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Over the Way.

Over the way, over the way,
I've seen a head that's fair and gray;
I've seen kind eyes not near to tears,
A form of grace, though full of years.
Her fifty summers have left no flaw—
And I, a youth of twenty-three,
So love this lady, fair to see,
I want her for my mother-in-law!

Over the way, over the way,
I've seen her with the children play.
I've seen her with a royal grace,
Before the mirror adjust her lace;
A kinder woman none ever saw;
God bless and cheer her onward path,
And bless all treasures that she hath,
And let her be my mother-in-law!

Over the way, over the way,
I think I'll venture, dear, some day
(If you will lend a helping hand,
And sanctify the scheme I've planned),
I'll kneel in loving, reverent awe,
Down at the lady's feet, and say:
"I've loved your daughter many a day—
Please, won't you be my mother-in-law?"

—*Scrivener's Monthly.*

THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

Years ago there suddenly burst upon the western world a magnificent stranger from foreign parts, "with all his traveling glories on." It was the great comet of 1858, on the grand tour of the universe. We remember that comet, an astronomer, not so much for its great astronomical event as for two singular incidents that more nearly touched our human sympathies, which will grow in poor earthly affairs, even within sight of the most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon during the comet's appearance, an aeronaut after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large market town in one of the Western States. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage and the manner of the balloon. That secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car being a foot or two above the ground, was swaying leisurely backward and forward in the evening air. It was a good deal out of wind, and was a sleepy and innocent manner in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could hitch it to his fence. But before he had thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight and three, begged him to lift them "into the big basket," for the aeronaut might "sit on those pretty red cushions."

While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted by more curious questions from a neighboring farm, this rash father lifted his darlings one by one into the car. Climbly little Johnny proved the "onion too much" for the aerial camel, and brought him to the ground, and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest boy of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatiles creature's spirit rose at once, he jerked his halter out of the father's hand, and with a wild bound, mounted into the air. Vain was the father's attempt to anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence, but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces, peering over the edge of the car, grew in the eyes of those piteous-looking "Papa" and "Mamma" grew faint and fainter, up in the air.

When distance and twilight mist had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but the dark aerial shape, sailing triumphantly away with its precious booty, like an aerial privateer, the poor little mother, helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms towards the inexorable heavens, and called wildly into the unanswering void.

The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would descend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided that it did not come down in water or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, he thought that the older child might help out leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might again arise and continue its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnny in her arms."

The balloon passed directly over the market town, and the children seeing many people in the streets, stretched out their hands and called loudly for help. But the villagers, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no calls.

Amazed at the strange apparition, they might have thought the translated little creatures small angel navigators, on some voyage of discovery, some little cherubic ventures of their own, as he sailed towards the sunset clouds, they heeded deeper and deeper into the west, and faded away.

When the sunlight all went away, and the great comet came blazing out, little Johnny was apprehensive that the comet might come too near the airy craft, and set it on fire with a whisk of its dreadful tail. But when his sister assured him that the fiery dragon was "as much as twenty miles away," and that God wouldn't let him hurt them, he was tranquilized, but soon afterward said, "I wish he would come a little nearer, so I could warm myself, I'm so cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly, "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling, but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnny.

"Sister hasn't any supper for you or for herself, but we must pray all the harder, solemnly responded Jennie.

So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, unawed by darkness, immensity and silence, by the presence of the great comet, and the millions of unquivering stars, lifted their little clasped hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful "Our father," and then that quaint little supplementary prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"There! God heard that, easy; for we are close to Him up here," said innocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine love stooped to the little ones and folded them in perfect peace—for soon the younger, seated on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his own little bed at home, while the elder watched through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on and the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little child's thoughts, speculations, and wild imaginings, while watching through those hours? She may have feared coming in collision with a meteor—for many were abroad that night, scents and heralds of the great comet—or, perhaps her cast away from some starry island, or more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

At length, a happy chance, or Providence will say providence—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve; something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gracefully, though some celestial pilot guided it through the wild currents of air, not letting it drop into lake, or river, lofty before cast away from some starry island, or more dreary still, floating and floating on, night and day, till they should both die of cold and hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!

