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NO. 2.

Doubtful John.

Now John, it is an honest name.
As every well you know;
There's good John Smith, and good John
Brown,
And small John in a row,
But there's one John we temperance folks
Have put our ban upon—
A sly, suspicious kind of elf—
And that is Dohm-John.

"I'm sure it might contain, dear air,
Good vinegar," say you.
"Or water from the fountain pure,
Or running stream;" that's true;
But who'd believe your word, I pray,
While you was trading on
With no companions at your side
Except a demi-John?

This John has a capacious mouth,
So very deep and wide,
He often swallows fortunes up
Before he's satisfied.

Then, boys, I tell you what it is,
My word depend upon,
You'd better not be introduced
To doubtful demi-John.

THE SWEEP'S STORY.

"Sweep! sweep! Sweep!" Don't
sound much like sweep? No, it don't;
but then one has to have one's regular
cry, as folks may know by. Why,
listen to any of them in the morning
about the street, and who'd think it was
creases this one was a-hollering, or
Yarmouth blisters for ten minutes
away at the bell, and hollers a good
"Yow-hoo!" meant new milk? It ain't
what we say—it's the sound of our
voices. Don't the servant gals as hears
us of a morning know what it means
when the bell rings, and then they
come sleep? Oh, no, not at all. But
there's no money for them, and they
away at the bell, and hollers a good
till they let us in; for, you see, it comes
nearly when you're obliged to be up
yourself and out in the cold, to not like
other folks to be mugging it in bed.

But, then, it's one's work, you know,
and I dunno whether it was that or the
suff as give me this here hoarse voice,
which nothing clears nor—most likely it
was the suit. How times are altered,
though, since I was a boy! That there
climbing-boy act of Parliament made a
regular revolution in our business, and
now here we are with our bundles
of canes, with a round brush at the end,
like a great, long, scrub fishing-rod, you
know, all in jyns, and made of the best
Malacky cane, so as to go into all the
inns and outs, and bend about anywhere,
till it's right about the pot, and bending
and swaying and doing all the things
things, bless you, and don't sweat
chimbley half like a boy used. You
never hears the rattle of a brush at the
top of a chimney-top now, and the boy
giving his "Hillo-hallo-hullo—
oo-oo!" to show as he'd not been shaming
himself. I was in the habit of going
Why, that was one of the chery sounds
as you used to hear early in the mornin',
when you was tucked up warm in bed;
for there was always somebody's chimbley
a-being swept.

For me in mind again of when I was
a little bit of a boy, and at home with
mother, as I can recollect with a nice,
pleasant face, and a widdler's cap round
it. Hard pushed, poor thing, when she
took me to Joe Barkby, the chimney-
sweep, as he'd teach me the trade if
she liked. And there was I, shivering
long side of her, and she from one side
was obliged to take me to Joe; and we
got there to find him sitting over his
bressard, and the arst mortar to have
some. But her heart was too full, poor
thing, and she wouldn't, and was going
away, and Joe sent me to the door to let
her out; and then she stood on the flue,
I shall never forget—no, not if I lives,
and a hundred—my poor mother's sad,
weary face, and the logging look she
gave me when we'd said "Good bye,"
and I was going to shut the door after
her—such a soul, looking look, as if she
could have caught me up and run off
with me. I sat there and stood on the
step, and with the door in my hand
—that there green door, with a bright
brass knocker, and brass plate with
"Barkby, Chimney-sweep," on it. There
was tears in her eyes, too; and I felt so
miserable myself I didn't know what to
do as I stood watching her; and when she
came and gave me one more kiss, saying,
"God bless you!" and then I shut
the door a little more and a little more,
till I could see the same sad look through
quite a little crack; and then it was close
shut, and I was wiping my eyes with my
knuckles.

Al! I have often thought since as I
shut the door a deal too soon; but I
was too young to know all that poor
thing must have suffered.

