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Love's Appeal.

Thou sweapest my life, as moons the sea:
Natures inevitable laws
Less plainly blend effect with cause
Than thou dost rule my destiny.
Thou art my fate; unloved of bliss
Is stored for me in one sweet word.
Let but its opposite be heard,
And then thou art my Nemesis.
O, pause, and solemn counsel take!
Think what it is to own control:
O'er man's whole being, life and soul;
To bid a heart beat high—or break!
All other hope, ambition, love,
Fades in that by thee inspired:
Less ardently my soul is fired
With aims that point to worlds above.
So, like a votary at the shrine,
I feel the altar's o'er me steel
Blindly before thy feet to kneel
And render homage quite divine.
Then speak: be this appeal my last;
Only remember that a life
Before thee lies, for peace or strife—
A future thou canst bless or blot.
Speak. I will bend me to thy will,
In silent joy, if thou say "Yes."
If "No," I'll hide my bitterness
And be thy mute adorer still.

THE FORGED CHECK.

Cleora Duhamel was a belle, an heiress, and motherless. Her father, a wealthy merchant, engrossed in business, neglecting to send to any thing, and so left his only daughter to tutors and governesses, masters and mistresses.
When Cleora entered society, at the age of eighteen—thus her father willed—she became at once one of the queens of the circle in which she moved, and ran such a course of equitry, extravagance, and pleasure, as only a girl with her beauty, temperament, and bringing up was capable of.

Her father's attention was first attracted by her extravagance. Miss Cleora's monthly allowance, though too plentifully large to be told here, was not nearly enough for her. Every month bills were sent in for her father to settle, and in spite of remonstrance, and even something sterner, and though the one creature that this spoiled heiress stood in awe of was her father, still these bills grew.

One month, Mr. Duhamel threatened to withdraw his extravagant daughter from society entirely. The next, he declared, in the most solemn manner, that the next time she overran her allowance, he would himself notify the various fashionable tradesmen with whom she was most in the habit of making bills, that they must not trust her. Clara believed him this time. No more bills were presented her father for payment.

One day Frank Reeves, a young clerk in the employ of Mr. Duhamel, advised that gentleman by asking his permission to marry his daughter. Of course he received a very abrupt and peremptory "No," for his answer. And the merchant, not doubting that Cleora herself was answerable for the presumption of which this young gentleman had been guilty, reached home in a very bad frame of mind, and summoning his daughter, reproved her sharply.

Cleora laughed first, pointed afterwards, and ended by crying.

Less than a week from that time, Miss Cleora received another lecture, couched in much bluffer language, but eloquent beyond anything that young lady had ever listened to before, judging from the impression it made.

"You ought to be proud of your work, miss," declared Mr. Duhamel, angrily. "Frank Reeves has got himself interloper in this time, and there's no doubt in my mind that he would never have done so crazy a thing, if his head hadn't been turned about you."

"What has poor Frank done now?" asked Cleora, incredulously, but looking a little uneasy.

"He has been forging the name of Duhamel & Co. in a breach."

"Papa, how do you know?"

"He don't deny it; had the effrontery to present it at the bank himself, even."

Silence some moments. Miss Cleora grew paler and paler, and twisted her black curls with nervous white fingers.

"Papa, what will you do with him?" she asked, presently.

"I do nothing. The law he has outraged will give him a term in prison, probably. Serve him right, too."

"Do you know where he is now?" she asked, tremblingly; but the merchant, absorbed in his own reflection, did not notice that.

"In Newgate, of course."

"Oh, papa!"

Cleora Duhamel rose to her feet, white and palpitating.

Mr. Duhamel lifted his keen eyes to her face scrutinizingly.

"It would be easy to imagine that you had some personal interest in this young scamp, he said, coldly.

During the trial, a woman, plainly attired and closely veiled, was observed to be unremitting in her attendance upon the proceedings; and the prisoner, it was noticed, seemed to watch for the entrance of this person, and to be uneasy till she came, when his handsome face would flash slightly, his dark eyes brighten with pleasure, and he would resume his usual air of mingled pride and determination.

When Frank Reeves's bright young head vanished behind the ignominious prison walls, he carried next his heart a little scented note without address or signature, but written in an exceedingly delicate female hand, and having in one corner a most dainty silver and blue monogram, "C. D." It said: "You are a hero. I am a cowardly creature, unworthy of you. But the day you are a free man, if you do not despise me too utterly by that time, I will be your wife. Every hour of your heroic imprisonment I shall think of you. I love you already, and shall love you more and more till we meet."

