are hostile, as they appear to be, you may take my word for it that we'll give

try that sort uv a game."
"Well, what do you want here, anyhow?" I demanded boldly, fully satisfied in my own mind that if we got out

of our present scrape we had to fight it

Don't kalkelate that you're boss here,

"Yer money an' yer traps! Understand that sort o' talk, don't yer?"
"Yes, we understand that you're a

for it, though we are but two against a

Each of us carried a brace of double-

we remained uninjured, nothwithstand-

ing a number of scattering shots whistled around our ears and over our

"Now charge upon the thieves!

ing five outlaws, for that number were

left. A fierce and bloody fight ensued.

double duty : but as fate would have it

we were both rendered hors du combat,

the next moment I became unconscious.

in, and from the bottom of my heart I

I thought of Andy, you may be sure,

After a while, however, an old and

but could see no way of finding out

My wounds had already been dressed.

to all I could say or do I got no other

answer. I inquired about Andy, and

other matters, but received no satisfac-

tion. Finally, I gave up in despair, and

let the old hag go.

A week passed, and I was compara-

one day and beckoned me to follow her.

Having no reason to refuse obedience, I

complied with her directions, and after

found myself in the open air. It was a bright, sunny morning, and despite my

situation I inhaled the pure atmosphere

Assembled on the spot I beheld a

and in the midst my friend and com-

rade, Andrew Huff. Andy looked fright-

fully pale and emaciated, and appeared

to have suffered much more than myself.

We had barely time to greet each other,

seized and gagged. At the same time

one of the outlaws, whom I at once recognized as the leader of the party

which we had first encountered, stepped

In a few moments we were stripped

forward and addressed us:

with delight.

wished myself well out of it.

what had become of him.

-will you tell me?"

shoulder.

performed miracles, and I did

d upon the r

was Andy's quick reply, and

you all the trouble we can.'

stranger, do yer?"
"No," was And

with us?"

VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1874.

NO. 2

Lift Him Up.

Lying so low in the gutter, Degraded and black with sin, With garments tattered and filthy; More shattered and foul within

His face has grown ugly and brutal, And lost is each trace divine; The reign of his passions has made him Companion alone for the swine.

"He is too far gone," they tell us All they who pass him by; "Impossible now to reach him," So he is left to sink and die.

He was once "somebody's darling," That man so degraded and vile, And the heart of some one that loved him Was once made glad by his smile.

Those lips that now breathe but cursing. A mother's kiss once preseed. And that hair, once soft and golden, A sister's hand caressed.

Those eyes, now blear and soulless, Once lighted with love's bright glow, And the fire of the soul within them Burned with thoughts that angels knew.

Let your tear drops fall, of pity. Upon those darkened leaves, Resting here-" Possible all things." All, "to him that believes,"

Friends of Temperance, this is your mis Strong in Love's power to save. With a sympathy earnest, untiring, Go, bring him up from the grave!

"WALKING THE PLANK,"

The history of the West is one long record of bloody and atrocious deeds. Not the least in the dark and intermi-nable catalogue is the little event we are now about to lay before our kind readers. We heard the story from the lips of one who professed—and we had no reason to doubt his word—to have played a prominent part in the occur-rence, and we give it to the reader just as we heard it.

Some years ago, said the narrator, a friend and myself agreed to take a tramp, hunter fashion, through the great wilderness of the Northwest. Having provided ourselves with what things we thought actually necessary, and nothing more, we started upon our perilous journey; for that it was perlous we were fully aware, and every

reader will admit. After encountering innumerable hardships and many dangers, we found ourselves in the wildest kind of a region, many miles distant from the haunts of civilization. Already we had passed through enough to have discouraged most of men, but we were young and full of blood, and not easily put out or frightened. This was particularly the case with my companion,

whose name was Andrew Huff. Both of us were perfectly healthy, as strong as iron, and considerably experienced in the use of such articles as rifles, pistols and bowie knives. In all these respects we could hold our own with the best; had it been otherwise, we should never have lived to reach the point at which we finally arrived.

