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The Double Harvest.

The farmer sat at his kitchen door,
Smoking his second pipe;
And over the fields his eyes were cast,
Where the grain, so golden ripe,
Nodded away
Through the summer day,
With shadow and sunshine hard at play.

Down by the gate the farmer saw
(And he chuckled low in his glee)
Two, who whispered together there.
"So!" said the farmer, "I see!
If I guess right,
And their smiles are bright,
There'll be harvesting soon with main and might."

As weeks went by, and the old barn groaned
With the might of harvest's store;
But the farmer laughed, for he well knew
There remained one harvest more.
Since Cupid had sown,
With grain of his own,
A crop that love must harvest alone.

The farmer sat at his kitchen door
When the evening breeze blew;
And he laid a kiss on his daughter's brow,
And welcomed his new-found son;
And the harvest time,
With wedding bells' chime,
Sang its days into merry rhyme.

JOHN JONES, SICK MAN.

The Way Mr. Quid tells the Story of Sickness in the Family.

He was "grunting around" for two or three days before he would give up. Mrs. Jones advised him to take pills or quinine, but he said he guessed he'd be all right as soon as the weather changed again. On the third morning he had a high fever and couldn't stand up.

Mrs. Jones seemed delighted. He hadn't been sick before for thirteen years, and she had a splendid stock of herbs and powders and liquids in the pantry.

"Now, just give right up, John Washington," she replied, as he groaned and sighed and declared that he'd get up and go down town as usual if it killed him. "There, let me turn your pillow over, hang your clothes in the closet, and then I'll run in and make you some toast."

He had to submit. She darkened the bedroom, put a clean spread on the bed, and a grand smile covered her face as she sailed into the kitchen.

"Sarah Jane, you go and fan your father with a newspaper and keep the flies off'n him while I get the poor man something to eat. Your father is a very sick man, Sarah Jane, and I can't say that you won't be fatherless next week at this time."

Sarah went in and Mrs. Jones rushed from the stove to the pantry. She toasted four large slices of bread, broke three eggs into hot water, got down a pint glass of jelly, sent for half a pound of crackers, and in about half an hour she had the sick man's breakfast ready.

"I don't care what all the doctors in the land say," she remarked as she drew three chairs within his reach and loaded them down with the provisions. "I know that people can't be sick without something on their stomachs."

He tasted the food, sipped at the tea, groaned, growled, and sighed and she pleaded.

"Now, John, do try and eat something. I know just how bad you feel, and I know you haven't any appetite, but try."

"Oh!" he groaned as his stomach rebelled against the food.

"Poor man! poor man!" she sighed, as she placed her hand on his head.

"John Washington, if you should die this would be a sad house! I don't believe I could stand up under the blow over three weeks, and I know the children would give right up!"

"Hain't we better have a doctor?" he inquired, becoming frightened.

"Not now, John—not until we see that I can't do you any good. I know those doctors to a T. They'd come here and do me and the children as good as kill, and you'd probably die just the same."

She carried out the food, put on a kettle of water, got out a clean towel, and as she entered the bedroom with a dish of warm water in her hand she said:

"Now, then, I must wash your feet and out your socks."

She sat beside the bed, took his foot in her lap, and that sweet smile on her face proved that his illness would be a gain to her of a pound of flesh per day.

"My soul! but I'm glad I thought to wash your feet!" she exclaimed, as she rubbed them with the wet towel. "I wouldn't have had any of the neighbors come in and see these feet for all we are worth."

She wanted to scrape the soles with an old case-knife, but he wouldn't permit it. She, however, got out the shears and laid a good time cutting his toe nails and digging under them. She worked industriously for half an hour, and then held the last foot off and looked at it admiringly, and said:

"There! I'll take my dying oath that you've got the cleanest feet in this town."

He had admitted that he felt better, and, greatly encouraged, she sent Sarah Jane out to pull some horseradish leaves. These were trimmed, laid on the stove, rolled in her hand, and she went back to Mr. Jones and said:

"Now, then, you go and put on the drafts."

She put a leaf on the sole of each foot, tied clean cloths over them, hunted up clean socks, and worried them on over the cloths, and, as she tucked the spread down, she asked:

"Now, John Washington, don't you feel better, a little better?"

"Oh, I dunno!" he groaned, turning over.

She turned over his pillow, put a damp cloth on his forehead, counted his pulse, and whispered:

"See if you can't catch a little sleep while I go and wash the dishes."

