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HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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## At the Stille.

The leaves are growing ruddy as the sun begins to dip.  
The birds are twittering forth their even songs;  
Little Lucy sits expectant with her finger at her lip;  
What makes her sister Alice stay so long?  
There are butterflies and dragon-flies all ready to be chased,  
There are daisy chains to weave, there are blackberries to taste;  
Why not play about the meadows for a while?  
Why linger, linger, linger at the stille?  
Impatient little Lucy is a simple-witted mite;  
Her sweetest days are future joys, 'tis clear;  
Why should Harry keep his arm around her sister's waist so tight?  
Why make her blush by whispering in her ear?  
The sun will soon be setting—Lucy does not love the dark;  
She does not love the silent bats that fit across the park;  
Since he met her, Alice might have walked a mile—  
Why linger, linger, linger at the stille?  
This dialogue, small Lucy, which seems tedious as you tarry,  
To Alice is a rather serious thing;  
For it means that she and Harry have this evening voted to marry;  
It means a cake, lace veil, and wedding ring,  
And when a little bridemaid, uncommonly like you,  
Comes into church so trippingly, all dressed in white and blue,  
You'll discover, as you reach the middle aisle,  
Why they linger'd, linger'd, linger'd at the stille.

## LUKE'S LOAD OF HAY.

The affair which I am going to relate happened some years ago, in an ancient fishing town on the coast of New England.  
The boys of this place were rude fellows, with an unreasoning and half-savage antipathy to strangers, upon whom they vented their dislike as often as they appeared among them, by cat-calls and hootings, and not infrequently by showers of stones.  
It was really a serious matter for strange boys to enter the town, for it was almost certain that they would be attacked and roughly treated, and there is more than one case on record of fights between the young ruffians of Marlow and the lads of neighboring towns that ended seriously for both parties.  
One fine September day, towards evening, a laughing group of these same quarrelsome proflights spied in the distance a load of hay slowly advancing along one of the village streets. The load was drawn by a yoke of oxen, and the driver was a brown-faced, white-haired boy, whose appearance marked him as an easy subject for insulting fun.  
Instantly signs of intelligence passed among the mischief-makers, and in a moment more the group was re-enforced by half-a-dozen other boys, but strangely enough not a hoarse word or a stone thrown. The boy with the hay came on in peace.  
The streets of the town are very narrow, and often steep, and in places they are so crooked that new-comers are likely to get most ludicrously bewildered in trying to follow the way.  
Seated on the nearest fence, the town boys, to the number of a dozen or more, awaited the approach of the young rascal and his hay-wagon, in solemn and ominous silence. He came on, staring about him with a perplexed look, and presently stopped at a certain point.  
"Say you!" he called out to the boys on the fence. "Is this the way to Hinckley's tavern?"  
"Hinckley's tavern!" cried the whole group together, and most of them tumbled off their seats with roars of laughter—for Hinckley's tavern was a mile the other side of the town.  
The questioner at first looked red, and fumbled his driving stick in awkward embarrassment. Then he grew angry. "The ringleader of the boys, perceiving this, got down and said to his companions:  
"Hold up, can't yer? Of course it's the way to Hinckley's." Then approaching the driver, he asked: "D'ye want to go there?"  
"Yes," was the eager reply. "I'd like to get rid of this load of hay 'fore night."  
"Then come along—I'll show yer," cried the boy. Then, winking to his companions, he continued: "Right ahead here, and around the first corner into Parsons street. There's where Hinckley lives."  
Hurrah for Hinckley on Parsons street!" yelled the boys, and broke into another roar of laughter.  
The confused driver put his team in motion, and before and behind the cart the noisy crowd trooped on, fairly dancing with mischievous delight.  
Parsons street was the most crooked in the town, and it grew narrower as it went on, until it finally ended at a cliff of solid stone, beyond which was the sea. The boys were gradually conducting the unsuspecting farmer lad into a trap.  
More than once he stopped short, as if suspecting some trick; but as often he was induced to start again by the ingenious leader of the gang.  
As they went on, every house they passed looked deeper and older than the last, and more directly in the way, and the road grew all the time rougher, and crookeder and narrower. The load of hay began to wobble, and the fences and walls on either side.  
Cross women rushed out to scold the driver, and crosser dogs barked around the oxen's heels. The poor farmer boy began to be really terrified.  
"Oh, go long," shouted the others. "Go long till the next turn, then yer're all right."  
The next turn! The road was all turn, for aught that he could see. But urged and pushed by his tormentors, he kept on, until a rickety old horse, jutting almost into the street at one of the narrow windings, caught the soft load,

