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A Song of Spring.

Baby Spring is growing fast Into maiden beauty. Summer's sweetness will not last: Autumn, ripe and fruity, Dies in Winter's freezing blast As love chills 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 Wirter! O sad comrade! go away, Dreary, agred 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 expression of the brown eyes showed that farmness in her character predominated, though no look of temper marred her amiability.

"I have no power over your move-ments, 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 why do you think so? "Wilton Seymour is one of that unfortunate class—a young man who has 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, re-ceived 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 hence of Myers & Co., and—courted an heiress." You are bitter. 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 im-

pediment in the way of it."
"I see you are determined to marry 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

"He has told you that?"
"No. Mr. Myers informed me that he could be admitted into the firm if he had a capital of ten thousand pound: -only a small portion of my money The remainder may still remain where it is, subject to Wilton's check and con-

"This is sheer insanity. I never heard of such folly!" Miriam's face grew very sweet, as 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-my-

Mr. Palmer moved uneasily in his

"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 A your severe grief for my mother's death your affection for my little step-sistersyour own children-never surpassing that showed to me, do you think that do not appreciate your motives? 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. Sey mour, who will become my son when he becomes your husband. Get your finery ready, and we will have a happy wed-

God bless Miriam!' Two hours later Wilson 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 They had spoken of many subjects,

when he said, suddenly "Mr. Palmer has told me your erous 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 in petuous speech, only smiled and nestled her hand in his. She was not a caressing woman—rather coy in her sweet meiden dignity: but where she gave wong, when you decided to trust your happiness in his hands."

But, father, some great change has has so long suffered.

and freely.

The days of betrothal sped rapidly. During the day Wilton stood at his desk, fingering 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 about 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

hort. A gay wedding, a happy tour, and the young people came home to settle down in the handsome new house is quiet married folks,

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

Miriam found him ever a willing esort to party, ball, or opera; and the ome evenings were given to music, or reading, or such bright intellectual intercourse as had its power of mutual at-

There were sage people who shock their heads over the young wife's ex-travagance: but Wilton seemed most appy when she was gratifying some ew whim or desire; and she had never snown the need of economy. Money and always been at her command, and there was no new restraint upon her expenditures. For fine dress she cared out little, though she was tasteful, and her cestumes 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 ex-

hausting her liberal income each year.
It was during the third year of her married life that Miriam began to find cloud upon the former bright happi ness of her life. Wilton was changed-In these three words the loving heart of the young wife summed up all her He had been the sunlight of her life, loving, tender, and thoughtful; but it became evident to her that some absorbing interest was gradually winning him more and more from her

Evening after evening he left her, on one pretext or another, oftentimes staying away from her till long after mid-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 ever a tender earess, 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 chalenged 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 de pise her husband as a mere money making machine. At first she endeav ored to win his confidence, but he kindly evaded her inquiries, and she made

no further effort. But her home grew distasteful, mis sing the companionship that had made the hours fly so swiftly. She had never felt household cares, trusting everything to an experienced house keeper. 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 toile 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

And while Mrs. Seymour was thus eking for happiness abroad that could not be found at home, her husband's face grew paler and thinner, and he beame more absorbed in business cares. One year more passed, and the hearts that had been so firmly bound together eemed to be drifting entirely apart.

Miriam was sitting sadly in her drawng-room, one evening, waiting for the arriage which was to convey her to a arge social gathering at a fashionable friend's. 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, oping to see Wilton, though it was long since he had spent an evening in er society. Instead of his tall, graceful figure, the portly form of her stepfather entered the room. Miriam sprang forward with a glad

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

"But you were going out?" "Only to be rid of my loneliness and nyself. I shall be happier here with

"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 ex-"No, no! A thousand times, no!" "Could you give all these up for his

"You have some motive for asking this? "I have, indeed. I love your hus-

band also, Miriam. I have learned to respect him, to trust him, and I was

love and confidence, she gave themfully 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 increasing your happiness by so doing, I consented, but I am convinced now that the deceitis wrong. He has assumed a burden that is too heavy for him to bear, and you are not hap

pier than you were a year ago."
"Happier!" cried Miriam, impulsively. "I am wretched!" wretched in losing my husband's society and confi-

"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 paid 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 be ore 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 sccret has burdened me too long, and you must now yourself be the judge of the right course to pursue.'