The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, with her own hand on the cord, saw the dear old earth coming nearer—"rising towards them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment it was not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a town, when she might soon come, so she awakened her brother and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for deliverance, hugging each other for joy and warmth, for they were cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely house on his own land, in a remote prairie, was a famous sleeper in general, but on this particular morning he awoke before the dawn, and though he turned and turned again, he could sleep no more. So, at last, he said to his good wife, who had him kindly awakened in the night, "It's no use, I'll just get up and dress, and have a look at the comet."

The next that worthy woman heard from her wakeful spouse was a hasty summons to the outer door. It seems that no sooner did he step forth from his house than his eyes fell on a strange portly man, standing on a large tree, about twenty yards distant. He could see no likeness in it to anything earthly, and he half fancied that it might be the comet, who, having put out his light, had come down there to perch. In his fright and perplexity he did what every man would do in a like extremity; he called upon his valiant wife. Reinforced by her he drew near the tree, cautiously reconnoitering. Surely pear tree never bore such fruit.

Suddenly these descended from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice: "Please take us down. We are very cold."

Then a second little voice said: "And hungry, too. Please take us down."

"Why, who are you?" And where are you?"

The first little voice said: "It's us, and we runned away with a balloon. Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon.

The first lifted out little Johnny, who ran rapidly a few yards toward the house, then turned round and stood for a few moments curiously surveying the balloons, carrying the children themselves arrived in state, with banners and music, and conveyed in a covered hay-wagon and four Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

It would seem that this comet had some occult maddening influence on the balloons, for during its appearance there occurred in another Western State an involuntary ascension, similar to the one I have related, but more tragical in its termination.

An aeronaut, while, if I remember rightly, repairing the net-work of his balloon, was seated on a slight wooden cross-piece, suspended under it; the car having been removed a few feet above the ground by merely a rope in the hand of an assistant. From a too careless grasp this rope escaped, and in an instant the gigantic bubble shot upward, carrying the aeronaut on his frail support. The balloon rose rapidly, but instead of sailing, swaying and pitching in the evening wind. As long as it remained in sight the form of the aeronaut could be distinguished, swinging beneath it. And as he was known to be a man of uncommon nerve and presence of mind, it was hoped that even from his dizzy perch he might manage to operate on the valve, or at least to puncture a small hole in the balloon, and thus effect a descent.

But such efforts, if he made any, were vain, as for many days and nights there was anxious inquiry and patient search over a wide extent of country, with no result. We gave him up. Only wifely love hoped on, and looked and waited. At last in a wild spot, the wreck of the balloon was found, and that was all. Still, wifely love hoped on, until, a month or two later, some children nutting in a wood, many miles away from where the balloon was found, discovered half buried in the ground, a strange dark mass that looked like a heap of old clothes, but that there was something, shapeless and fearless, holding it together.

It was thought the aeronaut parted company with his balloon by loosening his hold on the cords above him, in des-

perate efforts to open the valve; but he may, after whirling in swift vortexes, or plunging and mounting, through cloudy abysses of air, have become unmoved by the awful silence of the upper night, by the comet's fearful companionship, by whirling immensity of infinity, and wearily let go his hold, to drop earthward.

Children and Dogs.

"Dogs is healthy for children," says the old wives, and not without foundation in fact. The influence of these lively and affectionate playmates of childhood is very happy; so much so that we have sometimes thought that a boy who has never had a pet dog has been cheated out of the enjoyment of one of the small part of the moral culture of infancy. But dogs have bad tricks, and unless properly trained, are apt to be anything but "healthy" for children. They express their affection in a very bad way. We know that it is a common opinion that there is something wonderfully wholesome about a dog's tongue, and that his natural habit of licking the objects of his affection is rather to be encouraged than repressed. Nevertheless one of the first requirements in a dog for a child's pet is that he be trained to curtail prudent humanity and restraint. It is not "healthy," whatever the old wives may say. This, setting aside the question of rabies altogether. A much more common affection of dogs is a tape worm, for whose development both men and dogs have to contribute. Its immature or cysticercal stage is spent in the canine body, often causing great mischief; then it migrates to the dog, completes its development, and makes provision for a new crop to infest humanity, forming cysts or hollow tumors in various parts of the body. The full grown worm is the smallest trina known, only about one-quarter of an inch in length. The embryo is often as small as one two-hundredth of an inch; yet, according to Cobbold, death has been caused by a single individual lodged in the brain. At a late meeting of the Australian Microscopical Society, Mr. Silliman (Gibson) exhibited specimens recently taken from a human subject, and said there could be no doubt that they were frequently implanted in children as a consequence of allowing dogs to lick their hands and faces. It is a nasty practice at best, and a pet dog's first lesson should be to keep his tongue to himself.—*Scientific American.*

