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The Dark.

Where do the little chickens run
When they are afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark, into the shade,
Under their mother's downy wing,
No longer afraid of anything.

Dear little girl, dear little boy,
A friend of the dark,
Did you good-by to the daylight with joy,
Be glad of the night, for hark!
The darkness no danger at all bring,
It is the shadow of God's wing.

Where do the little violets creep
In the time of snow?
Into the dark, to rest and sleep,
And to wait for the spring they go
Under the ground where no storm can reach
And God takes tender care of each.

OFF THE STAGE.

I'm a super. I suppose you know what that is? If you don't, and ain't theoretically inclined, I'll tell you. A super's one of them as takes the small parts in the play, where the "musicality" is important and the "cackle" particular. That's a super. When Shakespeare wrote "A man in his time plays many parts," he must have had a "super" in his eye, if supers were invented in those days, which I suppose they were, or Shakespeare ain't the man I took him for. But says you, our role is unlimited—we does everything. Why, in one piece sometimes I takes a matter of half a dozen parts, if not more. Say "Hamlet" is put up; first I'm a guard n-walking on the ramparts of the castle; then I'm a courier attending on the king; then I'm a recorder (which ain't got nothing to do with the law, as I thought at one time, but performs on a sort of flute); then I'm a sailor; arter that a mute at Ophelia's funeral; then I'm a soldier again, or a courier, as the case may be. And there I am. A super's more important than anybody may think.

I gets a shilling a night, and findamy own color, which, being a saving man, I usually manages to scrape enough up from the waste in the painting-room—for in the matter of lime and ochre art-ists is prodigal; and if I had up for black—for a eyebrow or a moustache, for instance—I gets the needful from the chimney-pipe of the stove in the property-room. I have worked my way up to the top of my profession in my line, which is heavy lead of supers; and I've occasion to know just as particular times, say the first night of a new piece, I'm looked up by the management to carry the play through; and I generally contrive to satisfy the most sanguinary expectations. I'm proud of my profession. I ain't only actor for the sake of the fifty lines, but I suppose means coin, but for the literature and art—specially the art. I've studied it, really studied it; you may't think so, but it's a fact.

I've been married, and had one child—a girl—and I'm a widower. I was married young to a very nice professional. She was in the third row of the ballet and inclined to be stout; but she didn't last long, poor soul! She had an apoplectic fit one night, and died in my arms in the green room. I was very cut up at the time, because she was good a wife as ever wore a ring. My darter was as good-looking a girl as you'd meet anywhere; quite different from her mother—not in the beauty line, because she was nice-looking, too, but in size. Rose was very thin. She followed in the same steps as my old woman; and I got her an engagement at our theatre. Of course she loved me as much as I loved her, and she was as true as steel; but she was a young fellow as I'd wish to see, I was proud of Rose; and I was glad it turned out so; and, what's more, he wasn't ashamed of me, although I was only a super, which made me proud of him too. He was very jealous of Rose, and wanted to take her to his own home, and marry her at once; but I objected on the score of age. I asked him to wait a year, till she was a little older, and he took my advice—rather unwillingly, I suspect, if his face was to be believed; but he didn't say so, for he always gave way to me, because I knew what was better than he did.

One night Rose gets a letter sent round to her from a gent in the boxes asking her to meet him outside after the performance. She was very much hurt about it, for it was the first insult she'd received; and she gets used to these things in time—and brought the letter to me. Just as I was a-reading it up comes Charley—that's her young man—and Rose snatches the letter out of my hand and puts it in her pocket; but not before Charley had seen it. He looks surprised, and he says:

"What's that?" she says, playful like, and runs away; and he turned away too, but not in the same direction. When I saw Rose again, I says:

"Why didn't you show it to him?" I says.

"Oh, father!" she says, "he's so jealous; and if he'd seen it he'd have thrashed the fellow," she says, "and perhaps got into a row, and I didn't want him to do that."

She give me the letter, for fear he should ask for it; and I put it in my pocket, never a-thinking no more about it.

