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## Domestic Bliss.—A Fragment.

I am  
A married lady of thirty odd.  
Every evening I see in their beds  
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads.  
Every morning my slumbers greet  
The patter patter of twenty-six feet.  
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter  
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread  
and butter:  
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,  
Twenty-six little hands, with doing something  
wrong.  
Till I faint am to do,  
With an angry, too.  
And when my poor husband comes home from  
his work,  
Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk,  
What do you think is the picture he sees?  
A legion of babies, all in a breeze—  
Johnny is crying,  
And Lucy a-sighing,  
And worn-out mamma, with her hair all  
graying:  
Strong and angry William beating little Nelly;  
Charley in the pantry eating currant jelly;  
Richard strutting round in papa's Sunday  
coat;  
Harry at the glass with a razor at his throat;  
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy  
shuts the door,  
And mitigates their aching with a forty-pound  
yoke;  
Baby at the coal-bod hurries to begin,  
Throwing in his mite to the universal din.  
Alas! my lord and master being rather weak  
of nerve, he  
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning  
topsy-turvy,  
And then the frightened little ones all fly to  
me for shelter,  
And so the drama closes 'mid a general hetero-  
skeler.  
I'll give you my name, lest you find me a  
myth:  
Yours, Yes, cheerfully, Mrs. John Smith.

## THE YOUNG BALLOONIST.

A story of France.  
It was a very unfortunate thing. At  
the very last moment, when everything  
was ready, Killick the balloonist met  
with an accident and could not go up  
in the balloon.  
It would seem the most natural thing  
to apologize to the crowd and have the  
affair postponed until the balloonist  
recovered, but the unfortunate fellow de-  
clared that the mob would not submit to  
this, and to my surprise proposed that  
I should go up in his place.  
I had made one or two trips with him  
and had learned from him to manage the  
valves and ballast, the rudiments of the  
art of ballooning. I was young, active,  
and had a steady head, and the owner of  
the Defiance was quite willing to intrust  
her to me, if I would so far oblige him.  
A rich landed proprietor of the neigh-  
borhood—a vain young man, with a taste  
for notoriety—had offered fifteen thou-  
sand to be taken up as a passenger; and  
to my disappointment M. Victor de Villeneuve  
and I were three hundred francs was also  
an unwelcome contingency.  
With scarcely a thought of the result  
I said I would go. M. de Villeneuve  
was not to arrive till the last moment,  
when up we would go.  
I was now in the rocking, swaying car,  
and, stooping down, I ascertained that  
the bags of ballast, the coil of spare  
ropes, the flags, and telescope were at  
my feet; then I turned myself to the right,  
and there appeared the figure of a stout,  
well-dressed man, who elbowed his way  
so quickly through the throng that I  
had scarcely time to conjecture that this  
must be the volunteer companion of my  
aerobic voyage. M. Victor de Villeneuve,  
before he scrambled into the car, and  
was at my side.  
"Let go!" he cried, in a sharp, im-  
perious tone, to the man who held the  
ropes.  
A voice raised in accents of command  
scarcely fails of its effect, however ques-  
tionable may be the right of him who  
lifts it, and the man addressed, in  
their astonishment, mechanically obeyed.  
The balloon rose a little, nothing  
now restraining its upward flight save  
the trigger-cord, firmly moored to a  
post below, the spring being in my grasp.  
"Off we go!" exclaimed the passen-  
ger, with a jovial laugh that had scarcely  
the ring of honest mirth in it.  
Perhaps M. de Villeneuve, for all his  
swaggering deportment, was ill at ease  
as to the results of our voyage, and  
struggled to carry it off gayly; such were  
my thoughts as the Catherine wheels be-  
gan to revolve in cascades of whirling  
fire and the crowd to cheer. It was the  
moment for our start, but I hesitated to  
pull the trigger, for now a strange bustle  
and confusion below attracted my atten-  
tion.  
A mounted gendarme, his sabre and  
carbine clanking, had ridden up at the  
full gallop of his rocking horse, followed  
at some distance by three others, who  
spurred furiously forward. There were  
a few hurried questions, then a smothered  
outcry, a roar of voices, and a swaying  
backward and forward of the exci-  
ted populace.  
I looked down at the crowd of up-  
turned faces.  
"Stop! stop! Englishman, stay!"  
cried out the brigadier of the foot-  
police.  
"Let go, fool!" thundered the man  
who sat beside me in the car.  
"But it is the police that"—I began,  
thinking that M. de Villeneuve had sud-  
denly taken leave of his senses.  
"Come down! stop—haul the rope!"  
was the shout from below; but as the  
words reached my ear my companion  
began to revolve in cascades of whirling  
fire and the crowd to cheer. It was the  
moment for our start, but I hesitated to  
pull the trigger, for now a strange bustle  
and confusion below attracted my atten-  
tion.  
"In the name of the law—ah! you  
won't!" cried a gendarme, discharging  
his carbine, as he saw me, and the balls  
whistled idly by, while we rose and  
rose until the inn and the gardens and  
the shouting crowd and the sputtering