Barkby was a bad sort; but then,
what can you expect from a sweep? He
didn't behave so very bad to me, little
chimbley; but then it was—up the flue,
and traps through the cold, dark streets,
hot or cold, wet or dry; and then stand
shivering till you could wake up the ser-
vants—an hour, perhaps, sometimes.
Then in you went to the cold, miserable
house, with the carpets all up, or 'paps
you had to wait no one knows how long
while the gal was yawning, and knock
knick-knocking with a flint and steel
over a tinder-box, and then blowing the
spark till you could get a brimstone
match alight. Then there was the forks
to get for us to stick the black cloth in
front of the fireplace and then there was
one's brush, and the black cap to pull
down over one's face, pass under the
cloth, and begin swarming up the
chimney all in the dark.

It was very trying to a little bit of a
chap of ten years old, you know, quite
fresh to the job; and though Barkby
gave me a few cents, and he was, and
being too chuff, it seemed awful as soon
as I got hold of the bars, which was
quite warm then, and began feeling my
way, hot and smothery, and sneezing in
my cap, till I got my head such a pelt
against some of the brickwork that I
began to cry; for this was the first time
I was at the wrong end of a chimney,
I choked it down, as I stood there with
my little bare feet all amongst the cinders,
and then began to climb.

Every now and then Barkby shows
his head under the cloth, and "Go
ahead, boy," he'd say; and I keep on
going ahead as fast as I could, for I was
afraid on him, though he never spoke
very gruff to me. Now I'd slip a little
bit, and I didn't want to get up and
pelt him out. So there was I, poor little

chap—I'm sorry for myself even now,
you know—swarming a little bit at a
time—away quickly, and rubbing
the skin off my face, and sticking my
while the place felt hot and stuffy I
could hardly breathe, cramped up as I
was.

Now, you wouldn't think as any one
could see in the dark, with their eyes
close shut, and a thick cap over their
face, pulled right down to keep the soot
from getting up their nose—you wouldn't
think any one could see anything there;
but I could, quite plain; and what do
you think it was? Why, my mother's
face, looking at me so sad, and sweet,
and smiling, through her tears, that it made
me give quite a choking sob every now
and then, for I was now at climbing, and
this was a long chimney, from the
housekeeper's room of a great house,
right from underground, to the top.

Sometimes I'd stop and have a cry,
for I'd feel beat out, and the face as had
cherished me on was gone; but then I'd
from getting up their nose—you wouldn't
think any one could see anything there;
but I could, quite plain; and what do
you think it was? Why, my mother's
face, looking at me so sad, and sweet,
and smiling, through her tears, that it made
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and then, for I was now at climbing, and
this was a long chimney, from the
housekeeper's room of a great house,
right from underground, to the top.

After a bit I managed to drag off my
cap, thinking that I could then see the
daylight through the pot. But no—the
chimbley was so dark, and the air was
dark as ever; while what puzzled me
was, that I couldn't breathe any easier
now the cap was off, for it seemed hot,
and close, and stuffy, though I thought
that was through me being so frightened,
for I never fancied nor but what I was
in the right, and now some one else
that Barkby didn't shout at me. But all
at once there came a terrible creeping
fear all over me—a feeling that I've never
forgotten, nor never shall as long as
I'm a sweep. It was as if the blood in
my body had run out and left me weak,
and helpless, and faint, for down below I
could hear a heavy beat—beat—beat—
under me, that I knew well enough, and up
under me came a rush of hot smoke that
nearly suffocated me right off; when I
gave such a horrid shriek of fear as I've
never forgot neither, for the sound of it
frightened me worse. It didn't sound
like my voice at all, as I kept on shriek-
ing, and groaning, and crying for help,
too frightened to move, though I've often
thought since as a little twisting on my
part would have set me loose, to try and
climb up again. But, bless you, no; I
could do nothing but about and cry for
help, with the noise I made sounding
hollow and stuffy, and the heat and smoke
coming up to as nearly choke me over
and over again.

I knew fast enough now that I had
come down a chimney where there had
been a clear fire, and now some one else
put lumps of coal on, and been breaking
them up; and in the fright I was I could
do nothing else but shout away until
my voice got weak and wavy, and I could
do nothing but cough and wheeze for
breath.