Miriam was weeping, but the tears were not all bitter. She gave its full meed of gratitude to the love that would have shielded her from the knowedge of poverty and pain; and yet she ould scarcely forgive the want of confidence in her own ability to bear the sacrifice that the deceit implied.

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 in ome to sustain such an establishment.' "Tell me what style of house does Wilton's income warrant? I mean the

icome he had two years ago?' "A smaller house, dear,—no carriage; housekeeper; two servants, but cerainly no footman in livery; no con-

"Stop, stop! I understand you. You will see, father, if I am made unhappy y your kind frankness. Wilton is in he library absorbed in business. Will on wait here while I speak to him?" "I will come again soon," he said sindly. "Good night, Miriam. Heaven

grant I have judged your heartrightly. But Miriam did not seek her husband at once. It seemed a mockery to go to im with diamonds flashing from her ich dress; so she sought her own room, and putting aside her evening toilet bressed herself plainly and carefully and then kneeling down prayed with carnest fervor before she left the apart-

"Wilton!" The harassed weary man looked up. Give me your heart, your confidence, my dear husband. He bowed his head upon her out-

tretched hands. "Can you bear it, Miriam?" "I can bear anything if you are beide me,-if you love and trust me. What I cannot bear is to believe that my

husband loves money better than his "I understand that now. But there nust be confidence between us, Wilton;

I must be your true wife, bearing your orrows 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 is voice. His arm was around her and she leaned upon his breast. "Forgive me," he said earnestly, for

loubting your courage,-never your 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 home, with Mrs. Seymour frying

onions, in a crimson dress, while Mr.

Seymour milked the cow in the garden. It is four years since Mr. Palmer proke his promise. A happier home, a more thrifty housekeeper or prouder husband cannot be found than in the pretty house of the Seymours, where ove, confidence and happiness will not yield the first place to money.

Boarding-House Life. Thus writes Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "To tkink of it! Not even a dog to lick his hand, or a cat to purr or rub her fur against him! Oh! these boarding-houses! What forlorn people one sees stranded on their desolate shores! Decayed gentlewomen, with the poor wrecks of what once made their households beautiful disposed around them in narrow chambers as they best may be, coming down, day after day, poor souls, to sit at the board with strangers; their hearts full of sad memories which have no language but a sigh, no record but the lines of sorrow or their features; orphans, creatures with growing tendrils and nothing to cling to; lonely rich men, casting about them what to do with the wealth they never knew how to enjoy, when they shall no longer worry over keeping and inereasing it; young men and young women left to their instincts, unguarded, save by malicious eyes, which are sure to be found, and to find occupation in these miscellaneous collections of human beings, and now and then a shred of humanity like this little specialist, with just the resources needed to keep the 'radical moisture' from entirely exhaling from his attenuated organism, and busying himself over a point of science, or compiling a hymn, or editing a grammar or dictionary—such are the tenants of boarding-houses, whom we cannot think of without feeling how sad it is when the wind is not tempered to the shorn lamb, when the solitary, whose hearts are shrivelling, are not set

The old practice of prescribing medicated bacon for lung diseases is beginning to come into favor again, which will give the graceful pig a chance to root out the prejudice under which he

in families.