Three years from that time, Mr. Duhamel died suddenly; and his daughter, still single and still beautiful, came into the possession of a large fortune. In the course of the fourth year she obtained, by private and personal appeal to the Home Secretary, Frank Reeves's pardon.

The two met at last in Miss Duhamel's own magnificent drawing room. The beauty and heiress had attire herself with an artistic elaborateness she had never shown on any party or reception. Her eyes were flashing with tears.

Frank Reeves came calmly into the room, and stopped a few paces off, without offering to approach nearer. He was very pale, and his close-cut hair altered him very much. The years, the confinement, and the companionship of brooding thoughts, had graven upon his face sterner lines than had marked that handsome countenance in the flush of eager, romantic youth.

Some unexpressed expression in that face seemed to strike Cleora. "Frank," she exclaimed, and in her haughty voice was a new and piteous accent, "you have never forgiven me, Frank! I have suffered too."

He did not say more, but his eye flashed with a fiercer gleam, and he said "suffered" after her contemptuously. "I am a pardoned convict," he said, proudly. "In the terrible prison to which your cowardice condemned me, my young and eager manhood, all those generous and self-sacrificing impulses which were my soul's cool, even the heart which loved you, have been crushed out of me. I forgave you at first. Afterwards I grew bitter month by month, day by day. It was so little you needed to do, to have saved me all that long horror. Your father would have forgiven me, I might have been spared of honor, my good name, if you had stood by my own wrong-doing."

"Oh, Frank, I will atone! I am rich. We can go anywhere you are not known," Cleora exclaimed, sweeping towards him, and extending her white hands towards him.

"He lifted his somber eyes once to her peerless face.

"Miss Duhamel," he said, "there are some things that even money cannot buy—that even the love of a beautiful woman cannot atone for. That is why I came to tell you, and—Good-bye."

Without so much as touching her hand, he was gone.

In another country, Frank Reeves redeemed himself from the stain of that injustice once done him, and became an honored member of society through his own lawless endeavors.

Miss Duhamel never married.

The Source of Salt.

The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for salt. It doesn't originate in oceans and seas. Rains wash it and hold it a solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition, and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points. Thus the salt mines of Portland and the vast horizontal beds of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land, remote from water. There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rocks is regularly going on, but there is not water-power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil. The negroes of Northern Africa having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve in the ground, leech it. In that way they separate the salt. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their nature. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is necessary, as with ourselves, for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply, and blindness would ensue.

His Conscience.

One of the most conscientious sheriffs on record has turned up in Iowa. A railroad was to be sold at sheriff's sale, and a friendly agreement was made by which this model official was to receive three hundred and fifty dollars in payment for his part in the transaction, which required two hours, perhaps, of his valuable time. But after the sale he happened to look at the statute which fixed his fees, when he found to his horror that he had been transgressing the laws of the State, which declared that he should receive no other fees than those legally assigned him. So he refused the liberal sum offered him, and said he would take nothing but his lawful fees, which in this instance, it seems, amounted to \$11,000. The railroad men endeavored to hold him to his original bargain, but he was too conscientious to violate the laws he was appointed to uphold, and the case going to the courts, his integrity was rewarded by a verdict in his favor.

A Father Playing Indian.

At a Louisville masquerade the procession was witnessed by a large crowd. Among the motley host who paraded the streets, in the procession, was a long, cadaverous-looking fellow representing a Comanche Indian. His face was painted red, his suit was well made up. Upon his ponderous feet were a pair of new moccasins, and hanging from the beaded girth that encircled his body were half a dozen "hoss pistols" and as many scalp-knives and scythe blades. His long black hair was braided with a brass hook, from which stuck out a dozen of turkey and goose feathers, and in his right hand he held with an iron grasp a tomahawk, red with some victim's blood. Everybody saw the wild Indian, but nobody knew it was Skinner.

