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Longfellow's New Poem,

The Hanging of the Crane. [Pendre la cremaillere, to hang the crane, is the French expression for a house-warming, or the first party given in a new house.]

The lights are out, and gone are all the guests That thronging came with morriment and

To celebrate the hanging of the crane In the new house-into the night are gone : But still the fire upon the hearth burns on, And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day! When a new household finds its place Among the myriad homes of earth, Like a new star just sprang to birth And rolled on its harmonious way Into the boundless realms of space ! So said the guests in speech and song, As in the chimney, burning bright, We hung the iron crane to-night, And merry was the feast and long.

And now I sit and muse on what may be, And in my vision see, or seem to see, Through floating vapors interfused with

light, Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade, As shadows passing into deeper shade Sink and clude the sight.

For two slone, there in the hall, is spread the table round and small; Upon the polished silver shine The evening lamps, but more divine The light of love shines over all; Of love that eays not mine and thine But ours, for ours is thine and mine. They want no guests to come between Their tender glances like a screen, And tell them tales of land and sea, And whatsoever may betide The great forgotten world outside: They want no guests; they needs must be Each other's own best company.

The picture fades; as at a village fair A showman's views dissolve into the air, To reappear transfigured on the screen, So in my fancy this; and now once more In part transfigured, through the open door

Appears the self-same scene.

Seated I see the two again, But not alone; they entertain A little angel unaware, With face as round as is the moon; A royal guest with flaxen hair, Who, through upon his lofty chair, Drums on the table with his spoon, Then drops it careless on the floor, To grasp at things unseen before. Are these celestial manners? These The ways that win, the arts that please? Ah, yes: consider well the guest, And whatsoc'er he does seems best; Of helplessness, so lately born In purple chambers of the morn, As sovereign over thee and thine. He speakoth not, and yet their lies A conversation in his eyes: The golden silence of the Greek. The gravest wisdom of the wise, Not spoken in language, but in looks More legible than printed books, As if he could but would not speak, And now, O'monarch absolute. Thy power is put to proof; for lo! Restless, fathomless and slow, The nurse comes rustling like the sea And pushes back thy chair and thee, And so good night to King Canute.

As one who walking in the forest sees A lovely landscape through the parted trees, Then sees it not for boughs that intervene. Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed Throng'a drifting clouds, and then again con-

So I beheld the scene.

There are two guests at table now: The king, deposed, and older grown, No longer occupies the throne The crown is on his sister's bro-A princers from the Fairy Tales. The very pattern girl of girls. All covered and embowered in ourls Rose tinted from the Isle of Flowers. And salling with soft silken sails From far off Dreamland into ours. Above their bowls with rims of blue Four azure eyes of deeper hue Are looking, dreamy with delight ; Limpid as planets that emerge Above the ocean's rounded verge, Soft shining through the summer night Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see Beyond the horizon of their bowls, Nor care they for the world that rolls With its freight of troubled souls Into the days that are to be.

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene Again the drifting vapors intervene, And the moon's pallid disk is hidden quite And now I see the table wider grown, As round a pebble into water thrown Dilates a ring of light,

see the table wider grown, I see it garlanded with guests, As if fair Ariadne's crown Out of the sky had fallen down ; Maidens within whose tender breasts A thousand restless hopes and fears, Forth reaching to the coming years, Flutter awhile, then quiet lie, Like timid birds that fain would fly, But do not dare to leave their nests; And youths, who in their strength elate Challenge the van and front of fate, Eager as champions to be In the divine knight-errantry Of youth, that travels sea and land Seeking adventures, or pursues Through cities and through solitudes Frequented by the lyric Muse, The phantom with the beckoning hand, That still allures and still eludes. O sweet illusions of the brain! O sudden thrills of fire and frost! The world is bright while ye remain And dark and dead when ye are lost !

