

# The Elk County Advertiser.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. III.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1873.

NO. 28.

## What to do With the Apples.

SOME DOMESTIC RECIPES.

When nicely pared and deftly cored and cut in quarters first,  
You wrap them tenderly in folds of light and shortened crust,  
And boil them faithfully an hour, or steam, if that's your choice:  
You dub the mixture *Apple Duff*, and eat it with a sauce.  
Or roll your pastry out with care and spread it on a platter,  
Lay on the apples evenly, and sugar o'er them scatter;  
Add spice, in kind and quantity to suit your appetite,  
Then spread more pastry on the top and close the edges tight.  
Some people fancy with a key the outer edge to embellish,  
But with or without ornament 'tis safe to say 'twill relish.  
And this we christen *Apple Pie*—it eats with cream tip-top—  
The only difficulty is, you don't know when to stop.  
Or roll your paste in little bits, like biscuit, only thinner,  
Whene'er you wish a dainty bite to taper off your dinner,  
And hide an apple in each one of all the numerous pieces,  
Then with a series of brisk pats obliterate the creases,  
Till round and smooth and fair they lie; then flour the surface lightly,  
And tie each in a separate cloth, snugly, securely, tightly,  
And steam or boil them full an hour, perhaps a trifle over,  
Then eat them with a creamy sauce—you'll think you live in clover.  
Such *crusts* comforts well deserve a notice and a name,  
And *Dumplings* is the cognomen with which we greet the same.  
Again: you lash skins and cores, again in quarters sever;  
A larger quantity this time, to last—well, not forever,  
But through the year if need require, or leastwise through cold weather,  
And string them on strong thread or twine all lovingly together;  
Expose them to the sun and air for quite a little season,  
And measurably to the frost for known and obvious reasons;  
And as the seasons roll around, and fruit meets swift decay,  
The paler hankering after *seer*, you'll find *Dried Apples* pay.  
Or take sweet apples, large and fair, and put them in a pan,  
Get in, by dint of packing close, as many as you can,  
And bake them till they're brown and soft—  
Bring it about the rule—  
Then give them opportunity (they're better so) to cool;  
And when you've eaten your fill, with cream, I shouldn't be surprised  
To hear you say that *Apples Baked* were not to be despised.  
Again: take apples not so sweet and bake them as before,  
Then tenderly remove the skins and banish every core;  
And when they're cool, with vigorous stroke you'll beat them smooth and fine,  
Then add of sugar half a cup—the granulated kind;  
Then gently break a fresh-laid egg, the yolk put in a cup,  
And to the pulp and sugar add the white, and beat it up;  
Beat on, nor let your contrage fail, until before your eyes  
The mixture white and whiter grows, increasing still in size;  
And when it holds your spoon upright and looks like flakes of snow  
Thrown up in drifts by Boreas (you ken he loves to blow),  
You have a dish called *Apple Snow* by some aesthetic cooks—  
I simply call it *Apple Foam*—and how dy'e like the look?  
Have ready-made a custard soft, and eat the two together;  
Till you boast your carnal nature up till you're just like a feather.  
Again: rub apples of their skins—let stems and cores remain—  
And put them in a vessel lined throughout with porcelain;  
Add sugar, in small quantity if your fruit is saccharine;  
If vice versa, and you're not by birth and nurture mean,  
Throw sugar in *ad libitum*, regardless of hygiene;  
Add water, put it on the stove, let flames around it play,  
And bring it to the boiling point, and keep it there all day,  
Not cooling off, not boiling up, but merely hot and quiet;  
And then—I faint would sound its praise, but epithets run riot;  
I'll merely modestly assert it makes a fattening diet;  
But *Potted Apples* have obtained a wide-spread reputation,  
And need no added words from me of praise or approbation.  
Again: take apples in their prime, and with a knife of silver—  
The same material as the bow of little Dickey Diver  
Was forged in, so the classics say; of course the tale's no fiction,  
Though marvelous in circumstance, extravagant in diction—  
Slice them up thin, and as you slice, on all occasions festive,  
With alternating bits of cheese, to aid the powers digestive,  
Eat them, with thanks and gratitude that such a constant sinner  
Obtains permission thus to spend the moments following dinner.  
