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My Little Wife and I.

We are traveling o'er life's road together,
My little wife and I;
We are happy in fair and stormy weather,
My little wife and I.
The reason why is very plain,
There's nothing queer about it:
We never give each other pain,
When we can do without it.
We have toiled o'er many a road most dreary,
My little wife and I;
But our hearts were light, when our feet were weary,
My little wife and I.

The reason why we journeyed on,
Since hand in hand we started:
We ne'er had seen the battle won,
By those who were faint-hearted.
Though our home be plain, that never teases
My little wife and me;
Though a humble cot, right well it pleases
My little wife and me.
The reason why we are content,
And do not fear to labor,
And though in toil our time is spent,
We envy not our neighbor.

We never dream of ill for the morrow,
My little wife and I;
But take what may come, be it joy or sorrow,
My little wife and I.
The reason why we do not fret,
And you'd do well to do it:
We ne'er have found a person yet
That was a gainer by it.

KRESCENZ.

An Idiot of the Moselle.

It was evening in the ancient town of Trier; the Angelus was ringing down from the great fortress-like Dom; the little carts and stalls had vanished out of the market-place; and the carved saints, clustered on the fountain, smiled benignly in the setting sun. Old women in strange head-dresses, heads and books in hand, passed in and out of St. Godelphus' curious gates; young girls, with long fair, plaited hair, moved in groups across the open place; brilliant uniforms shone up on the balconies of the Rothe Hans; the shopkeepers in the gutter little peaked caps stood at their doors and amused themselves; while the awful black arches of the Porta Nigra frowned more grimly than ever in the glowing light, and the gay and quaint little frescoes at the street corners seemed to blaze out with new color at its touch. Particularly high-paked roof was suddenly lit up with a flock of white pigeons alighting to rest, and at the same moment a face appeared at a little open window among the birds, looked up and down the streets, and was withdrawn again. The face belonged to a young girl, and the room into which she withdrew was pleasant and neat, if a little bare. A work-table at the window showed that it was the home of a seamstress; a little shrine hung in a corner, with a tiny lamp burning; a few rude pictures decorated the walls. The girl was clothed in a holiday dress of dark-green stuff, and wore a white apron, and wore a sweet, innocent face, and her fair hair hung behind in two long golden braids from her neck to her knees.

As she turned from the window, a curly-haired boy burst into the room. "I have a message for you, Krescenz," he said, and he told her to go to the street, where he could not see you to-night. He is suddenly sent on business."

A look of disappointment clouded the girl's face; but, after a few moments of silence, she said: "How good it is that they find him so useful. But come, Max, you shall not be disappointed of your excursion. You and I will go for our walk, and I will take you for a peep at our cottage."

Max snatched his hat, which he had flung off in disgust, and locking the door behind him, the sister and brother descended many stairs, and took their way through the streets, and out by the Porta Nigra, into the country.

"Look here, Max, did you ever see anything so gloriously blue as the Moselle this evening? Could you bear to live away from it? How glad I am that our new home will be near it. And look, how magnificent the red light is upon the vine-covered banks, with the crimson earth glowing between! How the tall dark poplars and the golden aspens seem to thrill as they bask in this wonderful light! If I had been a man, Max, I should certainly have tried to be an artist. Karl laughs at me when I say so; he does not care for such things, and gets annoyed when I talk about them; and yet I never saw half the beauty of things till he loved me."

"How many people are out walking to-night, Krescenz. I never saw the road so gay. Oh, there is that Gretchen kissing her hands to me, and I will not look at her. Why? Because she was impudent this morning, telling me that Karl had left off loving you, and was going to marry Luise."

"It was a silly joke, Max. I hope you did not get angry. What did you say?"

"Something that ought to have stopped her kissing hands to me," said Max.

"It was too foolish to be angry about, little brother. Some one said it to me, the other day, and I only laughed. I knew so well it was because I sent Karl a message to Luise, the other evening. But Gretchen ought not to have said it to you, Max. When I get to my new home, I don't think I shall ask her to come and see me. I do not want to hate anybody, and—"

"I will do the hating for you, Krescenz, and I hate every one who says that Karl does not love you."