The Drowned at Dixon Bridge. Among those who were rescued from

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. Sudden-ly, 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 ssible. My hands came in contact with the trestle-work, and crawling up as if ascending a ladder, I was fortunate in finding an opening, through which crawled and immediately came to the surface. I was then, as near as I can judge, about seventy or eighty feet rom the shore. I swam towards the bank, but when near it my strength gave out 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 teken hold, and I gave a stroke or two, when I enuntered a dress. Thinking it was my wife, who was standing beside me when the span fell, I grabbed it, but having ecome enervated, I was obliged to let

it go.
When I sank I was still sensible o 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 a 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 quence, the most prominent appear ng to be indelibly impressed upon my mind. Circumstances I had forgotten ppeared vividly, and I did not want to be disturbed. I should have preferred to remain where I was. While in the midst of a beatific 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 insensile, but gradually came to myself. Oh, ow sick and wretched I felt.

our, I was taken to my home. Here I commenced vomiting, and frequently until four o'clock in the afternoon, was very thirsty after vomiting, and tried to drink some water, but the taste was so disagreeable that I could not bear it. The only way I could quench my thirst was by putting vinegar into the water, about an ounce and a half to quarter of a pint. I was greatly astonished at the number of events that passed through my mind while under he water. Nothing that occurred duing childhood was evident, but everything since I was about nineteen years old appeared before me as if photo graphed. 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 three hours. It is said that Mrs. 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 Dracut, or an adoining town, a quaint old individual who was called Thurston. One fall 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 semething to do. In the spring, however, the good man finished the last piece of work that seemed required, and one day he said, approaching his employer, "Mr. Thurston, I believe I have got through." "Got through!" exclaimed Thurston; "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. Eh? What's that? No more work Do you think I'm going to let you off so, after keeping you all winter? Guess not! I want at least a fortnight's no-tice before you quit!" But this was Thurston'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. Thurston still lives,

The Dancing Fish. A man-of-war or frigate pelican is a peculiar fisherman. He descends upon his prey like a bullet from a height of the surfaces subsequently washed with three hundred feet. He seizes the fish hot water, dried and rubbed with oil. in his beak, and soars aloft into the sky. His mates gather about him, while the lucky fisherman tosses his tidbit into in this manner, whereas on those the air so as to catch it by the head, and cleaned simply with the scratching is so small that he can get it in his worth. stomach in no other way. There is a wild swoop, and another hawk seizes the fish, 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 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 lugged his treasure home, and a incommon thing for him to jump into the water and run down a fat mullet, catching it in his hands. The Futch family have two dogs so starved that I mouths.

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 deterimned to dispose of it temporarily; but, sizes, colors and political proclivities, as soon as a demand is made for it, the and from almost every conceivable lo landlord is not quite sure whether, on cality. He rapidly cuts, pastes and the whole, he does not want it himself, would not rather let it be idle than make only two per cent on his invest-ment. Pending the settlement of this unimportant question, however, he in-

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 in-

terrogate: "How many in the family?"

"Five," answered E.
"Five! Too few. So few people in

"Three," answered E., apologetically. "Can't think of it. I want to let it mly to a strictly adult family."

"Very well," said E., promptly.
"Good day, sir."

"Stop one moment, Three, did you ay? All girls?" "No; all boys."
"Three boys! Grown up, did you

"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 as Smith ?" "Quite sure," said E. "I rather hink we had better look elsewhere,"

"One moment. I trust those boys f yours never play ball. I have had walls spoiled by having balls thrown against them, and I could on no account think of letting my house to a family

who allowed ball playing."

I assured him that the balls were nade of white leather, and thoroughly

washed every night.
"That alters the case," said he. Perhaps that might do. I must go to Philadelphia to consult my sister, who owns the house with me, and will teleor not, day after to-morrow. I shall consider you in honor bound to take it if I telegraph. You will understand the rent is to be paid monthly in ad-

Without waiting reply, he moved seen that play played out 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

start. It ran thus: "DEAR SIR-In the event of my tele graphing that you can take my house, I all it is in the popular mind-who shall require a written stipulation to tually give it its character and that the effect that no company shall ever at a time. Yours, truly,

JOHN STEIN. be invited to stay more than six hours which is entirely unique in the com-

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

"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 Tuetonic 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 oxydation 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 perfeetly 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 nega-

