### VOL. VI.

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NO. 2.

### The Closing Scene.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees, The russet year inheled the dreamy air; Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of case, When all the fields are lying brown and bare

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills, O'er the dun waters widening in the vales. Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued.

The hills seemed further and the streams sang low, As in a droam the distant woodman hewed

His winter log with many a muffled blow. The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold.

The banner bright with every martial hue, Now stood like some sad beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue. On somber wings the vulture tried his flight The dove scarco heard his sighing mate'

And, like a star, slow drowning in the light, The village church vane seemed to pale and

The sentinel cock up in the hillside crew-Crew thrice-and all was stiller than before Silent, till some replying warden blew His alien horn, and then was heard no mor

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest Made garralous trouble round her unfledged

And when the oriole swung her swaying nes By every light wind like a censer swung.

When sang the noisy martins of the eaves, The busy swallow, circling ever near-Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plenteous year

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast Shook the sweet slumber from its wings as

To warn the resper of the rosy East-And now was sunless, empty and forlors.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail, And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;

Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale, Made echo iu the distance to the cottage

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers, The spiders moved their thin shrouds night The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,

Sailed slowly by-passed noiselessly out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most dreary air, And where the woodbine sheds upon porch Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,

Firing the floor with its inverted torch : Amid all this, the center of the scene, The white-haired matron, with monotonou

Piled the swift wheel, and with her joyone

Sat like fate and watched the flying thread. her :

Oft supped and broke with her the ashen orne'. And in the dead leaves she still heard the stir

Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust. While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom.

Her country summoned and she gave her all, And twice war bowed to her his sable plume-

Regave the sword to rest upon the wall. He gave the sword, but not the hand that

And struck for liberty the dying blow. Nor him, who to his sire and country true, Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on, Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ; Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone Breathed through her lips a sad and tremu-

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bowed :

Life dropped the distaff through her hands serene: And loving neighbors scothed her careful

shroud. While death and winter closed the autumn

acene. -T. B. Read.

# THE LITTLE APPLE WOMAN.

Tilly was up that morning as soon as the earliest sunbeam set the church spire over the way into a twinkle, and danced down stairs, singing as gayly as a lark; for that day she was to have a holiday, and holidays didn't come very often to her. Miss Snip, the milliner, with whom she lived—for Tilly had neither father or mother-was kind to her in her way, and gave her plenty to eat and drink, a comfortable little room enough to sleep in, and drossed her in quite a dainty fashion by altering her own finery for her wear.

You would really have imagined her to be a petted inmate of one of those great houses in the park, if you could have seen her tripping along past them, with her bright holiday face and grace-ful little figure. Miss Snip had told her that she might go just where she wished, and do just what she pleased for all day, and she felt as light and free as the air, her arms unencumbered by any burdensome bandboxes, and her brain unencumbered by any perplexing mes-sages. Then she had a good many bright pennies in her pocket, given her by Miss Snip's customers, who were pleased with her obliging ways and sweet face; and she could ride into the country, if she liked, where the yellow stars in the grass were as thick as if it had rained dandelions all night, and the sparrows made everybody glad with their gladness. She had a great mind to do this, for it was a warm, fragrant, though damp and cloudy, April day, and he hadn't been out of the old seaport town for so long a time; but the wharves, and the ships, and the water had a greater charm for her, after all; so she gave up her idea of a country ride, and bent her steps towards the

Every spare hour she could get she spent upon the wharves, listening to

or. To be sure, he had sailed away years and years ago, and everybody thought that he, with the ship he sailed in, must have been lost, for they had never been heard from since. But Tilly couldn't help hoping that he was still alive, and would some time come back to her again. She could remember him distinctly, though she was a very wee thing when he went away. She could remember that he was very tall and very brown, and used to take her on his knee, and tell her funny stories and sing her funny songs. Her poor mother broke her heart about him, almost; and they scarcely saw a happy day after he went away, for her father died long be-fore, when Tilly was only a few months old, and they were all alone in the

