The Elk County Advocate.

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

VOL II. RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1872. NO. 32.

POETRY.

TRUST.

I know not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain,
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and earth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;—
Above the raging of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—*Dean of Canterbury.*

THE STORY-TELLER.

A MIDDLE-AGED LOVE STORY.

They had come, a little group of friendly faces, to watch me off, with waving handkerchiefs and kindly good-bys; and I stood on the stern nodding and waving back, till the steamer swept down the river out of their sight.

I knew I should have their prayers that the great sea might be gentle with me; I knew they would watch the weather, and look for the telegram of the arrival of our ship; yet I knew I was taking nothing from their lives, and that they each would go home hardly missing me; so it was with no great wrench of heart that I saw the pilot put off from us, and took the last look at my native shores.

During most of the passage I was just comfortably seasick, so I sat all the day long in a reclining chair on deck, watching the white caps on the purple and green and blue waves that mounted and fell, down and up, up and down, away out to the far horizon. I saw the shining nautiluses float by, and now and then a whale or a shoal of porpoises, or a sail speeding white and full across the water.

I saw also a good many other things nearer by, for I didn't put my eyes in my pocket along with my short-sighted glasses; and nobody was much likely to mind a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof.

The first thing I saw was a young girl with dark eyes and brown hair, that rippled itself into a tangle of rough curls whenever she took off her net. She was not so very pretty, nor so very brilliant, but there was a piquant charm about her that attracted half the passengers before the first day was over. By the end of the second day every body, from the captain to the ship's surgeon, and from the surgeon to the cabin-boy, was eager to show her attention, and every body was met by the same genial smile and lively retort.

She won her way at once into my heart by the kindly thought that led her to bring little relishes from the table to tempt my sickly appetite, and to soothe my forehead with bay-water and gentle touches of her shapely brown hands, where a great emerald glittered encircled by diamonds. Very soon she got into the habit of drawing her rug beside my chair, and sitting on the deck leaning against me, so that I might "pet her," as she said.

This was how it happened that my quiet, out-of-the-way corner came to be the centre of the life and gaiety and romance of the whole shipboard.

It seemed this young girl, Rosa Armour, was an only child, and an orphan, going to an uncle in Germany, her nearest of kin.

"Dear heart! I hope her uncle will be wise as well as loving," said I to myself very often, for she seemed too fragile a bubble of humanity to drift on through life alone.

The tips of her brown curls were lighter than the rest, and here and there were little bright touches all over her hair, as though the sun was shining in spots on it. One morning I sat coiling these gleams of sunshine around my fingers, and watching a flock of Mother Carey's Chickens skim restlessly over the restless water, thinking these thoughts about Rosa, and having her soft presence alone to myself for a few moments. Not many, however; soon up came a New Zealander—of course there was a New Zealander or an Australian on our boat.

"You are very lowly, Miss Armour," said he; "let me bring you a chair."

"Thank you; I prefer to sit here on my rug, and have Miss Wells pet me," replied Rosa, turning up her eyes languidly. "The deck is my favorite seat, if I can only have an excuse to sit on it."

"But you need something over you," persisted the New Zealander, going away, and coming back directly with his own heavy gray wrap. Then he seated himself on a low camp-stool beside her, folding the wrap over the two. "I never saw so rough a sea as this all the way from Honolulu to San Francisco," said he, looking out upon the gentle swell of the lazily-mounting waves.

"Rough!" cried Miss Armour; "I'm sure the ocean is as smooth as a mill-pond!"

"O, but not as compared to the Pacific—peaceful—it was rightly named. We have never such gales on that as sweep the Atlantic, but only the gentlest westerly breezes." The New Zealander shivered as he spoke, and drew his wrap closer over his knees. "We have the most charming climate in New Zealand," he went on; "we are never too hot, and never too cold. In fact, we never think of the weather. And the soil is the most fertile in the world."