At the Diamond Mines.

When a new placer is discovered at the South African diamond mines, each miner chooses, or rather takes at a venture, a piece of land of about one acre square, at the four corners of which he places garden-pickets to establish his possession, as well as his boundary lines. This is the sole title of ownership, and he has sometimes to defend it with blows. Indeed, the last corners often seek to obtain possession of a claim by stratagem or force; they await the moment when the owner, going to breakfast, takes away his tools, and leaves the ground unoccupied, to establish themselves in his place, and declare that they have placed there the boundary lines. A trial of strength then ensues, and is often won by a boxing match, and the claim belongs to the strongest. As soon as the existence of diamonds is really established, the miners meet together and nominate a committee to administer justice, and to decide legal questions without further appeal. The first care of the committee is to determine what claim may be considered as abandoned. It is decided that any claim that is not worked for three entire days is supposed to be given up, and may be taken by the first comer. An exception is made in case of illness or any other cause independent of the will of the miner.

The owner, once established, is no more at the mercy of brutal force, and any one desirous of procuring a portion of land must purchase it of the holder. At New-Rush the original proprietors paraded out their claims in quarters, fifty cents a claim, and always commanded a high price. One of my neighbors, owning a half claim, already worked to the depth of over six feet, at the time of my departure was bargaining to sell it for twenty thousand dollars. This is the reason why so few fortunes are made at the mines.

The Salaries of Professional Men.

Talking of salaries in the learned professions, says an exchange, it is estimated that the receipts of great actors in our day will amount to those of great lawyers. Edwin Booth has made as high as \$12,000 a month. Jefferson has made even more. This year, in a season of forty weeks, Clara Morris will net about \$70,000; Charlotte Thompson about half as much. Bonicaunt, combining his royalty as dramatist and his percentage as star actor, is making \$2,000 a week at Wallack's Theatre in New York. Great physicians, but only a few even of these, make incomes comparable to those made by great lawyers and great actors. Mott, Parker, and Clarke have made as high as \$100,000 each in a course of one year. In comparison with these professions the divines and editors make but paltry compensation. Ten thousand dollars a year is a salary paid to but about four employed editors in the country, while Messrs. Beecher and Chapin are the only divines whose incomes reach beyond \$20,000. Of lecturers John B. Gough makes the largest sum. His average price is \$250 a lecture. Of these he will in a year deliver about 100, netting about \$25,000 a year. The great lawyer, the great physician and the great actor are said to be the best paid brain-workers in America.

Cruelty.

A recent writer notices the striking similarity of the monkey's fondness for cruelty to that of man, and says that every one does not know how much trouble an average monkey will put himself in order that he may enjoy the sufferings of other creatures. The monkeys of India feign sleep for hours when they want to catch and torture a crow, and exhibit intense delight in plucking it alive. The tiger in man is, perhaps, more money than tiger. Our cruel man is simply a monkey in human shape, and not a noble beast at all.

Useful Recipes for All.

A strong solution of hyposulphite of soda is said to be excellent for cleaning silver.

A teaspoonful of powdered borax dissolved in a quart of tepid water is good for cleaning old black dresses of silk, cashmere or alpaca.

Butter will remove fat spots. Soap and water will afterward take out the grease stain.

Black shoes may be bronzed by a strong solution of anilin red in alcohol.