and wedged between that and the opposite wall, it struck fast.  
Men, women and children rushed out, and set upon poor Luke the driver, scolding and clamoring like so many crows. The boy stood and stared in helpless perplexity and anger.  
He saw no way to get out of his predicament. He could not go on. He could not make his beasts back up the hill. Once he caught sight of his chief tormentor standing in the doorway of the old house that had stopped him, but the exultant rascal laughed and dodged out of the way.  
No person present seemed sensible enough to extricate the victim from his difficulties, or cool enough to hear any explanations. Everybody shouted, and asked questions, and threatened, and poured a chorus of abuse upon helpless Luke.  
At length some one called out that the hay must be unloaded. Men from the neighboring streets began to arrive at the scene, and one of them happened to be the local constable.  
It was now almost dark, and Luke's situation was miserable enough. Distressed for the danger to the property in his charge, he was trembling by this time for his own safety, too.  
The gamins who had trapped him darted shrieking round the cart, calling: "Ho, here's Hinckley's tavern!" and mingling with the crowd, succeeded in starting a fight. A man climbing the load to help throw off the hay was hit by a stone, and shouted angrily to the constable to "arrest that boy!"  
The constable, confused by the tumult and darkness, grabbed Luke roughly by the collar, without stopping to make sure whether he was "that boy" or some one else.  
"I ain't to blame," screamed the unlucky farmer lad, struggling to get away. "It's them fellows that cheated me, and told me to drive into—"  
A louder uproar drowned Luke's voice, and with furious exclamations two men leaped off the cart almost upon the head of the constable and his prisoner.  
Just then a bright glare shot into the sky, accompanied by smoke. Some one of the boys had put a lighted match to the hay! It burned with alarming rapidity. In a few moments the whole load was a bonfire. The constable and the people made wild dashes at the wagon to draw it back from the house, but their efforts were vain. The blazing load was immovable.  
Only one man had the courage and presence of mind to hastily unyoke the oxen, and then the load, a few minutes more, and the old house was burning in half a dozen places.  
By this time the town bells began ringing the alarm. All Parsons street was in imminent danger, if not the whole town. The weather had been dry for a long time, and the breeze blew in from the sea, and the flames were throwing water, but their labor did nothing to stay the flames.  
The engines came thundering and clattering down; but the street was so narrow that much time was lost before they could reach the fire.  
Meantime the officer, called off by greater matters, had quitted his hold upon Luke, and he was now standing in terror, except through a hole in the board fence which protected a sort of side yard to the burning house. He jumped down some rocks toward a lower street, amid a shower of sparks, and in his flight turned a sharp corner and found himself in a brick street, a gamin's net with two or three very small sheds on the further side.  
In the very center of this garden stood an old man with a bucket in his hand, pale as a ghost, and trembling like a leaf from head to foot. He was hatless and shoeless, and the yellow glare of the fire streaming full upon him, made him look like a specter.  
His lips moved, and Luke heard him groan, and mutter:  
"The powder! the powder! Oh, Lord, forgive us! Oh, Lord, protect us!"  
"Powder! Where is it?" cried the boy, forgetting for the moment everything but the present danger.  
"It's mine," said the old man, "and it's stowed over there in that shed with the hole in the door. They'd put me in jail if they knew I had it, but I got it cheap, and I marked it 'Herrings,' and brought it home in the night. Oh, dear! and now it'll blow up the town, and kill all the people! See the fire come down! Oh, it's ketch'd! It's ketch'd!"  
It was true—the shed was burning a little on the roof. Here was peril indeed! But now several houses were on fire. Sparks and embers were flying everywhere in the hot air about him, and fell upon the dry shingles and kindled new flames faster than he could extinguish them.  
The shed seemed doomed, but Luke the farmer boy, parched with heat, and every moment increasing his risk of life by a horrible explosion, fought the fire with fierce and reckless courage. He drenched his jacket in every pailful of water that the trembling old man brought him, and beat it about him on the burning roof, and threw the rest of the liquid in splashes upon the flames.  
All this time he was shouting: "Help! help! powder! powder!"  
"Don't holler powder," shrieked the old man, above the noise; "they'll put me in prison! It's agen the law to have it here!"  
But Luke paid no attention, and back-wards and forwards the wretched old man trooped, shaking the sparks from his shoulders, and growing weaker and weaker with fright. The upper part of the shed was now fairly in a blaze. The hencoops had already gone, and a pigsty in the next yard was beginning to smoke.  
If a spark should get at the powder," thought Luke; and he lifted up his voice once more, and shrieked for "help—help—help!" but in the turmoil his voice was no more audible than the chirp of a bird.  
"Oh, dear, will no one hear me!"