"Pity it is in such an out-of-the-way part of the earth that nobody can live there," said Miss Armour.

"Beg your pardon, miss; there are several English towns of thirty thousand inhabitants each; and we never think of ourselves as being out of the way, but rather feel sorry for those who live so far off," returned the other, bending his tall figure earnestly forward.

Rosa leaned her pretty head toward him in a confiding attitude of interest, and laughed: "O, so you are the people, and wisdom is going to die with you!" said she. "But what do you do out there in the heart of the universe?"

"We dig gold for one thing, and raise sheep for another—millions and millions of them; from thirty to forty vessels are constantly plying to England with the tallow and pressed wool."

"What do you do with all that mutton?" asked Rosa, looking idly at the light in her ring, and then as idly at the light in the speaker's eyes.

"We use what we can," was the reply; "and sometimes, I am sorry to say, we bury the flesh—not usually; but sometimes an order will come to one farmer for a thousand sheep, if you please, and all he can do is to clip off the wool, get out the fat, and bury the carcasses."

"What a pity the meat can't be sent to the hungry poor at home! Why don't somebody condense it, as they do the beef in Texas?" I said, in my practical way.

"In good time I dare say somebody will, but we can't do every thing at once," replied the New Zealander, looking with sudden interest at the game of shuffle-board being played beside us.

Just then along came the ship's surgeon, a blonde youth in uniform with his hair parted in the middle.

"Miss Armour," said he, "the gun is to be fired at the bow; will you come and see it done?"

Miss Armour started up at once, turning some half-confiding glance and ready smile upon him she had been giving us.

"I am going to leave my rug with you; I shall come back," said she, beaming over her shoulder as she took the surgeon's arm and went away.

The New Zealander looked after her, tried to console himself by drawing his wrap in another fold across his knees, did not succeed, and finally got up and went away. Of course it was not worth his while to make himself agreeable to a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof. So I sat and looked at the likeness of a lake among the sunset clouds, and tried to decide whether I had better take oatmeal gruel or biscuit-tea for my supper; wondering the while, half unconsciously, about the old chord in my memory that was always being struck by a certain musical ring in the New Zealander's voice.

After an hour or so the gun was fired, and presently Miss Armour came back with the disorder of the strong sea-wind in her hair, and its freshness in her pretty pink cheeks.

"I've come as I said," she murmured, dropping at my feet again, and smiling up, as though she had got where she best loved to be—just such a smile as she would have given to the stokers down in the engine-room, or to the ship's cat. But it was lovely to look upon while it lasted, and we middle-aged people have learned to warm ourselves in any chance ray of sunlight, without stopping to consider whether it is likely to be perpetual.

This time the bit of sunshine did not stay long, for there came up an artist with his sketch-book; and when Miss Armour had sufficiently admired his graphic pencilings of the captain and the quarter-master, and the sea-sick occupat of an upper berth, it was time to throw the log, and so he bore her off to find out by her own eyes whether we were actually going at the rate of thirteen knots, or only twelve and a half.

That was how the days went. The passengers read and paced the deck, played games and guessed riddles, and were always hungry; the pilot stood steady and firm at the wheel; the sailors ran up and down about the rigging like overgrown spiders, and were forever scouring and scrubbing, tying and untying, drawing up and letting down. Thus at last we had come safely almost to our desired haven. With fair sailing, we were only one day out from port; and fond as we had grown to be of each other, we were getting impatient to part.

Miss Armour, during all the voyage, had kept on as she began, beguiling every one with her trick of lip and eye. They ran after her like boys at the string of a kite. Well, they had nothing better to do just then; and when she had faded out, as a rainbow fades, I made no doubt she would be as easily forgotten, or only remembered as a midsummer's day-dream, by all, unless it might be a solitary, warm-hearted man like the New Zealander.