The meadow brook, that seemeth to stand

still. Quickens its current as it nears the mill ; And so the stream of Time, that lingereth In level places, and so dull appears,

Runs with a swifter current as it nears The gloomy mills of Death. And now, like the magician's scroll,

That in the owner's keeping shrinks

With every wish he speaks or thinks,

Till the last wish consumes the whole, The table dwindles, and again I see the two alone remain. The crown of stars is broken in parts; Its jewels, brighter than the day, Have one by one been stolen away To shine in other homes and hearts. One is a wanderer now afar In Ceylon or in Zanzibar, Or sunny regions of Cathay; And one is in the boisterous camp, 'Mid clank of arms and horse's tramp, And battle's terrible array, I see the patient mother read, With sching heart, of wrecks that float Disabled on those seas remote, Or of some great, heroic deed On battle field, where thousands bleed To lift one here into fame, Anxious she bends her graceful head

Above those chronicles of pain,

She find the one beloved name.

And trembles with a secret dread,

Lest there among the drowned or slain

After a day of cloud and wind and rain sometimes the setting sun breaks out again And touching all the darksome woods with

Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and

Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring Drops down into the night. What see I now? The night is fair, The storm of grief, the clouds of care. The wind, the rain, have passed away; The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright, The house is full of life and light-It is the Golden Wedding day. The guests come thronging in once more, Quick footsteps sound along the floor, The trooping children crowd the stair, And in and out and everywhere Flashes along the corridor

The sunshine of their golden bair. On the round table in the hall Another Ariadne's Crown Out of the sky hath fallen down: More than one Monarch of the Moon Is dramming with his sliver spoon; The light of love shines over all. O fortunate, O happy day! The people sing, the people say. The ancient bridegroom and the bride, Serenely smiling on the scene, Behold well-pleased on every side Their forms and features multiplied,

AN UNTIMELY VISIT.

As the reflection of a light.

Half a century ago two brothers, parefoot and sometimes ragged, were growing up to big boyhood lams, cels and boats, in a poor little fisherman's hamlet on the shores of

Cape Cod.

The eldest, whom his sentimental mother had named Clarence Ethelbert, was full of enterprise and ambition. His brother, whom the solemn father had named Gideon, was an amnable, kind fellow, content to do anybody's bidding as long as he had enough to

eat and nobody to scold him. The first went into a ship-chandler's store, in Boston, having walked ninety miles to reach that city, and found a place. The other remained at home, perfectly satisfied, digging quohaugs, spearing eels, and carting seaweed. When they reached middle life the

eldest was living in an elegant mansion near Central Park, in New York, with his fashionable family, keeping a span of horses, and a retinue of servants; and Gideon, married to a well-meaning, but coorse and illiterate woman, was in the poor cottage-home of his father, so shy that he was almost afraid of his kind brother who came yearly to visit and aid him.

E. C. Bakerly, the rich ship-chandler, was no snob. He acknowledged his poor relatives, and helped them, and had often invited his brother and sisterin-law to visit him. Gideon wanted to go to New York, but couldn't get up conrage. He had heard of assassins coming up behind peaceable citizens and stabbing them in the street, and about hackmen driving strangers to dungeons and then robbing them; so he thought, in his innocent heart, that his brother was almost the only good man in the great city.

But the time came when the ambitions Betsy resolved to go to New York and see for herself. So she told her brother-in-law, while on his annual visit, that she "had decided, at last, to buy herself a new black alpacy and a dress-cap, so's his family wouldn't be ashamed of her, and go on in real New York style about the first of November." "The folks there may stare at me, or laugh at me, but they won't eat me, that's sartin," she added.