Four parts borax and three parts Epsom salts, mixed with three or four parts warm water to one part of the combined substances, is said to form an excellent fireproof wash for clothes. It should be used immediately after preparation.

Flax seed and tallow are used in Germany as a stuffing for cushions. One part of tallow to ten parts of flax seed, and one part of tallow to one part of the greased seed rendering the cushion very soft and pliable.

Gold bronze for furniture is a mixture of copal varnish mixed with gold-colored brown powder. The last is bisulphate of tin.

To prevent moths in carpets, wash the floor before laying them with spirits of turpentine or benzine.

Strew matting should be washed with a cloth dampened in salt water. Indian meal sprinkled over it and thoroughly swept out will also cleanse it finely.

In washing windows, a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed, will take out the dust that hardens in the corners of the glass. Dry whitening will polish the glass, which should first be washed with weak black tea mixed with a little alcohol. Save the tea leaves for the purpose.

Good colored hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil, and no spots will show. Sprigs of wintergreen or ground ivy will drive away red ants; branches of wood will serve the same purpose for black ants.

Papering and painting are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more than in warm weather, while in cold weather the oil hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it.

Never paper a wall over old paper and plaster. The old paper should be thoroughly scraped off, and the wall should be dampened with saleratus and water. Then go over all the cracks of the wall with plaster of paris, and finally put on a wash of weak solution of carbolic acid. The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of water, and half an ounce of powdered borax improves the mixture.

An oaken color can be given to new pine floors and tables by washing them in a solution of copperas dissolved in strong lye, a pound of the former to a gallon of the latter. When dry, this will be a rich color, and will last for a year or two; then renew the oiling.

Kerosene and powdered lime, whitening, or wood ashes will scour tiles with the least labor.

Spots can be taken out of marble with finely powdered pumice stone mixed with water, and rubbed on with a soft cloth. The pumice stone should be allowed to remain for twelve hours, then rub clean, dry, and rinse.

Soapstone hearths are fir t washed in pure water and then rubbed with powdered marble or soapstone, put on with a piece of the same stone.

Retrenchment Extraordinary.

The following story is told of a pretty well-known gentleman, formerly connected with the Pittsburgh press: This person was in the habit of taking a "wee drap" too much at times, and when in such a condition of exhilaration he was, as many are, inclined to liberality and extravagance of expenditure to which his sober self was an utter stranger. While on one of his periodical benders, the fancy of our hero was struck with the beauty of a certain pair of vases of rare workmanship and exquisite finish, and he determined to purchase them. With the sentiment, "I'll darn the expense," in his heart and on his lips, he bought these vases, at an immense price, and bore them home, and triumphantly called in his wife to admire them. "Why, John," said she, the moment she set her eyes on them, "why induced you to buy such costly ornaments as these? We can't afford to spend money this way. You will ruin us, you know your will; and the poor lady raised her apron to her eyes and began to cry. The sight was too much for our printer.

"You are right, Mary," he said, "you are right; and I'll give you the vases; but afford these vases; it was extravagant in me to buy them. But don't cry; I'll fix it all right." So saying he led drive his fist through the two beautiful vases, and as their fragments rattled about the floor, he turned to his astonished and dismayed wife and said, "Now, Mary, we've got rid of those; I'll go and buy a couple of cheap ones, my darling."

Nearly Got Out.

Young Murray a former clerk at Tiffany's, who stole something like \$12,000 worth of diamonds from his employer, was sentenced to seven years. A few days ago, says a Sing Sing correspondent, the time of another convict by the name of Murray expired. Murray, Tiffany's clerk, became aware of it, presented himself at the office, and stated that his time was out and he would like his discharge. While the preliminaries were being arranged and the papers for Murray's discharge being made out, a keeper presented himself at the office and asked why his man Murray had not been sent for. He said his time was out, and thought it strange he had not been sent for. Then the first Murray was walked back to his cell and the right Murray discharged. The diamond thief is still in prison and will remain there for about six and a half years.

NOTHING MORE.—An old farmer purchased some sweet oil in a drug store, and being asked if there was "nothing else," he laid several packages on the counter, held up a hand with several strings tied on the fingers, and said: "Let's see! That red string is for the bar-soap; that rag is for a broom; that blue cord is for a calico dress; that braid means four pounds of sugar, and that other string is for sweet oil. No—nothing more."

