VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY. ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1874.

NO. 22.

The Deserter.

Well! an' sapposin' he did desert : What's that to thee, surly Dan ? Thou hast no lads in thy own cot. Or thou wouldns't talk so, my man!

But stop fill thou'st heard it all out, Dan. Till you know how it ended down there, An' you won't blame the lad nor the widow When you hear what they both had to bear.

I was down at the cottage this mornin' When the soldiers marched up to the door, An' said as they'd got the Queen's orders To take away Georgie once more!

An' in they all come, the Queen's soldiers, With their bandcuffs for poor George's wrists : The Queen's got more right than the mother-

l'oor lad, he warn't fit for a soldier, With his nineteen years only just told: He was mad with his lass when he 'listed, An' his life for a shillin', he sold.

Neither him nor his mother resists!

Yes, sergeant, he'll " stick to his bargain," He's there, in the room at the back, An' as truly as blood-hounds ye've scented An followed the lad on his track!

But he starved for a week in the marshes Afore he crawled in at that door! An' weary, broke down, an' half dyin', He dropped, faintin' dropped, on the floor!

So step gently, sergeant, step gently, For God's sake, men, don't let your clank. An' the mothers who bore ye, an nursed ye, For this mother's sake shall ye :bank!

An' the big bearded men laid their muskets Alongside the old cottage wall An' we all of us went in so softly You couldn't ha' heard a footie!!

An' there she was, bent o'er his pillow. Her face hidin' his from our sight, An' her hands in his black hair was twinin'. An' lookin' like dead hands! so white!

The sergeant's hand placed on he shoulder, The sergeant's voice whisperin' low, Made her start, made her rise, made the hot tears

Down her pale face quickly flow What will ye?" she wailed: "want ye

Georgie? Come ye me an' my poor lad bet seen ? Ho must," says the sergeant, "go with us! He belongs to his country, his Queen !"

Stand off! he is mine! come not near him! He has breathed in these arms his last breath :

No Oneen nor no army can claim him. He belongs to his mother, and Peath! An' my heart a'most stopped in its beatin' As I looked on the widow's white cheek

While the soldiers with bent heads stepped backward, An' the sergeant in vain tried to speak! The light in his young eyes had darkened, His voice with Death's silence was dumb :

Friend, mother, or trumpet, or drum! Once more she cried out, "Get ye gone, men Your comrade no longer does heed Your words, or your threats, or your lashes

ever more, Dan, shall poor Georgie answ

My poor lad from this oath Death has freed !" An' she fell on her knees by his beside,

Au' kissed the dead face o'er an' o'er-Thou needn't be 'shamed o' thy tears, Dan Let 'em come, if they ne'er come afore!

. It was said as young Georgie had 'scaped 'em. So he has! the Queen's order is naught. No laws nor court-martials can touch him; The Lord his discharge, Dan, has bought

# "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

T was horribly lonesome. What could I do with myself? It is only about Christmas time that the responsibility of my individuality hangs heavily upon me: my business engrosses me for the most part, for I had been more successful in money matters than in any other interest in life. But now the holidays and I had a real satisfaction in the feelhow lonesome they were. A fellow just and commenced driving, passed my window with a covered horse" most uproariously. basket on one arm, and on the other a happy looking weman chattering gaily as she walked. Well, I might have had a wife, if it had not been for Charley's perfidy-yes, and Emma's too, for I suppose she was as much to blame as

could not help loving each other. Poor never heard one word from them since before another Christmas, but Charley was younger and handsomer than I, and there were such brilliant indications of genius about him. Strange that they have not been realized: and surely they have not, or I should have heard. O, if I could only see them again. I had forgiven them both before the expiration of the first year, in my anxiety about them; for how could I forget the charge of my dying mother? "Take charge of my dying mother? "Take him, Paul," she said, "be good, and tender, and true to him all the days of your life. No matter with what ingratitude he may repay your kindness-forgive him not only seven times but seventy times seven. Be to him more than a brother, my trusted child; fill my vacant place for him. Say to yourselfit will be true-there is no crime on earth that would cause my mother to cast one to hear them. It was "Oh, Dotty, that never wearies, and a zeal that never flags, and a love whose strong wings bear all burdens upward, I will land them within the portals of that eternal home where sin and sorrow can come no more forever."

