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By the Seaside.

Why do I linger so late alone?
There's a charm for me in you wave-washed
stone.
Long years ago, when my life was young,
In the golden time that poets have sung,
Together we sat on that stone so wet;
How sharp it was I remember yet!
I asked her, "Lucy, you'll be my wife?
Darling, I love you far more than life."
And then she answered, "I am so vex'd,
But I'm to be married, this month or next."
"I should have told you"—"Always a
friend!"
"I'd no idea."—So on to the end,
Soon were you married, my love, my dear;
And soon your husband found out I hear,
That you had a temper; and he—ah, well,
How much you try to no words can tell.
No wonder I love, by the sounding sea,
The place where Lucy said "No" to me.

FOR DEAR LIFE.

Winter again, and the land is once
more wrapped in the same spotless
mantle, locked in the same icy fetters,
as it was that memorable winter so long
ago when Eric and I had that fierce
will struggle "for dear life." At this
season of the year the never quite dor-
mant recollection revives, and I feel
all the horror of that midnight scene
rise and come back upon me, like a
ghost from the confines of the past. It
chills me with its dread presence, and
I shiver in nerve and limb, I rise and
draw nearer to the blazing hearth, heap
on some more pine logs, and strive in
the region of light and warmth to bid
it defiance.
In vain. Through the whirl of my
spinning wheel comes the low-drawn
mean of the wind, whilst without the
snow falls as heavily as ever, adding
glaciation to the already drear and
barren landscape. Eric has gone to
the fold yard, as befits a thrifty
husbandman, to see after the well-being
of our kine. Would that he were back
to laugh off my fears, and exorcise the
phantoms which rise thus unbidden
from the days that are now no more.
His hearty presence and joyous voice
are in themselves as potent against dis-
traught fancies as the "sprig of rosmari-
ne" which the faithful wear for safeguard
against winter's chill and the cruel eye
of the north wind. As I sit waiting with
the supper ready, and all things bright
and tidy, I must yield to the spell of
the place and hour, and listen to the
tale suggested by the wandering fancies
of old.

Year's eve some thirty years ago
—and we were keeping it right merrily
at the old manor-house of Stor Aswan,
the home of my childhood, as it had
been that of my forefathers for many
generations. The pleasantest spot in
all the world, I thought, and still think,
with its well-kept lawns, its broad
walks and larch-bark roof, and its
succeeding summers had rendered ver-
dant with an evergreen thicket of moss
and lichens. Just now, however, this
was not visible, for snow lay thickly
upon it, as it had lain for weeks past,
not only there, but upon all the coun-
try round. We were in the midst of a
white snow, whose billows were the
partially submerged hedges, that daily
grew less noticeable as the snow drifted
in and piled above them. The fir-trees
alone stood forth bravely, as if defying
this insidious foe, yet even their stately
branches trailed earthwards, and their
strong arms creaked and strained under
the ever-increasing load.
—It was the hardest winter there had
been for fifty years—the old folks
said—and they foretold its continuance
for some weeks longer. Other signs
were not wanting which more plainly
than sight also denoted the unusual
severity of the season. The flocks of
wild fowl, usually so shy and difficult
of approach, came down from the up-
per meres, their accustomed haunts,
and strove with the tame denizens of
our own farm-yard for a share in their
midday meal. Hares and rabbits, im-
pelled by hunger, forgot their nature,
and stole up to our very doors, beg-
ging with their large black eyes in a
piteous dumb fashion for relief. Herds
of reindeer also came south from Lap-
land, seeking more genial pastures; and
it was rumored that less pleasant vis-
itors had recently been seen and heard.
The black pine forests of Sallen had
again sent forth the grim, blood-thirsty
pack of legionaries who for ages had
deftly unmolested in its dark fastness,
and the cry of "wolf" was no longer, as
heretofore, an empty sound.

