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POETRY.

HOW LONG!

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

If on my grave the Summer buds were growing,
Or heath-like Winter weeds across it blowing,
Through joyous June, or desolate December,
How long, sweet heart, how long would you remember—
How long, dear love, how long?

For brightest eyes would open to the Summer,
And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
And on young lips grow roses for the taking,
When all the Summer buds to bloom are breaking—
How long, dear love, how long?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses,
Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses—
How long, dear love, how long?

Too gay, in June, you might be to regret me,
And living lips might woo you to forget me;
But ah, sweet heart, I think you would remember
When with me were you, in December—
So long, dear love, so long.

THE STORY-TELLER.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH BEDOUIN HIGHWAYMEN.

Shortly after the return of the great annual pilgrim caravan from Mecca to Bagdad, in 1865, Asiatic cholera broke out among the population of the latter city with such virulence, that young and old, male and female, both native and foreign, whose ever could muster a tent, an awning, or a few yards of matting to improvise a tent forthwith, hurriedly packed up a few indispensable requisites for a temporary encampment outside of the city walls, and betook themselves in hot haste to some suitable spot in the desert which surrounds the "City of the Caliphs," and where they encamped themselves, and remained until the dire epidemic had passed away in the city.

Those of Asiatic nationality pitched their tents mostly in and around the wretched little village of Carara, situated a few miles below Bagdad, on the left bank of the stately river Tigris, while the European residents (there were no Americans in Bagdad), about twenty in number, all told, selected the site of the famous fortress of Ctesiphon, about twenty miles below Bagdad, and also located on the left bank of the Tigris, as their camping-ground.

Our little camp, composed of about twenty large and comfortable tents, presented quite a cheerful aspect, notwithstanding the monotonous scenery of its surroundings, with its towers, minarets, and population, attended by European servants, and possessed of over thirty splendid Arab horses, picketed in a line in the centre of the cosy camp, on which animals we made daily promenades and hunting excursions in the neighborhood.

Owing to the circumstance that the soil plains all around us were unwholesome and uninhabited by man, we were compelled to get all our supplies, barring game or fish, from Bagdad or its suburbs.

A few days after pitching our tents at Seliman Bhag (Garden of Seliman, or Soliman), an utterly desolate locality now, but said to have formerly been a magnificent garden, the two Arab servants employed by us to purchase and convey the daily supplies above spoken of to our camp, returned several times, at irregular intervals, a few hours after their departure, without either the money given them to pay for the supplies they were sent to buy, or the goods, urging every time the plea that they had been waylaid, surprised, and robbed of the money with which they had been intrusted, by a gang of five marauding Bedouins on horseback, who, as they asserted, were continually prowling about Casseba, a locality situated about half-way between our camping-ground and the mouth of the Diyala, a river which joins the Tigris just half-way between the ruins of Ctesiphon and the city of Bagdad. Densely covered with bushes on both sides of the tortuous road, or, rather, footpath, and uninhabited by man, that district affords a capital hiding-place for highwaymen.

The men were never attacked when on their way back to the camp, but invariably on their way to town—namely, when they had the cash in their possession, and the robbers relieved them of the money only, as both donkeys, which accompanied the men for the purpose of carrying the goods, were branded on their haunches, and would, moreover, have only been an impediment to the robbers in case of pursuit—the animals were also old and almost worthless, though they constituted the worldly riches of the two poor devils, whose scanty and tattered garments were not likely to incite the cupidity of the gang.

As both fellows were notorious in camp for telling lies, and the proverb, "There is but little difference between a liar and a thief," is also known in Mesopotamia, we suspected that the two fellows either pocketed the money themselves, or that they were in league with the highwaymen, allowing themselves to be robbed by the latter for the purpose of getting their share of the plunder afterward.

