

The Elk County Advertiser.

ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1872.

NO. 36.

POETRY.

BESSIE AND THE SQUIRE'S SON.

Bessie was fair as fair could be,
With a smile on every eye,
And many there were who knew full well
She would marry the squire's son.
The squire's son was rich and proud,
But to Bessie he bent his knee,
The village gossip the story told,
And my heart was sad, ah me!

But I worked away at my blacksmith's trade,
Lest thinking should make me mad;
And the squire himself drove up one day—
"Come work with me, my lad!"
For Bessie, the village belle, will ride
On the horse I now own;
And my heart is happy as a bird,
I answered him with a nod.

Ah, well! I remembered many a time
When Bessie had walked with me,
And how I had hoped that some bright day
We would nearer each other be.
But I did my work, and when day was done
I turned on my homeward way,
Wondering what the young squire had done
To Bessie as she rode that day.

The shadows grew long, and longer still,
As I neared a low-barred gate,
When, where I never before had seen,
A woman's face I met;
And thinking that, my eyes I raised,
And the dusky hair grew bright,
For there she stood, with her own dear smile,
Waiting for me that night.

The stars above, and the sleepy birds,
Were watching as they passed,
But little we cared, as the shadows rolled
From hearts that were still found true.
"And what of the squire's son?" I said,
"Ah, well, did you know he had
That Bessie would give her hand to one
Whom her heart could not receive?"

THE STORY-TELLER.

AN EVENING WITH A PAWBROKER.

I had purposely selected Saturday as the best night to see the working of a pawnshop in the most wretched quarter of New York, and it was 6 o'clock when I took my position behind the counter, where I could be partly hidden behind a bin should I wish to retire to concealment. I had not long to wait. The first comer was a lad, with a bad, hang-dog expression. In his hand he held a paper parcel. Without a word he handed it to the proprietor, who received it, simply saying, "Book?" The boy nodded. In a twinkling the paper covering was off, and a rather large volume in garnish binding, with a good deal of Dutch metal gilding, was exposed. "Life of the Virgin Mary," said Mr. Medicis, without opening the book or looking at the title. "How much?" "Five," said the boy. "Three," replied the capitalist. "Right," answered the boy. His name and address were taken; a ticket was made out, the money was placed on the counter, and this bibliographical transaction was concluded in less time than it has taken to tell it.

Here entered a little girl, holding her hand tight closed. Opening it, a small paper fell from her clenched fist. The child was not more than eight, and was strangely silent. The assistant opened the package, and two gold rings tumbled on the counter. "Six dollars," said Mr. Medicis. "Yes," replied the child, and she had her ticket and the money. Were they wedding or betrothal rings? I shall never know, for in a trice the rusty hinges of the safe creaked and they were engulfed. Jostling against the girl, rushed in an Irishman, evidently a carrier, as he was powdered over with brick dust. "How much?" he asked, putting down a pawn-ticket on the counter. "Fifty-eight cents," was the reply. "And here it is, sure," and he placed the money in the pawnbroker's hand, and in a second a coat was flopped on the counter. "Poor Teddy's, it was," said the Irishman, evidently a woman gilder, and I hope, the family will never do it again." Then came in a girl of sixteen, with luxuriant brown hair tumbling over her shoulders; her eyes were bright, but her face was bold and impertinent. "My overskirt and polonaise, it ought to be ninety-five cents." "You are right," said Medicis, "it's been here so often you keep the count as well as I can." "That's so," she replied; "but look here, Medicis, I have lost the ticket for the green dress and gaiters; do now look 'em up. I want to sport 'em to-morrow." "I will if I have the chance," replied the pawnbroker, giving her a bundle. "I'll be back soon, then," said the girl, "after the green dress." Now came in a woman gilder in tatters, with a velvet ribbon and steel spangles bound around her head. She took a shirt out of a towel and silently placed it on the counter. The assistant flitted it out, gave a lynx-like examination about the collar and cuffs, said "twenty-five cents," and the woman took it and went. Somebody then made his coming apparent by a loud and melodious whistling, and a happy-faced negro, all beaming with smiles, entered. "You see, Mr. Medicis, I see come after de old woman's shoes. Here's de ticket. How much?" "Forty-five cents," was the reply. "Golly! here it is," and a pair of coarse shoes were handed him, when suddenly from a joyous expression he collapsed into one of the most intense anguish. "Dey was two laces in dese hyar shoes, and sin't none now." Then plunging his hand into one of them, again his face was on the broad grin. "Oh! here dey is, all two both of dem laces, stowed away in de toe part. Good night, everybody!" and I heard the whistle as he grew fainter and fainter in the distance. "Now I'm after me skirt, please," said an Irish woman, with a key in her hand, and here's my cash, and wh'd'y be after taking for that bit of a shawl wid de stripes? Would forty cents buy it?" "Yes, ma'am, it would. You have asked the price of that shawl every day this week," replied Mr. Medicis, who sells unredeemed pledges. "Forty cents!" and it's a day of money. "Well, keep it a bit, and I'll call Monday." Just then back again came the little girl who had pledged the rings. "Lost ticket," she said. "You won't find it here; go home. I know the goods, and no one shall have them but you, even if it do find the ticket," was the answer she received.