But I hadn't been crying for nothing,
though; for soon I heard some one shout
up the chimney, and then came a deal
of poking and noise, and the smoke and
heat came curling up by me worse than
ever, so that I thought it was all over
with me, but at the same time came a
whole lot of hot, hot, hot steam; and
then some one knocked at the door, and
close by my head, and I heard a buzzing
sound, when I gave a hoarse sort of
cry, and then felt stupid and half
asleep.

By-and-bye there was a terrible knock-
ing and hammering close beside me,
getting louder and louder every mo-
ment; and yet it didn't seem to matter
to me, for I hardly knew what was going
on, though the voices came nearer and
the knocking louder, and at last I've a bit
of recollection of hearing some one say,
"Etch brandy," and I wondered
whether they meant Barkby, while I
could feel the fresh air coming upon me.
Then I seemed to waken up a bit, and
see the daylight through a big hole,
while there was ever so much broken
bricks and mortar between me and the
light; and next thing I recollect is lying
upon a mattress, with a fine gentleman
leaning over me, and holding my hand
in his.

"Don't," I says in a whisper; "it's
all suttly."
When I see him smile, and he asked
me how I was.

"Oh, there ain't no bones broke," I
says; "only Barkby, him as come on
you called 'Brandy,' 'll half kill me."
"What for?" says another gentleman.

"Why, coming down the wrong chimbley,"
I says; and then, warming up a
bit with my wrongs, "but 'twonny, you
fault," I says; "Who could tell 't other
from which, when there warn't no num-
bers nor nothink on 'em, and they was
all alike, so as you didn't know which to
come down, and him asswearing cause
you was so long? Where is he?" I says
in a whisper.

One looked at 't other, and there was
six or seven people about me; for I was
lying on the mattress put on the floor
close side a great hole in the wall, and a
heap of bricks and mortar.

"Who?" says the first gent, who was
a doctor.

"Why, Barkby," I says, "my g'v'n'or,
as sent me up number seven's chimbley."
"Oh, he's not here," says some one.
"This ain't number seven, this is num-
ber ten. Send to seven," he says.

Then they began talking a bit, and I
heard something about "twonny, you
fault," and "fearful groans," and "horrid
position," and they thought I didn't
hear 'em; for I'd got my eyes shut,
meaning to sham Abram when Barkby
came, for fear he should hurt me. But
I needn't have shammed, for I couldn't
neither stand nor sit up for a week arter;
and I believe arter all, it's that has had
something to do with me being so lanky-
voiced.

Old Barkby never hit me a stroke;
and I believe, arter all, he was sorry for
me. But a sweep's is a queer life even
now, though afore the act was passed
some poor boys was used, and more than
one boy's got stuck in a flue, to be
got out dead.

A Knowing Dog.

There was a panic in a Paris street
over the conduct of a magnificent re-
triever in front of the window of a dealer
in picture frames. He jumped, yelled,
barked, tried to throw himself through
the glass; and he was mad, of course.
They were about to kill him, but a
philosopher interferred. It seemed to
him that all those eccentricities of the
dog had relation to a portrait in the win-
dow. So it proved. All this was joy at
sight of the portrait of a lady. That
lady lived in Marseilles, and the dog had
been stolen from her many months be-
fore. Strange chance! But she had
home by the picture placed there casually
to exhibit the frame.

Interesting Facts in Physiology.

Why do we feel drowsy after eating
heartily? Because while the stomach
is in action a great proportion of the
blood is drawn toward it, and as the
blood is withdrawn from other parts of
the body, they fall into a state of
languor.

Why does the milky or nutritious
matter separate from the innutritious,
upon admixture with bile? Because the
bile contains an oily matter which repels
the watery milk of nutrition. The pan-
creatic juice also enters through the
same duct with bile. But its precise use
is not understood. It is a fluid much
like the salivary secretions of the glands
of the mouth.

