#### VOL. IV.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1874.

NO. 11.

#### Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not

How much the flesh may suffer and not die ! much if any pain or ache Of soul or body, brings the end more nigh. Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn, All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife, Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel, Whose edge seems searching for the quivering

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal, That though the trembling flesh be torn, This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And strive to fly from the approaching ill; We seek some small escape—we weep and

pray-But when the blow falls, then our hearts are Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,

But that it can be borne. We wind our life about another life-We hold it closer, dearer than our own ; Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife, Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone But ah! we do not die with what we mourn-This also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things-famine, thirst.

Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery, All wos and sorrow. Life inflicts its worst On soul and body, but we cannot die. Though we be sick and tired, and faint and

Lo! all things may be borne.

#### HARRY WARING'S FORTUNE. "I advise you to think less about

your ancestors, and more about your posterity," said old Lady Waring to her son Harry one bright June morn-At the moment she uttered this epi-

gram her son was busy with some ancient records which he had recently unearthed in the library of the British Museum, and which he had caused to be copied for study at his home in the country. Harry was a bachelor; his family was not of the richest, though

of the heiresses of the county. There was Georgina Belassys, the sweetest Harry Waring, on girl; "and I am sure my son, she would rather take you poor than the righest suitor she has." In short, Lady Waring was set on a match; but her son shook his head, and said, "I am too proud to court an heiress, and too poor to marry a pauper;" and there the argument would stop, for Lady Waring well knew the somewhat nor. Waring well knew the somewhat per- those modern buildings; and perhaps and avoided urging the subject of mar-ringe. Harry Waring had reached his Harry Waring had reached his in studying your old thirtleth year, and seemed further than ever from marriage. "I am married to books," he would sometimes say, Indeed, to see him surrounded by his antique tomes you would have thought

him wedded to morocco and parchment, a true predestinate bookworm. He had hobbies in study, each one lasting several months or a year at a time, and engrossing him completely while it lasted. Then he would take a fancy to travel; he would leave home almost without saying good-by, and no word would come from him for weeks; then Lady Waring would receive some such message as this from her truant :

"MALTA. "Am here for a fortnight, doing the history of the Knights. Will write you next from the Coptic monasteries in Abyssinia."

Or, "CONSTANTINOPLE, 5th. "Busy with measurements of the Hagia St. Sophia. Back on the 30th." So, between his books and his travels, this whimsical younger son of Lady Waring led a decidedly unsettled life, while his elder brother, Arthur, who had lately succeeded to the estate, kept up the baronial dignity, and staid at home like a good citizen. Arthur had a charming little wife, but they were childless; and this circumstance made old Lady Waring the more anxious that Harry, her only other child, should surround himself with a family of hisown. We have all heard a great deal about the maternal instinct; but what I may call the grandmaternal instinct has not been described as fully as the frequency and importance of the passion merits. With Lady Waring this instinct amounted to a passion. She could not bear the thought of dying without leaving any grandchildren behind her. So when she saw Harry, just home from rummaging the libraries of the monks on Mont Athos, content to sit

down in his own library and collate his Grecian notes with his British Museum records, Lady Waring could not refrain | in his sky-parlor. His principal anxiety from drawing a long sigh as she saw, for the hundredth time, that her son thought much more about parchments

than about posterity.
"Don't be alarmed, mother," he returned, looking up from a transcript of a mediæval heraldic record. "I have tween his books and long strolls in the told you that I am not rich enough to country. It was afterwards remembered, court an heiress, nor poor enough to however, that in the selection of the marry a beggar; but I have had some precise spot for his little building,

parkable admission for This was a re Harry Waring to make "I hope they are favora

tunred Lady Waring. "Certainly they are not unfavorable, my dear mother," said batchelor Harry. What the Englishman wanted of the my dear mother, said batchelor Harry. "Given the right conditions, and I sun in summer-time; for his own part, and enough of the shade in shall be ready to marry-or, at least, to he was glad enough of the shade in go a courting," added he, a little rue-fully.

