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Divorce.

The law has spoken, The law has broken, And men have harkened its stern decree ; The great world wondered :

Two lives are sundered, Two streams have flowed to the sullen sea. The past is in ashes,

And memory dashes The hopes that were born with the birth of

the years ; Life's dream is relinquished. Love's lamp is extinguished,

The future is laden with curses and tears. Death's parting-to sever

To breathe in a world without fragance of

bloom ; Death's parting-to wander Alone, and to ponder O'er dreams that lie buried in anguish and gloom.

What demon has entered Where angels have centered. Where life was as sweet as the glance of

child; What flame has o'erpowered The love so embowered,

The beauty, the hope, and the faith unde Ah! bright was the summer,

When ev'ry new comer Poured gladness in and bride;

Ah! pure was each meeting, Each smile and each greeting.

Each tear that seemed sweeter than honor or pride. Their lips unrepenting. Their eyes unrelenting

They turn from the path that is fairest to men; Hope weary and sighing,

Love bitterly dving, The visions that were will come never sgain. O heart! once foreaken,

Once withered and shaken The world is hereafter a wee and a shame Cold pride may sustain thee! Twill bruise tiree and chain thee

'Twill mock thee with throbbings thou canst not recesim.

NOTHING AND NOBODY.

Farmer Giles was rapidly arriving at the conclusion that Nothing and Nobody were the two great curses of his life. He

boy says so, but he's a varmint and contradicts himself twenty times a day. The fence was broken down and nobody did it. I caught that Joe six yards from the smashed forcing frame. He'd been doing nothing and so couldn't have done The cats were tied together over the clothes line, and fit till they clawed each other up. Nobody did it. They must have been born that way and grown up in a Siamese twin style, and nobody knew it. It beats me all to smash.'

The farmer went out, still pondering the problem. He was an educated man, who took some pride in his education, and didn't like to give it up all at once, so he thought he would wait further developments. To understand how the matter puzzled him, it is necessary to he consoled himself. explain that though occasionally somewhat high tempered, he was, when left alone, rather a mild man, with a great deal of open simplicity, and an instinct-He always had an idea that telling a lie was a punishment of itself. He never did it, and it never would have occurred to him, until it was forced upon his notice, that anyboby would rather lie than bear the blame of a fault. His own honesty made him unsuspicious and confiding, especially in the unsophisticated innocence of the rising generation. His great fault was that when anything troubled him he was in the habit of falling into a reverie over it, and then vanish mildness, and woe betide the individual who ventured

to break in upon him. He went out, it had been said, his mind a "still next Bermoothes," and his eyes troubled and dangerous. reaching the stable door he spied housemaid Sue rushing out with flushed face, then turning and creeping back on On seeing him she blushed

scarlet but tried to look demure. "What are you doing here, Sue?"

" Nothing, sir." "Who's with you?"

"With me? Nobody, sir." "Hum. That's strange. The same old story. Nothing, nobody. Ah! You

"Oh! nothing." "I see. You two are helping each other. Takes two to do nothing, eh, Sue? And this is Mr. Nobody, eh? I call that more funny then civil; but,

p'raps, he's used to it, and I don't know that you're so far wrong after all.' With which growl he passed into the stable. He went to where his own horse was stalled, and turned in evident displeasure to the saddle rack to find cause

for an access to wrath. "Dick! Dick! where are you?

Where have you been, and what are you "Nowhere, nothing, sir."

"So there's been three of those pre-cious youngsters at that that job this morning. Well, I don't wonder they want company, at least I always hated doing nothing alone when I was young.

Then aloud: Who had my horse out?"

"Nobody, sir."
"Then what's the matter with his feet? and what's wrong with the har-"No-othing, sir."

" Nothing? Can't I see, you infernal idiot? Do you suppose I am blind, mad, or what? Can't I tell that his feet are sore, and two straps are broken ?" He eyed the youngster for a moment

I've no doubt in the world that that he's doing nothing. Pepper goes flying locked the stable door without a key, locked the stable door without a key, and went off for a solitary gallop by moonlight. It's the most extraordinary case of instinct I ever heard of."

