

# The Elk County Advocate.

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

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1872.

NO. 16.

## POETRY.

### THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

I lay my back down on my bed,  
I grieve in silence in twilight gloom;  
Out of its shadow, soft and dim,  
Steals like a star my baby's face.

Motherhood is the world's poor joy,  
How poor to me all its pomp and pride;  
In my lap lies the baby's little form,  
In this room the baby's bed.

I will shut those broken toys away  
Under the bed where they mutely hide;  
I will smile in the face of the noisy day,  
Just as if baby had never died.

I will take my work once more,  
As if I had never left it down;  
Who will dream that I ever loved  
Motherhood's dim and holy crown?

Who will deem my life ever more  
Faint the sweeter in grief and pain?  
I will smile in the face of the noisy day,  
Outrayed the light of my baby's face.

I'll meet them in the world's rude din  
Who have outlived his mother's kiss,  
Who have forsaken her love for sin—  
Who will spare her pain in this?

Mom's way is hard and sore best;  
I lay myself out, but few can win.  
Thanks, dear God, for my baby's face,  
Safe from sorrow and safe from sin.

Nevertheless, the way is long,  
And tears leap up in the light of the sun;  
I'd give my work for a cradle song,  
And a kiss from baby—only one.

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### ZALE BIRKENHEAD.

Birkenhead was a miser, and no one attempted to deny it, but Billings, the housekeeper. She would not hear a word of it.

Dear Mr. Birkenhead is one of the best of providers," said she. "Such oceans of garden-truck!"

Birkenhead was rich as well as miserly. That is, he owned houses and lands, had no one knew how much, railroad stock, had quite a respectable bank account, and did a thriving business in the note-shaving way.

Moreover, he held large properties in trust for non-residents, from which he derived—honors of course—a considerable income. Taken all in all, he was comfortably situated.

And he had a daughter—a very charming daughter, Marzalia by name—Zale for brevity—and therein lay his weakness. Zale or his gold, and Zale was the winner.

Poor Zale wondered, Zale wondered, even Birkenhead himself wondered, and swore he never would be fooled again, not by a dozen Zales. And Zale laughed, showed her pretty teeth, and had her way.

"No—I say no," thundered Mr. Birkenhead, his great lowering brows knitting together, and his little gray eyes snapping furiously. "You can't go away to school, so let this be the end of it."

Billings overheard his words and pitied Zale. It was pity thrown away, for the very next week, Zale went, just as she had been determined all the while to do; and Birkenhead swallowed his wrath, and footed the bill.

People stand away until Christmas. Birkenhead said she had made wonderful progress. Had he not paid money enough to make any one progress?

But Zale learned one thing which was not taught in the regular course—a study that occupied all her leisure moments, and we fear, some that should have been given to her other lessons. But she earned it well.

Birkenhead never guessed it until one day the postman brought, with the day letters, one for Zale. He did not need the glasses to read the bold, masculine chirography, nor a soothsayer to tell him what the letter contained. It was better not to repeat the long and unwieldy words used on this occasion. No body but Birkenhead could have handled them.

Fortunately for Zale she was not there during the heat of the opening wrath-burst; but she heard the mutterings, and saw an occasional flash, as vivid and startling as any that had passed.

As usual, Birkenhead was very firm, and declared, up and down, that no man by the name of Poor should ever marry Zale. And Zale was also very firm, determined, and declared, as usual, as her father objected, that if she ever married any one, his name would be Poor, and Alec Poor, too.

For once the issue appeared doubtful. Even Billings became alarmed, and begged of Zale not to exasperate dear Mr. Birkenhead, for there was no telling what he might do.

Zale laughed, she always did when Billings attempted to correct her—and, going straight to her father, pleaded Alec Poor's cause as eloquently as ever.

Zale wrote to Alec, advising him how matters stood up at Birkenhead's, and he very obligingly offered to come up and defend the epistles and, to his letters never went farther than the open grate in Birkenhead's private room, he was obliged to forgo that pleasure.

