VOL. V.

## RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1875.

NO. 20.

The Aretic Expedition. FROM THE WOMEN'S SIDE.

O let me smile a little, I pray-Just a little, and while I may, Even as a child smiles: after to-day I shall have whole years to weep in. O let me talk like a child, unchid After to-day 'twill all be hid;

No hand will lift up the coffin-lid Of the silence I shall sleep in In Portsmouth harbor the good ship rides, Rocked safely upon the placid tides,

As love in a happy heart abides, Moving with each emotion With voices and hands alive all o'er: And to-morrow-perhaps for evermore-I shall look out from a desolate shore Upon an empty ocean.

O love, my hero and my saint My knight of the white shield, without tains This woman-heart turns sick and faint. Although my lips may fail not: I see the rocks under smiling seas, I hear a tempest in every breeze,

I feel the icebergs as they freeze In the deeps where ship can sail not. O love, my love, so brave, so young, Strong arm, pure heart, and silent tongue

O lonely years that stretch out so long! One cry, as of lost existence, And my soul sits down before its doom. As a white ghost sits at the door of a tomb No moan, no shrick, no tears, no gloom, Only a still persistence.

Be of good cheer. Sail on, sail on, Unto life or death: for both are one To the infinite faith in sweet days gone, To the infinite love that folds thee. These girlish arms are weak I know, But my heart is strong as a well-bont bow;

And whither thou goest I will go, In my spirit that upholds thee, Sail on, sail on, through the frozen seas, To endless labors, and little case: Come back triumphant, if Heaven so please, Or with unwon goal, inglorious;

Only come back !- No. Should God say That he has crowned thee another way, Love ! see, beyond our night, His day, And we are yet victorious,

## MAXWELL'S DREAM.

Late on a summer afternoon the Millington express was rushing along at lightning speed through the beautiful roar among the cliffs, and sending up a warning cloud of steum through the mighty pines and oaks that grew erect upon the billsides. In one of the land of the lan parlor cars sat a group of three people, consisting of a pale, richly-dressed young lady, a stout, commanding-looking man of sixty, and a thin-faced, delicate-featured old gentleman, whose age was per-

haps eighty.
At a little distance from these people sat Maxwell Bryan, an important personage of fifteen, whose dress, ornamented with brass buttons and a little gold lace, showed him to be a pupil in some military school. He was on his way home for his vacation, and he fervently hoped nothing would interfere to delay or prevent his coming delight.

Having little else to do-he had been traveling since eight o'clock that morning-he gazed about him. It was not long before his attention was attracted by the odd behavior of the venerable gentleman of whom I have already spoken.

The eyes of the old gentleman were brilliant as coals. They pierced everything and searched everywhere. Now they would fasten themselves upon the decorated roof of the car, now they would examine the nails of his fingers, now they would rest upon the face of his lady companion, and now they would apparently study the type of a magazine that he held in his hand.

Maxwell tried hard to keep the cob webs at a distance, but he failed. began to doze, and a most delightful medley arrayed itself before him, and the noise of the train sank into a low

music in his dulled ears.
Suddenly a strange thing seemed to happen. He thought he saw the flash o old gentleman's eyes between his half-closed lids; also that he put up his thin white hand and drew aside handkerehief from his face; also that the face was very eager and very wide-

He also thought that the other gentle man was, like almost everybody else, The old geut appeared to serutinize him with the utmost care. Then to advance one hand with the greatest caution, and to unfasten one button of his coat. This was done safely. Then a second. Still the sleeper did not stir. Then a third and the last. The lappels of the coat fell back. The old gentle man instantly pretended, to Maxwell's imagination, to go to sleep once more, but only for an instant. In a moment, seeing that he had not disturbed the

sleeper, he was up again.