"And do you find any help toward."

"And do you find any help toward."

"And do you find any help toward."

"And do you find any help toward the right conditions in your study of the heralds' records?" asked Lady as I have his money."

"That's my secret, mother," said

thought Lady Waring; but she made no objection: it was Harry's way to come and go thus unceremoniously, as I have said. In what way a fortnight's absence in France could possibly be connected with a change of heart on the part of Harry relatively to the subject of marriage was a quite insoluble question to her. She simply said:

"Well, take care of yourself, Harry, and come back as soon as you can." And Harry made his adieux; then he went to his elder brother, and was closeted with him for an hour; but he reached town in time for the noon train to Dover, and before night he was

Shall I tell kere what it was that brought Harry Waring to Calais? On the whole, I think it will be better simply to record what he did. Perhaps some of my readers have divined his secret already. But I will give a clew to the mystery by reminding them of what they know already—that Calais was for more than two hundred years an English possession, and that finally it was retaken by the French under the Duc de Guise in the year 1558. Among the forlorn band of five hundred Englishmen who then garrisoned the town was an ancestor of the Warings, a man of wealth, who had spent the better part of his life there, and who fell during the final assault. His former residence of the part of the second dence, now in the poorer instead of the better part of the town, as it was three hundred years before, had been long in use as a hotel of the second class. To this hotel Harry betook himself, with very definite and important plan in his mind. A single servant accompanied

It was a quaint, spacious, tumbledown rookery of a place, such as the traveler in any old French town will traveler in any old French town will Here, without doubt, the morey lay and it was this that he had come to did not look very promising in the way of comfort and neatness, but it had every appearance of being well patron-ized. Harry Waring doubted whether

The landlord bustled out into the spacious court-yard to meet him, and feared that he could not accommodate milor suitably. There was, to be sure, an attic chamber, indefinitely high; but there was no more honorable or ancient name in the county. But he was a younger son, and studiously inclined, the odd taste of the stranger in coming the odd taste of the stranger in the odd taste of the odd taste and there seemed little prospect of his to his hotel at all, while he cursed, also Lady Waring had often recommended him to make his addresses to some
of the heiresses of the county. There

Harry Waring, on the other hand your hotel. I love to get away from you can give me a better apartment soon. Meanwhile I shall busy myself

The landlord hoped to accommodate meanwhile he would take every pains to make milor comfortable au cin-

"Stay," cried Waring, who had been closely scanning the court-yard during the dialogue, "I will tell you what the dialogue, "I will tell you monsieur shall do if he pleases." shall build me a little pavilion on this side of his court-yard, where the sun shines. There I shall carry on my studies like the hermit that I am; my servant shall take care of the room and of my books, and I will pay you roundbeforehand for gratifying an Englishman's whim."

This proposition caused M. Heritier to shrug his shoulders more actively, perhaps, than he had ever done before. What a radical, a revolutionary, an unheard of proposition! "But those Englishmen are capable of anything,' reflected he; a milor does not come to this old place every day-no, not every three months. Doubtless milor is as rich as he is odd. I shall not be the

There was a long debate over Harry Waring's proposition. "We will see what can be done," said M. Heritier, finally; and the result was that next morning Harry Waring was overseeing a gang of carpenters who were preparing to put up a box fifteen feet square in the old court-yard that had been unchanged in external appearance, except by decay, for more than a century. Great was the curiosity manifested over the Englishman's whim. All day long the do-nothings of the hotel peered out of their windows at the workmen; there was some growling, indeed, over the bounding and hammering that went on, but "milor" had made ample satisfaction beforehand to his landlord, and on the whole I think M. Heritier's guests were more entertained than annoyed by the extraordinary performance in the

While the carpenters were at work Waring established himself comfortably now was to get the early occupancy his room in the court-yard. He had taken little interest in the construction except to hurry it on. Since the location of the new structure had been demarry a beggar; but I have had some thoughts of my own about marriage of Harry Waring had been almost unreasonably particular. Nothing would suit him but that it should be placed exactly here, and not there, to get the "sun-light" at such and such an angle; a foot to the right or the left would not M. Heritier could not answer.