When work was done for the night, me and two or three others used to take our pipe and pot—which was half a pint of forepenny—at a little pub. round the corner, close to the theatre, where we was known and respected. There we used to talk over the events of the evening; and sometimes, when things was slow, we'd even condescend to talk politics, but not often—we left them frivolous subjects to people as hadn't the sense to appreciate art. While we was there that night, in comes a gent rather mopsy; he swaggered up to the counter, and calls for a bottle of champagne, and then asks us to drink, which we did—we never refuses that. Well, he was a-going on about one thing and another, and at last he says:

"That Rose is a nice girl!"

I pricks up my ears at this, and I puts down the glass of champagne as I was just a-rising to my mouth—the glass as he paid for—but I never says nothing. Then he goes on a-bosering, and says as he was a-going to see her home. I jumps up, and I says:

"I'll that lady's father, and if I wasn't a old man I'd knock you down." Then I turns to my mates and tells 'em of the letter business; and takes it out of my pocket, and hands it to him, and gives him a bit of advice as he wanted. He was in that rage that he was just a-putting up his list to hit me, when Joe Fuller, one of us, floors him. Then we handed him over to a policeman. We was rather excited afterwards, what with having an extra half pint and the champagne we drunk early we know who we got it from. Charley used always to see Rose home after the performance, and stay with her till I come; but he wasn't there that night, and Rose said he hadn't come with her as he always did, and laid the blame on the letter. She was naturally cut up about it, and said:

"I'll tell him how it was in the morning." But she says:

"No!" she says, "if he can't think me true to him without proofs, he shan't get 'em." It was no use a-arguing with her, so I gives in. My little beauty was very proud and I liked to see it; but I never thought as how pride would turn love over as it did; although I ought to have known better, a-seeing so often how Pauline had a narrow escape of it. This morn'g she was very early, and her eyes looked like mine do sometimes, when I ain't got water enough to wash with comfortable, and I leaves the color round under 'em; but it wasn't for that, I knowed, because Rose was a very tidy girl. I never says nothing, but I goes on a-cating, and not pretending to notice anything different; and by and by we goes off to the theatre. I was very curious to see what Charley would do; but he only just takes off his hat—Charley always was a gentleman—and turns away again. This here made me feel very queerish, and I didn't know what to make on it.

Things went on in this here unfortunate style for a week. Rose was too proud to explain, although I wanted her to; but no, not her! and there we was. One morning she didn't come again. I was fast asleep, and I goes up to her bed-room and says:

"What's the matter, my beauty?"

"Oh, father," she says, "I don't feel very well just now. I dare say I shall be all right to-night."

But her hand was a-trembling like a leaf, and her eyes was sunky, and when I come to look at her close, I was staggered to see how she'd altered in them few days. It flustered me more than I should a-thought; so I gives her a kiss, and tells her to lie down quiet, and off I goes to a doctor. He comes and feels about her, and says she's in a high state of fever, and must be kept very quiet, or he wouldn't be answerable for it. Then he began a-asking me about myself, and my profession and cetera.

"Not very rich, I suppose?" says he.

"Oh, well!" he says, "we shan't quarrel about the money."

And a swelp me goodness! as I'm standing here, he never charged me a blessed h'penny for physic or nothing—not a ha'penny—and found the bottles besides! When Charley sees me by myself, he didn't know what to make on it. He fidgeted about me for ever so long, and at last he comes up and asks where Rose was. I was very shy with him, a-treating her as he was, though he didn't know the damage he'd done; so I says still—

"My daughter's at home, sir—not so well as she might be."

"I don't much matter to you," he says, "whether she's ill or not," and I turns away, choking like, a-thinking of my little deserted beauty a-lying so quiet at home.