"Do children mostly come on these errands?" I inquired. "I should be afraid they would have their money stolen from them, especially in this neighborhood."

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "They are quite as well able to take care of themselves as you or I. The parents send them and say to me, 'When my Billy or Jenny comes, treat them as you would us.'"

"Now, sir," said a tall, lank woman, with an imperative voice, "my bed spread—and let's be in a hurry about it. Here's your old dirty bit of paper."

"Money first and goods afterward. Eighty-eight cents is what you have to pay." "Eighty what? You are funning. It's a downright swindle. It can't be but seventy-five cents." "Well, ma'am, seeing you had eighty-five cents paid you, which is written on your ticket, it seems to me that three cents is little enough to pay me for my time, rent, and trouble." "Oh! bother with your trouble. It's a swindle. If you was to kill me, and rip me up, you couldn't find but seventy-five cents in me." "If you can't talk in any other way but in that disputing manner, leave the place. It is always the same with you. You are either dishonest or have lost your brains."

"You had better say I'm drunk, and nary a drop of liquor has passed my lips since last night. But don't be hard on poor folks. It's only a bit of my fun. You see when the liquor dies out of you, it's so bloody cold, and its freezing of nights now, without a bed-spread. Here's the money, but sorry bit of meal will the children have to-morrow." "You mean sorry a drop of liquor will you have, which is the best thing that can happen," said Medicis, with an admonishing voice, as the woman took her bundle and left. "You speak about rent, Mr. Medicis; what do you pay?" I asked. "One thousand dollars. Rents are absolutely higher here than in some of the best quarters of New York." Just then came in a crowd of children, who all redeemed pledges, and there was a lull of a moment, and I compliment Mr. Medicis on the wonderful accuracy with which he discovered the exact bundles wanted. "Simple practice and routine. I run up to 20,000 numbers. Think I could find most any package in the dark. I never make mistakes; if I did I should be ruined. If I handed a cashmere shawl instead of a pair of sheets to a customer, of course they never would say a word, but if you handed something less in value than that which they've pledged, and I would have to smart for it. I am sorry to say that, doing business here for the last thirteen years, I haven't met ten people who are square. Friend of mine in the trade gave an old Irish woman some three dollars on a pair of poor tablecloths. He lost or mislaid them and couldn't return the goods. What did that old woman do? Just swore her affidavit that those very same tablecloths had been the property of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that she and the Duke of York used to dine together off of them regular; and he had to pay five dollars to what probably wasn't worth five dollars at farthest."—*New York Paper.*

Shape of a Wheat Field.

Let our Eastern readers, says the *Western New Yorker*, try to form some conception of the way wheat is grown in California, from the following statement gathered from the *San Francisco Bulletin*. There is a wheat field in the San Joaquin Valley which covers 36,000 acres! The crop this year is reputed to average 40 bushels per acre, or 1,440,000 bushels in all, which would require over forty ships of medium size to transport it to market. On side of this "lot" is 17 miles long. When plowed, ten thousand men are employed in using gang plows, each gang having four plows. Lunch was served at a midway station, and supper at the terminus, 17 miles from the place of starting. The grain was cut by twenty of the largest reapers. There are two other wheat fields in this valley, one of which contains 23,000 acres and the other 17,000. Then, as an offset to this magnificent statement, we have this—"There are thousands of tons of wheat which cannot be taken out of the valley this season, and must remain over, a dead capital, or, what is nearly as undesirable, will only command advances at heavy rates of interest." And then, to show the wheat growers of the Western States the importance of providing for the consumption at home of their product, by encouraging home manufactures and diversifying industry, thus rendering themselves independent of foreign markets, we print a statement of the same paper, dated Sept. 20, that since June 28, sixty-three vessels have left that port for England loaded with wheat. Of this number, 15 cleared in July, 32 in August, and 15 more in September to date. Before the first one reaches Liverpool, nearly, or quite, 100 vessels will be on the way, with their crews pointing to the same port, and carrying 125,000 tons of wheat. It adds that, with sufficient tonnage, such a fleet can be maintained for six months.