Tilly was sure that she should know him if she were to meet him anywhere, for she had his picture. He had it taken just before he went away, for his mother, and before she died she gave it to Tilly, and told her never to part with it; and then if Jim, who would notknow where to find her, should ever come back, she might meet him and know

him by his resemblance to the picture. There were more sails than common, she thought, flapping like white wings in the frolicsome spring wind, as she hurried down the long street that led to the water, but there were clouds in the sky, that looked very much like a shower. While she was stopping to consider whether she should go or not, she noticed an old apple woman, seated before her stand over the way, in evident dis-tress. Her face was all screwed up as

if she were in pain, and she kept rub-bing one of her shoulders with her hand. Tilly's tender little heart was touched in an instant, and, crossing over to the old woman's side, she purchased a few apples, and then ventured to ask her what was the matter.

"Oh, it's only my rheumatiz, bless ye," said the old woman. "It twinges in my shoulder dreadful this damp weather. It 'pears now as if I should hev to give up business for to-day, but if I did Heaven knows where Jinnie and I'd get our dinner and supper. I paid the last shilling I had for rent last night. Jinnie, my daughter, is a poor, sick crea-ture, and can't do nothin'." "Let me take your place," said

Tilly, eagerly; "twould be real fun for me, and I know that I should sell quantities of apples. It's going to rain, you know, and that will make your rheuma-

The old woman looked at her with surprise, and shook her head; but Tilly was not to be put off in that way. "So you are afraid to trust me with your apples," said she, looking up into the old woman's face with her winning

"Bless your heart! No, dear," said She had known sorrow. He had walked with to trust anybody that had a face like yours. But what would your 'ma say? It isn't the place for a little lady like

"I haven't any mother," said Tilly. "I live with Miss Snip, and she doesn't care what I do; and, if you please, I'm not a little lady. I'm only an errand girl; but to-day I'm going to have to myself—a whole holiday. I wish you'd let me take charge of your apple stand. I understand trading. Miss Snip lets me wait on her customers sometimes, and I'd like to sit. here all day, because I could look at the water and the ships all the time.'

"But you'd spile your pretty clothes, and may be get ill yourself, sitting out here this showery day."
"Oh, no, indeed, I shouldn't! Your

great umbrella would cover me all up, and it will only rain a little while at a time, anyway. The sun is trying to come out now.

The old woman rubbed her aching shoulder, and remained silent a few moments, apparently considering what it

"Well, dear," she said, at last, since you are so kind I don't know but I shall key to give up my business to you, for my shoulder is powerful bad, and if I should git cold now I should be laid up for weeks, p'raps, and Heaven only knows what would become of Jinnie and me. But you'll get tired out before long, I know, and when you do jest becken to me. I live up in the fourth story of this buildin," pointing to a dingy row of houses opposite,

"and I'll see you and come down. And, after enlightening Tilly with regard to prices, with many thanks and blessings, she hobbled away and left the

little girl a one in her new dignity. Tilly liked it. It wasn't a very nice place to stay in, to be sure, but rather lirty and dark, with great shipping stores and wharves on every hand; but she had a view of the water where she sat, and a great many sailors were passing up and down the street. She put on a dignified, business air, and sat up very erect and prim, ready to receive customers. And plenty of customers she had, I assure you; the sailors, especially, seemed to be highly pleased with the dainty little apple woman; and busi-ness men made the purchase of her pippins an excuse to speak to her, it was so out of the common course of things to such a delicate, fairylike little girl pre-

siding over an apple stand. Before noon she had sold out nearly all her little stock; and, taking what few she had left with her, she went in search of the apple woman, to make her eyes glad with the great heap of pennies that had accumulated in her oox, and urge her to replenish the stock for the afternoon's sale. But the old woman wasn't able to go out and purchase any more apples, and was willing to leave everything to Tilly, who was highly pleased with her commission. So she made a nice bargain with a fruit dealer up the street, and by one o'clock established herself again as an apple

render at the old stand. The sun came out in the afternoon, and business was even more brisk than in the morning. It was growing late in the afternoon, and Tilly's stock was almost exhausted again, and she sat looking somewhat weary, her head on her hand, when some one came up on the other side and said: "Business has