I hurried back as soon as I could, and goes up to her room; and, God help me! she was in that state she didn't know me, and wanted to know if I'd brought a message from Heaven from Charley, as she was certain he was dead, because he hadn't been to see her. I tried to soothe her, but it was no good; there she kept rambling on about one thing and another, a-pretending to be talking to him, and a-telling him not to be so long, and wanted to join him. It made me feel quite queer like, and moist about the eyes; and I remembered I was an old man, and began to think how I should feel when I was alone. She lay in this state for a week, a-living chiefly on sop victuals, and I was obliged to force down her throat. It was a hard time—no, because the money was short; I didn't mind that; but I couldn't abide to see my darling in pain. I never went near the public then, but hurried home every night as soon as the performance was over, a-keeping always as she'd be better, and I would know me again, and she never did till about an hour before she come. It was a Sunday night, at church-time. I used to like to think afterwards that my little darling was carried up to Heaven on the sound of the bells, as it died away on the breeze. I was a-sitting quiet at the window, melancholy-like, a-keeping my eye on Rose to see as she didn't want nothing, and somehow, the night my poor wife died came into my mind, and I couldn't get rid of the thought nohow. The more I tried, the more it would come. I had long been known as "Twelve O'Clock Man," for reasons thus stated by a city paper:

But the "Twelve O'Clock Man" was known by sight by many persons who daily passed the City Hall at noon. For seven years he had stood near the City Hall, within sight of the clock, from 11 o'clock until the first stroke of the noonday bell, when he had slouched away to his home. For more than five years his daily position was at a particular part of the railing, against the pickets of which he leaned, and looked mournfully at the clock. If spoken to he would mumble out an answer to the effect that he was waiting for somebody: "He'll be here by 12 o'clock," he said he would.

It seems that the old man had earned a sum of money by hard work, and had at some time loaned it to a person who had promised to pay it by 12 o'clock on a certain day. The promise was not kept, and the old man's disappointment drove him crazy.

but, although it seemed to choke me, too, and I couldn't speak at the moment. I sits down by her head and takes her hand in mine, and there we was, for a matter of a minute or two before either of us said a word, a-looking into each other's faces, joyfuller than we'd be for some time. Then she says:

"Father," she says, "I want to see Charley."

I says:

"You shall, to-morrow, my darling."

"Let me see him to-night, father," she says, beseechingly—"let me see him to-night, because I'm a-going to see him to-morrow, and I want to see him."

I gets up—not having it in me to see her wait for anything as I could give her, though I couldn't make out why she was in such a hurry—leastways, I couldn't then; I do now. I puts on my hat, and just outside when she should see a-coming across the road from the other side but Charley himself. When he knew he was wanted, he runs faster than I could, and by the time I got in the room there she was, with her arms round his neck, a-smiling up into his face, and he was a-kissing of her, as happy as birds. So I says nothing, but goes and sits on the stairs outside, a-waiting till they had made it up. I felt almost jealous of Charley, and I thought—God help me!—as how he would take her away from me as soon as she was well, and she was a-kissing of me, but not by him—not by him.

I sat there for a matter of half an hour in the dark, when all of a sudden Charley gives a cry. I rushes in, and there was my darling, with her head a-laid quiet on his bosom, and her eyes shut, and I saw that she was dead. I look on his face, that my little beauty would never cheer my poor old heart again.—English paper.

How the Chinese Play "Tan."

An officer having caused the arrest of thirteen Chinese gamblers in San Francisco, found it necessary, in order to make out a case against them, to become acquainted with the mysteries of the game, and accordingly sent for an expert, who showed him all the tricks of a game he did not understand. The game was described as follows: The game is an intricate and hazardous one, and difficult to describe to one who has not witnessed it. The chief points can easily be given. There is a table upon which are pastboard checks, Chinese copper cash, chinaware buttons, and a pewter instrument, tunnel-shaped, and so arranged as to cover a pile of cash when desirable. The copiers of the game lie in a row at the left hand of the game-keeper. When bets are made the gamblers place their checks, representing coin, on the right of the square of plate-glass in front of the keeper, and other place checks on the left. The keeper grabs a handful of the loose copper cash, which only figures as a unit in the game, and has no real or fictitious value, and places it under the pewter instrument before mentioned. The gamblers who have placed money on the left side of the plate-glass bet that there will remain under the instrument one piece of cash after the operation, but the cheated wand has drawn away the cash at the rate of four pieces each draw. Four pieces is the regular number to draw whenever the game is played, and the bet is always upon the number left. If only one piece remains the gamblers on the right side win, and those on the left lose. Sometimes great odds are given by the keeper to his patrons. The principle of the game has been given; the minutie is intricate. It is hampered with all sorts of rules. The balance of power rests with the keeper. Such is his familiarity with the game that he can tell at a glance, by the total number of cash coins, what will be the result of the game, and can make a winning by cleverly sliding a coin between his fingers and dropping it among those to be counted as he raises the instrument of pewter.