French Emigration to Canada.

A Paris telegram conveys the intelligence that a large number of the French inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine, who have exiled themselves from Prussian rule in the conquered provinces, or been exiled thereby, sailed from the shores of the parent land in emigrant exodus to Canada. This is really an important and most noticeable consequence of the late war between France and Germany. The French have not been an emigrant people hitherto. They are, however, a plainish people, easily contented, frugal and soon at home in any clime. Should they in their present sorrow turn their faces towards the soil of the new transatlantic Dominion in any great number, very many thousands of their countrymen may follow their lead. In numerous districts of Canada they will meet traces of previous French settlements, the population of which may become rehabilitated and improved physically and in its industries by an infusion of new blood from the primitive fountain source. The local effects on this side of the Atlantic would be very decided and apparent at quite an early moment.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A Story of Lorenzo Dow.

"It is something," said a friend of ours the other evening, in a desultory conversation concerning *Preaching and Preachers*, "to have heard that most eccentric, wandering, half-crazy 'servant of the Lord,' as he used to delight to call himself, Lorenzo Dow. I never heard him but once—but that once I never shall forget."

"It had been given out for weeks before that at a certain day he was to be at the little county town of O—, where I was born and brought up, and was to preach in the morning, in a pleasant shady grove a little off the street, whose scattering houses gave it the dignity of a 'village.'"

"At the appointed hour he was seen coming down the main street, his long brown-yellow hair and terrific beard waving in the wind, and his small wild eye flashing in the light, as he turned toward the gathering, and ascended the rough platform, and walked up to the temporary pulpit or desk, which had been erected for him. For although his appointments were made six months, and sometimes even a year in advance, I believe he never missed one; at least, at this time he had not, for I remember distinctly his mentioning the fact."

"I was present with an elder brother, who was a good deal of a wag, with an eye and ear open to whatever was odd or striking, and his risibles were greatly excited at the hirsute appearance, and independent, off-hand manner of Lorenzo."

"His itinerant expounder took from his pocket a worn and very dirty copy of the Bible—a small quarto—and spread it upon the rough pine-board which made the top of his desk. He then took from another receptacle in his old but capacious coat, a red bandana handkerchief, and wiped his face, which was streaming with perspiration. He then leaned forward, made a short prayer, and prepared to begin his discourse."

"At this time my brother was desirous of changing his position on the tree; so he climbed up to a higher branch, and in doing so detached a dry and withered limb, which fell upon the ground directly in front of the speaker."

"Lorenzo looked up (and as he spoke his red lips were surrounded by the first beard-mustache I had ever seen in my life), and in a voice that must have been a cross between John Randolph's and Daniel Webster's, said:

"*Be-a-o-y-s!* up in the tree there! *be still—keep still—or come down—*! You are like the dove in the *weather*—you won't eat yourselves, and won't let the *ocean* eat."

"I needn't say that we were 'hush as mice' during the rest of the sermon—parts of which, by the way, were of exceeding eloquence, if that can be called eloquence which, however rude, has the power of deeply moving the feelings."

"He spoke of the thousands of miles he had travelled, at all seasons of the year, often in storms and tempests, through howling wildernesses; of his perils by water and perils by land, by night and by day; but never had his heart failed him—never had he shrunk from his mission."

"Lorenzo had a keen eye for the humorous, and his satire was of the most biting character. It was Dow who so discomfited a brother itinerant who had remonstrated with him for his eccentricity, both in his matter and his manner:

"I think," said he, 'you had better study your Bible a little more; you don't always get the right meaning. I think you are mistaken, for instance, when you told your hearers, the other day, that under the old Jewish dispensation all small crimes were punished with cropping off an ear; that it was a rare thing to find a large assembly gathered together, in our Saviour's time, without finding half of them with their ears off; and that this was what Christ meant by saying so often, 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!'"

"I never said so," indignantly responded the itinerant.

"Well, never mind," said Lorenzo; "never mind now; it has all gone by; but a whole congregation is seldom mistaken."

"Doubtless the whole story was made out of whole cloth," to annoy and hoax the preacher."

Colining Money.

The harvest is nearly ended, says the *Rural New Yorker*. There is some corn to husk, potatoes to dig, roots to gather, apples to pick, butter and cheese to market, etc., etc. But the farmer who has carefully kept account with the different departments of the farm can approximately estimate his profits for the year. What are they? We do not ask this question because we desire it answered to ourselves, but that each farmer may answer it to himself. And if he finds out there are profits, we hope he can put his finger on his ledger and tell just what crop did, and what did not, yield him his net revenues.