When she went out Sarah Jane had her brother William harnessed to a chair and was driving him around the kitchen for her horse.

"What! didn't I tell you that your father was dangerously ill?" exclaimed the mother, as she boxed their ears. "It would be a pretty story to go out that your children were playing horse when your father lay dying!"

The children subsided, and as the

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

The Army of the Potomac—Relieving Gen. McClellan of Command—The True Story.

Gen. C. P. Buckingham contributes to the papers the true story of the relieving of Gen. McClellan of the command of the army of the Potomac and the appointment of Gen. Burnside there. He says: I was at that time on special duty at the War department, my office being adjoining the secretary's private room. On the evening of the sixth of November, about ten o'clock, the secretary sent for me to come to his office, where I found him with Gen. Halleck. He told me that he wanted me to go and find the headquarters of the army of the Potomac, and spend some time in giving minute directions as to the route I should take. Just before I left, he handed me two envelopes, unsealed, telling me to take them to my room, and having read them, to seal them up. I was thunder-struck to find that one of the envelopes contained two orders for McClellan—one from the command of the army, and the other from Gen. Halleck, ordering him to repair to some town in New Jersey, and report by letter to the War department. The other envelope contained two orders for Burnside—one from the President, assigning him to the command of the army, vice McClellan, and the other from Gen. Halleck, directing him to report what were his plans.

Before leaving next morning, I saw the secretary at his house, and he explained to me his reasons for sending an officer of my rank on an errand like that. The first was, that he feared Burnside would not accept the command; and my instructions were to use, if necessary, the strongest arguments to induce him not to refuse. The second reason, though a characteristic one, had very little foundation. The secretary had not only no confidence in McClellan's military skill, but he very much doubted his patriotism, and even loyalty, and he expressed to me some fear that McClellan would not give up the command, and he wished, therefore, that the order should be presented by an officer of high rank, direct from the War department, so as to carry the full weight of the government's authority. He directed me to see Burnside first and get his decision. If he consented to accept, I was then to see McClellan; but, if not, I was to return at once to Washington.

I found Burnside about fifteen miles south of Salem, where his horse was halted, and he alone in a little chamber. Closing the door, I made known my errand. He at once declined the command. Whatever my private opinion may have been my duty was to follow the directions of the secretary of war, and I could not give my consent. He then, in a friendly manner, in which I happened, however, knowing as I did that the President was resolved at all events to remove McClellan, that I felt fully satisfied that he (Burnside) ought to accept, and urged him to do so.

Among other objections, he urged his want of confidence in the army, and particularly friendly relations to McClellan, to whom he felt under the strongest obligations. I met these objections by stating that McClellan's removal was resolved upon at any rate; and that, if he (Burnside) did not accept the command, it would be given to some other officer. He at length consented to obey the orders, and I requested him to go with me to find McClellan. We returned to Salem, whence I had ridden on horseback through a snow storm, and I had my locomotive fixed up in the morning, and on the railroad to McClellan's camp. About eleven o'clock we found him, alone in his tent, examining papers; and, as we both entered together, he received us in his usual kind and cordial manner.

My task was not only to inform him, but particularly distasteful to me in view of my friendly feelings for McClellan. But, as the blow had to come, I was glad that it was not to be given through an unkind hand and in a mortifying way. Gen. McClellan has himself borne testimony to the kind manner in which I communicated the order, and I can bear testimony to his prompt and cheerful obedience to it.

Useful Hints and Suggestions.

A good test for gold or silver is a piece of lunar caustic, fixed with a pointed stick of wood. Slightly wet the metal to be tested, and rub it gently with the caustic. If gold or silver, the mark will be faint; but if an inferior metal, it will be quite black.

Cider may be purified by using glass, about one ounce of the latter to the gallon. Dissolve in warm water, stir gently into the cider, let it settle, and draw off the liquor.

Glossed shirt bosoms: Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher and pour on a pint or more of warm water, then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the pitcher into a clean bottle, cork, and keep it for use.

When boilers are ordinarily fed with hard water, it is worth while to save the drippings of the exhaust pipe, the condensation of the safety valve blow-off, and that from the cylinder, and use the water thus obtained to fill the boiler after blowing off. The result will be surprising in effect in loosening scale.

Cider may be preserved sweet for years, by putting it up in airtight cans, after the manner of preserving fruit. The liquor should be first settled and racked off from the dregs, but fermentation should not be allowed to commence before canning.