All this, however, did not affect any
of our party, who were all Norsemen
and maidens, bred to the cold, and
full of health and spirits. I, Ella Bjorn,
daughter of the house, was the wildest
of that mad circle who had assembled
at Stor Aswan that Christmas-tide to do
honor to my betrothal to Eric Jarl, the
lover of my youth, ere long to be my
husband. As soon as the birch-trees
put forth their first green tassels in the
early springtime, I was to leave my old
home for a new one; so now, surround-
ed by kindst and neighbors, we were
keeping this last anniversary of my
spinsterhood in goodly fashion. We
revived many a bygone pastime, and the
vast hall at Stor Aswan reached, once
again to the shouts that greeted the in-
coming of a mighty yule-log, and rang
with joyous laughter at the tricks and
antics of merris-dancers and mummies.

So, in dancing, feasting, and merry-
making, the week sped, until a few
hours more would see us all scattered
in various directions, to meet again we
knew not when or where. For the last
day, therefore, we had reserved the
chief pleasure, the crowning point of all
our enjoyment—a sleighing and skating
party to Stor Aswan, a mountain-en-
circled lake some ten miles further
north, the same from which our home-
stead derived its quaint Runic name.
This was to be our val or greeting to
the New Year—our welcome to the in-
coming guest.

Brightly dawned the eventful morn-
ing, clear and fair as heart could desire.
Blue was the sky as a sapphire, whilst
the freshly-fallen snow sparkled and
shone as though strewn with living
gems. All nature seemed rejoicing like
ourselves at the advent of another

year, and one already so full of promise.
With chimed merrily, making the frosty air
ring again as the gaily-comparissoned
horses pawed and shook their heads,
impatient as their owners to be off. At
last we started, Eric and I as hosts
being the last of the party, for of course
he was my charioter. I well remem-
ber my father standing at the door to
see us go, and as he tucked the bear-
skin rug more closely around me, bid-
ding us "return early, and beware of the
Salten hounds." We laughed at the
warning then, but had awful cause
to remember it afterwards.

Of that day I shall not speak; we
were all young and in wild spirits, and
some of us in love. Need I say more?
An idyl the most fair faces and little
forms that glided so gracefully over the
frozen mere, tireless through these long
hours. I was the fairest, I blue-eyed,
golden-haired Ella Bjorn, was the ac-
knowledged belle and queen of the
party, and Eric, my lover, the most
stalwart youth of the country-side. But
all things, even the pleasantest, must
come to an end. So when the shades
of evening began to fall heavily, merg-
ing earth, sky, and water into one gray
leaden cloud, we began our journey
homewards. Tired out with my exer-
tions, as soon as we started I nestled
down amongst the soft furs in the
sleigh, and, rocked by its easy motion,
soon fell fast asleep. How long I slept,
I know not; but when I awoke it was
snowing fast, and the darkness so in-
tense that we could not see a hand's
breadth before us. I called to Eric,
who was driving, and asked if all was
well. To which the answer came back,
half denuded by the thick atmosphere,
"All well, but for God's sake try to
keep awake."

So I roused myself and sat up, know-
ing that sleep in that bitter night air
might mean death. Of any other fear
I had no thought, for my driver was
skilled whilst Thor and Odin, our two
sturdy little mountain ponies, knew
their way home almost unguided. Sud-
denly I started, and with a start of
alarm, I looked out of the sleigh. I heard
another sound come up with the wind—a
long-drawn hollow moan. Twice or
thrice it came at intervals, this weird
noise, each time nearer and more dis-
tinct. The third time the ponies also
heard it, for they sprang forward with
an impetus that almost shook me out
of the carriage. Frightened, I said to
Eric, "What, O, what is that?" And
the answer came back, short and stern,
"The Salten hounds!"