fireworks had diminished to pigmy size,  
and presently disappeared altogether,  
and the balloon rode on, solitary,  
through the fields of air.  
"A singular salute our friends gave  
us, when they bade us bon voyage!"  
said M. de Villeneuve, with a chuckle  
that was incomprehensible to me.  
The moon, half full, had now risen,  
and I could see the face of my com-  
panion—the swarthy, keen face of a man  
forty years of age, with short dark hair,  
slightly grizzled, fiery black eyes, and  
very white, strong, sharp-pointed teeth,  
which gave him, when he smiled, some-  
what the expression of a laughing wolf.  
He was a man of powerful frame, and  
the fingers of the gloved hand which he  
now laid upon my arm were as strong  
and supple as steel.  
"This is a strange passenger,"  
with a grin that an ogre might have  
envied, "I vow that you take me for a  
queer specimen of the French provin-  
cial gentry? But first, how comes it  
that Killick is absent, and one of your  
age has the honor to be my pilot?"  
"By Spain?" I echoed, in surprise.  
Could this self-conceited country gentle-  
man really deem that we were bound on  
such a journey as that? I could not  
help laughing as I said: "Why for  
Spain, monsieur?"  
"Well, Italy would have served me  
as well had the wind been westerly one.  
Ha, ha! you are you about that you  
finger that rope?"  
"I am opening the valve above," I  
answered, coldly, because it is time now  
to sink to a lower level and descend."  
"Descend, eh?" briskly put in my  
follow-up.  
"We may as well  
understand each other at once. The hands  
of that rope, I say, if you would keep  
the roof of your skull," he added, threat-  
eningly, as he drew a revolver from with-  
in his waistcoat, and deliberately pointed  
the barrel at my head. "I'll show you  
my's captain up here."  
My brain reeled and my blood ran  
cold as the light flashed upon me.  
But I was, at that fearful height  
above the earth, in company with a mad-  
man. Nothing surely save insanity  
could account for the extraordinary be-  
haviour of M. de Villeneuve.  
But I suppose I put a tolerably good  
face on my company back to the car, for  
my formidable companion laughed again, but  
less ill-naturedly, as he said:  
"You face it out well, boy. I like a  
younger who shows a heart somewhat  
bigger than a chicken's. And I'm not  
so bad as I look—never do this!"—he  
dramatically spoke edge-ways,  
with a meaning gesture, across his throat,  
"when I can get my little profits by  
quieter means. But you stare at me as if  
I were a mountebank selling quack  
medicines. Can you guess why those  
gendarmes were so peremptory an hour  
ago? Because they wanted the pleasure  
of my company back to the car, that's  
all. Did you never hear of Risque-son-  
ou?"  
And then I remembered to have seen  
a paragraph in a local paper announcing  
the escape from Toulon of a criminal of  
the worst and most dangerous type.  
And here was I, Edward Holmes, artist,  
voyaging by night in a balloon, in com-  
pany with a runaway galley-slave, well  
armed with knife and pistol, and more  
than a match in strength for me, even  
had he been less well provided!  
My terrible companion was only too  
much disposed to be talkative; and as  
we swept onward before the freshening  
wind, he was kind enough to favor me  
with a few brief anecdotes of his past  
career, in which the fierce and the hor-  
rible seemed to mingle in cynic con-  
fusion. He told graphically of the ten  
days of hardship and hunger which he  
had endured while skulking among the  
rocky hills by night, and lying hidden  
among thorny brakes by day, until at  
last he broke into a roar of triumph in  
relating how he had encountered and  
robbed the true M. de Villeneuve on his  
way to the village fête.  
"Twenty shining naps in his purse,  
the idiot!" he said, exclaiming, and three  
thousand francs, besides, in notes.  
Well, well! I left him gazing and  
bound to a tree, after I had taken the  
freedom to change clothes with him;  
and there he stands, no doubt; trem-  
bling, but fortunate to keep a whole  
skin. And I found in his pocket the  
letter of M. Killick, promising to take  
him as a passenger in the balloon here;  
and so."  
And so the idea had presented itself  
to this daring and ready-witted ruffian  
to personate the victim of his recent ro-  
bery, and thus to procure the means of  
flight in what was certainly an unex-  
pected fashion, while I was the luckless  
scapegoat of his audacious enterprise.  
Meanwhile the wind, as I have said,  
was rising, and as we hurried on I  
looked downwards, and saw by the shimmer  
of the moonlight on the tremulous  
waves that the sea was below us. I  
could not forbear from an exclamation  
of dismay.  
The desperado at my side also looked  
down.  
"Bah! sea or land—what matters it!"  
he said, recklessly. "Throw out bal-  
last, or you hear me!" and unwillingly  
I complied.  
The balloon instantly rose, and it soon  
became perceptibly colder, so that I  
shivered, and had to clasp my hands to-  
gether to prevent them from stiffening.  
My companion's iron frame showed no  
signs of suffering from the abrupt low-  
ering of the temperature; but after a  
time the Defiance seemed to be nearer  
to the sea, for I heard the low roar of  
the waves; and then Risque-son-ou im-  
patiently flung out another bag of bal-  
last, and we rose.  
"If we come down in France, my  
young friend," said the strident voice of  
the escaped convict, as we floated  
through masses of misty vapor, the con-  
densed moisture of which wetted me to  
the skin, "you may bid adieu to what-  
ever home ties and British affections  
your insular heart may cherish. It's no  
fault of yours, you will say, if the wind  
carries this flapping gas-bag to Pouton  
or the Nivernais. No, but it is Risque-  
son-ou to wait while the young English-  
man crawls to the nearest brigade of