While the procession moved through the various streets, Skinner would get dry, and break ranks by dodging into barrooms and taking his usual dose of "fire-water." As the procession passed his house a new idea struck Skinner. He went to the front room where the little Skinkers were "playing circus." His appearance was accompanied by wild yells and fancy dancing, while he made that tomahawk fly around the room over the children's heads as if he meant business, the little Skinkers shouting, "Mr. Injun, don't!" "mother!" "murder!" and there were such screams as would have made any "sure enough" Indian run.

Skinner was just in the middle of his fun, when the screams of the children and the war-whoops of the Comanche brought Mrs. Skinner, and the whole household, into the room. There were a dozen or more of the children, some of them armed with iron shovels. She slipped behind the "playful Indian," drew a bead on his nose, and landed that skillet with the force of a sledge-hammer and the rapidity of lightning against it. The hand let go the tomahawk, the feathers flew the belt burst, and the scalp-knives and knives fell to the floor. There was a flash and a blood spot in the middle of his face where that nose was a moment before the skillet mashed it. There was a groan, a fall, a somersault or two, and all was quiet. That Comanche had found his "happy hunting grounds." Skinner has an Indian masquerade suit for sale.

Justices' Justice in England.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: With coats at their present price poor people who live near a forest are exposed to a great temptation. They must, however, keep their hands from "picking and stealing," or rather from sticking and sticking for sticks for sale, and for a ministered very indifferently, and its mill wheels occasionally "grind exceedingly small." A case heard a few days ago at the St. Martin's, Stamford, petty sessions ought to be a warning to "stickers." Four women were summoned for sticking in the woods on the 10th of February, and doing damage to the underwood to the extent of sixpence. It appears that the forest is the property of Lord Exeter, and a heavy penalty was pressed for, as considerable damage, it was stated, had been done to the underwood by sticking. The magistrates thereupon fined all the defendants £1 9s. 6d., including damages and costs, or a month's hard labor. This judgment, according to the report in the *Stamford Mercury*, appeared to stagger the poor women, who pleaded piteously for a mitigation of the sentence, declaring that they had been compelled to go to stick for coal at 1s. 6d. a hundred-weight. After while the magistrates relented so far as to allow a fortnight for payment. This act of mercy did not, however, satisfy the offenders, who urged that they were unable to pay the sum demanded, and would have to go to prison, and two of the defendants, an old woman and a young girl, actually surrendered themselves in custody on this absurd plea. Another old woman, who said she had only 10s. in the world, and her husband was ill in bed, and had to support six children, and that she only went to get a few sticks to make a fire to warm him, got her penalty at last reduced to 4s., but her money was exhausted. So evenly are the scales of justice balanced in this country that an old woman who picks up a stick and a man who knocks an old woman down with a bludgeon are mulcted in about the same penalty.

The Coal Area.

The total coal area of the United States is sectioned off in square miles about as follows: Illinois (largest of all), 36,000; Missouri Basin, 26,887; Iowa, 18,000; Kansas, 17,000; West Virginia section, 16,000; Ohio section, 10,000; East Kentucky section, 8,983; Pennsylvania section, 12,502; Pennsylvania anthracite, 474; New England Basin, 500; Maryland section, 550; Tennessee, 5,100; Alabama, 5,330; Indiana, 6,440; West Kentucky, 3,888; Texas, 4,500; Michigan Basin, 6,700; Nebraska, 3,900; Arkansas, 9,043; Virginia, 185, and North Carolina, 310. The great bulk of the general coal deposit is the common soft or bituminous coal, the exception being the semi-bituminous, the anthracite and the lignite, which are found largely in the Kanawha coal fields of West Virginia.

Rolling Flat.

James Reese, aged fourteen, was rolled out flat in a Harrisburg rolling mill. His foot slipped and the body fell forward, and while striking out with his arms one of them was caught, which carried him into and through the roll, through a space only three and one-half inches in width. A cry of terror from the unfortunate had attracted the attention of the workmen, who, upon looking around, saw the body of Reese on the other side of the rolls and one of the arms disappearing. The engine was speedily stopped, and upon examination it was found that the lad had been fearfully mangled—his arms, head, shoulders and body giving evidence of the fearful end. He was rolled out flat. It was found necessary to raise the rolls before the body could be extricated.

Proverbs.