How to Keep House on a Small Salary.

A clerk's wife sends to *Scrivener's* magazine the following bit of experience, which may have for many of our readers an interest both timely and practical:

After many years of married life passed in comparative affluence, reverses came, and my husband was obliged to accept a situation in a large city with a small salary of eight hundred dollars per year. I felt that this could suffice for our maintenance only by the exercise of the strictest economy. A little over fifteen dollars a week!

How many times I divided that eight hundred dollars by fifty-two and tried to make out a little more. Still I determined to solve the problem of the day—namely, whether one could keep house on a small salary, or whether boarding-house life was a necessity, as so many clerks' wives assert. We had neither of us been accustomed to cooking, and I felt sure that just, if my husband worked hard for his salary, that I should, per se, be able to do it.

Thirty replies were received to our advertisement for two unfurnished rooms, with fuel, light, and cooking gas, over a fire, and I selected half a dozen which came within our means, and started on an exploring expedition. In a pleasant house and neighborhood I found a lady willing to rent two adjoining rooms, with closets and water conveniences, for the modest sum of two dollars and fifty cents per week. The rent was two dollars deep south windows, where I could keep a few plants in the winter. I consulted my husband, and with his approval engaged the rooms.

We had one hundred and seventy-five dollars, ready money. With this we bought a bed, a table, a chair, a stool, a rug, a mirror, a chest of drawers, a set of furniture, a table, a student lamp, a few dishes, and some coal. With the few pictures, a rack of books, and some ornaments in our possession, we decked the rooms tastefully, and commenced the business of house-keeping. We determined from the first that we should not have any accounts, but would pay cash for everything, and when we could not afford an article, do without it. After paying rent and washwoman we had fifty dollars per week for our first expenses. In one month we were furnished with a plentiful supply of food and paid car fare. I learned to love my work. Strength came with each day's labor, and renewed health repaid each effort put forth to make my little home pleasant and restful to my husband.

As how we did our house-keeping, we drew our curtains, shutting out the world, with a bright fire, and the soft glow of our reading-lamp upon the crimson cloth, reading a magazine or evening paper (in which we were able to find a little news and interest), and as circumstances have been improving with us, and we are living in a house all our own, with servants, and thousands instead of hundreds a year, we look back to the year spent in our simple, frugal little home, and know that it will always be the happiest portion of our lives.

Improvement of the Mississippi.

The passage of the bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi river, by the application of the petty river to the southern States, was accomplished in the United States House, in substantially the same shape in which it was reported by the committee on commerce. The bill authorizes Captain James B. Eads, of St. Louis, to construct jetties at the southwest pass, provided there is no means employed which shall hinder navigation. The basis of the agreement is that Eads agrees to obtain a depth of twenty feet of water throughout this pass within thirty months from the date of the approval of the act, and an additional two feet during each succeeding year until a depth of thirty feet is obtained. He is to be paid \$150,000 therefor for the maintenance of the channel at a depth of thirty feet. The first \$500,000 is to be paid within a period of twenty-two feet in depth and two hundred feet in width is obtained, and \$500,000 more when this depth is maintained for a year. A million of dollars each year is to be paid for the addition of two feet permanent depth to the channel, and when the depth of thirty feet is finally obtained the remaining \$2,000,000 are to be retained by the government, one-half for ten years and the other half for twenty years, as a guarantee of the permanence of the work. The bill is strongly guarded, and it is provided that Eads shall take five per cent. bonds if the government elect to pay him in that way.

They Were Poor Then.

Twenty-five years ago society in Washington was not what it is to-day. Senators and Representatives and officers were poor. A correspondent, in writing of that time, says: But the order was shabbiness and poverty, and I think, it conduced to general sociability and enjoyment. The officers of the army and navy (always our aristocracy) did those who served the government in other capacities, were professionally poor, of course. Therefore it became, in a measure, fashionable to be poor, and it was wittingly said by a Washington lady, when the wife of an officer in the army happened to have a rich father, who bought her a house, that she rather lost caste in the best society of Washington thereby, and was looked upon as a *nouveaux riche*.