Then began that terrible chase "for
dear life" which, though we should
never live to see our wedding, we never
could forget. Swiftly we sped
along, our steeds impelled by a terror
as great as our own, until they appeared
almost to fly. Breathlessly we harked,
hoping even yet to leave the enemy be-
hind. But no; they traveled with us,
Eric's first horse mainly for the color
—their cry growing perceptibly from an
uncertain vague voice of the darkness
into the unmistakable wolf-like note.
We knew from the direction from
whence it came that they were tracking
us by scent; so now our last poor
chance lay in the darkness of the night
and our eyes were the only means of
still held the reins, and I covered down
at the bottom of the sleigh and prayed
more earnestly than I had ever yet done
in my life "for an increase of the snow-
drift, or aught, even a miracle, if it
might only save us."

On, and on, for a time that seemed
interminable, yet in truth might have
been but a few moments. Then the
storm ceased, the moon emerged from
her shelter, and we saw half a mile in
our rear a dark line coming swiftly and
steadily down upon us. In the middle
of a white plain, with no nook or corner
visible wherein we could take refuge,
and still nearly a league from home,
our case looked hopeless enough. So
our pursuers seemed to think, as they
now caught sight of us for the first
time, and lifting their black muzzles
from the ground gave vent to a howl of
savage exultation. I could have
screamed too when I heard it, for I
was driving me to the wall; it was so
mutually horrible to us both. But a
glance at Eric, so calm and steady,
gave me new courage. I felt that,
come what might, we should at least die
together.

Faster and faster we flew, like hunted
animals, death behind us coming on
pace. A few yards more and he would
claim us for his own. Already I could
hear the rattle of his breathing of our
feet, their three eyes and white teeth
glittering and gleaming in the moon-
light. Prompted by Eric, I threw out
the bear-skin rug which protected me
from the cold. For a moment they
paused, smelt at it, then on with fresh
fire after their old prey. One by one,
each, came and went over to the
hungry pack, each gaining us an in-
stant's priceless delay. As the last fell
from my hand, the foremost wolf
bounded forward, just missing my arm,
whilst his strong, cruel jaws met with
a painfully audible snap.

Then Eric turned and looked at me—
a long, loving glance—and began knot-
ting the reins to the iron side of the
driving-seat. Instinctively divining
his purpose of giving his life to save
mine, I sprang forward, and clinging to
him frantically, whispered:
"Dearest, remember, we stand or fall
together."
A sudden thought, justified by our
dire extremity, flashed through my
brain—it was a best a forlorn hope.
Quickly I bent over Eric, snatched the
hunting-knife from his belt, and cut
loose the nearest pony. With an al-
most human cry of pain the poor ani-
mal galloped off, with the ravenous pack
after it. A few strides only and it was
surrounded, overpowered, down; and
the last sounds we heard ere the wel-
come lights of Stor Aswan came in
sight were our balled enemies growling
and fighting over the remains of my
gallant little steed. It was a cruel sacri-
fice; but necessity knows no law, and
by it we were saved.
In years after, as we sat round the
fire at New Year's Eve, with the storm
beating wildly, as now, against the
casement, and the wintry twilight closing
in, our children would ask to hear,
"once more," the oft-told tale of "for
dear life."

The Formation of Clouds.

Mulroy has lately presented, in a very
impressive manner, the conclusions de-
rived from some observations pub-
lished by Meissner, in 1863, on the for-
mation of vapor vesicles and of clouds.
The researches of Meissner were mainly
directed to the relations of ozone and
autozone, and it was only as one of the
incidental results of his work that he
discovered that about the presence of
oxygen in the air, there could be no
clouds. In regard to this important
point Meissner's researches have appar-
ently not attracted the attention that is
due them, and Mulroy urges that met-
eorologists and physicists are not yet
satisfied with the question of the exis-
tence of vesicles of vapor has been
settled in the negative. Basing his
conclusions on Meissner's researches,
Mulroy says that the condensation and
precipitation of aqueous vapor would
take place immediately, in the form of
solid products, if only when the pres-
ence of oxygen in the air; that this gas
itself brings about the transition stage
—the vapor vesicle. The experiments
of Meissner consisted in confining with-
in the receiver of an air-pump a mix-
ture of aqueous vapor and the gas to be
experimented on. By a rapid stroke of
the piston the mixture was suddenly
suddenly expanded, and the cooling
due to expansion produces a precipita-
tion of a portion of the enclosed vapor.
The faint cloud that is seen by close ob-
servation within the receiver continues
but a few minutes, and was first ob-
served by Meissner in 1863, and re-
peatedly in 1873. Meissner, however, has
shown that when other gases replace the
air within the receiver, the condensa-
tion in general takes place not in the form
of a cloud, but of fine light drops that
fall directly to the bottom, the cloud
being produced only when oxygen is
present, either pure or mixed with other
gases.