Home is home be it ever so homely.
Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.
Have your cloak made before it begins to rain.
Idle folks have the least leisure.
Live not to eat, but eat to live.
Let not your tongue cut your throat.
Liars are not to be believed when they tell the truth.
Make hay while the sun shines.
Never split wood against the grain.
Never light your candle at both ends.
Never make a mountain out of a mole hill.
None are so deaf as those who will not hear.
One is not so soon healed as hurt.
One eye-witness is better than ten hearsays.
One bad example spoils many good precepts.
One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after.
Patience and quick run through the longest day.
Quiet as meat, quiet at work.
Strike while the iron is hot.
Temperance is the best physic.
Short reckonings make long friends.
'Tis the second blow that makes the fray.

One best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman.
Welcome is the best cheer.
Where there is a will there is a way.
When the will is ready the foot is light.
What may be done at any time is never done.
Beecher's Domestic Circle.
Henry Ward Beecher testified in court that he was married in 1837, the first year that he was settled as a preacher in Lawrenceburg, Ind. He was engaged, he said, half as long as the patriarch and his wife, seven years, and he was twenty-three years old when married. His wife was about the same age, he says. I think she was twenty-three also; a part of the year she is twenty-four when I am twenty-three, and the rest of the year we are of the same age. He has four children living, and five, as he says, "waiting for me." From a very early period I remember to be rather fond of my wife, as well as my children, so much so that until within two years, since my son came to live with me, who was in business, I never even drew my own salary. The checks were made out to her, and all treasurer's accounts were "Mrs. Beecher, Dr.," and I knew neither what the money was for, nor where it came out, so far as my salary was concerned. In the earlier period of my life I had a very sensitive feeling in regard to the sacredness of letters; I would never open my children's, nor suffer anybody else to do so; I would never open my wife's letters, neither did I wish her to open mine; but within the last few years correspondents have so multiplied I grew careless through over-occupation, and they little by little passed into her charge, and for the last fifteen years, if I was gone, or if there was any reason why I should be away, she would open my letters, and to a very considerable degree, answered them; if there were any of which she had doubt she waited until I came home.

Making a Piano.

It takes nearly four years to make one instrument; three years and some months to season the wood, and three months to form the parts. No less than sixteen different kinds of wood enter into the formation, embracing the softest, toughest, hardest, heaviest, lightest and most compact grain. In the "action" alone there are eleven different kinds of wood. The piano, moreover, is cosmopolitan, from the fact that the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms of the world contribute to the composition. While spruce pine from Northern New York, maple from Massachusetts, pine and ash from West Virginia, after passing through choppers, sawyers, raftmen and inspectors, as well as buskins in four kinds, first from the wild deer and then from the manufacturers, are necessary, this country does not furnish all the material required. Six kinds of felt, four kinds of cloth, besides silver for the plates, silver gilded strings, cast-iron, many kinds of paper, as also ivory, ebony and varnishes, are all imported from other countries. In an ordinary piano there are five hundred screws, one hundred and seventy strings, eighty-five keys and five hundred and twenty key and tuning pins. In a seven octave square about ninety square feet of veneering is used, and in the "action" alone there are no less than 5,072 pieces. From the foregoing some conception of the requisites of a square, upright or grand piano may be formed.

A Fair Future.

From every quarter come tidings of good prospects for trade, manufactures, and shipping. Factories that had suspended work for months are now resuming operations. Business men are launching out cautiously but steadily into new ventures. Capital is showing itself to the light after long concealment, weary of inactivity, and seeking places where it may be safest and may do the most good. The croakers are withdrawing into their holes, and the faces of all who are disposed to work for better things wear the smile of confidence. Not the least of the hopeful auguries for the summer is the magnificent prospect of a more free commercial interchange. Industrial and mercantile activity will soon spread sunshine everywhere.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Very Bad Writing.

Talking of spelling and writing, the *New York Herald* says: Bad writing is productive of cursing, and who can tell how much Horace Greeley, Rufus Choate and Colonel Forney, public men with extensive correspondence, have rich, for their boyish generosity is too careless for that; they may not command the awe of admiring crowds; they are not always systematic enough to be safely trusted with important offices; but the nimble feet of childhood springs to them, manhood trustingly extends to them a wide open hand, woman greets them with a confiding smile, and all through life they live and receive great treasures of pure love. God himself is very tender to these boys.

Useful Information.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails will put them on.
A cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.
Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair, will make enough good mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.
One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.
One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.
Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height, and chimney, six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

The project of putting an organ in a Scotch Presbyterian church at Sheffield, England, recently excited such pious horror that it was carried by a majority of only four, and on a Saturday night it was found that a hole had been cut in the bellows by some of the faithful.