Maxwell thought he saw him lean forward, showing his white teeth, and, toward the breast of the other's coat. From it he drew by slow degrees a large flat wallet made of red morocco, and the door, and beheld, standing upon its clasped with two nickel hasps. This he rails, a yellow handcar, with its cranks held for an instant, nodding over it, and extended, as if in welcome. He shivered

patting it as if it were a great treasure. Then Maxwell's father appeared in the venerable old gentleman caught the largest, which had turned dark-red in some curious way, and threw it out of the open window of a tall castle where he seemed to be. Just as he did so a dark shadow fell around, and Maxwell thought he saw a forest, and away off in the distance a sloping hill where the sun the old man's, while a group of three pine trees stood in the very midst of the red sky, leaning towards each other with

their limbs interlaced. Then he remembered no more; he fell into deep sleep, and he lost all his pic-How long he slept he did not know; but he was awakened by loud voices and by a great deal of bustle and stir. He aroused himself. All the people in the car were searching and prying under their seats, behind their parcelsyes, and in their very pockets. The pale lady was walking up and down with a distracted air, wringing her hands and uttering loud cries of despair, while the strong gentleman standing closs beside

his scat-still absently feeling of his coatskirts—looked bewildered and distressed. The other—the old gentleman—was still asleep, as Maxwell had first seen him, and they had clearly not

thought it necessary to arouse him.

"Lost! Lost!" cried the lady, in a voice of anguish. "My portraits, my dearest treasures gone! Impossible impossible!" Tears ran down her cheeks, and she stooped hurriedly here and there, casting more glances into the ob-

scurity of the car.

Knots of people gathered about her and about the gentleman. Maxwell hastily joined the latter. The pocketbook had been carefully placed in his pocket at Millington, and he now discovered that it was gone. It contained ivory portraits of the lady's children and husband, all of whom were now dead, and band, all of whom were now dead, and also papers of inestimable and peculiar

At this point the relator cast an invol-untary glance at the still sleeping sep-tuagenarian. The travelers looked with extreme compassion upon the weeping lady, and many attempted to console her. But, filled with grief, she refused to be comforted, and hastened up and down the aisle of the car like one de-

The other gentleman endeavored to soothe the lady, but instead of yielding to his prayers to be quiet, she cast herself upon his breast and gave herself up anew to grief.

A strange feeling of confusion overcame Maxwell. H turned aside to study out something that seemed to cling in his head, and he could not tell how it got there. A half-formed train of pictures ran through his mind, all connected with a pocketbook; but all was as misty as if a fog had penetrated his brain. Any one that had seen his face at this time would have been startled at the changes that crossed it. Now it seemed intelligent, and now it seemed puzzled; now it seemed to understand something, and now it seemed to be more astonished than ever.

All at once the train gave evidence of coming to a standstill. It slowed gradually, and the rear lessened. It was about to stop at Moldhill. Maxwell's mind was one that worked quickly. He got up and was about to leave the train.

"Search that boy!" cried some one. In a moment a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. He looked up, and saw the uncle looking at him with sus-picious eyes. He passed his hands

like lightning. He clenched his hands and gazed after his insulter with burning eyes. But his glance fell once more on the prostrated lady. His sense of honor got the better of his rage, and in another instant he was upon the platform of the small station. In another, he dimly saw the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the train move off, and in another it was the platform of the small state.

His lantern hung carclessly seventy there is a disease; the machine is working itself out; there is a disease beyond his reach, speeding rapidly away, with its red lights burning brighty behind.

He was alone, or nearly so. questions of the station master. "Are you very well acquainted with

the road, sir?' "Ought to be," returned the other, ruflly, swinging an empty coat sleeve oward the boy; "used to be brakeman efore I had my arm took off."

"Well, do you remember a place, welve miles from here, in that direction pointing), where there are three pine

"Course I do," interrupted the other; they are on old Goulding's farm. We ways used to whistle when we got ibreast of 'em, fur there's a little station named Goulding's crossing close by, with a road over the track."

"Three trees, are you sure?" "Yes. They kinder lean together, don't they?"

Maxwell's heart leaped within him. This part of the notion that was wanderng in his head, at least, was true, Can I go to Goulding's crossing to

No, for the last down train has left. You can walk, of course.' · Thank you. The man went away, wondering.