Zale was out of patience at last; for that was not a very desirable correspondence, with scores of letters to Alec, and not one to Zale. She never doubted that Alec wrote. She even went so far as to believe that her father got the benefits of the epistles, and to relieve all little petty doubts she might have, she waylaid the postman, and got a letter.

Poor Zale! it was an unlucky move, and away up in the attic of Birkenhead's house she had ample time to repent of it. Not that she wanted to repent. We do not think she did; but, after all, it was the next thing to a defeat—a repulse which would might dishearten a veteran intriguer. Birkenhead knew it, and took all the credit due to him. He was in ecstasies. He was very confident that Zale could not hold out long against such fearful odds, and had already decided that nothing short of unconditional surrender could be thought of.

"It is all very nice, and very proper," said Billings; "but if that girl isn't plotting mischief, then my name isn't Nancy Billings, which has been with the Birkenheads nigh twenty years."

"Birkenhead made light of her fears. "Let her plot it!" exclaimed he. "And precious little good it will do her. I'll keep her there until she is gray, before I'll let her marry that rascally Poor."

Soon after Zale's incarceration in her attic prison, there came to her father a letter. Literally covered with postmarks. It had a portentous look, and Birkenhead broke the seal with trembling hands. At the first glance at the contents, his face lighted up with pleasure. As he read on, a puzzled and somewhat anxious look stole into his face, and ere he finished the letter, he was evidently quite uneasy in his mind.

"Well, you'll see him, Zale Birkenhead, if I have to bring him here."

Zale laughed provokingly. "I hardly think he will care to come here, Billings. If he should, you know there is a lock on the inside as well as outside."

"You wouldn't dare, Zale—you wouldn't dare!"

"Do not disappoint yourself, Billings," cautioned Zale, taking a key from her drawer.

"Then, Zale Birkenhead, we will break down the door, for I am determined that you shall see Mr. Wallruden."

"And the prison-doors shall open!" sang Zale, while Billings scolded out of the room, locking the door with a sharper click than usual.

The above conversation was reported verbatim to Birkenhead, causing that worthy gentleman to make a host of threats, some wise, but more of them foolish. Wallruden chanced to overhear it, and, after Birkenhead subsided, proposed a plan of his own.

"I am going away in the morning," said he. "Billings will inform Miss Birkenhead, and her door must be accidentally left ajar. Of course, Miss Birkenhead will take advantage of so good an opportunity to communicate with that—that Mr. Poor; but I will take the responsibility of preventing any letter reaching that gentleman, for I shall not be far away."

"I should think so," said Billings, and Billings echoed the praise.

The plan worked capitally, too. Zale was drawn into the snare. So soon as she saw that Billings had forgotten to lock the door, she hastened to make use of the time. Penning a short note to Alec, she donned her hat and shawl, slipped noisily out of the room, down the stairs, and out of the house by an unfrequented door.

She had not taken a dozen steps, when young Wallruden appeared in the path before her. Zale screamed, and turned to flee; but he audaciously put his arm around her; and when she lifted up her blushing and indignant face, seeking an explanation, he stooped and kissed her.

Zale screamed louder than ever, and struggled desperately, while behind the blinds of a window just above her were two persons acting more like crazy people than the sedate Billings and the miserly Birkenhead. They laughed, and shouted, and danced, and declared it "capital!" and when they saw Wallruden bringing Zale back to the house, they repeated their strange antics, and snapped their fingers at an imaginary Alec Poor, waiting and hoping.

Wallruden's audacity seemed for a time to be productive of no good, for Zale positively refused to leave her room again while Wallruden was in the house. She did not adhere to her determination, however, for the very next time that Billings neglected to lock the door—Billings had grown very forgetful—she ventured out again. Wallruden was on hand to welcome her, and ignoring the existence of such a personage as Mr. Alec Poor, he made love to her in a way that was startling.

The same scene was enacted almost daily after this, for Zale rather enjoyed this love-making. It was so charmingly original to be taken by storm. Not that she had forgotten poor Alec, but, you know, he couldn't expect me to forego all pleasures.

"It will be a match," said Billings. "And he hasn't said a word about the rents," said Birkenhead.

"Nor Zale about that Poor." "She'd better not. I knew I could cure her."

