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## POETRY.

### THE HORNY HAND.

O, tetter with the mottled brow,  
And with the horny hand,  
No matter if you hold the plow,  
Or at the next hand,  
Your heart should fill with holy pride,  
Your mission is so grand.  
My father worketh hitherto,  
And I work, was the word  
Of him whose speech was ever true,  
Yet honor claimed as God,  
The truly loyal to toll  
With hammer, brain or loom.  
Until some patient tender bise  
With cunning hand or brain,  
No telescope can pierce the skies—  
No steamer cross the main;  
Nor distant ends of earth be linked  
With telegraph and train.  
The barren earth is clothed with bloom,  
The desert bears the rose,  
The darkest mine ferrets its gloom  
And all its wealth of ore,  
And wondrous fabrics fill the loom  
Where'er the trollee goes.  
No lordly palace can stand  
On towering cliff or hill,  
Without the mason's trowel hand,  
Or builder's entranced skill;  
You, all the world of labor join;  
Each palace-home to fill.  
The tollers—not the drones of earth—  
Are worthy of renown;  
These are the masons of birth,  
With hands begrimed and brown,  
And they when reason has her reign—  
Will win and wear the crown.  
The man who ever restless brain  
Or sturdy trollee hand,  
Has reared two blades of useful grain  
Where one alone did stand,  
Shall have his well-deserved applause  
From all, in every land.  
All hail! then, to the horny hand,  
And to the mottled brow,  
To those who with their trowel hand,  
Or guide the cleaving plow,  
The day when labor wears the crown  
Is dawning even now! —*Erica Herold.*

## THE STORY-TELLER.

### TIMMS' STRATEGY.

#### A STORY OF TWO RIVALS.

Mapes was chivalrous by nature; he believed in "seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." His enthusiasm was aroused by the recital of stories of deeds of desperate daring; while he had nothing but contempt for even success won by crooked and indirect means. Timms, on the contrary, believed that there was policy in war, and that the end justified the means, particularly if the end was attained. Companions from infancy, their lives had been spent in competition for scholastic and such other honors as the locality afforded, without even a momentary break in their friendship. But now, in early manhood, they struggled for a prize of inalienable value, with an ardor that threatened a complete rupture of friendly relations.

The heart and hand of Eliza Reed, the neighborhood belle, were to be won; and to these none others might aspire, in the face of such formidable competition as that of Mapes and Timms. They alone—each by virtue of his own personality and position—had a right to lay siege to the heart of that variable, irritable, imperious beauty, and for months the strife between had gone on. Each one had called into play all his personal and social resources; for the local society had taken such an interest that it was divided into two factions, the Mapesites and the Timmsites. And yet Miss Eliza could not be brought to express a preference; if she rode with one to-day, she was careful to walk abroad with the rival to-morrow. Coquetry is delicious to a woman; and Eliza would not have been feminine had she been in haste to have made an election. Nevertheless, she did not intend to miss her opportunity. She knew well the war could not always last, and feared that when one of the aspirants for her favor withdrew from the contest, the love of the other, wanting the stimulus of competition, would grow cold; hence, she had made up her mind that, upon the first favorable opportunity, she would signify to Mapes that she suited, so often promised, was at last accepted. The opportunity, it seemed, was not to be long wanting; for invitations were given for an apple-see in the neighborhood, and Eliza found means to convey an intimation to Mapes that she expected to meet him there, and counted on his frolic.

The appointed evening looked for with such nervous anticipation by Mapes, came at last. He felt that it was the most important of his life, and arrayed himself as only a rustic dandy can. His way lay across a meadow, through which ran—or rather lolloped—a deep, but narrow stream, spanned by a single log. It was so dark when he reached this primitive bridge that he was compelled to feel his way slowly across. As he progressed it commenced to swing lightly—something very unusual—until he reached the centre, when to his utter confusion, it gave way, and he was launched into the water. He scrambled out, then suddenly the night became luminous with that lurid light to which people refer when they say, in speaking of some profane wretch, "He sowed until all was blue." Whatever illuminating qualities this lurid light possessed, it had no drying ones, and Mapes was forced to bid adieu for the night to all hopes of plighting his troth to the loved Eliza.