Just about dark one evening in the latter part of July, after a hard day's tramp, we halted for the night. A my comrade by a pistol wound in his darker, deeper, lonelier solitude than side, and I by a bowic cut in the right that which surrounded us, it would be hard to imagine. Silently we built a little fire and supper; silently we ate it.
Worn out, and for the time being slightly dispirited, we were in no humor for conversation.

For sometime we sat by our campfire without uttering a single word, and almost without moving. I was thinking of home and absent friends, and it is only reasonable to suppose that Huff was similarly occupied.

After the clapse of some time, our fire burnt low, and I arose to replenish The bark of a wolf startled me, and I involuntarily addressed my compan-

Huff did not answer me, however, but without noticing the circumstance, I threw a quantity of faggots on the fire, and medicine, and temporary light. and addressed him.

"Take a few hours' rest, Andy, and I'll keep watch," said I, "and after that you can do the same by me." Still I got no answer, and then I began to notice my companion's unusual taciturnity.

"Anything the matter, Andy?" said I, regarding him closely. No answer again.

"That's a little strange," I muttered, moving over toward my companion. Huff was sitting facing the fire, with his head bent upon his knees. I shook him without arousing him. Finally, I raised his head, and at once became conscious that he was soundly, deeply

Laughing off the fears which had for few moments oppressed me, I left Huff to enjoy his nap, and settled myself down as comfortably as the circumstances would permit.

I was dreadful drowsy, and despite our perilous situation, despite every effort I made to the contrary, I could not entirely resist the overpowering influence of sleep. Occasionally I started up suddenly, and found that I had been dozing. The last time I was aroused, I was awoke by the bark of a and say, "God bless you, comrade!" welf. Jumping to my feet, I beheld the fierce animal not a dozen paces distant, his ravenous eyes glaring upon me from the darkness. Seizing up a brand, I flung it at the rapacious monster with all my strength. It struck him full in the face, and with a terrible howl he darted off into the forest. Huff did not ately, "we'll make you pay for your awake, did not even stir, so sound was handywork t'other night. Strip 'em!"

After that I did not feel much inon the fire, and kept on the move, my eyes and ears open for any more noc-

turnal visitors. gan to grow insufferably weary. Every a few feet from the brink, with a guard muscle relaxed, and a drewsy torpor gradually stole over me. My eyes closed unconsciously-my knees bent beneath me, and I was about dropping to the ground, when I was suddenly aroused

by the sound of a man's voice:
"Hello, fellers, how d'yer do!" were the words which fell upon my ears, and aroused me to consciousness.

to the skin, and we had neither the clined to sleep, though nothing more was to be seen or heard. I examined We were separately led to the brink not, and slapped up another naughty my rifle and pistols, piled more faggots of a chasm near, and made to look down | picture. into the almost unfathomable depths. Some time passed quietly, and I beto look down. We were then stationed

> over us. I began to comprehend that some frightful death awaited us, and my feelings were dreadful. A plank about a dozen feet long and a foot wide was then brought forward and placed half way over the precipice. My blood ran cold at the preparations.

stationed themselves. I looked around in bewilderment. "Now, drive the chap forward!" while the old mount little camping ground was encircled shouted the leader, pointing to Andy. sky like a kite.

by a dozen or more brawny, fierce look- "Tother fellow shall see him drop, an'

ing desperadoes. It was a complete surprise, and on the spur of the moment I yelled aloud:

"Andy, Andy, wake up!"

Tother fellow sant see him drop, and then he follows arter him. Drive him on thar, hosses!"

Every effort was made to move Andy, but the poor fellow continued obstinate. The outlaws pricked him with their knives, and beat him with their rifles, "Yes, wake up, Andy!" echoed the outlaws derisively.

Aroused at last, my comrade sprang to his feet, and the next moment was "Carry the man!" shouted the lead-

standing by my side.

Instantly a dozen rifles were leveled at us with deadly aim.