After Her Money.

But one woman succeeded in fairly melting the heart of one of the directors of a Chicago Bank during the panic. She was a young woman, not particularly pretty, perhaps, but interesting, and she had tears in her eyes and \$50 in the bank. She rushed frantically to one of the directors, and asked if she could not draw her money.

"I am very sorry, madam," said he, "but I can't help you to it just now."

"But I must have it immediately," she returned, passionately. "It's all I have in the world."

"Well, my dear madam, you must have patience as well as the rest."

"But mine is an urgent case, and I can't wait, because—"

"Well, because what?"

"Because," said she, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye, "because I'm going to be married, and I've got to get some things. The man I'm going to marry has a cent to pay for the wedding, and he has only one leg, and so I've got to see to everything myself."

Waiting for His Friend.

An eccentric and partially insane old resident of Brooklyn died recently. He had long been known as "Twelve O'Clock Man," for reasons thus stated by a city paper:

But the "Twelve O'Clock Man" was known by sight by many persons who daily passed the City Hall at noon. For seven years he had stood near the City Hall, within sight of the clock, from 11 o'clock until the first stroke of the noonday bell, when he had slouched away to his home. For more than five years his daily position was at a particular part of the railing, against the pickets of which he leaned, and looked mournfully at the clock. If spoken to he would mumble out an answer to the effect that he was waiting for somebody: "He'll be here by 12 o'clock," he said he would.

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The Abattoirs of Paris.

The following description of the abattoirs of Paris is from the pen of the Hon. Jackson S. Schultz, and was published by the N. Y. Shoe and Leather Chronicle:

The Abattoirs of Paris are not essentially different from those of other important European cities—particularly resembling that at Munich. The latter I had occasion to speak of before, and it had many small conveniences which are not found in the one at Paris. But for extent and variety of work done, these Abattoirs of Paris far exceed anything found elsewhere in the world.

Nearly two millions of people are provided each day with all their *laines*, meats, such as beef, mutton, veal, and pork, from this establishment. The extent of the business is not more remarkable than the nice economy which is studied in all the manipulations of the establishment. This Abattoir is only a part of a complete system, in which the people are supplied with food in Paris.

First, they have a cattle-market with most extensive and commodious accommodations, not only for housing and caring for the animals, but also conveniences for all classes of persons who have to do with their management, such as offices, an enclosed exchange, &c.

It is quite within the truth to say that the cattle-yards of Paris are as clean and free from all disagreeable smell and nuisances generally, as the best regulated public square in an American city. The construction of the buildings, the water supply, the thorough paving of all the yards, streets, and passages leading to and from it, are all topics on which much could be said to guide any effort which should be made to imitate in our own country. Doubtless in any such attempt we should find that practically we needed to make alterations; for instance, the condition and temper of our animals are very different from those accumulated in these yards. These are "domestic" animals, fact as well as in name—while our "Western steers" are wild and could not be readily brought under the restraint to which these animals submit.