Some weeds can be killed and prevented from growing in gardens by watering the ground with a weak solution of carbolic acid, one part pure crystallized acid to 2,000 parts water. Sprinkle on a watering pot.

A teaspoonful of arabic gum water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual way, will give to lard, white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

To make a handy paint, break an egg into a dish and beat slightly. Use the white only, if for white paint, then stir in coloring matter to suit. Red lead makes a good red paint. To thin it, use a little skimmed milk. Eggs that are a little too old to eat will do for this very well.—Scientific American.

A Faded Flower.

"Who's this?" asked the Detroit court as a man of forty stood before the bar—dirty, ragged and outlandish in look and dress.

"Martin Henry Jackson," was the answer.

"Well, you are the meanest looking old vagrant I ever saw. You look as if you had slept with the hogs."

"How can I help it?" asked the fellow.

"Hang it, man, if I had but one finger and one toe left I'd put in a better appearance than you do or blow my head off."

"I hain't any work and no money."

"There you are, fat and healthy as the head cook on a steamboat, and yet you loaf around the streets, chew apple cores, sleep in sheds and put up with anything rather than do a stroke of work. I wish I could send you up for a thousand years."

"What have I done?" asked the old vag.

"Nothing, nothing at all. That's what ails you. If you should get in the way of a Bogardus kicker, you'd be too lazy to move. Oh! it makes me mad to see anybody moping around like a sore-heeled dog when he might be somebody. I'll chalk you for six months, and if you don't leave Detroit as soon as your time is out I'll buy a mule and turn him loose on you."—Free Press.

Last Words of "Long Horse."

Crows who have reached the old age, at Helena, Minn., report the following as the parting address of the Crow chief, Long Horse, to his warriors:

"I shook hands with the white man when I was a boy—he will mourn my death—I say to you now, always stay with the whites and hear what they say, and you will do well."

To his son he said: "Never shake hands with the Sioux, but rather die as I die."

"Lay me down to sleep," and he died without a struggle.

An Old Time Execution.

There are but few people now living in Pennsylvania who can remember the excitement in the State from one border to another, when, in 1808, Susanna Cox was hanged in Reading. Nevertheless, the affair did create a tremendous feeling. An old gentleman, who was present at the execution, now tells us of the affair. Susanna Cox was charged with the murder of her new-born infant, and the law, more stringent in its execution then than now, declared that she must die. Thousands of people from all the country around visited Reading to witness the execution, and the gallows of new scantling was erected so that all men, women and children could have a good view of the sad exhibition. The old gentleman says: I observed the cart inside the ring with her coffin, being driven up under the gallows by the executioner, and about three paces behind the cart, Susanna Cox, in her white dress, wearing a broad black ribbon around her waist, and a minister on each side of her dress, having the dreadful object, the gallows and the cart, with her coffin, and in which she must shortly lay a corpse, in view right before her.

The gallows was so high that they had to put the coffin on a cart. She was then lifted on the cart by two men; from there they lifted her up and stood her on the coffin. While thus engaged, the horse made a kind of move, when they were all three very nearly tumbled over. Here, while others were proceeding to take the coffin to the gallows in order to reach the top of the gallows and fasten the rope, she stood pensive and alone on her coffin under the gallows.

Now all arrangements being made, the executioner on one side, and the sheriff, or a man in his stead, on the other, took the horse by the reins and drove him forward. She was drawn from her coffin with a jar that fairly made the gallows quiver when her weight became suspended on the rope. She twirled and swung to and fro for a few seconds, and then, when she was kept erect, suddenly dropped, retaining her white handkerchief in them. The executioner, who was not the sheriff, but some other man, then grasped her feet, raised them a little, and then gave her a jolt, for which, as I am told, he got a reward of five dollars by some citizens of Reading. Her head lay on her shoulder—I think on the right—while the rope was suspended on the opposite side; while her black slippers were down over her heels; and being tied over the inside, were prevented from falling off. After being thus suspended in the air for about fifteen minutes, and having been the object of thousands of her fellow mortals, who gazed on her, I trust, with aching hearts and streaming eyes, the cart was then backed under her feet, she was taken down, placed in the coffin and taken away.

Something About Advertising.

