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A Song of Spring.

Spring is growing fast
Into maiden beauty.
Summer's sweetness will not last;
Autumn, ripe and fruiting,
Dies in winter's freezing blast
As love lights to duty.

Love the baby, sweet, sweet Spring;
Pet her, kiss her, woo her;
Summer's larger graces bring
Larger homage to her;
And ripe Autumn, proud, doth fling
Bounties richer, never.

What for winter can we say?
Bitter, blustering winter!
How he lingers, day by day,
Wearing, weary winter!
O sad comrade! go away,
Dreary, dreary winter.

—EMILY E. FORD.

MONEY.

Miriam Leslie was listening to a "word of advice" from her step-father, Mr. Palmer. She was a very beautiful woman, of twenty-two, with a face that was a rare combination of sweetness and strength. Just now the resolute mouth and expressive eyes of the brown eyes showed that firmness in her character predominated, though no look of temper marred her amiability.

"I have no power over your movements, Miriam," said the gentleman, kindly. "You are of age, and the wealth you inherited from your father is entirely under your own control; but I am afraid you are committing a grave error if you accept Wilton Seymour's offer. I am afraid he is a man to marry powers of money."

"Why? I pass over the implied slight to my attractions; but tell me why you think Mr. Seymour marries me for my money?"

"I don't know that I mean that exactly. I know that you are young, beautiful, and talented; but I think if you had been poor you would not have had this offer."

"Again I ask you do you think so?"

Wilton Seymour is one of that unfortunate class—young men who have lived upon expectations. He has been educated and supported by an eccentric uncle, who was supposed to be enormously wealthy. Wilton has been raised in complete idleness, passing through college with moderate credit, and since that, moving in society, received everywhere as the heir to his uncle's money. Six months ago his uncle died, leaving his money—much less than was supposed—to a hospital. Wilton accepted the situation gracefully enough, applied for a situation as clerk in the wholesale house of Myers & Co., and—courtesy of his uncle—

"You are better," I believe Wilton Seymour to be an honorable, upright man, who loves me, who is trying to earn a support for himself, and who does not look upon my money either as a stimulus to his affection, or an impediment in the way of it."

"I see you are determined to marry him. Well, I will see that your money is settled upon yourself."

"I love my future husband too well to offer him an insult. My money will purchase him a junior partnership with Myers & Co."

"He has told you that?"

"No. Mr. Palmer has informed me that he could be admitted into the firm if he had a capital of ten thousand pounds—only a small portion of my money. The remainder may still remain where it is, subject to Wilton's check and control."

"This is sheer insanity. I never heard of such folly!"

Miriam's face grew very sweet, as a look came into her brown soft eyes of devotion and trust.

"If I am willing to trust myself, my whole future happiness in Wilton's hands, my money is of little consequence. If he cannot win my confidence sufficiently to control my fortune, do you think he can win my love—myself?"

Mr. Palmer moved uneasily in his chair.

"I wish you would listen to reason," he replied. "I am truly speaking for your own good."

"I know that. After nine years of such love as my own father would have given me had he lived; after seeing your severe grief for my mother's death, your affection for my little step-sisters—your own children—never surpassing that shown to me, do you think that I do not appreciate your motives?"

I thank you from my heart for your advice; but my whole future happiness is involved in this decision, and I believe I am deciding to secure it."

"I sincerely hope so. If in the future you find I was right, remember I claim a father's right to comfort you, and this father's home to receive you."

Too much moved by the old man's solemn tone to reply in words, Miriam pressed her lips upon the kind eyes that looked into her own.

"There, my dear," he said gently. "I have spoken as I felt it my duty to speak. Now we will write to Mr. Seymour, who will become my son when he becomes your husband. Get your things ready, and we will have a happy wedding. God bless Miriam!"

Two hours later Wilton Seymour came to put the engagement ring on Miriam's finger, to thank her for his promised happiness. Looking at this man, as he held the hand so soon to be his own, no one could doubt his love for the fair woman who stood before him.

They had spoken of many subjects, when he said, suddenly:

"Mr. Palmer has told me your generous wishes, Miriam, with regard to money. I cannot consent to this. It is true we must have waited long before I could offer you a home, but I will win my way to fortune yet."

He lifted his young, noble head, as he spoke, tossing the dark curls from such a frank, manly face, so full of brave, bright resolution, that Miriam wondered in her heart how any one could look into his eyes and suspect him of one mercenary desire.