gendarmerie to give notice that his fol-  
low traveler was Peter Paul Grincheux?  
Thank you. I prefer to keep my own  
counsel. So sure as we drop where Na-  
poleon is emperor I prove that one can  
keep a secret better than two."  
"There's something wrong with the  
valves," said my companion, roughly,  
an hour later; "the gas is coming down,  
and we are sinking. It's for you,  
aeronaut, to ascend the netting and stop  
the escape of gas."  
I was very reluctant to obey. To  
climb the netting of malloon, when at  
a great height above the earth, is never  
a very pleasant task; but to do so, leav-  
ing behind me a ruffian who might at  
any moment pistol or stab me as I de-  
scended, thus relieving himself from an  
inconvenient witness, was indeed ir-  
rascable. However, Risque-son-ou  
such vehement pertinacity that at last I  
complied; and having adjusted the valve,  
crept back to the car, sick and giddy,  
but unhurt.  
The moon had faded away. There  
were pale crimson streaks in what I took  
to be the eastern sky, and below lay  
clouds of gloomy masses of black  
cloud, through which gleamed at inter-  
vals something white and lustrous, like  
the marble pinnacles of the cathedral at  
Milan.  
"We're steering straight. Fatality,  
for once, befriends me!" exclaimed the  
desperate sharer of my journey. "For  
those are the peaks of the Eastern Pyre-  
nees. Clunk over ballast, boy, don't  
let us ground on them."  
We were, in reality, floating among the  
serated summits and snow-clad  
mountain-tops of the huge chain of  
mountains that form a natural barrier  
between Gaul and Spain. Below, the  
sullen cloud-banks, mounded elemental  
and already low-muttering growls of  
thunder reverberated among the ser-  
rated ridges beneath us.  
"Throw over more ballast," com-  
manded my ruffianly companion.  
I flung out, with some misgivings,  
the remainder of the last bag of sand  
and small pebbles, but the Defiance did  
not rise with its former buoyancy.  
Much gas had been lost. The once  
smooth surface of the silk, painted in  
gaudy stripes of pink and blue, was  
wrinkled now, and fluttered loosely in  
the irregular gusts of the wind. The  
developments were made that we ap-  
proach will prove very interesting to all  
consumers of milk. In the first place,  
it appears that the employees of the  
railroads are in the habit of opening  
cans, taking as much milk as they want,  
and replacing the stolen fluid with  
water. If the cans are locked they are  
broken open, for the milk will be had.  
Assuming that pure milk is shipped by  
the dairymen, what must be its condi-  
tion on arrival in New York, even before  
it is doctored by the dealers here? But  
it appears watering is not the greatest of  
the agencies used to adulterate the milk.  
In summer baking powder, sulphur, and  
other mild and agreeable tonics are ad-  
ministered in the milk to preserve its  
tone and prevent it souring. In the  
course of the trial referred to, it ap-  
peared that on one occasion an overdose  
of baking powder was given a cow, with  
lamentable results. During the night  
the powder began to exercise its leaven-  
ing functions with such admirable suc-  
cess that the lid was blown off the can  
and the fluid overflowed the floor. At  
other times the smell of sulphur from  
the milk was so strong that the dealer  
was obliged to abandon the milk.  
In consequence of this he refused the  
dairyman payment, and the suit that  
was begun in consequence was the medi-  
um that brought these pleasant facts  
to light. Badly-fed cows, water, sul-  
phur, and baking powder combined do  
not tend to produce pure milk.