And now four years had slipped down the thread of time, each adding to my anxiety, until I felt that I would give all my accumulated wealth for the sight of their dear faces once more.

seek some adventure, praying my good spirit to lead me where I can make a Christmas for somebody though I may not have one for myself. I put on my wraps and started. The streets were thronged; how brilliantly the lights shone and what an array of Christmas cheer they illumined. And then to see the toys. O if I had only a child to life. But from the moment of their entering the control of their entering the control of their entering to lead to be any, and became the very life of my life. But from the moment of their entering to lead to lead the control of their entering to lead the control of the control of their entering to lead the control of the control of their entering to lead the control of the control Christmas for somebody though I may not have one for myself. I put on my wraps and started. The streets were thronged; how brillhantly the lights shone and what an array of Christmas cheer they illumined. And then to see the toys—O, if I had only a child to make happy with a gift. Why, here is a whole bevy of ragged little urchins, shivering around a pastry cook's window. Now, good spirits, whose duty it is to inspire us to generosity, I shall commit no act of disinterested benevolence to night; but will make these youngsters happy if you will grant me some reasonable recompense. So I saw her through the open window, some reasonable recompense. So I saw her through the open window, just melting out of sight in the dim darkness. And many a time after I caught partial glimpses of a thin, wasted form, but never once was I in a position things for their different homes. But when they were good the old lovely that they were good the old lovely that they were good to catch or detain her. At last, moved they were good the old lovely that they were good to catch or detain her. At last, moved they were good the old lovely that they were good to catch or detain her. At last, moved they were good the old lovely that they were good to catch or detain her. when they were gone the old lonely that poor mother's heart, I posted an feeling returned to me, and I thought advertisement on all conspicuous places

mas again.
I passed the rext day somehow. gave a good deal to friendless little ones on the street—God's children—still holding firm y by my compact with my spirit friends, and asking frankly for reimbursement. Why not? Have not we the promise that if we cast our bread upon the waters after many days

it will return to us? On Christmas morning as I passed out of my door, I found a child sitting quietly on the steps eating a bunch of effect I had desired, raisins. He looked hearty and com-fortably though poorly clad, that at first I thought he must belong to some of the neighbors. But no. I had look-

I did not know what to say next. No matter-he did. He took a wet raisin from out his rosy mouth and handed it

"Aint oo hungry, poer man?" he

I declined his hospitality, but his lips quivered, and tears came into his eyes. "O, yes," I said quickly, seeing what ailed him, "I would like to have some raisins;" and stooped down beside him. His face instantly cleared and he commenced feeding me—alternately putting one grape in my mouth and one in his. I thought I was doing him a favor; he knew he was doing me a favor, and as the grapes disappeared waist, the innocence of angels radiating began to look uneasy.
"Ain't oo dot enough?" he said.
"O no, not half enough yet."

"Es oo dot enough now? dey'll make oo sick," and he actually put all the rest, a good-sized handful—into his own

Well, it was not fair, but I reserved my opinion of his conduct, and the audience. The scream pierced my asked him his name. "Dotty," he said. where is your mother?"

"Don't know." "Where is your father?" "Don't know."
"Where do you live?"

" Me's doin to live with oo !" " With me ?" "Es-my mammy told me so,"

"Your mammy told you so? Where s your mammy?"
"Her don'd off." "What is your mammy's name?"

He looked me over from head to foot, mentally gauging the extent of my idiocy, and then answered, scornfully " Mammy named mammy ; don't oo know dat?

"And she said you were to live with "Es; she said if me would, oo'd div

me lots of pretty sings." I felt like the man who drew the ele phant by lottery. "It's most deuced cool," I said.