In the rural districts Down East, in early times, the good people had such habits of industry and rigid economy that they seldom gave, or attended parties, unless such as were cloaked under the names of raisings, quiltings, hunkings, or apple-see; thus, the apple-see, fraught with momentous consequences to Mapes and Timms—was but a social party in disguise—a few apples being pared, quartered, corered, and strung in the early evening for appearance's sake. As usual, Eliza Reed was the belle of the occasion. Good looks, entire self-possession, and a keen, satirical wit

shadow of his bride-arm, and within easy reach of his right hand. A near look assured Mapes that he had no occasion for weapons; the coming man was of middle age, but his look was worn, weary, dejected, and hopeless—in ool phrase, his manner was that of a person who has "lost his grip," and those who have met that terrible misfortune are never highway robbers, "grip" being the very quality wanted in that hazardous pursuit.

The travellers met with a long, inquiring gaze, when from their lips simultaneously burst the words, "Mapes!" "Timms." After a moment of mute surprise, Mapes, spurring his mustang, drew nearer to Timms.

"So—we meet at last. I have been wanting to see you this many a year." The movement seemed ominous to Timms, and he cried out: "Don't—don't shoot! I have no weapons! Besides, I have kept my oath—at least, as well as I could. I never told the reason why you didn't attend the apple-see, nor ever breathed a syllable about the sawed log—upon my solemn oath!"

"I wasn't thinking of the ducking," said Mapes.

"Don't come any nearer," returned Timms. "I have always tried to use that woman well; but she wouldn't be kindly; I but she wouldn't be treated kindly."

"It is no use to go over the grounds to me, Timms," said Mapes.

"But," replied Timms, "you have no idea what that woman is; you wouldn't blame me, if you only knew. She's a broadsheet me till I ain't half a man."

"No, I see," said Mapes.

"No, you don't see," replied Timms. "You don't see half. Look at this scar"—taking off his hat, and showing a long seam on his scalp; that was done with the skillet."

"You have suffered," said Mapes.

"Suffered!" returned Timms. "You ought to have sworn her, too. If you only knew how I have thought of you, and of my oath to you, and how I have borne blows, and been quiet—how I have been called a brute and a fool, and kept silent—how I have endured taunts and sneers, hunger and discomforts, without a word of reproach—you would forgive me; you wouldn't harbor thoughts of revenge."

"Thoughts of revenge!" returned Mapes. "Let us dismount, and have a settlement; for I see your chance has come at last."

"Mapes, would you take the life of an unarmed man?"

"Timms, you're crazy! Let me explain. I have no wrongs to avenge. It isn't for vengeance that I have wanted to see you. I have heard of you often—know all your life and experiences; and I have only wanted to meet you, to offer you a home and friendship, employment and opportunities for prosperity, here in California. I would give you no debt, but a word of gratitude for the inestimable favor you did me by that little job of carpenter work; and that I mean to pay. Come with me."

He took Timms' horse by the bridle, turned him about without remonstrance, and they travelled on in silence.

After a while, Timms raised his eyes timidly from the ground, and said: "Mapes, she's the devil!" —*Overland Monthly.*

Joquin Miller.

A correspondent of the *Treka* (Cal.) *Journal* narrates the following in regard to the poet of the Sierras:

The poet's pedigree and place of birth are generally known. He has many queer habits and eccentricities, but there is enough of the noble and generous in his composition to compensate for his faults, whatever they may be. I first saw him at the mines on McAdam's Creek, California. He was then fresh from the wilds of Oregon. His long, tow-colored hair reached to his shoulders, and, taken altogether, he was about the greenest looking specimen around the diggers.

Literature was then as now his ambition, and he kept constantly scribbling. I was several times favored with a sight of his manuscript, some of which I thought had peculiar merit; but most of his writings neither gods nor men could understand. He knew nothing of the laws of versification, nor indeed of the rules of grammar, and when told by me that he must reconstruct his poetry, observing a rhythmical arrangement of words, and giving each line a certain number of feet according to the kind of verse, his astonishment was great, and, thinking by my amazed appearance over his queer lines that I meant to disparage his talents, he indignantly snatched the manuscript from the table, exclaiming: "Oh, d—n the rith-um and measurement! there's theidea, and I know what poetical license means."

His many eccentricities made him a butt for all the rough jokes on the creek. When smarting under some of those taunts, I have often seen his flushed face express the keenest pain. Soon, however, he found a most effectual way to check such insults. He bought a long, heavy Colt's revolver, which at full cock he would level at the face of the person attacking him, who, thinking he meant mischief, thereupon would let him alone.