Maxwell reflected. He must reach the ine trees in some way, and before eight clock. It was then six. Even should he walk with prodigious swiftness, it would take three hours, and then it would be dark. He asked a farmer, who stood near by, about the road. The man said that it was rough and roundabout. The boy's eye fell upon a little brown ailding that stood close by the track. He knew that it centained a handear.

In a moment he was walking toward it. When he reached it, he looked behind iin. The depot was deserted. He saw the station master in the distance, walking off with a little tin box under his

He was alone. The whole region did not contain a single man. The lock of with a smile upon his face, reached out the little house was simple enough. It consisted of a peg of wood driven into a Maxwell pulled it out, opened a little at his undertaking. He might be arrested, and locked up in some jail. the car, and then his oranges mounted He began to push the car out of the into the air one by one, and as they fell house. It ran out almost of its own ac-But it made a horrible noise. cord. Maxwell wondered why men didn't come

from everywhere to stop him. With little or no trouble the car was turned upon the proper rails, and was headed for Goulding's crossing. Maxwell got upon it, and seized the crank. In an instant he was of, spinning away had gone down, making a face just like like ligh ning, his slender back going up and down like a jumping-jack, and the crank going round and round like a coffee mill, and all growing rapidly less and less in the distance.

It was a great experiment, a wild test of something that was almost certainly a disordered dream. Yet there was great deal to encourage the hope that there was a little that was real in it after all, and Maxwell pressed on with flushed

cheeks and panting heart. Six miles, eight miles, ten miles, and with many a rest and many an anxious glance at the gradually darkening sky. He came to Goulding's crossing at half-

speed he could make. He now began to feel a great anxiety again. In a few moments matters would be brought to the test. Was it all a creation of his fancy, or had that terrible old man really performed the act? Then came the picture of the grief-stricken lady. Maxwell steeled his heart against all doubts,

for her sake. All at once, while he was languidly pushing on, pale and half exhausted with his exertions, the three great pines burst upon his view, standing against the broad red sky. His heart gave a leap. He had at lastarrived on the ground. He rau on slowly, barely moving the crank, and began to search the ground with his

eyes.

The ground was partly sandy and partly covered with bushes. He went on for a hundred yards. He saw nothing. Then he stopped and sat down, and, burying his face in his hands, tried to recall his impressions. First the group. Then the old man with the handkerchief. Then the unbuttoning of the coat. Then the pocketbook with its nickel clasps. Then the throw from the window. Then the oranges flying in the air. Then-

went on a hundred yards. Here, he was certain, was the limit of the distance that was passed over after the wallet was thrown and before the pine trees were reached. He descended from the earth as the light grew less and less. It was a strange situation. No one was near. The frogs began to croak in the the black trees, and the bats began to whirl to and fro in the damp air. Still the stooping figure of the boy went plodding here and there, now stooping to feel of something beneath its feet, and now straightening itself up for a little rest. In a little while he lit his lantern.

Then he went on, up and down, now around this tree and now around that, but seeing nothing. He despaired a plucked up courage and renewed his earch. Nine o'clock came. His candle was burned low, and it was growing cold. What a wild-goose chase! What a silly task. He heard a rumbling in the distance.

his brain. The portraits were there!

That was enough for his kindly heart. still quite light, and it would be two hours before dark. He asked some all his troubles and all his work, sank out of sight under the knowledge that he was able to convey a little joy. It was a triumph of a quick wit and a tender heart over the singgish boy-nature. It had been a battle of the head and the ympathics against a natural selfishness gainst a natural impulse to let affairs take their own course. He had sprung out of the mass of people in the car upor mere hint, and had done an act that the strongest man there would have been proud of. Maxwell stood up twice

> But the roar of the train came nearer Two short, sharp shricks from the whistle—an instant more—then a fearful crash and a smashing of the

speed lessened.
"Hallo!" cried Maxwell; as the people came out to see what the matter was, he climbed in unseen, and took a seat in an obscure corner. minutes later the cars went on. Five minutes later still, the stowaway was found by the still angry conductor, tooth dangled from a string against the Maxwell told his story and proved it. The conductor, at first furious, grew inte.

ested, and then he laughed heartily.
"Good, good!" he cried, and he
struck his fat knee with great approval of the whole matter. "Suppose you telegraph at the next station that you have found the pocketbook. Telegraph to the conductor of that train-train 42 and send it to Hillsboro, which is the ast stopping place before B---. will rend the message to the lady, and she will be at the depot to receive you

when we arrive.' "Capital! capital!" cried Maxwell.
"Let us do it!"