This course we deem absolutely essential to intelligent, economical, and progressive husbandry. If the blind leads the blind they both fall in the ditch. If a man's corn crop has cost him \$1 per bushel, and is worth in market but 75 cents—that is, if he can only get 75 cents per bushel, equally good, the fodder he gets from the crop grown will scarcely fill out the margin of difference; and then, if he blindly goes on raising corn year after year, with no knowledge of what it costs him, it will require the profits he may derive from some other crop to cover his loss on corn. If he knows what the corn costs him, and whence the profits he gets are derived, it will be an easy matter, comparatively, to stop the leaks and increase the profits the succeeding year.

Have the profits been derived from economy, or from liberality of expenditure in relation to special crops? In other words, is there any one crop which returned \$2 for every \$1 expended in producing it; and if the expense of culture or for plant food per acre had been increased, would the profits have correspondingly increased? Or has the farmer found the maximum of expense per acre it pays to give to any one crop? These are interesting and profitable questions for him to answer.

The losses of effort and time on a farm are very much greater than most men realize. The loss of time perhaps is greater, notwithstanding the fact that farmers work so many hours per day. This loss is not due to the fact that the farmer is not all or nearly all occupied, but to the fact that it is too often improperly directed, is not economized and hence is wasted. But if the time absolutely spent in the production, harvesting, and marketing of a crop is charged to that crop, the husbandman soon discovers its value, how much it enters into the cost, and will devise ways and means to economize it—that is, to expend less time in producing the same results. The trouble is, that in making up accounts with crops too many farmers estimate the amount of time consumed in their production, instead of charging each crop, daily, with the time actually expended upon it.

The result of such inquiry as we have suggested above will be to cause a higher value to be placed upon time, to see that it is not wasted, and, therefore, a better direction of the effort or force expended in producing crops. The best ways and means will be devised and adopted for doing the most work in the least time and at the least expense; for every thoughtful farmer knows that just in proportion as he diminishes the cost of production he enhances his profits.

What are the Profits?

The following letter from an army officer to a well known publisher will be found of interest:

Mr. BONNER—Dear Sir: In the spring of 1868 a disease broke out among my cavalry horses at Fort Sumner, New Mexico that appeared to me identical with that now raging among horses in our cities, and in a very few days became an epidemic.

At first it defied all treatment, and the great majority of the horses attacked by it died. On examining the throats of the dead horses, I found the lining membrane of the larynx highly inflamed and thickened, and a thick mucous pus filling it, causing suffocation. I ordered all horses on the first appearance of the disease to be thoroughly rubbed between the lower jaws and along the larynx down the neck with spirits of turpentine, causing a very severe external irritation—and, to my astonishment, I know, and relieves the fever of the membrane of the larynx in a very few hours. Besides, spirits of turpentine is always at hand, and can be more readily applied than any other counter-irritant. It should be thoroughly rubbed in through the hair to the skin, for a distance of some twelve or fifteen inches, under the jaws and down the neck of the horse, immediately over the larynx. The remedy is severe, and makes the skin sore for several weeks, and for an hour causes great suffering to the horse. But it acts promptly and effectively, and in my judgment it will be found the best, and perhaps the only cure for this fatal malady, causing such suffering among horses throughout the country.

My love of horses induces me to address you, and to ask you to give this communication such place in your paper as to reach the public in the most prompt and general way, and stay one of the greatest misfortunes now threatening all communities, and destroying by thousands the noblest animal created for the service of man. Very truly yours,

B. S. ROBERTS,
Brev. Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.

The Turkish Mail.

I went across the Bosphorus the other day to Soutari, hired a saddle horse, and took a ride in the country. As I was leisurely trotting along I was startled by a yell like an Apache warwhoop. I looked up and saw a dense cloud of dust rising which could be seen some men riding at a gallop. I at once recognized his Majesty's mail train. I drew my horse in a convenient place and waited for it to pass. I don't know how the post drivers drive when there are no spectators, but when they see travelers ahead they put their beasts into a gallop, and with flourishing raw hides and terrific yells, assume every appearance of precipitate haste. They are not far from me and in a few moments were out of sight in my rear. There was the "tartar" or route agent, as we should call him; the "surrahji" or driver, who did the whip flourishing and yelling, and a half a dozen or more horses loaded with mail bags. The driver and the horses are changed at short stages, but the tartar performs a feat of horsemanship that would prove rather severe to a novice. He rides from Soutari to Aleppo, without stopping for anything but change of horses and meals. This is a ride of ten days and nights, during which he gets no sleep except what he can get in the saddle, with his horse picking his way in the dark over a rocky pathway, or a break-neck descent, or trotting or galloping, if the condition of the roads admit of it. There are several things I would rather be than a tartar in the Turkish postal service. I said the tartar rode to Aleppo. I think he goes clear through to Bagdad without change, but I am not quite sure of this. The post for Bagdad and way stations leaves here every day, as usual or not, according to the condition of the roads. It is safer than our own mails, for it is the commonest thing in the world to send specie by post, and I never knew of any being lost. If it should be lost the Government is responsible for it to the sender. In dangerous parts of the road the post has an armed escort. The Government has lately introduced the money-order system, and its provisions extend to every office in the country. The post is also a sort of parcel express, which is a great accommodation to the public.—*Cor. Boston Globe.*

