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A Song, With a Moral.

When the winter bloweth loud,
And the earth is in a shroud,
Frozen rain or sleety snow
Dimming every dream below—
There is ever a spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

When our pulse is shrinking fast,
And our friends are lost (the last),
And the world doth pour its pain,
Sharper than the frozen rain—
There is still a spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

Let us never meet despair
While the little spot is there;
Winter brighteneth into May,
And autumn lighteth into day—
Seek we then the spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE!

The Remarkable Dream.

Some few years ago I was a resident in Hong Kong, and there became acquainted with the following circumstances. The story itself was related on winter's evening around a glowing fire that put one in mind of home. The conversation during dinner had turned upon dreams, and some very curious theories were advanced in support of the interpretation of them. Our number consisted of eight persons, and a protracted discussion, in which the number for and against there being any truth in dreams stood about equal. Capt. Topham proposed to settle the question by telling us a story of what actually happened to himself a few years previously. The cloth was removed, and at the invitation of our host we each drew our chairs round the fire, lit our cigar or pipe, and the captain related the following tale as nearly as I can remember:

It is now, gentlemen, some ten years since I was first mate of the opium schooner Wild Dayrell. We were lying in Hong Kong harbor at the time, preparing for sailing the next morning for Formosa. Then there was a great deal of smuggling done in that beautiful island of the Chinese. Our cargo consisted of \$30,000 in opium, 150 chests of Patna, and 200 chests of Malwan opium, besides a few sundries, which could be bought cheap enough in Hong Kong or the coast. Our crew consisted of a boat's crew, Capt. Wilkes commanded her, and had made many a voyage and run many a risk for his owners to the same place. At about four in the afternoon the captain left me to go on shore, but just as he was stepping into the boat he said:

"Topham! Upon second thoughts, I shall stay on shore to-night, as I intended. I am going to old Douglas's to dine; and as, in all probability, it will be a noisy party, I shall slip away early; so you can look for me about eleven."

"Very well, sir," I answered; and then thought that everything was all right for the morning.

A six o'clock I and the second officer had tea; and, after tea, he and I had quite a confidential chat about our voyage, the value of our cargo, and the immense risk that was run in not shipping Englishmen in place of the mongrel crew we then had. Our crew consisted, by the way, of fourteen persons, including the captain. The captain, myself, second officer, and two sailors were Englishmen; a Lascar, two Malians, two Malays, and two Chinamen, as seamen; a Chinese cook and Chinese steward—in all, fourteen persons. We were all armed with cut-throat razors, and also from the hold of pirates that continually infest the China seas, notwithstanding our gunboats, and the havoc that they make of them whenever they come within range.

Well, gentlemen, upon that evening my thoughts were especially turned upon home, and to a dear mother whom I had received a letter by the last mail, and who was then in a very delicate state of health. I had answered her letter only that morning.

I must have been on the poop about three-quarters of an hour after Mr. Spencer had left me, and was thinking of returning to the cabin to look over some papers connected with the ship, when I observed a sampan, or Chinese boat, hovering round the stern. I called out to the men in the boat, and inquired what they wanted there; but their only answer, when they found they were observed, was to pull away from the ship in the direction of the middle of the harbor. Their movements I did not at all like, and leaning on the taffrail, I watched them until they were lost in the darkness.

I suppose I must have remained in this position—that is, with my arms on the taffrail—about ten minutes, when, without warning, I felt myself lifted off my legs, and some one behind me endeavoring to throw me overboard. I was by no means a light weight; but the person evidently depended upon the suddenness of the attack to accomplish his purpose. I struggled violently, holding on by my hands to the rail, and letting fly right and left with my feet; and in the end I was successful. The Chinaman tripped, and lay upon the deck in a moment's hesitation. I laid hold of him by the trousers with one hand, and took a couple of turns of his gaiter by the other, and threw him overboard. After I had accomplished this I made for the endy. Arrived there, I at once went to Mr. Spencer's cabin; I gave one or two good kicks, at the same time calling out to him to open the door. He sprang from his berth, and called out in reply that it was locked from the outside. I told him to stand clear, and with a good one, two, three, from the shoulder, I burst the door in. There is no doubt I must have looked very pale and very excited, as his first question to me was:

"Why, Mr. Topham, what in the name of goodness is the matter? You look as pale as death."