thought he, half fainting with exhaustion and distress.  
There was a large tenement house just in the rear of the garden that must certainly go to pieces if the fire caught the powder. Many people were even now in the house, darting to and fro, carrying out goods.  
"I'll blow up in a minute! Run, boy—run, I tell ye!" screamed the panic-stricken old man; and he threw down his pail and fled in the smoke.  
"Help! help!" cried Luke once more. "There's powder here!"  
He felt one of the boards giving way under him. At the same instant a dizziness seized him; he cried once more:  
"Help! Powder! Powder!"  
His dress caught fire. He did not have strength to extinguish it. But now he heard some one answer his cry, and saw a bluish face appear above the suddenly disappeared at one of the windows of the tenement house, and other voices shrieked:  
"Powder! Powder!"  
Just as he was falling, and had thrown up his arms in a last endeavor to shield himself from the flames, he dimly knew that a crowd of men came pouring down into the yard, bringing hose with them, and calling upon him to leap. He felt the blow of the water upon his shoulders, and it cold spray upon his face, and then he sank down unconscious.  
When he awoke the fire was over, and he found himself surrounded by kindly and gentle faces. His bravery and faithful service at the place of danger, and all the story of his misfortune through the dastardly trick played upon him by the boys of the town had been told. This, together with the injuries he had received, created universal sympathy for him, and indignation at his persecutors.  
The head selectman, learning the facts, had caused him to be conveyed to his own house, and tenderly cared for. The poor boy's face and limbs were badly burned, and he must lie a good while under constant nursing before he could be moved. It would be a wonder, they said, if he recovered without serious scars.  
The indignation awakened in the town against Luke's tormentors did not end with his expression. Before Luke recovered sufficiently to be carried home, the authorities had succeeded in finding the leaders. They were arrested and punished, and a fruitful source of offence to the community was effectually put away. The injured farmer-boy was looked upon by the citizens as a public benefactor.—*Youths' Companion.*