To tell the truth, I was a little sorry for him. Evidently, life had not brought him all it might, and he was hungry for the love and confidence that had never been his. So I was afraid he would miss this little sparkle of girlhood and warm youth, and find the void deeper when it had gone out.

To the very last day Rosa kept her place by my chair, and to the very last the New Zealander kept his place by her, when no one younger stepped in to carry her off; which was pretty often to be sure. Then he always quietly went away himself, with a kind of grave regret in his face. On this last morning, Miss Armour had just left us along with a young lawyer, to drop oranges and lemons among the steerage passengers, when I noticed the New Zealander looking after her with a sadder regret than usual—almost a pain—in his eyes. He had such handsome dark eyes. I see that without my glasses.

"Now," said I to myself, "I hope he isn't going to get soft, a sensible, gentlemanly, agreeable man like him, and quite old enough to be her father!" And so I looked at him to see if he was, when suddenly he turned upon me.

"At least you might have written, Agatha Wells!" said he, sharply.

I started, as you may think, to hear my own name spoken so familiarly by a stranger; when, looking again, behold, I saw beneath the bronze, and under the wrinkles and behind the beard, a face that twenty years before was the dearest in the world to me—the face of Duncan Ashley! We parted one day expecting to meet on the next, but that evening he was called away, and wrote instead of coming. In the letter he said what he had said before with his eyes—yes, those same beautiful eyes—that I was the choice of his heart and the desire of his life.

"Answer me," said he; "I cannot wait till I see you."

So I answered—a long foolish letter, though there was no need of writing; for he had read all I could say long before, with those eyes of his. Then I watched and waited for him, but never saw him or heard one word more. If you are young, you can imagine the slow dying out of hope and expectation; and if you are old, you know how such things can be lived over and hidden in secret graves.

But now, as though the graves had been opened and the judgment set, came this sudden reproachful question up from the buried past. I fairly caught my breath as I turned back my eyes and looked him in the face again.

"Forgive me," said he, directly, in a gentler tone. "I did not mean to speak; you brought it out with your eyes; that questioning turn was so familiar. Of course you were quite right, and I never blamed you. I never meant you should see me again, but the temptation to feel myself beside you, only to be in the soothing charm of your presence, was too great. It has been a blessing I shall carry with me all the rest of my life."

He was rising to go away, but I put out my hand. "I did write, Duncan Ashley," said I; "the letter must have gone wrong."

"You did!—you wrote!" he cried, sinking back in his chair again, and looking at me eagerly. "What did you say?"

"There was only one thing I could say, and I said that," I answered, blushing as though I had just written the letter.

A middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof! But, dear me! it was only my face that was middle-aged, after all; my heart was as young and silly as ever. And as for Duncan's face, the marks of care and thought and time fell off, leaving in it only the eternal youth of love.

It was the old story of a lost letter, and the older story of a proud man, believing himself rejected and humiliated, and fleeing to the ends of the earth with his pain.

"Twenty precious years wasted!" said my New Zealander. "We will not be separated another day while we both live. There is a clergyman among our passengers, and we will be married this very hour."

That was so like his headlong decisions! Certainly he did need a sober second-thought like me for a ballast. "That cannot be," I cried; "the ceremony wouldn't be legal without a license or something. And I would by no means do any thing so sensational and conspicuous."

But, bless your heart! I might as well have tried to wipe up the Atlantic with my pocket-handkerchief. He was so grieved, and so impatient, and so resolute (and, indeed, when one comes to think of it, twenty years *is* long enough for an engagement), that I finally dropped off my waterproof and my sea-sickness, and stood up behind the binnacle, and was married before eight bells that very morning—ring and all. Duncan produced it from a small casket, where he had carried it in his waistcoat-pocket for the whole twenty years.

"I could never bear to put the little thing away," said he, looking at it tenderly.

The next day we came to port, with the sun shining and our flags flying. There was a flurry of good-bys, a hoisting of trunks, a welcoming of friends on the shore, and a glad hurrying to and fro.