"We fight with ideas," said Heine,  
"and newspapers are our fortresses."  
There is probably no such force in the world to-day as the press. In spreading freedom and disseminating knowledge, in shattering shams and destroying nonsense of various kinds, in searching out all kinds of truth, and then daring to declare the same, it has been achieving the capital victories of the world for the last 25 years.

## ONLY A FISHERMAN.

Along the coast of New Jersey are numerous protective stations. On a rough, lonely point of land, near to some treacherous bar, that shoots its deadly tongue far out into the bosom of the ocean, stand these houses of the coast-guard. A long, low building is there, containing a surf-boat, life-lines, rockets, mortar, and all the appliances for saving life, when, struggling through the foam and spray, some straining ship goes to pieces again.  
At the southern extremity of Barnegat Bay stands Barnegat Light, and near to it is one of these mentioned stations. There was a time, not so many years ago, when no beacon was here to warn the sailor of the treacherous coast upon which he was journeying. Often when sailing in the moonlight, have we listened to the stories told by some old weather-beaten coaster of the days and doings of Barnegat. But now all is changed; nightly the bright light in the tower flashes over the water, warning the mariner miles away of the sands and hidden dangers at its base. Should a vessel go ashore, (as they, alas! sometimes do, for winds are mighty and waves engulfing,) kind hearts and strong arms are always ready to aid in the noble work of saving man life. No matter how dark the night, or how fierce the tempest, the wreckers are ready when called upon.  
Around these stations little settlements have sprung up, the families of men who find their living in the broad Atlantic. Rough, uneducated fishermen, who know all about the tides, and can read the signs of the weather by the sky; who are familiar with every line and sail of a vessel, and who can handle their tiny craft in the narrow channels when all ships make for the open sea; but who are ignorant of all else, and have never been many miles from home in their lives.  
In one of these settlements on the shores of Barnegat lived two young men, fishermen, who might well be compared to David and Jonathan, so great was their love to each other. Together they owned the boat in which they made their excursions after the different fish, and they share alike the joys and sorrows of the catch when sold at the neighboring towns. From boyhood these two had been bosom companions; and as they grew up the intimacy cemented in a strong and lasting friendship. They were named Amos and James. Other names they never possessed, but it may be questioned if even they themselves remembered what they were; Amos was Amos, and James was Jim; and nobody asked for more.  
Amos was domineering, sometimes cross, but the other had a sweet temper. Nothing provoked Jim; he never gave his partner an angry reply, but with a cheery "All right, old fellow," went on with his work. No fair-weather friendship was it either, for they had stood by each other when death, in its most appalling form, stared them in the face. It was the talk of the whole place, this love that outlasted the change of years.  
Led by a mutual feeling, or by some other similar instinct, they both fell in love with the same girl—Hetty, the belle of the place. For the first time in their lives, a cloud threatened to come between them—a cloud no bigger than a wafer on the water. For a short while there was coolness; but one night when Amos went to visit the girl, Jim took his lantern and started off to fish for bass by freelight. The next day, when he came in, he quietly told Amos that he should think no more of Hetty, and that he had better seek a wife for himself. Amos, who seemed so unconcerned that Amos nor anybody else dreamed of the struggle that had taken place in the bosom that beat under that dark red shirt. Jim was a true gentleman; and Amos, feeling reassured on the subject of Hetty, thought he had been mistaken, and went in and won the girl.  
Amos married Hetty, and his friend went home to live with them. From that moment, Hetty was to James as a sister, just as Amos was his brother. Years passed. Children came. The neighbors said they would wear the father's heart from his early companion. But they seemed to make no difference whatever—the two friends were one in love and in life.  