What becomes of the nutrition when
it has entered the vessels of the circula-
tion? It is sent to a stomach, a large vein
into the heart, entering the organ on the
right side, from which the heart propels
it into the lungs, mixed venous blood,
and the venous or blue blood is sent into
the lungs, taking with it the milk, the
formation of which we have traced.

How is food dissolved in the stomach?
It enters the stomach in the form of
paste, produced by the action of the
mouth; and directly the food enters, the
gastric juice, which is formed by glands
embedded in the coats of the stomach,
trickles down the sides. This is a more
powerful solvent than the salivary juice;
it is like the same kind of fluid, only
much stronger, and it soon turns the
food from a rough and crude paste into
a grayish cream (chyme). The cream is
passed toward the door which leads out-
ward from the stomach (pylorus); but if,
by accident, any undissolved particles of
food enter upon them and they return again to
the stomach to be further changed.

How is the nutrition taken away from
the various tissues? The muscular
threads (or bands, as we figuratively call
them), called the alimentary canal or bow-
els. This canal is some thirty feet in
length, and is folded in various layers
across the abdomen, and tied to the edge
of a sort of apron, which is gathered up
and fastened to the backbone. All along
this alimentary canal these muscular
bands are at work digesting the mass
along. But on the coat or surface of the
canal there are millions of little vessels
called lacteals, which look for the minute
globules of milk as the pass and absorb
them. There is an immense number of
the little vessels, all busily at work pick-
ing up food for the system.

A Cold Winter Years Ago.

The winter of 1841 was famous through-
out New England as being much colder
than any which had preceded it. Prob-
ably no year since could furnish testi-
mony for cold either so intense or pro-
tracted. The snow, which covered the
whole country as early as the 13th of
November, was still found the next
April covering the fences. The Boston
Post, for January, reports a letter
from the Charles river for the entertain-
ment of travelers. The Boston *News*
Letter, for March 6, tells us that "peo-
ple ride very early from Stamford, Conn.,
to New Island, which is a distance of
Eight miles, as far as New London, we are
told that 'the ice extended into the
Sound as far as could be seen from the
town;' and that 'Fisher's Island was
united to the mainland by a solid bed.'"
On March 13, the Boston *News Letter*
reports that the ice had crossed over to
Dorchester church on the ice for the fifteen
preceding Sundays.

As late as the 9th of July a letter from
New London, Conn., reports on the east
side of the Connecticut river a body of
ice, which had melted from the ice and
solid, and aids very artfully that
"it might be there a month longer were
it not that so many resort out of curiosity
to drink punch made out of it." On the
17th of July snow was still lying in a
mass in the town of Ipswich, Mass.,
and it would be a matter of course
that the most marvelous record of that
season is the statement made by Alonzo
Lewis, author of "The Annals of
Lynn, Mass.," that "Francis Lewis,
the signer of the Declaration of Indepen-
dence, drove his horse from New York
to Barnstable, the whole length of Long
Island Sound, on the ice."

A Very Natural Mistake.

Max Adler offers this: Always cork
up your catsup bottles tightly. Going
out on the steam cars the other day, we
various shops and factories are situated.
The "trial by fire" is one which may
come to all with hardly a moment's
warning, and which demands coolness
and instant action. The chances are in
at least ninety cases in one hundred in
favor of the escape of those who are in
a burning building, if they do not fran-
tically rush into, rather than away from,
the danger.

Wanted the Law.

A farmer called at the house of a
lawyer to consult him professionally.
"Is 't squeezer at home?" he inquired of
the lawyer's wife. He was answered
negatively. After a moment's hesita-
tion a thought relieved him. "Mebby
yourself can gi' me information as well
as 't squeezer, as ye're his wife." The
kind lady promised to do so if she found
it in her power, and the other proceeded
as follows: "Spozze ye were an old
while man an' I should borry ye to
go to a mill with a great ox yer back, an'
we should get no farther than Stair hill,
when all at once ye should back up, and
rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down
backward, and break yer darned old neck,
how'd ye pay for ye? No!—I darn me if I
would!" The lady smilingly told him,
as she closed the door, that as he had
himself settled the case, advice would be
superfluous.