"Es, it awfuy tool," said the young man, rising; "et's do in the house. In the house, and divested of his wraps, he was as much at home as if he were here. Everything in my neat chambers were orderly and comfortable, he did was to harness a chair at the head of the lounge with an old pair of ing that they belonged to me. But suspenders, and then get on himself

> "Get ape, now, won't co? Get ape. Whoa, Danuary! Do long dere, won't soo? Darn oo fool." He was evidently all right; but wha sort of a fix was I in? Well, to con-

dense the matter, I gave him in charge of the landlady, and went out to see if I wonder if either of them were to I could find his mother. It was of no blame? Love goes where it is sent, use, I advertised him in every possible they say, and I really suppose they way. Nobody claimed him, and I concluded he had dropped out of the Emma! Proud, splendid weman; I clouds for my especial benefit. Per-should like to know what her fate has haps the bread I had thrown upon the been. It seems strange that I have waters had been metamorphosed into meat, and in this shape had returned to that Christmas eve on which they me sooner than I expected. I would eloped. She was to have married me be careful how I made another compact with my spirit friends. But even yet it seems that they had not fully recompensed me for my kindness to the chil-

dren of the past Christmas. I was sitting one evening with Dotty by the fire, some six weeks after his advent, when there was a shuffling in the hall, and soon a tiny rap at the door. I opened it, and a little girl came in timidly with her finger in her mouth. At first the light dazzled her, but she soon peered around the table and espied Dotty. He, too, had seen her, and with a little scream he rushed towards her, and then commenced the most extrava gant demonstrations of joy I ever witnessed in my life.

Of course, I was curious to know what it all meant, but they did not answer my questions. They did not seem of her children out. The more aban- and "Oh, Lilly," kiss-kiss-kiss, and doned, the more wretched they become, the more my affection shall comfort and solace them; until, at last, with a patience did oo dit dat petty horsey, Dotty?" and then more exclamations and more kissing. I was utterly bewildered, and after cudgeling my brain to an extent undreamed of in all my previous years, I gave it up as hopeless for that night at least, and concluded to sleep on it as scon as they got done kissing. In the succeeding days I found out, partly by questioning and partly by guessing that these children were twins. Wh they were, or what the object in palm-I will get away from these torturing ing them off upon me, remained a prothoughts, I said; I will go out and found mystery for years. I will just

lence to night; but will make these influence near me, and glancing around uncomfortably of my bachelor Christ-near my dwelling, which was some-mas again.

"If the mother of Dotty and Lily bread upon the waters, after many days heart for her precious gift, and will pledge himself never to prove recreant

Now, so far from this producing the effect I had desired, it seemed to banish

first I thought he must be of the neighbors. But no. I had looked at all of these longingly and so tenderly, I knew them as well as if they had been my own. I thought I'd speak to him.

There was an exmonstration of the was to have the leading school, and she was to have the leading character in some theatrical performance. She was pleased and excited quite beyond her natural self. She studied her part with avidity, and with rehearsed it again and again before me. When the night came, she appeared on the stage in character, exquisitely dressed in court train and jewels. It was the first time I had ever seen her out of short dresses. Who was it she reminded me of? Surely I had known some one at some time of life just like my splendid darling. I listened to her and watched her, with what pride who from her, and veiling her girlish form with a gentle grace, so wonderfully pure, so tenderly touching. Through the happy tears that filled my eyes I saw a halo encircle her like a

rainbow, and then the curtain fell and I heard a scream from some woman in self as I was by the intensity of my feelall the inexplicable events of the past vailing colors are quite light, and as it few years-so full of quiet content for costs some time and money to have me, so full of agony to others. In vain, them cleaned at the dyer's, we let our for some moments, I struggled to penetrate the crowd whence issued the terrible cry. At last I reached her, pale, prostrate, lifeless. "Stand back," I prostrate, lifeless. "she's mine! O, Emma, Emma."

There is little more to tell. I took her to her old home-to the very chambers she had brightened with her presence when a child. She was faded. and old, and worn beyond her years. Her splendid fragrant hair, whose touch upon my cheek and shoulder had once tuned my pulse to the delicious maddening rhythm of love, was now "half gray, half ruined gold." She knew her children, and they brought her all the long garnered affection of their fresh young hearts. But even that could not save her. She faded from us daily, and at last, with many promises of reunion in that world where we hope to rectify the mistakes of this, we parted. Charley had died before the twins were born, and poverty had pursued her relentlessly—bitterly. O, if she had only come back to the heart that cherished her. How this thought tortured me, how it wore upon me and darkened my life for years. And now those lines of Whittier's ring their endless refrain through my tortured brain :

" Of all sad words of tongue or pen. The saddest are these—it might have been. It was years before the remainder of the poem took root in my heart, but at last I could say :

O, well for us all some sweet hope lies eply hidden from human eyes ; And in the hereafter angels may Roll the stone from its grave away.