The man who says it don't pay to advertise is, just as likely as not, doing it in some way, all the time. If the merchant hangs a few of his goods outside the door—he is advertising. If a cabinetmaker hangs a chair or other article of furniture at his shop door, he is advertising. If a man loses a horse or a cow and tells every one he meets, he is advertising. If a man who has a boy to buy to run into church and call him out in haste, is advertising. A man cannot do business without advertising, and the only question should be, the best way to advertise. If you have a lot of personal property to sell, which is best to write, a few notices that not one in fifty will stop to read, or to the printer and have a lot of well displayed posters? If you are in business of any kind, is it not better to keep a regular standing advertisement in your home paper, that will starve your friends and customers in the face every week, rather than trust to the old dog idea of—"Oh, they all know me!"

But, says Mr. Savaell, advertising costs money. Very true, and so does everything else; and it is a good thing for you that advertising does cost something. If it did not, every man would concern himself to stand as good a chance of being known as the very best and most useful. If you want the people to know you have anything to sell, advertise it in your home paper first, then in your neighboring papers. The man who has a reputable business, and spends the money in a liberal system of advertising, is the one who makes the most money. This is a truth well verified by the experience of those who have tried it.

Imported for Another.

The Montreal Gazette records a love story in its local columns. It reads thus: It is stated that a young man who four years ago left the country and settled in a place near Toronto, where he bought a farm, sent for a young lady that he loved when at home, and came to Montreal to await her arrival. She remained at the house of the young man's friend as a marriage ball until they attended a picnic a few days before the intended marriage, when the fair one, who was introduced to a coachman of good appearance, got married to him before the other man who brought her over knew anything about it. He felt greatly disappointed, but returned a wiser and more fortunate man for his escape.

Quiet Millionaires.

A Tribune correspondent, writing from Virginia City, says he has seen there three men, each worth less than twenty millions of dollars, going about quietly among the men in the common garb of the laborer, with nothing to distinguish them from the ordinary mine hand—no diamond studs, no broadcloth. One of these gentlemen has spent years in foreign travel, and has gained in polite society in other countries; another, who spends most of his time in San Francisco, rules the market there, and is to that coast what Commodore Vanderbilt is to New York; the third is accustomed to direct hundreds of men and employ millions of capital. Yet these three men, when seen about their mines, would be taken for foremen or overseers.

WHAT ARE SHAKERS?

An Editor Tells us About Ann Lee, Her Persecutions and Her Power—Her Work in the New World—What Shakers Believe.

The Albany Times publishes a sermon recently delivered by Elder George Abraham Stanley, by whom she has been persecuted and her power—her work in the New World—What Shakers Believe.

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A Long Somnambulist's Ride.

Samuel Howe, a very respectable citizen of Locust Hill, about eight miles from Great Bend, Pa., has for some time been in a very feeble condition, suffering from dropsical affection. He is sixty-seven years of age, and has been unable to get about lately only with the aid of others. Early one morning he awoke, and, to her surprise and alarm, discovered that he was not in bed. His clothing lay where it had been placed the night before, and Mrs. Howe was at once seized with the fear that her husband had dragged himself somewhere and killed himself to get rid of his sufferings. She searched the house without finding any trace of him, and then repaired to the barn. The barn door was wide open and a look inside revealed the fact that the horse was gone. Mrs. Howe now aroused Mr. Schouten, a neighbor. He came to her assistance, and examining the ground about the barn found horse tracks leading to the road and along the road in the direction of Harpersville. Schouten hitched up his team and, arousing another neighbor, Mr. Pintz, to accompany him, started to follow up the horse's tracks and see whether they were in any way connected with the disappearance of the old man.

The horse was tracked to Harpersville, and from there to other villages, through all of which it had passed without stopping. It was easily followed, the tracks being fresh and undisturbed. The trail was kept as far as Coleville, Broome county, where it led to a house in the village and stopped. Schouten and Pintz made inquiries at this house and found that it was occupied by a brother-in-law of Mr. Howe's, and the old gentleman was there abed. He had ridden up to the house on horseback about six o'clock in the morning, bare-headed, and with only his night clothes on. Entering, he had said to his brother-in-law:

"I am very tired and want to go to sleep."