"Every one! Don't give such a big name to two people, Max. If Karl did not love me, should not I be the first to know of it? Ah, you see our little house peeping above the aspens up in the fields over there? How delightful it will be to live there, Max, with all the flowers growing in at one's windows. And Karl is providing this home for me! Ah, little Max, this looks rather like loving me, doesn't it?"

bye you shall copy your brother Karl, and if you can manage to grow like him you will do very well. In the meantime, you are not quite so small as you were, my boy, when I first took you in my arms, and carried you about our poor garden, trying to put you to sleep. Mother told me the day before I was ten years old, and you were only born. I was a very little nurse, wasn't I? It seemed to me that my heart was a hundred years old. How proud I was of you, and how I loved you!"

"And you worked for me, didn't you, Krescenz?"

"Ah, didn't I? We were alone in the world, only you and me. I paid a poor old woman—a very, very old woman, who could not do anything else—a penny a day for taking care of you, and I worked for you two, I was a strong little girl, and as industrious as a bee. People gave me work to do; it was very hard, but I did it, and then I learned to sew, and things began to be better. At sixteen I was able to rent a little room for myself, and so bring home my little brother. Ah, Max, how often we have been hungry together, and yet you are a brave boy for your age. I have pulled you through the worst, and now God has taken us both into happiness and safety. No more scanty crusts for you. No more sitting up all night, sewing by candle, for me. No more pinching at the heart when rent-day is coming round. Who could have thought of it? That Karl, whom every one admires, should have sought out me! I did not accept him hastily, Max, for I was afraid he might change his mind; I was afraid that he had not known what he was saying, or that he did not know perfectly how much people thought of him. But he would persist in loving me, and I, who had been so long in the world, I laugh so much when the people tell idle tales. 'If you only knew, my good people,' I think; 'if you only knew how well I know.' And Max—you see I do not mind saying anything to you—I must confess that the greatest trouble I have had lately, has been the fear that I should sitting up at night was making away all my good looks. I look so sickly sometimes when the morning light comes in. Stare me well in the face, Max, and tell me if I am getting ugly."

"You are the prettiest and loveliest girl in town, sister Krescenz."

"But I am not, my dear Gretchen, nor are my eyes so big and bright as Luise's, nor—"

"No matter," persisted Max. "Not one of them can smile the way you do."

"After that I must say something nice to you, Max. Sit down here on the grass, and let me tell you the kind of life we shall have over in our little house yonder. We shall have four rooms of our own, and there are vines growing round all the windows. We shall have a pretty garden with bees and flowers, and a field with a cow in it. I shall do my sewing sitting under a tree, looking down on the Moselle. You will go to work with Karl, and in the evening you will both come home, and we shall have supper in the garden."

"I wish we had now, Krescenz."

"I wish we had, my boy; and I think it is time to go and look for some coffee and bread."

The sister and brother turned their steps towards a pleasant summer-house of retirement, built among trees, upon the high overhanging bank of the river, where the people of Trier love to drink coffee in the cool of the evening. As the girl and child took their simple meal in a nook of the projecting terrace, the blue Moselle rushed under their feet, and Trier lay bathed in a ruddy glory in the distance before their eyes, with its strange contrasting outlines softened into magnificent harmony, and the three black Roman gates making a frown on the very front of the sunny landscape.

"How splendid it looks, the dear old town!" cried Krescenz. "Do you know, Max, I cannot understand why people ever leave their homes to go out into the world."

"I should like to go out and see the world," said Max.

"You mustn't say so, Max. Nothing would ever induce me to leave Trier."

They were rambling among the trees on the hill-side, stopping now and then to look at the view, and take a fresh peep at the beauty of the river and the exquisite gleams of the distance on either side.

"Oh, Krescenz, Krescenz! I have found a pair of lovers."

"No! Have you, Max?" said Krescenz with interest.

"Behind that large tree, in such a pretty nook. Just peep around and you can see."

"Hide, then, while I peep, so carefully."

Max retired while Krescenz leaned forward with a smile of mischievous delight, and peered from behind a screen of leaves, herself unseen by the objects of her quest. When the boy thought he had waited long enough, he came forth again, and plucked her by the skirt.