FROZEN IN HIS SEAT.—The Denver
News, to show how cold it gets in
Colorado, says: There was no more than
the customary stir at Las Vegas, the
other day, when the stage-coach, with
four passengers inside and a corpse for a
driver, came tearing into town. The
driver, though frozen dead, was sitting
bolt upright, with an awful grimness of
face and a death-grip on the lines.

"Why don't you hold up your head in
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lawyer of a sterling old farmer.
"Strike," replied the farmer, "as that
field of grain. The well-filled heads
hang down, while those only that are
empty stand upright."

HOUSES ON FIRE.

A Few Hints for those who Lose their
Presence of Mind in Fires.

The burning of a tenement-house in
this city, says the New York *Times*,
furnished a striking example of the man-
ner in which ordinarily courageous peo-
ple lose all their presence of mind when
in danger of death by fire. We have
heard the story of the woman who,
finding herself out off from hope of escape
from a house in flames, threw her
baby out of a fourth-story window, and
carefully lowered the pet kitten to the
ground with a rope made of blankets.

It is recorded also that a clergyman in a
country town, waking in the middle of
the night to find his church half burned
down, risked his life in heroic efforts to
save the lightning-rod, quite forgetting
that there was much more valuable prop-
erty to be extricated from the general
ruin. When the great fires occurred in
Chicago and Boston, hundreds of persons
seemed so completely to lose control
of their senses that they would have
rushed into the flames had they not been
kept back. The "night of fires" in
Paris in 1871, when the torch of the in-
fernal was applied in a hundred
places, drew many persons out of
their senses. The horrors of the ter-
rible catastrophe of Fall River, still fresh
in the minds of our readers, were largely
due to the temporary madness which fell
upon the operatives who, in their haste
to escape from what they feared was one
of the houses, rushed headlong upon
another. People who would display
great firmness and bravery in the midst
of peril by water, or amid the terrors of
a railroad accident, are powerless to save
even themselves, not to speak of others,
in presence of flames.

In the recent disaster in this city, two
children lost their lives by suffocation.
Their father and mother, with a third
child, occupying an adjoining room,
awoke to find everything enveloped in
smoke, and at once ran out of doors. A
moment's reflection would have con-
vinced the lady that she should have
looked for the other children, and that
she should have left the house together.
But she seems to have lost all recollection
of them until he had been in the street
for some time, when, suddenly aroused
to a sense of their danger, he bravely
rushed into the flames in search of them.
His efforts to reach them were vain, and
he would have lost his own life had not
the policemen and firemen taken coura-
geous risks in going after him, and
dragging him back to the fresh air. All
other occupants of the house, on the
other side of the street, did not awake
until almost surrounded by the flames,
which burst up through the planks be-
neath them. While the fire was in pro-
gress, half-dressed people, who had
escaped, refused to take shelter, despite
the intense cold, and were with the
coldly different to those who were mak-
ing their way to the houses and out, un-
derstandably perishing there. The same lack
of presence of mind, the same apparent
stupidity when danger is displayed at
the burning of the weaving factory in
Brooklyn. Fire, which broke out among
a quantity of waste jute in the cellar of
the factory, spread rapidly to the upper
stories, cutting off flight by the stair-
ways for some seventy work girls. A
panic ensued, and the business was dis-
rupted by the burning of the river calan-
try, when some one discovered that escap-
ing by jumping to the roof of an exten-
sion, which was not more than six feet
from the windows of the second
story.

Even this easy means of exit did not
serve, however, to lessen the panic, and
many of the girls were severely cut and
bruised in their frantic efforts to get out
at the windows. Those who remained
and obeyed the firemen were rescued
without the slightest injuries.

