined, so evidently a lady, was serving in a menial capacity. The first time she had sung for him, in one of his nervous hours of pain, he had noticed she was confused, when he spoke of the evident cultivation of her voice.

He had spent much of his time, while Squire Heyward lived, in the city, and appreciated the difference between country-bred ways and city refinements. As he mused, he began to grow restless; and when Herman came in at ten-time, he found his uncle flushed and excited.

In a few words the cause of agitation was communicated to the young man.

"You think Annie is not what she seems, uncle? You are right. She is here under false pretences."

"Herman?"

"But, putting that aside, what fault have you to find?"

"Fault? I could not find a fault, if I tried. She is the most lovable, capable domestic girl I ever saw, as well as a lady in every word and action."

"Then, you would like her to stay here, if I proved to you she is worthy of your confidence and affection?"

"Even if I deceived you? I knew you would love her, if you only would consent to see her."

"Fanny Miller?"

"Yes. Will you forgive me the deception, Uncle James?"

"Will you forgive me my willful blindness, Herman? To wonder you would not give her up! No wonder you love her! Bring her here, lad, and let me ask her if she will stay, to cheer the short time I may yet live to see your happiness."

The wedding was not long delayed. Care and love are rejuvenating Uncle James, who thenceforth, to wonder you could be a false prophet yet, and who dearly loved to tease Fanny about the way Herman won his wife.

## A Sensible Monkey.

Young ladies who insist on going to evening parties when they are afflicted with colds, notwithstanding the insufficiency of their clothing and the inclemency of the weather, should read "A Case in Comparative Pathology," given by a correspondent of the London *Lancet*, from which they will see that a chimpanzee in the Zoological Gardens, by carefully following the directions of his medical advisers, and exhibiting an amount of common-sense—too often, alas, wanting in human beings, succeeded in warding off the consequences of an illness which, if neglected, would no doubt have been attended with fatal results. It appears that this animal, who, although barely two years old, is endowed with the intelligence of a monkey of riper years, came laboring with a cold during a frosty night in January, attended with less of appetite, a high pulse, and other feverish symptoms. At first the monkey wisely restricted its diet, taking only grapes, orange-juice, and a little milk. As, however, the urgent symptoms increased, it was persuaded to take small doses of a most agreeable compound with ipecacuanha wine and aromatic spirit of ammonia, every four hours, and also to wear a "linseed-meal jacket poultice" round its chest for an hour or two at a time, three or four times a day, at other times wearing a flannel band and a cloth jacket. Although it derived some relief from this treatment, yet for a day or two it became worse, and was at last reduced to such a state of weakness that it could only lie on its back or one side with its paws open, as if too exhausted to make any effort at all. Disliking its cough mixture, it was given ipecacuanha wine in its milk; but, the exhaustion increasing, a teaspoonful of brandy was substituted for the ipecacuanha wine, and added to its milk each time it took it.

For some days it remained in a listless state, merely presenting one of its feet to any acquaintance who visited it, but evidently liking to be attended to and nursed. It is most gratifying to learn that steady adherence to this treatment of poultices and brandy and milk resulted at the end of a few days, and in a change for the better; and, although for some time it would take no solid food, except from the keeper's mouth, yet its appetite gradually improved, and in about three weeks, though much thinner and weaker than before, it was, in every respect, as well as its illness, it was not only able to climb its ladder, but is "as lively as ever." If this young monkey had insisted on going out in the evening in a low dress, instead of remaining quietly at home in a "linseed-meal jacket poultice," the Zoological Society would probably have had to deplore its loss.

A WARNING TO AMERICAN GIRLS.—An American girl married a Swiss gentleman, in this city, about a year ago, and returned with him to his native land a few months afterward. It is reported that, within a few weeks past, the Supreme Court of the Canton of Solvère set aside the marriage on the ground that it had been contracted in America, without the consent of the commune to which the husband belonged having been previously obtained. This, of course, leaves the wife without redress, so long as her husband continues to reside in his native place. It has repeatedly happened that American girls, who have married natives of Continental Europe and gone home with them, have found themselves dispossessed because some technical formality required by the local laws of the husband's birth-place had not been complied with. It therefore behooves young ladies in this country to be careful to have every formality scrupulously attended to when they marry admirers from any part of the Continental countries of Europe.—*N. Y. Paper.*