She turned to him slowly, and put her finger on her lip.

"Krescenz! Krescenz!" whispered the child, "what makes your face so dreadful? Are they ghosts?"

"Hush, Max! I cannot see, take me by the hand, and get me into some quiet place, where nobody will find us."

"Oh, Krescenz, you are ill! Are you going to die?"

"No, dear, I shall not die. Fetch me some water, and tell nobody."

Max obeyed, and while the red light paled on the Moselle, and purple mingled with the crimson and olive of her banks, the girl's white face lay on the moss, gazing blankly upward with fixed eyes. The tears trickled over Max's innocent cheeks as he nestled at her side and kissed her lips, her hands and her hair.

are other towns beside Trier, where industrious people can get work to do."

"Oh, Krescenz! I am afraid you have gone mad. Those people behind the trees must have been the wicked spirits we read about, and they have harmed you."

"Do you know who they were, Max? Karl and Luise. Gretchen was right, after all."

"But did they say they were going to be married?" said the boy. "Oh, don't no more questions."

"Despising shadows dropped from the me for me at Trier. That is why we are going together out into the world."

"Oh that I could grow big and go back and kill him!"

"Hush! you must not talk such nonsense. You must take care of me now, as I have nobody else."

"That I will, indeed; but oh, Krescenz, my canary!"

"Somebody will take care of it, dear. We can get another."

"And your pretty little shrine?"

"Somebody else will take it. I can pay to God anywhere, you know."

Despising shadows dropped from the Moselle, and the two young figures hurried on through the purple twilight away from Trier.

A Brave Man.

Sir Charles and Lady Napier were riding one evening unattended, on the summit of the Malahide hills. The sun had just set, the pathway was narrow, bordered on one side by jungle, and on the other by a deep precipice. By-and-by turning to his wife rather suddenly, but not quietly, he desired her to ride on at full speed to the nearest village, and sent some people back to the spot where she had left him, and he further more bade her not to ask him the reason why he sent her. She obeyed in silence—but then she knew her husband. Yet he was no slight trial of her courage as well as of her own, for the way was lonely, and beset with many possible perils; but she rode boldly and rapidly forward, and gained a village a few miles distant in safety.

The party whom she then dispatched and accompanied met Sir Charles, however, about a mile and a half from the village, in his lady's track; and he then explained the reason of his strange and unquestionable demand.

He had seen, as they slowly walked their horses, first a pair of fiery eyes gleam at them from the jungle, and then the head of a ferocious tiger. He was sure, if they both were to be taken, the terrible beast, following the instinct of its nature, would give chase; and he feared, if Lady Napier knew the dreadful peril at hand, that she might be so started as to be unable to make an effort to escape, or, at least, that she would not consent to do so. He therefore planned, and leave him alone with the danger. So he tested her obedience, as we have seen, successfully. He remained himself, with only his holster pistols, confronting and controlling the monster with the steady, unflinching glance of his eagle eyes, and after a short gaze, and a muttering growl, the tiger turned back into the jungle, leaving him free to follow his wife.

What New York Eats.

There is a total of nearly 60,000 cattle of all kinds brought to New York city every week to be cut up and eaten in the city, with the exception of about thirty per cent., which is either exported or delivered in the neighborhood of New York. Some of this meat is sent to New Orleans, Savannah and Charleston, or to inland towns, and in the season, when the passenger traffic is at its height from New York to Europe, each steamer leaving that port will take with her as much fresh meat for her ten or eleven days' voyage as would suffice to supply the guests of one of our first-class city hotels for a week. Beef cattle range in weight from one thousand to seventeen hundred pounds, sheep from eighty to one hundred and sixty pounds; calves will average from ninety to two hundred and twenty on the one side, and on the other four feet or on two, is always uncertain, but the four-footed animal generally ranges in weight from one hundred to one thousand pounds. So says the superintendent of the cattle yard.