In less than a month more than one thousand Turkish piastres (about forty-five dollars) of our money disappeared in this way; but the loss of the specie was not as aggravating as our being obliged to dispense with groceries and vegetables, often for days, to the great discomfort of the ladies and children in camp, who preferred vegetable to animal diet. (A characteristic of European life in Arabia and Mesopotamia.)

It was therefore resolved that every day three of our young men, well mounted and armed, should escort the two Arab servants as far as the Diyala, beyond which river there was no danger of an attack.

Strange to say, the escort never saw or met with any suspicious character on the road, but at the first time the three young men staid at home, the Arabs returned with long faces, and mine our money, of course. This so exasperated everybody in camp, that we vowed vengeance, and resolved to "spot" the dastardly vagabonds.

Two fellow-countrymen on whom our grave suspicions rested, an unknown Arab made his appearance in camp about sunset of that very day, nearly naked, and apparently greatly frightened and exhausted. After having seized and kissed the hands (the customary way of introducing oneself, as well as of claiming protection from the Arabs) the first party he met on the outskirts of our camp, who happened to be Mr. R—, a young countryman of mine, speaking and writing the Arabic language as well as any native Arab, the stranger told him that he came from Bagdad, and was returning to Azizia—a small town on the left bank of the Tigris, about thirty-six miles below our camping-ground—but that he had been pounced upon in the bushes of Casseba by five ruffians, who relieved him of a young bay mare, saddled and bridled, a woolen blanket, a sword, two pistols, and a small amount of money; together with all wearing apparel excepting a pair of old trousers, which the villains left him for decency's sake. He begged hard to be allowed to spend the night in camp, as he was hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, and as he bore the looks of a man who spoke the truth, his request was granted, with the proviso, however, that he was not to leave our camp before daylight the next morning, which he promised faithfully.

Herculean he was properly cared for by his fellow-countrymen in camp, and after refreshing himself a little, he proceeded to describe the five highwaymen who had robbed him, and his description of their worthies corresponded minutely with that given by our two donkey-drivers.

Though there was every appearance of truth in his story, there were men in camp who were too well acquainted with the character of the natives of the country in general, and Bedouin tricks in particular, to put much confidence in it; on the contrary, they suspected the stranger of being an accomplice of the highwaymen, sent into camp as a spy, or for the purpose of robbery.

It was thought advisable, however, not to show any suspicion, and to treat him ostensibly as the victim of robbers, but in reality all his movements were to be closely watched by the "Aghis" (camel watchmen) in whose tent he was to spend the night, and who had been made responsible for his safe-keeping, and had received strict orders to shoot him if he attempted to leave the camp before sunrise.

Previous to our retiring to rest, it was agreed that he should be provided with a small amount of money, so that he should proceed with one of our two donkey-drivers to Bagdad, for which journey we offered to pay him two hundred piastres (about nine dollars) in case of his being attacked again in the neighborhood of Casseba, to which he agreed.

After this arrangement was concluded, the two Arab drivers retired to rest except the "Aghis," who kept an unusually vigilant look out that night; but the stranger slept soundly, and had to be awakened in the morning.

Soon after sunrise the two men mounted their donkeys, and proceeded toward Bagdad, provided with the regular amount of money, to buy provisions thereabout.

Scarcely, however, were they out of sight of our camp when a busy bustle suddenly pervaded the latter; horses were hastily saddled and bridled, rifles and revolvers examined and loaded, and ten minutes later six horsemen staid out of camp toward Casseba, not on the Arab track, however, but by a circuitous route, and hidden from one by the long range of high mounds which constitute now all that is left of the ruins of Seliman Bhag and Ctesiphon, thus successfully evading detection on the part of our two Arabs, as well as of anybody else who might be on the other side of the plain intersected by the mounds.

On account of the wide circuit which we had to take, we were compelled to fall into a brisk pace, so that we might reach Casseba before the Arabs, who, the reader will readily perceive, were, unbeknown to themselves, to serve us as decoy-ducks, to use a sporting term.