He sauntered along slowly in deep thought, and nearly walked over his own little boy, who stood right in front of him with arms stretched out to be car-

"Why, Harry, my little man, you shouldn't be so far from home at this time of the morning. But, why, your face is like chalk; what's the matter?"

Harry, with a child's acute perception and retentive memory, associated a white face with the castor oil bottle, and having a holy horror of that fluid, replied innocently:

innocently:
"Nozzin, papa."
"Ah, nothing! Well, run home to Now, when I was a young un and had a face like that boy, I had bellyache and went for the medicine bottle, and got But he's got nothing the matter with him."

He pursued his way with head bent down in deep thought, until a loud, ringing, boyish laugh brought him to

"Ha! there's one of the boys. T'other won't be far off, I guess, and they're sure to be playing some little game. Hi, Tom, what are ye up to?"

Tom, a graceless young Giles, the mischief-maker of the district, pretended not to hear his father's shout, and seemed anxious to sneak off; but a second call made him halt and turn

"What are you up to, I say?"
"Nothing, papa. I wasn't doing

anything, papa. I wash t doing anything."
"Well, if this wouldn't try the patience of Job. I begin to think it's a put up job among them all. Nothing everlastingly; nothing but nothing everywhere. It looked like a joke at first, but a joke played too often"—

The worthy man had heard a loud clattering, and his favorite terrier sprang suddenly through a gateway in front of him with an old coffee pot tied to his tail. The farmer shouted, and tore down the road, and the more he shouted the faster ran the dog, his novel appendage dashing every now and again against some obstruction and setting him off at still swifter speed. Breathless and gasping, Giles met and stopped a man round a turn in the road. "Did you see a dog with a coffee pot

at his tail?' predicament of both dog and owner, and

mad man was chasing a mad dog. "It 'ud be a rare lrunt. And how he looked with his red eyes and tongue lollin' out! Ef the dog's as far gone as he is, thar'll be mischief.

Meantime the farmer sat down to ruminate and cool off. His mind was in a turmoil, and his blood was beiling. He was not addicted to bad language, but now, though he struggled hard to keep it down, his mind and heart were full of through his closed teeth like steam out of a kettle at the boil. He divined almost instinctively what had passed through the stranger's mind, and in view of his experiences of the morning. it seemed perfectly inexcusable. But

"He's some idiot out of an asylum Look'ee here, Sol Giles, if that dog and coffee pot ain't flyin' down the road like sixty, yon'll eat 'em for dinner. If they then, accordin' to this fool, you're as bad as the rest of 'em, for you're chasin' nothing. Guess you'd better go

He took refuge there, and finding the wife of his bosom bustling about the house, and feeling moody and depressed, and confident in her sanity, he asked her what was for dinner. He liked a good dinner, and looked

to it for comfort. "Oh, nothing in particular." "Served with sauce, I suppose."

Mrs. Giles looked in amaze and wonderment after her husband as he banged the door behind him, and heard him go up stairs and fling himself on the bed, which creaked under his weight. "In some of his tautrums, I guess.

wonder what ails him. He ain't used to lying down in the daytime." And she anxiously followed him make inquiries.
"What's the matter, Sol?"

"Oh, hang it all, nothing, madam, nothing. My dinner don't agree with

me before I eat it, that's all." She left him, according to her rule, to let him come to himself. When dinhere, Joe! What's brought you over so ner time came he got up and went down stairs. Something unusual struck him about the table, and his daughter Mary coming into the room, he asked her,

enrtly "Who's comin' to dinner?"

"N-n-obody, pa."
"Hum!" he muttered, and sank into a chair. The family dropped in one by one, and among the rest came young Stokes, a neighboring farmer and an admirer of Mary. The old man greeted him, but his face was thunderous, though he was learning to bottle his He ate his dinner, and under wrath. the influence of the good cheer his wrathful mood was supplanted by mirth. He was beginning to see a joke somewhere. When the table was cleared, he said:

"Stop, you youngsters, I want to speak to you all. Go, somebody, and bring in Sue and Dick, and Joe Davis, if he is here vet.