These experiments have been repeat-
edly and very carefully made by Meis-
ner with air, nitrogen, hydrogen, car-
bonic acid gas, and in pure aqueous
vapor alone, and the results of these
experiments are given in a table. Mul-
roy has repeated Meissner's experi-
ments, and found that saturated air at 30.0
degrees deposited its vapor when the
pressure is suddenly reduced to 21.4
inches; by a second step he passed
from this to 16.4 inches, and a third
inches, when a somewhat fainter cloud
was formed; the third cloud was formed
on passing from 16.1 to 13.8 inches, the
fourth on passing from 13.8 to 10.7,
and a fifth on passing from 10.7 to 8.5
inches. These barometric pressures
correspond respectively to altitudes
above the surface of 8,000, 15,000,
19,000, 23,000, and 27,000 feet, and the
clouds successively formed were of di-
minishing grades of delicacy, those
formed in the rarest medium being ex-
tremely delicate and evanescent. For
all further degrees of expansion Meis-
ner was unable to perceive any cloud
vesicles, although minute transparent
drops were present. These results
would be directly applicable to our
atmosphere had Meissner been able to
reduce the temperature of his receiver
to that experienced in the upper re-
gions of the atmosphere.

Farm Life.

The glory of the farmer is that in the
division of labor it is his part to create.
All the trades rest at last on his pri-
mative authority. He stands close to na-
ture; he obtains from the earth the
bread; and the food, which is not, he
causes to be. The first farmer was the
first man, and all historic nobility rests
on the possession and use of land. Men
do not like hard work, but every man
has an exceptional respect for tillage,
and feels that this is the original call-
ing of his race, that he himself is only
excused from it by some circumstance
which made him delegate it for a time
to other hands. If he had not some
skill which recommends him to the
farmer, some product for which
the farmer gives corn, he must
himself return into his due place
among the planters. And the profes-
sion has in all eyes its ancient charms,
as standing nearest to God, the first
cause. Then the beauty of nature, the
tranquility and innocence of the coun-
try, his independence and pleasing
sirs, the care of bees, poultry, sheep,
hogs, the dairy, the care of hay, of
fruits, of orchards and forests, and the
satisfaction of the workingman in giving
him strength and plain dignity, the
face and manner of nature—all men
acknowledge. All men seek the farm
in reserve as an asylum, in case of a
misadventure, to hide their poverty, or as
a solitude in case they do not succeed
in society. And who knows how many
glances of remorse are turned this way
from the banks of trade, from the
pleaders in courts or senates, or from
the victims of idleness and pleasure.

Honey from Ants.

Henry Edwards, in the *American
Naturist*, gives an interesting account
of the honey-making ant of New Mex-
ico. It appears that the communities
consist of three distinct kinds of ants—
the guards, the nurses or feeders, and
the honey-makers. The site of a nest
is usually in sandy soil, and from four
to five feet square. The surface of the
ground is marked, and it is not
not for the presence of the ants the po-
sition of the nest would not be sus-
pected. The black workers surround the
nest as guards or sentinels, and are al-
ways in a state of great activity. They
form two lines of defence, moving dif-
ferent ways, their march always being
along three sides of a square, one col-
umn moving from the southeast to the
southwest corner of the fortification,
while the other proceeds in the opposite
direction. In most of the nests exam-
ined, the eastern, western and southern
side was left unguarded. If any enemy
approached the line, he was at once
fiercely attacked. A portion of the
soldiers brought flowers and aromatic
leaves and deposited them in the centre
of the square, whence they were taken
by the nurses and carried into the nest.
The honey-makers never leave their
cells, their abdomen being too much
swollen by the honey they contain. It
is supposed, but has not been proved,
that all the ants use the honey as food.