# Au Indian Delicacy.

A writer on Indian life says: "In the sand deserts vast swarms of grasshoppers are hatched, and while yet their wings are undeveloped and they cannot fly they are caught in great quantities, swept up by the bushel and roasted in pits like the ant, or on trays with hot embers like seeds. They are then ground and the flour is boiled as mush, or made into cakes, and grasshopper cake is considered a great delicacy. Later in the season clouds of grasshoppers leaving the warm plains below attempt to cross the mountains. When they come near the summits they are chilled by the cold air, and tumble down, and falling on the deep sloping snow-fields they roll down the sides of the mountains, and are thus gathered into great winrows along the foot of the snow banks. Bushels, scores of bushels, hundreds of thousands of bushels are collected in this way."

A WHOLESALE SUICIDE.-A very sad peculiar suicide in Paris recently Was that of a man who threw himself from the Point de Solfeune into the Seine, holding in his hand a bag wherein he had placed his cat, his dog, and two canaries. He was taken out terribly injured, though still in possession of his senses, but the poor animals were all dead. He declared, on being conveyed to the hospital, that, being weary life, he had resolved to quit it, taking with him the only creatures that had not ceased to love him when misery and want became his portion. He died in a few hours after being rescued from one

#### A FORGOTTEN CRIME.

A Corpse Supposed to be that of One of A Corpse Supposed to be that of One of the McKeesport Murderers of 1857. A man, giving as his name Luther Ballard, applied for work on Farmer Miller's farm, near Six-Mile Run, Mid-delsex county, N. J. After he had worked three or four days he went away, and was found dead in a clump of woods near the farm, an empty whisky bottle by his side, leading to the infer-ence that rum had been instrumental in his death. On his left arm was the name of "B. Stewart" pricked in India ink. On his person was an old, soiled, and ragged envelope, addressed to "Benj. Brown, Calais," post-marked from Brownsville, Pa. A letter was sent to that point, and the evidence elicited revives the story of a tragedy of 1857, and points to the dead man as one of the principals.

one of the principals.
In the latter part of April, 1857, an old man named Wilson and his sister, who lived near McKeesport, Pa., were found in their house horribly mangled and dying. In McKeesport suspicion pointed to Charlotte Jones, a niece of the murdered couple. She was watched closely, and having at length been thrown into the McKeesport jail, she made a confession, implicating Charles Fyffe of McKeesport and Benjamin Stewart, a coal boat laborer, who lived alternately in Brownsville and in Mc-Keesport. She said that Fyffe, who knew that the old couple had money, hadurged her to poison them. She consented, and bought a quantity of arsenic; but when the hour arrived for administering it her heart failed her,

and she refused.

Afterward, at the solicitation of Fyffe and Ben Stewart, she accompanied them to her uncle's house. She knocked, and some one within inquired, "Who's there?" She answered, "It's me; let there?" She answered, "It's me; let me in." The old man, recognizing her voice, opened the door. At this junc-ture both Stewart and Fysse sprang into the room and attacked old Mr. Wilson, and soon left him dying. Miss Wilson threw her arms around her neice and implored her to spare her life, but Fysic and his companion soon finished her. The three then ransacked the house, and secured \$1,400 in State money and between \$500 and \$600 in This they buried in McKees-

Fyffe and Stewart were soon afterward arrested, and after a long trial sentenced to be hanged. Charlotte Jones and Fysse suffered on the scaf-fold, Stewart having been taken with smallpox was sent to the poor house under guard to await recovery. He escaped, and was invisible afterward until the fact of a man by that name having died in New Jersey was sent to Brownsville. The dead man and Ben Stewart, the murderer, are believed to be iden-