## Spring Novelties in Shoes.

The New York *Shoe and Leather Reporter* thus speaks in reference to spring novelties in shoes: "The latest novelties in fashions for shoes seems to be not only desirable but almost a necessity in these days, when new styles are being brought out every month. It is a task of no little difficulty for dealers out of large cities to keep themselves posted in novelties which are constantly appearing, so that their orders may include not only the general style, but also the many pretty and ingenious devices that go to make ladies' shoes 'things of beauty forever.' The soles are being made broad, firm and thick, and the heels comparatively low and wide. An improvement is now needed, once sanctioned by the mandate of fashion, and we will have no more French heel abominations, with the unavoidable weak, tottering gait, but a free, elastic step, as beautiful and graceful as the former was painful and awkward. There is no item of dress, perhaps, that is so much criticised as shoes; no item more important, and certainly none where comfort has been more sacrificed. The practical solution of the problem, 'can ease and beauty be combined in shoes,' has been accomplished in a measure this spring. The first innovation noticed is the Scotch welt walking boots for ladies, with broad soles and a high arch of an inch or two beyond the upper, with low broad heels; a plain shoe, with no attempt at ornamentation, but decidedly sensible, and one which in time no doubt will be adopted universally. A buttoned walking shoe of pebble goat, strong and supple, will attract attention by its style of finish. The trimming is of pink kid, button holes in scolloped edge stitched by hand, heels finished with a row of highly polished copper tacks, with small heads not larger than a pin's, invisible, as far as preserving the shape is concerned, and greatly adding to the beauty. It is a noticeable fact that shoes are cut much lower than last season. Some what after the style of the 'Newport tie' of last summer, is a garden shoe called the 'Metropolitan tie' material, French kid, lined entire with kid, making the value of the shoe inside and out the same, tied across the instep with ribbon an inch wide, height of heel one inch, covered with plain, elegant shoe, and one that will undoubtedly be a favorite. A croquet shoe comes next, of black glove kid, lined entire with white kid; a rosette of black ribbon, with buckle, relieves the severe plainness; material, satin with fancy bow of same; facings of white satin; and cleaver lying near your cleaver, where you can use them to chop away the tougher portions of the bird. If you cannot obtain a sufficient purchase on the fowl to keep it steady you can put one foot on the same while you cut off the drumstick, the second joint, and huddle off sufficient dark meat to go around.

**Opium.**

This drug was known to the nations of antiquity, as is evidenced by a description of its preparation and properties written 1800 years ago. It is prepared from the juice of the black and white varieties of the *populus somniferus*, or opium poppy. This species of poppy, though found growing without culture in some portions of Europe, is supposed to be indigenous to Asia, and is cultivated for its opium in Hindostan, Persia, Asia Minor, Egypt and China. The opium poppy is an annual plant, having a succulent stalk usually attaining a height of from four to six feet, and bears smooth, spherical capsules, or seedpods with large leaves, which envelop the stem. The opium is procured by making a slight incision into these capsules while in an immature state during the first stages of its preparation. This is a milky, slowly discharges and adheres in drops to the lips of the incisions. This white sap is permitted to remain undisturbed for the space of twenty-four hours, during which it assumes a dusky brown color, when it is removed with dull instruments. At this stage of its preparation it is of a viscid consistency. It is then placed in vessels prepared for the purpose, and heated with some heavy implements until it acquires a proper solidity, after which, being enveloped in leaves, it is placed in earthen vessels, preparatory to its removal to the factories for purification. Here it is thrown into capacious receptacles and foreign substances removed from the mass, which is then compressed into globular shapes, and these, when entirely free from moisture, are enclosed in chests with leaves and capsules of the poppy plant. As opium suffers a sensible deterioration by exposure to an excessively moist atmosphere, its quality is frequently impaired by heavy dews during the first stages of its preparation. The variety of this drug from Smyrna, usually recognized in commerce as the Turkey or Levant opium, is esteemed more valuable than that from any other locality. Of the Indian opium there are three varieties, which are exported from Calcutta and Bombay, the shipments from the former being largely in excess of those from the latter port. In this region the trade is regulated by government officials. While its cultivation is not restricted to any particular classes or localities, the East India Company reserve to themselves the exclusive privilege of purchasing, at a stipulated price, the entire product of the country. As many foreign substances are surreptitiously combined with the pure drug for the purpose of increasing its weight, the Company employ accomplished experts to detect adulterations, and to avoid the purchase of an impure article. The opium produced in China is much inferior in quality and purity to the Turkey or Bengal varieties, and in its preparation is usually conformed with the latter. Since its first cultivation in India by the British East India Company in 1773, its production has increased rapidly.