When the gentleman announced this at home, the daughters laughed, and resolved to make her visit as agreeable as possible, sending her a black silk, to replace "that abominable appacathe court dress of Yankee women !' The last week in October, when the house was in the hands of a caterer and a decorator, the following astounding letter was received by the lady : '

"CLAM HARBOR, Oct. 24. " DEAR SISTER CARLINE, - Gideon and me has about changed our mines about the time of goin' to New York. We have got ready sooner than we expected, owin' to Miss Cap'in Dilkins turnin' and a helping of Desire Holmes with She bound all the ruffles and fumididles, and so forth. So we can come to-morrow just as well as not. she discovered—an unusual sight for Gideon is impashient to get home agin | the city housekeeper-a nest of wasps on account of killing the hogs, so, less providence forbids, you'll see us to-"Excuse me writing with pencil, as Miss Cap'in Dilkins has borrowed our

pen and ink to write to the Cap'in. He's to Smyrny now. "So no more at present, "From your afectionate sister,

BETSY. "P. S .- Desire had to bind the flounces on my new silk with magenty oraid as there was no ribbon here. The girls scolded, and the sensible mother appeared them by saying that their father would meet their uncle

a hotel till the party was over.

But the cars came in ten minutes before their time, and when Mr. Bakerly reached the depot the passengers had all disappeared. He rushed home, hoping to meet them before they entered the house. But they had not appeared; and the conclusion was that they had missed the train, and would not arrive in the city till the next day. In this, however, the family were mistaken. In a few minutes there came a loud ring of the door-bell, and then their ears were assailed by the sharp notes of an angry voice aimed at a hacknotes of an angry voice aimed at a hack-

a hotel till the party was over.

"I never heerd sich a swindle! Don't for fetchin' us half a mile. We could 'a' walked just as well; and the menfolks could 'a' lugged up the trunk—it ain't a mite heavy! I'll have you took

np for robbery, sir, if you do keep a carriage and two horses!"

As children and butcher-boys were collecting on the sidewalk, the lady of the house slipped down stairs, put the money in the hackman's hand and smuggled her friends up stairs.

As there were men at work in the kitchen, their supper was given them quietly in a little side-room, and the tired travelers were sent early to bed, without any remonstrances on their

part,
The pair were put into an attic room which was rarely slept in. This was done not from disrespect, but because the usual sleeping rooms for visitors must be used until late in the night, by the ladies who were among the guests of the evening. Gideon and his wife, here were read of any retire. however, were glad of any restingplace. They complained to each other that "it was dreadful hot for the last of October," blew out the gas-light, and were soon lost to their new situation, but not until Aunt Betsy had exclaimed in dreamy drawl:

" New York's the nastiest smellin' town I ever was in, and I wish I was The guests had gathered and there

"You haint no need to be ashamed of us, nor anybody else, of your own folks"—here the poor woman was seized with a terrific fit of coughing and strangling; regaining her breath, she strangling; but regaining her breath, she con-inued: "We're your own flesh and blood, if we haint rich; and some of dealers in this town or Boston, either, has sprung from Cape "— Coughing again silenced her angry boasts.
"What ails you?" asked the agitated

brother, as terrible sounds of strangling and groaning were heard from Uncle Gideon above.

"She's crazy, sir, and that old man was trying to catch her," said one of those officious men who think they see at once the solution of every difficulty. "Send for a policeman and have her taken off, sir."

At this Aunt Betsy, who had now seated herself, gave loose reins to her tongue, and cried, amid her coughing and choking, "Gidyon and me has caught some awful disease a ready in this nasty teown, else we was pizened with our supper! I don't be-b'lieve we'll ever see Clam Harbor ag'in! But don't you dare to bury us here, where these villanous marcury doctors digs up dead folks and hacks 'em to pieces! O

deav, dear !" The distressed host now changed his tactics, remembering his brother's words that "Betsy was one of them women that could never be driv," and led her gently up stairs, his wife following

No sooner had they opened the cham-ber door than they all joined in the chorus of coughing. The gas had been blown out! And the register, being open, the heat, which had been shut off from all the other rooms, had made this one like a flery furnace! But even this did not account for the frightful inflammation which the kind sisterin-law saw on the limbs of her agonized visitors.