Cleaning Kid Gloves. During this warm weather kid gloves s, there came a perfect revelation of are easily soiled, particularly as the prereaders into the secret of cleaning them at home, which can be done just as well as if paid for outside. Take a little sweet milk and a piece of white or brown soap. Fold a clean towel three or four times, spread it over your dress, and spread out the glove smoothly upon it. Take a large piece of white flannel, dip it into the milk, then rub it upon the soap, and rub the glove downward toward the fingers, holding the wrist of it by the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, but if colored, looks dark and entirely speiled. Now let it dry, and then put it on your hand, and it will be soft, smooth, glossy and clean. Take care, however, to omit no part of the glove in rubbing it, and see that all the soiled parts are thoroughly cleaned. This process applies only to white and colored kid gloves. For black gloves that are soiled, turned white and otherwise injured, take a teaspoonful of salad oil, drop a few drops of ink into it, and rub it all over the gloves with the tip of a feather; then let them dry in the sun. White kid boots and slippers can also be cleaned by the first process to "look as good as new," and black kid boots and slippers can be restored to their pristine gloss by the latter method. White kid gloves can be dyed yellow or brown by steeping saffron leaves in boiling water for eight hours, and then wetting the gloves with a spenge dipped in the decoction. The color can be graduated by is not grand, had the luck some time the strength of the dye. A handful of since to receive an introduction to a saffron leaves steeped in a pint of water will color half a dozen pairs of gloves. It was at church that she was

# Sad Case of Hydrophobia.

Wm. McGinnis, a child seven years of age, died in Bellevue Hospital, New

the boy, "has been exhibiting symptoms of hydrophobia of a very virulent character for the past few days. He was bitten by a dog on the 25th of May. He went out into the street to play as usual with the other boys, and was not ong gone when he came back to me bleeding profusely from the mouth, his eyes staring wildly in their sockets. He said, 'Mamma, a dog bit me, and I feel very sick.'

"The animal ran away and was frothing at the mouth. The child was cut about one inch at the right side of the mouth, and it required seven stitches to close the wound. Sometimes since then he would behave very quiet and rational, and sometimes he would get spasmodic fits. On those occasions he would seem to imitate the bark of a dog, and would show a disposition to violence. He never, however, showed any disposition to bite either myself, his father, or any of his sisters.

"He got on, as I thought, pretty well, until about the morning of his death, when he said to me : "'Mother, I know I have hydropho-bia; but I will bite none of you."

"He then became awfully violent. We told the police at the Eldridge street station house, and he was re-moved from there to the hospital in an ambulance, where my poor child died in an hour afterward. He was my only boy; I have three girls, and he was one upon whom my affections were since to have taught us most bestowed."

#### The Abuse of Appetite.

Upon this subject a medical writer makes the following reasonable suggestions: The appetite is one of the least appreciated of nature's gifts to man.
It is generally regarded in this work-aday world as something to be either
starved or stuffed—to be gotten rid of at all events with the least inconvenience possible. There are people who are not only not glad that they have been endowed with sound, healthy bodies, for which nature demands refreshments and replenishments, but they are actually ashamed to have it known that they are sustained in the usual manner. reason of this we are at a loss to conceive. Everybody admires beauty, and there can be no true beauty without good health, and no good health without a regular and unvarying appetite. We are disinclined to let appetite

take any responsibility on itself. If we happen to consider it too delicate, we try to coax it, perhaps stimulate it with highly-seasoned or fancifully-pre-pared food. There are times when this may seem necessary, as in the case of a person so debilitated as to depend for daily strength on what he eats. But, usually, the cajoling process is a mis-take. If the appetite of an individual in fair bodily condition be occasionally slender, it is no cause for alarm, and it should be allowed to regulate itself. It may safely be considered nature's protest against some transgression, and it is wise not to attempt coercion.