"Yer ain't goin' to show fight, are ye?" demanded one of the outlaws, a brutal looking wretch, and the leader of the hand.

er, madly.

Despite his struggles, Andy was picked up and carried to the plank. As the outlaws let him down they gave him a violent push which sent him forward to the end of the plank. Andy swayed from side to side, and struggled wildly to regain his balance. He failed, however, and fell down in his fall down over and fell down in his fall down. "That depends on circumstances!" to regain his balance. He failed, however, and fell over, in his fall desperately cutching the plank. There he held with his finger nails buried in the wood. It was a horrid scene, and my blood runs cold at the bare recollection

"Let him go !" shouted the fiendish

"You won't now, will yer?" re-joined the desperado, tauntingly. leader.
"Guess ye'll have yer hands full ef yer The 1 The men who were standing on the other end of the plank jumped off, and plank and Andy whirled down into the seething depths below. Despite the gag in his mouth, the poor fellow uttered a loud and terrifying shriek before he disappeared from sight forever. The cry rings in my cars now, though "What do we want har?" was the rapid reply. "I guess the forest's as free to us as it is to any one else. "He cry rings in my cars now, though years have passed since then. I shall never forget it.

The outlaws sprang to the edge of the cliff, and with a savage exultation watched Andy's descent. he took the words out of my mouth, "nor are you!" But that's not to the point," he added, what do you want

the leader, after the lapse of a few min-

At that instant a loud report of fire-arms suddenly reverberated far and near, and half of the bandits, at least, fell dead to the earth. The balls gang of thieves and cut throats," responded Andy, fiercely; "but if you I escaped unhurt. Instantly afterward get anything from us you've got to fight a party of trappers rushed upon the scene and charged at the outlaws. The fight was short but desperate. In the The dozen. Give 'em a shot, comrade!" fight was short but desperate. In the added the fiery fellow, addressing himself to me. "We can't make the matalive, though they fought like incaralive, though they fought like incarnate devils.

I thought so too, and raising my rifle, Andy and myself fired simultane-In the first moments of the melee I got away out of the reach of harm. Pinioned and gagged, I would have been Immediately two of the outlaws fell dead to the ground, and the rest uttered a concerted yell, that sounded more of no use to myself or anybody. After the conflict was over I made my appearance and gave a statement of all that had transpired. From the trappers I learned that the cry of Andy bad diearfully than the howl of the wolf I had so recently driven away.
"Now, give 'em the pistols!" shouted rected them to the spot; but, poor fellow, they came too late to save him. I Andy, his whole soul in the deadly thanked God and the mountaineers for my own preservation, and quitted the scene with a sense of relief mingled with a feeling of sadness. barreled pistols, which gave us eight shots between us, and quick as light-

ning we were discharging the loads in Gentlemen, that was about the worst the faces of the outlaws. Six more of situation I was ever placed in, and may the brigands fell before our aim, while you never have a similar experience.

Starvation vs. "The Ruling Passion." An observer among the English factory girls describes their dinner hour then to hate, amusingly :- The crowds had assembled outside of a certain cheap cook shop in the half hour allowed for dinner. Among the girls was one ragged, scantily clothed child of about fourteen. She stood for a long time wistfully before the cook shop window. All the others had gone, and this forlorn object still stood there rattling a few halfside, and I by a bowie cut in the right pence in her hand. Finally, with a in a cave, and it was not long before I the bright light of day seemed never to

longing look at the luscious display, she I knew nothing more after that, for paused for a last sniff at the open door, and then dashed off down the street, When I came to myself, I found I was The observer followed, thinking that of the robbers. This much I learned by listening, for I could see nothing, the bright light of day socred. she was seeking a cheaper cook shop, turned with a somewhat faded but still penetrate that dismal cavern. It was gorgeous bunch of artificial flowers, the gloomiest, chilliest place I was ever consisting of a rose full blown, a poppy or two and a fair sprinkling of wheat. With a glow of triumph on her wizened face, she cast an eager glance to the right and left, and spying close at hand the secluded gateway of a timber yard, darted across the road, and crouching in a corner, was soon busy with her bat-