"Poor man!" sighed Billings, for there was a soft spot in her heart. She hadn't forgotten another man who came so very near changing her name to—well, it wasn't Poor.

Birkenhead paid no attention to her sympathetic mood for he was reckoning, for the hundredth time, the expense of Wallruden's visit, and the loss should that gentleman fail to unite his destiny with the Birkenheads. The sum total was fearful—absolutely appalling, and the old gentleman trembled at the dread uncertainty.

But he was borrowing trouble; for, that same evening, Wallruden made a formal demand for Zale.

Birkenhead was so elated, that he showed the predominant trait of his character, selfishness, by consenting at once, without so much as a thought of the injustice he was doing to Zale's first love, poor Alec Poor.

"What does the girl say?" he asked, with an attempt at indifference.

"Zale is here," said Wallruden. "She shall speak for herself."

"Well, out with it," commanded Birkenhead, without looking up.

Zale, thus adjured, replied, quite demurely: "If you are willing, I guess I'll not object."

"Then you have forgotten that Poor?"

"Oh, no, father; but I'll not wait."

"Sensible at last," muttered the old man. "You might have waited until doomsday, and then lost him!"

Birkenhead was no laggard. Anything in hand he always pushed to the utmost, and this wedding he was determined should not be delayed. And the young people offered no objections: so the wedding was set for the first day of the following month.

Time passed swiftly. For once Birkenhead opened his purse strings. He could afford it—such a rich son-in-law, you know. Guests crowded the old house, servants trotting here and there to wait upon them. Zale was attired magnificently. Even Mr. Birkenhead

ventured a new coat for the occasion, and Billings brought to light an old white satin, which she had kept hid away ever since that time when she came so very near being Mrs. Somebody that was not Billings.

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Birkenhead. "Capital! capital! Wallruden, I congratulate you on the happy termination of—of—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Birkenhead," interrupted the happy bridegroom, "but you are laboring under a great mistake. My name is not Wallruden."

"Not Wallruden! What the dickens is it, then?"

"Alec Poor."

"Eighty-one meals, twenty-six nights' lodging, and not a cent to your name," sighed Birkenhead. "To say nothing of the wedding expenses. Wallruden be cursed, and—"

"Blessing for Alec," whispered Zale.

He never got it, but he did get his hands into the Birkenhead coffers.

**Milk as Food.**

In an article on milk as a diet, in a late number of the *Good Health* magazine, the writer says that as an article of diet it would appear that the nutritive value of milk, as compared with other articles of animal food, is not generally appreciated. Dr. Wiggan, of Providence, says there is less difference between the economical value of milk, beefsteak, eggs or fish, than is commonly supposed. The quantity of water in good milk is eighty-six to eighty-seven per centum, in round steak seventy-five per centum, in fatter beef sixty per centum, in eggs about sixty-eight per centum.

From several analyses recently made he estimated six ounces of milk (reckoning loss from bone) at thirty-five cents a pound, as dear as milk at twenty-four cents a quart; round steak at twenty cents a pound, as dear as milk at fourteen cents a quart; eggs at thirty cents a dozen, as dear as milk at twenty cents a quart; corned beef at fourteen cents, as dear as milk at fifteen cents. The result from these deductions seems to be that milk even at fifteen cents a quart is the cheapest animal food that can be used. The writer also says that in order to render milk more digestible, its particles should be divided, which can be effected by bread, or some other farinaceous article. When cooked with rice and eggs (rice pudding), it makes the type of a proper food; containing nitrogen, phosphates and starch. Milk, when used as a drink, should be boiled, then diluted with water.