She said nothing in answer to his impetuous speech, only smiled and nestled her hand in his. She was not a cooing woman—rather coy in her sweet maiden dignity; but where she gave

love and confidence, she gave them fully and freely.

The days of betrothal sped rapidly. During the day Wilton stood at his desk, pondering over massive ledgers, and dreaming of future happiness, and Miriam selected her house, furnished it, and kept dressmakers, seamstresses and milliners busy. She had no objection to her step-father's wish to have house and furniture settled upon herself, but was resolute over the remainder of her large fortune being left subject to the control of her future husband.

Busy days were followed by happy evenings. The young people were favorites in society, and friends would insist upon social festivities to celebrate the betrothal. The quiet home evenings were pleasant beyond these, when two loving hearts learned to read each other. While Wilton loved more deeply every day, Miriam was giving such respect to his worth and manliness as made her future look brighter every day.

But the days of the betrothal were short. A gay wedding, a happy tour, and the young people came home to settle down in the handsome new house as quiet married folks.

Two years of happiness followed. Wilton was rapidly rising in the esteem of business men—having purchased his position as junior partner in the firm of Myers & Co., at Miriam's earnest request. But, although attentive to his business, he was no mere drudge, seeking money as the only end and aim of life.

Miriam found him ever a willing escort to party, ball, or opera; and the home evenings were given to music, or reading, or such bright intellectual intercourse as had its power of mutual attraction before their marriage.

There were sage people who shook their heads over the young wife's extravagance; but Wilton seemed most happy when she was gratifying some new whim or desire; and she had never known the need of economy. Money had always been at her command, and there was no new restraint upon her expenditures. For the dress she cared but little, though she was tasteful, and her costumes were always rich and appropriate; but she was generous and charitable, loved to collect trifles of exquisite art around her, patronized rising artists, and found no difficulty in exhausting her liberal income each year.

It was during the third year of her married life that Miriam began to feel a cloud upon the former bright happiness of her life. Wilton was changed. In these three words the loving heart of the young wife summed up all her forebodings. He had been the sunlight of her life, loving, tender, and thoughtful; but it became evident to her that some obscure influence was gradually winning him more and more from her side.

Evening after evening he left her, on one pretext or another, oftentimes staying away from her till long after midnight. His sleep became restless and broken, and some absorbing care kept his face pale, his eyes clouded, his manner grave. There was no unkindness to complain of. Miriam met with a tender caress, a loving word. She missed the pleasant home intercourse and a strange dull fear crept into her heart. Wilton was becoming miserly!

He denied her nothing, but would sometimes sigh heavily if she challenged his admiration of some new dress or ornament, and it was evident that he was curtailing his personal expenses to the merest necessities. Too proud to complain, Miriam suffered silently, praying that she might not learn to despise her husband as a mere money-making machine. At first she endeavored to win his confidence, but he kindly evaded her inquiries, and she made no further effort.

But her home grew distasteful, missing the companionship that had made the hours fly so swiftly. She had never felt household cares, trusting everything to an experienced housekeeper. She had no children to awaken mother love and care, so she plunged into fashionable follies, and tried to forget her loneliness. Never had her toilet been chosen with more faultless taste; never had her beauty been more marked than it now became; and she sought for excitement as she had never done in the first happy years of her married life.

And while Mrs. Seymour was thus seeking for happiness abroad that could be found at home, her husband's face grew paler and thinner, and he became more absorbed in business cares. One year more passed, and the hearts that had been so firmly bound together seemed to be drifting entirely apart.

Miriam was sitting sadly in her drawing-room, one evening, waiting for the carriage which was to convey her to a large social gathering at a fashionable hotel. She was dressed in costly lace, over rich silks, and every detail of her elegant costume was faultless in finish, and of the choicest quality. Her face was pale, and her eyes very sad.

She looked up as the door opened, hoping to see Wilton, though it was long since he had spent an evening in her society. Instead of his tall, graceful figure, the portly form of her step-father entered the room.

Miriam sprang forward with a glad smile.

"I am so glad to see you," she exclaimed warmly.

"But you were going out?"

"Only to be rid of my loneliness and myself. I shall be happier here with you."

"Truly, Miriam, will you treat me as your father-to-night? I have come here on a painful and delicate errand and I want your confidence."

She was silent a moment and then said, "You shall have it."

"You love your husband, Miriam?"

Great tears answered him.

"Do you love society, dress, and excitement better than you do Wilton?"

"No, no! A thousand times, no!"

"Could you give all these up for his sake?"

"You have some motive for asking this?"