. . . At eleven o'clock that night Maxwell stepped from the train, and he found himself instantly caught in the arms of the lady. She was wild with joy. She grasped the pocketbook with a cry of intense delight and kissed the blushing boy time and again, to the great astonishment of Maxwell's father, who stood near by. The uncle, too came up, looking profoundly ashamed, and he thanked

the boy in the most earnest manner. It was, indeed, true that the elder gentleman was insane. Thus the finding of the wallet was doubly fortunate, and double gratitude fell to Maxwell's lot. Thus ends this short history of the working of a quick perception and a resolute and quick mind. Thousands of men would have failed to do likewise; and Thousands of men so boys are not always children.

Prevention of cruelty to animals, prevention of cruelty to children, and now it is suggested that there be a society for the prevention of cruelty to women, with special reference to clerks and others who are required to stand constantly, even when their duties do not make this always needful. Humanity is opposed to cruelty, whether it should be elected Governor of Ohio by be to man, woman, child, or animal; and some modification of a rule that past seven. The place was lonely and saleswomen should never it disilent, and he rushed past it with all the be, to say the least, humane. saleswomen should neversit down would

Ice 80,000 Years Old.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan, Colorado, is 12,500 feet. At the depth of from sixty to two hundred feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, to gether with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid frozen mass. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range; it has the form of a horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of felts-phatic rock nearly 2,000 feet high, which in some places is nearly perpendicular. Nothing unusual occurred until a distance of some eighty or ninety feet had been made; then the frozen territory was reached, and it has continued for over 200 feet. There are no indications of a thaw, summer or winter. The whole frozen territory is surrounded by hard, massive rock, and the lode itself is as hard and massive as the rock.

The miners, being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick or drill, found that the only way was to kindle a large wood fire at night against the back end of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the disintegrated ore. This the oranges flying in the air.

Then then, yes, the pine trees. Then —nothing. Ah, how much like a mystery it all seemed!

But yet, here he was. He had nothing to do but to search well, and to put all to do but to search well, and to put all to do but to search well, and to put all to do but to search well, and to put all to do but to search well, and to put all to do but to search well, and to put all to be a doubt from the surface. reached such a depth from the surface. There are other mines in the same vicinity in a like frozen state. The The theory is that the rock was laid down in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. his car, taking with him a small tin lantern with a candle that he found in whose stores have remained unthawall the box. Then he began his task in for at least 80,000 years! The phenowhose stores have remained unthawed twilight, bending nearer and nearer to mena is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Brandon frozen pools near by, the owls began to hoot in the black trees, and the bats began to whirl to and fro in the damp air. Still

The Pulse. Every person should know how to as-certain the state of the pulse in health, then by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some but seeing nothing. He despaired a score of times, but twenty times, too, he score of times, but twenty times, too, he child—as now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be that pecu-He heard a rumbling in the distance. it is seventy beats a minute, declining to 'Ah,' said he, 'another train! I wish sixty at four score. A healthful grown that I were upon it!" His feet were person's pulse beats seventy times in a wet, and he was exhausted with hunger and labor. His lantern hung carelessly creased chances of cure, until it reaches The beautiful lady would be filled with one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected. The pulse decreases when a recumbent position is assumed for any length of time, and is increased by exercise, stimulants, and the presence of food in the stomach.