Women Servants for California.

tered old hat on her knees retrimming

Of course I was eager to question her.
"My good woman," said I, very pleasantly, "I should like to know where I The following statements are made in a telegram from San Jose, Cal.: "The Farmers' Club has received advices She shook her head negatively, and from North Carolina to the effect that an immigration from that State to California of young women for household service can be secured by the formation of aid societies, to be composed of families desiring better help; the society to advance the passage money, and be responsible for representations going to induce the immigration. On the other tively well. About the expiration of that time, the old squaw came to me hand, the society is to be secured in the old-fashioned path of industry. matter of good character and capacity of all women sent out under the artraversing a number of dark passages rangement. It appears that a strong disposition exists in the Carolinas, Missouri and other States, and only waits a practical business treatment from parties concerned on this coast. The plan, as mooted in the Farmers' gang of a score or more of the worst looking men I had ever encountered, Club, looks to securing faithful and Old Time ring the changes for 'em; honest servant girls, and thus bettering he'll find 'em all between christening the condition of both hirer and hiredfurnishing the former better service and the latter better wages for equal the Emigration Committee, who, if encouraged by responsible citizens, may when we were suddenly and roughly be able to work out a grand scheme.'

Different Now. The boys don't do things now as they did when Noah Webster was making spelling books. An old man near Pleasantville, the other day, found a rude boy posting Lydia Thompson bills all over his door yard fence, and desired him to desist; but the young sauce-box told him plainly he would

"You won't?" said the old man; A stream of water dashed over the "then I will fetch you down." So he rocks at the bottom. It made me dizzy pulled out a horse-pistol and shot several times at him; but this only made the youngster laugh, for the old man was cross-eyed and could not hit a barn

door. "Well," said the old man, if "neither words nor horse-pistols will do, I must saw an advertisement in a city paper try what virtue there is in nitro-glycer-So that old man pulled out a two-quart can of torpedo mixture, and ally prevented on receipt of fifty cents. On one end of the plank two men exploded it under the chap, who cooly tationed themselves. exploded it under the chap, who cooly informed that to prevent his gun from while the old man went soaring into the

Two City Lives.

A Tale which has its own Moral and is

full of Romantic Interest. The son of a Long Island farmer The son of a Long Island farmer grew up in the great City of New York. He had a busy, live intelligence, and he was attracted to the world's arena instinctively. He would not be a farmer; he would be a great man—a man of business. He served as office boy in various localities. He did not stay long in a place; he was smart—too smart. in a place; he was smart-too smart. He was what business men call a fast boy and clergymen a bad boy. His acute intellect, unguided, had turned into dangerous paths, following the lead of emotion and instinct. We live in two worlds—the steady, strong un-dercurrent of hard facts and stern work and struggles, and the lighter, super-ficial current of pleasure, of ideals, of amusement, passion, excitement. It was toward this world that as he grew older he gravitated. He hated disci-pline and liked freedom. He became commercial traveler, and then theatrical agent, and then gambler; he tried the manufacture of whisky, kept a faro bank, was treasurer of a circus. He was bound to make a living by his wits. He was like all the rest of us—he wanted

to make money without work.

It is not just to say he was a bad young man, either; he had the reputation of being a capital fellow. He was only one of the types now so common atched Andy's descent, in American cities; of a quick mind that shrinks from that which is hard and difficult, cultivating the feeling only, living a dashing, "liberal" life. His permanent occupation at last became that of the master gambler—one who gets money by playing upon the passions of his fellows instead of upon their necessities. He sold lottery tickets. His pleasures, were of the sort known as masculine, i. e., alcohol and athletics. He liked horses, yachts, and fighting; he was muscular himself, and in disposition shrewd and envious-a Cassius, a man to keep "the right side of;" more than once when in liquor and quarrelsome he was known to handle his pistol much too freely for the safety of

his companions.