"I have, indeed. I love your husband also, Miriam. I have learned to respect him, to trust him, and I was wrong when you decided to trust your happiness in his hands."

"But, father, some great change has

come over Wilton. He seems absorbed in money-making."

"One year ago your husband asked me to keep a secret from you. Believing he was discussing your happiness by so doing, I consented, but I am convinced now that the deceit was wrong. He has assumed a burden that is too heavy for him to bear, and you are not happier than you were a year ago."

"Happier!" cried Miriam, impulsively. "I am wretched! I wretched in losing my husband's society and confidence."

"You shall not complain of that again. I am breaking my promise, but you will soon understand my motive. A year ago, the bank in which every guinea of your private fortune was invested failed, and everything was lost. This house, and the money Wilton had said to secure his business position, were all that was left of your father's wealth. Convinced that luxury, society, and extravagance were necessary for your happiness, Wilton implored me to keep the fact a secret from you and

braced himself for a tussle with fortune, resolved to regain by his own exertions what was swept away by the failure before you could discover the loss. But, Miriam, he is overtasking his strength; and you are becoming a butt for severe censure on your extravagance. My secret has burdened me too long, and you must now yourself be the judge of the right course to pursue."

It was long before she spoke, but when she did, her eyes were bright and her voice clear and firm.

"The house is mine?" she asked.

"Certainly. But it needs a large income to sustain such an establishment."

"Tell me what style of house does Wilton's income warrant? I mean the income he had two years ago?"

"A smaller house, dear,—no carriage; no housekeeper; two servants, but certainly no footman in livery; no conservatory."

"Stop, stop! I understand you. You will see, father, if I am made unhappy by your kind frankness, Wilton is in the library absorbed in business. Will you wait here while I speak to him?"

"I will come again soon," he said kindly. "Good night, Miriam. Heaven grant I have judged your heart rightly."

But Miriam did not seek her husband at once. It seemed a mockery to go to him with diamonds flashing from her rich dress; so she sought her own room, and putting aside her evening toilet, dressed herself plainly and carefully, and then kneeling down prayed with earnest fervor before she left the apartment.

"Wilton!"

The harassed weary man looked up.

"Wilton, you should have trusted me. Give me your heart, your confidence, my dear husband."

He bowed his head upon her outstretched hands.

"Can you blame it, Miriam?"

"I can't blame anything if you are beside me,—if you love and trust me. What I cannot bear is to believe that my husband loves money better than his wife."

"No, no!"

"I understand that now. But there must be some reason, as Wilton; I must be your true wife, bearing your sorrows and your reverses."

"My own brave darling!"

He was standing beside her now, and for the first time in that long weary year the old bright look was on his weary face and the old clear ring was in his voice. His arm was around her and she leaned her head on his breast.

"Forgive me," he said earnestly, "doubting your courage,—never your love, Miriam."

She laughed, a merry, bright laugh, and as she playfully closed his desk she drew him to a seat beside her and sketched a burlesque picture of their future life. "I am a miser, you are a miser, and we are miserly. One day he was called Thurstin, and one day he was called Thurstin. One day he was lucky enough to have occasion to employ a carpenter; and the job 'held on like the toothache.' All winter long the industrious carpenter sawed and hammered away—never idle, never without something to do. In the spring, however, the good man finished the last piece of work that seemed required, and one day he said, 'I am going to my employer, Mr. Thurstin. I believe I have got through.' 'Got through!' exclaimed Thurstin; 'what do you mean?' 'I mean I believe there is nothing more in my line I can do for you; there is no more work here for me.' 'Oh? What's that? No more work? Do you think I'm going to let you go? I don't want to lose you! Guess not! I want to get a fortnight's notice before you quit!' But this was Thurstin's joke on the carpenter, with whom of course he gladly settled, without exacting the usual notice that employers require before their workmen leave them. Thurstin still lives."

The dancing fish.

A man-of-war or frigate pelican is a peculiar fisherman. He descends upon the sea like a bullet from a height of three hundred feet. He seizes the fish in his beak, and soars aloft into the sky. His mates gather about him, while the lucky fisherman tosses his tidbit into the air so as to catch it by the head, and swallow it, as it comes down. His throat is so small that he can get it in his stomach in no other way. There is a hawk, and again it is tossed in the air, and tossed up indefinitely until one of the birds is so fortunate as to catch it headfirst, when it disappears. I have seen a dozen frigate pelicans keep a fish dancing in the air fifteen minutes before it was swallowed.