**About Quicksilver.**

One of the most curious properties of quicksilver is its capability of dissolving or forming amalgams with other metals. A sheet of gold-foil dropped into quicksilver disappears almost as quickly as a snowflake when it falls into water. It has the power of separating or of readily dissolving those refractory metals which are not acted upon by any other powerful acids. The gold and silver amalgams pour it into their machines holding the powdered gold-bearing quartz, and although no human eye can detect a trace of the precious substances, so fine are the particles, yet the liquid metal will hunt it out and incorporate it into its mass. By subsequent distillation it yields it into the hands of the miners in a state of virgin purity. Several years ago, while lecturing before a class of ladies upon chemistry, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through chamois leather. The scrap remained upon the table after the lecture, and an old lady, thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in it, she dipped them into it, and when she lifted them up she found them encased in a state of virgin purity. Several years ago, while lecturing before a class of ladies upon chemistry, we had occasion to purify some quicksilver by forcing it through chamois leather. The scrap remained upon the table after the lecture, and an old lady, thinking it would be very nice to wrap her gold spectacles in it, she dipped them into it, and when she lifted them up she found them encased in a state of virgin purity.

The next morning she came to us in great alarm, stating that the gold had mysteriously disappeared, and nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. Sure, enough, the metal remaining in the pores of the leather had amalgamated with the gold, and entirely destroyed the spectacles! It was a mystery, however, which we could never explain to her satisfaction.—*Dr. Nichols's Evident Science.*

**Lady Journalists in Washington.**

Washington is becoming a great centre for lady writers and journalists. In the latter arena they are entering for all the prizes. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Clemmer Ames, Mrs. Anna F. Stephens, Mrs. Mary A. Dennison, and Mrs. Southworth, are all domiciled in Washington, the last two altogether and the others coming in a variety of seasons. Among the resident correspondents of professional journalists are Mrs. Helen M. Barnard, whose sketches of House proceedings for the *New York Herald* have been recognized as evincing high capacity for a difficult branch of professional labor. Mrs. Briggs (Olivia), of the *Philadelphia Press*; Mrs. Haven, literary editor of the *Chronicle*; Miss Austine Sneed (Miss Grundy) of the *World*; Mrs. Scribner, of the *Indianapolis Journal*; and Miss Robena A. Taylor, daughter of the able microscopist, of the Agricultural Department, whose remarkable investigations into the fungoid disease of the vine, etc., are attracting the attention of pomologists everywhere. Miss Taylor is a frequent contributor to the local press, and writes easily and well on many topics. Mrs. Dorsey, Mary A. Nesley, Mrs. Ingersoll, and others, are professional journalists, but whose pens help to freshen the columns of the *Washington* press, reside there. Miss Celia Logan is still editorially attached to the *Capital*. Miss Winnie Ream will soon publish a little book of travel, sketches and poems.

There seems to be an unusual anxiety nowadays to save the lives of murderers. The minions of the law will neither privilege their death nor allow them the privilege of doing it themselves. A wretch in Peoria, Illinois, who had slain one wife and obtained another in Kentucky, tried to poison himself a few days ago, but was prevented. His wife had kindly furnished him with a dose of corrosive sublimate, but was disappointed by the meddling officers.

**Poisonous Nature of Tobacco.**

Tobacco in its ordinary state—the "plug" which you have in your pockets here to-night—is a powerful poison. It will do what few other poisons will do. I do not now speak of the oil of tobacco. I do not speak of nicotine, a single drop of which put upon the tongue of a cat will kill her in two minutes; three drops will put upon the tongue of a bulldog will kill him so quick, he will hardly get out of your arms in his struggles, and ten drops of which will kill a cow inside of ten minutes. I am not talking of these things at all, although they are all in tobacco; but to-night I am talking of tobacco in the form of the original "plug."

"Now, gentlemen, let me suppose an experiment. I call from this audience a boy ten years old, one who has never used tobacco. 'Charles, will you help us make an experiment here to-night?'"

"Yes, sir."

"I will give you fifty dollars if you will go through it like a plucky man."

"The experiment is this. There is a large piece of tobacco as large as a pea. Put that in your mouth; chew it; don't let one drop go down your throat; spit every drop into that spittoon; but keep on chewing; don't stop, just chew steadily."

Before he is done with that piece of tobacco, as large as a pea, simply squeezing the juice out of it without swallowing a drop, he lies here upon the platform in a cold, death-like perspiration; he vomits the contents of his stomach; but your fingers upon his wrist, there is no pulse; and so he seems for two or three hours as though he were dying, or, perchance, dead.