The Hired Girl. A hired girl should be ingenious. One of them, in the employ of a West street family, Danbury, discovered an unique way of extracting teeth. She suffered nearly a whole week with an aching tooth, but had not the courage to go to a dentist. One afternoon it troubled and nearer. All at once he gave a cry of dismay. The hand-car was still upon remedy, and she finally hit upon a plan. With a piece of stout twine she made a loop, which she put about her tooth. Then she took a bit of soap and rubbed trees by the roadside! The train rushed it on the floor, opposite the back door. into sight. It was safe, but it was still The other end of the twine she fastened shricking as if it had gone crazy. The to the knob of the closed door. Then she took a position on the soaped boards her shoulders, and she had a revolver in and commenced to lean back. When her hand, chance for a ride home. Hurrah!" she had acquired a slope of about forty-And he ran for the train as fast as his legs could carry him. It was dark, and hold, and she came down on the floor with such force as to knock a pair of ten hand as she softly came upon him. "Go And there she sat, reaching out for breath, when the affrighted family made their appearance, while the offending

# Earthquakes Supplying Water.

The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Republican has this passage: Many people are op-posed to carthquakes, and we include ourselves among the number, but in this, as in everything else, we find some one to differ with us. This gentleman is J. P. Walker, who has a ranch near Rincon. Before our earthquakes he had a fine wheat field which, up to that time, had never had flowing water or spring of any kind; all the water it received came from the rains. After the earthquake Mr. Walker was both surprised and pleased to find a large spring flowing a good volume of soft water in this field where water had never existed before, and, being on high ground, he thinks of conveying it in pipes to his residence. Col. Hollister tells us of a similar occurrence on a ranch belonging to him. several years ago, where a volume of water was spouted to a height of nearly forty feet for several days after the earthand there has been a flowing stream there ever since.

### Presidential Candidates. The New York Sun says: The names

of the gentlemen from whom the respective parties will be pretty sure to select their candiates for President next year are not many. Here is a catalogue: REPUBLICANS. -B. H. Bristow, O. P. Morton, E. B. Washburne, E. D. Morgan, H. Wilson, J. G. Blaine.

Democrats.—T. A. Hendricks, A. G. Thurman, W. Allen, T. F. Bayard, J. S. Black, S. J. Tilden. Each of these lists seems complete as the case stands at present. It is possible, but not probable, that new men may come up in the course of next fall and winter. For instance, if Gen. Haves a very large majority, he would take a place in the Republican list. Most like-

ly some one of these twelve gentlemen will be the next President.

A PLUCKY WIFE.

She Meets the Gambler who Won her Hus-band's Money and a Scene Ensues.

It was one of the handsomest packets on the river, and among the passengers bound for Vicksburg were a Georgian and his wife, who have relatives in Mississippi.

He was a large-sized, handsome-looking man, and she was a pleasant-looking little woman, with blue eyes and short chestnut curls. One would have said that she would have screamed at a tilt of the boat. He sat smoking with other gentlemen after she had retired to her stateroom,

and the cabin was entirely clear of ladies, when some one proposed a game of cards. In ten minutes after half a dozen men were shuffling cards over cabin tables, and the Georgian was matched against a stranger to all on board. He was a quiet, courteous, well-dressed man, and had been taken for a traveler in search of health. He was lucky with his cards, but he did not propose playing for stakes. It was the nettled Georgian who proposed it. He called himself a champion hand at poker, and when he found that he had met his equal he de-termined to test the stranger's financial

metal. They had fifty dollars on the table when the captain looked into the cabin. He caught the Georgian's eye and gave him to understand that his opponent was a river blackleg, but the other gentlemen had dropped their cards and crowded around, money was up, and the information had come too late. Besides, the Georgian was doing well enough, and he flattered himself that he could teach the courteous blackleg a

It was a very quiet group around the table, and after the play had continued for fifteen minutes, the gentlemen spoke in whispers, and some of them were reminded of old times on the Mississippi, when gamblers had the full run of every

bont. The Georgian had luck with him from the start, and while he looked smiling and confident the gambler appeared to grow excited and uneasy. His money was raked across the table until the Georgian had \$200 in greenbacks before him. The stakes had been light up to this time, both men seeming to fear each other's skill. The Georgian proposed to increase them, and the gambler agreed. In ten minutes the latter had his \$200 back, Luck had turned. The Georgian lost \$20; then \$50; then \$80;

then \$100. The gambler's face wore a quiet smile as the Georgian became nervous. His hands trembled as he held up the cards, and his face was wet with moisture. "Come, gentlemen," said one of the

group, "let's have a general hand for amusement, and then turn in." The Georgian looked up with a fixed glance, and replied