As A. T. Stewart grows older, the question of what he will do with his \$40,000,000 becomes more and more interesting.

The Italian Beggar.

The Italian, when he takes to beggary, says a city paper, is very much of an adept. There is about his simulation a picturesqueness and dramatic power which is most fascinating. He speaks of his sunny Italy with a fine poetic feeling sharp in contrast with the shonky-shrugging, condescension and diffident deprecation with which he alludes to our own poor inhospitable country. "Ah! bella ma," said one of these romantic vagabonds to a lady in whose kitchen he was solacing himself, "my beautiful Italy is one day 1 June. It has no snow in the street and no hungarians in ze belly." The lady naturally inquired why he did not stay in beautiful Italy. "Ah!" he said, with a shrug of the velvet shoulders, "it was Vesuvius that drove me to sis forlorn country." Vesuvius drove into a lawyer's office on Broadway on a fine day, a brazen scamp, who exhibited a printed certificate from an American consul in Italy to the effect that the bearer had been blown up by the volcano, his family torn from him, and his vineyards made desolate. Would the liberal citizen do a great favor and pity upon the wretched stranger. The lawyer, who had more leisure than briefs, cross-examined the volcano-smitten Italian. Did he like traveling by volcano? Did it hurt him most when he went up or when he came down? At what rate of speed did he travel when he was blown into the air, and did the smell of iron certify to his sufferings, or was it only an accident of temporary emergency? The suffering foreigner only shrugged his shoulders and said: "Mo no spakee Inglesia." Finally, losing temper under the continued line of cross-questions, the volcano-stricken stranger measured the distance between the stairs and the place where he stood, and said: "Oh, you are dashed," and down he went before the astonished lawyer could put out his hand to stay him.

A Cardinal's State Coach.

It is an old Roman custom that a cardinal should not appear in the streets on foot, so it is necessary that Cardinal McCloskey should have his state carriage. The *New York Herald* gives us an account of it. Never in color nor ornament is it prepared to attract notice in the street, still it is an extremely luxurious vehicle. Hung upon what are termed suspension springs, the body of the coach sways with a cradle-like motion at the slightest impulse. The coach cost \$3,000. It is an almost massive, round-bodied town coach. Within it is lined with dark green satin and fitted with every appliance needful to people who can ride in their coaches. The body is painted lustrously black, and its running gear is of dark green, like the upper side of an oak leaf. These colors are relieved by the paler of the silver mountings of the carriage. The only exact mark by which people will learn to pick out Cardinal McCloskey's coach from a host of fine vehicles drawn by proud horses is the coat of arms on its doors. This is a combination, of the coat of arms of the cardinal's family and some of the emblems of his priestly office. The field of the escutcheon is green. A crimson chevron running from side to side of the shield up toward its center, makes a lozenge at its base, in which there is a gold bell-shaped flower. The field above the chevron are three silver Maltese crosses. At each upper extremity of the shield is a golden star. Surrounding the escutcheon is a double crescent, as it is called—that is, a cross having one large and one small transverse, the latter being above the former. The escutcheon is thus described in heraldic terms: Field vert, a chevron gules, with three Maltese crosses, argent; two *cloiles* or in chief, and a *fleur-de-lis* or. Crest, a double crescent. The horses are said to be the finest of any team to be found.

Blessings on the Boys.

Blessings on the boys. Not the young, healthy, rosy-cheeked male savages of thirteen or sixteen years. They cannot help being boys, and deserve no special credit or commendation for it. But blessings on those male boys of forty or forty-five or even sixty, who bend their broad shoulders to the burdens of life, but who do not let those burdens crush their hearts; whose eyes are quick to catch the light of merriment over a droll story, and quicker to fill with tears of sympathy for a friend's distress; who retain a boyish love and reverence for all that is womanly; whose boyish confidence in humanity, as a whole, though often shocked, never dies; who watch eagerly for the bright spots of sunshine on life's carpet, and seat themselves where it falls brightest and warmest. They are rarely very rich, for their boyish generosity is too careless for that; they may not command the awe of admiring crowds; they are not always systematic enough to be safely trusted with important offices; but the nimble feet of childhood springs to them, manhood trustingly extends to them a wide open hand, woman greets them with a confiding smile, and all through life they live and receive great treasures of pure love. God himself is very tender to these boys.