Among the rest was an instant's nestling of Miss Armour's lips on my cheek, and little cling of her hand in mine, the vanishing of a smile, and she was gone like the flash of a fire-fly, out of my sight forever. But wherever she is, and however she fares, she has the daily blessing of two middle-aged hearts, whose way to each other she unconsciously lighted.

Courting in Siberia.

When once the young beau among the Korakas becomes infatuated, he makes known his passion to the father of his affinity, and expresses his desire to strive for her hand. A kind of contract is immediately entered into, by which the young man binds himself to the father as a servant, for a term of years, at the expiration of which time he can have the pleasure of learning whether the daughter will have him or not. In this manner, if the father be the happy possessor of a beautiful daughter, he may have half a dozen men to do his bidding at one time. When the term of servitude expires, one of the place, armed with thick sticks and pieces of seal thongs, is then stationed in the pologs suspended around the room. The daughter then appears, thickly clad in skin garments, followed by her lover, when a race ensues around the enclosure, the contestants dodging about among the pologs. To win his bride he must overtake her, and leave the print of his nail upon her person, before she can be rescued by the old woman, who, during the race, impedes the lover as much as possible by beating him with sticks, tripping him, and by seizing his legs as he rushes by. The advantage is all with the girl, and if she does not wish to become the wife of the pursuer, she can avoid him without difficulty. On the contrary, if she likes him, she manages to stumble, or make known her wishes to the old woman, who then only makes a show of impeding her pursuer. Sometimes the lover is desperately smitten, and just after being foiled he returns to the father and binds himself for another period of years to have the privilege of another trial.

An Englishman's Mistake.

The Continental papers are circulating a story of an Englishman and his wife, who, not knowing a word of German, but being able to express themselves well in French, resolved to visit Berlin and Dresden. At Berlin they had been recommended to a hotel, whither they were riding in a hack, when all at once the lady espied an imposing edifice, upon which were inscribed, in large letters, the words "Hotel Radzievill."

She cried out: "There is a beautiful hotel, and the situation is splendid."

"Suppose we go there?" suggested the husband.

It was done as soon as said. The driver was stopped. There were several ladies about the hotel, but none of them spoke either English or French. However, the servants were made to understand by gestures that they were to take in the luggage, and the travellers were ceremoniously conducted into an apartment.

The lady asked by signs for a sleeping-room, to which she was led, and, on her return, said to her husband:

"I never saw in all my life a hotel so admirably furnished. Come and see the chamber and sleeping-room."

Having dressed, our English folk lunched, and announced to the servant that they would dine at five.

They went to walk. On their return a gentleman of distinguished appearance entered their room, saluted them, and said something in German, which they did not understand.

The Englishman, thinking him a little familiar, replied carelessly, in English: "Good-morning. How do you do?" And the stranger withdrew.

A delicious dinner was served.

When the servants had gone, "My dear," said the gentleman to his wife, "all this is excellent. This hotel is evidently first class. But it must be very dear, and, as a matter of prudence, it will be well to ask for the bill to-morrow morning."

But he neglected to do so, and two days more passed like the first.

At last the bill was asked for, but it was not brought.

"I am beginning to be a little uneasy, my dear," said the husband. "Surely no one could be better cared for than we are here, but I am persuaded the charges will be frightful."

At that moment the gentleman of distinguished appearance entered, and the following dialogue took place in French:

The stranger: "I am Prince Radzievill."

The Englishman (rising and bringing a chair): "To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?"

The prince: "You have evidently taken this house for a public hotel."

The Englishman: "Certainly."

The prince: "Well, this is my private house, my hotel."

The Englishman was so astounded that he could make no reply, and could not explain the mistake of his wife, who, in the greatest consternation, began to tell the prince, in English, that the word "hotel" over the door had caused her error.