A noted fish merchant says: The amount of fish used in the city of New York in one day, we will say Friday, which is the best day, is as follows: Haddock, 200,000 pounds; codfish, 15,000 bluefish, 2,000 striped bass, 20,000 fresh mackerel, 100,000 halibut, 2,000 Spanish mackerel, 9,500 refrigerated salmon, 25,000 miscellaneous fish, such as butterfish and weakfish (the sea-bass), and porgies come in later; 100,000 pounds of lobsters, two hundred hundred gallons of scallops, two hundred dozen of soft crabs, one thousand pounds of green turtle for soups and steaks.

He Struck the Wrong Man.

"See what feet!" exclaimed a dapper little Chicago dandy, as he pointed to the tremendous pedal extremities of an overgrown but honest looking country youth who was passing at the time.

"Oh-lo-ho!" laughed a crowd of broad "styles."

"I swear, though," continued the first speaker, "if I don't believe the fellow weighs twice as large a boot as I do."

"Yes," quietly said the countryman, as he half turned around in his course, "and twice as large a hat, too."

And the dandy, looking at his companions with a sickly smile, tried to get some consolation, but they didn't give him any.

A Dreadful Result.

There are two persons on the lawn. It is pa and ma. They are playing croquet. She is ahead of him. See how she smiles. There, he has passed her. She does not smile now. She only hammers the ground. How he keeps going through the arches. It is not her turn yet. But how hard she hits her ball. Did you hear some glass tinkle? It was the cellar window. There is her racket, too. It is flung toward the man. See how he hedges it. It has landed over the fence. The woman has got through. She is going into the house. How furiously she twitches along. Now the man is left alone. He is playing croquet all by himself.

A HOUSE OF MANY GABLES.

England's Cozy Building for the Centennial—Is the Queen Coming to America?

The Philadelphia Times says: Nestling cozily in a cluster of stately chestnut trees at the foot of George's hill is one of the oldest of the many old buildings that within the last few months have been erected on the Centennial grounds. A short walk under the trees leads to the wall of this singular building, within which a dozen or more carpenters are at work, and on the roof of which several more are nailing the shingles. This is the first of the British government's twin buildings, and the first building erected by a foreign government on the Centennial grounds. It is a two-story cottage, and its size is not at all commensurate with the size and power of the country by which it was put up. As it stands among the trees in a spot so darkened by the shade that the workmen almost have to use lanterns when they have to drive a nail, it has an air of British poetry and English romance spread all over it and through it. If some of the old-time novelists had wanted to describe a robber's den, or a pretty maiden's cottage, or even a ghostly haunted house, they could not have found a more appropriate place than this very British building in the heart of a park. It is almost a house with seven gables; and no matter where you stand, or from what angle you look, one of the gables is always staring you in the face—not with an impudent stare, but with an easy, comfortable look, that carries with it an invitation to come in and see.

But the oddest of all the odd things about this remarkable house are the chimneys. The architect undoubtedly started with the intention of putting up a frame building, and he succeeded as far as the corners and a few odd boards on the roof were concerned, but when he got to two-thirds of the wall, and inside they make you wonder where a stont Britisher will find space in any of the rooms to sit down. Broad at the base, each chimney runs up, square and clumsy, till it reaches the edge of the roof; then it tapers, and is cut off at the top, and then quickly tapers off into space. Inside, in every one of the five little rooms is a cozy, old-fashioned fireplace, with broad wood and a suggestion of winter evenings and the yule log smoking.

The workmen are unable to tell why the Queen has made such elaborate preparations for the warmth of her companions. Any one of the fireplaces would heat the entire building in May or November, and in any of the intermediate months, and other "small fires" will be lit in the parlors, and the pads of water-lilies or the shelving banks, or behind a log or stone, as eager as her prey as Grimaldin himself—ready to pounce upon the hapless victim the moment he shall be within reach.

Henry Swan, of Otesago, New York, called his wife to him as he was dying and said: "My Jane, when you feed the hogs to-morrow night, you'll be the widow Swan!" And she was.

They are going to put up a headstone at the grave of Capt. Cook just as soon as anybody can be found to point out the grave. Meanwhile, the committee will hold your subscriptions.

We can't all of us beat the English and Irish at target-shooting, but most of us can get chosen on county fair committees to award prizes to the best hogs and the biggest melons.