Uncle Gideon was jumping about with remarkable vigor for one of his years, swinging his hands and trying to suppress his groams. As soon as all the windows in both attics were thrown open, Aunt Betsy gave vent to her woes

"We coughed and choked terrible but at last we got into bed. But all of a suddent I was took with such a pain that I hollered out that somebody stuck an eel-spear into my leg, and was stranglin' me beside. He begun to the agony himself, and hollored as bad as myself. We started to go down and things." The buildings cover six and

that had taken possession of one corner of the unused bedstead, a savage squatter sovereignty that had opened fire on

the poor strangers. As they could have no other room till the guests were gone, Aunt Betsy declared that they would sit up till then, rather than risk this one again. further end of the room women are "Why," she exclaimed, "heow do I seated in groups on the floor by heaps know but the flery sarpints that bit the children of Ezr'el may be hid up in that bed? I've heard before to-day that city folks wasn't over particular what got into their beds, but I didn't know they harbored wasps there!" The rough old pair slept one night and 5,000 eggs.

under damask drapery, and then they and aunt at the cars and keep them at set off for home. No argument, no persuasion could induce them to pass

another night in such an awful city! The kind-hearted brother soothed their spirits by the gift of five hundred dollars to his brother, and the watch his wife had just laid aside to Aunt Betsy. So the honest pair set off on a triumphal march capeward. Their treasures set them up on a pinnacle of glory at Clam Harbor, where gold

watches and ready money were scarce,
The thing passed off at Clam Harbor
as a remarkable instance of the love of home, or rather of the power of homesickness; and in the circle of gay friends in New York as the breaking loose of a deranged relative, who was the next day quietly returned to the asylum!

Thus does fortune often play cruel pranks in separating those who in childhood played beneath the same green tree. — Youth's Companion.

How They Make Ice in India.

In the warm countries of Europe ice is manufactured by the use of ether, but this would be a very costly process in India, and would place it entirely out of the reach of the mass of the people. Their own method for manufacturing ice, although a slow one, is very simple, and costs nothing. They have discovered by observation

what we are taught in natural philoso-phy, that during the day the earth ab-sorbs heat, and during the night it gives it out—or, to speak more proper-

, radiates heat.

was a hum of merriment below, which was suddenly hushed by the appearance of two strange apparitions on the stairs.

"Tableaux, tableaux!" cried an innocent youth, and in a moment everybody was making for the hall and laughing and exclaiming, "Darby and Joan," "John Anderson, my Jo, John," and like interpretations of the scene.

The gentleman of the house elbowed "cie." In an open space, where there are no trees, parallel ditches are dug in the ground three or four feet deep. These are half filled with straw, and nets are stretched over them. On these nets are placed smell saucers, holding about a wine-glass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry, and perfectly calm night.

When well a that I knew something about them, but they were a new revelation this time.

They worked expeditiously all through the valley, and those who had cabbage patches of a few hundred head at breakfast, had none when the bell rang for church; celery disappeared, about a wine-glass of water. There is nothing more to be done but to wait for a clear, starry, and perfectly calm night.

The straw is placed in the ditches because it is a bad conductor of heat, and by its means the saucers of water are Twenty or thirty grasshoppers, or as separated from the ground, and receive little or no heat from it. The water, therefore, gives out more heat than it receives, so that its temperature is middle of May it was well glazed and continually lowered until it reaches the they could do little more damage than the richest saloon-keepers and fish- freezing point, when it, of course, be- eat off the blades; if in the milk they comes ice.

The ice is more or less mixed with bits of straw and with dust. It cannot be used to put into liquids, but placed around them makes them delightfully cool and refreshing, and we can well imagine what a luxury it must be in this torrid region.