The carpenters worked on meanwhile, with provoking slowness, as it seemed "But I have found enough in to Harry; but in the course of a week them to send me over to France for a the court-yard resumed its usual quiet fortnight. We shall see what will come —the spartment was finished. Harry of it. I am off this very day, and as soon as I have news to tell you I will learned to like the smell of fresh pine self in it!" was his first exclamation. write, or, more likely, come myself and bring it."

on my American travels," said he. "I will take possession at once. My serint on the pit which yawned in his courting it want will sleep in the attic room."

And M. Heritier looked with a shudder into the pit which yawned in his courting into the pit which yawned in his courting was to be seen there lesty, "Send the bill to my husband!"

So Harry Waring's new quarters were made ready for him as soon as possible.

But on the table he found a rouleau of old French crowes addressed to him,

Frightful Record of Jessie Pomeroy, of made ready for him as soon as possible. The room was neatly furnished, but he refused to have the articles that the landlord proposed to bring, saying that the less furniture the better his whim would be suited. His baggage, conwas moved down stairs, and precisely a week after he had left home Waring found himself established in his new quarters, built to order, in the old hotel which had been the home of his ancestors. He found himself, too, firmly established in the reputation of being crazy. All the people in the hotel spoke of him, among themselves, as the insane Englishman, and people came from distant parts of the town to see with their own eyes the building which this inexplicable lunatic had caused to be put up. But Waring kept the peace with every one, and seemed well enough satisfied with his reputasisting of three stout leather trunks, firmly established in the reputation of being crazy. All the people in the hotel spoke of him, among themselves, as the insane Englishman, and people came from distant parts of the town to see with their own eyes the building which this inexplicable lunatic had caused to be put up. But Waring kept the peace with every one, and seemed well enough satisfied with his reputa-tion for madness.

tion for madness. The method of that madness, however, he was very careful not to reveal. For his latest researches had convinced him that his ancestor, who died in the defense of Calais about three hundred years before the time of this visit, had converted his whole fortune, a considerable one for the time, into gold and had buried it in the court-yard of his mansion, the identical hotel in which Harry was now staying. More than this: the obscure anagram which he had found among the genealogical papers of the British Museum he thought that he had deciphered. That anagram defined the precise place in the court-yard where he should expect to find the long-hidden treasure. It explained, too, the comparative decay of the pecuniary fortunes of his family

seek. If he had not mistaken the ana-gram, here he would find his fortune. His last hour before leaving home he ized. Harry Waring doubted whether had given to an interview with his brother, in which he explained all his it, after all. treasure still lay safely buried in Calais, Arthur Waring had laughed at him. "Do you think a Frenchman would let gold lie buried right under his nose for three hundred years?" said the elder brother. "He would smell it out the first year. But go and search. You are welcome to all you find. I shan't claim

an ounce of it.

planks upon that side. Waring bored a minute peeping hole through each of the four sides of the room, whence he could watch the court-yard, and discover whether his movements were suspected. So slow was the work, on account of the noiselessness with which it had to be carried on, that it was midnight before the half of the new floor was torn up, and the solid tiling of the court-yard exposed again. Grubbs, who knew what he was expected to find, and who had none of the latent doubts of success that would sometimes assert themselves in his master's mind, was all for going on with the work. "Loikely enough, sir, we moight get at the money before morning," said he. But Harry Waring had not been a student to no purpose; he knew the risk of sleeping over freshly uncovered soil, and he sent Grubbs away to his attic, telling him that it would be time