### Detroit Free Pressings.

It has been ascertained that only two Smiths will serve in the next Congress, and neither of them are blue Smiths.  
If you should die, my own true love,  
Then, while the sun was risen,  
I'd go out in some vacant lot,  
And kill myself with poison.  
It has been decided that any railroad conductor who kisses a passenger against her will lays the railroad company liable for damages.  
There are eighteen different patent clothes-pins in the market, and any one of them will make good paving for the back yard if you get the right kind of a hired girl.  
Florida papers report an almost total failure of orange crop, while Northern free-lunch clerks say that there are more sponges around this fall than they ever saw before.  
It is given for solemn fact that a hired girl in Savannah fainted dead away because she broke a teacup. It may be true. It may be that she hadn't a chance to hide the pieces.  
When you see a Detroit girl come out of a store with a hoop, skirt, and a jump and a pleased expression, you may know that the milliner has told her she can press her old summer hat over into a \$20 winter style.  
A grocer on the Ohio river had to make an assignment because some villain stole eighteen pounds of sugar and a whole cheese from his stock. You can get an idea of this how sensitive capital sometimes is.  
One passing through Arkansas doesn't see half as many revolvers as he would have noticed two or three years ago. It isn't particularly because everybody is trying to be real good, but more because they have found out that a good shotgun is more to be depended on.  
Two years ago a millionaire named Johnson was riding on the cars in Indiana, and he saw Ellen Rogers sitting on the fence, fell in love, and the other day they were married. Will this little episode be carelessly forgotten by any marriageable young lady in North America?  
A Shaky Prisoner.  
The first prisoner out to be tried in the Detroit police court, says the *Free Press*, was shaking with a fit of the blues. He was bent over, his lips were blue, his short hair stood up like bristles, and as the shakers ran up and down his back the chairs almost danced around.  
"This is a pretty state of affairs, George Cain!" exclaimed his honor. "Tell me, sir, what business you had to have the air just as I want to try you for being drunk."  
"I do—n't k-a-o-w," gasped George, shivering as if a cold cobar had been run down behind his collar.  
"Is this your real name, or are you trying to deceive me?"  
"It's the—the a-g-e-r," gasped the prisoner.  
"Do you feel cold?"  
"Y-y-yes, sir."  
"And can't you keep your teeth from knocking together?"  
"No—no—no, sir."  
"Well, I'm going to let you shake yourself out of court; but harkie, boy! If they trot you in here again with a same charge, and the age comes on, I'll send out after ice, oilcloth, and all the other cold things I can think of, and I'll freeze you to death, and sell your body for a law lament. Paste those words in the crown of your hat, George Cain, for I'm terribly in earnest. Go home now, and if you meet an old friend on the street and he holds out his hand and asks you to 'shake,' do you oblige him."