When a Maine man can cut off his wife's head and get off with ten years' sentence, should any of us be afraid to leave a rock at an alderman's front door?

There are twenty-eight brands of teas known to the trade, and almost any grocer can sell one dollar tea and twelve shilling tea from the same box.

When one gets mad at an aristocrat in Washington it comes very handy to say to him: "I know you—your sold gingerbread during the war."

Bayard Taylor says that there is also a hundred and eighty leaves before he indulges enough of the liquid to feel happy.

The next Legislature of Ohio is going to make a law which will blister a tramp from heel to ear in just twenty-two seconds.

Any one who hasn't been invited to deliver an agricultural address has a right to be mad.

You can clear a barn of rats in less than ten minutes by setting fire to the hay in the mow.

Each number of gloves, says a fashion journal, comes in three shapes, viz: short-fingered, medium, and long-fingered—a thing to be remembered by readers out of town who send to the city for their gloves. Gloves fastened by one button cost \$1.65; those with two buttons are \$2; with three buttons, \$2.50; with four buttons, \$3. Undressed kid gloves are the favorite choice for general wear with stylish people. A novelty this year is the white undressed kid glove that will be worn at receptions as well as in the street. There are also more serviceable shades of drab, wood, and mode. Undressed kid gloves fastened by two buttons are \$1.75; by three buttons, they are \$2; and by four buttons, \$2.25. Double-stitched gloves, called "dog-skin," but which are really made of heavy kid-skins, are liked for service in traveling, country drives, and cold weather; these are as pliable and as nicely finished as the choicest kid gloves, and cost \$2. Castor gloves, that bleach and soften the hands and prevent them from chapping, are \$1.75 for those fastened by one button; twenty-five cents is added as the length is increased and another button required. Children's gloves fastened by two buttons now begin with infants' sizes that are small enough to fit a babe of two or three months. There are also the stylish three-buttoned gloves for misses; these are \$2.

Artificial Trout Culture.

In the United States much attention is being paid to trout culture, and many private ponds have been set up and are now being built. An exchange gives some interesting stories of trout raising. It says: During spawning season trout find the sandy and gravelly bottom, the conditions most favorable to their purpose. Digging with their noses pits in the sand six or seven inches deep, and three or four feet in diameter, the trout places in the center of these excavations a line of stones of various sizes, according to the size of the fish. In this work a number of trout co-operate, and, when the bed is thus prepared, the eggs are deposited by the females in successive piles, the impression of the whole mass is covered up by the parents, the moss, fess, and tails being freely used in the operation. While this work is progressing there are generally a number of small, feathered spectators, called water-coussals, in the vicinity, deeply interested in the operation. These visit the beds when the fish leave, and disappearing beneath the surface, pick up such insects as would otherwise feed upon the ova.

In the course of a month the eggs are hatched, and these eggs are wonderful things in their way. Semi-transparent, and varying in size from the head of a large pin to the dimensions of a large pea, they have a peculiar horny and elastic shell, so that, if struck against any hard substance, they will rebound therefrom with the elasticity of a miniature ball of India rubber. Subject to the action of the water, the embryo among the gravel and sand, these little eggs are protected by the peculiar properties of the delicate looking case in which they are inclosed.

A few days before the imprisoned embryo is ready to emerge from his prison, two little black specks are observed within the shell. These are the eyes, and a glance through a microscope reveals a movement of the body and a wagging of the tail, all of which are doubtless the preliminary efforts which are to result in the final deliverance.

When he has at last emerged there is a little so attached to the abdomen, and this constitutes his sole nourishment as he lies on the bottom, unable, so long as this appendage remains, to rise to the surface. The umbilical sac disappears in four weeks, and then, for the first time, the fry employs his means of locomotion for a good purpose. The little fins and tail are at first weak, and he is him from place to place in quest of animalcules and such infinitesimal game. To enable him to grow space, he must have plenty of the right kind of food, and clear spring water having a temperature of from forty to forty-five degrees.