They all came, though much puzzled as to what could be the matter. "See here, all of you, I want to tell you something that puzzled me for a while. I went out this morning, and found Sue foolin' around the stable She was doin' nothing. Who was with her? Nobody! That's you, Joe. My horse is all mud and his feet swollen. Dick said nobody had him out, and he'd been nowhere. Harry is lying up stairs with wrathful scorn, and then left, re-asping into his reverie.

Wonderful, positively wonderful! sick in bed, and nothing's the matter with him. Now, hold on, wife, I'm tell-ing what he told me. I find Sam tying

is, he's nowhere; for a man he must have passed said he met nothing. I came home to find nothing for dinner. We've just disposed of it, and are, I suppose, satisfied—leastways I am, and would take it twice a week without a growl. I ask Mary who's coming to dinner to find out that you, Mr. Stokes, like Joe Davis, are nobody. Now, I'm sick of all this. I want plain speaking, and I give you fair warning that 'nothing' aint a thing I want done every day in the year, and that if I find Nobody, whether it's you, Davis, or you, Mr. Stokes, loading around, I'll kick him out, and you can blame them that call you out of your own names."

How a Stage Coach was Robbed. The Marysville (Cal.) Appeal says: The San Juan and Marysville stage, on its way for this city, was stopped about four miles from Smartsville, and on the road between Finney's Hill and At-wood's new house, and robbed of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express box, which is supposed to have contained but a small amount of treasure. Hogan, the driver, informs us that he was a half an hour ahead of time, and his team had just got into a walk from a slow trot when a masked man jumped up from behind a bush on the lower side of the road, and, presenting a rifle at his head, said:
"Stop and hold up your hands."
Robert Winans, who occupied a seat on
the box, obeyed the summons, and the robber repeated his command with more emphasis: "Hold up your hands or I'll blow your brains out." Hogan then threw down his reins and whip and held threw down his reins and whip and held up his hands. The robber then said: "Hand out that box, and be quick about it." Hogan was some time in getting the box out, as there was a valise in the way, when the robber said: "Hurry up." Hogan then threw out the box, and asked: "Shall I drive on?" "Yes," replied the robber. Hogan said the robber spake in a tremulous. said the robber spoke in a tremulous voice, and gave orders with some space of time intervening, as if a little lacking in courage. As he drove on he kept his eyes on the robber, with a view of recognition. This the robber did not like, and he said: "Drive on, or I'll blow your brains out," keeping his rifie leveled upon him. After proceeding some distance and being out of sight of the robber, Winars, who was armed The man laughed as he realized the predicament of both dog and owner, and replied:

"No, I ain't met nothin'."

It was too much. He had it at the tip of his tongue to send the man and all he met to perdition, but possibly remembers to perdition, but possibly remembers to the box with an ax, and soon left with all the contents but one paper. The box were soon after picked up and taken with a revolver, took a route across lots

Company Manners.

You have perhaps seen a sad-faced wife remain silent while those around her laughed at her husband's jokes, and were inclined to vote her ill-tempered and sulky. How could you know that this genial gentleman, in company most jovial, is at home most morose and bit-He is before 'olk-hence on his ter? it, and it would, in spite of him, biss good behavior; and his good behavior deceives all but the experts and those who have been behind the scenes, where they have seen the coarse foundation, tested the paint and tinsel. His wife knows the artificial composition of which his amiability is made, but the stranger thinks it pure, and sings his praises as a man more estimable by far than his neighbors. Let us not throw on him, however, an undue share of that hypocrisy which we all practice "before Before folk the poor will pretend to be rich, and the man who half starves his family when the house door is locked, will make a display whereto he invites his friends, which even one wealthy and of high degree would scarcely copy. Before folk opinions are modified, dislikes concealed, principles abandoned. Before folk everything which is harsh in our nature is buried ont of sight. That which comes to the surface is mild, genial, amiable, tolerant; while that which cozes out in obscurity is too often rough, harsh, unamiable and tyrannical. Before folk we put on our silken coats in morals and manners as well as in dress; at home we are not ashamed of the roughest frieze, and we allow ourselves jags and tags that would disgrace us forever if seen by our more formai acquaintance. Before folk we are careful to please, auxious to charm; where folk are not we throw fascination to the winds, and so long as we are obeyed snap our fingers at esteem. Alas for human nature that it should be so, but this is a true bill against most of