LIMBS OF GATTLE.—A writer in the Agricultural Gazette cites his observation in reference to the healing of broken bones of cattle. An ox fractured his leg above the knee, a heifer broke her thigh—a compound fracture, another suffering a simple fracture, but in spite of different doctors these animals were turned out to take their chances, and each all actually made a good recovery in the course of a few weeks.

DETERMINED TO BE A PIRATE.

Result of Paternal Discipline on a Detroit Boy—Angry Thoughts in a Woodshed—A Fond Farewell All Around.

CHAPTER I.—THE BOY.

He was one of that kind of boys who need a good whipping about twice per week, but who think they ought not to be whipped more than once in two years. His amusement was sliding down hill on nothing, blinding some boys, and preparing Cayenne pepper lozenges for unsuspecting cats. He was often heard to remark:

"Things had got to get up 'n howl when Leonidas is around."

CHAPTER II.—AT TWILIGHT.

Time, sundown—scene, the interior of a well-preserved woodshed. The sound of blows and cries rent the solemn stillness of twilight's mystic hour, and the old man was heard saying:

"There, I guess that'll last you for a day or two! I've put up with your sass as long as I can!"

No reply—nothing but deep-drawn sighs and quivering lips.

The old man threw away the strap and walked into the house, and Leonidas sat on the corner of an old table to meditate.

CHAPTER III.—A BLOODY RESOLVE.

"That's the last kicking I'll ever take from any mortal man!" whispered the lad, shaking his fist at the kitchen door. "And I'll make the old man sorry that he ever laid a strap over his only son!"

He resolved to run away and become a pirate! He would sail the raging main, swell in harbor, acquire riches, and then come home and take revenge on his father. With Leonidas to resolve was to execute. He entered the house, passed up stairs, and was soon engaged in making up a bundle, consisting of one pair of patched pants, one photograph of his girl, one jack-knife, one dice, and a few walnuts. The bundle was thrown out of the window, and then

CHAPTER IV.—LEONIDAS LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM FOR THE LAST TIME. The bedstead looked familiar, the old blue chest in the corner had a thousand tender memories connected with it, and the broken-down chair seemed to hold out its arms and plead for him to stay.

"I would if the old man hadn't kicked me," answered Leonidas; "but I'll show him what kind of a coffee mill I am!"

He passed down stairs, and halted to embrace the baby. He wasn't down on his mother, and he gave her a sweet smile. He crawled in behind the stove, and whispered to the dog: "I'd like to stay here, but I'm too old to be liked!"

And he passed out of doors, and the great wide world was before him.

CHAPTER V.—SOMEONE THOUGHTS.

Securing his bundle, Leonidas crept into the back yard to see if it was really best for him to become a pirate. The polar wave chewed at his ears and reddened his nose, and he wondered if the pirate business wasn't pretty sold business. He didn't know whether it was best to make for Toledo or Chicago in circumstances like these, but he finally passed through the gate. He walked around the house several times to catch a glimpse of his mother. It was hard to tear himself away. He knew how she would take on next day, and the papers would call it another Charlie Ross case, and he'd be sent off to the yard and think it over again.

CHAPTER VI.—A DAY OF LIGHT.

After a little time spent in thought, Leonidas decided that if his father would agree never to kick him again, and would give him \$2 per week to buy candy, he would not run away and become a pirate. He would go in and make the proposition to the old man, and if it should be rejected—fared well to home—was home—was returned after his absence, and every face looked as natural as if he hadn't been gone twenty-eight minutes. He felt some little delicacy about broaching the proposition, and, as a "feeler," he asked the old man to lend him his knife. It was handed to him, and he returned after a while, and Leonidas decided to put off making the proposition until morning. He got into his little bed feeling that it was positively his last night, but the next forenoon he was heard splitting wood in the back yard and saying to Jack Sparling:

"I've concluded to wait until he kicks me just once more, and then nothing can stop me—nothing on earth."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A California Husband's Wrongs.