Stoop a small piece of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck or back of a calf that may be troubled with vermin. You will kill the vermin, but if you are not careful you will kill the calf too.

Now, gentlemen, go to your drug stores, begin with the upper shelves and draw every bottle, and then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare ones which you never heard of which, taken into the mouth of that ten year old boy and not swallowed, will produce those effects. Tobacco, then, I produce, in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

**Live Jewels.**

All Nature is made to contribute to woman's love of self-adornment. The female is very according to the grade of culture she receives. The savage is content with the bones, teeth, and heads of animals, the feathers of birds, and the shells of snails and fishes to adorn the head, ears, nose, neck, arms, and girdle. With the women of the cultured world nothing, perhaps, is made to contribute so largely to gratify vanity as the richly colored birds. Whole birds of paradise and other species, and the feathers of the ostrich, peacock, marabout, and many other birds, are made to serve as ornaments for the head. But it is not generally known that the Mexican women of the wealthier classes use as ornaments, on extraordinary occasions, live jewels, which, in the dark, emit a bright, phosphorescent light. They belong to the family of leaping or springing beetles, and are called by the Spanish *coucou*. In order to catch these bugs, the Indians fasten a live coal to a stick, and move it to and fro in the dark. The *coucou* thinks this bright point a rival, and in his anger, darts toward it, and finds the grave of his liberty in the hand of the Indian. The Indians find a ready sale for them in the larger cities, where they are bought by the wealthy ladies at about two reals (twenty-five cents) a dozen. They are kept in elegant little cages, and fed on slices of sugar-cane, and bathed twice a day, either by the ladies themselves or by their maids. In the evening they are put into little sachets shaped like roses, and attached to the ladies' dresses. The light these little bugs emit surpasses in brilliancy the reflection of the purest diamonds. The daily bath they receive is absolutely necessary, as without it they would emit no light, which is sometimes strong enough, it is said, to read by.

**A Word About Water.**

It is now a point pretty well established that dysentery, typhoid fever, and other fatal diseases, possibly cholera among them, are caused by animal and vegetable substances dissolved in the water. Therefore, all supplies of water for drinking and culinary or bathing purposes should be carefully inspected. All wells should be well covered. No sewer should be near a well, and the wash of all accumulations of filth should be carefully prevented from being carried into any water supply for the house. It is well to remember that we may get accustomed to drinking impure water and not know it, unless other senses than taste are consulted. A proper attention to this subject, and a determination to use only wholesome water, would not only prevent many diseases, but often save the life of some beloved member of the family. These sensible things are said by Dr. A. L. Wood, editor of the *Health*, and he tells in the subjoined summary "How Water Gets Foul":

1. The water which falls from the clouds becomes foul by falling through the smoky, dirty air, and by the matter from the roofs of houses on which it falls.

2. Spring and river water becomes foul by freshets.

3. Well water is contaminated by surface impurities, sewages, cesspools, and by the soil through which the source of supply is accumulated.

4. River water is spoiled for domestic use by the refuse of slaughter-houses, gas-works, and the various manufactures that pour their refuse into it.

5. Cistern water gets filthy by the settling of such impurities as are washed from the roof, by leaks in the pipe, and by not being well covered.

Dependence is a poor trade.

**Fidelity.**

To succeed in any undertaking we must enter into it in earnest, giving it our interest and deepest thoughts. The young man starting in life shows in the outset what his course will be. If he shows fidelity to his choice of occupation, he makes it a pleasant and profitable employment; but by restless wandering, to the neglect of imperative duties, he finds the road marked out a weary, toiling journey. Look at the many who have risen by their industry and fidelity to occupy the position of our wealthiest men. Their success was the reward of true fidelity. They started with the determination to succeed, and were not to be stopped by any difficulties in their way—by remaining firm in the discharge of every duty, they overcame obstacles which would have quelled less ardent spirits.

Another type of fidelity is that true bond of friendship existing between two of congenial thoughts and feelings—that love which exists even after adversity comes and fate seems to have forsaken them, and the dark clouds of sorrow hang heavy and close around. How refreshing it is sometimes, when looking around on the deception practiced, of which we see so much, to meet one of the kind described. We have so much of professed friendship and so little real that we are led to wonder at the familiar and old quotation, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," as at our greatest need we often find our friends out or otherwise engaged.