Where Perfumes Come From.

are found in those pretty flagons on their dressing tables. The chief places of their growth are the south of France and Piedmont, namely: Montpelier, Grasse, Nimmes, Cannes and Nice; these two last, especially, are the paradise of violets, and furnish a yearly product of about 13,000 pounds of violet blossoms. Nice furnishes a barvest of 100,000 pounds of orange blossoms yielding about two pounds of Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and proacacia blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of asmine blossoms, 20,000 pounds of vio-lets and 8,000 pounds of tuberoses, toherbs. The extraction of the ethereal mixed in the flowers with such large A curious method of sophisticating oys quantities of which are mixed in the ters is also practiced in England. There flowers with such large quantities of is a French variety of the oyster in great to win one ounce of otto of roses, de- of which is of a deep green, said to be mands a very careful treatment. The produced from feeding on the infusoria French, favored by their climate, are the most active, although the most careful, preparers of perfumes; half of the world is furnished by this branch of ordinary oysters with solutions of coptheir industry.

Cabinet Members' Wives. I must give you, writes a Washington correspondent, some idea of what an arduous business falls to the lot of the wife of a member of the Cabinet. Every one, without limitation, is privileged to call on these ladies on their reception days, and as custom has made the re-turning of all these calls obligatory, when three hundred additions at least are made to their visiting lists every Wednesday, the labor involved in making the proper acknowledgment is easily imagined. From one thousand five hundred to two thousand five hundred less taxed, I will repeat her words: "I order my carriage," she said, "for twelve o'clock every day, no matter what the weather may be, and begin calling. Noon is a little early to begin, but I have no choice, and I continue on my rounds until dark. On returning home I have no time to rest, but, changing my visiting costume for an evening toilet, I go to a 'state dinner party,' and immediately on the conclusion of the feast begin my round of gaslight receptions and balls." So many invitations are showered upon these ladies

tations are showered upon these ladies that they are compelled to keep a book in which to register their engagements, not daring to trust the fulfillment of them to an overtaxed memory.

In any one is amazed that ladies are willing to undergo such fatigue, they must remember that unpopularity is the lot of those who are not rigorous in the discharge of the duties long-established usage has attached to the places they hold in society by virtue of the official rank of their husbands. And it is not a matter concerning which the wife of a "Mr. Secretary" can afford to be independent, for the unpopularity she provokes will include her husband—yes, and the political party he represents as well. More than one of these victims to society are martyrs to a principle, and offer themselves up on the sacrificial altar rather than make the "administration unpopular. The most heroic of those the administration has known is State dinners on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of each week, a crowded reception in the afternoon of the last named day, and a lunch for about a dozen ladies on Thursday were were the two great curses of his life. He was a fractions, irritable man, but the two N's had worried him past all irritation into philosophy. He meditated over a question, which every day seemed over a question, which every day seemed more momentous, in this fashion:

"No, I ain't met nothin'."