The latter are gentle from having been handled and even fondled from birth, and raised in the most careful and washed, as is their custom; but so our wild Western steers; not an undertaking with them would be impracticable. Let this hint serve generally to indicate that differences do exist which would render it quite impossible for America to adopt all of the French system. No mark of the knife must be seen. But with the packers the case is different, and hence their hides are much freer from flesh cuts. Their beef is not exposed for sale in the carcass. The butchers of France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland are unimpaired to a very great extent by their own beef surface appears. They always expose the inner side to view, and dress this by overlaying with fat in the most artistic manner—disregarding all considerations of the preservation of the pelt. Of course there are, for the reason, the black and white, and the intention of making captives. The assailed are, however, not to submit so tamely. They organize for the defence and resist their assailants furiously. The battle is long and fierce, sometimes one side sometimes the other having the advantage. We have read of an admirer of the bravery of the Old Guard in their charge at Waterloo, but here are charges and counter charges as fierce as any on that famous field. As we admire our Revolutionary fathers for defending their homes against foreign invasion, but what shall we say of the ants defending theirs until all the adult members of the tribe are killed or wounded. But, not stopping to dilate upon the contest, we can say the Amazons may be defeated, but they will probably conquer, and after killing or rendering helpless all their adult foes, descend upon the larvae and young to their homes. This done, and the slaves being trained to perform the duties of their new condition, the captors give themselves up to a life of ease and become so enervated and imbecile as to be unable to care for themselves. If after a short period their slaves are removed, the tribe will die for want of food. The distinguished naturalist to whom I referred took a colony and removed their serfs. The result was the tribe were dying rapidly, when a single slave was introduced, and was immediately set at work supplying food, rearing young, and in every respect caring for the body, so that in a few hours life and vigor flourished where had been only indications of infirmity and death.

What will most interest the tanners to know is the manner of taking off the hides and skins, and their disposition afterwards. Without their subject I propose to confine myself now to the more minute consideration of the whole subject for another occasion. All hides and skins are "blown off." This practice is supposed to be adopted in order that the pelt may be removed without flesh cuts, but I have reason to think this is a subterfuge. It is rather for the purpose of "blowing up the meat" (at least that is the effect), rather than to "blow off the pelts." The pelt does become thicker (more swelled) under the operation, and both the meat and pelt look much improved, but whether the result is finally any improvement is very doubtful. Every body has puffed wind bloated meat and pelts, and every body understands that they will lose these qualities before they can be used or consumed. Beside, does not the presence of so much air in the vessels of these substances tend to decay them much sooner than if this air

was not forced in? This was the judgment of the butchers of New York many years ago, when they procured an ordinance to be passed which prohibited the "blowing" or rather "blowing" process.

Very much of the "enlarged plumpness" which the carcass shows is the result of this injection of air, and persons not familiar with the process are apt to ascribe it to the superior growth of the animal. But this effect is avoided in America because it is supposed to superinduce decay.

The process of blowing off the skins and hides may be thus described: After the animal is dead a small opening is made at various parts of the body, always on a line where the skin is finally to be cut. In the first place a round iron rod, about three feet long and half an inch in diameter, is inserted between the neck and the body, and blown up in all directions with a view of making passages for the air. Then a pair of ordinary bellows, made large and strong, is used to force air into these openings; generally one opening under each fore leg will suffice, but if not other openings are made. The blowing up is the work of only one or two minutes; the effect is to blot the whole carcass to nearly double its natural size, and what will seem unreasonable is that this effect is continued long after the bellows is withdrawn; the air does not leave by the passages through which it enters.

When the carcass is thus blown the iron rod aforesaid or a wooden stick is used to pound the outside surface of the animal, for the purpose of disturbing the ligaments which hold the hide and the flesh together. The theory on which this process proceeds is the same as that known to exist in the peeling or wringing of bark from the willow or chestnut tree in the spring of the year. A slight pounding or severe rubbing of the outer surface will induce a separation of the sap formation, and thus limbs and branches of considerable size can be peeled off. I doubt very much whether the same effect follows in the skinning of animals; I know it does not to the same extent, for the knife is used nearly or quite as much by the French *abattoirs* as with us. This difference in France the surface of the meat is sacrificed, and with us the hide. This is the key which unlocks the secret of all skinning of animals.