Enoch Arden Improved.

A Hartford paper is responsible for
the following story, which concerns
persons said to reside at the present
time in the town of Cheshire:
"Some twenty-five years ago a young
gentleman and lady of families of high
standing were united in the holy bonds
of matrimony. The birth of a son in
due time blessed their union, and yet
the father was not happy. From a
domestic unpleasantness, however, not
far from any lack of earthly blessings,
as far as can be ascertained, but appar-
ently from a mere desire to travel, the
husband suddenly announced his in-
tention of going abroad. He parted
from his wife affectionately, with the
understanding that he should spend
but a single season abroad. He sailed,
however, without leaving word as to
his destination. Years past by without
news from the absent one, and the
mourning wife at last, with the advice
of friends, decided that she would
sail in due time, in accordance with the
manner of nearly all pretty young
widows, took unto herself another
father to her son. A year or two after
her second marriage a sailor, who had
known both parties, happened in one of
his voyages to stop at Melbourne, in
Australia. Walking the principal
streets of the city one day he met a
person whom he recognized as the sup-
posed dead husband. Greeting him,
he was recognized in turn. In the
mutual interchange of information he
left drop the announcement that the
wife, supposing him dead, had re-
married. And here the story of the
poetic idea of the proper thing for
a husband to do in such a case, this
one gave no indication of being shocked
or grieved in any way, but quietly re-
marked that the news afforded relief,
as he had himself been for some time de-
voted to the study of the connection
which, until then his conscientious
scruples had prevented him from doing.
The fact that his wife had remarried,
he felt, removed all the obligations of a
husband. The sailor in course of time
returned home and told his story, but
of these gossamer tales, which are so
often taken for granted, and which he
had, having returned to his pa-
ternal estate, both, with their respective
families, now reside in the same village
and mingle in the same society."

Texas Cattle.

A stamewad among Texas cattle, says
a writer in *Smith's*, is something
which baffles description; you must
witness it. It is a tempest of horns
and tails, a thunder of hoofs, a light-
ning of wild eyes; I can describe it no
better. Merely to see a man on foot is
sometimes sufficient to set the average
Texas cattle into a frenzy of fear, and
the herd, having returned to his pa-
ternal estate, both, with their respective
families, now reside in the same village
and mingle in the same society."

Brotherhood of Engineers.

The headquarters of the International
Division of the Brotherhood of Loco-
motive Engineers is located at Cleve-
land, Ohio. From the last report of the
Grand Chief Engineer, Mr. C. Wilson,
made at the Philadelphia meeting, we
learn that the progress of the Order has
been rapid for the past year. There are
172 divisions with a total membership of
9,500; but since that time the addition
will bring the aggregate up to 10,000.
The total cash on hand October 1 was
\$29,803, exclusive of over \$6,000 as the
net income of the *Journal*, a periodical
under the control of the G. C. E. There
were 80,000 copies of the *Journal* dis-
tributed during the past year, and
\$21,641 were dispensed to meet the
wants of the families of the deceased.
The late railroad strike has brought
the brotherhood prominently before
the people, as the public is intimately
concerned in the movements of the rail-
roads. A correspondent had an inter-
view with Mr. Wilson, in which he
stated that the recent strike was not
authorized, consented to, nor encour-
aged by the brotherhood in any par-
ticular. The rules did not justify it,
nor did the Order sanction it. The
brotherhood, at their headquarters,
deny all knowledge of the strike in an
official character.