enough to-morrow to begin digging. The next day, as may be supposed was an anxious one for Harry Waring. He took his customary morning walk, but left Grubbs on guard within; the rest of the time he watched himself, fearing to leave the room empty lest the secret should be discovered. The next night work began as soon as it was dark; and being now in the ground, it went on much faster than the night before, because it made less noise. flag-stones were pried back without much difficulty, and Grubs was soon going through the earth like a mole. And he found the treasure! Packed in iron boxes, not more than five or six feet below the level of the court-yard, lay the golden crowns which Harry Waring's ancestor had buried there at the siege of Calais. There was no question of counting them then; how to get away with them unnoticed was the problem. Fortunately there was an early morning boat to Dover. would not do to call a voiture and leave suddenly at 5 A. M. But Grubbs volunteered to carry the trunks, one by one, to the landing, where an official would watch them for a small fee. The three trunks proved, as Waring had calculated beforehand, the most convenient means of getting away with the money A strong man can carry about \$50,000 in gold at a load. Grubbs was a giant; and I think that the three trunkfuls of French crowns that he bore successively that night to the Calais quay contained a fortune that was nearer £40,000 than any other round number. "It is not enormous," said Harry, as he saw the last trunk deposited safely on the quay; "but it will do for a second son, if ad-ded to what little he has already. What a pity the family has lain out of the interest of it for so long a time!"

Harry left his new apartments, I fear, in a state of dire confusion. He locked the door when he went away, just as the first sounds of human life began to stir in the old building. No one entered it until night, when M. Heritier became alarmed for his crazy English-man, and began to fear that he had cemmitted suicide "after that he had cemmitted suicide "after the manner of his countrymen." Getting no an-swer to repeated blows and calls, he finally broke open the door. "Mon Dieu! the mad Englishman has made

and a note saying:
"My DEAR M. HERITIER. — Many thanks for your courtesy in accommodating me in your court-yard. I came to seek a little sum left me some time

young lady's preference for Harry. At any rate, their betrothal was announced a few weeks later. They were married in September, and I have always believed that it was a union of hearts as well as of fortunes. Harry became an admirable domestic man, and has not been to Mount Athos or to Constantinople once since he was married. He haunts the British Museum at intervals, for he is still fond of genealogy. But old Lady Waring has grandchildren now, and Harry is their father.

And he is so fond of them that old Lady Waring has never again urged him to think less about his ancestors, and more about his posterity.

#### Self-Denial-What Came of It.

The following interesting account of

the results of a little self-denial is from the pen of the late Horace Mann : I once knew a young man who, on removing from the country to the city, was introduced to avery respectable circle of persons, about his own age, who were in the habit of meeting periodically for the nominal purpose, at least, of conversation and social improvement. But any looker-on at their symposia might not have been deemed uncharitable had he supposed that the supper, the wine and the cigars constituted the principal attraction. He became one of their number, and for a time enjoyed the hilarity and shared the expense of the entertainments; but, being at last rebuked by his conscience

verse circumstances, to maintain show of respectability, and to provide more serious injuries inflicted. Johnny the means of attending the public Balch was enticed to Powder Horn Hill The bestowment of this sum upon the disheartened mother and the fatherless children, together with the it, seemed to put a new heart into the bosoms of them all. It proved the turning point in their fortunes. Some small debts were paid, the necessary school books and a few articles of de cent clothing were obtained, the chil-dren sprang forward in their studies, equaling or outstripping all their competitors, and at the present time they are all among the most respectable, exemplary and useful citizens in the

# A Terrible Fate.

Belle Palmer Wheeler, of East Meadow, L. I., who had just married a young man named Wheeler of the same village, met with an awful death. She had just been placed in a light carriage by her husband, who was preparing to follow her, when some person fired off a gun in close proximity to the horse's head as a parting salute to the young couple.