It was too much. He had it at the tip of his tongue to send the man and all he more momentous, in this fashion:

"Either there's more lyin' down in the perdition, but possibly remembering that he himself would be into the sleep of his tongue to send the man and all he more momentous, in this fashion:

"Either there's more lyin' down in the to perdition, but possibly remembering that he himself would be involved, he simply glared upon him in science is all humbug when it says that world than I had any idea of, or science is all humbug when it says that world that I had any idea of, or science is all humbug when it says that world and told to stop. At this time there were two robbers in possession of the was oon left with all the details of her well appointed household. Near-the box was soon after picked up and taken to possibly remembers the problems and told to stop. At this time there were two robbers in possession of the was oon left with all the contents but one paper. The box was soon after picked up and taken to possibly remembers and told to stop. At this time there were two robbers in possession of the were two robb is bound to support. With such a diversity of arduous duties how they find time for even a portion of the rest exexhausted nature demands is a conundrum. I for one give up promptly That they do find some moments for recuperation is proved by the fact that

they do not die or willingly resign. A Touching Incident, The Chicago Evening Journal says A great city is full of painful incident, Not only do wealth, fashion and refinement find here their most conspicuous expression, but want and wretchedness stalk abroad in miscrable guise, shocking the sensibilities of the humane, or hide away in cellars or garrets, where cold and starvation do their fearful work upon their victims. A touching case of maternal wretchedness and desperation has been brought to our notice. Scandinavian woman whose husband is dead, whose health and heart are broken, and who is without home or friends (as she states in a note pinned to the blanket), laid her little baby—a bright, blue-eyed, lovely boy of four monthsdoor of one of our elegant house on Wabash avenue a short time since, the note beseeching the lady of the house, of whom she had heard as "a kind hearted woman," not to send it to the foundling hospital, but if she could not keep it herself to secure for it a home with some other kind hearted persom. The lady is herself large hearted enough to adopt the little one, but her own health forbids the assumption of the responsibility. She has kept it until now, hoping to find some one to adopt it, being anxious, if possible, to comply with the mother's wish.

Wait. Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household affairs "as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be Write the moral for yourselves, slighted. Remember the long, weary ds. that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had Our fair readers may be interested to that long spell of sickness. Do you think learn where, for the most part, the flowers grow, the sweet perfumes of which in sileace and forbearance, and the light in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes ... the old

light for the old days. Wait, wife, before you speak reproach fully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and "out of sorts." He worked hard for you all day, perhaps, far into the night; he has wrestled hand in hand, with care and selfishnes and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is one place in duces yearly about 9,000 pounds of the world where he can find peace and

quiet, and perfect love. English Butter. As a measure of the extent to which the adulteration of butter is carried on gether with a great many other sweet in England, it is stated that from one manufactory alone 4,000 pounds of doc oils, the small quantities of which are tored stuff are ascertained to issue daily. other vegetable juices that it requires repute-the Marennes, dredged in the about six hundred pounds of rose leaves vicinity of La Rocheile, and the flesh

A Yankee in Syria.

The Damascus correspondent of the American Traveler sketches thus a unique specimen of those few Americans who have voluntarily gone into perma-

gaged Rolla Floyd to accompany us dinal Antonelli says: The weighty and from Damascus to Jaffa. "You have manifold cares involved in the governbeen fortunate in securing that mysterious man. His name is worth a hundred rifles against any tribe in Syria."

Files against any tribe in Syria."

Floyd was one of a colony of Americans who left the pine forests of Maine, in the United States, some ten or a dozen years ago, to settle in the Holy Land. But dissensions, bitter and irreconcilable, arose among them in Jaffa; they were looked upon with hate and suspicion by Jews, Arabs and Mohammedans; their groups were stolen as fast as they hundred to two thousand five hundred names on their visiting list is the ordinary number. Several years ago a lovely lady, since dead, who then occupied one of these harrassing positions, gave me some idea of her daily life, and as her successors of the present winter are no less taxed, I will repeat her words: "I order my carriage," she said, "for twelve o'clock every day, no matter what the weather may be, and begin calling. Noon is a little early to begin, but I Sharon, near Jaffa, by a fine point of Turkish law, and, through the combined effects of death, ill-luck and licentiousness, the members became mad, drunk and reckless, and of all that devoted praying band, every member of which, when leaving America, was justly famed for purity, piety, faith and virtue, there only remains in Palestine, as far as I could ascertain, Rolla Floyd and his worthy and amiable wife.