The Fashion.

A correspondent asks us to utter a
blast against the fashion of ladies wear-
ing long trailing dresses in the streets.
We might as well whistle jigs to mile-
stone, with the expectation of its start-
ing into a dance, as to hope to change a
fashion, however absurd, by any force
of argument or ridicule, when the uti-
lity of both has been so often
shown. Men have talked of the awful
extravagance of fretting and fraying
costly silks by dragging them over side-
walks, street-crossings and pavements;
and the wise and witty Dr. Holmes has
insisted that women who parade the
streets with elongated skirts gather-
ing dust and dirt and defilement are
not to put too fine a point, dirty and
slutish. It is not a comely or cleanly
sight, to see an elegant silk dress, or
one of any fabric, sweeping the
streets, grimed by the dirt and col-
lecting in its progress various vegetable
debris. But it is the fashion.

NO CARDS—NO RECEPTION—NO ANY-
THING.—Old Bluff—"But I don't see
why you two eloped. There was no ob-
jection; and a regular marriage, with
bridesmaids, cake, and all that sort of
thing, is so much more respectable."
Young Husband—"Ah, yes; but the
elopement was so much cheaper, don't
you see?"

The Life of a Spanish Peasant.

Ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clothed, ill-
taught, or rather untaught, and un-
cared for; a hopeless, objectless being,
feeling no responsibility for the present
or the future. Such is the peasant of
the interior, be he farm-laborer, black-
smith, fruit-seller, water-carrier, gipsy,
horse-dealer, or what he may. He
seems to be unable to read, or write, or
think of love, or hope, or pray, or
plum. With him there is no light. Into
darkness, social, moral, and intellectual,
he is born as his heritage; in that dark-
ness he spends, and in that darkness he
is content to end his days. Come with
me for a stroll into the campo, or wild
country, and visit the hut of a poor
fruit-seller. His little shanty stands
alone near his dry, half-filled garden;
and you look in vain for a smiling vil-
lage, or a substantial farm or country
house. His hut—let us call it "shanty"
—stands alone amid the thistles, its
poor roof of straw, and its floor of earth
and of three walls of rude, unfashioned,
unhewn stone, bound together with no
mortar. You must stoop low to enter it;
it is roofed with reeds from the
Guadalquivir, or with brushwood and
rashes from the neighboring bosque
(copice). There is one rough settle in
the corner, and a wooden table, and a
knife stuck in her girdle. You must
not look for beauty or tidiness in her
wooden, mahogany-colored face, and
you wonder at her stride, like a man's,
and her muscled arms and rough voice.
Yet, remember the fact, that she works
very hard, and the Spanish old woman of
the lower class is always masculine-
looking. She has no chair, but courtie-
ously apologises for its absence, and
throws down a "manta" on the floor
for you to sit on. Suddenly, you hear
her say the evening of hens, the
crowing of cocks, and the cackling of
Spanish peacocks, that you are puzzled,
and pushes aside, not the bed-
linen, but the brush-wood, and there,
under the settle, is the "roost" full of
poultry. There, too, is her little jarra
of water, and the provisions, the flat
cakes of bread, the dried melon, and
the white grapes. She will tell you
with a woman's tact, "We are all in
the rough, for the winter rains are
coming, and then we go to take a house"
(she means a quarter of a room) "in
the town." The little vineyard, or
meadow, or vegetable-ground of this man
is close to his house, and he has to
his produce to the Plaza (market-square)
of the adjoining town. Just now he is
taking his siesta, rolled in his manta in
this room, too indolent to move. At
sundown he trots behind his donkey,
with his panniers sides well galled
by the weight of his load, and he
will follow him along the dusty track
we boast no roads—with his baggy
canvas trousers, esparto-glass sandals,
and huge knife stuck in his faja. About
o'clock he arrives in the street,
which, running out of the market,
is used for the fables for the beasts, and
bedroom for the owners, and he has to
of fruit. He loosens his pannier from
his donkey's back, and lets the air get
to the inside of the packet of fruit;
then tethers his donkey to the side of
the street, rolls himself up in his
manta, lights his cigarillo, and falls
fast asleep by the roadside. It is a
sight to pass about midnight along
these streets adjoining the fruit market
—the rows of donkeys, the hundreds of
sleeping forms, undistinguishable from
the fruit and sacking, the fresh, sickly,
damp smell of fruit hanging heavy on
the air; and just beyond the Plaza,
and very good, and kind neighbors,
ground covering the fruit, and a tiny
oil lamp burning faintly to show where
the stall and the stall-keeper and the
fruit are, all lying under the rough
tent like a lot of half-empty sacks. At
half past three the market opens, and
at four to five it is, in truth, a lively
sight.