The sudden report frightened the spirited animal, who gave a bound for-ward, broke from his fastenings and out of the Reform School, after being rushed at a terrific pace down the deserted street, the light wagon careening from side to side in a menacing manner. In attempting to round a short curve the carriage was overturned and the young lady thrown, and, becoming entangled in the harness, was unable extract herself, and was dragged for about half a mile over the rough road, where the horse was brought to a stand by falling into a ditch by the roadside.

Here the unfortunate young lady was found by the relatives and husband a short time after. Her head was nearly torn from her body, and every limb was found to be broken in a number of places. She was dead when removed, but a look of unutterable agony was fastened upon her still handsome features, showing what terrible suffering she must have endured.

# 'Send the Bill to My Husband,"

Realize, my reader, says a New York paper, the anguish of a lady compelled to stand by another lady wearing larger diamonds than her own, or more point lace, or a longer train? What will the world think, as under the chandelier this painful contrast comes out? Such moments of deep humiliation cause sleepless nights, and the next day result in bills that become as crushing as criminal indictments to poor overworked men. Under the impulse of such trying scenes as these, many a matron has gone forth on Broadway with firm lips and eyes in which glowed inexorable purpose, and placed upon her arms or fingers, that might have helped her husband forward, the gems that would be millstones about his neck. There are many phases of heroism, but if you want your breath taken away, go to a leading and fashionable store and see some large-souled women, who will not even count the cost or realize the dire consequences, but like some martyr of the past who will show to the world the object of his faith though the heavens fall, she marches to the counter, selects

fession of a Murder. The story of the child murder in Dorchester, Mass., is one of the most extraordinary of the period. The boy Jessie Pomeroy, known as the boy with the white eye, suspected from the first as the murderer, confessed and is now awaiting examination. Before his confession a chain of convicting circum-stantial evidence had been formed against him. When the bey was taken at the house of his mother, a respectable dress-maker, in South Boston, a knife was found on his person spotted with blood. A spot of blood marked the breast of the under-shirt, and his boots were covered with mud of that peculiar hue and consistence that belong alone to the soil of marsh lands. Officers visited the scene of the murder, a spot on the marsh land jutting into Dor-chester Bay, midway between Wash-ington village and Savin Hill, half a mile from McKay's wharf. From the wharf to the spot where the body was found were two sets of footprints in the marsh mud. Of both these plaster casts were made, and they displayed peculiarities which afterward proved almost conclusively that the right person had been arrested for the crime. A detail of policemen kept off a curious crowd, so that the tracks were not obcrowd, so that the tracks were not ob-literated. The tracks showed plainly that Pomeroy jumped off the wharf into the soft clay, and then took his little victim down, lending assistance by a swing of his arms. The boots of the murdered boy exactly fitted the smaller prints and correspond pre-cisals with the plaster coats taken of

cisely with the plaster casts taken of the prints. Detective Woods took the boy to the undertaker's where the body lay, and placed the murderer face to face with his victim. Pomeroy turned away his head. "Do you know that little boy?"
"Yes, sir." "Did you kill him?" "I suppose I did." "Well, how did you get the blood off the knife? Did you wash it off?" "No, sir, I stuck it into the mud." For the first time since his arrest the boy showed some signs of contrition, and expressed the desire that his mother should not be informed of his act.

The record of this extraordinary boy an ounce of it."

It was a moment of no little excitement to Harry Waring when he found himself locked in, with his trusty servant, Grubbs, over the little spot of earth where, three hundred years ago, his fortune had been buried. His trunks contained the necessary tools for removing the floor and excavating the earth; and this the stalwart Grubos commenced at once to do.

Great caution was necessary, in order that the sound of the work should not disturb the people of the hotel. If Harry had made a true interpretation of the old anagram, the treasure lay under the southern half of his floor. Little by little the servant pried up the planks upon that side. Waring bored a true interpretation as for life, and against a series of adverse circumstances, to maintain a being at last rebuked by his conscience for this mode of spending both time and money, he quietly with a wf from the club, though without abandoning his intimacy with its members.