The last born was a little boy, whom they named Denny. No one could ever understand why it was that James took such a fancy to this child. If it had been his own he could not have loved the little fellow more. The house was filled with beautiful shells and seaplants, brought by him from long distances for his darling to play with. Often when he returned, tired and hungry from a hard day's toil, Denny would run to meet him, crying for a sail in the boat; hunger and thirst could be forgotten, the sail would be hoisted, and together they would go skimming the clear water, far out among the white caps that tossed and fretted on the bar, only to return when darkness had set in. It was Jim's delight to explain to the boy the secrets of their simple navigation; to show him how to set the sail, and tack and haul; to tell him stories of the wrecks of the fish, and tell him stories of the wrecks which lay, like skeletons, with their ribs whitened and bare all around them.  
Amos and his wife sometimes asked their bachelor guest why he didn't get married, and have a home of his own; but he would laugh and say he was too well situated where he was.  
One Sunday evening, after a day of quiet and repose, the little family were all assembled in the one room that served the purpose of parlor and kitchen. Denny had fallen asleep in Jim's lap, his head resting on the broad bosom, while around the child's neck was encircled a brawny arm blackened by exposure. Amos was reading the Bible; his custom on a Sunday night.  
"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."  
As the words fell from the reader's lips; the words of one who speaks as never man spoke; Jim looked up from the sleeping child. Somehow that passage had struck a responsive chord in his heart. He remained very quiet, lost

in thought. Hetty spoke to him, asking why he did not put the child in his crib, but he never looked her. Rising, she took Denny from his arms and laid him away in bed, Jim neglecting to give him his customary good-night kiss. At length he arose and taking down his pipe from the shelf, slowly and abstractedly filled it with tobacco from the pouch. When he had finished, he reached over to the table and, picking up the candle, lighted the tobacco with a few vigorous puffs.  
"Going out, Jim," said Amos, looking up from his book, which he was then reading to himself.  
"Only a little while; I'll be back soon," Jim replied, putting on his hat and opening the door.  
He did not go very far; only to a bench just outside the door. Throwing himself lazily upon it, he smoked away quietly.  
It was a beautiful, starlight night. He could see the flashing signal in the light-house, glittering and gleaming like some eye of the heavens. The air was full of music—that wild, sad melody that the breakers make as they fall unceasingly on the beaten shore. James thought of that night, several years ago; that particular night when the unknown ship went to pieces just over there, where the sea-waves were named out in the darkness on the Spit. Not a soul was saved—the only living thing that came ashore was a Newfoundland dog, which was even now sleeping in the kennel just a few yards from him.  
He remembered how the next morning Amos and he walked down the beach and found, lying upon the sands, the dead bodies of two young girls clasped in each other's embrace. They could not part them without using force, so they made one grave and buried them together, within sight and sound of the sea, in which they perished.  
He supposed they were friends who loved each other; he and Amos decided that they were not sisters; and when the fatal moment came they passed into the world beyond, locked breast to breast. But the good book said, "to lay down his life for his friends," and that was true. The memory of the friend, joined by Christ; if a time came when one or two close friends might be called upon to stand up and say, "I, instead of him."  
The smoke from the burning tobacco had wrapped thickly around him, and it might have been the memory of the day of not far distant, when his love for his friend should be tested according to the standard set up nearly two thousand years ago. His mind that night was curiously solemn; Amos and his wife did not know what had come to him.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
One bright November morning, ere the sun had risen, and the nightly dew lay thick upon the grass, Amos and James started for a run down to Squann. Many were the reports that had come up to Barnegat of the quality of the fish at the former place; of the immense shoals of snapping-mackerel; of the fine king of the table-fish. So to Squann the two men were going on that late autumn morning. Stepping into the smack and hoisting the sail, they glided swiftly over the water, until they were standing at the door of the house, lost sight of them in the hazy distance.  
Amos had the tiller, and James sat on one of the thwarts, quiet and absorbed in thought. He had never been noisy; but latterly a sad and gentle mood seemed to have fallen on him. A good run; and when the sun was well up in the heavens, Squann was reached. After a thorough trial, they found that the reported good fishing was like many other much-circulated stories, untrue. It might have been excellent once, but it was very poor now.  
"Let's go out to the banks," said James, who had long before given up trying.  