The most wonderful fisherman on the Indian river is a native named Stewart. He seems to be amphibious. It is no uncommon thing for him to jump into the water and run down a fat mullet, catching it in his hands. The Puteh family have two dogs so starved that I have seen them dash into a school of mullet and reappear with fish in their mouths.

The drowned at Dixon Bridge.

Among those who were rescued from the river after the bridge at Dixon, Ill., had fallen, was Dr. Hoffman, of that village. When taken out he was full of water and insensible. His sensations while undergoing the process of drowning, make a curious and interesting narrative. He tells his story as follows: "My wife and I went to see the baptism of the converts, and took up a position on the bridge about thirty feet from the first pier, and between it and the abutment. We were surrounded by people—men, women and children. Suddenly, while Mr. Pratt was entering the water with a female, I heard a report similar to that made by a small cannon, and in an instant the water closed over me, and I felt that something was pressing me down. A heavy weight appeared to be over me. I did not sink to the bottom. I was perfectly conscious, and immediately thought of getting out if possible. My hands came in contact with the treble-work, and crawling up as if ascending a ladder, I was fortunate in finding an opening, through which I crawled and immediately came to the surface. I was then, as near as I can judge, about seventy or eighty feet from the shore. I swam towards the shore, but when I was within a few feet of the bank, I was seized by a man and I sank. While swimming, some person, who must have been under the water, caught hold of my left leg, and grasped tight for a minute, preventing me from going forward. The person let go as suddenly as he had taken hold, and I gave a stroke or two, when I encountered a second person. Thinking it was my wife, who was standing beside me when the span fell, I grabbed it, but having become enervated, I was obliged to let it go.

When I sank I was still sensible of the surroundings. I went apparently very close to the bottom. The current rolled me over and over, and my hands frequently came in contact with the gravel. I could feel the water running down my throat and in my ears, and all at once experienced the most delightful sensation. I seemed to be at peace with everything, and perfectly happy. My whole life passed before me like a flash of lightning, the events appearing in sequence. The most prominent appearing to me was the fact that I was not dead. I seemed to be in a dream, and I did not want to be disturbed. I should have preferred to remain where I was. While in the midst of a beautiful reverie, thinking what my wife would do if she were saved, and I drowned, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I was pulled out and placed on a rock. I was almost insensible, but gradually came to myself. Oh, how sick and wretched I felt.

"I was taken to my home. Here I commenced vomiting, and frequently ejected water and partially-digested food until four o'clock in the afternoon. I was very thirsty after vomiting, and tried to drink some water, but the taste was so disagreeable that I could not swallow. The only way I could quench my thirst was by putting vinegar into the water, about an ounce and a half to a quart of a pint. I was greatly astonished at the number of events that passed through my mind while under the water. Nothing that occurred during childhood was evident, but everything that I had experienced since I was old appeared before me as if photographed. The sensation I experienced while the water was going down my throat was not unpleasant. It seemed as if I was going on a journey, and was surrounded by all kinds of beautiful things. The corpse of my wife was found after she had been in the water about thirty or forty minutes. Dr. Hoffman's countenance was lighted up with a life-like smile, so peaceful and suggestive of such pleasant thoughts when dying, that everybody's attention was attracted to her.

Wanted a Fortnight's Notice.

Some thirty years ago—more or less—there flourished in Draent, or an adjoining town, a quaint old individual who was called Thurstin. One day he was lucky enough to have occasion to employ a carpenter; and the job 'held on like the toothache.' All winter long the industrious carpenter sawed and hammered away—never idle, never without something to do. In the spring, however, the good man finished the last piece of work that seemed required, and one day he said, 'I am going to my employer, Mr. Thurstin. I believe I have got through.' 'Got through!' exclaimed Thurstin; 'what do you mean?' 'I mean I believe there is nothing more in my line I can do for you; there is no more work here for me.' 'Oh? What's that? No more work? Do you think I'm going to let you go? I don't want to lose you! Guess not! I want to get a fortnight's notice before you quit!' But this was Thurstin's joke on the carpenter, with whom of course he gladly settled, without exacting the usual notice that employers require before their workmen leave them. Thurstin still lives."

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The Genus Landlord.

How He Works His Card.

That amusing writer, Anna Brackett, says this genus is very peculiar. It has something which it thought it did not want at present, and had determined to dispose of it temporarily; but, as soon as a demand is made for it, the landlord is not quite sure whether, on the whole, he does not want it himself, or would not rather let it be idle than make only two per cent on his investment. Pending the settlement of this important question, however, he inquires:

"What security can you offer for the payment of the rent?" References being given him, he notes them all, and immediately after leaving you secures the written guarantee of four wealthy men for the payment of your modest rent of \$1,800. But he proceeds to interrogate:

"How many in the family?"