So goes the regular routine of life. Rare as they are, yet we meet sometimes men, noble in their actions, lifting from the depths into which he has fallen, one whose only claim is a friendship formed long ago, which years of probably endeavoring to do better, have not been able to quench. We are not to be misled, in an instance like this, for we are often led to deplore the loss of a friendship we prize—lost through the changes of a changeable world.

But we will not dwell on the dark side of life's bright pictures. We rather like to float pleasantly down the stream, closing our eyes to the rocks lying around us, while we revel in the sweet communion with friends who have proved their true fidelity to friendship.

We are taught many beautiful lessons from the fidelity of the animal. Notice the peculiar attachment of a dog to its master. They frequently cast reflections, by their dumb intellect, on us of bright intelligence, which we so often fail to perform for each other.

How anxious we should be to cultivate a true and upright mind—one above the meanness of betraying trust reposed. Try to benefit our fellow-beings, practicing in all our actions the golden rule: "Do ye unto others as ye would they should do unto you," and having, by an approving conscience, the reward of true fidelity.

**Japanese Manners and Customs.**

The Japanese never smoke opium. They have small pipes that will hold three good whiffs, and of the mildest Turkish tobacco. They have a clubhouse in Yokohama, of which the high officials are members. They have none at Yeddo, the capital. They have the games of chess, cards, and dominoes. Their cards are different from ours, but the essential principles of the game are the same. Lately they have become large importers of billiard tables, and the game is fast assuming their high rank. They are great wrestlers, and every year the champion wrestler wins the embroidered apron, which he is allowed to wear one year. No Japanese is allowed to cut down a tree unless he plants another. Under the law, the mother is held responsible for the good conduct of her children. If a trouble occurs in the street, the parties living opposite are held responsible for it. Of course, they try to make the parties "move on" and stop the row. The idea is, that every citizen must be a policeman. All married women have their eyebrows shaved. Married men have no distinctive mark. The Japanese are a jolly party. They have their illustrated *Punch*; besides that sixteen newspapers, with three English—the *Herald*, the *Mail*, and the *News*—published in Yokohama. The present emperor is the one hundred and twenty-fourth in regular line. In these generations there have been eight females. The present emperor, Montsouhito, is six feet high, twenty-two years old, and a fine specimen of a man.

**Instinct or Reason.**

A naturalist travelling in the West of Scotland observed a singular mode of obtaining food adopted by the Arctic tern, of the island of Bemboles. He says: "On coming within sight of the first ford, I observed between twenty and thirty terns quietly sitting on the banks of the salt-water stream; but the moment they saw us approaching they rose on wing to meet us, and then hovered gracefully above our heads as the pony stepped into the water. As soon as the wheels of the conveyance were fairly into the stream, the terns poised their wings for a moment, then precipitated themselves with a splash exactly above the wheel tracks, and at once rose, each with a wriggling sand-eel in its bill. At the next ford a similar scene was repeated by another group of Arctic terns, which we found there awaiting the arrival of some friendly travellers. In all these cases the bird showed no fear, but dexterously caught their prey, though repeatedly struck at with a whip. Twice over, by stretching out my arm, I nearly caught one of them as it poised itself for a plunge. On making particular inquiry, I was told by many of the inhabitants of both islands that this habit of the tern is a constant entertainment to those who cross the fords in wheeled conveyances."

Five of the Indian tribes in Alabama are civilized, temperate, intelligent, and pious. They have a population of fifty-five thousand souls, of whom ten per cent. are converted Christians.

**Facts and Figures.**

You must be a friend to yourself, and others will be.

A Detroit colored doctor refuses to attend white patients.

There are 40,000,000 bottles of Catawba wine in Cincinnati cellars.

A Chicago lady 72 years old is the mother of a baby aged 10 days.

Shrewd Illinois farmers have taken to raising wolves for the purpose of getting the bounty on their scalps.