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 afterthe surfaces subsequently washed with The iron oxyd paint gave results quite as good as red lead on plates prepared swallow it, as it comes down. His throat | brush the same paint proved of little

LUCKY JOHNNY. - A nice little bit of luck is reported in the St. Joe Gazetie. A few days since a lad named John 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 contained the neat little sum of \$6,000, mullet and reappear with fish in their cate 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, 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 nuires:
"What security can you offer for the payment of the rent?" References ing, and by and by he would probably find his place in a lunatic asylum. Then he varies the wearisome routine to the varies the wearisome routine and laboriously, he remembered one-tenth of all he reads by writing; not slowly and laboriously, but rapidly, discursively 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 a large house have too much room, and move round so much they really do much more damage than more. I always pack a portmanteau full if I don't want things spoiled. Five, Any child-want things spoiled. Five, Any child-want things spoiled. of a daily paper, and every night he and ed to death by falling into a vat of hot 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, fair scholarship, 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 "Very strange! I only asked for my 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 leserves only among his equally unknown brethren of the press. Indeed, the great majority of the workers in the world's most potent and evanescent literature are not known at all. Scarcely man in all England knows to a certainty who is the controlling spirt 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 ecuniary success and a political power its twenty, or fifty, or hundred thousand readers ever gives a thought to the perthan a profession; it is also a passion. The kind of men a success where it is one are not apt to work for money alone, even if amply paid pecuniarily. There is a reward in t somewhere, a hope, a gratification and that reward must be in a personal 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 wealth which fire cannot destroy, and mercial, value-estimating world.

Curiosities of the Sea.

Among the curious works of the sea, on the shore, are the excavations 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. holes are known on the coasts of Europe as "giants' cauldrons," and they are often several yards in depth.

one of the fissured caverns on the coast, its force is sometimes so great that the rock resounds 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 ault. Most of these fissures, gradually sculptured anew by the waters which escape from them, at length assume the appearance of real wells, where each return of the wave is signalized 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 by which the whale betrays himself afar off; hence arises the name of blowers, given in many countries by sailors to these phenomena on the shore

One of the most singular, and at first sight puzzling, phenomena of a sandy shore is the rise and fall of the water in fresh-water wells. This is occasioned by the salt water percolating the sand, and pushing back or damming streams of fresh water from which the wells are supplied. On the shores of Cape Cod there are numerous wells which are dry at low tide, but fill up with fresh water as the tide rises.

Bad News for Baldheaded Men Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington,

physician of large experience and a close observer of facts, says that according to his observations nearly all persons of both sexes who lived to the age of eighty years and over retained a considerable if not a complete suit of hair at the time of their deaths. He concedes that there are exceptions to this rule but insists that a large majority of persons living at the age of eighty or up-Mosman, whose father was executed for desertion at Fort Leavenworth when of hair, or are not bald. His hypothesis seen a dozen frigate pelicans keep a fish Johnny was a baby, being hired by a is that a person who retains his hair past the age of sixty-five has a good prospect of living to be over eighty. The rule may be tested by any one calling to mind the ages and condition of the hair of persons of his acquaintance being made it was found that the kettle of the ages indicated, the condition of whose hair is known to him. The vast all in silver and gold. Johnny must be majority of persons who become bald, a sensible lad, for he has taken his or lose their hair, do so between lose their hair, do so between ty years of age,

Facts and Fancies.

Draw not thy bow before thy arrow be fixed

Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.

A baby has been born in Georgia without any eyes.

Cholera is not now prevalent in either Austria or Turkey.

Love is to the mortal nature what the sun is to the earth.

There is probability of war between Russia and Bokhara,

A man was late'v strangled to death by horse radish at Lapeer, Mich.