In the year 1859 Joquin worked for Hurst & Co., on Clear Creek. The salary he would not pay him, and being a ruffian and a bully, attempted to frighten him away. Joquin again resorted to the logical influence of his revolver, and with the most satisfactory success. He also mounted a horse belonging to Hurst & Co., which he rode off and sold, paying himself with the proceeds. He also stole a horse, and the law, however, did not recognize such an irregular proceeding, but rather considered it in the light of a felony. Hurst procured a warrant for his arrest, and accompanied Sheriff Bradley, of Deadwood, to put it in execution. Joquin's main business was smoothing his cherished tresses when he saw the men approaching, and reluctantly dropping the brush, he leisurely started up the mountain. Not heeding Bradley's order to halt, that officer fired two shots from his pistol. Joquin replied by shooting twice at Hurst, who was still approaching, and then, with a shout, demanded Bradley to stop. The mandate not being heeded, that officer grazed a bullet through the thigh that just grazed the main artery, which stopped further pursuit.

Brandy and Work.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, a paper on "Further experiments on the effect of alcohol and exercise on the elimination of nitrogen, and on pulse and temperature of the body," was presented by Dr. E. A. Parkes. It contained a detailed description of experiments made on a soldier, a Scotchman, who had been brought up on oatmeal and milk, and who, at one time, had been in the habit of taking more than a fair amount of whiskey. As a soldier, however, he bears the character of a steady man in the enjoyment of perfect health. His experience as to the effect of alcohol is noteworthy. He commenced the exercise and brandy period of the experiment with a belief that the brandy would enable him to perform the work more easily, but ended with the opposite conviction. The brandy was taken in four ounce doses at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and 6 P. M., in an equal quantity of water, and the work was chiefly done in two hours immediately succeeding each dose, and from 6 to 8 A. M. The two hours' work from 10 A. M. to 12 M., immediately after the first four ounce doses of brandy, was thought, done equally well with and without the brandy. The man affirmed that he could tell no difference, except that, to lick their feet, and wash their faces after the manner of their foster mothers.

All animals feel wonder, and many exhibit curiosity, the latter affording opportunity for hunters, in many parts of the world, to decoy the game into their power. The faculty of imitation, so strongly developed in man, especially in a barbarous state, is expressed in monkeys. A certain bull-terrier of our acquaintance, when he wishes to go out of the room, jumps at the handle of the door and grasps it with his paws, although he cannot turn the handle. Parrots also reproduce with wonderful fidelity the tones of different speakers, and puppies reared by cats have been known to lick their feet, and wash their faces after the manner of their foster mothers.

Attention and memory are also present in the lower animals, and it is impossible to deny that the dreams of dogs and horses show presence of imagination or a certain skow of reason is also present. Animals likewise profit by experience, as any man realizes who sets traps. The young are much more easily caught than the old, and the adults gain caution by seeing the fate of those who are caught. Tools are also used by some of the higher apes. The chimpanzee uses a stone to crack a nut resembling an almond, and the Abyssinian baboon fights troops of another species, and rolls down stones in the attack before they finally close in a hand-to-hand encounter. The idea of common property is common also to every dog with a bone, to all birds with their nests, and notably in the case of rooks. Nor can a certain kind of language be denied to the brute. The dog does not bark, but whines and barks of different tones, which undoubtedly raise in his fellow dogs ideas similar to those passing in his own mind. —*Edinburgh Review.*

Curiosities of Animal Life.

There can be no doubt, writes Mr. Darwin, that dogs feel shame as distinct from fear, and something very like modesty, when begging too often for food. A great dog scorns the snarling of a little dog, and this may be called magnanimity. Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly disliked being laughed at, as they sometimes invent imaginary offences. In the Zoological Gardens I saw a baboon that always got into a furious rage when his keeper took out a letter or book and read it aloud to him, and his rage was so violent that, as I witnessed on one occasion, he bit his own leg till the blood flowed.

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Facts and Figures.

East Cambridge, Mass., is suffering from an army of locusts.

There are eighty Pullman palace cars arriving at and departing from Chicago every day. The amount of money expended in their manufacture ranges from about \$10,000 to \$30,000 for each car, the average cost being about \$16,500. The amount of capital, therefore, invested in the Pullman cars which accommodate the business of Chicago, amounts to about \$1,300,000.

