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Looking for Love.

As a fisherman looks out over the bay
For a ship that comes from sea,
I look for my love from day to day,
But my love comes not to me.

Who is the maid that the finger of fate
Has given, and where lives she?
How long shall I linger and hope and wait
Before she will come to me?

Or have I no love, and shall I be blown
Like a lost boat out to sea?
No! Pleasure and peace shall be my own,
And my love shall come to me.

And when and where shall I know my doom?
In-doors, or where flowers grow?
Will the pear-trees all be white with bloom?
Or will they be white with snow?

Have I ever heard of your name in talk?
Or seen you a child at play?
Are you twenty yet, and where do you walk?
Is it near or far away?

Come, my love, while my heart's in the south,
While youth is about my knees;
I will run to meet you, and kiss your mouth,
And bless you for all my days!

A Flight from the Inquisition.

Archibald Bower, whose singular experiences of an Italian inquisition in the last century we propose to narrate, was a native of Scotland, being born there about the year 1686. When only five years old, he was sent over by his parents to an uncle in Italy. In that country his education was entirely conducted, and he became so great a proficient in learning as to be appointed, when very young, to various little scholastic offices. Eventually, he was made Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the college at Macerata. Here was established an inquisition, the constitution of which may be gathered pretty accurately from Bower's own account.

The Holy Tribunal, he says, consisted of an inquisitor, who was president of it, and twelve counselors. The latter were chosen by the inquisitor either from among the ecclesiastics or the laity, but were always men eminent for learning. They had a salary of about two hundred dollars each, and an apartment in the inquisition house, where the inquisitor resided. There were, in addition, great privileges and much honor to the counselors, besides a certainty of good preferment. The offences coming under their cognizance were purely those against the faith or good morals, such as heresy, and these were generally very trifling—such as doing or saying anything disrespectful with regard to saints, images, relics, or the like. When any person was accused before the inquisitor, a council was summoned, always in the middle of the night. If any happened to be absent, their place was supplied by a notary—for all trials must be in a full court—who made known to them the crime, without naming either the informer or the criminal.

On an accused person being apprehended, he was confined several days without the least glimpse of light, or any other sustenance than a little bread and water once a day. After that time was elapsed, the court was summoned for the trial. A notary attended, to write down all the accused should say, and a surgeon to feel his pulse, and tell how much torture he could be made to bear. The machines and engines for torturing being all fixed, the prisoner was brought, and without ever having been told either his offence or accuser, or having had the least liberty to expostulate, he was exhorted to confess his guilt.

An account of the tortures and punishments inflicted would be superfluous, for they are well known. We pass on to Bower's personal narrative. While Professor of Rhetoric in the college, he was, by favor of the inquisitor, appointed to a vacant office of judge, which, looking to emoluments, was considered a good preferment. Speedily, the horrid scenes he was compelled to witness shocked his feelings. His sense of justice was outraged, and he wished himself well out of the position into which he had unfortunately fallen. For three years he was projecting his escape, and revolving in his mind every possible method of effecting it. But when he considered the formidable difficulties with which each of them was attended, and the terrible consequences if he failed in the attempt, he was held in suspense. At last an accident happened which confirmed his resolution, but at the same time gave the inquisitor an opportunity of trying him to the utmost. A person who was his intimate friend was accused to the inquisition for saying something irreverent regarding the Carthusian friars, and by orders of the inquisitor, Bower was ordered to arrest him. It was a dreadful trial of feeling, but he executed his commission. The inquisitor said the words would fall on his tongue, and his very confusion betrayed him, and he was some time before he preferred his request. At last, one day, being in familiar converse with the inquisitor, he came out with it at once. "My Lord," said he, "it is long since I was at Loretto, will your lordship give me leave to go there for a week?" "With all my heart," was the reply. Having all his matters in readiness, including his valuable papers, (among which was the Directory,) he ordered a horse to be at his door early the next morning. When the horse came, he carried his portmanteau down himself, and fixed it to the saddle. He carried two loaded pistols in case of emergency, being resolved never to be taken alive.

