# RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1872.

NO. 25.

# POETRY.

### THE OLD COUPLE.

They sat In the sun fogether. Till the say was almost done. And then, at its close, an angel

Stapped over the threshold stone He folded their hands together. He touched their eyelids with balm. And their last breath floated upward Like the close of a summer pealer

take a bridal pair they traversed The unreen, mystical read, That leads to the Beautiful City.

Whose Builder and Maker is God. Perhaps, in that miracle country,

They will give her lost youth back. And the flowers of a vanished Spring time Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters Shall restore his manhood's prime. And eternal years shall measure The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them. The wrinkles and silver hair— Made sacred to us by the kisses

We'll hide away in the meadow. When the sun is low in the west. Where the moonbeams cannot find them. Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll let no tell-tale tombstone With its age and date arise O'er the two who are old no longer

### In their Father's house in the skies. THE STORY-TELLER.

### OUR PASSENGER.

I was stopping at the Hotel Windsor, on the Rue Rivoli, Paris. One morning I sat smoking on the front veranda, when a tall, elegantly-dressed gentleman asked permission to light his cigar by

I saw at a glance that he was a Frenchman, although his "English" was nearly perfect. "Have you heard the news?" he inquired.

" No." "Is it possible? Why, all Paris is alive with it at this moment."

"What has happened?" "The Countess de Marville—the fair-est of the fair—was found murdered in her bed last night, her bureau broken open, and ten thousand francs missing from it. Ah! it was terrible! There were marks of fingers on her throat; the brute who did the deed effected his entrance through the window of her chamber, near which, unfortunately was a tall tree, planted years ago by the distinguished grandfather of the countess. Little did he imagine the terrible use that would be made of it."

with the agitated demeanor of those around her. There she stood, calm and immovable, her bright, steel-blue eyes fixed upon the handsome stranger, of whom she did not loose sight for a moment.

is more than I can imagine."
"Ah, monsieur, if you had ever seen

an angel," he added, stroking his whisk- the wind. ers with an unmistakable air of vanity.

"Indeed." "Ob, yes. There are in Paris few popular women unknown to me." His manner, now, was decidedly conceited, and I felt disgusted with him. My coldness evidently repelled him, for

he soon left me. Afterward I heard from other accounts of the late tragedy. Among the details of the affair was one which peculiarly impressed me, and which my first informant had not spoken of-an oversight that surprised me, as the occurrence he had not mentioned was of that kind which would be most apt to strike the fancy.

Upon the throat of the countess the murderer, in throttling her, had left a mark from a ring he wore—the impression of a chariot wheel, with a star in the centre!

"This," said my latest informant, " may lead to the discovery of the murderer. Jean Mosqueau is already visiting the jewelers' shops, to find out from which, and by whom, a ring with the chariot wheel device was purchased." "Who is Jean Mosqueau?"

"Parbleu! monsieur, have you not heard of Mosqueau, our famous detective? Although his courage is well known, you would not, to look at his fair, girlish face and delicate form, believe that he could fight a gnat !" A week later I was aboard the steam-

er, bound from Calais to Dover. Among the passengers I beheld one whose face had a familiar look. I was not long in recognizing this person as the same I had seen at the Hotel Windsor, and who had first informed me of the murder of the countess. He moved languidly hither and thith-

er, now and then turning his brown eyes admiringly upon the pretty lady passengers, while stroking his whiskers with one white hand, upon the middle finger of which was a superb diamond ring.

I am of a rather suspicious nature, which, combined with a lively imagination, has often led me into singular

Now, a strange impulse moved me to advance and hold out my hand to a man whom I had involuntarily disliked from the first, in order that I might have a chance to glance at his ring! Somehow, the idea had possessed me that I would discover a chariot device upon the glittering bauble!

The stranger did not at first recognize me. He soon did, however, and frankly extended his left hand, which was not

the one containing the ring!

My brain fairly reeled; the man's behavior was conviction of my suspicions.

"The other hand, if you please!" I said, in a low, stern voice. Monsieur will excuse, if he pleases.

My other arm is lame with the rheuma-He beheld me glance toward the half hidden ring, and I was sure I saw him

start and turn pale, while, at the same time, looking much surprised. He, however, opened his right hand, as if perfectly willing for me to shake it, if I chose. Then I had a good look at the ring, and felt ashamed of my suspicions. The device was a common neart, which certainly bore no resemblance to a chariot wheel!