At certain seasons, as in spring and summer, the appetite of even the robust is apt to fail, and the relish for meats and heavy food to wane. This is all right enough, for animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headaches, and is generally unwholesome, unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit, and bread are cooling, corrective, and what the palate most craves. Don't be afraid to go without meat a month or so; and if you like, live purely on a vegetable regimen. We will warrant that you will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and that you will not suffer from protracted heat, as when dining on the regulation roast,

#### The Patti Family. Antonia Barili, a half brother of Ade-

lina and Carlotta Patti, has been telling his family history to a correspond-ent of the Chicago Post: "My par-ents," he said, were show people. My father, Francesco Barili, was a celebrated composer of Rome. He married one of his pupils, who traveled a season in this country, and was pepular here. They were members of an opera troupe. Well, in the troupe was a tenor not readily obtainable, use a wire heated named Patti. My father quit the to a white heat, and plunge it to the troupe and took to drink. It finally bettom of each cut made by the teeth. broke him clear down, and he died. My Don't hesitate; life is in danger. Afmother at once married Signor Patti. terward the part may be cut out if the My step-sisters, Amalia and Carlotts, were afterward born. My parents moved to Spain, and there Carlos and Adelina were bern. Adelina's native city is Madrid, not New York, as many suppose. Amalia was a well-known prima was only a bootblack; yet he filled his donna in this country, and married niche in the world with exceeding Carlos was a noted violinist of New Orleans and New York, and spected him, for he was the benefactor died not long ago. Carlotta and Ade-lina have a fame which is world-wide, himself. He was always called in to Clotilde married Alfred Thorn. He settle their disputes, and his decision was lost at sea a few years later, and she married Signor Scola, but died and had not enough money to pay his shortly after in the West Indies. Nicola | way into the pit or gallery when he and Ettore, my two own brothers, were wanted badly to go, Sharkey helped both educated early in life, and have him to that extent. He was always made fine musicians. Nicola is now in willing to divide his cash with any of New York and Ettore in Philadelphia. his fellows who were unfortunate In 1845 my mother was singing in Valence and the singing of the single singular states and the single singular single sin lencia, in Spain. Amalia was a young girl. She was kept very busy, and Amalia and myself were allowed to roam about much as we liked. One lay, while we were strolling the crooked streets, who should arrive but a tattered young musician in want of aid. He claimed to have talents, but no opportunities. A benefit concert was proposed. He wanted Amalia to sing, and mother granted his request. tattered young maestro was Maurice Strakosch, and so he came into our family.'

# A Minnesota Girl's Little Trick.

Another of those devices that some females are so full of has come to light. A young lady of Hutchinson, who is fair to middling in looks, puts on a good deal of style, and would like to be popular, and who dwells in a house that, while it is decent and respectable, since to receive an introduction to a town. It was at church that she was made acquainted with him, and he asked to see her home ; she accepted, and they started. It occurred to as they walked onward, that after what she had said it would hardly do to en-York, from hydrophobia,
"My boy," said the poor mether of
the boy, "has been exhibiting sympthe boy, "has been exhibiting sympthe boy, "has been exhibiting sympseemed. A few houses distant from her's stands a fine-looking residence, before which she halted. He, not being acquainted with Hutchinson or her, supposed, of course, that everything was all right, and left the gate with bright visions dancing through his brain, while she hid behind the stoop until he got out of sight, and then went home happy.

# The Cholera.

It is well known, says an exchange, that the germs of cholera will lie dormant during the winter and revive with the appearance of hot weather. The energetic action of the health authorities of Cincinnati, Chicago, and Pittsburgh has evidently destroyed the germs which unquestionably existed in those cities last year. It is to this that we owe the fact that cholera has not make its appearance anywhere in the country this season. It is certainly strange that while we have thus learned to fight the cholers we are still unable to put a stop to the spread of scarlet fever-a disease with which our physicians have been familiar for centuries, and which still annually slays its thousands where cholera kills its hundreds. We do not dread the scarlet fever simply because we are so familiar with it, but this very familiarity ought long and how to prevent it.