About two miles above "Tank Kera" (Palace of Kera, or Keros), a famous Persian king of the Sassanid dynasty, who is supposed to have built the magnificent palace, the gigantic ruins of which still tower high above the ruins of ancient Ctesiphon, about the year 550 A. D., at a spot where the regular road or path to Bagdad passes through a sort of dell or cutting, in one of the enormous mud-walls or mounds, we saw the two Arabs slowly disappear among the bushes which cover that portion of the plain closest to the river-bank.

No sooner had the two men, utterly unconscious of being followed by us, disappeared among the brushwood, than our little band divided into two detachments of three men each. One of the parties followed up the course of the river, cautiously stealing through the bushes along the bank, while the other continued to advance along the base of the mounds to the uttermost end thereof; and it was agreed that both parties should proceed, until they should hear the report of firearms, when they were to dash out of their concealment, and endeavor to capture the highwaymen, or else shoot them.

Friend J— and myself enlisted in the latter party, who reached the terminus of the mounds about half an hour after separating from our companions. Immediately after arriving at our place of destination, we dismounted, and climbed the mound for the purpose of reconnoitering, a large tuft of grass growing on the top of the mound affording a capital screen for our faces. The whole bushy portion of the plain lay like a mammoth chart at our feet, and every object thereon was distinctly visible from our elevated position; moreover, we had the advantage of having the sun behind us.

At first, we could see no human beings on the plain, except the two Arabs jogging slowly on, one behind the other, on account of the narrowness of the path in that locality, which would like a serpent through the low bushes. They

were at a distance of barely six hundred yards to the left of us, riding rather slowly, as if they neither knew of, nor cared for, the dangerous character of the locality.

Presently we saw them battering their donkeys' sides with the heels of their bare feet, and even heard them yelling in the usual way of the natives of that region when urging a donkey to greater speed, an indiscretion which took us by surprise, as both of them must have been fully aware that it was quite against all rules of caution to make much noise in that neighborhood.

The sound of the human voice brought about a slight change in the tableau before our eyes, for, to our great excitement, we noticed a faint commotion in the dense tuft of bushes scarcely two hundred yards ahead of the two travellers, and about a hundred yards to the left of their path.

We distinctly saw the swarthy figure of a Bedouin, as his costume denoted him to be, mount a black horse, and, rising in the stirrups, stretch his neck, and scan the country all round over the top of the bushes. After remaining about half a minute in this position, he nimbly dismounted, and, hurriedly leading his horse toward the spot where the suspected individual had disappeared from our view. They appeared to be unaware of the whereabouts of our two Arabs, and quite unconscious of the presence of others.

Nearer and nearer to the dangerous spot advanced the two travellers on donkeys' back. Gladly would we have stopped to see the vagabonds in the bush pounce upon the two unsuspecting poor fellows, but we had lingered too long already on the mound, and expected every minute to see the dance begin. We therefore hurried down, vaulted into the saddle, got ready for the charge, and waited impatiently for the signal.

Ten minutes at least elapsed before the tremendous report of two Arab pistols was heard. Like lightning we dashed round the corner, and headed straight toward a solitary cluster of date-trees of unusual height, growing on the bank near the mouth of the River Diyala, and visible at a distance of over twenty miles.

Scarcely had we made our appearance on the open plain, when five villainous-looking Bedouins, profusely armed and splendidly mounted, crashed at a break-neck pace through the bushes to our left, some three hundred yards ahead of us, hotly pursued by our three companions, who tried hard to make them prisoners, and did not fire a single shot at first.

The savage soundcries uttered a yell of rage, as they sped us three dashing down upon them from the opposite side, and shook their long lances in defiance upon reaching the open desert before we could cut them off.

Although they were at least three hundred yards ahead of us, we did not give up the hope of catching some of them, and kept up the pursuit at a rattling pace for some time; but they were too well mounted, and too familiar with the every inch of the ground over which they sped, to allow us to run them down so easily.