In all large cities of America the butchers are tenacious of the appearance of their beef; the outside cuticle must be preserved, and the mark of the knife must be seen. But with the packers the case is different, and hence their hides are much freer from flesh cuts. Their beef is not exposed for sale in the carcass. The butchers of France, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland are unimpaired to a very great extent by their own beef surface appears. They always expose the inner side to view, and dress this by overlaying with fat in the most artistic manner—disregarding all considerations of the preservation of the pelt. Of course there are, for the reason, the black and white, and the intention of making captives. The assailed are, however, not to submit so tamely. They organize for the defence and resist their assailants furiously. The battle is long and fierce, sometimes one side sometimes the other having the advantage. We have read of an admirer of the bravery of the Old Guard in their charge at Waterloo, but here are charges and counter charges as fierce as any on that famous field. As we admire our Revolutionary fathers for defending their homes against foreign invasion, but what shall we say of the ants defending theirs until all the adult members of the tribe are killed or wounded. But, not stopping to dilate upon the contest, we can say the Amazons may be defeated, but they will probably conquer, and after killing or rendering helpless all their adult foes, descend upon the larvae and young to their homes. This done, and the slaves being trained to perform the duties of their new condition, the captors give themselves up to a life of ease and become so enervated and imbecile as to be unable to care for themselves. If after a short period their slaves are removed, the tribe will die for want of food. The distinguished naturalist to whom I referred took a colony and removed their serfs. The result was the tribe were dying rapidly, when a single slave was introduced, and was immediately set at work supplying food, rearing young, and in every respect caring for the body, so that in a few hours life and vigor flourished where had been only indications of infirmity and death.

Slavery Among the Ants.

Among ants the habit of slave-making as discovered by the German naturalist, Huber, is one of the wonders of the animal kingdom. This habit belongs to the Amazons, or red ants of South Africa. These leave their own dwelling in the evening, go to that of some tribe of black ants, and with the intention of making captives. The assailed are, however, not to submit so tamely. They organize for the defence and resist their assailants furiously. The battle is long and fierce, sometimes one side sometimes the other having the advantage. We have read of an admirer of the bravery of the Old Guard in their charge at Waterloo, but here are charges and counter charges as fierce as any on that famous field. As we admire our Revolutionary fathers for defending their homes against foreign invasion, but what shall we say of the ants defending theirs until all the adult members of the tribe are killed or wounded. But, not stopping to dilate upon the contest, we can say the Amazons may be defeated, but they will probably conquer, and after killing or rendering helpless all their adult foes, descend upon the larvae and young to their homes. This done, and the slaves being trained to perform the duties of their new condition, the captors give themselves up to a life of ease and become so enervated and imbecile as to be unable to care for themselves. If after a short period their slaves are removed, the tribe will die for want of food. The distinguished naturalist to whom I referred took a colony and removed their serfs. The result was the tribe were dying rapidly, when a single slave was introduced, and was immediately set at work supplying food, rearing young, and in every respect caring for the body, so that in a few hours life and vigor flourished where had been only indications of infirmity and death.

How the Old Horse Died.

Gen. Otto Frederick Marshall, of the town of Wheeler, Steuben county, N. Y., owned for twenty-two years a horse that died a short time since, apparently because he felt himself injured or slighted by his master. The horse was twenty-eight years old, and appeared as if he would drive another horse and leave the post-office, a distance of one mile and a half, once a day during all that time. Every day, unless it was Sunday, the old horse made his regular pilgrimage, driven by his owner to the post-office. At length, one evening a short time ago, the General thought he would drive another horse and leave the old horse at home. On his way back from the office he met the old horse, who evidently surmised that something wrong had happened, and had broken out of the pasture. The old fellow made his trip as usual to the post-office, and returning, entered the pasture, lay down, and died.

Paul and Virginia.

It was during the French occupation of Mauritius that the terrible shipwreck took place which furnished Bernardin de St. Pierre with the motive for his beautiful and touching story, "Paul and Virginia," the scene of which is laid in this island. In 1744 drought and a plague of locusts had occasioned a terrible scarcity in France, then called the *Mal de France*, and the following year the St. Geran was sent out from the mother country, richly laden with provisions, to the relief of the starving colonists. About four o'clock one fine afternoon Round Island was sighted from the ship, and the captain, M. De Mare, wished by a short time to call the sea always runs high there, and the St. Geran was driven with great violence among the breakers.