The prince, who saw their confusion, politely expressed his satisfaction at having given hospitality to English people, and begged them to remain a few days longer that he might enjoy their society. Of course, the invitation was politely declined. The Englishman succeeded in making the servants accept a few presents, and the prince insisted upon accompanying them to a real hotel in his own carriage. Prince Radzievill is the Russian ambassador at Berlin.

California Big Trees.

Professor Asa Gray, the retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, gave, at the opening session, an interesting sketch of his botanical observations at the West, referring particularly to the "big trees" of California, the *Sequoia gigantea*, their history and relation to the fossil trees of geological ages. Of the possible theories respecting these forest phenomena, Professor Gray maintained that they were the lineal successors of a prehistoric race of trees which once crowded the hills and valleys of the world. His argument is summed up as follows: At the beginning of the Tertiary period the northern temperate zone was a region of perpetual summer. Gradually, glaciers rolled down from the north, driving all vegetation far to the south. Then a warmer climate came again, and freed the greater part of the Northern Hemisphere from its fetters of ice. As these melted away, vegetation extended northward, but not to its former limits. These facts furnish a clew to the history of the "big trees." If their ancestors were numbered by hundreds of thousands, their fossil remains must exist in the strata formed by the great ice-flood that swept over the northern half of the globe. Research has found the fossil *Sequoia gigantea* throughout the Miocene formations of Northern Europe, and in those of Iceland, Spitzbergen, Greenland, Alaska, and the Rocky Mountains. All of these fossil specimens are almost the same as the "big trees" of to-day. This crucial test shows that before man sprung from the dust of the Garden of Eden, according to Genesis, or was evolved from the ape of Northern Africa, according to Darwin, the *Sequoia gigantea* belted Northern America, Asia, and Europe, and the islands of the northern seas.

It has long since been demonstrated that sea-water contains an appreciable amount of silver, and a recent calculation shows that, if equally distributed, there must be in the oceans of the world some two million tons of the precious metal, or more than has ever been dug out of the earth. Silver in the sea is only one of the thousand illustrations of the fact that solid substances may be made invisible by chemical processes, just as a silver half-dollar may be dissolved in a very small amount of nitric acid, the coin disappearing, while the fluid is as clear and transparent as before.

A French Romancer.

Our own newspapers, enterprising and inventive as they are, do not inform us of all the surprising things that happen in this country, as, for example, witness the following from the Paris *Figaro*: "It is known that the railroad from San Francisco to New York passes through the reservation of several tribes of Indians, who invariably regard the locomotives as terrible monsters created by the Manitou to exterminate the red-man. Several times already the Indians have attempted to throw the trains off the track. In these enterprises they were led by one of the fiercest of their chiefs, a Cherokee named Naha, and surnamed the Mocking-Bird. All their attempts having failed, Naha resolved to change his tactics. Accordingly, on the 2d of June last, he concealed himself near the rails, and, with extraordinary activity, bounded upon the footboard of the train No. 67, from San Francisco to New York. He then slipped along the train till he reached the locomotive, where he killed the fireman with a blow of his tomahawk, stabbed the engineer with his knife, and, after scalping them, jumped on the tender, brandishing the scalps, and howling out a savage war-song. The settlers along the line became terrified as they saw the train, which now dashed along at a fearful speed, driven by the ferocious engineer. The passengers all cried out for help. Their situation was extremely perilous—in fact, they were running into the jaws of death. Finally, an officer of the navy, Henry Pierce, determined to sacrifice himself to save his fellow passengers. Armed with a long dirk-knife, he ran along the foot-board of the train, and jumped upon the engine. The chief uttered a war-cry and brandished his tomahawk, and a hand-to-hand struggle was commenced over the bodies of the engineer and fireman. The passengers put their heads out of the windows, and, with an anxiety which may easily be imagined, tried to see the fight. In about a minute Mr. Pierce fell mortally wounded under Mocking-Bird, who in the twinkling of an eye scalped him. But, while he was triumphantly waving the scalp of his victim in the air, Mr. Pierce, who was still lying, had sufficient strength to jump up and lunge his knife into the Indian's breast, killing him instantly. He then crawled to the valve-handle, shut off the steam, and the train stopped. The passengers ran to the assistance of this brave officer, but it was too late; he died two hours afterward."