Noticing, however, to their consternation, that we nevertheless succeeded in almost overtaking them, they were just about trying their usual dodge of separating and dashing off in different directions, when we gave them a volley from our revolvers, which only had the effect of increasing the speed of their horses, and that of their two lean grayhounds, which latter squeezed their tails between their legs, and made off as if Lucifer was after them, while the bold horsemen, naturally expecting another volley, stooped down over the off-side of their saddles, effectively getting out of our sight, and leaving only one leg stretched across the saddle exposed to our view, thus making it almost appear as if the five horsemen sped over the ground without any riders at all. Never before did I witness such splendid horsemanship as displayed by these cowardly vagabonds.

But scarcely two minutes elapsed before we were gratuitously treated by them to a second feat of horsemanship, which far exceeded the former, and filled us all with amazement.

As they had anticipated, we gave them another volley, but this time also without effect, as we thought them almost beyond pistol-range. This dose proved more effective, for, as they were brought down the foremost horse with a tremendous crash, together with its rider. The poor animal rolled over and over in the dust, while its master, who had probably thought himself out of range of firearms, and had made a slight mistake by resuming his usual seat in the saddle, was thrown at least eight yards ahead of his horse upon the ground, and remaining immovable, lying flat on his back.

Whether he was killed outright by the terrible fall, or stunned, or whether he was ushered into the paradise of the Moslem by a well-aimed shot of his pursuers, will most likely for ever remain a mystery with the latter, for no sooner did two of his followers come up to where he lay, when, without slackening even for an instant the appalling speed of their horses, they suddenly bent, dashing up to the right and left-hand side of the prostrate man, deep over their saddles, and, with a simultaneous herculean grasp, raised the body of their companion entirely from the ground, deposited him safely in the lap of one of them, speeding along all the time this was being done as if nothing had happened.

The novelty and daring of the performance elicited an involuntary exclamation of astonishment, I might almost say admiration, from our lips. I must not forget to mention that the riderless horse, almost immediately after its fall,

had regained its feet, and galloped off, but soon showed signs of distress, and had, consequently, to be abandoned by the fugitives, as well as the pistol and spear of their unfortunate companion, as the two horsemen who brought up the rear, were kept busy firing into us, which they did, I believe, less for the sake of returning the compliment than for the purpose of endeavoring to keep us at bay, so as to facilitate the rescue of their companion in distress. They fired, however, too high, and their bullets whizzed harmlessly over our heads.

As by this time our horses, which had had a considerably longer race than those of the Bedouins, began to show signs of distress, and as, moreover, the ground had become rougher and rougher the more we advanced, we gave up the chase, and directed our attentions to the wounded horse, which was caught, and proved not to be seriously disabled by a rifle ball.

After halting about half an hour on the field of battle, in order to allow our horses to regain their breath, we returned with our trophies to camp, accompanied by the two Arab servants, who were quite dumbfounded at our unexpected protection and assistance, and the very moment when the highwaymen had fired two pistol-shots over the heads of their victims, as they were wont to do, in order to frighten them out of their wits.

I need scarcely add that Casseba was thenceforward no longer an unsafe locality for travellers.

Uses of the Cocoa-Nut.

It would be no easy matter to enumerate all the useful services which the cocoa-nut, and the other parts of the tree to which it belongs, render to man, especially in the East. The kernel is not eaten as we eat it, as fruit, but is prepared in a variety of ways for curries and other dishes; the milky juice is re-lished as a pleasant beverage; the oil is used in making stearine candles and lamp-oil, ointment, and an aid to cookery; the resin from the trunk, mixed with the oil from the nut, and melted, forms a substance useful for filling up the seams of ships and boats, covering the corks of bottles, and repelling the attacks of the white ant; the root pos- sessed of medicinal qualities, and is used in chewing like the areca-nut. The terminal bud is esteemed a delicacy, although not easily obtainable without cutting down the tree. The sap, or toddy, is a beverage, and is also fermented to produce palm-wine and arack-spirit. The dried leaves are used for thatch, and for making screens, mats, baskets and a kind of plait while the mid-rib of the leaf serves the natives as an oar. The wood of the lower part of the stem is very hard, takes a beautiful polish, and is known to our turners and ornamental joiners as precupine wood; the fibrous centre of the older stems is worked like cordage, and similar articles. The husk of the ripe nut, when cut across, is used for polishing furniture and scrubbing floors. Within the nut is occasionally found a small stony substance of a bluish white color, worn by the Chinese as a kind of amulet or charm.—All the Year Round.