Through one of their number he learned the average cost of their supports and taking an equal sum from his own scantily filled purse, he laid it was great excitement in Chelsea caused by the horrible torture of a number of little fellows by this boy, who was not discovered until a hundred or more boys had been arrested, and he was, after trial, sent to the Reform School, at Westborough, for the remainder of a single season ne found himself in possession of a hundred dollars, wholly made up of these sums saved from genter that the southern half of his floor.

Little by little the servant pried up the planks upon that side. Waring hored a verse circumstances, to maintain a bridge of his nose broken, and other brit is a terrible one. Early in 1872 there soon after July 4, 1872, stripped, gagged, tied to a beam, beaten, and then taken to a salt-water creek and sympathy and counsel that accompanied | washed. Robert Gould, in September of the same year, was taken from South Boston to the vicinity of the Hartford and Erie Railroad, stripped, tied to a telegraph pole, whipped and cut with a knife in the head. Harry Austin, in August of the same year, was, at South Boston, stripped, beaten, and cut in the back and groin with a knife. George Pratt, about the same time, was entired in the cabin of a yacht at South Bos-ton, stripped and punctured with pins and needles in different parts of the body and left insensible and bleeding. Joseph Kennedy was about the same time taken to a place on the Old Colony Road in South Boston and maltreated in about the same manner that the Gould boy had been. These boys were all of tender age, from seven to eleven years old.

When arraigned Pomeroy confessed that he was guilty, and assigned as the only reason that he could not help it. Considerable inquiry has been made as to how Pomeroy, after his conviction of there only a year and five months. The When boys explanation is as follows: are sent to the Reform School they are sent for their minority, unless previously discharged. If, after a considerable stay, their behavior has been exemplary, and they give promise of reform and future good behavior, and if they have a good home to which their parents are anxious to have them returned, they are often pardoned on probation. This was the case with Pomeroy. His mother petitioned for his being put on probation and allowed to come home, and as his record while in the school was good this was granted on Feb. 6, 1874.

# The Welsh in the United States.

The principal Welsh settlements in the United States are in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Wisconsin. The Welsh are generally honest, peaceful and industrious. They are noted also for their patriotism and strong religious feeling. A community without a chapel is unknown, and they make their Sabbath school a most interesting and important institution. It is not confined to children, but the whole community attend it, and it is not an uncommon sight to see classes composed of persons ranging in age from 60 to 70, one of them being the teacher. Thus, from their youth they have made the bible their study; and many of these unpretending old people, in their profound knowledge of theology, would put to blush many a graduate of our modern "theological institutions." Their singing is always congregational, and they have many eloquent preachers.

SETTLING THINGS.—A small boy got another boy, somewhat smaller than himself, down on the ground the other day, and got hold of both his ears, placing his knee in the small of the boy's back, and asked him, in a very persuasive manner, if he would give him that white alley of his'n. The boy replied in the affirmative. How easy it

#### Robert Collyer's Early Life.

A biographer of Robert Collyer says of his mother: "I found Mrs. Collyer residing with her son-in-law, Mr. John Shires, of Beeston Hill, near Leeds, She is a blonde, beautiful old lady of about seventy-seven, with a gentle blue eye and a certain play of humor about her eye and mouth which left me at no loss to know where her son got his love of fun. Her voice was clear and kind, and her manner in receiving an old friend of her son most cordial. "There is not very much to tell about his early life. We know nothing about his father's family except that Robert's grandfather was killed in the battle of Trafalgar as one of Nelson's sailors. My par-ents died when I was a child. My hus-band was a blacksmith, earning eighteen shillings a week—the usual wages een shillings a week—the usual wages at that time. Robert was born at Keighley, though our home before and after was Blubberhouse. My husband had a difference with his employer about wages, and went away to Keighley, where Robert was born, but he was only nine days old when his employer sent for my husband again and we went sent for my husband again, and we went back to Blubberhouse, where my son was christened, and which is the only early home he remembers. My hus-band was not much of a reader, and we had in our house only four books-the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Young Man's Companion," and "Robinson Crusoe." "Robert went to school in all four years