A Railroad Case.

A case of considerable interest is just now being prepared for trial before one of the Courts of California. It appears that a Mr. James C. Cutting, who is represented to be an extensive wool-grower, started, some time since, from Boston to San Francisco, via the Central Pacific Railroad. When he arrived at a certain point on the route, he left the train to make inquiries respecting the condition of a flock of imported sheep. Having completed his business, he resumed his journey the same day. Subsequently the conductor demanded his ticket, but, on examination, declined to take it, on the ground that the rules of the Company required that all through passengers "stopping over" should pay a second time. This Mr. Cutting refused to do, and the result was his removal from the train. Later on, the conductor of another train accepted the ticket without comment. Mr. Cutting declares that by the action of the first conductor he lost the sale of forty thousand pounds of wool, and suffered damage altogether to the extent of fifty thousand dollars, for which sum he sues the Company. The question here involved is one that concerns every person who travels by railroad, and its settlement one way or the other cannot be too speedily effected.

"Extending your shop front into the newspaper," is the latest definition for advertisement.

Crops in the United States.

A synopsis of the October crop report of J. R. Dodge, statistician of the United States Department of Agriculture, indicates the comparative production of wheat, and the condition of the crop, on the 1st of October. The report of the yield of wheat is quite as variable as that of its condition during the Summer. Some States have made superior crops, and others almost the poorest ever grown.

The New England States have nearly sustained their usual average. The Middle States and Maryland together reduced their last year's aggregate from 37,000,000 bushels to 24,000,000, or thirty-five per cent. The Southern States, from Virginia to Tennessee, which were known to have increased largely their wheat area, appear to have enlarged their production fifty per cent, or from 18,000,000 to 27,000,000. California has increased her production at least seven-fifths per cent. Minnesota and Iowa have made a material increase, while Missouri and Kansas, the former growing Winter wheat mainly, the latter both Winter and Spring, have had a comparative failure in both varieties. Virginia and Kentucky have had good crops, while Maryland and Ohio returned diminished yields, as does the entire district between the Ohio and the lakes, the Miami and the Hudson.

Returns have been received from counties representing a large proportion of the wheat of each State, which indicate an increase of about five per cent. over the product of last year, which was estimated 230,000,000 bushels. It is probable that the completed estimate will not fall short of 240,000,000 bushels, upon an area little less than 20,000,000 acres. This will make the yield between twelve and thirteen bushels per acre, which may be considered an average for the United States.

The increase in States west of the Mississippi appears to be about 15,000,000 bushels, or, in comparison with last year's product 85,000,000 to 70,000,000 bushels. The central line of wheat production running north and south is this year farther west than ever before, and is nearly identical with the nineteenth meridian, which divides centrally the States of Wisconsin and Illinois.

Nearly all the wheat produced between this line and the Mississippi River is grown in the western half of those two States. The quality of the wheat is, in most of the States, better than last year. The percentage of product, in comparison with last year, in each of the States, is as follows: Maine, 109; New Hampshire, 98; Vermont, 95; Massachusetts, 90; Connecticut, 96; New York, 70; New Jersey, 80; Pennsylvania, 60; Delaware, 75; Maryland, 66; Virginia, 101; North Carolina, 136; South Carolina, 113; Georgia, 180; Alabama, 133; Mississippi, 101; Texas, 320; Arkansas, 102; Tennessee, 206; West Virginia, 109; Kentucky, 175; Ohio, 85; Michigan, 88; Indiana, 101; Illinois, 95; Wisconsin, 121; Minnesota, 130; Iowa, 112; Missouri, 60; Kansas, 80; Nebraska, 140; California, 175; Oregon, 108.

In States where the crop was short last year, as Kentucky and Texas, the percentage of increase is heavy. In California it is mainly due to an increase of area and a superior rate of yield.