Stained Glass.

One of the prominent industries of Munich is staining glass, of which the method is told as follows:—"They who sit in the light of so many brilliant windows—little know, perhaps, how much labor goes to the making of them. They are first designed, then stained in bits; their colors are burned in separately—first the blue, then the red, and so on, until successive heatings in the oven. They are then to be pierced into a whole, with leadings connecting the pieces, then swung into a large window frame to be examined. If any defect be discovered, the part or parts must be burned again in an oven, and then the whole must be burned together. The scene in the glassmaker's workshop is remarkable enough. Here is a man engaged upon a martyr's tomb, while in another room the eyes of the same saint cast upon you their last look of despair as they are shoved into a furnace heated sevenfold—just as if Herr Fortner, who now presides, I believe, were another Diocletian. A week later you will see the martyr, polished by his ordeal, smiling down a whole rainbow upon the workmen in their shirt sleeves, in an apartment full of chalk, old planks, corks, and all kinds of odds and ends. These fellows are no respecters of persons either. Gods and saints, St. George's dragon and the chamois destined for some nobleman's hunting-box, are cast together into the oven and shine together along the walls."

Influence of Flowers.

Flowers exert a wonderfully softening, refining and elevating influence upon the character. There are few who are not susceptible to it, in favorable circumstances. The model farmer of olden times, who begrudged his wife or daughter a bit of land to beautify, who denounced all blossoms which resulted in no marketable fruit as useless and plowed up the bright pine, and marigolds with a ruthless hand, has passed away, we trust, or at most but a few of the species remain. It is becoming more and more the pleasant fashion, not only in towns and villages, but in secluded rural homes where the plain farmer's family toil hard, for the children to have little plots of ground where they may raise flowers to charm the eye. If parents only realized the educating power of plants, and how keenly most children enjoy watching the growth and development of vegetable life, they would foster the desire they so often express "to have a garden of their own." Now, in the early spring-time, let at least a few seeds and roots be obtained; let a bit of the yard, or if this is not possible, some flower-pot, be devoted to the amusement and instruction of the little folks. It will not merely keep them out of mischief to have some pleasant occupation in the open air, it will be health-giving and mind and heart improving. Don't forget the flower seeds!

Where to Locate.

In reply to many inquiries addressed to the New York Farmers' Club, asking advice as to the best place for farmers to locate, Prof. Henry E. Colton has prepared and published the following valuable information. Prof. Colton says:

It is impossible to recommend any one section of country as the best for all persons. Florida is liked by some, and they go there and make money. Others think it the most abominable country on the face of the earth. In the first place, I have never yet seen that land where any man could prosper without work, yet I think a lazy man can live with less exertion in Florida than any other part of the United States; and it will be mere living, and he will not be likely to do himself or any one else any good. To such persons as like a warm climate the whole year through, Southern Florida is the place. The soil is generally a mixture of shell-lime and sand, and needs simply vegetable or nitrogenous matter to make it produce abundantly. To those persons who desire to get the best climate for the prevention of every character of lung and bronchial diseases, and to prolong life after they are thus attacked, I can recommend Western North Carolina, the table land between the Blue Ridge and the Smoky Mountains. The soil is very fertile, and as the Pennsylvania Central has brought the four railroads centering at Asheville, and agreed to complete them, that section will soon have ample railroad facilities. Anything may be grown there which grows in Central New York. The Cumberland Mountain Table Land has also a dry atmosphere, but the soil is not so rich and is of a different geological formation from Western North Carolina. For raising good stock, either for regular or special markets, I would recommend West Virginia, or the southwestern part of Virginia; the latter I change the best, nearly equal to these is East Tennessee. Railroad transportation from all these sections is rapid and cheap. The soil of all of them is of the limestone character, and in South-Western Virginia, as soon as the tree-growth is cut from the mountains, fine grass springs up indicating the best pasture for hatters in Baltimore and Washington that the beef from cattle raised there ranks higher than any other. Special attention is paid to the transportation of stock by the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad from Norfolk to Bristol. The Chesapeake and Ohio will soon furnish an outlet from West Virginia. For general farming the lands east of the Blue Ridge, through Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia are the more to be recommended. Quantities of these lands are for sale at low prices; many acres are what is termed worn-out, but as has been repeatedly proven by Northern farmers it is only a little sick from bad management, and needs doctoring to make them as fertile as in their original state. They all produce clover, and may be brought up by soiling with that crop or with the common field pea. They will in a year or two produce from 20 to 25 bushels of wheat to the acre, which from its superior character and nearness to market is equivalent to near twice that amount in Minnesota or Nebraska. Government lands in the South subject to the Homestead act exist in Alabama and Florida. There are thousands of acres of good lands which are thus subject to entry. By the law of Congress any man may acquire 80 acres at a cost of \$14, and after living on it five years can get a clear title by paying \$2 more. Some of the finest timbered lands in Alabama are thus subject to entry, and, too, on or near the Alabama and Chattanooga or North and South Railroads. These lands, and those in Northern Georgia, all produce all the grains and grass; also cotton may be grown in great quantities. I would never advise any Northern man to try to grow cotton on a large scale. Not one out of a hundred will make it profitable. East Tennessee is also an excellent grain region, as well as adapted for stock raising. The soil is limestone and very fertile. Mountain regions far from Arkansas are both sections now coming into notice from the number of railroads being built through them. The soil is fertile and generally limestone. The same may be said of South-Western Missouri; Kansas also partakes of the same character. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and other railroads afford rapid and liberal transportation from these sections. The soil seems almost inexhaustible in richness. Further northward is the great granary of the United States, and I might say of the world. In the production of wheat, no State will probably compare with Minnesota, and while even now ranking among the first, not more than a third of her cultivated lands are in tillage. Every one knows the inducements offered to settlers by the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate of Minnesota is noted for its peculiar dryness, but the long winters make it a disagreeable home for many persons. Various inquiries have been received as to Oregon and Washington Territory. To such persons as desire an entire change of climate, no move can be more desirable than to go to the Pacific slope. At the same time they will find a fertile soil and a country destined to be wealthy and populous. One of the chief questions asked by inquirers is, Are there any mosquitoes? I have failed yet to find the place where these pests do not exist, except in some mountain regions far from a railroad. Another, as to the healthiness; I do not believe that any place was ever created where man was to live forever, but there are localities in which some diseases are less prevalent or entirely unknown. Chills and fevers exist almost everywhere, where except in high lands and dry climates; the result, in my opinion, or of a frequent change of climate, or of a low state of the nervous and physical system. I have seen more cases of them in an equal area in the City of Brooklyn than in any so-called malarious swamp-land on the Mississippi River. I would advise all persons who think of moving

their homes to determine first what they want to do, what climate will best suit them, and when they move to make up their minds to stay there. The best time to move South is late in the fall; things do not look so attractive then, but one is less apt to be sick next summer, and also more apt to be satisfied with a purchase than if made from the attractive clothing of spring covers the rough places. I think spring the best time to go West, as, if not early enough to put in a crop himself, the immigrant may easily get work through the summer. It should be remembered that good, working farmers and mechanics are always in demand, that trading is already overdone, and that no one wants loafers anywhere.

A Corrupt Press.