After a little commonplace conversation, to recover my self possession, I turned away, resolving in future to have

better opinion of my fellow-creatures. The stranger's beauty seemed to attract the attention of many of the ladies. One, especially, a modest-looking little thing, attired in black, kept directing furtive glances at the handsome passenger. Finally she glided so close to him that, in turning, he brushed

An apology, smilingly received by the little ledy—a remark about the weather on the part of the man—and the two were soon conversing with animation.

Meanwhile the blushing cheek and
bright eyes of the fair one seemed to betoken that she was well pleased with her companion, whose air was now more conceited than ever.

"I am afraid we will have a storm," she remarked, pointing toward a dark cloud, upon which the captain of the boat was anxiously gazing:
"We may, but do not be alarmed,

With an air of nonchalance, he pulled a red cigar-case from his pocket, asked his companion if she objected to smoke, and being answered negatively opened the case. Then he started, and quickly returned this to his pocket, pulled forth another, of a blue color.

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?" inquired the lady, evidently amused at the sight of two cases.

The other colored, and it struck me that his voice faltered slightly and his hand trembled, as he made some laughing retort.

Soon the storm came pouncing down upon us. We were midway in the channel, so that we caught the full force of the sea and the gale. Both were terrific. The sea swept the boat, which lay so far over that her machinery soon was damaged, so that it could not work. The wind, screaming like a demon threw her over still further.

Suddenly we observed the sailors endeavoring to loosen a long boat on davits astern. Meanwhile there was an ominous grinding, smashing noise under the

The truth could not long be concealed; we were sinking!

The ladies screamed—the handson passenger lost his self-possession, and ran

wiidly hither and thither.

Meanwhile, the cool behavior of the

that would be made of it."

"This is bad news. How any man could harm a woman thus, in cold blood, don't crowd round the boat so! There will be room in it for you all, and, be-"Ah, monsieur, if you had ever seen the countess you would marvel still assistance," pointing toward a large more. She was beautiful—beautiful as vessel, bowling along toward us before

There was, however, a panic among those addressed. The moment the boat was lowered, into it they all bundled, among them the handsome passenger. A huge sea, coming along, roaring thunder, parted the tackles, tearing th boat from the steamer, before either the lady in black or I could enter it. The handsome passenger, losing his balance, fell over the gunwale, and, unable to swim, wildly threw up his arms!

I must acknowledge that I was so engrossed with the perilous situation of my fair companion and myself-now the only two left aboard the steamerthat I paid little attention to the drowning man. The steamer was in fact going down fast-was already nearly engulfed in the stormy waves, her heated and half submerged boiler hissing, as the steam came gushing out like spout from a whale.

I was advancing to throw an arm round the little lady, fearing to see her washed away, when, quietly and coolly motioning me back with one hand she seized a coil of rope, and threw the end to the handsome passenger.

He caught it, when, turning to me,

the lady requested me to help haul the man aboard! I complied, marveling at the love and devotion thus shown by a woman toward

an acquaintance of an hour! His power over the female sex must be great, I thought. He is conceited, but not without reason.

This idea flashed clearly over across my mind, in spite of my danger. The schooner, however, was now quite near, and I had every reason to believe we would be picked up.

I was right. We were all taken on board the schooner, the handsome passenger among the rest. Then the lady in black, quietly pulling

forth a revolver, pointed it at the head of him whom she rescued. "Out with that red cigar-case!" said, sternly. "I would like to see

what monsieur carries in it." "Why-why," stammered the stranger. "what is-Before he could say another word, the little Amazon, thrusting her disengaged

hand in his pocket, pulled forth the red cigar-case, and opening it, a ring drop-ped to the deck. This ring she picked up, and holding it before us all exclaim-

"I have found it at last. The jeweler assured me it was the only kind of device in all Paris-a chariot wheel ! This person is the murderer of the Countess Marville!"

The handsome passenger stood as if frozen to the deck, making no resistance as the lady in black slipped a pair of handouffs over his wrists. "By what right," he then stammered,

do you—"
He paused as the other threw off her dress and false hair, revealing the per-son of a slender man with delicate, girl-

"I am Jean Mosqueau, the detective he quietly remarked; "and I robbed the waves of this rascal, that the gallows might not be cheated!"