The Northwestern Boundary.

The arbitration in the matter of the Northwestern boundary, which was submitted to the Emperor of Germany under the thirty-fourth article of the Treaty of Washington, has been completed. In a despatch from Mr. Bancroft, American Minister at Berlin, to the Secretary of State, the decision of the Emperor is announced as in every way favorable to the claim put forward by the United States. It will be sufficient to recall the main facts of the dispute which arose as to the true interpretation of the Treaty of 1846, in which the Boundary Treaty of 1846. The forty-ninth parallel was the line of demarcation agreed on between the two countries. In order to accommodate Great Britain, which set up a claim to Vancouver's Island, on the ground of its settlement by English subjects, the line along the parallel was deflected sufficiently southward to enclose the entire island of San Juan and other less important islands. The decision of the German Emperor states that the Canal de Haro is the line "most in accordance with the Treaty of 16th June, 1846," thus settling the matter definitely, and restoring to Uncle Sam valuable territory.

Whipping Scholars.

A young and high-spirited teacher employed at a Grammar School in New England, probably oppressed with the monotony of her existence, endeavored to vary it a few days since by punnelling the younger children with a book. One little girl, who passed through this ordeal, was found to have been injured so seriously about the head and ears that her recovery is considered exceedingly doubtful. As soon as the circumstance was made known to the trustees, we are told that the belligerent teacher was immediately dismissed; but strange as it may appear, nothing further was attempted by the board. Instructing young children is certainly calculated to put the patience of teachers to a very severe test, and if they should sometimes lose their temper it is scarcely to be wondered at; but it is a different matter altogether when they break into a violent passion, and assail their pupils with books. It is pretty well understood that it requires persons of the most amiable disposition to undertake the work of the primary departments of schools, and trustees commit a very grave error when they employ those who are lacking in this essential qualification.—*Exchange.*

The Latest Fashions.

A New York fashion journal says of the winter styles:

"A toilet for a concert or soiree is of *lycopole*-colored fall silk. It is trimmed up to the waist with narrow pinked-out flounces. A short tonic skirt of white lace falls lightly over these flounces. The low bodice has a small plaited basque behind, and two points of the upper part is richly trimmed with white lace as well as the sleeves. The toilet is completed by a wide scarf of white crepe de Chine, edged with a double row of lace, headed with a rouleau of *lycopole*-colored silk."

"Dresses of light-colored faille and *drap de soie* are frequently trimmed with sashes and bows of velvet of a darker shade."

"For walking costumes there is a new and very elegant style of casaque or polonaise. It is made long and very slightly gathered-up on either side of the back. This casaque should be made of some very light-colored cloth or cashmere, and trimmed with velvet of the very darkest shade of the same color. The velvet appears in the fall of the *retrovisions*, and on the revers of the bodice and cuffs upon the sleeves, as though it were the lining of the casaque, and this is very effective. The outer edge of the casaque is bordered with fur."

"One of the novelties of the moment, for ladies who remain late in the autumn in the country, is a sporting jacket of dark blue cloth ornamented with gilt. This looks very stylish over a skirt of killed, black silk, and a Jean Bart hat of black velvet, with long scarf veil of blue gauze tied round the crown."

"Another innovation is extremely elegant; it is a princess pelisse, with small round hood, and it is made of dove-colored silk, lined with blue, butting over long-trimmed skirts, and ornamented with blue bows on the sleeves, and aiguillettes upon the shoulders."

"This pelisse was worn over a skirt of dark-blue Amiens velvet, with very deep-plaited flounce round the bottom, headed with three satin rouleaux. Satin, it is more than probable, will not entirely disappear from the programme of fashions—it shows off to the greatest advantage, it reflects the beautiful old point patterns like a mirror. But moiety is now appearing as a *novete*, after being laid aside as quite old-fashioned."

"Moire dresses, however, will not be made now as they were formerly. Moire antique is made up with velvet *guiltes* over long-trimmed skirts, and with a habit-bodice in the Louis Quatorze style."

"The new winter costumes include coats, gilets and jackets, with variously cut-out basques, which does not mean that the polonaise and tunic are gone out of fashion, for modern modes are as varied as they are elegant."

A Mercantile Decision.