### Lying for Luck.

Walking in the early morning at a small station in northwest India, the editor, on passing a shrubby, observed a man healthily moving in the bushes. The intruder was asked what he wanted, when he replied: "The Seth is dead." This Seth was the principal man in the native city adjoining the station, and a merchant universally known in the commercial world on account of his great riches. Forgetting, in his surprise at the announcement, that the reply was scarcely an adequate one to his question, the writer took his walk, and, on returning, expressed his astonishment to the servants that they had not told him the Seth was ill, mentioning the catastrophe he had learned from the trespasser. One of the servants having happened, on his way from the city that very morning, to have seen the Seth hearty and well, it was decided on all hands that the information was incorrect. Thereupon one of the men who had been holding the roof of the Seth's house, and who was being paid by the Seth, was asked to tell the truth. "The man who told your honor was probably a dyer,"  
"A dyer!" cried the writer; "but why should a dyer tell falsehoods?"  
"He was probably lying for luck," was the answer; and then it was related that when a vat has been prepared for a dye, some anxiety is felt as to whether it will turn out well—and the blue dye was said to be the most ticklish—and that during this doubt the dyers go out telling falsehoods, in the hopes that, if they are believed, the vat will turn out well. Further inquiries were made after the fact, and the facts were found to be correct; and, indeed, allusions to the custom were subsequently pointed out in native poetry. A lover would, perhaps, be made to address his mistress in some such and hyperbolic as this: "You deceived me, it may be, lest the blue vat of heaven; jealous of the heaven of your face, should wish to spoil itself."  
Philopina.  
"Will you eat a philopina with me?" said a young lady to me one day.  
"What is a philopina?" I asked, for having recently come into the country I had never heard the word before.  
"It is a half of this double almond, and I eat the other," said my fair informant. "Then the one who calls 'philopina' to-morrow, or the next time we meet, is entitled to a present from the other."  
I ate the half of the twin almond she offered me, and the next day she was the first to call philopina, and I had to make her a present. But I was puzzled to account for this custom, and I made many inquiries as to its meaning and origin, but all in vain till the other day I found the following explanation in a French journal.  
The people of Alsace and Lorraine were formerly under German rule, and they now are; but while a part of France they lost, in a great measure, the use of the German language, and what they retained became corrupt. It was old French, and among the young people to engage themselves by eating the halves of double almonds, and then to salute each other as "well beloved" each time they met. The word in German was "vielebeben"; but having forgotten the meaning of this word, they gradually changed it into philippa, which sounds like it, and "philippina." This is now their form of salutation. Here it is not restricted only to those who are betrothed; but then young people here behave towards each other in many respects as they would only be permitted to do in Europe if they were "finances."  
Over-Dressed Women.  
I am convinced, says a newspaper correspondent, that there will come a time when man will rise and assert his preference for plainly dressed women. He is just now ground into the dust by the tyranny of over-dress. It annoys him to think that the soul-narrowing skirts and sense-withering bonnets are sent out by the importers to be exhibited, and that the goddess who nightly gathers her laurels from mankind is only touting for a dry goods firm.  
Plainly dressed does not mean shabby or inconspicuous; it means, by no means, it means, I think, appropriately dressed. It is opposed to too-much and too-few dressed. A richly attired lady is one of the abiding incentives to virtue and respect. A tawdry and flashily dressed woman is a standing menace to respectability.  
And here let me say that the church has attempted this advertising business. I am told by a New York milliner that the poorest ladies who appear in the sanctuary ever Sunday in new bonnets have them supplied regularly and gratuitously by up-town houses. The ladies recommend the houses by mentioning the names of their firms when their bonnets are admired.  
How shocked these dear creatures would be if their beloved pastor should appear in his pulpit on Sunday with a placard on his breast inviting his congregation to buy their underclothing of Jones and Jobson.  
Waiting Dinner.  
Nothing is more trying to the mistress of a house in any grade of life than to be compelled to "wait dinner," for the convenience of tardy guests, to say nothing of the discomfort inflicted on other visitors. The busy people of the world are punctual people; the man whose every moment is worth money to him, is not the sort of man who would be in time. It is hard that such persons as these should be compelled to waste a long time in waiting dinner for the arrival of some man or woman whose unpunctuality is merely the result of an impertinent want of forethought. The proper course is to treat such persons as they deserve, and to ignore them altogether. If, when the dinner hour arrived, dinner were served, and the drawers were compelled by their late arrival either to go without dinner or to sit down in the middle of the feast—no bringing back of earlier dishes allowed—this evil of "waiting dinner" would soon be remedied. "So sorry to be late," ought to be met by "So sorry we couldn't wait, but glad to have you join us at this stage." If ladies would take this matter in their own hands, the habit of late arrival, which is a positive social nuisance, would soon be cured.  
Under the Water and Rocks.  
Condition of the Submarine Operations at Hart Gate, in New York Harbor.  
A few rods above the village of Astoria, on the East river, N. Y., is Hart Gate, where extensive operations looking to the improvement of the channel have been going on for the past six years. The operations consist in undermining the bed rock of the river for a considerable distance by a system of tunnels, or "leadings," as engineers term them, leaving columns to support the roof until the charges are ready to be fired. As no external evidence of the character of the work exists, but few persons are aware of the great labor involved. No less than two and a half acres have been opened up under, with an aggregate length of tunnel of one and one-half miles; the width and height being respectively eight feet and twelve feet. A plan of these excavations appears like an irregular checker board; the black squares representing the piers which are being held in position. These will be removed in the final blast, which is expected to throw down the whole rock bed involved, and probably much subjacent. All of the leadings have been driven and the only remaining task is to bore the piers for the admission of charges. The holes are being bored in each chamber with holes leading diagonally; in these nitro-glycerine, or its equivalent, is to be placed and the whole exploded by one battery.  