There is little to add. The main proof having been obtained, other proofs on the prisoner's trial were brought forth, showing him guilty be-

Long before his execution, his name was ascertained to be Louis Rosseneau -a noted adventurer and gambler, who, however, by cool effrontery and a win-ning address, backed by his great beauty, had been enabled to move among the first circles of Parisian society.

The Catawba Grape. The following extract from a letter of H. W. Ravenel, Esq., the distinguished botanist of South Carolina, written to the Gardener's Monthly, gives a true statement as to the native home of the Catawba grape. We have seen the wild vines in that section so identical in fruit and general appearance that no botanist could doubt the parentage of this best known of our wine grapes. And we believe that in that section the cultivat-ed grape will yet be produced in greater perfection than in any other locality. There are thousands of acres of fertile hillsides which only need the hand of energy and capital to produce from them an article of Catawba wine surpassing in quality and flavor any article of that name ever placed before the public. Dr.

Ravenel says: "With respect to the Catawba grape we have more trustworthy data. The place of its origin has always been ascribed to the French Broad river, in Buncombe county, North Carolina, not far from Asheville, and on the farm of William Murry. In 1853 I had from the late William Murry, the son of the Murry on whose farm it was first found, an account of this grape. He remember-ed when a boy seeing the original vine at his father's place, and had often eat-en grapes from it. He said that General Davy, in 1807, then Senator from South Carolina, living at Rocky Mount, on the Catawba river, in South Carolina, transplanted some of these vines to his residence, and from thence took them to Washington, where they were distribut-

ed. From this source they came into the possession of Major Adlum, and also of Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati. I had this statement from Mr. Murry himself, who was then living at Catoosa Springs, in Georgia, and he spoke confidently and earnestly of its undoubted origin there. This grape also, there can be no doubt, is a chance seedling of V. La-brusca, having all the characters of that species except in the superior quality of the fruit, and in rather less hoariness of the under side of the leaf, which are not essential characters.'

### The Phantom Train.

A writer in the Albany (N. Y.) Evening Times relates a conversation with a superstitious night watchman on the New York Central Railroad. Said the watchman: "I believe in spirits and ghosts. I know such things exist. If you will come up in April, I will con-vince you." He then told of the phantom train that every year comes up the road with the body of Abraham Lincoln. Regularly in the month of April, about midnight, the air on the track becomes it is warm and still. Every watchman, when he feels this air, steps off the track, and sits down to watch. Soon after, the pilot engine, with long black streamers, and a band with black instruments, playing dirges, and grinning skeletons sitting all about, will pass up noiselessly, and the very air grows black. If it s moonlight, clouds always come over the moon, and the music seems to linger, as if frozen with horror. A few moments after, and the phantom train glides Flags and streamers hang about. The track ahead seems covered with a black carpet, and the wheels are draped with the same. The coffin of the murdered Lincoln is seen lying on the cen-tre of a car; and all about it, in the air, and on the train behind, are vast numbers of blue-coated men, some with coffins on their backs, others leaning upon them. It seems then that all the vast armies of men who died during the war, are escorting the phantem train of the President. The wind, if blowing, dies way at once, and over all the air a solemn hush, almost stifling, prevails. If a train were passing, its noise would be drowned in the silence, and the phantom train would ride over it. Clocks watches always stop, and when looked at, are found to be from five to eight minutes behind. Everywhere on the road, about the 20th of April, the time of watches and trains is found-suddenly behind. This, said the leading watchman, was from the passage of the phantom train.

## Packing Butter.

A new method of packing butter for the retail trade has been invented, and it promises to answer a want long felt. new process is described as follows: A firkin or barrel is prepared by filling to a proper depth with strong and pure The butter, as it is taken from the churn and prepared for market, is carefully selected as to color and quality and enclosed in plain cotton bags or sacks, weighing from five to ten pounds These sacks are placed in the barrel or firkin, fresh and sweet, and as the brine completely covers them they can be kept in this condition for any length of time, it is claimed, without any deterioration in quality. One great advantage that is claimed for this new style of packing is, that dealers can take one or more of the bags from the original package, leaving the rest safe under cover of the brine and excluded from the air. The bags are suited to the retail trade, as they are just about what is generally needed for family use, but are at the same time so conveniently arranged that any smaller amount can be cut from them in the handiest manner. This is an experiment in packing butter, but it is worthy of consideration by retail dealers .- Buffalo Commercial Adver-

A bookbinder said to his wife at the wedding: "It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one, calf," and the next moment was making rapid strides down stairs.