Another Bohemian Girl,

The watering season at Newport closes with a sensation, which may serve as the basis of such another opera as "The Bohemian Girl." A strolling band of Indians were encamped upon the beach, having in their company of little white girl named Charlotte Wyeth. Suddenly the girl disappeared, and all the cottagers who had become interested in her were surprised. disappearance was explained the other day, when an officer on board a Sound steamer bound to Providence recogmized the waif in charge of a lady who stated she was taking her, at the request of Mr. Edward Walsh, of Newport, to a lady in Providence, who had promised to take care of her. The child was detained, and Mr. Walsh was taken into custody. He explained that in visiting the beach he had become in-terested in the child; that he found her barbarously treated by the Indians; and learning that she had been stoler by them and was willing and anxious to accept of his protection, he had determined to adopt and provide for her until he should find her natural guardians. The disinterested and honorable motives of Walsh were so apparent that he was discharged, but the oumptious City Marshal, thinking doubtless that some reward would be offered for the child, has refused to allow her to remain in Walsh's custody. The young man is thoroughly interested | now a Romanist chapel, was the headin the waif, and is enthusiastically engaged in the endeavor to learn something of her parents.

Pies an' Things. In New York city there is one conpooh' at me, when he was took with cern that does nothing but bake pies, or, as the boys call them, "pies an hunt you up, to get a doctor, and I guess we stirred up an awful mess among them are high-dressed butter. Thirty-seven large wagons are employed flies!"

A sudden thought struck the lady of the house, and throwing open the bed, are employed all the year round. It has an enormous boiler, in which sometimes five hundred pumpkins per day are reduced to jelly, by steam of course. Near it are two steam mincing ma-chines, capable of slicing up a fabulous quantity of fruits. A little further on is a row of immense brass kettles full of steaming berries, which two men are stirring with great ladles. In the further end of the room women are cleaning. Eighty bushels of berries a day is the average consumption. 160

GRASSHOPPERS IN COLORADO.

Method of Their Ravages-The Bill of Fare Which They Prefer.

So soon as we had abundance of water, says N. C. Meeker, writing to the *Tribune* from Greeley, grasshoppers came again and alighted in patches of a few millions each in our wheat fields. The bulk of the grain was too far advanced to be injured, and they only ate off the blades, so that when cut the stalks were slippery. Late wheat was badly injured, and oats were in many places destroyed. They visited the whole of Colorade at the same time, but only in groups, though in larger ones close to the mountains, and they attacked the oats at such a critical time as to make the crop everywhere short and good seed scarce next spring. Of all the crops there is none which the grasshoppers love better than oats, unless it be onions. In about a week they all left, when the wheat was harvested and hopes were high, but in less than ten days another gang came, and they undertook to finish the oats. Machines were put in immediately, when they at-tacked the corn, of which we had a large breadth exceedingly promising. After working at it a few days they seemed to have received orders to start on their travels, and they all took wing, and everybody rejoiced again. But about noon one day the sight began to fade a little, and on looking up the grasshoppers were seen some 500 feet high, millions and millions, going southeast, which made us pity those whom they would visit; but soon a ly, radiates heat.

This is much more noticeable in tropical than in temperate countries. They know also by experience that, in order to enjoy the coolness of night, they must avoid the shade of trees, and lie out in the open places. The reason of this, perhaps, they do not know, which is that the branches of the trees interfere with this radiation. Without reasoning on these facts, the East Indian acts upon them, and uses his knowledge of them in manufacturing ice.

In an open space, where there are no twinkling they covered gardens and fields, though they were not what we called thick. The next day as many more came, and we had them good, if that is the word, or bad, if one likes it better. They were tired, and in need of rest, which they took; but next morning bright and early, notwithstanding it was Sunday, they went to work in earnest. I thought I had seen them thick before, and that I knew something about them, but they were a new revelation this time.

"John Anderson, my Jo, John," and like interpretations of the scene.

The gentleman of the house elbowed his way through the crowd just in time to see his half-clad brother escape from the gaze of his guests. But Aunt Betsy stood her ground bravely, looking like a furry just risen from her grave, with dishevelled locks, white robes and a kerchief bound around her head.

"Go up to your room. I'm ashamed of you," said her brother-in-law, in a low tone.

"You haint no need to be ashamed"

"John Anderson, my Jo, John," and like interpretations of the scene.