Every effort was made to lower the boats, but some were crushed by the falling masts, and others were swept away by the waves, and by a short time all was broken to two, and the ship became a total wreck. At the captain's request the chaplain pronounced a general benediction and absolution, and the "Ave Maria Stella" was sung. Then ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. Numbers of the crew flung themselves into the sea, grasping planks, oars, yards, but the heavy waves tore them from their frail supports, and nearly all perished.

A brave sailor named Caret made great efforts to save the captain, whom he implored to take off his clothing; but M. De Mare, who displayed in this catastrophe much greater personal courage and pity than seamanship, refused to do so, on the ground that it did not become the dignity of his position to succeed in his uniform. Caret at length succeeded in placing his captain on a plank, and the two endeavored to get him safely to land. Encountering a raft on which some of the crew had sought refuge, the captain thought he would be safer with them. He left the plank, and succeeded in reaching the larger support. Caret plunged into the sea, and on rising to the surface again was horror-struck to find that the craft with all on board had been engulfed.

On board the St. Geran were two levers, Mlle. Mallet and M. De Peranon, who were to be united in marriage on reaching the island. The young man, as anxious and agitated as the other, in a calm and resigned, when the man left, was making a sort of raft on which to save her who was dearer than his own life. On his knees he implored her to descend with him on the frail raft, but she refused to do so, and to insure a greater certainty he begged her to take off the heavier part of her garments. This she steadily refused to do. When he found his most earnest solicitations vain, and all hope of saving her lost, though she entreated him to leave her, he quietly took from a pocket-book a tress of hair, kissed it, pressed it to his heart. With his arm round her to shield her as far as he could to the last, calmly awaited the terrible catastrophe at her side. Nor had they long to wait, for they were soon washed from the deck. Their bodies were picked up the following day, and were given an honorable interment in which they awaited death. This touching incident formed the ground-work of the beautiful story over which so many tears have fallen. Mauritius was then but little known, and St. Pierre's pictures of its life and scenery were all drawn from imagination; but the story has excited the fancy of young ladies to gather for her some flowers from the tombs, he found the surrounding grounds converted into an impassable swamp by recent rains. Romance is evidently at a discount in Mauritius.

Finding a Bootjack.

A housekeeper writes the following plaint to the *Cleveland Leader*:

When the average husband of the period is dressing, he makes captive and steps on the butterny door, and leaning against the door-way with his hands in his pockets, whistles meditatively as his eyes wander along the upper shelves. When a break in the tune occurs, you may know he has found the cake, which he devours absentmindedly, looking for the bootjack he has been deprived of that aid to reflection—whistling, he executes a waltz in slow movement, sustained by a large piece of cake in one hand, and a sizable pickle in the other. After a while, as the bootjack does not make its appearance the husband does at the door of the room, where you are getting the baby to sleep, and shouts "Jane," at the top of his voice, under the impression that you are up stairs, an impression speedily removed. To cover the confusion of his retreat, he steps on the dog's tail and bumps the bird-cage with his head, then wants to know what you have done with the bootjack, and why it is that you never keep things in their place. If you are wise, and simply and calmly point, like Columbus, to the object in question hanging on its accustomed nail, he seizes upon it wrathfully, with the solemn vow that it was not there when he went through the room before.

The offending boots are finally left in the doorway where it is convenient to trip over them, and certainly transpires, unless you have occasion to go around them, when you will at once see their value as a natural means of obstructing a passageway. It is estimated that one pair of boots judiciously disposed about an apartment of medium size, will prevent either a well-dressed person or a professional burglar from quietly making his way about it.

At tea time the average husband does not care about any cake; it isn't much like that his mother used to make.

Items of Interest.

Salmon have been introduced into many of the New Zealand rivers with success.

The Indianapolis bankers refuse to let men who have "run" them deposit their money again.

It is stated that 50,000 pilgrims have passed through Paris since August on their way to shrines.

Johnston boasts of a man who "never enjoyed a day's sickness in his life." He would be a remarkable man if he had.

The cashier of the Merchants' National Bank of Lowell, Mass., is said to be a defaulter to the amount of \$50,000.

The Ashantee nation is a great African power. It numbers three million souls—of whom some two hundred thousand are warriors.