"We shall have to hurry, then, to get home by dark," replied Amos, looking wistfully out to where the white sails of the boat looked like gulls in the offing.  
The anchor was lifted, the sail again set, and straight as the crow flies, full fifteen miles out on the open sea, went the light craft, both the men vexed at returning empty.  
"How's fishing to-day?" asked Amos of a man in a pleasure yacht, who seemed to be very busy at the work.  
"First rate," was the answer. "Get your hooks in."  
So they dropped anchor and set to work, and in a couple of hours caught enough for their wants. It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. They had a long sail before them, and the day was short.  
"Anything but a southerly wind!" exclaimed James, throwing the kedge into the boat; and his tone sounded like a prayer.  
Amos looked up. Sure enough, the wind had shifted, and was now blowing from the south. They knew what those pleasant breezes from that quarter meant—white squalls, that had sent many a stout fellow to the bottom of the sea.  
"Straight for home, Jim, as fast as we can go," said Amos, in response to the question of his companion as to whether they should stop at Squann village on their return.  
But they did not go straight home. On the contrary, in about an hour, as they were steering for it, a squall came up, which in a few moments converted the quiet ocean into a scene of terror and confusion. The men knew there was no danger, for one of these little boats can outride a tempest that will shatter and dismount a large merchantman; but they were being driven with alarming rapidity far out to sea.  
Thus they were driven when night came on, about the middle of the broad bay, still driving on to the open water, and further and further away from home, and wife, and children, and Denny.  
All at once James started, raising his hand warningly.  
"Listen!" he cried.  
Both men were at attention. Distinctly above the roar of the storm the sound grew plain; it was the splash of paddle-wheels; James threw up his hands and gave a cry of horror and alarm.  
A large steamship was upon them!

They cried out, hoping that the men on the steamer would help them and save the wretched dinger; but in that turmoil their feeble voices were unheard.  
"Down came the iron monster, cutting the little vessel in two; and then, unconscious of the mischief it had done, passed on, and was lost in the blackness of the night. The two men were thrown violently into the water.  
"Amos! Amos!" cried James, in a voice of pain, as soon as he recovered his senses sufficiently to comprehend what had taken place.  
"No reply. No answer.  
"But there came floating by a dark body. He reached out his hand and caught it. It was a part of the mast and rigging; and, entangled among the ropes and cordage, lay Amos, perfectly unconscious. James extricated his friend and bound him with ropes firmly and safely to the floating timber. Then he climbed upon this frail support, and committed himself to the mercy of the winds and waves.  
They might have been thus in the water about twenty minutes, when James saw, or thought he saw, a boat directly in front of them.  
The man upon the mast cried out, and directly after came back the words—  
"Who's there? What is it?"  
"Our boat was run down, and we are floating on a piece of the mast."  
"Who are you?" was the next shouted question.  
"Amos and Jim, from Barnegat—been down to Squann."  
They thought the wrecked man, when he saw that upon the mast, and when they could; for this boat was also crippled.  
"Can you take us aboard?" called Jim, as they passed him.  
"We're nearly sinking now. If we took you two in, none of us would ever reach the shore."  
James asked, "Can you take one of us safely?"  
"Yes," responded the voice from the boat, "We might take one of you—not two."  
"All right! throw us a rope!"  
After successive trials, Jim caught the rope thrown to him, and pulling himself up was soon alongside of the welcome vessel, the occupants of which he recognized as acquaintances, living a short distance from his home at Barnegat.  
"Jump in, Jim," said the man at the tiller, as he recognized him in the darkness.  
"Did you say you could take only one of us?" Jim asked, in reply to the invitation.  
"Yes, only one—two more in here, and we'd never see Barnegat again."  
"Then take Amos. Help me with him. He's been hurt, and does not know anything."  
The man spoken to looked over the side of the boat and saw the motionless, pallid figure tied securely to the floating timber.  
"He's dead, Jim."  
"No, he's not," Jim quickly said, "he's only swooning, like. We were struck by a steamer."  
"Come in, Jim," cried another of the fishermen; "come in, man. Amos is as good as dead. Come, get in and save yourself."  