He had many friends. One of these was a Southerner, a plump, jovial man, with a fund of good nature. They became partners in the lottery business. Time wore on; they made money and married. They worked exceedingly well together; when the shrewdness of the slender, dark-eyed man failed, the fat, good nature of the partner, inspiring confidence, succeede l.

After a number of years, however, the serenity of this friendship became disturbed. A separation came. Each thought he could do better alone, and each tried it, thus dividing the stream of business, each trying to bring over to his side as much as possible. After that they began to eye each other askance; love turned to jealousy, and

The situation became threatening. After a long life is passed, in which the daily occupation has been that which to the common herd is the amusement, and in which the daily recreation is what with the mass is dissipation, the mind gradually becomes undermined and loses its equilibrium; little by little are developed great passions; instead of principles for guides of action, the soul gets a habit of yielding to the strong feeling that is uppermost; the inner man turns to lava from such constant excitement and fire : s volcano grows up beneath the calm exterior, and only waits a fitting occasion for an eruption. The Long Island far-mer-boy of sober Dutch descent, by his course of life, had reared within himself another man-a savage, an Italian brigand, all hidden from sight by the mask of the man of the world. His hatred and jealousy of his former partner ecame a mania. No ill-luck or misortune came that was not attributed o him. His old partner was taking his riends, his business, and his reputa-

tion, he thought. The result is briefly told, and is yet estranged partners met one winter evening in Liberty street; one was stabbed to his death, the other was maimed for life. A few days ago his who loiter on the threshold of politics. trial for murder was brought to a close. The jury was merciful, and he was saved from the gallows, but is destined happy years of his life in a convict's tion with a might which he almost imcell in State Prison.

The moral is plain, and the story should be a warning to all those who seek wealth by other means than the

Key Notes. Often and often we think we have

found another key-note when we haven't. Most people are noted in such obscure tones that it don't pay to hunt them out. The best way is to let he'll find 'em all between christening and knell; they are sure to respond sooner or later. As for us, we can't most always tell; but we have one de labor. This matter is in the hands of facto case in hand. From our window a workman can be seen and heard who has of late succumbed to the power of music, and we have discovered that the sound to which his soul goes out in ecstacy is the steam whistle call to quit work. When that tone steals out upon the quiet air with the dulcet sweetness peculiar to a forty jackass power, this poor workman straightens up, throws back his shoulders, flops his ears on the sides of his head like a pair of old rubber overshoes against a doorshow him pierced to his very core by the cheerful sound, and then speedily goeth to his victuals. This is no fiction, and can be witnessed any day by their especial Key-Note.

> SCATTERING. - A noted hunter has gun that scatters shot badly, so that it is not of much account. A while ago he offering to send information whereby "scattering" of shot could be effectuinformed that to prevent his gun from "scattering" he should put in only one

German University Life.

Americans have never taken kindly to the antiquated code of honor that prevails in the German universities. The pistol or the fist goes to the mark so much more expeditiously, they are loth to linger over fencing swords and padding. Here is another illustration draw into shore for a better supply in a glimpse at student life written to the Observer, of New York, by an American tourist. The University of early of March or April in some places, Bonn counts at present eight hundred and fifty students. It was founded in the year 1818. The fighting and beer-drinking corps are distinguished by their caps. The Prussians, or, in German Rossessians, or, in German Rossessians, white the Fellowski or their time of going or coming the same from year to year. Indeed they seem their caps. The Prussians, or, in German Rossessians, white the Fellowski or their caps. drinking corps are distinguished by their caps. The Prussians, or, in German, Borussians, wear white, the Felsers magenta, and some others blue. Mr. L., an American, has been for some time the champion of Heidelberg, might the next lead to quite different which he has forsaken to bring his according to the next lead to quite different conclusions. We mention this merely which he has forsaken to bring his accomplishments here. Mr. B., also an to show that in seeking for information American, was dismissed for forgetting himself and using his fists, instead of trying and sometimes succeeding in cutting off another man's nose. When they fight their arms are covered with padding, so thickly, in fact, that when hero and supports the useful member. What food presents itself. They move hero and supports the useful member. They are allowed intervals of rest, but he fight must last fifteen minutes; during which time a physician stands ready, and when a nose is cut off he holds it in his mouth to keep it warm until he can sew it on again. Parbarous! Is it not? I was speaking to a young nobleman of the Prussian corps the other day. He is only twenty, and his father considers it imperative that he should be here for a year and also fight. As he is intended for diplomacy, I could not not but think his handsome face might help him in the serious battle of life more than the serious battle of life more than the sears, of which he remarked to me in French, "he should be so proud," "It is customary," remarked the father, "and makes them brave." "It is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance," I thought; although it undoubtedly requires pluck to stand up and cut away at the face of a man, every drop of blood showing conspicuously upon his linen, in which he fights, yet it is questioned whether