Items of Interest.

The best corn cultivator—A tight boot, Colorado sticks to it that she has a starch mine.
Two hundred more agricultural laborers are en route from England for Canada.
The value of the coal and lignites mined in Germany in 1872 was not far from \$100,000,000.
Don't imagine that you were born to reform the world. You can't split a mountain with a toothpick.
Enterprise. The *Chicago Times* sold twenty thousand extra copies on the strength of the editor's going to jail.
Did you see the sun dance yesterday morning? asks the *Oswego Patriot*. No; we were sober, replies an exchange.
How on earth a woman can keep her gab going while holding a backcomb and six hairpins in her mouth has always been a mystery and always will be.
A silent member of Congress, being entitled to send his speeches free by mail, put his frank on himself, and wanted to ride free in a mail car, under the pretext that all his speeches were in him.
The women of Boston paid more taxes last year than all the men who voted for and elected Gov. Gasten. So says William I. Bowditch in his pamphlet on the "Taxation of Women in Massachusetts."
By moistening the knife or borer with a moderately strong solution of caustic soda and potash, instead of with water or alcohol, it is said that India rubber may be cut with as much ease as ordinary cork-wood.
It is claimed in England that the title of cardinal is not necessarily ecclesiastical, and that it comes within the category of foreign orders of nobility that cannot be legally held without the direct consent of the Queen.
Those who are disposed to be gloomy because there is more crime than there used to be, should remember that there are more folks than there used to be, and what is quite as noteworthy, more charity and benevolence than there used to be.
The ordinary expenses of the Massachusetts militia last year were about \$34 million. The annual average expenses per man in Connecticut is \$25; in New York (without including rent of armories of pay of men on duty), \$25; in Maine, \$16.25, and in Rhode Island, \$10.
London has another new industry. A man advertises himself as "window tinker, from three to seven." He wakes heavy sleepers who wish to get up early. Window tinkling is making without ringing the bell, by means of a long pole, with which he taps on the window pane.
A quiet, peaceable gentleman in Philadelphia has recently given up business, sent his family into the country, and calmly announces his determination of devoting the remainder of his life to discovering the man who sent him a paving stone by express, with \$17 charge on it.
At Salinas (Cal.) the other day, a man who was detected whipping his wife was visited by an improvised court of vigilantes, tried by the most primitive process of law, and hung to one of the trees in his dooryard. He was cut down, however, before he had been seriously injured.
After relating a snake story, the *Oversborough (Ky.) Examiner* says: Were our informant not a man of truth and strictly temperate habits, we suspicion that his little snake story was concocted on the ruins of a pint of Cincinnati whisky.
A writer in the *Druggists' Circular* says that in treating some cases of tapeworm he has employed no preliminary provisions beyond forbidding the patient to take any breakfast the day on which it is intended to remove the worm, and giving him a large dose of Rochelle salts the preceding night.
A resident of Millidgeville (Ga.) who saw the recent whirlwind strike the Oconee river, says the water went up, he thinks, a hundred feet in the air, and for a few moments the bottom of the river where the tornado passed was laid bare, and the mud and soil was blown into the tops of the trees.
An inebriate stranger precipitated himself down stairs, and on striking the landing, reproachfully apostrophized himself with: "If you'd been a waiter! to come down stairs, why thank you, didn't you say so, you wooden-headed old fool, and 'I a' come with you, and 'showed you the way'!"
A smart young Bostonian offers to wager a considerable amount on his spelling. He says you may give him any word in the English language, in common use, or obsolete, technical, or otherwise, and he will spell it correctly the first time. Almost any smart young New Yorker can do the same. "It" is no difficult word to tackle orthographically.

Some economical Parisiens recently attempted a new mode of revivifying their old ball dresses. The gentlemen at a prefectural ball found that, as they danced, their dress suits became white from head to foot. On inquiry they discovered that the Parisian belles had deluged their skirts with *rebutine* to make the faded and dirty dresses look fresh again.
Two boys were recently tried at Wolverhampton for stealing goods that were exposed outside of a shop door. The recorder, in sentencing them, said that the custom of tradesmen exposing goods not only tempted to crime, but led to public expense for the prosecution of the thieves. He therefore determined to try and put a stop to it by compelling shopkeepers to pay the cost of any prosecution.
A wealthy merchant of Fairport, in New York State, had so strong a presentiment that he would meet his death through suffocation, that he refused to introduce gas into a fine house which he had just finished. Then he went to Syracuse to buy furniture, and while at a hotel blew out his gas and went to bed. In the morning he was found dead; but there seems to be about as much carelessness as coincidence in the way he died.