When such a night arrives, the little saucers are filled with water in the evening, which water by 4 o'clock in the morning is found to be covered with a thin coating of ice! These cakes of ice are very small, it is true, but when they are all thrown together into the ice-houses under the ground, they form themselves into masses of quite a respectable size. In these primitive ice-houses the ice keeps for some time.

"You haint no need to be ashamed" even then they kept chewing so badly ate it is as readily as hogs would. The leaves of apple and pear trees disap-peared, but those of cherries, plums, and peaches they did not touch, nor did they interfere with strawberies or blackberries, but raspberry bushes were made desolate. Meanwhile they delighted to get into the house, especially into the parlor, and took a fancy to lace curtains. When night came, all who could got into the trees to roost, I have cotton woods, ash, maple and other trees, from 10 to 20 feet high, with limbs from an inch to two inche in diameter, in all over 100 around the house, and so many grasshoppers were on these trees that the branches bent down from 10 to 15 inches. course, the prospects were dark, for we expected them to stay and lay eggs which would hatch next spring. However, it was noticed on Wednesday that they were not quite so thick; on Thursday there were certainly fewer, and they continued to leave gradually. I have stated what they would eat and what they would not, but our experience in a former visitation was to effect that if they stay a few weeks there is nothing green they will not devour, They will even get into ripe Hubbard gunnery practiced in war: squashes and into watermelons and de- "Of the 27,574 muskets stroy them.

From Luxury to Poverty.

The London Saturday Review, speaking of the proposed transformation of Soho square, London, says: "It is just 100 years since the fortunes of Mrs. Theresa Cornleys began to decline, and with them the glories of Soho square. Who remembers her now? Yet she was once a central figure in the fashionable world of London. Her house, now a pickle shop, was crowded with princes, nobles, and fine ladies. Her ball-room, quarters of extravagance and gorgeous apparel. It was at one of her masquerades that the beautiful daughter of a peer wore the costume of an Indian princess, three black girls bearing her train, a canopy held over her head by two negro boys, and her dress covered with jewels worth £100,000. It was at another that Adam, in flesh-colored tights and an apron of fig-leaves, was to be seen in company with the Duchess of Bolton as Diana. Death, in a white shroud, bearing his own coffin and epitaph ; Lady Augusta Stuart as a vestal; the Duke of Gloucester, in an old English habit, with a star on his cloak; and the Duke of Devonshire, who was very fine, but in no particular character '-all these and others passed through her rooms; yet before many years had gone by she was selling asses her broken fortunes."

" It is a standing rule in my church,

Letter Writing.

Letter-writing is no longer an accomplishment. It has even ceased to be a pastime. It has sunk of late into a foolish habit which the discovery of the lithographic processes has made absolutely dangerous. The shrewd man keeps his thoughts to himself or reveals them only in words which cannot be photographed. In setting down his secret feelings for the eye of one, the writer can never be sure, nowadays, that his letter may not some day be spread with all its crooks and dashes and blots before the eyes of thousands for whom it was not intended. If it for whom it was not intended. If it contains disclosures of guilt, how ugly they look in all their nakedness. If it gives merely the overwrought expresgives merely the overwrought expressions of an excited man, how suspicious a little skillful construction can make them. You write to a mutual friend that your speech the night before "set the house on fire." Years afterward he becomes a mutual friend only on one side and prints your letter with proper omissions; and you find yourself compelled to prove that you never committed the crime of arson! Or perhaps you did confess some fault or sin, and now that private letters have ceased to be private property, you do not know at what hour you may become the prey of the printers. The old politician, who is a tradition in the West, who would never write his name on a card of thanks to a serenading party, if not prepared to invite them in. If you haven't a bouquet or a card at how they are the card of the card for fear of committing himself to something, and who would always rather walk a day's journey than write a note, has his like in many a lobbyist Cremation does not meet with favor who goes to Albany or Washington at considerable expense to say what could be less safely said by the aid of a threecent stamp. But sometimes the men with bad reputations are as careless as those with good.