I told him all that had happened, and likewise my suspicions that we had not

seen the end of the affair, and that our best plan would be at once to arm ourselves. I told him to dress himself, and I went on deck to rouse our two English sailors, whom we would depend upon, and bring them aft to the cabin. I had planted one foot in the saloon, the other being still in Mr. Spencer's cabin, and had my eyes directed to the stairs of the companion, when, in the shade, I thought I descried a Chinaman. Thinking that it might be the steward, I called out to him by name "A Tong," but no reply came, when I felt pretty certain that it was not the steward, in which belief I was not left long in doubt. I had turned my head into Mr. Spencer's cabin, to tell him of my suspicions, when I thought I heard steps stealthily approaching me. I gave a rapid glance, and there, not four feet from where I stood, were some five or six as villainous-looking Chinamen as I had ever beheld, armed, some with bamboo swords, ten feet long, and others with swords. In an instant, I had sprung into the cabin, and closed and bolted the door. With a yell, the whole of them rushed at once, but they had missed their mark by a second. I had planted my back against the door, and thanks to my weight and the bolts, it resisted their combined efforts to force it. Other measures, however, I knew must be at once resorted to, and that instantly. Calling upon Mr. Spencer to move his chest of drawers against the door, and placing two large trunks on the top of them, we patiently waited the coming events. Spencer very fortunately had a couple of Colt's revolvers in his chest of drawers, with which we armed ourselves. The gang outside were evidently in deep consultation as to their next mode of attack. One voice I heard raised above all the others, and that one voice was without a doubt A Tong, our much respected steward! From the little Chinese I was acquainted with, I gathered that they were bent upon the door with their bamboo swords, and that they would only that afternoon. It had been stowed away in the captain's cabin, and was safely lodged in a fire and thief proof safe.

They proceeded to the captain's cabin; and in a very short time returned, and knocking at the door with their bamboo swords, demanded it to be opened. At first they used threats, then entreaties, promising us that a not a hair of our heads should be hurt. But, though we feared their threats, we had no faith in their promises, and fully determined that, if the worst came to the worst, we would fight our lives out to the death. We longed for eleven o'clock, for Capt. Wilkes' return! How patiently and eagerly we listened for the splash of the oars of the six stalwart boatmen! We heard four bells from the different ships in the harbor, some not a couple of hundred yards away, but we were unable to reach or signal them. Instead of a large port-hole, there was only the small deadlight, through which we could not even manage to thrust our heads, much less our bodies. Well, when they found that neither threats nor promises would avail them, they at once commenced their work, they were standing on camp-stool, endeavoring to see what they were doing, by looking through the iron grating on the top of the door, when I saw one of them with a spear, at what, in military parlance, would be termed "shortened arms"—that is, with the spear drawn back to its fullest extent, ready to thrust through the door. I gave one spring from the stool, and lucky indeed I did so; for the next moment the point of a spear grazed my cheek. Another such to the left, and I would have been a dead man. We both then retired to the further end of the cabin, so as to keep out of harm's way. We knew that they feared not our firearms for fear of attracting the attention of the ships in the neighborhood; and no doubt this was our salvation. Spear after spear was thrust through, some almost reaching us as we crouched down on the floor of the cabin, when all at once we heard a crash, and, on looking up, to our horror saw that one of the panels of the door had been forced in sufficiently for a man to thrust his body through. We both immediately sprang upon our feet, grasping our revolvers more firmly, expecting that, in desperation, some of them would be hardy enough to try and force their way into the cabin. But they were not to succeed, for that. Two of them now got upon chairs, but taking care to keep out of the line of fire of our revolvers, and by side thrusts compelled us to kneel and crouch behind the chest of drawers one moment, in the berth in the next, and at last, under the bottom of them, where we were for some time comparatively safe.

But, emboldened by their success, they now faced the broken paneling; and we could plainly see that, in another minute or two, the matter would end by our both being speared like wild boars. I whispered to Spencer to fire at the first head that showed itself at the paneling, and I would do the same—he to take the right, and I the left, so that we should not waste ammunition through both of us firing at the same person. I remember as if it happened only five minutes ago, two heads suddenly appearing, and myself and Spencer in the act of presenting our revolvers at them, when, as a flash of lightning, two spears were suddenly thrust through the paneling, and the next instant I felt a twinge in the right side.