it would ever produce courage.

It is considered here that a man who pelongs to these fighting corps never studies, and is apt to become very quarrelsome. These young gentlemen generally settle their disputes outside of Bonn, for fear of interruption from

the police.

I have not yet attended a kneipe or beer-drinking bout, feeling my utter incapacity in that direction, and not being a paterfamílias, like an old German baron, who told me he was excused on that account, and drank "eau de Toude."

Speaking of bravery, I dined the other day with a young count, not more than twenty-five years of age, who, among his gold medals, had the iron cross, given alone for courage. He was a fine fellow, well-bred and amusof laughter. Among some other bon having something the appearance of mot he asked a French riddle, or, rather, a riddle in French, as follows: "What is the difference between Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.? Napo-leon I. a eu genie, and Napoleon III. a Eugenie. Napoleon I. had genius. Napoleon III. had Eugenie."

Playing Poker in Washington. A well-known Western Railroad man,

who is now here living in Washington and looking after his railroads, is said to have raised the largest hands at poker known among gaming capitalists.

"He won fifty thousand dollars from me," said another Western man who told the story to a correspondent, "but I was sick that day and had to let him take it. He can't beat me when I am feeling well."

It is very easy to corrupt public men at the poker table, for a large percentage of them play—nearly as many, I should judge, as in the old days of slavery. Poker has arisen with the vivid on the minds of the inhabitants Northwestern domination, and the ease of this and the adjoining cities. The with which it is learned, the reckless chances it invites, and the rapid popularity it attains in every circle, make it an especial game for large operators Make a public man poor and replace the money as a gift, or permit him to win and suppose he has wronged you, to spend what should have been the and he will try to work off the obligaputes righteous. These great, brawny operators know such things, and honor in the chief places is no barrier to their circumventing. The table, the fine and rapid woman, worldly talk with brilliancy in its delusiveness, the confidence that follows the wine cup, and the cool study of a man over five cards when he bets beyond his measurethese are the steps by which hard men capture better ones. Bribery is seldom direct, wounding the feelings or pride of the recipient. It is extended like the love which precedes ruin. It

says:

My friend, I admire you. To see you poor with your talents is a reproach to our country that you illustrate. I never yet met a man I could get so never yet met a man I could get so grief-stricken family. And then the close to. If you ever feel the wolf too brisk drive back to the city is so pleasclose to the door, I kope you will not wrong your friend by silence. And it is done.

Look Not on the Nose. There are some men who don't know any more about the action of frost on the human frame than to believe that a person's nose looks fiery red when frozen. A resident of Detroit always step, gives a yawn and a howl that entertained this opinion until Saturday. He was walking along Michigan avenue, when he saw the red nose of another very worthy citizen, who loves the rich generous wines of all countries, those persons disposed to doubt that and the Second street man kindly said: every individual man and beast have "Beg pardon, sir, but your nose is "Beg pardon, sir, but your nose is freezing." The man addressed whip ped off his overcoat in about a second The man addressed whipspat on his hands, and said he could lick any wooden-headed son of a cucumber in Detroit who dared to insult him, and there would have been a fight but for some pedestrians holding the arms and legs of the red-noised man, while the Second street man got ground the corner.

A man who don't know anything will tell it the first time he gots a chance.

Lobsters.