Nothing is so demoralizing in its influence upon the community as a corrupt press—a press that will suffer the love of money to influence it in giving opinions diametrically opposed to what it considers right. We are accustomed, in this part of the country, to hear much about subsidized newspapers; but the practice is rare indeed to what it is in many foreign countries, notably in Austria. Though the Austrian press is remarkable for its talent, and infinitely better written and directed than all the journals of northern Germany, it is very corrupt, and recent disclosures have astonished even the very people who read it. The majority of papers in the Austrian Empire are started by companies on shares, just as lotteries are founded, and only capital enough is paid to support the new enterprise for a few months. The rest comes from "watering the stock" from selling the leading articles regularly, and from a vigorous system of blackmailing. Circulation and advertisements are not considered as all necessary to the success of a paper. The commercial value of the written word—the opinion—is all that is thought of. The editor of one of the principal papers in Vienna has in eight years, with a circulation of fifteen thousand copies, accumulated a fortune of three millions. Of course he has only done this by selling his opinions in the freest manner. The director of any prominent Austrian newspaper does not hesitate to go to any new company, formed for purposes of speculation, and to offer them his services for developing the scheme. They are generally accepted, because unless they are a furious onslaught will be commenced against the enterprise, and the characters of none of the officers will be safe. There is considerable freedom of the press in Austria even for the discussion of political matters, and the editors have not the excuse that they are driven to venial writing. Still, newspaper editing is a somewhat dangerous game. Trial by jury can at any time be suspended in favor of the government, and an offending editor may be imprisoned for a long time. Of course the government does not often condescend to extreme measures, but it has all the power. There are about ninety political daily journals in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and hardly one of them is exempt from the charges of bribery, corruption and vulgar insincerity.

Chance in Gambling.

Closely connected with the theory about the range of possibility in the matter of chance combinations, is the theory of the "chance" of the "most elementary" of the sciences—"probability." It might safely be termed the most mischievous of gambling superstitions. As an illustration of the application of this theory, we may cite the case of an Englishman, once well known at foreign gambling tables, who has based a system on a generalization of this theory. He has written a book, the theory asserts that when there has been a run in favor of any particular event, the chances in favor of the event are reduced, and, therefore, necessarily, the chances in favor of other events are increased. Now our Englishman watched the play at the roulette table for two full hours, carefully noting the numbers which came up during that time. Then, eschewing those numbers which had come up oftenest, he staked his money on those which had come up very seldom or not at all. Here was an infallible system, according to "the most elementary" of the theories of probability. The tendency of chance results to right themselves, so that events are equally likely in the first instance will occur an equal number of times in the long run, was called into action to enrich our gambler and to ruin the unlucky bankers. Be it noted, in passing, that events do not right themselves, though this circumstance does not operate quite as the gambler supposed, and cannot be trusted to put a penny into any one's pocket. The system was tried, however, and instead of reasoning respecting its soundness, we may content ourselves with the result. On the first day our Englishman won more than \$700 in a single hour. "His exultation was boundless. He thought he had really discovered the 'philosopher's stone.' Off he went to his banker's, and transmitted the greater portion of his winnings to London. The next day he played and lost fifty pounds; and the following day he achieved the same result, and had to write to town for remittances. In five, in a week he had lost all the money he won at first, with the exception of fifty pounds, which he reserved to take him home; and, being thoroughly convinced of the exceeding fickleness of fortune, he has never staked a sixpence since, and does all in his power to dissuade others from playing."—The Cornhill.

Chance in Gambling.

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There is one right in which we believe that every woman should be secured, that of refusing to marry an unsuitable suitor without the risk of being shot at the spot. A Miss Hutchings, in Leake county, Mississippi, was lately killed by a young man named Gill, because she had refused to marry him. We think the young man was entirely in the wrong here, and should be remonstrated with. That sort of thing won't do even in Mississippi.

Facts and Figures.

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

One Maria Pippin still lives at Winocoki, Vt., who has had twenty-three children and 220 descendants all told.