Old-Time Customs.

The *Bengor* (Me.) *Whig* says that a
recent visitor to the French settlement
in North-eastern Maine visited a woman
ninety-seven years old and entirely
blind. He found her sitting in her
rocking chair, very busily engaged in
picking to pieces a piece of old yarn
with a large needle. Beside her lay a
small quantity of hair that had been
carded from the cattle, and a small
amount of wool. Her daughter sat
spinning this composition into yarn to
be knit into fine socks, as they say.
The method of preparing this wool
for the wheel is rather amusing. After
picking to pieces old yarn and broken
cloth, it is mixed with enough good
wool to "galvanize" it. Then it is
put in an old-fashioned dash churn,
soap and water applied, and churned
until it is ready for the cards; then it
goes to the wheel—the wheel that has
been used by grandmothers of old for
spinning flax. The women of Upper
Aroostook are very industrious and
great helpmeets, as many times they
can be seen at work in the field, plant-
ing, hoeing, haying, harvesting, and
as a general thing they manufacture
their wool into cloth, socks, and mit-
tens. Many whole families are clothed
in wool of their own manufacture.
Many card wool by hand, spin with the
old flax wheel, and weave with the old
loom that has been in use for hundreds
of years.

Change and Eng at Home.

"Change and Eng," the Siamese twins,
are settled about forty miles west of
Salem, North Carolina, and have been
for a number of years in Surry County,
near Mount Airy. They each have a
very good farm, adjoining each other,
and both have families. They stay al-
ternately two weeks at a time at each
other's farm. Both have children, who
have a fine education, and one daughter,
who had some literary aspirations, died
some two or three years ago. One of
the twins had a daughter recently mar-
ried. They have good residences and
out-buildings on their farms, and are
considered good and successful farmers
here, and very good and kind neigh-
bors. Being in their neighborhood, we
went to see them at the residence of
Mr. Eng Bunker, and found the broth-
ers there, and was treated very hospita-
bly by them and the family. They
have, it is thought, a great deal of
money employed in mercantile pursuits
in the little village of Mount Airy,
Surry County, N. C., and much more
the bulk of their estate is in New York
City.

Drinking Hard Water.

Hard water has sometimes been
thought unhealthy, and people have
taken great pains to build cisterns in
their houses, where rain water purified
might be had for the table. But nature
rarely makes mistakes, and spring water
is almost uniformly hard. It is found,
on extensive and careful inquiry, that
hard water is more healthy than soft.
The body needs some of the salts held
in solution in hard water, and suffers if
they are not supplied in some way.
In England the country where hard
water abounds are more healthy than
those where soft water is used. The
same fact appears in cities, where the
mortality is least in the sections sup-
plied with hard water. Contrary to the
general impression, soft water acts on
lead pipes more powerfully than hard,
and increases danger. Those who have
built rain-water cisterns, thinking them
more healthy than wells, will need to
study the wiser methods of nature.

Statistics of Bengal.