#### LATENT POISON IN THE SYSTEM.

idue Popular Apprehension on the Subject of Hydropicbia --- Prompt Cauterization a Sure Preventive

Very many people, says a well-known surgeon, writing to the *Tribune*, are becoming intensely nervous about nydrophobia, to a degree which is totally uncalled for; but when we take into consideration the fact that no cure for this disease exists, and the inevitable fate, sooner or leter of every one who fate, sooner or later, of every one who has been inoculated by the bite of rabid dogs, it does seem as if efficient action of some sort is needed for public protection, and that we ought not to permit our sympathy for "canine friends' to jeopardize the lives of human beings. I have used the word inoculated, because not every one bitten is inoculated. Statistics show that only one in twelve of those bitten dies of hydrophobia. Some, of course, are by dogs culy supposed to be mad. Some escape inoculation, and others, owing to the long period of time it sometimes continues latent in the system, die of other diseases before its development. Bites upon parts uncovered by clothing are more fatal than upon parts that are covered, for the reason that the poison is exclusively in the saliva; and as the teeth pass through the clothes they are wiped dry, and no saliva comes into contact with the wound. I will relate a case which came under my observation about six years ago. A man and child were bitten by the same dog, almost at the same time-the man upon the bare hand, and the child also upon the hand, which was covered, however, by a thick glove. The man was intoxicated, and would neither wash his hands nor permit treatment. The parents of the child pulled off the glove and washed the wound with warm water and soap, and about an hour afterward the wound was thoroughly cauterized with the solid nitrate of silver (lunar caustic). The man died three months after with unmistakable hydrophobia. The child is living still and is perfectly well. The parents, however, are harassed with apprehension The earliest symptoms of hydropho-

bia in the dog are not very distinctly marked, and the animal may be capable of imparting the germ of a fearful and inevitable death several days before any evidences of the malady can be de-

When a person has been bitten, some one should wash the wound immediately with water and soap. Warm water is best. Do what you intend to do with as little delay as possible,

Poor "Sharkey" is dead. True, he The whole gamin tribe rehonor. was law. If a little fellow was unlucky up a bright reputation, and won the deep respect of all his associates. was with surprise that they missed him from his accustomed corner one day. It was with deep sorrow they heard that he was very ill. Sharkey lived with his aunt, and the little bootblacks washed their hands and faces and went by twos and threes to see him, and were admitted to his bedside. The boy was really dying. He whispered a word or two to each, and they went out of the house to give the new-comers a place in the small room beside the little bed. They all noiselessly came and went, but still lingered on the steps and about the pavement in front of the house. Presently one of the boys brought out the word that he was dead. And still they lingered with swollen eyes and quivering lips, and refused to be comforted. The passers-by inquired the cause and learned that a bootblack had died. No member of the Exchange, dying, could have wrung so many honest tears from his friends as honored the memory of poor little

# What Writers Receive.

Sharkey. And so everywhere in this wide world does true merit meet with

just appreciation.

The price paid for magazine articles by the publishers is not fixed, but the maximum is usually about \$10 a page, the pages varying from 500 to 1,000 The Atlantic and Lippencott's have 750, Harper's has 1,000, while Old and New has 500 words; Scribner's 900; The Overland 500, and the Galaxy 735 in its single, and 825 in its double column pages. The Atlantic has given as high as \$250 an article to Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Agassiz, Felton, Parton, and a few others, but this is altogether exceptional, \$10 being its general rate. Harper often allows \$12 50 to \$15 (the latter for illustrated articles) a page, and in rare cases even e. Lippencott's rate is from \$5 to that of Old and New \$5, the Overmore. land only \$4 (gold); Scribner's, ordina-rily from \$8 to \$10 (much higher sometimes for specific articles), and the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page.

DRUNK AND SOBER EYES .- There is nothing more assimulating, more art-ful, more tainted with duplicity than a glass eye. A Danbury man, a little given to his cups, and afflicted with one of these optical deceptions, drops in to see us from time to time, and invariably when he is tight. To gaze at the natural eye of that man and see it drunk at every square inch of its sphe-roidity and then turn to his glass eye to behold in it the vigor of youth, the fire of genius, and the essence of sobriety, is trying to the nerves.

by-and-bye, is a much more refined and gracefully winding approach, and it amounts to the same thing in the end. fire of genius, and the essence of sobriety, is trying to the nerves.

#### Facts and Fances.

The old-fashioned woman's crusade A boy's head and a fine-toothed comb. It requires sixty love letters to influence a breach of promise suit jury in

A Lebanon (Ky.) gent, in ardently greeting a long-parted wife, broke one of her ribs.