**Don't Worry.**  
To retain or recover health, persons  
should be relieved from all anxiety con-  
cerning disease. The man has power  
over the body, for a person to think he  
has a disease, will often produce that  
disease. This we see effected when the  
mind is intensely concentrated on the  
disease of another. It is found in the  
hospitals that surgeons and physicians  
who make a specialty of certain diseases  
have no life of themselves, they are only  
the mental strain is so great that some-  
times people die of diseases which they  
have only in imagination. We have  
seen a person searish in anticipation of  
a voyage or reaching the vessel. We  
have known persons to die of imaginary  
cancer in the stomach when they had no  
cancer, and a man who was a blind-  
folded man, slightly pricked in the arm,  
has fainted and died from believing that  
he was bleeding to death. Therefore,  
well persons, to remain so, should be  
cheerful and happy, and sick persons  
should have their attention diverted as  
much as possible from themselves. It  
is by their faith they die. As a man  
thinks so is he. If he will not to die  
he can often live in spite of disease,  
and if he has little or no attachment to  
life he will slip away as easily as a child  
will fall asleep. Men live by their souls  
and not by their bodies. Their bodies  
have no life of themselves, they are only  
receptacles of life, tenements of their  
souls; and the will has much to do in  
maintaining the physical occupancy or  
giving it up.

**Wheat in New York.**  
The number of acres of wheat under  
cultivation in the State of New York in  
1850 was 12,408,964; in 1870, 15,627,  
896; increase, 3,218,932, or twenty-six  
per cent., while the wheat crop, which  
should be gained in the same ratio,  
fell off nearly eight per cent.  
Winter wheat was the chief crop in  
western New York from the earliest set-  
tlement until about twenty years ago,  
when winter killing, the midge and  
other annoyances led many farmers to  
the cultivation of other cereals or fruits.  
Still winter and spring wheat are largely  
grown, though the yield seems to grow  
smaller year by year.  
When the Western States began to  
send down their vast crops of wheat the  
farmers of New York looked around for  
other crops. They devoted more land to  
barley, oats, corn and potatoes, and  
made some successful experiments in ko-  
bacco. Buckwheat, hops, brown corn  
and hay were looked after, and certain  
localities were devoted to one or two  
articles.