## On Carving.

The subject of carving is so old, and has been treated so often by those who rack their brains to devise some means of filling up the household columns of the family newspapers, that it is like attempting to find a slice of white meat on a turkey three days after a Thanksgiving dinner, to try and discover anything that will be new or of interest to those who, from their proud position, at the head of the family table, are frequently called upon to wield the knife and fork in a manner at once graceful and effective. The subject is also one that concerns many individuals; young men are constantly entering that state of double-trouble where it behooves them to know a "drum-stick" from a "pinion;" single men at boarding houses are often, by the absence of the landlady, compelled to dispense justice and tough meat to their fellow sufferers, and it is to these we dedicate the few hints upon carving, which may be of much assistance to them.

To carve gracefully and without any mortification to yourself, the best plan is to cultivate an intimacy with the cook (if your wife or the latter's husband is not jealous) and when you have become sufficiently acquainted, ask her to let you practice on the fowls that are to be served for dinner while they are in the kitchen. You can then manage them to your heart's satisfaction, and if the guests manifest any surprise at the condition in which they are served, a remark that they were killed with nitro glycerine, or have been run over by the cars, will be sufficient explanation.

If your wife or the cook insists that the turkey, goose or whatever it may be shall be served upon the table whole, you must sharpen your knife, procure two or three extra handkerchiefs to remove the perspiration that will accumulate on your brow, place your trust in Providence or Newport and buckle in. No matter if you have a razor edge on your carver, always touch it up on the steel before commencing, and while so doing get off some joke to the lady nearest your right hand; this will make the guests think you are an old turkey slasher, and are perfectly at home in such work. Make a graceful slash with the fork (which should be in the left hand, unless you are "right-handed," and pin the fowl to the plate, at the same time give a muffled war whoop to call attention to yourself, while with the right hand you cut off the outer joint of the wing. After cutting off the wing look and see if the head and feet are off. If not they should be amputated at once. To show your dexterity, change hands and balance yourself on your stomach across the back of your chair, while you shave the white meat from the breast. If you wish to make a sure thing on the fowl, it would be well to have a hand-saw, hatchet, draw-shave and cleaver lying near your cleaver, where you can use them to chop away the tougher portions of the bird. If you cannot obtain a sufficient purchase on the fowl to keep it steady you can put one foot on the same while you cut off the drumstick, the second joint, and huddle off sufficient dark meat to go around.

After you have pretty well cleaned out one side of the fowl, change ends with it by throwing it in the air with the fork, and catching it as it falls. This will make a sensation among your guests, especially those who, not knowing your skill, failed to provide themselves with nitro glycerine. It also always gives you a chance to recover your wind. Take off the other wing and leg in the same manner you did the first, only swing your knife and fork more carelessly as you gain confidence in yourself. After taking out the dressing and stacking it upon the floor where you can reach it without trouble, employ yourself by picking out all the little "tit-bits" and extra pieces of white meat that everybody likes, and concealing them on the lee side of a soup tureen where you can eat them yourself after you get through carving. When the fowl has been decimated sufficiently, begin attending to the guests, always giving the toughest portions to those with poor teeth or none at all. Ask everybody which they prefer, dark or white meat, and give them the opposite color from that called for. A little study of these simple rules will render any man capable of carving anything, and in a style not excelled by an Esquimaux or "Heathen Chinee."

## Extracting the Teeth of Young Persons.

Unless they become extremely painful it is best to allow nature to conduct the process of shedding the first set of teeth. It would occupy too much room in this paragraph to give a reason for this advice. Therefore receive it as true without hesitation. When the second set are developing it is a common practice of some dentists to extract one somewhere in order to give room for others, which are said to be crowding. That is a serious mistake not to be perpetrated. If one is removed, the jaw at once stops growing, and the result is a very different expression from what the individual would have had, provided all the teeth and jaw were harmoniously developed together. In consequence of that sort of unphilosophical interference with the law of dentition, one jaw or the other is smaller than it would have been. The whole character of the face becomes altered. Even distinct speech is sometimes impaired in that way. When caries takes place after the teeth have completed their growth, they may be removed with less damage to facial expression.

Now certain counties of Mississippi are suffering from a sort of Egyptian plague in the form of herds of buffalo gnats, which devour the horses and mules.

His friends have to paste an extension on the envelope when they direct their letters to Joseph Allenbaubergrabensteinerhauenstickler of Tepeka.