The Grand Jury of a criminal court in London recently indicted themselves, not as a nuisance precisely, but as a superfluity. They expressed the belief that the function of a Grand Jury is fully discharged by the inquires of the committing magistrate. In regard to this presentment the common Sergeant of the court very decidedly disagreed with the Grand Jury, believing the existence of that body to be essential to an effective administration of justice. It is probable that in this instance the hostility of the jurors to the Grand Jury may have arisen from impatience at being called upon to give the time and attention necessary for the performance of the duties required of them in their official capacity.

"Crazy Black Dick," who died and deny at Harrisburg, Pa., on Saturday, was a man with a mission, notwithstanding he was insane. There is at Harrisburg a tangled network of tracks between the two depots, over which trains are constantly passing. For years "Crazy Dick," in a wicker chair and under all circumstances, made it his chosen work to run along in front of every train that started, warning every one to clear the track. Only once was he tempted from his post, and then a railway engineer gave him a ride to Pittsburgh. While he was absent a child was killed on the track, and after that no inducement could persuade him to leave. The railroad men will find it hard to do without his services, so freely and courageously rendered.

At the first battle of Manassas, a Virginian named Crockett Grayson was shot in the head, the bullet entering the temple, passing through the inner ear and lodging in the bone back of the ear, where it remained until recently, when a physician made an incision, and a portion of the bone with the ball was found so firmly imbedded that it had to be clipped out with a chisel. The lead removed weighed half an ounce. Mr. Grayson went through the operation without taking chloroform, exhibiting great coolness and fortitude. Once during the operation he called a halt, and after electrically stimulating the face and neck, coolly laid his head on the table and informed the doctor that he could now "go ahead." He was doing well at last accounts.

The Evansville, Ind., *Journal* says:—"A story reached us yesterday of the death-bed confession of a man who, about a year ago, pretended that he woke up one morning and found his wife dead by his side. The man is reported to have been steady in his habits, and a word reached us of his disengagement with his wife; but, after about a year of agony, he confessed to a woman who was with him in his last hours that he had smothered his wife, and that ever since she had haunted him—her face being continually before his eyes reproaching him for the murder. He expressed himself as willing and anxious to die, to escape the misery he endured. Our own recollection of the case is that the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from heart disease on the testimony of the husband, but that no post mortem was held, the urgings of two physicians to the contrary notwithstanding."

A man who has lately visited the grand pyramid of Cheops, wading in the sand fourteen hundred feet before he had passed one of its sides, and a Uyoan born in the city of New York, and made the circuit, says, that taking one hundred city churches of the ordinary width, and arranging them in a hollow square, twenty-five on a side, you would have scarcely the basement of the pyramid. Take another hundred and throw the material in the hollow square and it would not be all; pile on all the bricks and mortar in the city of New York, and the structure would not be so high and solid as this great work of man. One layer of bricks was long since removed to Cairo for building purposes, and enough remains to supply the demands of a city of half a million of people for a century to come, if permitted to use it with perfect freedom. The pyramid of Cheops was built 2,123 years before the Christian era.

The Canadian Parliament has passed a new patent law by complying with the provisions of which American inventors will receive protection in Canada. By this law all inventors or their assigns may receive patents, provided a foreign patent for the invention has not been in existence for more than one year prior to the application being made for one in Canada. Improvements on existing patents may be patented. The foreign applicant is obliged to elect his domicile in some known place in Canada, but this is a mere formality. The law requires that the patentee of any invention or his assignee shall begin to manufacture the article in Canada within two years of the date of the grant of the patent unless a sufficient proof be adduced to the satisfaction of the Commissioner that the patentee has been unable to do so from causes beyond his control, in which case the Commissioner is empowered to grant a delay. Patents will be issued for five, ten, or fifteen years, at the option of the applicant, and patents issued for five or ten years may be extended for another term of five years, but there is no provision for extension after the fifteenth year. The fees payable at the Patent Office are reasonable, being at the rate of twenty dollars for each patent for each period of five years. When a patent is refused half the fees are returned to the applicant.

Relic of a Famous Temple.