**A Remarkable Case.**  
An Innocent Boy Charges Himself with  
Crime.—A Puzzle to be Solved.  
A remarkable case occurred in one of  
the public schools of the department. Con-  
tinental Times says, presenting a phase of  
character on the part of two young  
scholars which puzzles the astute and  
observing teachers. The sack of a  
little girl was one day, it was supposed,  
taken from the cloak room. The principal  
went into the lower department and  
inquired among the scholars had seen it.  
Several hands went up; on inquiry,  
however, it was found that none of the  
scholars could trace it beyond the cloak  
room; but one little fellow, six years of  
age, who had raised his hand, at first  
said he knew where it was, and then,  
commencing to cry, he had never  
seen it and knew nothing about it. Go-  
ing into the apartment above, the prin-  
cipal made the same inquiry. No one  
had seen the sack, but a brother of the  
little six-year-old seemed to feel uneasy  
at the question, and evinced some emo-  
tion. He was eight years old.  
The teacher, seeing that he conceived to be  
evidence of knowledge in regard to the  
sack on the part of the two little bro-  
thers, called out the eldest one and asked  
him where the sack was. At first he  
denied any knowledge in regard to it,  
but the principal questioning him mildly  
and kindly, the oldest boy finally said  
that he took the sack, but he declined to  
tell where it was. The principal visited  
the boy's parents, and in the presence of  
the boys stated what had happened.  
The parents at once directed the boys  
to tell frankly and fully all they knew  
about the sack. The oldest one said  
that on leaving school he took the sack,  
put it under his overcoat, and started for  
his home; that on the way another boy  
snatched it from him and ran off with  
it. His little brother said he saw the  
boy snatch away the sack. Neither  
could identify the boy. When it was  
suggested that the oldest boy's overcoat  
so small that he could not get a  
sack under it, he said: "I guess a girl  
rolled it up into a very small wad and  
put it under there." An inquiry it be-  
came evident that no such snatching in-  
cident had occurred.  
The case had now become interesting,  
and a police officer went to interview  
the eight-year-old boy, who had all the  
time been quite calm and self-possessed,  
though contradictory in his stories. The  
policeman interviewed the boy at the  
schoolhouse. The boy told him that he  
took the sack, and had hidden it in a va-  
cant lot between two stumps near the  
stump of a tree. The policeman then  
requested the boy to go with him to the  
place of concealment, and he readily  
consented. He led the policeman, not  
toward a vacant lot, but into a street of  
dwelling houses. The policeman asked  
the boy if this was the right direction,  
and the boy replied that it was. The  
policeman then led him to a vacant lot,  
and the policeman again inquired:  
"You are not deceiving me, are you?  
You are not leading me to your home?"  
The policeman not knowing where he  
lived, the boy coolly replied: "Oh,  
no! this is the right way. I'll show you  
the stumps." In a moment more the  
little fellow dodged into his own house,  
leaving the policeman out in the cold.  
Finally the boy's mother permitted the  
policeman to take him over to a fire en-  
gine house to see if he could get from  
the boy the true story of this affair. The  
boy went along without a word, and  
he finally took the policeman into a lot,  
showed him two stumps near together,  
and said: "There is the place where I  
hid the sack." But there was no evi-  
dence that any sack had been hidden  
there; it did not appear at all like a  
place of concealment; and the boy's  
story being contradictory, the policeman  
led him to the engine house and shut  
him into a room, asking him how he  
liked that? The boy mildly replied:  
"I rather like this." Leaving him there  
for a time it was found on opening the  
door that he had lain himself down and  
gone to sleep! The policeman then  
took him to the engine house, put him  
in a dark cell and, partly closing the  
door, said he must tell truly where the  
sack or he would shut him in. The  
boy then utterly refused to tell him any-  
thing more. The policeman then asked  
him: "How do you like this place?"  
The boy replied: "I like it well enough,"  
and did not appear to be at all distur-  
bed in the prospect of a gloomy confine-  
ment. The policeman shut the door, and  
then inquired: "How do you like it now?"  
The boy replied: "I like this pretty  
well; it's a pretty good place." The  
policeman was astounded to find this  
utter indifference and composure on the  
part of a boy of eight years, when con-  
fined in a dark cell that had so often  
subdued hardened men. He said to the  
boy: "If you hear any rats in the cell  
you must call to me loudly and I'll come  
and drive them off." "If I hear any  
rats," quietly replied the boy, "I'll let  
you know," and there the little fellow  
remained through the afternoon, with-  
out a whimper or complaint.  
At the approach of evening he was  
taken out and appeared no more alarmed  
or disturbed than if he had been in the  
parlor of his home. He was sent to his  
parents; and policeman, teacher and  
parents were puzzled over this strange  
case.  
But now comes the most singular  
part of this remarkable story. The next  
day the sack was found; and the circum-  
stances attending it were such as to  
render it impossible for the little boy  
accused, or his brother, to have had any-  
thing to do with it, or even to have seen  
it! And this settled fact throws a still  
greater mystery around the stories of the  
two little brothers, and especially the  
action of the oldest one. He was not  
treated harshly by the principal, who  
mildly and kindly attempted to impress  
upon him the duty of telling the truth  
in regard to the sack. The only harsh  
treatment he received was when he was  
shut up, and this seemed to make no  
impression upon him. He is a remark-  
ably good boy, evidently, and an ordinarily  
good and faithful boy. But what singu-  
lar phase of character it is that induced  
him to say so readily that he took the  
sack when he had never seen it; and to  
give so many particulars as to what he  
did with it, all of which were purely  
imaginary; and the conduct and evi-  
dence of the little six-year-old brother,  
too, who said he saw a boy snatch a sack  
away, is also inexplicable.  
A Vermont man, who was some years