### General Washington's Farm. A Virginia correspondent to the Coun-

y Gentleman writes as follows: The farm of General Washington, at Mount Vernon, contained in his day ten thousand acres of land in one bodythousand acres of land in one body—equal to about fifteen square miles. A great portion of it was a vast valley or basin surrounded by a range of hills: a third of it was a neck of land on the Potomac River, with Little Hunting Creek Bay on the east and Dogne Creek Bay on the west. These creeks are navigable for about two and a half miles up from the river channel, and cer-tainly would have afforded the General great facilities, as they now do our farmers, in boating and landing manure or fertilizers on the ground, but it is not probable that the General did anything at this. It was divided into farms or fields of convenient size by deep ditches, which may be traced now, and showing that one of them contained as much as two thousand seven hundred acres. These fields were situated at a distance of two, three and five miles from the mansion house. The walls of a sixteen-square barn are now standing, and is quite a curiosity; it was made of brick and quite large; situated three miles from his residence. He had two grist mills on the place, one ran by water power, having (I judge) a twelve-foot wheel, and a race about twe miles in length; the mills, the foundation walls of which are standing, was at the head of Dogne Creek Bay and it is surprosed that heats and Bay, and it is supposed that boats ran right to the mill door. The other mill is said to have been propelled by oxen or horses. The General delighted to visit the farms above spoken of every day in pleasant weather, and was constantly engaged in making experiments

for the improvement of agriculture.

"Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts: In 1787 he had five hundred and eighty acres in grass; sow-ed six hundred bushels of oats; seven hundred acres of wheat; and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, &c., and one hundred and fifty acres with turnips. His stock consisted of one hundred and forty horses; one hundred and twelve cows; two hundred and thirty-six working oxen, heifers and steers, and five hundred sheep. He con-stantly employed two hundred and fifty hands, and kept twenty-four ploughs going during the whole year, when the earth and state of the weather would permit. In 1780 he slaughtered one hundred and fifty hogs (I hope not the "Virginia Pine Roosters") for the use of his own family, and provisions for his negroes, for whose comfort he had great

"Of the ten thousand acres, but two hundred now belongs with the mansion and the Washington farm has been greatly reduced; but a small portion of this is now cultivated."

The Yellow Locust. The Report of the Department of Agriculture says the yellow locust has almost disappeared from cultivation at the North by reason of the ravages of the borer. The borer has been destructive to the locust in many localities, but it has by no means been so destructive as to almost drive it out of cultivation. Through Cumberland, Dauphin, Lancaster, Juniata, and many other counties in this State, it is still extensively planted, and found to be comparatively unmolested by the borer. The farmers of that region believe it is kept down by the woodpecker. At any rate there are immense quantities of locust trees thriving here as well on the average as most other trees.

It seems to be a fact that almost all trees are liable to the attacks of insects ; and that these are werse in some locations, and at some periods of time, than others. Much of this also seems to depend on the presence or absence of certain kinds of birds. In Philadelphia, the measuring-worms in the public squares have certainly been eradicated by the English sparrow. It is quite likely, therefore, that the idea of the woodpecker keeping down the locustborer is the correct one.

We should be very sorry to feel that the yellow locust was to be given up in the summary way the Department supposes it has been done—the growth is so rapid, and the timber is so valuable for all purposes that do not require nailing But it is a capital thing for shortlived human nature, which wants tim ber within an average lifetime to culti-vate. But in addition to this, the locust

is not a surface-feeder, but sends its roots down into the subsoil for what it desires to eat, and thus does not interfere with other farm crops as so many other trees do. At any rate we are not by any means disposed to agree with the Department that it has "almost disappeared from cultivation."