Her mother had told her not to marry until she was able to support a husband; but she heeded not her gentle mother's warning; she went and got civil-contracted to a man who was a fine, oiled-walker, and who could sit around and keep a stove warm better than any one else ever was in her life. And the how proficient he was in lying in bed and snoring, on a December morning, while she got up and split the wood, made the fire, fed the horses, swept the floor, boiled the coffee, blocked his boots, mended that hole in his coat, sewed on that shirt button, and laid a pipeful of tobacco and the matches alongside his pillow. And how loving she must have felt toward him, when he got up at last at about ten o'clock, cursing her for making a noise, and wanted to know why there was no beefsteak and eggs on the table, and why she hadn't pawned her watch—it was a dying mother's gift—in order to give him whisky money. And when, after three years of this, she left him, and went to work as a sewing girl, people spoke of the depravity of the woman who left her husband.

Gambling.

Speaking of poker playing, a correspondent says: I have known a party of distinguished citizens play poker two days and two nights, eating and drinking from trays held by servants. One of them was at one time winner of \$75,000, but at the close of the game the loss and gain was not great. I have often come down from the couch of innocence to a nine o'clock Washington breakfast, and found the same party of men playing away just as I had left them the night before.

Not so Funny for Charles.

Charles Williams, of Westchester, Pa., was found guilty of libeling the pastor and officers of the First Presbyterian church. The article charged the pastor with gross immorality, and that he was being tried before a committee of the church, and that although the testimony elicited was so damaging as to create fears that the reverend gentleman would be lynched, there was no doubt but that he would be acquitted. Williams took the stand after the testimony had been elicited for the prosecution, and admitted that he had written the article, and sent it to a New York paper, in which paper it was published. He also stated that he knew there was not a word of truth in his statement, but that he had written it for fun, and to create a sensation.

CURE FOR FROSTED FEET.

—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of washing soda in a gallon of hot water, and soak the feet thoroughly, afterward rub with vinegar, and the cure is certain.

Little Sammy.

When we see a precious blossom
That we tend with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
Though our sighing hearts despair,
Round his little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

Items of Interest.

A man with large feet should never stand upon trifles.

No other living thing can go so slow on an errand as a boy.

The American eagles of Texas county, Mo., have been stealing sheep.

People who are always wanting something new should try neutralina.

Poor men and hens are obliged to scratch to get along in this world.

The saying, "excuse haste and a bad pen," has been attributed to a pig who ran away from home.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but we lose our patience with people who are continually asking soft questions.

If you want to get an idea how the Brooklyn court room looks during the Beecher trial, look at a box of sardines.

The man who makes a will these days is only paving the way for the coroner to pronounce him a fool or a lunatic after his death.

The other day a Buffalo man named Farthing married a young girl whose mother, although quite wealthy, wouldn't give her assent.

An Illinois farmer, who has fourteen children and a healthy wife, says that the bottom of the potato bin seems made of India rubber.

"The great need of Cairo," said a capitalist after belaboring over the town, "is a fine-tooth comb factory, with a retail store in connection."

Agedians, when one told him there was one did excellently counterfeit a nightingale, and would have had him hear him, said: "Why, I have heard the nightingale herself."

A young lady in a neighboring town is engaged to be married to a gentleman named Homer Place; and you can judge for yourself whether she thinks "there's no Place like Homer" or not.

A gentleman, who was formerly an officer in the Coldstream guards, was brought up at the Southwick (London) police court recently on the charge of having stolen an umbrella, and was committed for trial.

A matter-of-fact doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ah!" said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium and water."

Neneah wants some one to discover a lead mine in that vicinity, to bring down the price of the metal. A policeman there has been shooting at a mad dog for three weeks and the city has to furnish the material.

A New York editor, says an exchange, is engaged to marry a foreign princess. She will not lose caste by the match, for the young editor is of noble blood himself. He is a count, one of the old original line of Noah Counts.

A very flexible temperance pledge is this, which is circulated among Boston fashionable ladies: I promise that no intoxicating liquor shall be used in this house for cooking purposes, and in sickness, that it shall be given conscientiously.

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