since accused of murdering one of his  
neighbors, confessed his crime, and  
gave all the particulars of it. He was  
sentenced to be hanged; but his life was  
saved by the sudden reappearance of  
the individuals supposed to have been  
murdered—there having been no murder  
or violence at all. This case is a matter  
of judicial record, and a puzzle to judges  
and lawyers. That "confession"  
was by a man of mature years, of educa-  
tion and of good character. Now comes  
a "confession," also of an offense never  
committed, by a boy of tender years;  
and it is corroborated by a little brother,  
who never saw anything of the kind  
which he says he saw. This story, in  
which is involved a peculiar phase of  
human character, or the working of the  
mind under serious accusations, is some-  
thing for teachers, as well as lawyers  
and judges, to reflect upon and define,  
if they can.

**Church Pews.**  
There is a speck of history connected  
with the origin of church pews that can-  
not help but prove interesting. In the  
early days of the Anglo-Saxon and  
some of the Norman churches a stone  
bench afforded the only sitting accom-  
modation for members or visitors. In  
the year 1319 they are spoken of as sit-  
ting on the ground or in a standing po-  
sure. At a later period the people in-  
troduced low, three-legged stools, and  
they were placed in no uniform order  
in the church. Directly after the Norman  
conquest wooden seats came in fashion.  
In 1687 a journal was issued that none  
should call any seat in the church his  
own except noblemen and patrons, each  
entering and holding the one he first  
found. From 1580 to 1540 seats were  
more appropriated, and a crowbar  
guarded the entrance, bearing the ini-  
tial of the owner. It was in 1608 that  
galleries were thought of. And as early  
as 1618 pews were arranged to afford  
comfort by being raised or cushioned,  
while the sides around were so high as  
to hide the occupants—a device of the  
Paritans to avoid being seen by the offi-  
cer, who reported those who did not  
stand when the name of Jesus was men-  
tioned.

**A Strange Prisoner.**  
One of ex-Gov. Dix's official acts near  
the close of his administration was the  
pardon of John Parsons, who had served  
twenty-three years of a life sentence.  
His crime was the unintentional killing  
of a man in a street fight in New York.  
In Sing Sing he became, through good  
behavior, a favorite with the keepers,  
and was often sent to the village on  
errands, but by his few friends and rela-  
tives out in the world he was soon for-  
gotten. He lost, with the knowledge of  
their disregard, all desire for freedom,  
grew to regard the prison without re-  
gret as his permanent home, and op-  
posed frequent offers of endeavor to  
cure for him a pardon. Several years  
ago he was allowed to visit New York  
alone, and while in Niblo's theater was  
seen by a keeper, who, supposing that  
he had escaped, haudenned and took  
him back to Sing Sing in spite of his ex-  
clamation. That was his last absence  
from the prison, for when the pardon  
from Gov. Dix was received he wept,  
declared that if sent away he would com-  
mit some crime that would insure his  
return, and prevailed upon the warden  
to allow him to stay. A few days ago  
he died in his cell.