The Florida Orange Groves.

A Florida correspondent, describing both the attractions and drawbacks of the peninsula State, goes into ecstasies over the orange groves which abound there. The most celebrated of these is the property of Colonel Hart, his being the largest grove of bearing trees in the country. It has 800 trees, varying from four to eight inches in diameter, all set at equal distances from each other, in straight rows each way, and so thick together that among the largest trees the ground is completely shaded. The old crop of oranges has been nearly all picked, and the trees are budding very thickly and beginning to blossom. The trees now blossoming will have fruit in the middle of September next, from which time they will be picking all the fall and winter until all are harvested. Heretofore they have allowed them to hang on the trees until the middle of the month, but it has been found better for the trees and they get a larger crop by not letting the fruit hang on so long. The oranges keep perfectly sound as long as they hang on the trees, and one frequently sees a single tree on which are buds and blossoms, green, half-grown oranges very ripe orange. The fact that Florida oranges are far superior to any others, and that both climate and soil are specially favorable for the cultivation of this fruit, makes it certain that their culture is destined to become one of the most important interests of the State. Florida's chief element of attraction is unquestionably her climate, which, when compared with the climate of Northern States at this season, is, indeed, agreeable; but at present it is almost the only source of enjoyment to be found there. To make it a really desirable country for a winter residence it requires a very large influx of Northern enterprise and capital.

A Spelling Frolic.

The *Baltimore American* says: Out West they are turning the spelling-match into a huge affair of the kind in Cincinnati the other night was nothing more than a lot of grown folks playing school. Some of the solid men's business and politics first came out as the infants' class, and were put through their paces on monosyllabic words. One of the first was "honest," a monstrous kid to school along with him, and was duly reprimanded. Between attacks on the elementary speller the class refreshed itself, and started the audience with a fearful rendering of the antique ballad concerning the adventures of Mary's lamb. One naughty boy detected in the possession of an unlawful apple, and when the pedagogue pocketed it the household of people seemed by their perceptible laughter to recognize the action as a rather neat bit at the habit of the average Cincinnati schoolmaster. The confiscation of contraband property. Several very big boys and girls took liberties with Webster that would have made Job Billings open his eyes with wonder. One of the most amusing incidents of the evening occurred after the intended fun was over and the spelling had begun in earnest. The school had opened with some forty-odd pupils; one after another had been thrown in the orthographic wrestle until the best dozen remained, and the word "cassimette" was given. Now, there is nothing extraordinary in the spelling of the word, but every one of the twelve boys who were invited to spell it spelled all around it, but failed to hit the right letters, and another victory for the dictionary was scored.
Saving its Wealth.
One great cause of the poverty of the present day, wisely says an exchange, is a failure of our common people to appreciate small things. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will soon make a large pile. If the young men and women of to-day will only begin, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings and plant it in the soil of some good savings bank, and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of competence when they reach middle life. Not only the desire but the ability to increase it will also grow. Let clerks and tradesman, laborer and artisan, make now and at once, a beginning. Store up some of your youthful force for future contingencies. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. Begin at the fountain head to control the stream of extravagance—to choose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go on in the habits of extravagance for fifty years to come as they have for fifty years past, and we shall have a nation of beggars, and a moneyed aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortunes, but seek that which it is the duty of every one to obtain— independence and a comfortable home. Wealth, and enough of it, is within the reach of all. It is obtained by one process, and one only—saving.

Useful Information.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of nails will put them on.
A cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.
Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair, will make enough good mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.
One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.
One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.
Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height, and chimney, six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

The project of putting an organ in a Scotch Presbyterian church at Sheffield, England, recently excited such pious horror that it was carried by a majority of only four, and on a Saturday night it was found that a hole had been cut in the bellows by some of the faithful.

As A. T. Stewart grows older, the question of what he will do with his \$40,000,000 becomes more and more interesting.