Their Habits, Fo and Growth. A letter from S. M. Johnson, of Scituate harbor, gives the following interesting information about the habits of the lobster: The time when they cality. They seem to move quite rapidin solid column, the larger and stronger always in advance, while the rear or last end of the school presents a sorry appearance, composed as it is of the small, maimed and ill-conditioned. They move on in this order until they find themselves on the shaler grounds, where the great variety and abundance of food seems to satisfy them; the food consists of muscles, clams, periwinkles and the like. I would say in this connection that though voracious in their habits, they are epicures as well in their choice of food, and are not easily enticed into traps except with the freshest of bait. They remain on these grounds the greater part of the summer many seeking the sandy banks and rocky crevices where they shed their shells, remaining in a semi-torpid con-dition during this change, venturing forth again as the shell becomes sufficiently hard and they become strong enough to defend themselves against nearly all kinds of fish, as they are easily captured and eaten while in this soft state. As the season advances we find them moving off shore in as hungry a condition as when they came in the spring. It is probable that they seek the deeper waters of the bay in winter for the protection it affords during our severe storms and for the warmer temperature of the water, which is more congenial to them. In a general way this covers their movements so far as is known. Of their organism and struc-ture, though curious and interesting, it is hardly necessary to speak further, as the practical results we wish to bring about are not to any great extent influ-enced by knowledge of this point, except in the manner in which they in crease in size or grow. This change takes place only as the shell, which has become full, is sloughed off, another of larger size taking its place, the new one and kept the whole table in a roar | being fully formed under the old, and | which are displayed advertis India rubber, being very elastic. The time when the change takes place depends upon circumstances; but it is quite evident that all lobsters do not shed every year, and never do so until they have fully filled the old ones, which is done more or less frequently, according to the quality of food they have been able to obtain.

Funeral Dead Beats.

Of all the objectionable social characters to be found in all cities, deliver us from the funeral dead-beat. term may seem a little harsh, but is Notice the funeral some prominent person. There the clan is present in full force. They go early and look solemn, and crowd into the parlor, taking prominent positions, and obliging the friends of the family to sit in the hall or stand up. They view the remains of the one most dear to many in the room, and conventionally remark: "How natural; or, "What a beautiful corpse." During the sermon they affect to be deeply moved, and bury their faces in their handkerchiefs. At the conclusion of the ceremony they crowd forward and manage to fill the carrirges in waiting, to the exclusion of genuine mourners and friends of the family, anxious to attend the remains to the grave, there to pay the last tribute of respect to a mourned friend. Once on the way, they show the real object in attending the funeral, to obtain a pleasant drive through the suburbs without any expense to themselves.

They chat and talk, gaily discuss

Mrs. Grundy's last bonnet, casually mention the new pastor, and curdle the blood of their hearers by announcing in a melodramic whisper that "the Browns have sold their piano," or that "the Smiths are eating in the kitchen." Through all the journey they talk of everything or anything foreign to the mission they are on. Once at the cemetery they again look solemn, and allow their chins to drop on their breast, and offer their cold, unfeeling and distasteful consolation to the the neighbors talk. In many cases the funeral dead-beat has not even a casual acquaintance with the deceased or the bereaved family. Their mock solem-nity and disagreeable forwardness serve only to disgust the intelligent people present, and only serve to place upon them the ban that will serve toward barring them from good society. "funeral dead-beat" is Verily the disagreeable character. - Exchange.

A Costly Word.

Fraternity is the most incrugruous word in the French language, and every time the fatal four syllable is written on the walls of Paris civil war follows. In the great revolution "fraternity" cost 2,022,903 lives; in 1848, 39,563; in 1871, 57,627. The word is also expensive, as in February, 1848, 1,500 barricades were raised in Paris, which, allowing 845 paving stones to each, would make a total of 1,267,500 torn up by the "sovereign people;" 3,013 trees were uprooted, 3,704 lamps broken, and innuraerable police offices burnt down.

Items of Interest.