The girls of Evansville, Indiana, abjure side-saddles and ride man fashion. They are for women's rights to the back bone.

A colored Amazon in Georgia resisted a policeman for eleven hours before he succeeded in getting her into the calaboose.

The washerwomen of Detroit are said to be organizing a trade union, to protect themselves against "Chinese cheap labor."

An Iowa lady believes in life insurance, as by its agency she has realized \$50,000 off two husbands, and not very good husbands either.

A woman has been discovered in North Carolina that marches in single file, "countless thousands" of them forming one continuous line.

A wealthy man in Pike county, Ind., recently died, having left his property to all the completely within a radius of eight miles from his residence.

A few days since the conductor of a freight train, running out of New Orleans, left home before daylight to take charge of his train. Soon after his departure, some one, who must have been well acquainted with the premises, entered the house, administered chloroform to his wife, who was still asleep, and stole \$600 from under the mattress.

A policeman in Lawrence, Massachusetts, the other night, encountered a Mrs. Jones clad in the garments of the night, with a pair of men's No. 10 boots on, a parasol over her head, and a Bible in her hand. She was under the impression that she was going to church, and on being roughly awakened was induced to acknowledge the inappropriateness of her attire.

There is a wondrous child in Heard Co., Ga. He was born only a few months ago, and when nine days old repeated the words "new moon" nine times very distinctly and at every appearance of that orb in her virgin freshness he gives the announcement in the same way. This "moon" child belongs to a child of one Mrs. Spradlin, and all the neighbors vouch for the truth of the story.

Next month the Norwegians celebrate the 1,000th anniversary of their national independence by dedicating a monument to Harald Haarfager, the warrior who won their freedom for them. It is to take the form of a light house at the grave of Harald, which is at one of the most dangerous points on the coast of Norway, and this will serve as a beacon to warn the mariner from the dangerous rocks as well as to remind all Norwegians of the national glories of a thousand years ago.

A married lady in Rock Island, Illinois, had been in the habit, for several years, of placing needles in her mouth. Now and then she swallowed one, and it was sure to appear in some strange locality a few months after passing down her throat. During the last five years seven needles have been extracted from her body in different places—two from the region of the stomach and short ribs, one from the leg near the knee, and recently one was taken from the left temple. The lady has also enjoyed good health, and has never suffered any inconvenience from her metallic diet.

An aged woman, of about eighty years, lately arrived at the Albany depot in Boston, completely exhausted by starvation. She had been in the hands of the Dunleith (Iowa) Poorhouse for a number of months. A few days ago she was provided with a ticket to Boston by that institution, and a pound of hard-tack upon which to subsist during her journey. Unfortunately the old woman had no teeth, and was consequently unable to make use of the food so generously provided. She has a daughter in Cambridge, and it was with a view of transferring her to the daughter's care that the Dunleith authorities sent her on.

There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank and attractive. How different is affectation. The simple-minded are always natural. They are, at the same time, original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out, and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend. To attempt to be anybody else, is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contempible to try it. But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would it make you any better? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as a shadow of a substance, the echo of a real sound, the counterfeit of a pure coin. Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real. Shun affectation.

The Cincinnati Enquirer tells this story of the discovery of Salt Lake: "A party of beaver trappers, who had ascended the Missouri with Henry and Ashley found themselves in pursuit of their occupation on Bear River, in Cache (or Willow) Valley, where they encamped for the winter of 1825-26, and in discussing the course which Bear River ran, a bet was made between two of the party, and James Bridger (who is still alive) was selected to follow the course of the river, and determine the bet. This took him to where the river passes through the mountains, and he discovered Great Salt Lake. He went to its margin and tasted the water, and on his return reported the discovery. The fact of the water being salt induced the belief that it was an arm of the Pacific Ocean. In the spring of 1826 four men went in skin-boats around it, to discover if any streams containing beaver were to be found emptying into it, but returned with indifferent success."