"I have lost \$400; he must give me a fair show." The play went on. The heap of green backs at the gambler's right hand grew larger. Once in a while the Georgian won, but he lost ten dollars for every one gained. He finally laid down his cards, pulled a roll of bills from a breast pocket and counted out \$300. This was his pile. In less than ten minutes every dollar of it had been added to the gam-

bler's heap. "Gentlemen, will you smoke ?" asked the gambler, as he furned around and drew his cigar case.

They knew his true character in spite of his disguise, and they refused. "I am sorry for my friend," he con-tinued, biting at the end of a cigar, "but

you will agree that the play was fair." The Georgian had passed out on the promenade deck. The gambler turned o his stack of bills and was counting them when there was a sharp exclamation, the sound of a brief struggle, and the little woman with blue eyes and chestnut curls entered the cabin. She was half undressed, a shawl thrown over

dollar vases from a mantel upstairs. back, he whispered, "I a mooming in a moment !" With swift motion she seized the

weapon, wrenched it from his grasp, and as she came down the cabin to th table at which the gambler sat, and around which half a dozen men yet lingered, her blue eyes were full of fire. The gambler looked up. The hamme

of the revolver came up with a double click. A white arm stretched out, and the muzzle of the revolver looked straight into the gambler's face. He turned pale; the men fell back. For half a minute the deep silence was broken only by the faint splash of the paddie wheels.

"Go!" she said. He looked into her flaming eyes as if ne could bluff her.

He rose up and reached for the money. 'Leave it!" she whispered, making a hreatening motion with the revolver. He retreated back. She followed. Foot by foot he backed across the cabin, the muzzle of the revolver always on a line with his face. He backed through the door on the promenade deck, and the railing was there.

"Jump," she whispered. The boat was running along within three hundred feet of the shore. Over the rail to the water was a terrible leap. "You can have the money," he said. "Jump," she repeated.
"I will not."

The arm came up a little, and the light from the cabin showed him a cold, strange, determined look on her face. He turned about, shivered, and was over the rail, leaping far out and unable to suppress a cry of alarm as he felt himself going down. The boat swept along, her fell, and re-entering the cabin she sat down, leaned her head on the table and wept bitterly. The passengers said she was a "brick." Was she?

An entomological poet out in Coffeyville, Kansas, is inspired to the following, which, outside of its high poetic merit, possesses great statistical merit :

Should millions into millions multiplied be, With ten million times ten million more, Twould scarcely represent a millioneth of The graeshoppers that pass our door.

How They Did It.

The first successful experiment in the way of outre advertising was made about fifteen years ago by a tobacconist, who adopted the following method: De-siring to have his goods introduced extensively among the retail dealers, he employed a number of men to "work," as the politicians say, the various wards of the city. One of these canvassers would enter a cigar store and ask the proprietor for a paper of " --- 's fine-cut." The tobacconist in all probability had never heard of the article, but recommended some other maker's, which the canvasser contemptuously declined. In about an hour another

customer would come in and make a similar demand, and before the week was over the proprietor would find so many inquiries for this special brand that he was compelled to make a purchase, and as the article was only sold in large packages, it became necessary for him, in order to effect a sale, to recommend it to his customers, and so the article became quite popular. The canvassers were oftentimes compelled to buy, but as the goods were returned to the manufacturer and resold, very little was lost on the transaction. Ten men, was lost on the transaction. Ten men, therefore, at a salary of \$8 a week, for those were the days of low wages, could in three months have induced every cigar store proprietor to make a pur chase, and thus at an expense of hardly

\$1,000 the goods were effectually introduced to the trade.