His relatives were greatly startled at his singular advent among them, and at first thought he was insane. They soon discovered, however, that he was in a state of somnambulism, and at once put him to bed. Schouten and Pintz arrived at the house about eight o'clock, and the old gentleman was still asleep. The gravest fears were expressed as to the result of his extraordinary ride, his physical condition being so precarious. Mr. Howe awoke soon after the arrival of the men searching for him. He was completely dumfounded when told where he was. He had no recollection of anything since retiring to bed the night before. Beyond a slight soreness and fatigue he complained of no bad effects of the ride, and, to the surprise of every one, arose briskly from bed and dressed himself in some of his brother-in-law's and walked about with an ease and activity he had not exhibited for many months. He required no aid to get into the wagon to return home, and was quite fresh upon reaching Locust Hill.

A singular fact connected with the case is that Mr. Howe never was known to get up in his sleep before. He had not been a mile away from home in a long time, nor ridden on horseback for many years.

The Arabian Horse.

The Emir Abd-el-Kader, in his "Observations on the Horse," says: "If you wish to go very fast, choose a horse with high withers and small flanks. The tail should be thick enough to fill the space between the thighs. 'The tail resembles the veil of a girl betrothed.' The eye of a horse should incline slightly toward the nose, like that of a man who squints. 'It resembles the eye of a squirrel, which tries to peep from under her veil.' The ears should be small, like those of an antelope, the nostrils should be large, the fetlock joints small, the forelock thick. 'In the time of danger mount a horse whose forehead is covered with thick hair.' The cavities inside the nostrils should be entirely black; if they are partly white, the horse is only of medium value. The hoofs should be rounded, and on the interior like the hollow of a drinking cup; the frogs firm and dry; the fetlocks thick, resembling the dark plumes hidden under the wings of the eagle, and, like them, they become black with the heat of the battle; the hoof black as the stones of a stagnant water covered with moss."

"When my horse goes for an object he makes a noise resembling that of the wings of a flying eagle, and his neighing resembles the plaintive tones of the nightingale. His neck is as long and graceful as that of a male ostrich. His eye is black as night and full of fire. In elegance he resembles a picture hanging on the walls of a palace, and he is as stately as the palace itself."

The old emir was evidently poetical as well as warlike.

His Son-in-Law.

Archduke Maximilian, of Bavaria, went recently to Vienna to visit his daughter, the Empress of Austria. He always travels quietly, and was mistaken for a business man by talkative Austrian tradesman who occupied the same compartment in the train, and who, after telling all about his own affairs, asked the archduke where he was going.

"Going to Vienna." "On business?" "No; to visit my daughter, who married an Austrian." "Is your son-in-law in good business?" "Well, tolerably good, but troublesome at times." "What is he?" "The Emperor." The tradesman was covered with confusion, and notwithstanding the laughing protestations of the archduke he darted from the carriage at the very first stopping place.

Items of Interest.

Spain is conscripting boys of fifteen. Tie-back trousers for men are proposed. India has 750,000 acres devoted to the cultivation of opium.

There will be a surplus wheat crop in Kansas of 13,000,000 bushels.

Wyoming Territory has one saloon for every hundred and eighty inhabitants.

The Mormons are educating twenty-five girls in Salt Lake City to be physicians.

If walls have ears, plants sometimes speak—did you ever hear stage whippers?

Eight hundred paper mills in the United States produce annually \$70,000,000 in stock.

David E. Porter, son of the admiral, has accepted a position on the staff of the Khedive.

"I have bought my first last," was the remark of a cobbler when he set up business for himself.

Of the 20,000 persons arrested in England last year for debt, one-fourth were able but unwilling to pay.

Although it is generally done, it is not necessary to bump against each separate stair in falling down stairs.

A Chicago clergyman says he never feels so familiar with Satan as when riding over a cobblestone pavement.

Dublin and Belfast are the only cities in the British islands, outside of London, that support seven daily papers.

Statisticians say that there are now over two million "Williams" in the United States, without counting the little bills.

Most of the men who spent \$500 to \$1,000 to get to the Black Hills have heard from them. They are coming out to borrow more money.

It has been raining in the country. A rustic lover writes: "Dear Mary Why I Kant Kum Rownd to Nite yn no well Enuff I aint Got no Kanoo."

Old daddy-long-legs has a mission. He has been observed to devour the larvae of the terrible potato beetle, and there are prayers for his health.

It is all explained—this row about the Chicago custom house. There are three bottles of whiskey in the corner store, and the building has got to come down.

What people should know—That if they spoil a stamped envelope when addressing it they can get the value in stamps by presenting it at the post-office.

A Baltimore servant girl the other morning tried that good old time-honored plan of fighting the kitchen fire with kerosene. Nothing has benzine of her since.