## Housekeeping.

Every home should be brightly and tastefully furnished, freely, if carefully used, and every table should be regularly spread with a reasonable variety of good, wholesome and appetizing food. Economy is a very good thing, but when it degenerates into unnecessary scrimp-ing, it becomes meanness. The very poor are sometimes obliged to scrimp; out what their necessity makes a virtue, is really a crime in the well or even comfortably off. What are delicious things made for? to eat certainly. The appetite claims a certain amount of what some consider luxuries to satisfy it, and this should be supplied in generous abundance at the table at home. A craving, unsatisfied stomach, is a dangerous thing, whether it is the result of over indulgence, or of want of satisfying food. If you desire to keep your boys from becoming intemperate, give them bright, cheerful homes, and freedom to invite their friends and companions to visit them there, furnish the table occasionally with healthful delicacies, such with clasps." "Yes." observed one of the guests, "one side highly ornament-ed Turkey morocco, and the other plain don't season their food with anything containing alcohol in any form .- Milwaukee Monthly.

### The Difference between a Violin and a A Fiddle.

manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously

in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a fiddle; all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle! Oh, dear, what is the world coming to, when ministers will do

such things!"
"Who told you I had a fiddle?" inquired the Doctor.

"Who told me? Why, everybody ays so, and some people have him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, Doctor?" "I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London.

"A violin? what's that?" "Did you never see one?" " Never."

"Enoch!" said the Doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the old lady exclaimed: "La! now; there, why, it is a fid-

"Do not judge rashly," said the Doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle, but who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. Lame! just think how people will lie!"

### Let Us Have the Steam Plow.

It is no longer a question whether steam plowing is practicable or profita-ble. That has been abundantly shown by the constant use for several years in England of these implements, and the proof that the heaviest lands may be lowed thereof, in some cases, not over one dollar per acre. The question is

Can we apply this system of plowing to our peculiar circumstances? We need it. By no other means can our heavy soil be properly prepared. It has been shown that clay soils which have been cultivated in the best manner by horse power, when cultivated by steam to a depth of three feet, gave imme diately double the usual crops. Such cultivation is manifestly impossible without the aid of steam. power the heaviest soils can be loosened and mellowed, and made to admit air and heat-made in fact, to breathe and live-as deeply as we may desire. The very impossibility of doing this in our present circumstances has given rise to prejudice against it, and deep cultivation has come to be a bugbear with

But if we were once able to penetrate and loosen the soil (not invert it) to a depth of thirty inches, we should never hear the least objection to the practice. The result, of course, as the conditions are equal, will be the same here as in England, and this is sufficiently profitable to lead us to make an attempt to secure it. Co-operation is the method in which it may be done. Congress has removed all import duty on foreign made steam plowing apparatus and en-gines, so that the objection of the enhanced cost is removed. Manifestly private enterprise, at least among ordinary farmers, is insufficient to undertake this task single-handed, but con-

jointly it may be done. The first attempt should be made in such States as Illinois or California, where level ground, heavy dry soil, farms of considerable size, and sufficient capital and public spirit, are all to be met with. Joint stock steam plowing companies in England have made a profit of fifteen per cent. in addition to laying aside a fund for renewal of plant, and have done the work at half the cost and four times as well as with horse power. Then why should not the attempt succeed here? There is everything to gain and not much to lose by making it.

## A Mississippi River Story.

A couple of flat-boat men on the Mississippi river having made an extraordi-narily good speculation, concluded that while they were in New Orleans they would go for a real first-class hotel dinner at the St. Charles Hotel. Having eaten the meal, they called for their bill. The waiter in attendance misunderstood them, and supposing that they wanted the bill of fare, laid it before them, with

the wine-list uppermost.

"Whew, Bill!" said Jerry, "here's a bill! Just look at it! Here you add up one side and I'll add up the other, and we'll see what the old thing comes

So Bill added up the prices of wines on one side of the list and Jerry added them up on the other, and they made the sum total \$584.
"Wh—ew, Bill!" said Jerry, "that's

pretty nigh all we've got! What are we goin' to do about it?" "We can't pay that," said Bill, "it 'ud clean us right out. The waiter ain't here now, let's jump out o' the window and put!"

"No, sir-ee," said Jerry, "I'd never do sich a mean thing as that. Let's pay the bill and then go down stairs and shoot the landlord."