"Five," answered E.

"Five! Too few. So few people in a large house have too much room, and more room so much they really do much more damage than money. I always kept a portmanteau full if I don't want things spoiled. Five. Any children?"

"Three," answered E, apologetically.

"Can't think of it. I want to let it only to a strictly adult family."

"Very well," said E, promptly.

"Good night."

"Stop one moment. Three, did you say? All girls?"

"No; all boys."

"Three boys! Grown up, did you say?"

"Probably not," answered E, "as we were talking of children."

"Oh, yes. Excuse me. I was thinking of something else. What broker did you say offered you the house?"

"Smith," answered E, who really did want the house, and besides was amused at the man.

"Very strange! I only asked for my own protection. I did not give the house to Smith at all. You are sure it was Smith?"

"Quite sure," said E. "I rather think I had better look elsewhere."

"One moment. I trust those boys of yours never play ball. I have had walls spoiled by having balls thrown against them, and I could not on account of thinking of letting my house to a family who allowed ball playing."

I assured him that the balls were made of white leather, and thoroughly washed every night.

"That alters the case," said E. "Perhaps that might do. I must go to Philadelphia to consult my sister, who owns the house with me, and will telephone to me to-morrow. I shall consider you in honor bound to take it all at once. From these facts it is plain that journalism is something still more than a profession; it is also a passion. The kind of men who make newspaper a success where it is one are not apt to work for money alone, even if amply paid pecuniarily. There is a reward in it somewhere, a hope, a gratification; and that reward must be in a person's pleasure in the peculiar work. It is true that the projectors and proprietors of newspapers have generally a pecuniary object in view, but we are speaking of the men who daily make the newspaper all it is in the popular mind—who actually give it its character and that wealth which will not be destroyed, and which is entirely unique in the commercial, value-estimating world."

Without waiting reply, he moved majestically away; and we, having seen that play played off sufficiently, turned into another broker's office to consult other lists and start again.

A special messenger met us at our hotel, as we re-entered it, that evening, direct from the Jersey City ferry, with a note from the landlord above referred to, written just as the cars were about to start. It ran thus:

"DEAR SIR—In the event of my telegraphing that you take my house, I shall require a written stipulation to the effect that no company shall ever be invited to stay more than six hours at a time. Yours, truly,

JOHN STEIN.

"P. S.—You will, of course, not object to inserting in the lease this clause: 'All pastry to be eaten in the kitchen, and not in the dining-room.' J. S."

"If there is one thing I like to see in a man," said E. to me the next day, "it is care for his property. It is that thrift that makes the Teutonic element, whether German, Swedish or Norwegian, so valuable to American citizens."

The observation seemed to me a valuable one. I therefore note it down, though irrelevant.

Protection of Iron from Rust.

The experiments of Dr. Grace Calvert have shown that the oxidation of iron is due as much to the presence of carbonic acid as to moisture, this gas acting in some unknown manner to increase the affinity of the oxygen of the air for the metal. To prevent this action is the object of painting or coloring the surface with some impervious substance. For many purposes, as in the iron work of agricultural implements exposed to wear, and requiring a temporary covering frequently renewed, paraffine, a perfectly neutral material, is found of great utility. But for permanence, red lead paint has been acknowledged the only durable kind, and the question of whether any substitute could be found of equal value has been, by innumerable experiments, decided in the negative.

But some tests made in Holland seem to show that a paint of native oxyd of iron may be made nearly as durable as red lead, provided the iron be thoroughly cleaned before its application. This latter is accomplished by placing the metal in diluted hydro-chloric acid for several hours, the acid being afterwards neutralized by milk of lime, and the surfaces subsequently washed with the water dried and rubbed with oil. The iron oxyd paint gave results quite as good as red lead on plates prepared in this manner, whereas on those cleaned simply with the scratching brush the same paint proved of little worth.

LUCKY JOHNNY.—A nice little bit of luck is reported in the St. Joe Gazette. A few days since a lad named John Mosman, whose father was executed for desertion at Fort Leavenworth when Johnny was a baby, being hired by a farmer near St. Joe, went out one day for the cows.

In digging for a piece of sassafras root he hit upon a kettle and found that it contained money. He lugged his treasure home, and a count being made it was found that the kettle contained the neat little sum of \$6,000, all in silver and gold. Johnny must be a sensible lad, for he has taken his money up to Omaha, proposing to educate himself with a part of it and go into business with the remainder.