Mrs. Floyd made friends among the patients by her peedle, her medicine and

natives by her needle, her medicine and her patient tenderness with all who were afflicted, while Mr. Floyd started the pioneer express of Syria by carrying letters and packages between Jaffa and

Jerusalem, on week days.

His fine athletic form, and his wonderful strength, coupled with his invariable kindness of heart and mildness of temper, soon created a marked sensation among the natives, for, when finding them in personal quarrel, and rolling in the dust like fierce mastiffs, he fre quently rushed into the crowd, and, grasping the two combatants by the napes of their necks—one in each hand -slowly walked down to the sandy shores of the Mediterranean, and soused them into the briny surf until promise of peace and reconciliation had been given. Frequent attempts were made the wife of the secretary of state, who fulfills her every social duty with a cheerful courtesy which is a perpetual surprise even to those who best know them to listen to an impressive sermon on honesty, he always let them off on receiving promises of reformation. By this kindness, in not turning his prisoners over to Turkish vengeauce, and his

entire fearlessness, he in time became as great an idol among the desperate thieves familiarity with the Bible, he surpasses all men I have ever seen, quoting from memory almost any verse that may be called for between Genesis and Revelations. It is asserted by those who have known him intimately for years, that they have never seen him display anger, they have never seen him display anger, Traveling as a missionary throughout the entire length and breadth of Palestine, and becoming familiar with every lake, hill, valley, cave, stream and mountain mentioned in the Bible, he is to-day the best informed in biblical history and typography of any man living. The American government has twice offered him a consulship; but his reply has been: "I counterparts. shall make less money, but perform more labor among the poor children of God,

by remaining in the field." Once every month he regularly makes his appearance in Jerusalem, and takes his seat in the East as the W. M. of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, F. A. M., which position he has long held by the manimous vote of the members.

M. Quad's Free Press Currency. The owners of the steamship L'Amer-

que had bettermake a canal boat of her. A Brooklyn woman whose house had been robbed made out an inventory for the police, and finished up with "A box of good matches and some salt in a

One handsome girl in a dry goods store will make every man in town feel like buying his wife a dress. "How tall is a tall girl?" asks an

Eastern paper. Foot up her millinery bill and multiply it by the cost of her

Let's go to raising ostriches. A clear profit of \$100,000 a year just as soon as you get enough ostriches.

French judges have decided that no corpse can be cremated unless the deceased, when living, expressed a distinct wish to be ashed up.

People would be much healthier, we learn from Hall's Journal of Health, if they ate more onions. The American nation has one leading trait. They peril their health out of respect to other peoples noses.

Love lives to labor; it lives to give

itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart and see if this is not trie. If you love any one truly and deeply, the cry of our heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service. Love woulddie if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack anything, and be unable to give it to her and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the oneunto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds delight, at whose feet it alone dis-covers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray thes ervices of ove. By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the minis tries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the spectacle.

A wornout parent in Chicago has named his baby Macbeth, because he hath murdered sleep.

The Pope and the Centennial.

Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, has received from Cardinal Antonelli two letters in response to an application to the Pope that he allow the display at the American Centennial exhibition of nent exile abroad:

"Then he'll do it!" exclaimed the man to whom I had said that we had enmanifold cares involved in the govern-ment of the church throughout the world, and his untiring solicitude for spiritual interests, have not hindered the holy father from devoting himself to the encouragement of the fine arts. Hence he would have cheerfully taken part in the international exposition to be held n Philadelphia, under the auspices of the United States government, in order to celebrate the centennial anniversary of American independence, and, at the same time, to encourage competition in the imitation of whatever is beautiful in art and in perfecting whatever is suscep-

tible of improvement.