**The Presidential Election.**  
The New York Herald, rejoicing at  
the fact that the Republican and Demo-  
cratic parties were equally balanced in  
the late election, says:  
Neither party can afford to blunder  
so critical a conjuncture. The increas-  
ing body of independent voters will de-  
cide the contest when the scales hang so  
even; and the necessity which each  
party will under of bidding for their  
support should incite each to put for-  
ward a candidate who will penetrate the  
duration of principles as citizens of sound  
judgment can approve. The next  
Presidential election will not be a sharp  
conflict of clashing policies; for the  
country is nearly unanimous on every  
topic which will be touched in the party  
platforms of next year. The contest  
will probably be decided by the personal  
merits of the candidates in point of  
ability, integrity, experience, public  
services and popular magnetism. It is for-  
tunate for the country that neither party  
can presume upon its strength and put  
forward mischievous principles or a vul-  
nerable candidate. The present quality  
of the two parties is the most hopeful  
sign of the times.

**The Agreement.**  
A resident of Detroit, says the Free  
Press, secured a place for his boy to  
learn a trade a few weeks ago, having  
written agreement with the manufac-  
turer. The boy proved very destructive on  
machinery and window glass, and final-  
ly, the other day, the manufacturer called  
upon the father and said:  
"I can't keep Henry any longer. His  
recklessness has cost me over \$200 in  
four weeks."  
"What's the matter?" inquired the  
father.  
"Why, he has broken over twenty  
panes of glass, for one thing, and the  
other day he destroyed a piece of ma-  
chinery which cost me \$140."  
"He did, eh?"  
"Yes, he did."  
"Well, when I go home I'll look at  
our agreement," said the father. "I  
don't think there is any clause in it  
which says he shan't break windows or  
machinery, but I'll look to make sure!"

**A Butter Trier.**  
An Auburn paper tells this delightful  
story: Saturday morning a woman ap-  
proached the stall of a market man in  
Williamsport and asked if he had any  
good butter. The man informed her  
that he had a prime article, at the same  
time unfolding a fine roll from a clean  
white cloth, which he exhibited. The  
woman seized it like a tiger, and held it  
up to her nose, and then deliberately  
reaching back of her head drew forth a  
hair pin and jammed it deep into the  
butter. As she drew the pin through  
her mouth, she shook her head, and re-  
marked that it wasn't good, and adjust-  
ing the pin she moved on.

**A Buried Love.**  
Our love was born amidst the purple heather,  
When winds were still, and vesper lights  
were red;  
For one bright year we cherished it together;  
Now it lies cold and dead.  
Dead; and across the brown hill-ridges, wait-  
ing,  
Comes the wild autumn in her swift return,  
With sullen tears, and misty garments trailing  
Over the faded fern.  
Ah, there may come a time—God send it  
quickly—  
When love's lone grave shall wear a frag-  
rant wreath  
Upon the dust beneath.  
And we, across the heather slow returning,  
May seek, perchance, this sacred mound of  
ours;  
Seek it, unweary by its foolish yearning,  
And find it loveliest in flowering.