A poor man, who was ill, being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken any remedy, replied, "No, I ain't taken any remedy, but I've taken lots of physic."

The will of the Empress Dowager of Austria directs that 5,000 holy masses should be read for the repose of her soul, and 5,000 florins are set apart for this purpose.

The amount of land devoted to wheat culture in Great Britain is only one-half larger than that devoted to the same object in the State of Illinois. Illinois has 2,500,000 of people to supply; Great Britain 33,000,000.

Since the year 1848, in which gold was first discovered in California, that State has produced \$1,388,700,000 worth of the precious metal. The greatest yield was in 1853, when the product was \$68,000,000.

A correspondent who professes to have tried the experiment, says that a strong solution of carbolic acid and water poured into the holes kills the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off.

John T. Irving says that he cannot be convicted of the burglaries for which he has been indicted, and the New York police agree with him in that opinion. There is something very strange about the way the detectives have acted in the Nathan case.

Helmhold, the great Buchu buster, is now living in Paris, supported by his relations in Philadelphia. A few weeks since he was arrested and imprisoned for cutting his wife in the head with a carving knife, when he was on one of his periodical raves. He has become a poor, miserable, drunken wretch.

The *Telegraph*, of Shreveport La., learns that nearly all the candidates for Governors in the Western States have publicly announced their friendship for the Patrons of Husbandry, and about this time are giving more attention to agricultural matters than ever they did before in all their lives.

An old man at Ivy, France, recently died of joy. He had been very poor all his life, when he was suddenly informed that he had fallen heir to a large fortune. The old man was greatly agitated by the news, and was hastening to the Mayor's office to sign some necessary papers, when he fell dead in the street.

The Evangelical Alliance, which has held a session in New York, is an association of Protestant Christians who have organized for the ostensible purpose of promoting harmony among the several elements of Protestantism, and of combating in a hostile to the unity and integrity of that branch of Christianity.

Scene in a Cincinnati court (charge, assault upon a housekeeper)—"Did she ever ask you to marry her?" "Yes."

"What did you say?" "I told her to wait until her teeth were grown."

"What did she say then?" "Nothing."

"What did she do?" "Went down town and bought a new set of teeth." Case dismissed.

An investigation into the affairs of the suspended Merchants' Union Bank, of Dubuque, Iowa, by the directors, shows that a system of frauds has been perpetrated upon the stockholders and patrons by the officers of the bank, which has never been exceeded in any concern of its size. The amount abstracted reaches \$329,478.

Most good farmers practice tying up the cows in the barn every night throughout the summer season, and those who do not ought to begin now. They are better off in the barn than out, to say nothing of the great economy of manure. This gives an opportunity to feed more, and to keep the barn and not only to keep up the condition but, to a considerable extent, the yield of milk.

Miss Mary P. Smith, of Norwich, Conn., has sued Lewis A. Hyde, of the same town for \$300 damages. It seems Mr. Hyde, who is a prominent citizen, was carrying home a piece of lead-pipe in a horse-car and leaning it against the seat. A sudden jerk of the car caused it to fall, and unawares it struck Miss Smith's foot, causing her, as alleged, serious injury. Hence the suit, which will be ably contested.

A lady suggests that if the church-going ladies were to dress in calico and wear sun-bonnets, scores of her sex would attend divine service who stay away because they can't dress like their fashionable sisters. She says she has often asked lady members of her congregation why they absented themselves from the house of worship, and the reply in nearly every case has been that they "had nothing fit to wear," or that they were "waiting until their new suit was finished."

At a county fair the other day, my curiosity was excited by the following mysterious inscription over the door of a booth: "Walk in and see the Dancing Tree!" Curious to witness such a phenomenon, I paid my money, went in, and presently found that I constituted the entire audience. Soon after my entrance, a puny, sickly-looking being, dressed as a wild Indian, appeared, and placing himself in an attitude, asked me in a melancholy voice to look at him. "Well," said I, "but the dancing tree!" "That's the name given me by the chief of my tribe," replied the savage. "The Dancing Tree is a great chief." And he sat down apparently well satisfied with himself.