to a man at Fewston named Willie Har-die. Willie was not perhaps a scholar, and took to teaching because he had lost the use of his legs and couldn't do any other work. Robert went to see him when he came back from America. Hardie is still living. That four years —between his fourth and eighth years of age—was all the schooling he ever had. He soon learned to read, and he soon knew our four books by heart. Then he laid up every penny he could, and bought one or two other books; among them, I remember, was "San-ford and Merton," which he very much liked. But his favorite books were the Bible and "Robinson Crusoe." was always reading when he was not working. I never remember a meal in which he did not have a book open on the table reading while he atc. He would get so lost in his book that if we wanted him for anything we had to call out 'Robert!'" The old lady accompanied this description with a little dramatic action; but fearing I might think her son had to be reprimanded, she added, delicately, "But we didn't call crossly. I never had to speak sharply to Robert—never—nor, indeed" (with a fond look cast at her daughter), "to any of my children. Robert was always a dutiful son, and did his part

well by us." A Touching Incident. A recent letter from the chaplain of the Auburn prison relates the following affecting incident : There died in this man of good parts, member of a highly respectable family in another land, and who became involved in the meshes of the law through moral irresolution rather than innate depravity. His thoughts, which had wandered much during his latter days, on the last one of all centred upon his home, and he imagined that the most eager wish of his heart in this extremity had been realized, and that his loving mother soothed his dying bed. A few moments before his soul took flight he raised himself slightly, and extended his attenuated arm, drew down close to his lips the shadow conjured from his own fond affections, while with a look of ineffable content glorifying his pallid leatures, his last breath was surrendered (as he thought) to the parent who bore him

# Cure for Meningitis.

A Michigan correspondent pronounces what is known as the cerebro-spinal meningitis, now prevailing so exten-tensively and fatally in many parts of the country, as the same epidemic which raged in Michigan about twentyfive years ago to such an extent that it actually broke up the Legislature and carried to the grave every one whom it attacked, until the "old-fashioned hemlock sweats were adopted," after which every case was saved. He says: Our people sent about twenty-five miles distant and procured hemlock boughs, and they sent for it from all parts of the State. There was a company called the Hook and Ladder Company, and for weeks did nothing else night or day but go from house to house giving hemlock sweats, and it never failed to save every case. Thorough sweats might do, but there is no mistake about hemlock sweats being a specific.

# Civilization.

There is not a little romance in the various motives which governed the original settlers of America. But the traveler of to-day abhors the process by which our Northwest is made ready for civilization. An irate cosmopolite, Captain Butler, gives this description of order, and the ceremony proceeded. "Place on the river a the process: "Place on the river a steamboat of the rudest construction; wherever the banks are of easy ascent build a drinking house of rough logs; chew when he isn't smoking, and spit when he isn't asleep, and when a dozen men are killed it is literally 'no mur-

TRUE BAPTISM .- At a meeting of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers, a series of resolutions were adopted. Among them was the following: We unwaveringly affirm as ever of old that the immersion of the believer in water, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, alone is baptism. That baptism is essential to membership in the Scriptural Church and to a proper participation in the Lord's Sup-per, and we have no right even by im-

#### Facts and Fancies.

The comprehensive money-syllable-The worst sort of I-dolatry is ego-

The sporting fraternity may be termed fast friends."

A poor bachelor's favorite exclama ion—A-las(s)!

The smartest architect-The architect of his own fortune.

Why is a drunkard's face like a volcano? Because it shows the cruptions of the crater.

He who takes an eel by the tail and a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty handed.

The last place in which to look for the milk of human kindness is in the pale of civilization.