"Mates," replied Jim, and his tone was solemn and impressive, "may be I shall never see you again. Promise me that you'll take Amos safely home with you. And see to him as soon as he's aboard; I could do nothing for him here."  
"We've no time to parley," said the man, getting impatient. "If you will have it so, Jim, you must. Here, boys, lend a hand, and let's get him in."  
The cords were lifted gently over the side. He began to exhibit symptoms of returning reason, and Jim knew that the leave-taking must be short. Drawing himself up the side of the vessel, he caught hold of the cold, wet hand, and held it.  
"Good-bye, old friend; the partner's ship's up."  
"Jim was all. Climbing again to his mast, he loosened the rope that bound him to the boat, and in an instant he had shot ahead and was rapidly going out of sight.  
Long and anxiously he watched the floating boat; at least it seemed long to him; for one does not turn his back upon life and the beautiful world without sorrow and longing. Smaller and smaller it grew until at last it disappeared.  
On floated Jim, his strength fast failing him. All around was soon icy darkness, into which he peered anxiously, as if looking for some sign of success; but save the white caps of the waves, which broke threateningly over him, he could see nothing. The wind, which was still blowing with terrible violence, whistled around him, chilling and cutting him to the very bone. Alone on an angry ocean! Now on the top of some tall billow, now down in the trough of the sea! He thought of Amos and Hetty, and wondered whether his friend was almost home. Then rose up little Denny! God bless the dear baby, how he loved him! he would never in this world see him again. When he thought of this, when he remembered all that was beautiful and pleasant in the life he was leaving, his courage failed him and he cried out, "Oh, God! if I might be saved!"  
It was not a cowardly cry from this man, who had undertaken to die for his friend—it was the involuntary uprising of flesh, frail nature against the wish of a brave, true heart. And we read that the Redeemer of mankind, who had lived an address to the Court, in which he exonerated Austin Bidwell and Edwin Noyes from all complicity in the frauds, and declared that he and George MacDonald were the only guilty ones. MacDonald also addressed the Court, bearing out the statement of Bidwell. The case was then given to the jury, who, after twenty minutes' deliberation, found the accused guilty. Justice Archibald immediately sentenced each of the prisoners to penal servitude for life, the highest punishment under the laws for their offence.  
The trial of the Bank of England forgers had ended. After George Bidwell had conducted his examination of witnesses for the prosecution, he delivered an address to the Court, in which he exonerated Austin Bidwell and Edwin Noyes from all complicity in the frauds, and declared that he and George MacDonald were the only guilty ones. MacDonald also addressed the Court, bearing out the statement of Bidwell. The case was then given to the jury, who, after twenty minutes' deliberation, found the accused guilty. Justice Archibald immediately sentenced each of the prisoners to penal servitude for life, the highest punishment under the laws for their offence.

have been so very long, for there was no sign of morning.  
He was getting weak and benumbed, and he felt that he could not hold on much longer. If the cold, sharp wind would only cease blowing! It chilled him so. Once despair and suffering got the better of his resolution, and he thought he would close his eyes, slip off the spar, and go quietly down to his death; but he dismissed the wicked thought with a prayer, and grasped more firmly the saving piece of wood. He cried aloud for help until he was hoarse; for he was a strong man, and like a frightened sheep. He had saved his own life; and he would like to save his own neck, if that might be. But no one heard his shouts. They were lost in the roar of the ocean.  
How tired and sleepy he felt! The end could not be far off. To his memory there came all the scenes and incidents of his past life. From childhood until now, back from the misty past, came the departed days. Up from their graves rose the long buried dead, and he saw them face to face just as plainly as when they talked with him in the flesh. But foremost in his memory was Denny. Denny would never again climb upon his knee; he would never again take him sailing down the bay, or out to the bar. Oh! how hard it was to leave his child alone! But the time had come. For an instant, with the clutch of death, he frantically grasped the rope, and cried out, amid the storm and tempest:  
"O Father! forgive me my sins, for Christ's sake, and bless them all!"  