I remember no more until six weeks afterwards, when I was lying in bed in a strange room, very weak and very faint. There was my servant keeping me nice and cool with a large fan, while on my forehead was a cloth steeped in vinegar. By degrees some slight recollection came back to my mind of the events that had happened on that fearful night; but when I interrogated my Chinese nurse, I could only obtain from him such replies as: "My no sabby; doctor berry angry me talker that doctor berry angry me talker that doctor berry angry me talker that pigeon." By which he meant that he knew nothing about the matter; and that if he did, he was enjoined by his doctor to silence, otherwise he would be very angry with him. However, with a good constitution and careful attention, I was soon able to leave my room; and then, and not before, I gathered from my old friend, Charles Lawrence, one quiet afternoon, the following rather rambling account of the affair.

"I have no occasion," said Charley,

"to ask you to remember the eighth of March, for that you will do to the end of your days; but I have also reason to remember it; for on that day, as I learned by a letter from home by the last mail, an only brother was killed on the Great Western railway, in the collision that occurred near Reading. Well, if you remember that evening, we were to have a great spread at Douglas's. Thompson, Wilkinson, and some twenty others were invited, including Capt. Wilkes. Of course, you know what a jovial fellow Wilkes is, good for a story or song, and can take his part in an argument with the best of them. Everything went off very well during dinner; and after the cloth had been removed, and one or two songs had been given, the talk was for Wilkes. He, however, who is usually so ready and willing to oblige, made some excuse about housewren, which, however, was so palpably fictitious, that we all burst out laughing; and upon being pressed again by some of us, including old Douglas, who positively refused, and intimated his intention of resigning board at once. We could see that something had occurred to irritate him, but for the life of us none of us could guess. Before leaving the room, however, Douglas called him to one side, and asked him the cause of his going away so early. He replied that he was much surprised to see that a depressed of spirits, such as he had never felt before, had come over him within the last half-hour, but for which he could not account; and asked Douglas kindly not to detain him, as he wanted to go on board to see that everything was all right; and if he felt better, he might expect to see him in the course of an hour or so. And in an hour's time he did return, not to join our party, but to horrify us with the details of what had occurred on board the Wild Dayrell. Dr. Anderson, who was one of our party, went on board immediately to attend to you; and Capt. Wilkes and two or three of us proceeded to the police station to report the matter. The police took the matter up vigorously, and thanks to a large reward offered by the owners, one of the gang turned queen's evidence; and in the course of three or four days the whole gang was safely lodged in the Victoria jail. They were brought up before the magistrates, and remanded until you are able to appear against them."

"What time did Capt. Wilkes arrive on board the Wild Dayrell? It was some time after ten o'clock—that I am sure."

"Yes," he replied; "I believe it was just half-past ten when he pulled alongside, for five bells were struck from all the other ships lying alongside of him, but not from his own, which at the time he noticed as very singular. As he approached the ship he saw two boats coming from the direction of her, but at the time he saw them, which never occurred to him, he thought that they were boats belonging to the crew were too much afraid of their own necks to offer any resistance or give the alarm. The Wild Dayrell sailed a couple of days afterward, but with a fresh crew." And so ended Charley's account.

About a week after this conversation, I continued the narrator. I appeared at his police court, and swore to every one of the gang, eight in number. They were sent for trial to the high court, and were all found guilty of mutiny and conspiracy, and sentenced, four of them to penal servitude for life, two for fourteen years, and the remaining two for seven years each.

Amongst my letters from home I was not long in noticing one in the handwriting of my mother; this, singular though it may appear, I kept until the last, and toyed and played with it for a minute or two before I opened it. In that letter, gentlemen, occurs the following passage: "What were you doing, dear John, on the night of the eighth of March, at about ten o'clock, from that to half-past? I will tell you my reasons for asking. I had been very poorly during the whole of the day; so much so, that after a cup of tea, about six o'clock, I retired for the night. I fell asleep very soon, but it was disturbed sleep, and I awoke two or three times. At about eight o'clock Jane brought me a cup of cocoa, and very soon afterward I again fell asleep, and did not wake until about half-past ten, when I awoke with a fright. I dreamed that I had seen you walking along some strange street, and following you was a man, a Chinaman. All at once they rushed toward you, at which you ran, but they ran faster than you did, and were rapidly gaining on you, when you at once made for the river, which was some hundred yards distant. You had gone about half-way when you slipped, and fell down; immediately the Chinamen were upon you, and one I saw with a long knife ready to strike you; but with that I awoke with a scream."