It is related that Day & Martin, of London, caused their wares to be extensively introduced by having an elegant equipage, with footmen, etc., drive up to a store with great clatter and cracking of whips. One of the footmen would descend, and in a loud voice ask for a pot of "Day & Martin's patent blacking." The storekeeper, unaccustomed to have such an aristocratic class of enstowers approaches respect. class of customers, approaches respectfully and is very sorry that he has not those particular manufacturers' wares on had, but he can recommend something equally good. "No, no," cries the footman in decided tones, "master is

very particular and insists on using that polish; but as I'm here now, I don't mind waiting if you'll send out and get a pot." The shopkeeper, faneying that by a little courtesy he may secure the custom of John Thomas's master, is only too delighted, and resolves to have a stock of Day & Martin's on hand against similar contingencies.

## A "Sham" Wedding.

The Washington correspondent of the Rochester Express writes: Speaking of shoddy in matrimonial goods reminds me of a wedding which occurred here the other day. The morning papers stated that the evening before the ac-complished Miss Dash, youngest daughter of our distinguished townsman General Dash, who is here in the interest of one of the largest manufacturing companies in the world, was united in the bonds of matrimony to the Hon. Blank, a highly respected and well-known government official. The happy couple will make an extended tour to our principal summer resorts, terminating with a trip across the water. The display of presents and the numerous gathering of friends were quite noticeable. This was all very well, and in the main the truth, but not the unvarnished truth by any means, as the sequel will show. I hap-pened to know the female party to the contract, so I began to strip off the tinsel in the interest of a few old maids of my acquaintance, and this is the result Miss Dash is the daughter of a sewing muchine agent, who is as poor as a church mouse, if he is the representative of one of the largest manufacturing companies in the world. Sir Charles Henry is a postmaster in Prince George county, Md. They visited our principal summer resorts-Harvey's, Freund's and several other ice cream saloons; and to make a "short-cut," and at the same time save expense, he rowed his Dulcinea across the Anacosta river, which constituted his Atlantic trip. The only present I heard of was the bill of the The only olitary backman who conveyed them to church; and as for the gathering of commerce in water. friends there was quite a number of gamins collected when the old man and the hackman had a little tilt about the fare.

#### The Female Population. Only the United States, Belgium, and

Italy have more men than women. This is attributed to the wear and tear of hard work, which kills off so many of the fair sex of these countries. Accordng to the census of Dec. 31, 1871, Italy had a population of 26,801,154, yielding a percentage of 50.27 men and 49.73 women, fifty-eight per cent. of old maid of married couples, and six per cent. of the widowed, of whom the widows more than doubled the widow-In France there is relatively the ers. smallest number of births, though old persons are there preserved longer than in other countries, twenty-two per cent. of its inhabitants being over fifty years, and seven per thousand upward of eighty. In the United States there are cent, of the entire population.

# His Home.

"Where is your house?" asked a traveler in the depths of one of the old solemn wildernesses of the great West. "House? I ain't got no house."

"Well, where do you live?" "I live in the woods, sleep on the great government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi." And he added: "It's Mississippi." getting too thick with folks. You're the second man I've seen within the last month; and I hear there is a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river, and I am going to put out into the woods again. I ain't fond of too much

France, not hitherto cultivated, are being planted with a kind of oak trees, beth which truffles are generally found; and it is expected that each acre of this land, lately sold as low as five pounds men, nothing is impossible on Bunker sterling, will yield a crop of truffles Hill; you must fall back." The crowd worth twenty pounds sterling a year.

\*\* of Interest. To a squire who was horse's speed, Foote, the witty comedian, replied: "Pooh! my horse will stand

It is singular that mineral waters are only beneficial to the wealthy. We never knew a physician to advise a poor man to go to any watering-place.

faster than yours can gallop.

A philosopher asserts that the reason why ladies' teeth decay sooner than gen-tlemen's is because of the friction of the tongue and the sweetness of the lips.