Dr. D. P. Livermore of Hallowell, Me., has in his possession a very interesting curiosity. It is a piece of the famous Chinese Porcelain Tower, built at Nanjing, by the Emperor Yunglo, to reward the kindness of his mother. It was begun in the year 1411 and completed in 1430. The tower was ordered, according to the plan of the emperor, to be a tower nine stories high, the bricks and tiles to be glazed, and of fine colors, and it was to be superior to all others, in order to make widely known the virtues of his mother. Its height was to be 322 feet; it was of an octagonal form, each side being 15 feet wide. Its base was upon a solid foundation of brickwork, 10 feet high, up which a flight of 12 steps led into the tower, where a spiral staircase led to the top. The body of the edifice was composed of brick, the outer face of which was covered with slabs of glazed porcelain of various colors. It is a piece of this glazed porcelain that Mr. Livermore has. The lowest of the nine stories was 120 feet in circumference, but the tower decreased in size to the top, and at each story was a projecting roof, with a ball suspended at each corner—144 in all. On the outer face of each story were illuminated the thirty-three heavens, shining into the hearts of all men, good and bad, eternally removing human misery. Each story formed a saloon, which was finely painted and adorned with numerous gilded images. On the top of the highest roof were two brazen vessels, weighing together 1,200 pounds, and a brazen bowl besides weighing 500 pounds. Encircling the spire, which was 30 feet high, were 9 iron rings, the largest being 63 feet in circumference, and the smallest 24 feet, weighing 5,000 pounds. Surrounding the spire was a ball filled with pearls and precious stones. The brilliancy of the edifice, according to the Chinese annals, would endure to hundreds of generations, a monument of recompensing kindness to myriads of years. Therefore, it is named Paganz, or Recompensing Favor Pagoda.

For two or three centuries it bore the appearance of having suffered by a stroke of lightning, which the Chinese attributed to a conflict of the god of thunder with demons; in pursuing them to the pagoda, they said, he injured the building. In 1856 the Taiping rebels built this magnificent monument of the gratitude of a son for his mother's love, to pieces with gunpowder, and its very life will in time be forgotten. —*Kendall's Journal.*

A Fatal Lake.

A Lake Tahoe correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* writes:—"Some twelve or fourteen persons have been drowned in this lake within the past ten years; none of the bodies have ever been recovered. Superstition, ever ready to weave a sensation from nature's laws, asserted that there was a doubtful mystery in the non-recovery of the drowned; that, in fact, a monster hid its abode in this frozen sea, and that the bodies all passed into his capacious maw. The true explanation of this mystery never has been given. The non-appearance of the bodies is due to three causes: The first is the great purity of the water and its consequent lack of buoyancy. Drowning is very easy in it, for this reason, though I have not while swimming in it found any more than ordinary difficulty in sustaining myself. The second and main cause is due to the great coldness of the water. Even at this, the warmest season, the surface water is as cold as the drinker desires it to be, but it is warm there compared with its temperature at the bottom of one hundred to two hundred feet. It is as cold there as the arctic heat of an iceberg. When a body sinks in the lake to the depth required, it is frozen stiff. The process, of course, preserves it, so that the gas which originates in the body from decay in other water is prevented, and distention checked. The body is thus kept in a state of greater specific gravity than the water in which it is suspended, and thereby prevented from rising to the surface. The third cause lies in the great pressure of the pure water on anything that is sunk to a great depth in it. Corks placed on deep sea nets are pressed down in a week to half their size, and one of the oldest residents of the lake expresses the belief that by the time a man's body has been suspended for a week at a depth of about 200 feet (it is not likely that it ever reaches the cavernous and almost fathomless bottom of the great lake), the compression of the water has reduced its size to that of a child's. Doubtless the idea of unoffended suspension in such a "work of water" is not a pleasant one to contemplate, but to be pressed into a solid mass and suspended in a liquid coffin of ice temperature is quite as pleasant as interment and mouldering in the ground."

Ringling Rocks.

A Pottstown correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says:—"In a February number of the *Scientific American* a contributor says: 'The enormous stone near Pottstown, Pa., must be of volcanic origin, known as trachyte. An island in the West Indies, elevated 310 feet above the ocean, contains masses of the same character of rocks. Livingstone, in his 'South Africa,' page 101, speaks of the Bamangwah Hills of the Bakoa Range, 700 or 800 feet above the plains: 'The rocks, in falling, produce a ringing noise, which leads many to fancy that they contain abundance of iron. In many places the lava streams may be recognized. The enormous stone alluded to near Pottstown was found on one of the hills northeast of the town, known as Klinging Berg, or Ringling Hill. Owing to the romantic wildness of the spot, as well as the interest and curiosity attached to it, it always has been a favorite place for the young people of the country round. Going out on an excursion of this kind, lately, we might have failed to find the rocks, which are so hedged in by evergreens as to be invisible from the carriage road, had not a band of school boys reached them from the opposite side, a few moments in advance of us. Suddenly, in the midst of banal voices, the rocks spoke for themselves, some in the deepest bass, others pealing out as clearly almost as a silver bell. Scrambling through the underbrush and evergreens we hastily entered the scene of action, with small bits of rock in hand, ready to play our part.'