Bullcock's livers cut fine and ground off, or the flesh of almost any animal subject to the same process, will suit his taste. He is not fastidious, and when he has attained a weight of two or three pounds, he enjoys such dainty morsels as a frog or a mouse. He is, in fact, a keen-sighted hunter of mice and other "small deer," and will live on them all the year round, and he will eat through the pads of water-lilies or the shelving banks, or behind a log or stone, as eager as her prey as Grimaldin himself—ready to pounce upon the hapless victim the moment he shall be within reach.

Then came the word "drop," and the heavy wrapper fell, and the ball was pushed forward into the victim's face. His hands went up to keep off the blow, but hands, face, hair and clothes were one mass of black, sticky ink, and such a picture as was "looked at." Said the result of it, it makes us smile to-day as we think of the victim standing there, wondering what it was all about, and growing more and more angry every second as light began to dawn upon his mind.

It was very laughable just then, but when you saw the man, and just as he made for us and we went down through the office way and Mike the other, and galleys of type and cases went to the floor, and Granger's foot went through the advertising page of last week's form, as it stood against a stone frame, and Mike and myself struck the proprietor came in—just in time to save us from Granger's wrath, but also in time to view the destruction done, the type that it would take a week to reset, and to take us in hand himself.

In those days printers' devils did not run the office themselves; the old man over-ruled you, and then poke his omnium in your face. "When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?" Answer—"When you and I are made one." After that it is plain sailing.

When you meet a small youth playing the drum, at the head of a lot of two-foot soldiers, with a stick and brass kettle, you may know that his mother has the preserving fever, and has sat down to write her hands and wonder "what on earth has become of that boy" she sent after Mrs. Jones' kettle two hours ago.

A reporter for the Philadelphia Press has learned from Mr. Ross that Mosher and Douglass approached a patrolman, some time before Charley Ross' abduction, with a proposition to assist them in the abduction of a little grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, whom they intended to hold for ransom for the sum of \$50,000.

It is the earnest opinion of the Detroit Free Press that when one sees little ragged, homeless waifs shivering on the streets, and realizes that they may grow up to become Philadelphia detectives and hunt for Charley Ross, it makes one feel that they might better be laid away now and have a bushy-tailed lamb carved on their headstones.

A lady asked her little boy: "Have you called your grandma to tea?" "Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said pretty loud: 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her up."

He started a hair-coloring establishment and got rich in two years. He attributes his fortune to persistent advertising. This is one of his advertisements: "Generation after generation passeth away, the fires of the firmament are extinguished and rekindled, the hopes the color the dreams of Caesar fade like streaks of the morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past, but hair dye—blessed, magical hair dye—asserts an everlasting dominion and crowns the hoary poll of age with the capillary glories of jocund youth."

Surprised.

A young merchant called on a young lady a few evenings since, and was shown into the parlor to await her appearance, when, the lamps being unlit, he removed a large quilt of tobacco from his mouth and threw it out of the window, as he supposed. When the lady appeared with a light, the most prominent object in the room was that young man staring in a very embarrassed way at a big chunk of tobacco pinning the lace curtain to the unopened window.

A Taste of Art.

We were looking at some splendid photographs the other day. Magnificent they were! Having a natural taste for art, whenever we see anything remarkably fine we get to thinking. We thought what an advance the art of picture taking had made since we were a boy, and everybody—particularly printers—when they broke down under the pressure of their regular business, followed the art of taking daguerotypes, and compelled their unfortunate victims to sit for three minutes—which seemed three hours—their eyes directed into the opening of the camera. What agony these poor victims suffered, and how eagerly they watched, and how anxious they were to see the "picture was taken," until it was taken, paid for (price three dollars), and taken home to be the wonder of the neighborhood.

And then we thought of the photograph gallery on the same floor of the office in which we were a "devil" to the "art preserver" of the whole business, stamping up the stairs one day a great lubberly boy, the owner of whose heavy shoes resounded through the building as his feet came down with a crash. And the very funny voice in which he asked if this was where "profiles was took," and our answer, "it was, and the other day they took profiles of us, and which we regret every time we think of it."

Boys will be boys, and printers' devils were then the worst—the very worst—imps in the world. We have not forgotten how we took that young granger's picture, and how we took the picture of editorial stool, and made him hold before his face a heavy wrapper, while we took the old ball with which we inked the form, and covering it with printers' ink more carefully than we did when beating a form for old Natt, the pressman, we stood before the victim and told him that "picture was ready, and when he dropped, he must let go the corners of the paper."