Veteran Jokers.

The Duke of Wellington and Lord Brougham were utterly unlike in temperament and tastes, and used to say sharp things to each other, though with perfect courtesy and good nature. Here is a specimen of their method of

joking:
Lord Brougham, who invented the vehicle now known by his name, was met in the House of Lords by the Duke

of Wellington, who, accosting him with a low bow, said—
"I have always been under the im-pression that your lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the restorer of abused charities, he reformer of the law. But no-you

nventor of a carriage."

To this Brougham replied by reciting

you will hereafter be known only as the

The Duke was defeated and made a

A Funeral Extraordinary. The Pall Mall Gazette says : " A most successful funeral in which woman played an important part took place at Padua in 1518, and, indeed, in ome respects, the arrangements of this funeral were in all ways less depressing than the run of ordinary burials. An eminent lawyer, by name Lodovich Cartusius, who died in July of that his relations to shed any tears at his be enlivened by songs from these ladies, who were to be recompensed for the service by a handsome sum of money allotted for their marriage portions. The monks of the convent at Padua, who were invited to the funeral, were on no account to wear black habits, lest they should throw a gloom over the cheerfulness of the procession.'

Waste of Men, Guns and Powder.

The Ordnance Department reports the following facts as to the miserable

least 24,000 were loaded. About onebalance one charge. The largest number of cartridges found in any one piece was twenty-three. In some cases the paper of the cartridges was unbroken, and in others the powder was upper-

combatants was practically reduced by 18,000 men, for 18,000 muskets were useless, those who held them were of course "paralyzed." Or, to put it another way, 18,000 men in their confusion improperly loaded their muskets and thus rendered themselves almost useless as combatants, and probably many of them were shot down without inflicting any injury on their opponents.

Something of a Mistake.

The Morning Argus, says Max Adeler, is a Democratic paper; and the other day the editor clipped from a Republican sheet a long story about a frightful accident somewhere, and gave it to the foreman to put in the Argus. It so happened that the other side of the clipping contained a snorting edi-torial in which the Democratic party was fiercely denounced and Grant's claim to a third term strongly insisted milk at Knightsbridge, and in 1797 she died in the relect Prison, forming upon. Of course the foreman gave the schemes to the very last for retrieving clipping out with that side up, and the next day it appeared in the paper, looking exactly as if it was an original editorial from the pen of the editor. That very afternoon the sheriff with-drew his advertising and four hundred seid one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever a man goes the formula of the control of the sexton, whenever a man goes the control of the sexton. The foreman capitalists are to suffer from the incompanion of labor. The foreman capitalists are to suffer from the incompanion of labor. The foreman capitalists are to suffer from the incompanion of labor. barrels of flour a week are used in making the pies, and they use up 8,000 ter for the sexton, whenever a man goes capitalists are to suffer from the inpounds of lard, 1,560 quarts of milk, to sleep under your preaching, to wake san't answer, for he has fied.

Items of Interest.

There is a young man in Ixonia, Jef-ferson county, Wisconsin, who is eighteen years old, twenty-seven inches in height, and weighs only nineteen and one-quarter pounds when fat, His name is John M. Lewis.

A young lady entered a Troy music store, recently, and, approaching the clerk, said: "Still I Love Thee." He replied: "We haven't it." "I Cannot Love Another," said she, and re-ceiving a similar answer, left the

At a dinner recently given by a Russian lady in London, the table was entirely covered with moss, and the only evidence of a white tablecloth was seen in that portion which hangs at the sides of the table. Flowers were profusely introduced, and the effect was alto-

gether unique. Happy thought-That of the fashion-Happy thought—That of the fashionable school teacher who, when asked by a pupil, "Who is the present King of Switzerland?" said, "This is not the hour, you know, when talking is permitted. Ask me at the next session and I will tell you," and then rushed for the headers. for the bookease.

Cremation does not meet with favor in British Columbia. The Chinese have been cremating their dead at a cemetery near Victoria, and the Inspector of Police reported to the City Council that the nuisance had become most offensive to the residents in the neighborhood. The Council took no action.