the quaint songs of the sailors, watching eagerly the ships that sailed in and sailed away, and scanning every bronzed face that appeared upon their decks; for Tilly had a half-brother who was a sailed away, and saw a tall man, with a brown face and pleasant brown eyes, scanning her closely—a gentleeyes, scanning her closely—a gentle-manly looking sort of man, who looked as if he might be the captain of a ship. Tilly's heart gave a creat bound, for the gentleman's face seemed very familiar to her, some way, and her firs thought was that it might be Jim. Bu no; Jim wasn't nearly as old as that gentleman looked, and his features in the picture, though there might be a little likeness in them to his, were dif-ferent; and then Jim didn't have those

great whisker.. and that flerce looking mustache. Any way, Tilly couldn't keep her eyes away from him, or find her senses long enough to heed what he was saying to her.
So she kept looking at him, and he, surprised that she should look at him so fixedly, looked back at her without say-

said, laughingly, as he fumbled in his pocket for some change: "Do you like my looks so very much, you little

Tilly dropped her eyes, and blushed scarlet, faltering out, timidly: "I thought that you looked like my brother

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, the expression of his face changing suddenly. "Where is your brother Jim?" "I don't know, sir," said Tilly ; "but fear that he is dead." "You don't know, then, whether he

s alive or not? I suppose you haven't seen him for some time then?" "Oh, no," said Tilly, "not since I was four years old; but I have his picture, and look at it every day. He was sailor, and sailed away on a foreign voyage, and I have never heard from

"What is your name, my dear?" questioned the gentleman, lifting Tilly's surprised little face in both his hands, that he might have a better view of it. But he did not wait for her to tell him the name, but snatched her up in his arms and held her close to his heart, calling her his own little sister Tilly.
"Are you really Jim?" said Tilly,

when she could recover her breath.
"Are you really Tilly?" said he, hug ging her closer and closer. "But why didn't you come home?"

she asked, looking up shyly into his "The ship I sailed in was wrecked," said he, "and all on board, save the second mate and myself, were lost. We succeeded in clinging to some floating spars, until another ship came up and took us in. That ship was bound to China, and so to China I was obliged to go, of course. Then when we arrived there, I was violently taken ill of a fever, and was not sufficiently recovered, when the ship was ready to sail again, to go with her; and when at last, after nearly three years' absence, I did touch my native shore again, I found the old house empty, and learned that our mother had died. Where you were, Tilly, no one could tell. All the old neighbors seemed to have moved away, and though I searched everywhere, I was unable to find the least clew to you, and at last concluded that you must have died, also. Thoroughly disheartened, I sailed again as captain of the Swallow, and have never been in this

port since, until yesterday." The old apple woman was almost as glad as Tilly herself to hear of the little girl's good fortune, and Jim, who felt that she had something to do with bringing about this strange meeting, gave her enough money to support her self through a good many rainy days without risking her poor old rheumatic shoulder out of doors. Miss Snip was glad, too, though she hated to part with Tilly. And Tilly thought that there could not be another such a happy girl in the whole world as she was to such a handsome brother to care for her, and to be able to go to school every day, and wear pretty dresses all the time, for she did this after Jim came home you, may be sure.

# Saving the Dust.

The siftings and small coal at the mouth of coalpits and in coalyards have now, owing to the enhanced cost of fuel, a positive commercial value, being more and more largely u ed for making patent or artificial fuel. The method most generally in vogue is to mingle it with some adhesive and combustible substance, like bitumen, pitch, tar, or osin, and then mold it into cakes by pressure. In Belgium, where this in-dustry has attained a great success and importance, the coaldust is agglomerated into blocks by adding eight or ten per cent. of coal tar, and some hundreds of thousands of tons are used annually for heating locomotives.