The plan he had laid down was to take all the by-roads into Switzerland. Four hundred miles must be traversed before he was clear of the pope's dominions; he knew the road for barely half the distance. When he had traveled about ten miles without meeting a soul, he reached a place where two roads met, one leading to Loretto, the other the way he proposed to go. "Here he stood," Bower said, "he was the very person. The peasant, in a transport of joy, clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and ran to call his wife, who came with every expression of delight in her face; and making one of her best curtsies, kissed his hand. Her husband spoke Italian, but she could not; and Bower, not understanding Swiss, she was obliged to make her congratulations in pantomime, or by her husband as her interpreter. Both expressed much concern that they had no better accommodation for him: if they had had a bed for themselves, he should have slept in it; but, as they were poor, some clean straw and what covering they possessed."

The good man hastened to get off Bower's wet clothing, and wrap something about him till they were dry; the wife busied herself in getting ready what victuals she had, which she regretted were no better than a little sour-kraut and some new-laid eggs. Three of these were served up with kraut, and he made a comfortable meal; after which he enjoyed what might properly be called repose, for he was quiet and secure.

As soon as he rose in the morning, the honest Swiss and his wife came to know how he had rested. The good dame was dressed in her holiday clothes. After breakfast, the husband set out with him to direct him on the road to Bern, which was at no great distance, but first insisted on returning with him a little way to show him the road he had taken on the previous night. He now became aware of another great danger which he had escaped. He saw that he and his horse had passed a fearful precipice, where the breadth of the path would scarcely admit a horse, the sight of which made him shudder. His host went with him for several miles along the road to Bern, and then left him with a thousand good wishes.

At Bern, Bower inquired for the minister, to whom he made himself known, and received from him as hearty a welcome as from the Swiss, with the addition of a more elegant entertainment. He was advised to go forward the next morning to Basel, which was only a day's ride from Bern, and was unsafe from secret treachery. From Basel a boat sailed at stated times to Holland, and was usually crowded with desperate characters, fugitives from their respective countries for all manner of crimes and offences. This conveyance seemed to afford the most expedient mode of getting to England. Bower was received kindly by the minister at Basel, to whom he was recommended by his friend at Bern. During the two days preceding the sailing of the boat for Holland, Bower kept himself in a manner suitable to the company with which he was about to associate, putting his proper clothes into his portmanteau, of which, as he was instructed to be particularly careful, he made his best by day, and his pillow by night. Being obliged to leave his horse, which he had purchased from the hardships it had sustained with him, he was determined to place it in the hands of a kind master, who promised that it should be ridden by no one but himself; and that, when it became old or infirm, it should be comfortably maintained.

Disturbing as he found the company on board, he was compelled to regret the necessity of leaving it, in consequence of a leak, which obliged the master to put in at Strasbourg for repairs, which might detain him a fortnight. To stay there was impossible. Bower, therefore, took off his shabby dress, in which he was disguised, at the first inn he saw, and concealing it beneath the bed, stole out with his portmanteau to a tavern, from whence he went out to engage a place in the stage to Calais. For the first two or three days of his journey he heard nothing concerning himself, which induced him to hope that the news of his escape had not reached France; but he was soon undeceived. For the last two or three stages every body was full of it. When he came to the inn at Calais, the first persons he saw were two Jesuits, with the badge of the inquisition—a red cross—upon their heads, in a road with several other officials, appointed to take care of the highroads, and to apprehend any criminal who was making his escape. This was an unpleasant prospect, and Bower immediately hastened to the waterside to ask when the next boat sailed for England. He was told not till the Monday following; it was then Friday. He turned to a waterman, and asked him if he would carry him across in an open boat, offering a liberal reward; but the man, and others to whom the same request was made, declined. He soon became aware that he had made a false step, as every one about began to take notice of him, feeling sure that he was a person of great consequence, bearing most important dispatches, or else a criminal eager to elude justice. When he reached the inn, finding the room where the Jesuits had been unoccupied, he inquired of the woman who kept the house what had become of the good company he had left there.

"Oh, sir," said she, "I am sorry to tell you, but they are up stairs searching your portmanteau."