Before the Supreme Court of New York the following decision was rendered: *McCullough's Lead Company vs. Joseph M. Strong*.—Upon the first trial of this action, June, 1871, before Judge Barbour, the plaintiffs were nonsuited. On appeal the judgment of nonsuit was reversed. The case came on for a second trial. The action was brought for the wrongful detention by the defendant of a United States five-twenty bond for \$1,000, deposited in August, 1867, with the defendant as custodian under an agreement entered into between the plaintiffs and other lead merchants for the purpose of preventing secret under-selling below established rates. In case either of the parties was convicted before an arbitrator, provided for in the agreement, of violating it, he was to forfeit his deposit of \$1,000, which was to be divided and distributed by the defendant, as custodian, among the other parties. The agreement by its terms was to be binding for five years or until ten days' notice in writing should be given by any party of his desire to withdraw from the association. In July, 1869, one of the parties (not the plaintiffs) withdrew. The plaintiffs waited ten days and then demanded the bond, claiming that the agreement was terminated and the association dissolved. The defendant refused to deliver the bond, claiming that as the plaintiffs had given no notice of withdrawal the agreement was still in force as to them, and he had a right to keep their bond till the expiration of the five years. The jury, under the direction of the Court, found a verdict for the plaintiffs of \$1,305.

There are many people, now growing old, who are more deeply touched by some simple hymn tune which they heard in their youth, than by all the operatic selections which could be offered them.

Letter from an Army Officer.

The following letter from an army officer to a well known publisher will be found of interest:

Mr. BONNER—Dear Sir: In the spring of 1868 a disease broke out among my cavalry horses at Fort Sumner, New Mexico that appeared to me identical with that now raging among horses in our cities, and in a very few days became an epidemic.

At first it defied all treatment, and the great majority of the horses attacked by it died. On examining the throats of the dead horses, I found the lining membrane of the larynx highly inflamed and thickened, and a thick mucous pus filling it, causing suffocation. I ordered all horses on the first appearance of the disease to be thoroughly rubbed between the lower jaws and along the larynx down the neck with spirits of turpentine, causing a very severe external irritation—and, to my astonishment, I know, and relieves the fever of the membrane of the larynx in a very few hours. Besides, spirits of turpentine is always at hand, and can be more readily applied than any other counter-irritant. It should be thoroughly rubbed in through the hair to the skin, for a distance of some twelve or fifteen inches, under the jaws and down the neck of the horse, immediately over the larynx. The remedy is severe, and makes the skin sore for several weeks, and for an hour causes great suffering to the horse. But it acts promptly and effectively, and in my judgment it will be found the best, and perhaps the only cure for this fatal malady, causing such suffering among horses throughout the country.

My love of horses induces me to address you, and to ask you to give this communication such place in your paper as to reach the public in the most prompt and general way, and stay one of the greatest misfortunes now threatening all communities, and destroying by thousands the noblest animal created for the service of man. Very truly yours,

B. S. ROBERTS,
Brev. Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.

The Turkish Mail.

I went across the Bosphorus the other day to Soutari, hired a saddle horse, and took a ride in the country. As I was leisurely trotting along I was startled by a yell like an Apache warwhoop. I looked up and saw a dense cloud of dust rising which could be seen some men riding at a gallop. I at once recognized his Majesty's mail train. I drew my horse in a convenient place and waited for it to pass. I don't know how the post drivers drive when there are no spectators, but when they see travelers ahead they put their beasts into a gallop, and with flourishing raw hides and terrific yells, assume every appearance of precipitate haste. They are not far from me and in a few moments were out of sight in my rear. There was the "tartar" or route agent, as we should call him; the "surrahji" or driver, who did the whip flourishing and yelling, and a half a dozen or more horses loaded with mail bags. The driver and the horses are changed at short stages, but the tartar performs a feat of horsemanship that would prove rather severe to a novice. He rides from Soutari to Aleppo, without stopping for anything but change of horses and meals. This is a ride of ten days and nights, during which he gets no sleep except what he can get in the saddle, with his horse picking his way in the dark over a rocky pathway, or a break-neck descent, or trotting or galloping, if the condition of the roads admit of it. There are several things I would rather be than a tartar in the Turkish postal service. I said the tartar rode to Aleppo. I think he goes clear through to Bagdad without change, but I am not quite sure of this. The post for Bagdad and way stations leaves here every day, as usual or not, according to the condition of the roads. It is safer than our own mails, for it is the commonest thing in the world to send specie by post, and I never knew of any being lost. If it should be lost the Government is responsible for it to the sender. In dangerous parts of the road the post has an armed escort. The Government has lately introduced the money-order system, and its provisions extend to every office in the country. The post is also a sort of parcel express, which is a great accommodation to the public.—*Cor. Boston Globe.*

A Railroad Case.