The Journalist.

Who and What He Is.

There is a man who sits far into the night with paste pot and scissors before him, and pencil in hand, while around him are piled newspapers of all grades, sizes, colors and political proclivities, and from almost every conceivable locality. He rapidly cuts, pastes and writes. Instinctively he rejects all that is bad, and his eye detects all that is good in the nooks and corners of the scores of "exchanges" which pass through his hands in a few hours. If he remembered one-tenth of all he reads he would be a prodigy of varied learning, and by and by he would probably find his place in a lunatic asylum. Then he varies the wearisome routine by writing; not slowly and laboriously, but rapidly, descriptively and sometimes brilliantly. What he does, he does not just as he pleases, but as a daily and unending task. Every night, as he creeps homeward in the small hours, the subject of the next "leader" creeps through his tired brain, and in the morning starts him in the face. Why these late hours and this silent, careful, absorbing work? This man is the editor of a daily paper, and every night he and his companions are preparing the literary breakfast for a sleeping world. It is a strange life he leads, and a strange world he works in. He wields a power in the land, but contrary to general rule he is almost an unknown man. As a general statement neither great pecuniary reward or fame await him. He does work which only the man born to the task can successfully perform. In him are necessary the qualities of skill, tact, judgment, personal energy, a large fund of current intelligence, coolness, the capacity for rapid work with few errors, and lastly, that indefinable talent for pleasing the many and offending the few, and yet accomplishing a specific and often a partisan purpose.

Journalism is a profession, and the editor is strictly a professional man. To him belongs only the kind of fame which pertains to professional skill, even if he be famous at all. After years of skillful toil he is almost unknown upon the street, and has the credit he deserves only among his equally unknown brethren of the press. Indeed, the great majority of the workers in the world's most potent and extensive industry are not known at all. Scarcely a man in all England knows to a certainty who is the controlling spirit of the London Times, and there are few who care. In less remarkable instances than that, a newspaper becomes popular, increases in circulation, makes itself a pecuniary success, and a political power its twenty, or fifty, or hundred thousand readers ever give a thought to the prevailing unknown personality that made it all. From these facts it is plain that journalism is something still more than a profession; it is also a passion. The kind of men who make newspaper a success where it is one are not apt to work for money alone, even if amply paid pecuniarily. There is a reward in it somewhere, a hope, a gratification; and that reward must be in a person's pleasure in the peculiar work. It is true that the projectors and proprietors of newspapers have generally a pecuniary object in view, but we are speaking of the men who daily make the newspaper all it is in the popular mind—who actually give it its character and that wealth which will not be destroyed, and which is entirely unique in the commercial, value-estimating world."

Curiosities of the Sea.

Among the curious works of the sea, on shores, are the "caverns" made by stones, washed into depressions on a rocky shore, and there, by the continual motion imparted by the waves, gradually wearing holes in the rock. Such holes are known on the coasts of Europe as "giants' cauldrons," and they are often several yards in depth.

When a large wave is swayed up on one of the fissured caverns on the coast, its force is sometimes so great that the rock rebounds as with the discharge of artillery. The mass of water drives the air before it, and not finding in the walls that surround and compress it a large enough space to develop itself, springs through the crevices of the vault. Most of these fissures, gradually scoured away by the waters which escape from them, at length assume the appearance of real wells, where each return of the wave is signalled by a sort of geyser of variable dimensions. There are some which spring several yards high, and can be seen at a great distance, like the jet of water which the whistling material is found of great utility. But for permanence, red lead paint has been acknowledged the only durable kind, and the question of whether any substitute could be found of equal value has been, by innumerable experiments, decided in the negative.

But some tests made in Holland seem to show that a paint of native oxyd of iron may be made nearly as durable as red lead, provided the iron be thoroughly cleaned before its application. This latter is accomplished by placing the metal in diluted hydro-chloric acid for several hours, the acid being afterwards neutralized by milk of lime, and the surfaces subsequently washed with the water dried and rubbed with oil. The iron oxyd paint gave results quite as good as red lead on plates prepared in this manner, whereas on those cleaned simply with the scratching brush the same paint proved of little worth.

LUCKY JOHNNY.—A nice little bit of luck is reported in the St. Joe Gazette. A few days since a lad named John Mosman, whose father was executed for desertion at Fort Leavenworth when Johnny was a baby, being hired by a farmer near St. Joe, went out one day for the cows.

The Journalist.

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