**Items of Interest.**  
A goose recently died in Paris at the  
age of 230 years.  
Noses are fashionable, and have al-  
ways been followed.  
Whisky is like an internal furnace  
and an infernal turn-out.  
Oregon has a new town called Place  
Up. It is said to be a good place for  
settlement.  
Abiel Walker, a robust farmer of  
Dummer, N. H., was buried to death by  
his ram a few days ago.  
It is reported that Know-Nothing  
lodges are being organized in New Jer-  
sey, Maryland and Pennsylvania.  
A Swedish schoolhouse, for exhibition  
at the Centennial, has been shipped from  
that country to Philadelphia.  
In London, with 7,500,000 inhabi-  
tants, there were three births to two  
deaths to every quarter of an hour in  
1874.  
A Texas paper says: Mr. J. Johnson,  
the cotton planter, has received his gin,  
and now has commenced work in good  
earnest.  
Some person recently advertised in  
the London Times for a servant girl,  
"one who fears the Lord and can carry  
one cwt."  
Californians say they can tell an East-  
ern man as soon as he makes a purchase.  
If there's two cents change coming to  
him he wants it.  
It is estimated, from such census re-  
turns as have been published this year,  
that the population of the United States  
is about 40,250,000.  
Fast mail trains are a great conveni-  
ence to retail merchants. They receive  
dunning letters now several hours earlier  
than under the old plan.  
Eight thousand counties in California,  
which polled but 10,138 votes in 1861,  
cast 15,421 at the late September elec-  
tion, showing a rapid increase of popu-  
lation.  
Twenty forts and a large number of  
provisional camps are being constructed  
in a city, about twelve miles from  
San Francisco, and will be completed in 1878,  
three years sooner than was anticipated.  
An exchange advises that if a person  
be attacked with cramps, a hot bath be  
prepared for him as quickly as possible.  
But while the bath is being prepared,  
some attendant should rub the cramped  
part briskly.  
"How many little ones now, grand-  
mother?" you ask Queen Victoria since  
the Duchess of Edinburgh increased the  
number by one, and the good old lady  
will smilingly reply: "Twenty-seven,  
sir—twenty-seven grandchildren, thank  
you—bless their little heads!"  
A thief entered the cellar of a grocery  
store in a Canada town the other night,  
and ingeniously contrived to steal several  
gallons of molasses by boring a hole  
through the floor of the sales-room above,  
and letting the molasses penetrate the bot-  
tom of a cask, whose position he had  
carefully ascertained in the daytime.  
Allen A. Angel and Elizabeth Hunt  
were married at Jackson, Mich., the  
other day, their marriage contracts,  
signed by both, ending thus: "If the  
union and harmony that now exist be-  
tween us should exist through our natu-  
ral lives, then this contract is to remain  
in force; otherwise to be null and void."  
He used to cramp his feet up in little  
boots and limp painfully to her residence  
every Sunday evening, but the morning  
after his marriage he went into a shoe  
store, drew a mark around his foot, and  
about an inch distant from it on both  
sides and at the heel and toe, and order-  
ed the proprietor to put him a pair  
of boots after that pattern. Oh, there's  
sweet liberty, there's balmy, boundless  
freedom in the marriage state.

**Value of Trees in Towns.**  
Mr. Griffiths, the medical officer of  
health for Sheffield, in his report upon  
the sanitary condition of that town dur-  
ing 1874, makes the following remarks  
in reference to street trees: In the  
formation of new streets, and on the eve  
of the contemplated widening and altera-  
tion of old ones, it is to be hoped that an  
effort may be made to provide for the  
planting and establishment of trees  
wherever practicable. The pleasing ap-  
pearance of verdure in summer, and the  
agreeableness of the shade afforded by  
the foliage to pedestrians, are benefits  
to the inhabitants well worth the effort  
and the cost. Whoever has visited the  
boulevards of continental towns, or even  
the squares of London, can testify to the  
advantages of verdure as offering pleas-  
ure to the eye and gratification to the  
mind. Moreover, from a sanitary point  
of view, the benefits are of incalculable  
value. It has been asserted that the ag-  
gregate surfaces of the leaves of all the  
green elm, lime and sycamore trees,  
with their six to seven million leaves,  
equal about 200,000 square feet, or about  
five acres; and these are almost con-  
stantly absorbing and digesting the car-  
bonic acid and various exhalations given  
off by the putrefaction of animal and  
vegetable matter, and, as if grateful for  
such support, return into the air pure  
oxygen, which purifies and renews  
animal life. Trees thus remove poison  
from our midst, and to be without them  
is an oversight. Trees can be had which  
will exist, with suitable attention, in any  
part of the city.