Now, gentlemen, I wish to draw your attention to the fact, that on the eighth of March, as mentioned in my mother's letter, was the same day that the Wild Dayrell affair happened, and that the time from ten o'clock to half-past was the exact time that we were placed in the most imminent peril by the smashing in of the door panel. You can call it what you like—a singular coincidence, or anything else you please; but the fact remains that, while on the very day and hour I was placed in great danger of my life, my mother, 14,000 miles away, had a dream in which I figured conspicuously; and although the incidents of the dream did not tally exactly with the actual facts of the case, yet they were so near the truth, that I think you will bear me out, gentlemen, when I state that it was a most extraordinary and remarkable dream.

A man born without feet must necessarily be no-to-rions.

THE END OF LIFE.

What a Drunken Spree Cost a Young Man.

The little village of Forty Fort, in Wyoming valley, within fifty miles of the scene of the celebrated massacre, has been the theater of a startling suicide perpetrated under the most romantic circumstances. The victim in his own hand was a young man named George Washington Phillips, twenty years of age, and occupying a respectable social position. About a year ago he became engaged to a charming and accomplished girl, to whom he was about to be married, but six weeks ago, however, he, in company with three other young men, went to Wild-Barbar, where they became intoxicated, and in this state they took a horse and buggy without the knowledge of the owner and crossed to Kingston over the Susquehanna, without intending to return there. The owner of the buggy, meanwhile missing his property, pursued the young men, and was in such high dudgeon when he found them, that it took sixty dollars to settle with him. This amount Phillips paid him, and, after receiving a good lesson, he returned to Forty Fort. The start of his experience in the city reached the village and became common gossip until the father of his sweetheart, who is a strict member of the Methodist church, heard of it. He became so incensed that he at once forbade Phillips coming to the house to see his father, which he never did. He tried repeatedly to repair the past, but to no purpose, and finally in despair he went to take his own life. The father of the girl. This tragic deed he determined to put into effect at a festival held in the Methodist Episcopal church. He went with a revolver, hoping to find the girl at church, but was disappointed and returned home. The following evening he went some what earlier, and, in time, he was followed by some of his friends ascertained that he had a revolver in his possession and took it from him. He then went away, and procuring another revolver returned later in the evening, when he was chagrined to find the girl had gone home. Taking a companion with him, he proceeded twice to take his own life, but the first time he was foiled by the family dog, and the second time he was foiled by the window where he said the young lady slept, he remarked to his companion: "I have lived long enough, she does not care for me, and therefore I will draw the revolver and fire twice in the direction of his own heart, and-better passing directly below it. He was carried to his home in a feeble state and lingered for fifteen hours, when death relieved him of pain. Before he died he begged that he might be permitted to see the young lady for whose sake he had taken his life. His request was granted, and the girl and her father went to his bedside. Phillips wept bitterly and was much agitated. He said: "I don't want to live any longer; I am not worthy of you." He died that night and was buried.

Furs and Fur Trimmings.

A New York fashion journal gives us the following hints about winter furs: Fur has always been a favorite and appropriate material for trimming velvet garments. Light furs are used extensively this season for full dresses. The silver fox, gray fox, chinchilla and a few of the less expensive light-colored furs are most used. Russian sable is of all furs the richest, and it is, because of its rarity, considered the most elegant. Lately it has been used by Paris dress-makers as a trimming. For instance, a very rich silk dress of sea brown has alternate rows of silk shell-trimmed and sable on the underlines; and the over-sleeves and entrasse waist are trimmed with Russian sable. Its richness partly excused this fault.

Sable is one of the few skins which is not used for trimming. This fur seems likely to become a rarity because of its excessive popularity. Seal skins are worn longer, and are cut more closely to the figure. Very handsome seals can be purchased from \$125 to \$200, although they are to be had as low as \$75. Muffs cost from \$25 to \$30.