China and Glass Fabrics.

Many of the exquisite forms given to those beautiful specimens of earthen ware which form the service of our breakfast and our dinner tables, are not capable of being executed in the lathe of the potter. The embossed ornaments on the edges of the plates, their polygonal shape, the gilded surface of many of the vases, would all be difficult and costly of execution by the hand; but they become easy and uniform in all their parts, when made by pressing the soft material out of which they are formed, into a hard mould. The care and skill bestowed on the preparation of the mould are amply repaid by the multitude it produces. In many of the works of the china manufactory one part only of the article is moulded—the upper surface of a plate, for example, whilst the under side is figured by the lathe. In some instances, the handle, or only a few ornaments are moulded, and the body of the work is turned. Another instance which may be cited in illustration of this peculiar kind of mechanical operation, is that of glass seals. As is well known, the process of engraving upon gems is one requiring considerable time and skill in order to insure a perfect result. The seals thus produced can therefore never become common. Imitation, however, are made, of various degrees of resemblance, and these have extensively taken the place of the genuine article.

The color which is given to glass, is perhaps the most successful part of the imitation. A small cylindrical rod of colored glass is heated in the flame of a blow pipe, until the extremity becomes soft. The operator then pinches it skilfully between the ends of a pair of nippers, which are formed of brass, and on one side of which has been carven in relief the device intended for the ornamentiny of the seal. When the requisite care has been taken to heat the glass in a proper manner, and when the mould has been well finished, the seals thus produced are not bad imitations, some of them being extremely beautiful in their appearance. They are produced in very large quantities and at a small cost.

PLANTS.—Probably all florists have observed that the white blossoms of plants are more apt to be fragrant than those which are highly colored. Pale and white blossoms predominate in the northern regions. We may therefore conclude that the relative number of odorous flowers is greater toward the pole than toward the equator. It would seem that the too powerful action of light and heat is opposed to the emanation of flowers, and we see many specimens which are scarcely fragrant during the day, become so in the evening or during the night. But if the odors emitted by the blossoms are more frequent in the north, the reverse is the case with the essences enclosed in the glands. Plants with fragrant leaves, aromatic fruits, and wood penetrated with essential oil, are scarcely found except in warm or tropical climates.

A few weeks since a well-educated young woman, the daughter of wealthy parents, suddenly disappeared from her home in an Eastern city. She was finally discovered, dressed in a suit of her brother's clothes, and working in a carriage-factory, about forty miles away. When taken back, she avowed that her sole object was to be talked about. "Didn't the neighbors talk when I left," she said, "and won't they talk more now, when they hear where I have been, and what I have done?"

Age of the Presidents.

Gen. Grant is one of three of our Presidents who have passed their fiftieth birthdays in the highest place an American can reach, the other two being Mr. Polk, who entered the office about seven months before he was fifty years old, and Gen. Pierce, who became President in his forty-ninth year.

Gen. Washington was in his fifty-eighth year when he became President. John Adams was in his sixty-second, Mr. Jefferson was in his fifty-eighth, Mr. Madison in his fifty-eighth, Mr. Monroe in his fifty-ninth, John Quincy Adams in his fifty-eighth, Gen. Jackson in his sixty-second, Mr. Van Buren in his fifty-fifth, Gen. Harrison in his sixty-ninth, Mr. Tyler in his fifty-second, Gen. Taylor in his sixty-fifth, Mr. Fillmore in his fifty-first, Mr. Buchanan in his sixty-sixth, Mr. Lincoln in his fifty-third, and Mr. Johnson in his fifty-seventh year.