It is all before us to-day, the trembling fingers holding up the paper and hiding from view what was going on outside of it, somewhat suspicious, no doubt, that all this was ready, and when he saw the editorial stool, and made him hold before his face a heavy wrapper, while we took the old ball with which we inked the form, and covering it with printers' ink more carefully than we did when beating a form for old Natt, the pressman, we stood before the victim and told him that "picture was ready, and when he dropped, he must let go the corners of the paper."

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When you meet a small youth playing the drum, at the head of a lot of two-foot soldiers, with a stick and brass kettle, you may know that his mother has the preserving fever, and has sat down to write her hands and wonder "what on earth has become of that boy" she sent after Mrs. Jones' kettle two hours ago.

A reporter for the Philadelphia Press has learned from Mr. Ross that Mosher and Douglass approached a patrolman, some time before Charley Ross' abduction, with a proposition to assist them in the abduction of a little grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, whom they intended to hold for ransom for the sum of \$50,000.

It is the earnest opinion of the Detroit Free Press that when one sees little ragged, homeless waifs shivering on the streets, and realizes that they may grow up to become Philadelphia detectives and hunt for Charley Ross, it makes one feel that they might better be laid away now and have a bushy-tailed lamb carved on their headstones.

A lady asked her little boy: "Have you called your grandma to tea?" "Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I ran into the hall, and said pretty loud: 'Grandma, tea is ready.' And she never knew what woke her up."

He started a hair-coloring establishment and got rich in two years. He attributes his fortune to persistent advertising. This is one of his advertisements: "Generation after generation passeth away, the fires of the firmament are extinguished and rekindled, the hopes the color the dreams of Caesar fade like streaks of the morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past, but hair dye—blessed, magical hair dye—asserts an everlasting dominion and crowns the hoary poll of age with the capillary glories of jocund youth."

Surprised.

A young merchant called on a young lady a few evenings since, and was shown into the parlor to await her appearance, when, the lamps being unlit, he removed a large quilt of tobacco from his mouth and threw it out of the window, as he supposed. When the lady appeared with a light, the most prominent object in the room was that young man staring in a very embarrassed way at a big chunk of tobacco pinning the lace curtain to the unopened window.

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Items of Interest.

Political necessities are the mothers of conventions.

Support home institutions—support your families.

Evening gray and morning red Sends the farmer wet to bed; Evening red and morning gray Is the sure sign of a very fine day.

It is now proposed to enlist men in the army as cooks, and at each recruiting depot to establish a school for their training.

A man was once asked if he had ever seen a red blackberry. "To be sure I have," said he; "all blackberries are red when they're green."

The time honored "rush" at Yale College between the sophomores and freshmen did not come off this year. The faculty forbade it.

A Miss Hergent, of Kansas, has fallen heir to an estate valued at \$100,000, and scores of impetuous young fellows are urgent to become her gent.

There are several roads to the divorce courts, but there is none more traveled than the one via the fashionable dress and bonnet making establishments.

When you're nothing to do but flatter about, Gossiping as you flit, Just take our advice, "step down and out," Give up the ghost and "git."

Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, recently said "I honestly hoped to see the day when in going to the polls we shall take our wives, daughters, and sisters with us."

A gentleman in Nueces county, Texas, has a field of sixty thousand acres within one fence. He recently filled an order by telegraph for twenty-six thousand beavers.

"Have you caught any fish, huh?" asked a gentleman of a small urchin who was fishing. "Yes, sur, a good celt, eh, exhibiting one about eighteen inches long."

The expressing of dead Chinese from California to China has become a thrifty freight business. Each one, when living, keeps constantly on hand his coffin, which is labeled and directed to destination.

There is a man in Iowa who never had any eyes. The skin grows over the place usually occupied by them the same as over the rest of the face. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that he is stone blind.

An old gentleman, with a kind but determined look on his face, said: "The next time that boy refuses to go on an errand I will go for him." The boy heard of the kind offer,