However paradoxical it may appear, "blunt" people have a way of saying very "sharp" things.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

It is the reverse of mathematical law to extract a root by raising it with a power, but dentists do it.

Mrs. Louis Coran of Bay City, Mich., has had seven children in five years— two pairs of twins and triplets.

The girl who succeeds in winning the rue love of a true man makes a lucky

hit, and is herself a lucky miss. The swells of the ocean soon subside. There are a good many "swells" upon the land that subside about as soon.

A lady's dressing-table is probably called a toilet because it is there that most of her toil is generally performed. A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said—"She is one mutton

as is small.' Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery. Married people can best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

A little boy asked a razor-strop man if he could sharpen his appetite. The razor-strop man immediately stropped him so severely that the boy cut off

A boarding-house keeper in Baltimore advertises to furnish with pleasant and comfortable rooms; also one or two gentlemen with wives."

Marion Grange, of Iowa, seceded. Dudley Adams, the Master of the National Grange, says that he was about to turn it out when it left. It had not paid dues, and was misbehaving itself in general.

From a letter of Daniel Boone to his ister, which has just been published, he doesn't appear to have been a good speller, but it took a man of thought to write that "God never made a man of principle to be lost. Charles Walker, a negro who was

hung at Thomasville, Georgia, made on the gallows a singular request. Raising the cap he asked his friends to pray for the counsel that had defended him. He

"I killed ninety-nine pigeons at one shot, this morning," said an old fowler. "Why didn't you make it a hundred while you were about it?" said his friend. "Do you suppose I would tell a lie for one pigeon?" was the reply.

The Mississippi Legislature has passed an act requiring liquor dealers to obtain the written consent of a majority of the men and women who are of age, in the town where they propose to

sell, before licenses can be granted. There is something very sensible in the impromptu remark of a pretty girl: -" If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally wrong are the old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls !"

Mr Disraeli has given notice that persons taking office under him must cease from "guinea-pigging." To guinea-pig is to receive a directorship in a jointstock company with the object of helping to form the company by adding an influential name in the prospectus.

To get to the Stickeen gold mines in Alaska, one must travel fitteen days on the ice. The diggings are described as very rich, but before the ground can be worked it has to be thawed out by building large fires on it. In spite of these drawbacks miners are making from \$10 to \$30 per day.

A young French girl was before Montreal court the other day, charged with a petty offense, and her case was suspended. The prisoner in her fright heard only a portion of the word pendu and is almost insane under the delusion that she is under sentence to be hanged no assurances to the contrary removing her anxiety and dread.

While a youthful couple were being joined in wedlock in a justice's court in New York, recently, the damsel rather astonished a number of spectators by suddenly breaking out with, "I want to know whether we are to keep house or board before going into this thing?" The judge ruled the question out of

In March last Baron Porcari, when at let the name of God be only used in his estate of Collesano, in Sicily, was blasphemy, and language be a medium | captured by five brigands, two of whom for the conveyance of curses. Call a hill 'a bluff,' a valley 'a gulch,' a firefly 'a lightning bug,' a man 'a cuss,' three shanties 'a city.' Let every man and carried off on a horse. After a long journey, during which they stopped several times at hovels on the roadside they reached a dark cavern, into which the Baron was dragged. He yielded at last to threats, and signed an order for \$12,000. On the morning of March 21, when the band were away, the Baren succeeded in escaping by crawling out of the opening which led into the grotto. He found himself not far from the Roccapalumba railway station, at which he arrived in safety, after swimming across the intervening river. Although the ransom had not been paid at the time the Baron succeeded in effecting his escape, he telegraphed to his brother-in-law to pay the money on the presentation of the order. It is probable that he feared assassination in nim that white alley of his'n. The boy replied in the affirmative. How easy it is is to settle things when one goes about it in the right way.

per, and we have no right even by implication, to invite or in any way enprobable that he feared assassination in the event of a non-compliance with his agreement. The Baron's cantivity