Muffs and boas vary a little from last year's style. The muffs are smaller; they are worn without bows or tassels; sometimes a ribbon encircles them, finished with a bow and ends, but this is at the option of the wearer. Muffs are always worn to suit the fur trimmings used on the suit. In these trimming furs silver fox is the most elegant, the trimming costing \$12 a yard, and the muff varying from \$40 to \$80. Chinchilla trimming can be bought for \$8 a yard, and the muffs from \$20 to \$30. Siberian otter costs from a yard to \$12; the muff, \$28, \$35, \$40.

Less expensive are the black martin, lynx and silver cone. The two first-named are extensively used for all grades of mourning.

Grabe is very beautiful, but it is perishable, and is more suitable for children. The silk circular cloaks lined with squirrel, to which may be added the long pelisse with large sleeves, are copied in cashmere and other black material, lined with squirrel. These are very appropriate for those wearing deep mourning, who heretofore have had to correspond with crepe and the dense blackness of bombazine.

Matrimonial Ventures.

A writer in the *Galaxy* says: In most countries on the other side it is the general rule for the family to put by something every year, perhaps half the income, for the future establishment of the children; and particularly of the girls, who as such are less capable of making their way than their brothers. Here, we know, as a rule, the parents providentially live up to their income, bringing up their children in luxurious habits, and thus unfit them for that life which is to which they are destined. They are, in a word, softened instead of hardened. A common report of the head of the family to the suggestion that the future of the children should be looked after is that they will begin life under the same circumstances as he did—that is, in ease and plenty. The man must take his nest with him, and he has in hand. The age is unpoetic and unheroic; he must count the cost of the matrimonial venture if he be an honest, orderly man, desiring to pay his way, and if he cannot get the ideal Juliet he must content himself with the more prosaic Mary.

Gloves and Shoes.

A fashion journal says: Women who wish to do well dressed must give particular attention to the selection of their gloves and shoes. Gloves are now made with stitching on the back of the hand. As many as six rows are used in some styles. Heavy gloves in dogskin lined with fur are also imported; but for full dress the long wristed kid glove in light tints is the most appropriate. The dark color so much worn in dress material seem to demand gloves of light, neutral tints, and undressed white kid has been very much used. For evening wear eight, ten or twelve buttons are fashionable.

Boots, in which the material of the dress is used, or something to match it, in color, are made by some fashionable shoemakers, the heel and tip being of kid. Sippers with high Louis XV. heels and pointed toes, on which nestle coquetish bows of blue and pink or scarlet and black ribbon, are worn with the dressiest silk stockings, which come in bewildering varieties, and for which prices which are also bewildering are asked.

Whaling.

Pacific whalers have made an interesting scientific discovery this season. A few years ago they reached the whaling grounds in August only to be obliged to leave them in September. This year they remained until October, and might have delayed longer, so far as peril from the ice pack was concerned. They went within eighty miles of the mouth of McKenzie River, where sailing vessels had never been before, and by the current, aided by the currents, might have gone through to Buffalo Bay without difficulty, and thus solved the mystery of the northwest passage. They are unable to account for this strange atmospheric change.

The Secretary of the Navy's Report.

The report of Secretary Robeson of the United States navy says that the number of vessels of every class and description now borne on the navy register is 147. These carry, all told, 1,195 guns, and are of 152,492 tons measurement. Of these twenty-six, carrying nominally 266 guns, are sailing vessels, without steam power, of which number four are in use as training and practice ships; two are assigned to States as school ships; three are in use as hospital ships, or as quaters; six are used as coal, store, and supply ships at the various stations and in commission as receiving ships; two are laid up, and one, the old New Orleans, remaining has been the case for the last half century on the stocks at Sackett's Harbor. These ships, though most of them are useful for the purpose to which they are assigned, and to some extent a necessary part of the naval service, are in fact mere relics of the navy of the past, still remaining as has been the case for the last half century on the stocks at Sackett's Harbor. These ships, though most of them are useful for the purpose to which they are assigned, and to some extent a necessary part of the naval service, are in fact mere relics of the navy of the past, still remaining as has been the case for the last half century on the stocks at Sackett's Harbor.