Doctor to wounded Carlists—"Why did you not seek shelter behind the rocks?" "The rocks were too few, and had all been occupied by our officers, doctor."

Somebody kindly sends us a *fac simile* of the autograph of John C. New; but really we don't like the color or size of the paper which contains it.— *Rochester Democrat.*

This is the way it goes. Miss Clara Rose, of Philadelphia, had \$7,000 expended on her Latin, French, and German education, and then married a man who has to buy his butter half a pound at a time.

A husband in Massachusetts can't make up his mind on the currency question, and so he refuses to allow his wife any pin-money until a decision can be arrived at.

The city court of Louisville, Ky., recently decided that newspaper men have a right to carry deadly weapons, if deemed necessary for self-defense, while in the discharge of journalistic duties.

Colonel Baker pays the following sums for his famous railway ride in England: Value of commodities, \$6,000; fine, £500; cost of prosecution, £1,500; and of defense, £1,000. Total, say \$45,000.

Of all the vices avarice is the most generally detested; it is the effect of an avidity common to all men; it is because they hate those from whom they expect nothing. The greedy misers rail at sor did misers.

The three wonders of the world at present, says an exchange, are: How luff accumulates in vest pockets, where pins go to, and why a man when he comes out of a saloon looks one way and goes the other.

A mixture of peroxide of manganese and water glass is recommended to be applied to cooking stoves when they are red hot, as it is said to make a good blacking, not as liable to burn off as common black lead.

Kingston girls are opposed to introducing the letter carrier system in that city. "The idea!" says one of them, "of having letters left at the house! Then we can't go to the post-office, and won't have any excuse for going down town."

In 1776 Massachusetts had 295,080 inhabitants; in 1790, 378,787; in 1800, 423,345; in 1810, 472,040; in 1820, 523,159; in 1830, 610,408; in 1840, 737,699; in 1850, 994,514; in 1860, 1,231,066; in 1870, 1,457,351, and now about 1,640,000.

Nothing new about pull-back skirts after all. In the reign of Edward II., of England, a monial chronicler records that the ladies wore such straight clothes they were constrained to have long foxes' brushes sewed within to hold them forth."

O'Connell, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this naufrageous ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said "he thought it sounded well."

Calcraft, for many years the hangman in England, and now superseded by a younger man, was a puzzle to newspaper reporters. He wouldn't interview paper a penny. He invariably whispered in the ear of his victims just before the fatal moment, and it has never been discovered what he said.

The Chicago *Advance* says: A friend of ours has a little niece, whose mother, thinking it time for her to put away her childish things, informed her that Santa Claus was no person at all; there was no such person. Whereupon the child solemnly asked: "Mamma, have you been telling me lies about Jesus Christ too?"

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

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THE ARABIAN HORSE.

The Emir Abd-el-Kader, in his "Observations on the Horse," says: "If you wish to go very fast, choose a horse with high withers and small flanks. The tail should be thick enough to fill the space between the thighs. 'The tail resembles the veil of a girl betrothed.' The eye of a horse should incline slightly toward the nose, like that of a man who squints. 'It resembles the eye of a squirrel, which tries to peep from under her veil.' The ears should be small, like those of an antelope, the nostrils should be large, the fetlock joints small, the forelock thick. 'In the time of danger mount a horse whose forehead is covered with thick hair.' The cavities inside the nostrils should be entirely black; if they are partly white, the horse is only of medium value. The hoofs should be rounded, and on the interior like the hollow of a drinking cup; the frogs firm and dry; the fetlocks thick, resembling the dark plumes hidden under the wings of the eagle, and, like them, they become black with the heat of the battle; the hoof black as the stones of a stagnant water covered with moss."

"When my horse goes for an object he makes a noise resembling that of the wings of a flying eagle, and his neighing resembles the plaintive tones of the nightingale. His neck is as long and graceful as that of a male ostrich. His eye is black as night and full of fire. In elegance he resembles a picture hanging on the walls of a palace, and he is as stately as the palace itself."

The old emir was evidently poetical as well as warlike.

His Son-in-Law.

Archduke Maximilian, of Bavaria, went recently to Vienna to visit his daughter, the Empress of Austria. He always travels quietly, and was mistaken for a business man by talkative Austrian tradesman who occupied the same compartment in the train, and who, after telling all about his own affairs, asked the archduke where he was going.

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