Gen. Harrison was the oldest man ever elected to the presidency, and Gen. Grant is the youngest. Washington, Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams were all in their fifty-eighth year when they entered the presidency, and Mr. Monroe completed his fifty-ninth year only fifty-five days after he became President, and Mr. Johnson was in his fifty-sixth year when he succeeded President Lincoln.

Four Presidents went out of office in their sixty-sixth year, namely, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson and Madison. President Jackson was the oldest of all our retiring Presidents, as he went out of office only eleven days before the completion of his seventieth year. Mr. Buchanan left office fifty days before he became seventy years old.

The President who lived longest was John Adams, who died in his ninety-first year. The next oldest was Mr. Madison, who died in his eighty-sixth year. Mr. Jefferson died in his eighty-fourth year, John Quincy Adams in his eighty-first year, Mr. Van Buren in his eightieth year, Gen. Jackson in his seventy-ninth year, and Mr. Monroe in his seventy-third year. The youngest retiring President was Gen. Pierce, who went out of office not quite four months after he had completed his fifty-second year.

Mr. Polk retired in his fifty-fourth year, and died in little more than three months later, at the age of fifty-three years, seven months and thirteen days, youngest of all our Presidents in death.

Changing the Subject.

An attentive "little pitcher" had heard her father instruct older brothers and sisters that when, in the course of conversation, a subject came up that seemed to be disagreeable to any one present, etiquette demanded that it should be changed as quickly as possible. Some days after, her father said to her as he left the house:

"Mary, papa wants you to be very careful, if you play in the garden to-day, not to touch the hyacinths. Will you remember?"

Of course she would; but on papa's return in the evening he found his hyacinths picked, and the marks of the little feet in the garden-bed.

Calling Mary up to him, he looked very grave, and said:

"My dear, you remember that I told you particularly not to touch the hyacinths, and now I find them picked, and no one has been in the garden but you. How is this?"

Mary laughed and said:

"O, papa, it was splendid in the garden to-day! I saw a beautiful little bird's nest, and there was a great big butterfly—"

"Wait, wait, my child. I am talking to you about something else now. Don't you understand me? I am very seriously displeased with you. I told you not to touch the hyacinths, and now I find them picked and your footprints all about."

"O, yes, papa, I did have the lovliest time in the garden to day. Don't you think it was a beautiful day?"

"Mary, how dare you answer me so impertinently! I am talking to you about your disobedience. Why do you not attend to me? I shall have to make you."

Rather sobered at this suggestion, "little pitcher's" countenance fell, and she faltered out:

"Why, papa, you said that when a subject became unpleasant to any one, the only way was to change it."

Papa saw the point, and the unpleasant subject was dropped for that once.

The Californian Trade.

California is literally choked up with grain—at the same time that there are no adequate means to transport the surplus to distant markets. The *Daily Bulletin* says:

"It is calculated that not more than one-third of the products of the San Joaquin Valley can be transported to markets, and the farmers were making preparations to house the grain during the balance of the year. As it chances, this will make only the difference between storing the grain on the farm and on the seaboard, owing to the absence of shipping accommodations at San Francisco. If all the surplus grain in California could be sent to San Francisco, there still would not be half enough vessels to transport it to market. Taking into calculation the grain already exported and all the vessels in the foreign and coasting trade available, and the number that will arrive in San Francisco during the next four months, it is estimated that the total tonnage capabilities will be only available for moving an aggregate of $6,500,000 centals, or only about half the assumed surplus of the crop. And even this estimate assumes that all the tonnage to arrive during the balance of the season will be chartered for the grain trade, and makes no account of the demands for carrying lumber, coal, dye-woods, and other products."

A young man will pay for one hundred and sixty acres in Iowa with this year's crop. If you can equal or beat that, "go West."

Facts and Figures.

Georgia will not tax cotton or woolen mills erected there for two years.