The steam vessels of the navy, as distinguished from ironclads and torpedo ships, number in the whole ninety-five, of which thirty are ready for service, and the remainder are in commission, on the several stations or at the various navy yards, ready for use when required. Of these wooden ships eighteen are, in fact, new—the Trenton, Adams, Essex, Enterprise, Alliance, Alert, Huron, and Bangor, being the eight new ships built under special appropriation; and ten others, the Monongahela, Tennessee, Molianca, Swatara, Vandalia, Marion, Quinnebag, Galena, Nipsic, and Tallapoosa, have been rebuilt with live oak timber and supplied with substantially new machinery during the two or three years past. Residually of these new ships are in commission thirty-two, and others, including the largest and most efficient ships of the navy are in actual service as cruisers or training ships, and twelve of the remainder, though requiring more or less repairs to their boilers and machinery, could, if needed, be put into condition for service as soon as sails could be enlisted to man them.

Our ironclad fleet consists of twenty-six vessels, classed as follows: Three—the Massachusetts, Oregon, and Colossus—which are of a class and in condition to be of no service whatever, having been designed during the war as large sea-going ironclads. The monitor type and two iron torpedo ships, are all efficient vessels of their class, and very powerful in both defensive and offensive operations near our shores. Five of them, namely, the double-turreted monitors Amphitrite, Monadnock, Miantonomah, Puritan and Terror are in process of complete repair, requiring from four to six months to be completed, while the remaining eighteen, consisting of the Roonoke, the two torpedo ships Alarm and Intrepid, and fifteen single-turreted monitors, namely, the Ajax, Canonicus, Comanche, Catskill, Dictator, Jason, Lehigh, Mahopac, Manhatan, Mahanet, Nantucket, Passaic, Sagamore, and Yamacraw, are in good condition, and ready for any service at any time. This makes eighty available ships, including sixteen ironclads and two torpedo boats.

The United States Indebtedness.

The debt statement of the United States for November shows a decrease of more than four hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The decrease in the debt for the four preceding months was \$10,291,000, or over two and one-quarter millions per month. The comparatively small amount of debt discharged in November is attributable to the fact that during the month there was disbursed for army and navy pensions over \$5,000,000. Small as the reduction of last year may appear, it is four times greater than the reduction made in the corresponding month of last year. The entire reduction made in the public debt for the four months of the present year is \$10,171,000, against \$4,149,307 for the corresponding months of last year. The coin balance now in the treasury is \$70,404,676, a decrease of over three millions compared with the October statement. The present currency balance is \$12,000,000, an increase of over two millions over October. The decrease of legal tenders for the month is \$764,473, and the increase of fractional currency \$1,674,476. The current receipts for November were \$11,389,015, against \$11,573,937 in October. The internal revenue receipts were \$9,750,050, an increase of \$163,000 over October, and nearly one million in excess of the amount received in November, 1874. The total receipts from customs and internal revenue for November were over twenty-one millions of dollars which is nearly three millions in excess of the receipts for November, 1874. The ordinary expenditures of the month were nearly thirteen millions. The total receipts for past five months were: Customs, \$66,795,336; internal revenue, \$47,663,466.

Two Wide.

Scene in a Green Bay (Wisconsin) police court, Justice Westman presiding: Several gamblers were under examination, and one of the witnesses was questioned about what he knew of gambling in the saloons in town. Yes, he had seen gambling going on in most of them. "Well, one, for instance?" "I have seen men gambling in the Old York saloon." "What were the stakes?" "They were a horse on one side and money on the other." "Well, which won?" "Judge Westman won the horse." Peremptory command from the bench: "There, that will do; this examination is reaching into too wide a range altogether."

THE ASTOR ESTATE.—It is said that the late William B. Astor, in his will, leaves the bulk of his property to his two sons—and not to his eldest son, as previously reported. His daughters are amply provided for in the testament.

WANTED.—Some wag, without a proper sense of the respect due to the dignity of a car conductor, posted the following notice on the rear platform of a street car the other day:

Wanted—A respectable young man; introduce the conductor and passengers; before that official puts his arms around; their waists.

Items of Interest.

"The quality of money is not strained," but the quantity is often squeezed remarkably small.