### Robber who Must have Known Something.

Half a century ago, or less, the somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A—. The Doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation; nevertheless, he kept on the even tenor of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifected a remarkable talent for many are as follows: Professor Langley had are as follows: Professor Langley had been absent on professional business for several days and returned on the 7th about ten o'clock. He repaired imme-diately to the observatory on the hill above Allegheny, and found everything in perfect order, an assistant having been in charge during his absence.

her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend her the usual "How d'ye do?" she added:

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy were of a scientific turn of mind. En-trance had been effected by prying open the window in the west wing. The burglar having once gained admittance burglar having once gained admittance directed attention to the large equatorial telescope. This had been left the evening previous pointing skyward, and in the morning was found reversed, and the large object-glass gone. The glass was held in its place by bolts, and to a person acquainted with the machinery ts removal would be but the work of a

This, evidently was the object of the burglary, as nothing else in the place was disturbed. Indeed, great care seemed to have been exercised that nothing else should be taken. A few tools which had been on the window sill were found in their places in the morning, and the window was carefully closed, so that a casual observer would not have known that the place had been entered. The great object-glass, which was the prize carried eff, was made by the late Henry Pitz, of New York, and was one of the largest in the country— thirteen inches in diameter—being surpassed only by those in the Cambridge and Chicago observatories. The direct loss to the observatory management will be heavy, as the glass could not be re-placed for less than \$4,000.

placed for less than \$4,000.

But there is in addition the "consequential damages," which in this case must be allowed. Professor Langley was engaged in making some important observations, and for this purpose the telescope was in daily use; but his investigations, by this unfortunate loss, have been interrupted, and cannot be resumed until the glass is replaced; the telescope without it is valueless. The making of such a glass is a difficult and tedious matter, and a new one, laying aside the pecuniary feature, could not be procured perhaps for months.

be procured perhaps for months.

The motive which tempted a burglary of this kind was not one of ordinary cu-pidity, as the glass is useless, unless in the telescope, and as a piece of merchandise would be difficult to dispose of. We are inclined to believe that there are no enemies to this noble institution in our community, and hence this spoliation eems inexplicable. The other machinery is not disturbed. The instruments for the regulation of time to city clocks and railroad chronometers are in lependent of the great telescope, and the usefulness of the observatory in this respect will not be interfered with. So oon as the robbery became known, special detectives were employed, and every effort made to ferret out the perpetrators or perpetrator, but thus far hese efforts have been of no avail.-Pittsburgh Gazette.

## The Cerberus of Interior Africa.

One of the most extraordinary facts revealed to us by Doctor Livingstone's explorations in Africa is, that the high ableland of the interior, with its rich agricultural resources, its noble flora, its ine temperature, broad inland seas, and nexhaustible stores of mineral wealth is rendered all but impenetrable to civilized man, certainly beyond all reach of colonization, by one of the most appar-ently insignificant of causes—a fly. This terrible insect is a little brown, yellowstriped fly, called the tsetze, scarcely larger than our common household pest but whose sting is absolutely fatal. So deadly is its poison, that it is said three or four flies will kill the largest ox. Soon after the bite, which gives little or no pain, staggering and blindness come on; the body swells to an enormous size; the coat turns rough, and in a few hours follow convulsions and death. And yet this deadly poison, under the effect of which the horse and ox, the sheep and the dog, fall as if plague-stricken, is perfectly harmless to man, to wild animals to the pig, mule, ass, and goat. Here is an achievement of science that would bring glory to the discoverer-the discovery of some antidote to the sting of this venomous fly, which would open the treasures of Central Africa to the use of the world.

## Chicago's Records.

The official records of Chicago were, as is known, very generally destroyed the great fire, and the only real estate records remaining are said to be in the hands of the lawyers in the form of abstracts made by them and now in their possession. Chicago covets these abstracts, and the city recently offered the holders \$300,000 for them. This offer was spurned with contempt, the lawyers demanding a round three quarters of a million for their abstracts, and asserting that that was a ruinously low sum. At present they have a monopoly of the records, and the citizens are at their mercy. Last winter a bill was passed by the Legislature regulating the fees to be charged by the owners of the abstracts, but these gentlemen laugh the law to scorn, declaring that if an attempt is made to enforce the law they will simply establish offices in Michigan and Wisconsin, and charge such fees as they choose.

He that is down need fear no fall.