But, unfortunately, despoiled of his states by the political vicissitudes of which he has been the victim, he is unable, as he has done before on similar occasions, to send many articles to enrich the Philadelphia exhibition. He must, therefore, limit himself to the sending of a few works from the only establishment that yet remains under his sovereign authority and protection, and which is fostered by his munificence, notwithstanding his financial straits. Consequently he sends a few specimens of mosaic work from the famous Vatican workshop. To these will be added a piece of tapestry lately finished by order and at the expense of his holiness:

I trust that this token of the Pope's regard, esteem, and good will to the United States of America, will draw yet closer the bonds of agreement happily of a few works from the only establish-

closer the bonds of agreement happily existing between the holy see and the American people, and will testify the affection which he, the common father, bears to all the nations of the earth.

Prince Albert's Windsor Pigs.

A visitor to Queen Victoria's farm says: Passing from the bull stalls we came to the piggery where these beautiful small white pigs are bred, and where we saw breeding stock of all ages. This breed is remarkable for fineness, small ness of bone and offal, and for easy fattening, being moderately long bodied, round and well shaped, having very short dish faces, small, thin ears, little curling tails, full round hams, and a thin hide fairly haired. The pen, in which there were a number of pigs, was as clean as a parlor. We walked in, ladies and all' ly stuffed with hay and sewed up lying about in the straw, and on inquiry, learned that they were pillows, one for each pig, for them to rest their heads upon when asleep-otherwise they are in danger of suffocation. They soon learn the use of the pillows, and then pigs were just about at right angles to the "facial line," and cortainly did not project much further than their ears, small as were the latter. The most extravagant picture of English prize pigs seemed to have in these their accurate

Bull Run Battlefield.

he memorable battles, remaining on his place with his family during these terri-ble scenes of blood. His house received hundreds of bullets, and one solid twenty-four pounder, which went through a bedroom, carrying away one post of a bed, upon which lay a sick Confederate soldier. He witnessed the death of Confederate Generals Bee and Bartow, which took place within a hundred yards of his door. He saw the marble monu-ment erected to their memory, and saw the Federal soldiers destroy the same at the second battle. He gathered up the fragments and preserved them, and up to the time of his death would give to visitors to the battlefield, who desired it, a small piece of the marble as a memento.

A Sheep Ranch in Texas.

All that is needed to start a sheep ranch in Texas, says a local paper, is two jackasses, two Mexican boys, one Mexican man, one sack of frijoles (Mexican beans), some coffee and a few extras, 1,500 ewes, and twenty to thirty bucks, and a gun to kill game. The Mexican ewes, if bought in August, will cost \$1.50 to \$1.65. A Mexican boy will cost \$8 to \$10 a month, and the man about \$20 a month; jackasses \$25 each; the frijoles three cents a pound-altogether for the first year about \$3,500. The ewes will yield from two and a quarter to two and a half pounds of wool eacn, which will bring about twenty-four cents per pound, and then come the lambs, which will double the herd if properly taken care of. A man then has from his investment of \$3,500, 3000 sheep, and upward of \$900 from the sale of the

Indians for the Centennial. Director General Goshorn, of the Centennial exposition, has received a communication from a San Franciscan, named McDonald, which communication has been referred to the commissioner of Indian affairs. McDonald has for a long time been drilling a band of Indians from nearly every tribe, and desires to bring a detachment of his troops, consisting of nine members, male and fe male, to Philadelphia for the purpose of exhibiting them at the centennial; and cipline, become an expert in military science, and can be utilized for border defence. Mr. McDonald has, doubtwill probably be the waste basket.

Items of Interest. When a man thinks the world owes

him a living he generally quits working for it.

The professional contortionist leads a hard life; he has to twist every way to make a living.

In Waterloo, Ind., recently, a milk-man found a bunch of shingles in his

cowyard one morning bearing the in-scription: "Shingle your cows."