A New Brunswick jury recently dis-tinguished itself after having been charged to find the value of 20,000 bricks at \$15 per 1,000 by bringing in a verdict of \$294,000 for the plaintiff. After being sent back they corrected their blunder, and the Judge said that he had great pleasure in dismissing them.

A shower of white toads place in Larimer county, Col. The shower embraced a strip of country half a mile wide and several miles in length. From a distance the frogs, as they bounced along the ground, looked for all the world like hailstones. After the storm the frogs hopped about over the country in droves of ten thousand.

How to swallow a pill is thus stated by a correspondent: "Put the pill un-der the tongue and behind the teeth, To this Brougham replied by reciting those things by which he had imagined the Duke would be remembered, adding—
But no—your Grace will be known as the inventor of a pair of boots."

The boots of the tongue and defined the cectary and let the patient immediately take a large swallow of water, and he will neither feel the pill nor taste it. In fact, he cannot tell where it has gone, and I have seen them look about the floor to see if they had not dropped it."

The Newburyport Herald says an strong remark about having forgotten amusing feature of the clam-bake at Salisbury Beach was the spectacle of a young lady and gentieman who hun-gered for the shell-fish. The lady hardly wished to soil her kids, and so while she held her mouth open the gentleman put in the clams and threw away the head after her incisors had decapi tated the fish.

That Monument Again.

Once more, says an exchange, by a spasmodic effort to raise money to comyear, before his death strictly forbade plete the Washington obelisk, that monumental failure is brought before funeral, and enforced this order on his the public attention. The whole subject heir by a heavy penalty in case of diso-bedience. He further directed that fiddlers should take the place of mourn-ers on the sad occasion, and that twelve made to finish the work. This unhappy maids in green habits should carry his pile of stones has been too long a butt remains to the Church of St. Sophia, for the wits of the nation. The original where he was buried, the ceremony to scheme is older than the Government scheme is older than the Government itself, but it was not until 1848, after a series of experiments and failures, that work was actually begun. The Washington Monumental Society then under-took the task of raising the money and building the monument. In about six years, when \$230,000 had been spent and the pile had reached the height of 170 feet, the money gave out and the obelish was arresred in its growth. Since that timer by dint of much begging and dunning, four feet have been added to the work; and there it stands an unfinished monument. An examination showed that it had suffered some-"Of the 27,574 muskets picked up what by its long neglect, and on account on the battlefield at Gettysburg and of the insecurity of its foundation. At what by its long neglect, and on account turned into the Washington Arsenal, at one time it looked as if the work must be taken down and rebuilt, or abanhalf of this number contained two doned altogether. But it is now undercartridges each, one-fourth contained stood that the money and labor already from three to ten charges each, and the expended can be saved by somewhat changing the original plan.

Why Buffalos Disappear.

Somebody has revived the stories told by Jas. Bridger, who is, next to Kit It is seen that the effective fire of the Carson, the pioneer trapper of all that section of the country. One of his favorite stories was, that in the year 1820 he was wintering in Salt Lake Valley, when it commenced to snow, and continued seventy successive days, till a depth of seventy feet was obtained. The country at that time abounded in buffalo and other large game, all of which, perished in the snow. The lakes and rivers the following spring were so full of dead game, preserved in good condition in the cold, that he was able to stow up a large stock of meat for the next winter's supply, using the brine of Salt Lake for the purpose. He concludes this tale by declaring that since that storm no buffalo had ever been seen west of the Rocky Mountains. He was also fond of declaring that "Bridger's Butte," a table mountain named after him, had "steered around" to the North since he saw it, and that he had told General Johnson so, who, after consulting his text books, acknowledged that he was right .-Denver (Col.) News.

THE CALENDAR .- This is the way the people who live on the ceast of Maine escribe their weather :

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May,
The rain it raineth every day,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
And if any of them had two and thirty
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.