### Facts and Figures.

An English chemist avers that the manufacture of wine is now conducted on such highly scientific principles that grapes are gradually being dispensed

It is a notable fact that there are liv-ing two widows of revolutionary soldiers under forty years of age, while the oldest surviving widow is one hundred and thirteen years old.

One of Dr. Chapin's oldest jokes is started again: "Can you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record, was the reply. Child-selling in Japan is carried on to such an extent that the Government is

trying to suppress it. The purchase money of a little child is only three rios (dollars) and girls of fifteen years of age can be bought for twenty. A youthful Danbury lover who sang and played before his young lady's house for two mortal hours, was electri-

fied after a short pause by a cordial "thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow" who appeared at the "Doorstep" parties are coming into

fashion among our people. The moon-light evenings are passed on the door steps, and ladies and gentlemen make calls and are received in style, refresh-ments being also served.—Hartford The five ladies with the Japanese Emassy, at the suggestion of their Ameri-

tan hostess, recently consented to be laced up and tied down, ruffled, panier-ed, flounced, and trailed in the "style." Then they were powdered up from an orange-peel hue to a delicate lemon, and pronounced perfect, as far as dress goes. Half an hour later, however, their dismayed civilizers found them smiling and happy in their half-petticoat, halfpantaloon dress. "Too muchee," said the gentle Japanese.

Mrs. Toodles purchased a door plate with the name of Thompson on it; but San Francisco mother recently accomplished something much wiser and more practical. Her daughter was to be mar-ried, and her clothes were properly monogrammed with her own and her lover's initials; but the young man failed to make his appearance and the old lady sallied out and found some one, with his initials, to take his place. The story is told by the San Francisco papers, and it s perfectly reasonable.

Speaking of the enterprising spirit of speaking of the enterprising spirit of the rising generation, young Charles Beck, of Madison county, Illinois, dis-played an unusual capacity for getting along in the world. Before he was twenty years of age he married a girl of fifteen, and then raised funds to support his new estate by robbing his father. He had abstracted about \$4,000 from the paternal treasury before he was the paternal treasury before he wrs ound out. A youth who will rob his own father is sure to get on in the worlk, though he may be swung off in

The New York Observer says: "The weakest side of a Christian's character, in our country and this year, is his political side. A good man is tempted to say and do things, as a politician, that bring his Christian character into suspicion and reproach, and when the waves of excitement run high, as they do now, many frail barks go down. If principle has anything to do with politics, there is just as really a moral wrong in abandoning principle for the sake of expediency in politics as in science or trade. But there is little reverence for principle now left, and Christians very generally find it easy to go with the multitude.

The man with his lung-tester who accompanied Barnum and makes an honest penny by testing the wind of the multitude, came to grief at Terre Haute the other day. A healthy farmer's boy, with a chest on him like an emigrant's valise, drew in a mouthful of the atmosphere, wrapped a quarter-section of his lips over the nozzle and breathed. An explosion followed, first of the machine and then the bystanders, and the "professor" was heard to say, as he gathered up the fragments of tinkling brass and springs, "He had been eating onions; that's what made his breath so

The largest iron steamships ever built in America have just been ordered to be built at the Delaware River Iron Ship Building Works of Messrs. John Roach & Co., at Chester, by the great Pacific Mail Steamship Company, being two ships each four hundred feet\_long and five thousand tons burden. These vessels are to be placed on the mail line from San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan, under the new contract authorized by the last session of Congress providing for a semi-monthly mail service instead of a monthly one. The voyage is about twice as long as that from New York to Liverpool, with only a single stoppage at Midway Islands, several small islands in the mid-Pacific belonging to the United States, having been discovered by American navigators

Last week, near St. Louis, Mr. John J. Murdock found a large meteoric stone at the bottom of a hole on his farm. The hole was clean cut and reached to a depth of more than thirteen feet in the ground. The stone weighed twelve pounds, was coated with a black crust, and was composed mainly of iron. In shape it was an oblate spheroid, and therefore before it reached the earth was probably in a semi-fluid state and revolving on its axis. It should be kept as a specimen of what the earth was before it cooled down into its present habitable condition; it could be used to illustrate the nebular hypothesis, if necessary.

From several other parts of the country reports have lately been coming in, telling of the fall of meteorites, some of which are of immense size, but are composed of well-known materials. There have also been several extremely bril-