What course to pursue, he could not determine. By water, he knew he could not escape; and in order to get through the gates, he must pass the guards, who, most probably, were prepared to intercept him. If it were practicable to secret himself till it was dark, and attempt to scale the walls, he was unacquainted with their height; and if defeated, he was ruined. The dangers he had surmounted, now aggravated the terror of his situation. After weathering the storm so long, to perish within sight of the desired haven was a distracting thought. Whilst engaged in these sad reflections, he heard some company laughing and talking very loudly, and listening at the door, he found them to be speaking English. He rushed into the room, and recognizing Lord Baltimore, whom he had seen at Rome, desired the favor of a word with

him in private. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance, with one pistol cocked in his hand and another in his sleeve, was increased by Mr. Bower's request, accompanied by his determined air. Lord Baltimore desired him to lay down his pistols, and keep out of their hands. Bower said that he was before. On being informed who he was, Lord Baltimore proposed to the company that they should rise up, and taking him in the midst of them, try to cover him till they could get to his lodgings. The scheme succeeded; the boat was near; they got to it unobserved, and rowed about two miles to where the yacht lay, in which they had come for an excursion. The wind being fair, they soon reached Dover, where he was safely landed on the 11th of July, 1782.

A long time afterwards, being with the Lord Baltimore at Greenwich, a message came to him that some gentlemen wished to speak with him at a house close by the water-side, where was a passage into the river from a summer-house in the garden. Lord Baltimore asked who could want him, and recommended Bower not to go. He, not wishing to be thought afraid, determined to investigate the matter. Two armed servants, however, attended him; but when he and his guard reached the house, no one there would own to having sent for him.

The hero of the above story afterwards procured an appointment as keeper of Queen Caroline's library, and died in 1768, aged eighty.

A Danbury Child Lost.

A family named Cobleigh, living on Nelson street, Danbury, says the *Votes*, lost their little child, a girl of six years. The alarm was soon given, and a vigorous search was soon commenced. The neighbors for several streets adjoining either joined in the search or assembled at the house of the afflicted family and graphically recalled cases where little children were lost and after a long search found stark dead in the water, and thus consumed time that would have otherwise passed dearly enough to the agonized parents. Several people remembered to have seen the little girl in several different directions, and parties followed the various directions. Then there were others who had ideas of their own in regard to the whereabouts of the missing child, and one of these, a neighbor named Wakely, was led by this instinct to crawl under a barn, but in the transit became so wedged in that it took two men and a shovel to get him out again. A few minutes later his zeal and discretion led him to go down a well, and while part of the day he looked for a day, and was whoop like an Indian, and disappeared beneath the sparkling waters. He was rescued more dead than alive, but still burned with sympathy for the stricken family, and with the water dripping from his garments, crawled up on a beam to look over at a hay-mow, and owing to the slippery condition of his clothes, again lost his balance and came down to the barn-floor on his back with a force that deprived him of his breath. At ten o'clock the search was given up for the night and the parents retired, but to sleep, he half-past seven, a knock came to the front door, which, being opened, revealed the lost child. She had fallen asleep on top of the hen-house, and becoming uneasy in her dreams had fallen off and awakened, and had now come in for the particulars.

No words can express the delight of the parents at the recovery of their child, and the sensations of Mr. Wakely, when he came around the next morning on a pair of borrowed crutches, and smelling strong enough of limiment to knock down a chemist, and learned the result of the affair. It is pleasant to learn that not one of the excited neighbors had any serious idea that the girl was lost, any of the time.

The Family Newspaper.

We clip the following truthful item from the *Decorative*. It is precisely to the point—a child being brought to read becomes delighted with the newspaper, because it reads of things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper one year is worth one quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial benefit which is derived from the advancement. The mother of a family should be herself instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are of course more considerate and more easily governed. How many thousands of children have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading? How many parents, who never spent twenty dollars for books or papers for their families, would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

The Largest Steam Engine in the World.

Pittsburgh claims to have in progress of construction a pair of engines which will be the most powerful in the world. Reducing the capacity of some of the largest pumping engines to a uniform lift of one foot in twenty-four hours, it is found that the one at the Lehigh zinc mines will lift 3,456,000,000 gallons; the pair at the Chicago water works, 4,500,000,000 gallons; the pair at Haerlem, Holland, 10,000,000,000 gallons; while the new Pittsburgh engines will lift 14,240,000,000 gallons. The pair will weigh 1,500 tons, and will cost \$423,550. The following dimensions will serve to give some idea of the magnitude: Cranks, nine tons; shaft, twenty-four tons; four sections of the two valve chambers, one hundred and twenty tons; fly wheel, seventy tons. The four plungers will weigh upwards of four hundred tons. Cylinder, sixty-four inches diameter; stroke, sixteen feet. Plungers, forty inches diameter, eleven feet stroke.