Bricks are now manufactured from Lazy husbands are known out West

as stove watchers. Paper as a building material has be-

come a great success. Druggists are not inappropriately termed "pillers" of society.

A Western butcher, whose premises were robbed, said he "lost flesh."

Hot sand baths have been introduced in London for rheumatic patients. Malleable iron was well known and

extensively used four thousand years The sophmore class at Wesleyan

University "embraces four young ladies. Teach calves to drink when three

days old-that is, if they are to be Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out

of the way. The coal question—Who's to tote it up out of the cellar when Biddy resigns

-you, or your wife? A bill is before the California Legis-

lature making twelve hours a day's work for street car conductors. In India nearly 300,000 persons die

annually from the bites of reptiles and depredations of wild beasts. The Congregationalists of the far West have decided to establish their

central university at Colorado Springs, St. George Mivart makes out that the gorilla is the least and the orang the most human of the anthropoid

George Brown, the founder of a library in Cincinnati, is now so poor the he is often obliged to sleep in the station-

house. Beware of pork that is not thoroughly cooked. And never attempt to fatten a hog that has been diseased in any

A tract of land in Missouri containing 40,000 acres has been bought for a party of French emigrants, who are about to settle there. In Canada, since the recent cold snap,

they sell whisky by the pound, weighing it out as if it were maple sugar or There are now 379 woolen factories at

the South, exclusively of the mills manufacturing carpets, hosiery or worsted goods. There were nearly half a million cases

of cholera in Hungary, last year, 182,-549 proving fatal, while 2,978 still remain under treatment. The La Cross man who touched a buzz-saw with his foot to see if the saw

was running is ready to go into court and swear that it was. An enterprising merchant in Paris distributes umbrellas gratuitously, on

the business of the giver. The Journal of Applied Chemistry states that absolutely pure iron has been prepared by a Russian chemist by

use of the galvanic battery. It is believed that nothing would purify Washington so much as a three months' run of small-pox, but the dis-

ease never touches that point. Iowa raised more wheat in 1873 than any other State in the Union. She did the same thing in 1872. In the item of

corn she is only second to Illinois. Rhode Island, with a population of The about 220,000, has 124 savings banks and 93,124 depositors. The average amount of each deposit is \$500.50.

Miss Hammond, the young lady who recovered \$4,500 from her faithless lover, in Brooklyn last week, now finds that his total assets foot up to only \$1,-500.

At a recent fire at Springfield, Mass. it was shown that in documents written with violet ink, the writing vanished under the great heat to which it was exposed. It is stated that the Mormons are bout to re-establish themselves at

Nauvoo, the place from which they were forcibly ejected by the citizens twentyfive years ago. In Cincinnati restaurrnts, where pork is the favorite diet, the cheery cry of "Microscopes for two!" is heard early and late. Cincinnati is frightened

about those trichina. A Cincinnati man has married his wife's daughter-he was a widower when the marriage took place—and the mother is still living. Local metaphy-sicians are studying out the problem.

The boys of Boston and Chelsea are full of animosity. They have battles with sticks and stones between forces numbering two or three hundred. One boy has been so badly hurt that he may

The French prints having complained that foreign prints enjoy too much privilege, the government will, it is reported, lay a stamp duty on all foreign newspapers sold and distributed in

France. A bachelor says if you hand a lady a ant, and it is so nice to be driven up to our own door with a flourish; it makes it, not a line of it will be read, but every bit of interest felt in the paper by the lady will centre in finding out what the paragraph contained.

Statistics show that the larger part of erime in England, committed by men, is committed by young persons between twenty and thirty years old, and of the crimes committed by females, the greater share is committed by persons between thirty and forty years of age.

A few days ago a very handsome lady entered a dry goods house and inquired for a "beau." The polite clerk threw himself back and remarked that he was at her service. "Yes, but I want a buff, not a green one," was the reply. The young man went on measuring goods immediately.

A Frenchman condemned to death for murdering his wife and child without extenuating circumstances, demurred to the sentence, because capital punishment had been abolished in France for political offenses, and he had