Of course prevention is, of course,
with a prudent and careful manager, nat-
urally be much wiser to avoid reck-
lessness in heating houses, even when
the weather is unusually cold, than to
drill for action in case of a sudden cal-
amity. The large number of destruc-
tive fires during the past few days has
doubtless been in some measure due to
the cold weather. Overheated stoves
placed too near thin and combustible
walls, are the causes of many so-called
"mysterious conflagrations." It is im-
possible to secure proper caution among
the numerous inmates of crowded ten-
ement houses, or great blocks in which
various shops and factories are situated.

The "trial by fire" is one which may
come to all with hardly a moment's
warning, and which demands coolness
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MARRIED LIFE.

Its Jars and Its Troubles.—A Bit of Advice
Gleaned from a French Court Case.

In denying the preliminary application
of a wife to enable her to bring a suit
for divorce against her husband, Judge
Donahoe, of the New York Supreme
Court, gave some very sound advice to
married people who are troubled with
"incompatibility of temperament."
The case, whose abrupt termination af-
forded the occasion for these remarks,
appears to have been a very frivolous one.
The "cruel and inhuman treatment"
complained of by the wife seems to have
mainly consisted of occasional exhibi-
tions of boresness on the part of the
husband. On one occasion he was bored
with her piano playing, and attempted
to summarily stop the annoyance by
closing the lid of the instrument. His
wife resisted, and got her fingers
pinched. At another time he refused to
leave the room where he occupied
before the window to make room for
move some pet birds which were hang-
ing outside. A third specification re-
lated to the violent ringing of the door
bell at night by the defendant. Acts like
these were the head and front of the
husband's offending, and yet they were
deemed sufficient to make a demand
for alimony and an allowance for counsel
fees, to enable the wife to prosecute a
suit for divorce from bed and board.

There seems to have been evidence
enough in the case to secure a verdict
in favor of the jury that the husband
had behaved badly. The wife, then,
had his wife's temper and conduct
share in making him so? It was very
wrong to close the piano on his wife's
fingers, but was it quite right to insist
on compelling a man to listen to music
that he did not want? As it was to make
a man's home so disagreeable that he
must either seek quiet and repose else-
where, or resort to force to secure
them inside? As to the pet-bird episode,
it would be interesting to hear in what
kind of tone the wife asked her husband
to sit on one side; and before condem-
ning without reserve that conduct, we
must first see if the husband, in a
stirring person, it might be only fair
to give him some credit for a dim feeling
of regret that the woman he had courted
in days gone by had come to be her
enemies, but none for him. Again, why
should a wife's nerves be jarred by her
husband's bell-ringing at night, when
she was late at night? The woman,
who find more melody in that sound than
is contained in all the seven-octaves of
their pianofortes, or all the artless trills
of their pet canaries. Was it not partly
because of this that the plaintiff in this
case found the midnight ring so dis-
agreeable to her nerves?

We submit these points less with refer-
ence to the litigant Thompkins than to
the scores of married couples whose
"difficulties" are fairly illustrated by
the complaint in the case in question.
The old-fashioned theory of mutual obli-
gation, which has been so long and so
loftily insisted upon, and which has been
lost sight of in these days. Men
are too apt to carry their business faces
into their domestic life, and to bring
with them, and so bring to the table,
Brooklyn. Fire, which broke out among
a quantity of waste jute in the cellar of
the factory, spread rapidly to the upper
stories, cutting off flight by the stair-
ways for some seventy work girls. A
panic ensued, and the business was dis-
rupted by the burning of the river calan-
try, when some one discovered that escap-
ing by jumping to the roof of an exten-
sion, which was not more than six feet
from the windows of the second
story.

Even this easy means of exit did not
serve, however, to lessen the panic, and
many of the girls were severely cut and
bruised in their frantic efforts to get out
at the windows. Those who remained
and obeyed the firemen were rescued
without the slightest injuries.