The experiment of restocking the waters of Vermont with salmon promises to be a success. Those put into the Winooski last spring have grown to be three or four inches long, and have begun to run into the lake.

The Great Water Divide.

The Sources of Three of the Largest Rivers in America—Mountains Two Thousand Feet Above the Level of the Sea—Grand and Beautiful Scenery.

It is stated in the sixth annual report of the United States Geological Survey of the territories, by F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist, that there is a very interesting geographical region in America than the different branches of the Snake river and the Madison—the great water divide of the continent. The maps now in process of construction will almost entirely change the geographical features of the region. Within a radius of ten miles may be found the sources of three of the largest rivers in America. The general elevation is from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, while the mountains, whose eternal snows form the sources of these great rivers, rise to a height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. The mountains are the various branches of the Missouri, Yellowstone, and Wind rivers, which all unite eventually into one mighty stream, the Missouri. To the south are the branches of Green river, which unites with the Colorado, and empties into the Gulf of California; while South and West flow the Snake river, which, uniting with the Columbia, pour their vast volume of water into the Pacific.

The exploration of this remarkable water divide proves that the Madison Fork has its source in a small lake not hitherto noted on any map, and that the so-called Madison lake is a long narrow lake on the Pacific slope. This latter lake was found to be about twelve miles long and eight miles wide. From this body of water flows a stream nearly 100 feet wide, which, after a distance of about five miles, empties into a second lake, which is four miles long and one and a half miles wide. The former of these lakes was named Shoshone, and the latter Lake Lewis, in honor of the great pioneer explorer of the north-west. At the upper end of Lake Shoshone a new geyser basin was discovered with from 75 to 100 springs, many of them geysers of considerable power. The orientation about these springs was regarded as more interesting and elaborate than those in Five Hole Basin. The divide between the Yellowstone lake and Lake Lewis was found to be about fifty feet above the former, and 200 feet above the latter. This low ridge in the ground was divided into several narrow ridges, which give rise to the story of the Two Ocean river, and such a stream has found its way to most of our printed maps.

From the summit of the mountain the scope or vision embraced a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, within which four hundred and seventy mountains were visible, and many of them distinctly observed. The area that could be swept by the eye from this point could not have been less than fifty thousand square miles, embracing every variety of grand and beautiful scenery of mountain and valley, several mountain peaks visible on the continent. Ten large lakes and several smaller ones were embraced in the view, and the entire Yellowstone Park was spread out under the eye. To the east, the Wind river and Big Horn ranges, with the snow-clad summits of Fremont's Union and Nevada ranges, were visible. On the north the Yellowstone range, with Emigrant Peak, and many of the loftiest mountains of Montana were clearly seen. To the west the numerous ranges comprised in what are called the Salmon river mountains of Idaho form the horizon of vision in that direction, while the mountains near Fort Hall and the Wahsatch range completed the mighty amphitheatre. This remarkable view embraced a large portion of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and Utah Territories, and about forty small streams, which unite and form the upper portion of Snake river, were carefully examined.

The party then proceeded down the valley of Snake river, through its remarkable canyons, examining Jackson's Lake and the numerous streams that empty into the main river on either side.

Fancied Hydrophobia.

Hydrophobia simply means the dread of water, which is one of the symptoms of canine madness; but the same symptoms also occur in other diseases distinct from it. The horror of water almost (not absolutely) always accompanies canine madness, but it is also met with, in greater or lesser intensity, in several nervous diseases. It may be brought on by strong mental emotion of various kinds. A schoolmaster, after a violent fit of anger, died in fifteen hours, with decided symptoms of hydrophobia. Fright will have the same effect. A man bitten by a dog, which he believed to be mad had fearful attacks with hydrophobia, which ceased several months afterwards, on his learning that the dog remained in perfect health. A girl who witnessed a sudden broil, in which the disputants fought with swords, was so terror-stricken that she was seized with hydrophobia, and died. A woman whose companions had abandoned her alone in the fields all night was greatly terrified thereby; next day she refused every sort of liquid, and shortly died.

It is, therefore, not surprising that an aversion to water should have been occasionally induced by the bite of men and animals that were not mad. Malpighi records the case of his mother, who became hydrophobic after having been bitten by her daughter in an epileptic fit.