The *Christian Union* says that a cen-
sus of Bengal lately taken makes the
population 67,000,000, instead of 40-
000,000, as was estimated. In some
districts there are 600 to the square
mile. The number of Mohammedans
is far in excess of popular estimate,
which has counted them at about 15-
000,000, while they are found to be 20-
624,000. Of all who call themselves
Hindoo in faith there are 42,674,000.
The Buddhists are 85,000 in number,
and the Christians 93,000. Of the
aboriginals, included in neither of these
classes, there are 2,351,000. It is stated
that the Mohammedans, with their
armies of missionaries, their theory
that all faithful races are equal before
God, and their practice of raising any
convert at once to full social equality,
are becoming so numerous that by the
year 1900 they will be half the popula-
tion, and ultimately will control the
religious destiny of Bengal.

An Aged Horse.

A remarkable old horse called Charlie,
the property of Mr. Dexter E. Wadleigh
of Boston, died recently at the age of
twenty-five. He was never sick except
during the epizootic of 1872. Probably
no horse was ever more attached to his
master or more anxious to do his bid-
ding than Charlie. He has traveled
seventy miles one day without ex-
hibiting fatigue, and was as fresh as
ever for the next day's work. During
one year his owner drove him over
three thousand miles. When pur-
chased Charlie was inclined to be a
balky, and would stop suddenly; but
his master never struck him with a
whip, choosing rather to conquer him
by kindness, in which he was success-
ful. He was usually driven in a chaise;
and when these contrary notions would
seize him his master would turn him
in a large circle, working patiently and
kindly with him for a few moments,
when he would step that day without ex-
hibiting fatigue, and was as fresh as
ever for the next day's work. During
one year his owner drove him over
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ever for the next day's work.

Items of Interest.

Bazine has left France for the Island
St. Marguerite.
The resignation of U. S. Minister
Sickles has been accepted.
The Kentucky Senate wouldn't vote
against accepting free railroad passes.
A Spanish prize court setting in Ha-
vana condemned the Virginias as a
lawful prize.
Do not run in debt to a shoemaker.
It is unpleasant to be unable to say
your sole is your own.
An explosion in the Ferial Battery,
Cartagena, killed twenty officers and
men of the besieging force.
Twenty Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) fam-
ilies are making arrangements to emi-
grate to Lower California in the spring.
Five hundred children of Havre lost
their fathers by the Ville du Havre dis-
aster; 110 widows have been made
there.
The Boston Public Library has been
open on Sundays, nearly a year, al-
though the city solicitor, declared it
illegal.
The cities of Matamoros, Monterey,
and Tampico are much disturbed just
now by conflicts between the municipal
and state forces.
A woman in Howard City, Mich., re-
cently gave birth to five children at one
time. So, at least says the Grand
Rapids Democrat.
Here's an example for botes: A
man in Livingston county, Ky., hangs
his hat on a gate-post, and talks to it
for ten hours at a time.
A Terre Haute man lately ate 142
oysters at a sitting. Judge Dowling,
of New York, devours from five to seven
dozen oysters every day.
A Dubuque man hired a policeman at
\$3 a week to watch his wife, and she
was at the same time paying the same
man \$4 per night to watch her husband.
The police of New York made a de-
scent upon the Kentucky Lottery, ar-
rested all persons found on the prem-
ises, and seized the safes, books, money,
etc.
The Missouri *Harrisonian* advertises
four hundred and twenty cow bells for
sale, and explains that it took them
from a hardware man in payment for
job work.
In a Boston discussion of corporal
punishment by teachers it was argued
that driving the spine up into the head
could be nothing else than hurtful to
the brain.
The Third Ass. Postmaster-General of
the U. S. decides that any number of in-
dividuals or firms may print their adver-
tisements on a postal card before it is
deposited in the mails.
A prisoner in a western jail escaped
with a ladder key which he manufac-
tured. In New York they use golden
keys for that purpose. In such cases
both lead and gold are base metals.
When you go to Mittenage, Mass.,
don't say anything about fox-hunting to
any of those hunters who recently