Go not for every grievance to the physician, for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the ale-pot.

The negroes have commenced building a new town between Birmingham and Elyton, Alabama, which is known as Baconsville.

A foolish woman in Des Moines got up in her sleep, the other night, and walked into a well thirty feet deep.

The locust eggs are poisoning mulberries in Tennessee, by being deposited in them, and the mulberries are poisoning children by the same process.

Some jocosse fellows in Newbern, Ind., robbed a friend in the night for a joke, and paid a heavy fine the next day in earnest. The friend had no sense of humor.

An Iowa paper says the grasshoppers and potato bugs met in joint convention at Council Bluffs the other day. They decided to reject the one term principle.

A Boston woman claims to have read last year fifty metaphysical and scientific works, as many more of history and belles-lettres, besides 500 novels, plays, and poems.

A man in Kansas lately rode twelve miles after being bitten by a rattlesnake before he could get medical assistance. He did it in less than an hour and his life was saved.

If you would live to purpose, and live long, live industriously, temperately, regularly, all the while maintaining a conscientious void of offence toward God and toward man.

The Marianna (Fla.) *Courier* says that the county jail of Calhoun county has not had an inmate in over four years, and the county Commissioners have decided to let it be used for a better purpose—a corn crib. It has accordingly been converted into that useful adjunct to a farm.

A few days since the surveyor of highways in Danville, N. H., notified a woman having a tax of four cents to appear near the Union Church on a certain day, at an appointed hour, then and there to work out her tax. Accordingly at the appointed time and place she appeared, armed with a hoe, and toiled until her tax was cancelled, about fifteen minutes.

There is a camp of gypsies at Springfield, Ill., who have annually visited that place for many years. They are said to be quiet, inoffensive, honest, and industrious. They have employed the pastor of St. Paul Episcopal Church to marry three couples, and to baptize seven children. They incline, therefore, to the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopalians.

The Kentucky Legislature, in order to check the practice of opium eating in that State, has passed a bill that, on suitable affidavit, any person who, through excessive use of opium, arsenic, hashish, or any drug, has become incompetent to manage himself or his estate, may be confined in an asylum and placed under guardianship, as in the case of drunkards or lunatics.

It is bad business attempting to set matters right with a revolver, especially if it is unpracticed with that dangerous implement. A young man in Saginaw, Mich., endeavored, the other day, to clear his sister's reputation by shooting her traducer, who chanced at the moment to be one of a group of three. The excited young man shot both the others, and the traducer escaped shot-free.

We have a little story for boys with a nice moral to it. Little Johnny Moore, away out in Monroeville, Mich., went to a picnic last week, and like a foolish little boy that he was, tried to smoke a cigar. It made him sick, of course, and he threw himself on the wet grass and lay there a long time. The result was he had congestive chills and died. It is a sad story, and the moral is—that you can go to picnics if your parents are willing, but you had better not try to smoke cigars, and by all means don't lie on the wet grass.

We trust that the business of finding petrified giants has received a salutary check this time. The man that tried it lately in New Hampshire has come to grief. Some miserable employees of a railroad, who assisted at dead of night in planting the graven image beneath the honest farmer's apple, turned traitor and exposed the little game. The honest farmer was thereupon arrested, and has been muled in the sum of \$800 for trying to obtain money under false pretenses in his attempt to sell the giant. We trust that this will be a warning and that no daring mortal will any longer abuse our patience with the discovery of Cardiff giants.

There is a good deal of dry humor in the American press. The following extract from the *Louisville Courier* is a gem in its way: "The New York Sun, which is seldom satisfied with things, objects to the proportions of a rattlesnake recently seen in Carter County, in this State, and described as reaching from one side of the road to the other, while its body was as big as an ordinary burn." The *Sun* says "that was a very badly reported snake," and that "it should have been a good deal longer or else a good deal thicker." We should like to know who is running the snakes of this State, herself or the editor of the *New York Sun*. When things come to such a pass that New York arrogates to herself the right to dictate to Kentucky the size and shape of her serpents, it is high time for the trumpet to sound to arms and for the sword to leap from its scabbard."