Cases are not rare in which, when one person has bitten another, the bitten person has been attacked by and sometimes died of apparent canine madness. The most singular instance is that of a young man, twenty-nine years of age, who became hydrophobic after having been bitten by the dog remained in perfect health. A girl who witnessed a sudden broil, in which the disputants fought with swords, was so terror-stricken that she was seized with hydrophobia, and died. A woman whose companions had abandoned her alone in the fields all night was greatly terrified thereby; next day she refused every sort of liquid, and shortly died.

Gen. Taylor as a Historian.

Gen. Taylor, although an excellent soldier and a man of strong good sense in the every-day affairs of life, had been educated in the camp, and knew no more of statesmanship or the operations of government than a Comanche Indian; nor was he distinguished for colloquial accomplishments or narrative or descriptive talent. Then he had a habit of hesitation in conversation that amounted to almost a stammer. He spoke in a terse, sententious style upon subjects with which he was familiar, and his suggestions, especially on military matters, were marked by a quick perception and a sound judgment. But he was never diffuse or demonstrative, and wasted no words upon anybody.

Judge Butler, a colleague in the Senate of Mr. Calhoun, calling to pay his respects to the President, begged him to describe the manner in which the battle of Buena Vista was fought. His brother, Pierce Butler, commanding the Palmetto regiment, and a very gallant officer, fell in the battle, and the Judge was naturally anxious to learn the particulars of that desperate contest. "Well, well, Judge, you want to know how the thing was done. Come and dine with me to-day and I'll tell you all I know about it."

Judge Butler was a hasty, impetuous man, and the words flowed from his mouth in a torrent whenever he had occasion to speak. He was all impatience during the dinner, and the moment they were alone he brought up the subject of the battle.

"Yes, yes, Judge, your brother was a brave man, and behaved like a true soldier. But about the battle—you want to know how it was fought?"

"Yes, General, if you will be so kind. I wish to learn how your troops were disposed on the field, and how you managed to resist a force so overwhelming. Santa Anna must have outnumbered you at least four or five to one."

"The difference was greater than that, I think, but we didn't stop to count the Mexicans. I knew there was a heavy force, and longed for a couple of regiments more of regulars." "Unoubtedly," said the Judge; "but what was your order of battle?" "Why, why, you see, Judge, we went to fighting early in the morning the first day, and we fit all day long, losing a good many men, and at night it looked pretty bad."

"Well, what next?" "When it got dark I rode over to Saltillo to look after our stores and to provide against a surprise."

"Why did you go yourself? Why not send one of your aides?" "You see, everything depended on not having our supplies cut off, and I wanted to see after things myself."

"How was the next morning when you came on the field?" inquired Judge Butler.

"Not much change since the night before."

"Who was the first man that you met?"

"Gen. Wool."

"And what did he say?"

"All is lost."

"What was your reply?"

"Maybe so, General—we'll see. And upon that we went to fighting again, and fit all that day, and toward night it looked better."

The Judge, looking rather blank, asked "Why next?"

"Well, the next morning it was reported to me that Santa Anna and all his men had disappeared in the night, and I was very glad to be rid of them so."

Thirst Quenched Without Drinking.

It may not be generally known that water, even salt water, imbibed through the skin, appeases thirst almost as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In illustration of this subject, a correspondent of the *Decorative* has given the following quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's Losing his Vessel, and his Distresses Afterwards," which was noticed in "Doddsley's Annual Register" for 1869. I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water and putting them on when drying. It was considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although, from seeing the good effects produced, they afterward practiced it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes, became incrustated by the heat of the sun and of our bodies, lacerating our skins, and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes with fresh water in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. After these operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched feeling was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four persons in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptoms.

A Railroad Suit.

An important suit has been commenced in Fillmore county, Minnesota, by C. Easton and others against the Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Southern Minnesota Railroad Companies. In 1871 the Minnesota Legislature made a law prescribing maximum rates for the transportation of freight upon railroads. The companies above named disregarded the law, and made their own schedule of charges. The plaintiffs were heavy shippers, and paid without protest or objection the rates demanded. They now sue to recover the amount paid above legal rates. The decision of the Supreme Court affirming the constitutionality of the law seems to give color to the plaintiffs' claim. If the case is decided in their favor, Minnesota railroad companies may have to refund millions of dollars.

Items of Interest.

Very small ear-rings are the proper thing.

"Time never stays." That accounts for the great waste of time.

A California dog revealed a murder by bringing home a human arm.