To insure certain ignition of this immense quantity of explosive material, 6,000 charges of about eight pounds each, every charge connects with the others by a system of pipes, or iron tubes, probably half an inch in diameter, filled with explosive in quantities to almost constitute a charge of itself. The work is a system of gigantic pockets cut into the solid rock charged with explosive, connected intimately with fuses, and to be fired by one battery at the proper time.  
The greatest depth of water over the works is twenty-six feet; the greatest thickness of the rock eighteen feet, and the longest leading 315 feet. All the bodies have been bored by drills driven by compressed air, and about 2,000 holes yet remain to be made. The leakage through the roof amounts to 500 gallons per minute. This is all led into one of the leadings, which also communicates with a well at the end of the tunnel, whence it is removed by pumps.  
The successful termination of this work will straighten the shore line materially, add much to the width of the channel, and alter some of the currents, which set so strongly now at flood, and oblige the boats to greatly endanger commerce.  
At this place the tide sweeps through with a velocity of nine knots, or over ten miles per hour, and as the channel is only a few hundred feet wide and hedged about with rocks above and below, it is easy to see that navigators will have reason to pray for the success of the undertaking.  
The cost of the work up to the present time has been about \$750,000, and it will require at least \$500,000 more to complete it.  
It is expected that the final operation, that of firing the charges, will transpire some time early in the summer of 1876. It will be an event well worth witnessing. The effect of 60,000 pounds of glycerine fired at once would create a small earthquake if it were not that it is stated by Capt. William H. Honor, of the United States engineers, that subdividing this quantity into numerous small charges very greatly lessens the shock.  
The Children.  
No weak, nervous child can sleep with one of stronger physique without suffering a loss of nervous vitality and power. Each child in a family should have its own bed, says *Scribner*, and at the proper age its own chamber; besides numbers to be clean, orderly, and as prettily furnished as the parents' means will allow. Especially is this a necessity with the daughters of the house. Every mother will remember how dear to herself, in her girlish days, was the chance of seclusion in the chest of drawers where she could store away her laces, ribbons and other dainty trifles; the locked desk with the diary inside; the white chamber, with its snowy curtains, where she could hang her dried ferns and photographs, and sit alone to ponder over her compositions, or read her Bible. A boy has his fancies, fables, hobbies, as well as a girl. He may not want seclusion, but he does want elbow room, and he ought to have it. Bob is a mighty fisherman, and clutters up the one closet with poles and lines, hooks, and books of fishes. Jim has reached the autograph stage, and must have a desk and quires of paper with which to assault everybody mentioned in the newspapers, from Longfellow to Buffalo Bill. Tom has a mass of old rubbish collected at junk-shops, having caught the cupidiophilia from his mother; and Bill heaps on top of all his balls, bats, old shoes, and half-eaten apples.  
Stylish but Sensible.  
A plucky Iowa girl thus tells her experience in getting on in this world: "I am the only daughter of a farmer of moderate means; have taught school five years. I began when sixteen years of age. This present summer I walked one and three-fourth miles night and morning and taught my summer school. Harvest came, and we were in want of a hired hand. Plenty could be had at \$2.50 per day, so I deemed like loss without profit, so I donned my driving gloves and frock-brimmed hat and drove the reaper to cut eighty acres of grain. Besides I took a music lesson once a week. All of my younging lady friends said: 'Oh, you will ruin your hands and complexion,' but for aught I see, they are as white as the day I closed school. Since reaping is done I've done all the cooking for the harvest folks. I carry a good willie and chain, and support a smeltish jewelry, and move in the best society; am considered rather stylish, but am of that disposition that I can adapt myself to circumstances. I am well aware that a delicate dress and crimped hair become me in a ballroom, that a modest dress and neat-fitting gloves are designed for church, and last, but not least, that a calico dress is preferable for kitchen work."  
Female Labor in England.  
Lord Shaftesbury calls attention to the recently issued report of the inspectors of factories, and to the painful information which it contains on the subject of female labor in the "black country," or in "the nail and chain district." From both the nail and chain trades there are, he says, "strong representations made against the labor of women, whether as to numbers employed, or the size of the articles made. The women take the place of fathers and husbands, while the men are idle and drunk." The roof of the evil in the "black country" appears to be drunkenness; no matter whether the drinker be puddler, collier, chain or nail maker. The outcry against the colliers' and puddlers' wives working is very great; not perhaps so much from their influx into the trade, but from the fact that they work night and day, toil and slave, and not for the price that slave and slave-master would give, but for any price any crafty knave or master chooses to offer. In the meantime the husband is in some public-house, at his ease, and training his "whiffet" for some future running on beestinks and the best of good fare. The women work only in the ball and chain trade that the practice of husbands living on their wives' labor prevails. A young woman, addressing one of the inspectors, said: "I say, master, I wish you would make my man do a little more work, and me less. I married a swell, I did. To the factory, when the man by a swell, the reply was: 'Why, when I married him in the morning he had a smart gold watch and chain, and a smart dicky, but when we came to go to bed at night I'm blessed if he had ere a shirt on, and ever since I've had to keep him by working in the brickyard, and not keep him, but find him money to drink.' And it is, it seems, a growing custom for idle, lazy young lads to look out for skilled, industrious wives in order to obtain an "easy life."  
The sanitary condition of the shops, the report says, is often bad. Women work often in an advanced state of pregnancy, and a shocking story is told of a girl at work in a brickyard "looking exceedingly ill," and who to a remark of the manager, "that she did not look up to much this morning," replied: "No more would you if you had had a child during the night."  
The report shows clearly enough that the trades of which it speaks involves a species of labor which women are not fitted to undertake at all, which some women undertake under compulsion from idle fathers or husbands, and which they occasionally pursue at times and under conditions in which such labor must be seriously injurious to their health. Nothing short of an absolute legislative prohibition of female labor in these trades will, in fact, meet the complaints.