Of course prevention is, of course,
with a prudent and careful manager, nat-
urally be much wiser to avoid reck-
lessness in heating houses, even when
the weather is unusually cold, than to
drill for action in case of a sudden cal-
amity. The large number of destruc-
tive fires during the past few days has
doubtless been in some measure due to
the cold weather. Overheated stoves
placed too near thin and combustible
walls, are the causes of many so-called
"mysterious conflagrations." It is im-
possible to secure proper caution among
the numerous inmates of crowded ten-
ement houses, or great blocks in which
various shops and factories are situated.

The "trial by fire" is one which may
come to all with hardly a moment's
warning, and which demands coolness
and instant action. The chances are in
at least ninety cases in one hundred in
favor of the escape of those who are in
a burning building, if they do not fran-
tically rush into, rather than away from,
the danger.

A farmer called at the house of a
lawyer to consult him professionally.
"Is 't squeezer at home?" he inquired of
the lawyer's wife. He was answered
negatively. After a moment's hesita-
tion a thought relieved him. "Mebby
yourself can gi' me information as well
as 't squeezer, as ye're his wife." The
kind lady promised to do so if she found
it in her power, and the other proceeded
as follows: "Spozze ye were an old
while man an' I should borry ye to
go to a mill with a great ox yer back, an'
we should get no farther than Stair hill,
when all at once ye should back up, and
rear up, and pitch up, and kneel down
backward, and break yer darned old neck,
how'd ye pay for ye? No!—I darn me if I
would!" The lady smilingly told him,
as she closed the door, that as he had
himself settled the case, advice would be
superfluous.

FROZEN IN HIS SEAT.—The Denver
News, to show how cold it gets in
Colorado, says: There was no more than
the customary stir at Las Vegas, the
other day, when the stage-coach, with
four passengers inside and a corpse for a
driver, came tearing into town. The
driver, though frozen dead, was sitting
bolt upright, with an awful grimness of
face and a death-grip on the lines.

Items of Interest.

It is easier to live within an income
than without one.

It is said that fewer Americans are in
Paris this winter than for many years
past.

"An infallible cure for consumption"
—That's what a French doctor says of
the meal of our Indian corn.

Advertising pays. A Dubuque, Iowa,
man who advertises largely was thereby
discovered by a wife whom he deserted
years ago.

The only way some people can keep
their names un tarnished is to make
Bridget spend about half her time scour-
ing the door plate.

At the Rancho de los Laureles in
Texas, a wealthy stock raiser, at his an-
nual branding of calves, stamped his
mark on 16,000 head.

An Ohio stoneworker recently died,
and his lungs were found to contain
numerous pebble-like concretions of
particles of Bern stone.

Mt. St. Elias, which, from actual
measurement, is now stated to be the
highest peak on the American continent,
exceeds 10,000 feet in height.

A Western paper has discovered that
"some change seems necessary in the
collection of taxes." The same thing
holds good in payment of them.

Herr Driesbach, once so well known
as a lion tamer, has sold his farm at
Wooster, Ohio, and has gone to hotel
keeping at a little railroad station.

The centennial of Ethan Allen's cap-
ture of Ticonderoga is to be celebrated
by the citizens of northeastern New York
and Vermont. The anniversary is May
10.

Being consanguine with each other,
John Pankoskiowski, and Julia
Sokoliminniwishski were married at
South Bend, Indiana, last
week.

Tobacco chewing has one advantage,
especially where the man is much in the
house and spits freely upon the carpets
—these carpets will never be moth-
eaten.

A Minnesota dogberry has decided
that stealing milk from a house is not
stealing at all; that a fence is a part of
the reality, and real estate cannot be
stolen.

They have determined by experiments
in France that trees are killed with great
rapidity by very small portions of com-
mon gas escaping from the pipes and af-
fecting the soil.

A lady recently sent a fur cap to a fur
establishment for some repairs. She ex-
plained her wishes in the following note:
"I want my kape mendid wiar the mis-
ered it in gud ship."

More people have been frozen to death
this winter in the United States than are
likely to be struck by lightning this
year. Twenty deaths from cold are re-
ported in Wisconsin.

Mr. Mitchell, of Sterling, Ill., while
under the influence of intoxicating
liquors, attempted burglary and was
fatally shot.