Visitors to the Vienna Exposition number from 12,000 to 16,000 daily. The chiefs of the conservative party in Cubs are denounced by the press, A clergyman at Weatherford, Texas, was lately mistaken for a turkey and

There is quite a falling off in importations of dry goods into the United States.

taken from Madison, Wis., to Mil-A man at Milwaukee was lately scald-

Three car loads of lunatics were lately

whisky. The authorities of Huntington, Ind. estimate the value of a liquor license at

\$35 a day. A river 300 feet under ground was lately struck by a mining shaft at Pioche, Nev.

The police of Chicago are preparing to have the liquor saloons closed in accordance with law.

Taylor Shonder, colored, who killed his wife in Wheeling, W. Va., has been sentenced to death. The police of the City of Mexico have

been ordered to prohibit Jesuits living in societies in Ajaca. A Maine mother discovered her threeyear-old boy striving to shave himself with his father's razor.

All the nominations made by Mayor Havemeyer, of New York, have been confirmed by the Board. An official inquiry into the cause of the loss of the steamer Atlantic is to be

opened soon at Liverpool. A child in New Orleans, supposed to be dead, was recently brought to life by a terrible clap of thunder.

Robert P. Bleakley, the murderer of his niece, in New York, has been sentenced to State prison for life. It is suggested that on the coming

Decoration Day a barrel of flour be sent to every poor soldier's widow. A crazy man at Minneapolis lately

service, with a sword in each hand. The Spanish Government is reported vading unknown personality that made it all it is. From these facts it is plain that journalism is something still more currency to be forced into circulation. A Springfield woman has invented a dinner pot in whi cooked at once, without interfering with

each other. The failure of a leading firm caused a "wild panie" on the Vienna Bourse, during which Rothschild and Schey were

publicly insulted. A lady at Madison, Iowa, has brought suit for \$6,000 because she was ejected from church for stopping her ears when an obnoxious person was praying.

Eigl.t dead bodies have been found under a house in Labette County, Kan., near where the dead brother of Senator York was found some time since. The severest snow-storm ever known

has prevailed all along the El Paso and Santa Fe sections of the Rio Grande. All fruit crops are destroyed. One of the nickel counterfeiters brought to Little Rock, Ark., has turned State's evidence, implicating many persons in the southern part of that

State. Among those of the Polaris' crew rescrued from the land of ice and snow When a large wave is swallowed up in are Hans Christian and his wife and four children, the youngest eight months old. That youngest must have met with a cold reception on his advent in this breathing world.

An intelligent traveler, who has lately been among us, puts down, as the th result of his observations, that " when a great man dies in the United States, the first thing done is to propose a fine statue in his honor; next, to forget to order any statue; and last, to wonder what became of the money. No proposition is plainer than that nothing should be sent anonymously

to a newspaper." Equally certain is it

that anything thus sent should be promptly committed to the waste-basket. The writer who will not trust an editor with his name, does not deserve to be trusted in return. Seven thousand Yankee clocks were recently shipped to Japan, and now every daimio in the country that can raise the stamps wears one of these neat and reliable, but not gaudy, time

pieces, strapped on his breast, and

when the clock strikes he darws a larger crowd around him than a monkey at a The most novel accident recorded lately is one happening from a kick by a hog at Durham's Corner, Bureau county, Illinois. Mr. Durham was putting a hog in a wagon, when it kicked him in the eye, filling it with the broken glass of his spectacles. The hog

was dropped so suddenly as to break its back. A new law has just gone into effect in Pennsylvania regulating the sale of burning oils. It forbids the sale of any product of petroleum to be used in amps as a burning oil which is of a ower fire-test than 110deg. Fahrenheit. Violations of the law are punishable by a fine of not less than \$250, or imprisonment not less than one year, or both.

There has been some discussion as to the injurious effect of beer, but there is ample evidence that in some cases it is fatal. A man was killed in St. Louis lately by the explosion of a cask of this dangerous liquid, and leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss, and many fellow-citizens to mourn the of the beer. The article is to be classed have seen them dash into a school of money up to Omaha, proposing to edurarely live to be over sixty-five or seven- it explodes only before it has been swallowed.