We found the tall rock near the centre—which appeared to touch the others at but one or two points—to have the clearest sound of all; another was specially interesting from the print of a horse's hoof somewhat indistinctly marked upon it, while many were cracked and seamed as from the action of heat, these latter phenomena favoring the theory of their volcanic origin. The ringing rocks themselves cover an oblong space less than an eighth of a mile from end to end. They are so thickly piled together and have been so completely washed by rains that, except a little brown moss here or there, not a particle of vegetation can be seen upon them. The whole of the rocky region roundabout, however, is thickly overgrown with trees and underbrush.

The belief is gaining ground that habitual drunkenness is a disease and should be treated as such. A committee of the British House of Commons has lately made a report on the subject and recommends the establishment of reformatory institutions similar to that at Binghamton, in the State. Much of the evidence taken on the subject came from America. It seems to be tolerably certain that habitual drunkards are in the coming time to be taken in hand by the State, if necessary, and treated according to scientific principles.

The Mormon Succession.

D. H. Smith, youngest son of the "Prophet" Joseph, is now in Salt Lake City holding meetings on the subject of the succession. The *Salt Lake Tribune* says:—"This movement on the part of the Smith brothers is going to form a most important part in bringing about a final separation of church and state in this country, inasmuch as the question of succession to Brigham Young is involved, and which we predict in advance is going to be the one which will wreck and split up into factions the Utah organization at the death of its leader. The question as to who will be the successor of Brigham Young is a perfect mystery to the Mormon people, and a stranger cannot elicit anything from any of them bearing upon that subject, and it looks more than singular that, at the present stage of the game, the lineal descendants of the original founder of Mormonism should now be in Salt Lake City laying claim to the control of the Mormon Church."

That this subject is of the most vital interest to the public here was demonstrated by the crowded state of the institute again last night, among whom was noticed not only portions of the Smith family of the Brighamite persuasion, but the private secretary of Brigham Young himself, who was most likely there in the interest of his master's kingdom, a fact which betrays how keenly the "Prophet" himself is interested in the mission of the Smiths to this country.

Heat in South Australia.

A dispatch from Adelaide describes the intense heat of part of January, continuing for the unprecedented number of twelve days, and states that, with the exception of two or three hours on the seventh night, when it cooled down so far as to give promise of a change which did not come, the thermometer never fell below 82 deg., and ranged in the day up to 108 deg. in the shade. Business was brought almost to a complete stoppage. The houses got so thoroughly heated in the day, that they had no chance of cooling at night, and sleeping with many people became an impossibility. Even a cold bath was a luxury scarcely attainable, for the temperature of the waterworks water rose to 79 deg. Toward the end of the twelve days, those who could afford it fled to the seaside. On the last night before the change, almost every vehicle in the city was put into requisition, and the beach of Glenelg was crowded with people, to the number of some thousands, many of whom spent a great part of the night enjoying the comparatively cool sea-breeze, and only returned to town as morning approached. Those who could not afford to leave their homes sought relief by lying in the open air, or as near to it as possible, and many a cottage giving directly on to the streets presented the singular spectacle of an open front-door with the proprietor and his family lying about in the passage. In some instances the males of the family fairly came outside to sleep, and took what rest they could upon the stones.

California is a State owning a great deal of good sense and good taste. Its latest evidence of these qualities is the appointment of a professional arboriculturist, at a salary of \$15,000 a year, whose sole duty is to attend to the planting of forest trees all over the State. No better improvement than this could be conceived and executed, and it gives a hope for other and older States that are becoming pitifully bare.

Over 40,000 canary birds are brought to this country every year, and probably 10,000 more are raised in this country for the purpose of sale.

The Lawrence *Tribune* thinks grapes will be so plentiful this season that they will be sold for two cents a pound.

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