Then his nerveless hold relaxed its grasp; it fell away, and he slipped off into the water.  
Just as Amos reached his home, and his wife and children gathered around him, Jim went down into the angry ocean, there to remain until the great day when the sea shall give up its dead.  
"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
**The Art of Hanging.**  
As long as capital punishment is the law of the land and hanging the mode of accomplishing it, there is satisfaction in the thought that men are not found guilty, regarding it as a scientific process, or an art, if you will, are ready with advice to make it perfect. An English clergyman, Rev. S. Haughton, who is also a Fellow of Royal Society, has been publishing a work on the "Principles of Capital Punishment," in which he does not disdain to devote a portion of the space to this subject. He says that the method in use is unworthy of the present state of science, and the long drop, which causes instantaneous death by the fracture of the vertebrae, is recommended by the English law; he divides it into the following rule: Divide 2,240 by the weight of the "patient" in pounds, and the quotient will be the required length in feet. This rule is simply obtained by supposing (as was found to be actually the case in one instance) that 2,240 foot-pounds of work is sufficient to cause fracture in any case, no allowance being made for differences of age, weight or sex; thus, by this rule, the lighter the criminal or "patient" the longer must be his drop, and the longer the time of his agony in the air. Besides an immense number of experiments on the bodies of animals, in order to obtain data for his calculations, Dr. Haughton has made experiments on the living subject, sometimes of a somewhat amusing character. But the above is the practical result which he has arrived at, and we would suggest that there is ample means in this country for testing its value.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
**The Clown's Victim.**  
On Wednesday night, July 23, a woman by the name of Mrs. Lottie Warner, committed suicide at Sierra City, California, by taking poison. The history of this case is as follows, and the moral it points is not obscure. The deceased was the wife of a man by the name of Warner, clown of the circus which passed through there a few weeks ago. At Sierra City she was taken sick, and was necessarily left behind. From this sickness she had nearly recovered. She appears, however, to have been tired of the life she was leading, and the bad treatment of the man she had forsaken home and friends to follow. During her stay at the city she told the following story: When but sixteen years old she forsook her home and friends in Cincinnati (O.), and was married to William Warner, the clown in the Paris Circus, since which time she had followed her fortunes. She states that at times he had abused her, even going so far as to knock her down. In her delirious moments, during her sickness, she imagined that her husband was with her, and begged and pleaded with her to beat her more. During her convalescence she often expressed her determination never to live with him again, and expressed her desire to find some employment whereby she might earn her own living. At the time she ran away from her home, lured by the gaudy trappings, she was a mere child of sixteen. Four years only have passed, and now, still a child in years, she is ready for the grave—older in suffering, if her own statements be true, than many of her more favored sisters whose locks are frosted by the hand of time. She died at Bush's Hotel.

**Friction Matches.**  
The Springfield Union says that early in 1830 the subject of friction matches attracted the attention of Mr. L. C. Allen, now foreman of one of the departments at the Army, and then a young man employed there under his father, who was foreman before him. At that time a phosphoric match imported from France, had come into limited use in the United States, but was a cumbersome affair compared with the matches used now-a-days. It was made by dipping the match-stick first into sulphur, and then into a paste composed of chloride of potash, red lead, and loaf-sugar. Each box of matches was accompanied by a bottle of sulphuric acid into which every match had to be dipped in order to light it. To do away with this bother, and make a match which would light from the friction caused by any rough surface, was the task to which young Allen applied himself.  
He succeeded, but took out no patent. He was urged to do so, and on inquiry found that his patent had just been applied for by one Alonzo D. Phillips, of Chicopee, for precisely the same invention. Phillips was a peddler, and probably picked up through a third party the results of Mr. Allen's study. Favored by those days, and the idea of Mr. Allen's legal adviser was that he (Allen) would do better to have the right to manufacture under Phillips's patent (which Phillips gave him without charge in consideration of the waiving of his claim) than to bear the expense of the litigation which would be necessary to establish his claim in the first place, and to defend it from depredations afterwards.  