### Italian Tunnels.

Charles Warren Stoddard writes: There are forty tunnels between Pisa and Genoa; the railroad threads the coast so closely that but for its fortunate elevation above high-water mark it would sink in the waves of the sea, and plunge shoreward in the spray of many a gale. So frequent are the tunnels between Pisa and Genoa, and so long the galleries, which are, in other words, tunnels with rows of large windows or arches hewn out of the wall against the sea, that it seems almost as if the picture and structural details were the work of the sea and the storm. The coast is very abrupt; cliff after cliff juts out over the water like the wings in a theater, all looking very much alike, and a half-dozen of them usually being visible at one time. The cliffs are hung with creeping vines and decked with ferns and aloes. They are each one a picture, and from each I got some pleasant little surprises, for as the train emerged from the tunnel I was sure to find a kind of toy city, exceedingly small, but complete in itself, clinging to the cliff ahead of us, and with very many rods distant. In some cases we had scarcely time to get used to the daylight blazing all around the coast, before we were dragged into the pitchy blackness of the next tunnel. Sometimes we stopped in the midst of a tunnel or gallery, and were amazed to find passengers alighting—at least I was for it was all a novelty to me—and when I looked out of the car window I found that the bluff above us was split in two, and through the chasm very narrow and very steep stairs cut in the rock led up to the summit, where the edges of the houses were visible with their black walls glowing in the sunshine. The next moment we were rushing on from cliff to cliff, above smooth stretches of sea sand as yellow as gold, and below a long slope of the hills inland, sprinkled thickly with villas even to their summits, where the clouds leaned heavily and threatened rain.

### The Hard Times.

The hard times, says the *New York Tribune*, have now lasted two full years. The extreme point of depression may or may not have been reached. There is no infallible test. Former experience teaches that the process of recovery is not a rapid one, but in the nature of things its commencement cannot be long delayed. England is the country which most nearly resembles the United States in its methods of business and its banking system. In England during the last ninety years there have been seven or eight periods of strongly marked depression in business, such as that through which we are passing. In no case, however, has the extreme inaction lasted three full years. By the end of the third year the exports and imports, the revenues of the government, and the rate of interest have invariably begun to mark some improvement. All the accepted authorities on the subject of commercial crises have treated them as reactions following an excess of speculation. Speculation carries the prices of houses and lots, goods, bonds, railroad stocks and other commodities, to a level at which they cannot be sustained, and the resulting fall is in proportion to the extent of the previous speculations and the abuses of credit by which they have been attended. An abuse of credit takes place where, for instance, a farmer parts with his grain for a worthless railroad mortgage, or other security, or where he is the victim of bad debts.