It is said that the hurrying to catch trains and boats, of which there is neces-sarily so much in these days, tends to produce diseases of the heart and brain. A Boston editor blushes for the ignor-

ance of three young girls of that city who tried to get their horse's head down so that it could drink by unbuckling the crupper.

If you cut the back legs of your chair two inches shorter than the front ones, the fatigue of sitting will be greatly relieved and the spine placed in better

Peruvian guano is now charged with the crime of introducing the potato bee-tle; but in Colorado, whence this fellow comes, they don't trouble themselves

The Carlists recently caught a man, bathed him in petroleum, applied a lighted match to him, and danced by the light thereof. They had no personal grudge against him.

We have heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a lady's hand and receives her father's foot. If, in instructing a child, you are vexed with it for a want of adroitness, try, if

you have never tried before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child is all left hand. Up to the close of 1874 eleven millions of dollars had been expended on the great naval arsenal and docks of Spezia.

American men-of-war in the Mediterranean, when needing repairs, put in at that port. The latest story of the Niagara hack-men is, that one of them drove a wed-

ding party one morning to a clergyman's house. In the afternoon the clergyman was visited by the driver, who demanded a percentage of the marriage fee. In Minnesota the boys go grasshoppering at the rate of sixty cents the ton, and on an average manure the soil with twenty-five thousand tons of the in-sects per day. They count upon break-ing up the State treasury or the hop-

pers, one of the two. Last year the State of Massachusetts gilded the dome of its State-house, and now it has been compelled to pay for hermetically sealing the windows to the cupola above that the glittering surface may not be tarnished by the expectors

tions of tobacco-using visitors, It is calculated that 75,000 Americans have gone over to Europe to see what they can see this summer, and that the husbands will lay out over there fifty millions of dollars in new whistles for their wives and daughters. A few thingembobs are necessary, of course.

Mr. Backus, of Michigan, was so injudicious as to smoke in the same wagon with a can of oil. If Prof. Peters, in scanning around among the planets, should happen to get a glimpse of anything that looks like a fragment of Mr. B., he will send word to the papers.

A red-haired lady, who was ambitious of literary distinction, found but poor sale for her book. A gentleman, in speaking of her disappointment, said: hair is red, if her book is not." auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said: "She has red hair, if her book hasn't."

M. Lile strongly recommends the use of bread mixed with sea water in cases of disease arising from poverty of blood, for convalescents recovering from acute diseases, and for healthy persons of delicate constitutions. The water must be genuine sea water, not the sea salt of

That some soldiers appear sloverly about their clothes when others are clean and tidy, is accounted for by the unequal commands of the company officers. The captain never comes to a halt without telling his men to "dress up on the right," allowing the men on the left to look as shabby as they please. The business of packing fruits, vege-

tables, and meats in hermetically-sealed cans, though of comparatively recent origin in this country, has had a rapid growth, and has now reached large dimensions. The amount of capital invested is \$20,000,000, the number of number of cans packed every year 100,-000,000. "When I married," said Ex-Chancel-

lor of the Exchequer Lowe at a London party, "I declared, Withall my worldly goods I thee endow, although I hadn't a shilling in the world." "But, chimed in the wife, "you had your splendid talents. "Yes, my dear; but you know I didn't endow you with them," was the right honorable gentleman's reply.

A Paris journal reports that recently in the Butte-aux-Cailles, one of the poor-est quarters of that city, a human baby monkey was born, with an ordinary boy's face, a long tail, and considerable hair on its body. The father of the beast, a workman, got wrathy over the birth, and immediately left his home with a visible prospect of going crazy; his wife, its mother, was very much cast down because it was born with upper and lower teeth, and she was therefore unable to wet nurse it.

STAND BACK -At the Bunker Hill monument celebration the crowd pressed upon the platform for the speaker and distinguished guests, and were in dan-ger of breaking it down. The chair-man's entreaties to the crowd to fall back being unheeded, he appealed to Large tracts of lands in the south of Daniel Webster, who arose and said: "Gentlemen, you must fall back."
"We cannot," was the reply, "it is impossible; the crowd behind are pushing us forward." Webster said: "Gentle-