So the inventor of friction matches became simply a manufacturer under another man's patent, and a little factory was started, whence matches were shipped to the principal cities of the country while some were even sent to South America. But the inventor had to contend against a strange and senseless prejudice in the public mind. A newspaper in this town declared that the manufacture of friction matches ought to be prohibited by legislation, on account of the ease with which they could be used by incendiaries, and the consequent great danger to property. Cautious citizens would not allow them to be stored in their buildings; the ordinary means of transportation were closed to them.  
In 1837 the financial revolution killed the Springfield manufacture, but not the manufacture elsewhere. At present there are no less than 75 match factories in the country—no saying nothing of young ladies' boarding schools, sometimes fantastically classed under that head—which employ 2,600 hands, use \$1,000,000 of capital, and turn out annually \$3,000,000 worth of matches.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
**The Saratoga Hops.**  
If the afternoon at Saratoga says a letter, is the time for the discussion of such exciting topics as Casarism, the evening after supper and up to the witching hour is the time devoted to the dance. It may be full dress, a masquerade, or a hop—it matters not—all are well attended. Those who frequent them do not always go there to dance, either. Many a quiet innocent little flirtation may take place while the Laucers are in progress, or while waltzers are circling the ball room in time to the strains of the music of Strauss. Not infrequently do the ladies provoke criticism and comment upon their toilets. Of course they may expect it, and in fact they rather like it. I have frequently known young ladies to create a sensation in three separate ball-rooms on the same night. It is not an unusual thing for one of these belles, attended by her escort, to indulge in a gallop in one place, hurry off with a waltz in another, and be in time for a promenade in your Saratoga balls or hops—life, excitement and new faces all the time. The reign of a belle here is brief indeed. Rivals arrive with every train, and then it is so easy to steal away in search of new conquests. Ladies this season do not, as a rule, dress as extravagantly as during former seasons. That gaudy display which ever offends good taste and suggests vulgarity is not very noticeable in their train. There is some of it, however; but, thank fortune, it is the exception, not the rule. Silver ornaments seem to be superseding gold ones, for the time being at least. Original silver buckles, large enough for saddle girths, are all the vogue in ladies' belts, and some ladies fasten up their hair with daggers formidable enough for a Bowery Macbeth. The number of gray or white heads one sees in a ball-room now is astonishing. Ladies are proud of gray hairs—young ones especially. One lady was pointed out to me as coming from New York for the sole purpose of making an exhibition of her fine white head.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
**Power of Electricity.**  
Recent studies have done much to determine what the action of electricity really is in the excitation of a muscular irritability in dead bodies. The continuous current seems to act on muscular fibre after the manner of heat. If dead muscle be exposed to cold, the current restores contraction for a limited period, but finally destroys it by inducing persistent contraction. If, on the other hand, the dead muscle is left merely in the posture of life, the current merely shortens the periods of irritability by quickening contraction. Experiments lately made with the Leyden jar demonstrate that with a sufficient current, small animals and birds can be made absolutely rigid for the moment in the position in which they stand; and so suddenly is the work done, so completely is the posture of life preserved, that nothing but actual examination with the hand can impress on the mind the fact that the creature has with that sudden shock passed from the living.  
"Cannot something be done to prevent young ladies from being insulted on our streets at night?" asks a Cincinnati paper. There can. Just have the girl's mother tuck her into her little bed about eight o'clock in the evening and lock the door on her.

**Items of Interest.**  
Fifteen Granges have already been organized among the farmers of Pennsylvania.  
There are 10,712 policemen in London, and they have to patrol 7,612 miles of streets.  
Chloroform will remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzol or bisulphide of carbon fails.  
The iron trade in the United States gives employment to 137,545 operatives, and the lumber trade to 163,397 operatives.  
Pennsylvania tobacco, next to that grown in Connecticut, is said to be the best for smoking purposes raised in the United States.  
Caleb Cushing says that he believes his late affair about the yellow dog has given him greater notoriety than any other act of his life.  
Golden City, Colorado, is rejoicing over a bar of black sand nine miles long and one mile broad, which yields \$200 gold to the ton.  