## Facts and Figures.

A twenty acre chicken farm has been started near Wyandotte, Kansas.

Scotch whiskey is being distilled by a new process from the national thistle.

Since last August twenty men have been buried at Newton, Kansas, every one of whom "died with his boots on."

It makes a modest man open his eyes to read of a New York broker depositing four or five millions of dollars in his credit on a spring morning.

The young folks of Raleigh have a nice way of eating philloppens. The girls hold the almonds between their teeth and the young gentlemen bite them off.

"Is there any article in common use in the country so dangerous as a keroceno lamp?" Answers to this conundrum to be sent to the office of the Boston *Globe*.

Persons who have recently travelled through Russia say that that country resembles more a vast camp than a nation on a peace footing. Soldiers abound in all directions, and the greatest military activity prevails.

The crack compositor of South Bend, Ind., is one Mrs. Augusta Miller. She learned to set type in her father's office at the tender age of thirteen, and not long ago a proof of hers of 9,000 ems had but two typographical errors.

A Boston girl being asked if she had not once been engaged to a "party by the name of Jackson," who was at the time a Harvard student, languidly replied: "I remember the circumstance perfectly, but I am not certain about the name."

The people of small towns in Iowa seem to be very remarkable agriculturists. In one of these a short time ago four or five ribs were dug up belonging to a man, or calf perhaps, that was buried twenty-five years ago. Immediately the county coroner sat on these ribs, reconstructed the entire specimen, and made a diagnosis of his final sickness, arriving at the sage conclusion: "Name unknown, but supposed to have died of bilious fever." Agassiz could not have done better.

There is a story that the Princess Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte advertises to supply millinery in the latest style to the nobility and gentry of London. Whether the lady with this imposing title has gone into the bonnet and ribbon business to supply the vulgar wants of this corporeal existence, or from the vocation and a desire to raise it to the level of her own dignity, we are not told; but in either case we hope she will succeed just in proportion as she furnishes good merchandise at fair prices.

In Indianapolis they have a wonder. A little orphan child, sent West by the Children's Aid Society, and adopted in that hoosier capital, gets up in her sleep and plays the piano most beautifully, though in her waking moments she "knows no touch of it." At these times she is possessed by the evil spirit of her mother, who was a French music teacher, and died of starvation in New York. The child is slowly but surely fading under the influence of her midnight music lessons, and will soon be with her mother.

An affecting incident—reported by the *Racine Journal*: "The other day a father and son were dressing a hog, the father doing the chopping. By a mistake, instead of splitting the hog open, he split his own hand. In explanation of how it happened to the doctor, the father explained: 'I cannot tell a lie, doctor, indeed I cannot. I did it with my little hatchet.' The son was deeply moved, and was heard to remark that he 'had rather have such a father than a whole slaughter house full of dead hogs.'"

The management of the Pacific Railroad appear to have a great deal of difficulty in comprehending the meaning of the word "terminus." The act of 1862 required the Pacific road to establish its western terminus at San Francisco. The Western Pacific road, the east of the series which constitutes the Pacific line, and the Central Pacific sought and obtained subsidies to the amount of \$650,000 from the city of San Francisco under this condition. Now the managers of the road say that a ferry landing in San Francisco, five miles from the terminus of the road, constitutes a terminus; but the Pacific people are unable to view the matter in that light. They say that the cars of the Central and Southern Pacific railroads should enter the city by a bridge, by the most direct route not likely to injure the harbor, and that Congress should require them to do this in fulfillment of their obligations.

A distinguished oculist says, in reference to the habit of reading in the cars, the constant motion and oscillations of the car render it impossible to hold the book in one position—its distance from the eye is constantly varying, and no matter how slight this variation may be, it is instantly compensated for by the eye, thus keeping the organ constantly employed accommodating itself to distance. This becomes fatiguing, and the eyes have a sort of weary, heavy feeling, and, if the reading is persisted in, soon become bloodshot and painful. We have often observed young misses, intently engaged in the perusal of some romance, while upon a rapidly-moving railway train, who have only been able to find their story with perceptible discomfort. We have noticed them rubbing their eyes, shifting their positions, and holding their book at various distances from the eye, making the greatest effort to see with eyes that have already been fatigued beyond endurance. Such practices lead to serious injury to the eyes, and it is not infrequently the case that the oculist is called upon to prescribe for a patient who has paralysis of accommodation of the eyes, produced by reading in a railway car.