An attempt is being made to use saw mill refuse for smelting iron in Michigan.

It is expected that Minnesota will export this year 20,000,000 bushels of wheat.

The St. Louis *Dispatch* is going to publish an edition on Sunday afternoon, a novelty in newspapers in this country.

The proposed new constitution of Pennsylvania covers sixty large printed pages, being five times as large as the old one.

Suburban Peorians mistake their new letter-carriers for book agents and lightning-rod peddlers, and throw stones at them.

A Louisiana paper states that the inscription "for sale" or "for rent" is posted on more than 6,000 houses and stores in New Orleans.

Ceylon exports between two and three million gallons of cocoanut oil every year. The business has increased since the opening of the Suez Canal.

From Dubuque: "In order not to ruin the reputation of Dubuque business men, the names of drunkards before the police court are suppressed by the papers."

It is proposed to change the name of Chicago to Edwardsville, in honor of the Director of the census, who has done for the city what no legitimate census-taker could do.—*St. Louis Globe.*

A Frenchman professes to have discovered, by experiments upon himself, that coffee taken upon an empty stomach renders the mind abnormally clear and the temper unnaturally bad.

A young lady was thrown from a carriage in Shrewsbury, Mass., the other day, and had one leg broken, and the accident was still further complicated by her falling on a wasp's nest.

A fastidious lady in Chicago broke an engagement because her lover stained her such and the back breadth of her dress suit with tobacco juice. The discarded lover now taunts her for her pride.

It is said that many thousand pounds of trout are annually caught among the Adirondacks which are left to rot along the shore. Such senseless barbarism is hastening the depopulation of the streams.

Peter Kessler, the mule-stealer, who was imprisoned in Jefferson City, Mo., has been hanged by a mob, and the Sheriff had him in charge has been mortally and two others very seriously wounded.

Thirty years ago Mr. William Allen of Ohio used to say that the Gulf of Mexico was the most fertile of the Mississippi, and that every mouth had a right to its own tongue.

The "rush" for Europe this season has not been so great as was expected, the number of departures being 18,533, against 18,018 during the same period last year. The Vienna Exhibition didn't "draw" much.

A father in Wilmington, Del., who took a great dislike to one of his children that was "reckless footed"—having feet turned out—was arrested for endeavoring to persuade his wife to assist him in poisoning it.

No locomotive is allowed to use a steam whistle in Altoona, that city of railroads where engines, trains and shifting cars are almost constantly in motion by night and day—so that if whistling is essential in any town that would be one of the places.

The German Minister of War has recently issued an order that every man subject to military service in the empire shall present himself for enrollment with a photograph of himself in his possession, duly certified by the police or municipal authorities of the locality in which the candidate may reside.

A new and important fact in silk culture has been discovered by the Acclimation Society, France, namely, that silk of varied color can be produced by feeding the silkworm on different leaves. Worms fed on vine leaves produce a silk of magnificent red color. Lettuce has been found to produce an emerald green colored silk.

Some in the Goldsboro' (N. C.) post-office: "Nothing, sir." "That ain't no letter for me, you say?" "No, sir." "Dad fetch me! Say, mister, ain't that 'nuther postoffice in town?" "Only one." "Well, all I've got to say, it's a one-horse town that can't s'port but one postoffice," was the comment of the countryman as he strode into the street.

There is now current a story of a girl who killed a calf belonging to her father in order that his attention might be distracted while she went to meet her lover. This is evidently a rehash of the old mythological legend, relating how Medea tore her little brother Absyrtus in pieces that her father Aetes might have something to detain him while she ran away with her beloved Jason.

Ammonia is a useful household article which it is worth while to keep on hand for common purposes. It is excellent for cleaning paint, silver, and gives a teaspoonful put in the water produces a wonderful effect. Wherever there is grease to be removed, ammonia is efficacious. Consequently it is excellent for cleaning hair-brushes. Indeed, it is an almost indispensable toilet article.

A new motor has recently been patented in this country, the operation of which the journal of the Franklin Institute describes as follows: Oil is sprayed into the cylinder behind the piston, and, being mixed with air, is ignited at the proper time by electricity. The consequent expansion drives the piston forward, the momentum of the fly-wheel returning it to its former position. An ejector supplies the oil from the tank to the sprayer, the ejector being connected to a piston blower driven by a crank connected with the main shaft.