The hull of the British ship *Confiance*, the flagship in the battle of Lake Champlain, is being raised from the bottom of that lake near Whitehall.  
The Railway and Warehouse Commissioners of Illinois have fixed the passenger tariff on first-class railroads in that State at 3 cents per mile.  
Mr. Colas attributes the blue color of the water of certain lakes—Lake Geneva, for instance—to the presence of minutely-divided gelatinous siliceous matter, which, when mixed with the blue color of the sky is credited to the cause, the particles of silica being very freely divided, and of a gelatinous nature.  
Vermont is the banner state in its finances. The debt of the State is only \$195,649, and the treasury has almost a quarter of a million dollars; and is credited with a large amount of uncollected taxes. The current liabilities are about \$30,000, and the government is economical. Last year \$82,500 of the debt was paid.  
In an editorial on the horse disease the *Congregationalist* suggested that it might be well to sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility. "Just so," said the *California News Letter*, "if down at the hind feet of a mule, and if he don't laudulate you, pull his tail and tickle the inside of his leg with a stable fork."  
In 1629 Wouter von Twiller was the old Dutch Governor of New York, and under his administration there seems to have been no use for a regular jail or prison other than the log-house or calaboose. If the prisoners became tired of remaining long in one spot, they could pick the jail up and remove to some place more congenial.  
Several frame buildings, once used as government stables, and a ropewalk adjoining near Louisville, Ky., were fired and nearly consumed. A colored man named Willis, his wife, and four children, living in one of the houses, were all burned to death. Willis, who is not expected to recover. Two of the suspected incendiaries have been arrested.  
A poor widow in Challen, Ky., was hoeing potatoes the other day, when she struck upon an old stone jar, and, naturally looking to see what was in it, she found \$5,000 in gold. She is plucked into a state of grief, because tired of the money she has found, she is so desirous of a sum of \$10,000, and at another she cries for fear that some claimant will appear.  
A dog supposed to be mad was killed in Detroit, and the crowd had not dispersed before the enraged owner appeared. "Who killed my dog? He yelled, trembling with passion, the crowd informed him under what circumstances the animal had been killed, when the man exclaimed: "Mad! In what a state of darned fools! Why, that's a licensed dog!"  
A floating item informs us that Jerusha Bryan slew a panther with a pine knot in Pennsylvania. She is not married. "And she won't be, either, for all she would go home and be married," says the *St. Louis Journal*. "A woman for all that could be offered—no, not for worlds! Better would be a dinner of herbs and a stalled ox therewith, or something of the kind."  
It was lately made subject to boasting by a French gentleman to an American friend that the premium on gold in France did not reach a half of one per cent, when the American replied that two or three broad street men whom he could name could go to Paris and put gold up there to 110 in less than three weeks. "Possibly," said the other; "but we should put them in jail in less than two weeks."  
A Louisville paper furnishes the following "answer to correspondents": "A youthful correspondent desires to know how we would like to sail with Professor Wise on his balloon voyage to Europe. If you will go, my dear boy, and climb the least of the many piles of twenty-dollar gold pieces that would be required to hire us to undertake such a voyage, you will find that it summit is wrapped in perpetual snow."  
Precautions against cholera are very numerous at present. Taking all the advice given we learn that if a man subscribes and pays for his newspaper, eats nothing, drinks no liquors, drinks no ice water, drinks no warm water, bathes nothing else, wears flannels, bathes three times a day, keeps his back-water clean, pays his taxes, avoids warm, drinks brandy, eats ripe fruit, wears nothing, does not smoke, and follows such other methods of prevention as his common-sense may dictate, he need have no fears of cholera.  
Miss Condo, of whose memory the beautiful monument in Greenwood Cemetery was erected, met her death by being violently thrown from her carriage, on returning to her house, on the evening of February 3d, 1845. She had made her *entree* into society on that day, it being her seventeenth birthday. The coachman had got off his seat to ring the bell at the door of her father's residence, when the horses attached to the vehicle became frightened, and ran off, striking the body of the carriage against a post. The violence of the collision was so great that it threw the lady out, and instantly killed her.