It is evident that spelling matches will not be popular this winter. They spelled a spot and will now rest a spell.

Jon Jefferson's boy Harry, who recently died in London, was born in Chicago on the night of the great fire.

"He was one of our most energetic trustees," says a village paper in an obituary notice, "and we trustee's happy."

A Warsaw (Ind.) brother got up in meeting and opposed the purchase of a chandelier for the church, because there was no *eye to day on it*.

diverse and innumerable to mention. Perhaps the leading traits are a dissatisfaction with your salary, and a contempt for the way your mother irons your shirts.

San Francisco has a whaling fleet of eleven vessels, and the catch this season yielded 15,000 barrels of oil, 150,000 pounds of bone, and 20,000 pounds of ivory, the aggregate valuation being \$500,000.

Over the porch of the Old South church at Boston is chiseled: "Behold! I have set before you an open door," and under, on the door, is printed in emphatic letters: "Positively no admittance."

"Our lives are alms, written through with good or ill, with false or true; And as the blessed angels turn

The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the ill with tears!"

A Sacramento lady who sports an artificial tooth left it on the table of the restaurant where she had taken breakfast the other morning, and on returning for it about an hour afterward found it attached as a charm to the fob chain of the waiter.

The first piano ever taken west of the Alleghenies was one owned by Miss Sarah Sproat, the daughter of Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, an officer of the Revolution, who immigrated to the North-western Territory in 1798, and located at Marietta, Ohio.

A Quaker town man has solved Mrs. Livermore's query: "What will we do with our daughters?" He has purchased two washing machines and will take in washing. His wife and seven daughters are to do the work and he will superintend the business.

"Gingerbread Germans" are the newest and most reasonable entertainments in and about Boston for young ladies who have not "come out." No gentlemen are invited, gingerbread and lemonade are the viands, and the girls go home to their mothers before midnight.

At an entertainment a young man with a downy mustache sang a sentimental song, the closing line being rendered: "My mother died when I was very y-o-u-n-g." Between the "y" and the "g" a disgusted auditor started for the door, muttering: "Sensible woman that mother of yours."

An overgrown, lubberly schoolboy in Ross county, Michigan, has succeeded in introducing "whipping machines" into his school. In revenge for a slight punishment he quickly followed the pedagogue, and struck the latter on the head with a large stone, knocking him senseless, and leaving him fatally injured, it is thought.

About two years ago a young man from the country, while visiting our town, lost his silver watch. Last week he reported to the watchmaker that he had found it. He was walking up Main street about dusk, while talking up the curb, and he saw a gleaming object glittering along the curb, and hastily picking it up was greatly surprised to find—a blacking box lid—instead of his long lost watch, as he had hoped.

If you are traveling on the cars and some pleasant young man desires you to "take a hand just to make up the game," don't you do it. Generally speaking they are gamblers, and would as soon cut your throat, if opportunity offered, as rob you of your money, which they will do if you get in with them. This advice won't cost you anything if you leave the gamblers alone.

A Mysterious Sunk Hole.

A mile east of Leroy, on the Detroit, Lansing and Lake Michigan railroad, is a tamarack swamp some five hundred feet wide along the railroad. A short time ago the track began settling, and it was elevated up to grade by being filled up with gravel. Regularly as it was raised up by day it settled down by night, until nearly four hundred car-loads of gravel had been dumped in the treacherous spot without making the roadbed at all steadfast. A force of men was set to work to fill the strange chasm, and they cut trees fifty feet long and cast them with untrimmed branches covered up the trees and the gravel with which they were accompanied; they slowly but irresistibly disappeared from sight, not even rippling the surface of the pool in passing down. No one knows to what cause to attribute this mysterious pit. Many theories have been formulated to account for it, the most acceptable one being the supposed presence of a subterranean lake.

Wanted.—Some wag, without a proper sense of the respect due to the dignity of a car conductor, posted the following notice on the rear platform of a street car the other day:

Wanted—A respectable young man; introduce the conductor and passengers; before that official puts his arms around; their waists.

THE ASTOR ESTATE.—It is said that the late William B. Astor, in his will, leaves the bulk of his property to his two sons—and not to his eldest son, as previously reported. His daughters are amply provided for in the testament.

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