"Go out, young man; she's not here!" said an Owego preacher, in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly in the door-During the past year free high schools

have been in operation in one hundred and sixty towns in Maine, to which State aid was granted to the amount of \$40,000. A factory is to be started in Nevada City for the manufacture of a newly in-

vented explosive, compared with which,

it is said, giant powder is an insignificant destroyer. "Look here, Jim, there's a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, not at all; there's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out,

how could it be there?" The shipments of butter from St. Albans, Vt., for the year 1875 aggregate 51,963 tubs or about 2,598,150 pounds. The shipments of last year exceeded those of the present year by 4,010 tubs or about 200,000 pounds,

If turnips or cabbages are fed to milch stock at all, it should always be when they are being milked, or just after, for then the odor is completely or nearly evaporated (probably through the lungs) before the next milking.

Charles Francis Adams says, in a letter to the Quincy (Mass.) Fatriot, that three-fourths of the books in brisk demand at the public libraries are "vapid and sensational." He thinks that pa-rents ought to guide the children's taste in the choice of reading more than they

There were 19,289 deaths in Ireland during the first three quarters of 1875, in a population of 5,300,000 the greatest morality prevailing in Ulster. Immigration has greatly decreased, 5,000 immi-grants less having been reported than in the corresponding period of last year.

A considerable decrease in pauperism and crime is also recorded.

A New London connoisseur of liquor, understanding that rum improved by being sent to sea, intrusted a cask to an old captain who did not return for three years, when the New Londoner found that all the rum had been absorbed. Affectionately seizing the sailor's hand, he naively gave thanks, asking; "Can I ever forget your goodness in bringing back my cask? Never, never!"

M. Schneider, the great iron manufacturer, who died recently at Paris at the age of seventy, began life as a bank clerk, whence he rose by degrees to be come sole director of the great iron works at Creuzot, which supply nearly all the French railways with their rolling stock, rails, and machinery. He had 50,000 workmen in his employ, and enjoyed boundless popularity in his dis trict, which he had earned by his devotion to the social and physical comfort

of his employees.

A dog was bereaved of his master, and became old and blind, passing the dark evenings of his existence sadly in some corner, which he hardly ever quitted One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered were ribbed stockings; the old dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the James Robinson, the owner of the stockings that he remembered rubbing "Robinson House," on the Bull Run battlefield, near Manassas, Va., died a few days since. He witnessed both of years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The man spoke. The momentary illusion was dispelled; the dog went sadly back to his place, lay down wearily and died.

The American Flag. The flag unfurled at Cambridge, Mass.

on January 1, 1776, by the commander in-chief of the colonial army, was no spangled with stars. It consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes. with the British emblems of the crosses of St. George of England and St. An drew of Scotland emblazoned on the blue canton in place of the stars, which now shine with so much luster. That flag was first thrown to the breeze on the second day of January, 1776, one hundred years ago. The first legislation by Congress in relation to a flag for the United States was on June 14, 1777, and an official declaration that it should consist of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, and thirteen stars on a white and blue field—the union representing the thirteen late colonies. This flag is said to have been first hoisted by the erratic and gallant John Paul Jones, on his ship the Ranger. Captain Samuel C. Reed, of our infant navy, first recommended to Congress the adoption of our present flag January 2, 1817, which was finally acted upon by Congress, April 4, 1818. The designer fixed the number of stripes at thirteen, and the arrangement of the stars into one large star, a new star to be added on the fourth of July succeeding the admission of a State into the Union. Congress formally adopted Reed's suggestion, but left the stellar arrangement out of the resolution. However, the stars and stripes were hoisted by the President on the thirteenth of April, 1818, on the capitol. Without any legal authority known, the stars in the union of the flags used by the War department are arranged in one large star, while on naval flags they are set in parallel lines. It is to be regretted that so little is known of the history of the banner now used, or rather that so much of its origin is involved in obscurity.—Exchang :.

HIS AMUSEMENTS .- Bays Rev. W. H. he challenges the world to excel them in military science and drill. His object in exhibiting them is to demonstrate the fact that poor Lo can, under proper dismate end of life, provided it transgresses no law, and injures no person. That is the limitation and the only limitation that I put touching my own pleasures ; less, wasted time and money, and the that is the only line which I allow any final destination of his communication man to snap in front of my feet touching