### Items of Interest.

One million six hundred thousand dollars' worth of wood will be necessary, according to the estimate of the builder, for the St. Gotthard tunnel.  
Baron von Kalshstein and a number of ex-officers of the Prussian army are traveling through Georgia, prospecting for a location for a large colony of German artisans.  
The trees at Galveston, Texas, which were denuded of their leaves during the late blow, are already in full leaf, and present a very springlike appearance in their new dress.  
A boy of nine and a girl of eleven, half-timers at a mill at Euxton, near Preston, England, quarreled and fought, and the girl received such injury that she died directly afterwards.  
Nearly 600,000 persons were employed during last year in and about the coal, fire clay, ironstone, and shale mines of Great Britain and Ireland, about four-fifths of whom were occupied under ground.  
An Indian woman at Nanaimo, British Columbia, had lent another native \$100, for which she was to receive \$10 per month interest. Failing to get the money back, she took the disappointment so much to heart that she hung herself.  
An Osceola (Pa.) woman went out to hunt up her drunken husband, and found him lying in the gutter. She gave him several raps with a piece of board before she discovered that she was "correcting" another woman's husband. She takes no pleasure in having the subject mentioned now.  
Bell's Life tells of an extraordinary hand at whist: W. T. and three friends were playing whist. During the third game T. M.'s partner dealt and turned up the ace of spades. On looking at his hand he found the whole of the same suit. T. M. says he has seen whist played for more than fifty years, but never remembers such a circumstance happening before.  
A Montgomery (Ala.) paper says: There is a merchant in Montgomery who has goods on his shelves bought in New York in 1835. He never advertised in his life, and prefers to keep his goods to seeing his name in print. We are happy to state, however, ladies and gentlemen, that the merchant in question is not a married man, and that there are but few of him in this city.  
A curious story was related at a corner in Bath, England, the other day. Four boys went into a field by the side of the river Avon, and two of them agreed to bath. One entered the river, and was quickly drowned; the other intimidated his companions by threatening to say anything about the accident, and having hidden the clothes of the drowned lad under a stone, went compositely home.  
A Romantic Story.  
The other afternoon, while the manager of a French provincial theater was sitting on the terrace in front of the Cafe Varietes, in Paris, talking with the proprietor, he was surprised by the approach of a handsome, elegantly dressed young woman, who said to him: "Sir, I see by your ring that you are a married man. I also am married, and must speak with you. Come with me." The manager, astonished but courteous, obeyed; and following the fair unknown into her coupe, was driven away. "I am not an adventurer," said the young woman; "I have money" (at the same time showing 6,000 francs). "But it is essential that you should aid me in escaping from my father and husband. It is still very ruff. June 17th, and getting into the coupe with this train till the coupe reached the Pont des Arts, when she suddenly cried out: "I am about to commit a crime," and jumping from the carriage, ran to the parapet of the bridge, and mounted it, in order to plunge into the river. The police fortunately seized her in time to prevent this. A crowd immediately collected, but the manager said to the gentlemen, with great presence of mind: "This lady is my wife, who is merely suffering from a little aberration of mind and wished to frighten me." The lady was released, and getting into the coupe with her new friend, they returned to the Cafe des Varietes. The young lady, during the return drive, did not say a word. When the cafe was reached, she gave her father's address, who of course was at once sent for, and took his daughter home. She belonged to one of the best families in Paris, and her parents are of high rank. She was laboring under an attack of hysteria, which rendered her, for the time being, insane.  
The Small Boy's Diary.  
A correspondent of the *British Messenger* says: The small boy named Henry and wrote the adventures of the day. The diary was passed around, and we admired the graphic description of sea life couched in sentences like these: "June 13th, Very Ruff. June 14th, Ruffer to-day. June 16th, To-day we went ninety-one nots. It is still very ruff. June 17th, There were not many at dinner to-day, and I liked the plums. June 19th, I didn't keep a diary yesterday. Ma said it was the plums. Ninety-four nots to-day."  
Innocuous Matches.  
The *Figaro* told a thrilling story the other day about a wicked cook who tried to poison a whole family by boiling a box of matches in the soup. Stung by remorse, she confessed her crime as soon as the soup was eaten, and a doctor was summoned post-haste. He found the family well, but quite alarmed. "Did you use government matches, he inquired of the weeping culprit. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then there is no danger, whatever; there is not enough phosphorus on a whole box of their matches to poison a fly."  
Will, Conscience.—"Yes, partly tuff times," replied a Detroit bootblack, the other day. "and Bill says they is to be still tuffer after spring. I'd go on the stage this winter, but I ain't no good clothes. I'd like to get to be cashier in a bank, but I ain't high enough. I've thought some of being a lawyer, but they say that lawyers lie. I guess, if the weather holds bad, I'll go to holdin' an office of some kind in the city hall."