Feldspar, hitherto imported from Spain, has been discovered in Connecticut.

Some of the Michigan pastures are so dry that farmers have to feed hay already.

The Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, are at last divided. One is for Greeley, the other for Grant.

Josh Billings says, very truly: "You'd better not know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

A Chicago advertisement for three lady copyists brought in two days an influx of 249 beautifully written letters.

An undertaker's office recently bore this cheering inscription on the front door: "Gone for a dead man—back soon."

Women are scarce in Northwest Kansas. Four men to one woman is the proportion, with an active demand for the latter.

A new peril for toilers at the needle. A Harrisburg, Pa., woman has been made blind by sewing on poisonously dyed cloth.

Native of the Emereld Isle—Is it me bare feet that's troublin' yer? Bless yer hanner, an' ain't I sportin' a pair of Cork soles?

The new court house at Burlington, Vt., is just completed at a total cost of $50,000, and is the finest building of the kind in the State.

"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

Iron shingles have been recently patented, and are said to be less expensive than slate. They are made about six by thirteen inches in size, and fastened by headless nails.

As so many articles in every-day use are manufactured of paper, it is asked if a paper beefsteak can be invented to take the place of the leather ones common at boarding-houses.

The Gardner (Mass.) *News* says: "Five married ladies in this town have felt called upon to bid their husbands an abrupt 'good-bye' during the last few weeks, which signifies that the world still moves."

Dollar gold pieces of San Francisco coinage have been put on the market, and meet with ready acceptance. They are of standard value, and are a legal tender, equally with gold, as a circulating medium.

The Public Works Department of Japan employs 161 foreigners at an aggregate cost of $29,621 per month. There are 111 English, 36 French, 6 Chinese, 4 Manillese, 2 Americans, 1 Indian, and 1 Swiss.

A city fop who was taking an airing in the country, tried to amuse himself by quizzing an old farmer about his bald head, who solemnly remarked, "Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell."

A Vermont pensioner has written to the pension office as follows: "Have my name dropped from the pension rolls, as I can do nearly as much work as ever, and I feel in my heart that I can do without it better than the government can pay it."

A man a hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shopkeeper suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a great deal stronger than he did the last one.

A good illustration of the quiet of Boston streets on Sunday nights is furnished by the fact that a gentleman drove Sunday evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock, from State street to Boston Highlands and only met two carriages, except street cars.

A gentleman of Pittsburg wants to pay $14,000 for *Red Cloud*, the trotting horse that carried off the first money in all the races there last week. Mr. Alexander King subsequently bid $15,000, but both offers were declined. The horse is six years old, and valued at $20,000.

There is a negro woman living in Columbus, Ga., said to be only 116. Strange to say, she never nursed Gen. Washington. Six generations look with awe upon their venerable ancestress. Although deaf and blind, she shows a third set of excellent grinders.

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the Senate of the United States during a rambling debate, was taken out, the sergeant-at-arms telling him that he was "out of place in that gallery." "That's so," said the lunatic "I ought to be on the floor with the senators."

A Lockport girl based her breach of promise suit upon the slender ground that her recreant lover had told her that if he married any one he would marry her. It took the jury all night to award her one hundred dollars damages, and one or two of the jurors do not feel quite satisfied that she ought to have even that.

A couple from the backwoods of Tennessee arrived at Nashville on their bridal tour, and, on calling for a room, were shown into the elevator, which they in their innocence took for a bedroom. When the servant, who had gone for some matches, returned, he found them partially disrobed, and expressing their dissent at the closeness of the room and the scanty sleeping accommodations.

There are some medical enthusiasts in England who think perhaps it would be wise if all small or unhealthy children were suppressed when first born. A writer says had this been the practice in the past we should have had neither Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Goethe, or Sir Isaac Newton. The last might have been put into a quart pot when born. Voltaire was too small to christen for some days, and Goethe and Hugo were not expected to live.