An old business sign in Philadelphia many years ago read, "William Shot and Jonathan Fell."

Dandelion salad is now one of the dainty dishes served daily in some of the French restaurants.

An old cynic says:-"With many women going to church it is little better than looking into a bonnet shop."

James T. Fields says that whenever he hears of a "pretty good scholar, he is reminded of a pretty good egg!

Ice is bought in Maine for \$1.50 a ton, and sold in New York for one cent a pound-scarcely 1,400 per cent, profit. A sick man covered with mustard plasters said, "If I were to eat a loaf of bread I should be a walking sandwich."

The Japanese Government has issued notification that, after the 1st of August next, the exportation of rice and wheat will be prohibited.

"Yes, sir," said a Michigan Fourth of July orator, "Putnam went right into the wolf's den, dragged her out, and the independence of America was

secured. A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph is convinced that the Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins exce all other in the production of eggs and

market fowls. "Yes, George Washington was purty great and high," said a Missouri steam-boat captain, "but then, stranger, he never owned a steamboat which could hitch past the White Queen."

There are wicked people who are glad that there are but two men in the country who can repair hand-organs, and these two live in New York, where there is a possibility of their both meeting mad dogs.

The Saturday Review gives the pleasing assurance that "there are changes beyond the power of man to arrest, and, long before our planet has dropped into the sun, it will have become an unsuitable abode for civilized be-

A Davenport newspaper speaks of a doctor in that city "looking with a deep meaning smile upon a large lot of green cucumbers in the market." On his way home he was observed to whisper confidentially to several undertakers.

what have you and Harold been doing at Aunt Mabel's to-day?" "Had dinner." "And what did you do after dinner?" "Had tea." "But what did you do between dinner and tea?" "Had some cake."

A young fellow in a Western town was fined \$10 for kissing a girl against her will, and the following day the damsel sent him the amount of the fine, with a note saying that the next time he kissed her he must be less rough about it, and be careful to do it when her father was not about. Mrs. J. R. Carson, of Toledo, O., en-

oys the distinction of the first lady who has ever occupied the position of superintendent of a railroad. arson is superintendent of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad, with which she has been connected in various capacities almost from its infancy. Spurgeon says he never had the ability to manage a small church. They are like those canoes on the Thames, you must not sit this way or the other, or do this thing or that thing, lest you should be upset. His church is like a

or there without upsetting it. An Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by began joking him, telling him to mind and put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bore the banter for some time, but at last silenced his tormentor with-"Arrah, now, be off wid ye, or I'll put a pain in your head without any putty.'

big steamboat, and he can walk here

At a fire in the Jewish quarter of Stamboul, last month, when over 500 houses were burned, the Sultan had two Pachas thrown into prison and their estates confiscated, because they didn't seem concerned about it. The net proceeds, however, were not turned over to the homeless faithful, but to a favorite Sultana; all the sufferers got was an order not to beg.

It is told of a man poorly dressed, that he went to a church seeking an opportunity to worship. The usher did not notice him, but seated several well dressed persons who presented themselves, when finally the man addressed the usher, saying, "Can you tell me whose church this is?" "Yes, this is Christ's church." "Is he in?" was the next question, after which a seat was not so hard to find.

# How Legislators are Bribad.

The New York Tribune treats of the different methods by which corrupt men accomplish corrupt purposes, by means of legislators. There are a thousand approaches, it says, to the venal and selfish side of men, and it not infrequently happens that under some of the subtlest forms of temptation the palm closes over the price and the bribe is appropriated before the victim realizes that he is in the market, The cunningest of vote-manipulators and lobby agents begins his work back of the Legislature, and even of the primary meeting; he works up the preliminaries, secures the nomination for his victim, and contributes handsomely to his election.

The man who has been assailed in this manner finds it difficult to say "no" when the pinch comes. The paying down of so much money for a vote is too gross a form of temptation, unworthy the ingenuity of the tempter, the position of the tempted, and the spirit of the age. To contribute money to defray the election expenses of the person whose assistance you shall need

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