A case of considerable interest is just now being prepared for trial before one of the Courts of California. It appears that a Mr. James C. Cutting, who is represented to be an extensive wool-grower, started, some time since, from Boston to San Francisco, via the Central Pacific Railroad. When he arrived at a certain point on the route, he left the train to make inquiries respecting the condition of a flock of imported sheep. Having completed his business, he resumed his journey the same day. Subsequently the conductor demanded his ticket, but, on examination, declined to take it, on the ground that the rules of the Company required that all through passengers "stopping over" should pay a second time. This Mr. Cutting refused to do, and the result was his removal from the train. Later on, the conductor of another train accepted the ticket without comment. Mr. Cutting declares that by the action of the first conductor he lost the sale of forty thousand pounds of wool, and suffered damage altogether to the extent of fifty thousand dollars, for which sum he sues the Company. The question here involved is one that concerns every person who travels by railroad, and its settlement one way or the other cannot be too speedily effected.

"Extending your shop front into the newspaper," is the latest definition for advertisement.

The Latest Fashions.

A New York fashion journal says of the winter styles:

"A toilet for a concert or soiree is of *lycopole*-colored fall silk. It is trimmed up to the waist with narrow pinked-out flounces. A short tonic skirt of white lace falls lightly over these flounces. The low bodice has a small plaited basque behind, and two points of the upper part is richly trimmed with white lace as well as the sleeves. The toilet is completed by a wide scarf of white crepe de Chine, edged with a double row of lace, headed with a rouleau of *lycopole*-colored silk."

"Dresses of light-colored faille and *drap de soie* are frequently trimmed with sashes and bows of velvet of a darker shade."

"For walking costumes there is a new and very elegant style of casaque or polonaise. It is made long and very slightly gathered-up on either side of the back. This casaque should be made of some very light-colored cloth or cashmere, and trimmed with velvet of the very darkest shade of the same color. The velvet appears in the fall of the *retrovisions*, and on the revers of the bodice and cuffs upon the sleeves, as though it were the lining of the casaque, and this is very effective. The outer edge of the casaque is bordered with fur."

"One of the novelties of the moment, for ladies who remain late in the autumn in the country, is a sporting jacket of dark blue cloth ornamented with gilt. This looks very stylish over a skirt of killed, black silk, and a Jean Bart hat of black velvet, with long scarf veil of blue gauze tied round the crown."

"Another innovation is extremely elegant; it is a princess pelisse, with small round hood, and it is made of dove-colored silk, lined with blue, butting over long-trimmed skirts, and ornamented with blue bows on the sleeves, and aiguillettes upon the shoulders."

"This pelisse was worn over a skirt of dark-blue Amiens velvet, with very deep-plaited flounce round the bottom, headed with three satin rouleaux. Satin, it is more than probable, will not entirely disappear from the programme of fashions—it shows off to the greatest advantage, it reflects the beautiful old point patterns like a mirror. But moiety is now appearing as a *novete*, after being laid aside as quite old-fashioned."

"Moire dresses, however, will not be made now as they were formerly. Moire antique is made up with velvet *guiltes* over long-trimmed skirts, and with a habit-bodice in the Louis Quatorze style."

"The new winter costumes include coats, gilets and jackets, with variously cut-out basques, which does not mean that the polonaise and tunic are gone out of fashion, for modern modes are as varied as they are elegant."

A Mercantile Decision.

Before the Supreme Court of New York the following decision was rendered: *McCullough's Lead Company vs. Joseph M. Strong*.—Upon the first trial of this action, June, 1871, before Judge Barbour, the plaintiffs were nonsuited. On appeal the judgment of nonsuit was reversed. The case came on for a second trial. The action was brought for the wrongful detention by the defendant of a United States five-twenty bond for \$1,000, deposited in August, 1867, with the defendant as custodian under an agreement entered into between the plaintiffs and other lead merchants for the purpose of preventing secret under-selling below established rates. In case either of the parties was convicted before an arbitrator, provided for in the agreement, of violating it, he was to forfeit his deposit of \$1,000, which was to be divided and distributed by the defendant, as custodian, among the other parties. The agreement by its terms was to be binding for five years or until ten days' notice in writing should be given by any party of his desire to withdraw from the association. In July, 1869, one of the parties (not the plaintiffs) withdrew. The plaintiffs waited ten days and then demanded the bond, claiming that the agreement was terminated and the association dissolved. The defendant refused to deliver the bond, claiming that as the plaintiffs had given no notice of withdrawal the agreement was still in force as to them, and he had a right to keep their bond till the expiration of the five years. The jury, under the direction of the Court, found a verdict for the plaintiffs of \$1,305.

There are many people, now growing old, who are more deeply touched by some simple hymn tune which they heard in their youth, than by all the operatic selections which could be offered them.