se blocks are very nearly of the same density and weight as solid coal, and burn without presenting any ob-stacle to the circulation of air through the grate. It was nearly twenty years that the advantages were pointed out of blowing coal dust into a chamner lined with fire brick, so that it might be guited on coming in contact with redot furnaces, after having been mingled with the quantity of air necessary for combustion. Many of the largest manu-factories in the United States have for some time past used pulverized fuel for furnaces and boilers. Coaldust has also other uses; among these may be men-tioned its employment in foundries for molds, and its use as a building material mixed with one-sixth part of ce-

# A Funny Petition.

United States Senator Howe, of Wisonsin, presented a petition which he aid purported to be signed by citizens of Wisconsin, asking the passage of a law requiring the treasurer of the United States to pay to every man, woman and child residing in the country, without distinction on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, the sum of \$10 a week, such sum to be paid every Saturday night at the post-office nearest the residence of every such person. He said there was no limitation as to time, but to prevent any undue expansion of the currency the petitioners thought no more that five billion dollars should be issued in any one year. He was not en-tirely certain that this was a wise meas-It was referred, amid much laughter, to the committee on finance.

### ZACK CHANDLER'S HEROISM.

How he Saved the Life of his Little Daugh-ter, and what he Suffered in Conse-quence.

Robert Creighton, a personal friend of Secretary Chandler, of the United States Interior department, gives, in a letter to the Danbury News, this interesting account of an incident in the life of the latter which explains the sanguine hue of his face :

Perhaps you would like to know something of Zack Chandler. You and I have heard and read a great deal about him, and it's time we knew something of him. He is a great big man, over six feet eight, and about sixty years old. He and Horace Greeley were born within a cat-call of each other, and still no single man did as much as Zach Chand. single man did as much as Zach Chandler to defeat the philosopher for the Presidency. He has a lumbering, heavy walk, of certain stride and steady gait. He carries an alternate white and red face in front and high, a cane in one hand and a bundle of piper in the other. He never walks for pleasure. He is al-ways on business. He spits every eight minutes—always to the left, seldom straight, and with the same regularity that punctuates his every action. High and in front, like the figurehead on a great ship, he carries his great, broad head and variegated tace. On a cold day his countenance beams almost like the red glare of a locomotive headlight. Ninety nine men who pass him on a frosty morning make ninety-nine re-marks freighted with the information that "Old Zach has had his bitters." But how this world is given to lying ! This red face has a history, this crooked spitting has a reason, and I will give you both.

It is now seventeen years since Zachariah Chandier, being remarkably successful in business, built for his family a new and elegant housein Detroit. When nearly finished he moved into it. the first evening, immediately after the gas was turned on and lit, the smell of the escaping gas aroused the family and servants, and search was made for the leak. The daughter, now Mrs. Hale, then a child, with a lighted candle, de-tected it in a closet off the back parlor. The father knowing the danger of an explesion, hurried to the closet with a servant, took the candle from the daugh-er's hands and shielded her just in time to receive the full blast himself, burning his head, neck and hands almost to crisp. The nose, ears, eyes, lips, and flesh of the face were so completely cooked that old Zach embraced the opportunity and murmured through his blistered lips: "Bring on your canni-bals. I'm cooked." A physician was immediately sent for, who after a few moments' examination shook his head in the most unhopeful manner. With a fortitude which characterizes Mr. Chandler to this day, he submitted to the ex- peaches and melons. amination, and at the close demanded to know the worst. The p avsician, Dr. Clark, wisely endeavored to postpone the giving of his opinion until the next day, but Mr. Chandler insisting, the doctor reluctantly answered his ques-

"Well, doctor, my nose feels bad. How about it?" "Mr. Chandler, you'll lose your

"And my ears, I suppose, too?" "I am sorry to say, yes; they are completely cooked through."

My forehead-how about that?" "Well, I don't see how the skin will ever grow there again." My lips ?"

"The upper lip, Mr. Chandler, I shall have to take slmost completely "That's bad, for a man to lose his upper lip. Won't the under one do?' "I am sorry to say, I shall have to remove a portion of that also."

"Eh! Well, go on."
"There, that will do. I'll know better in the morning." "You can't leave me until I know all. Go on, doctor, anything else?"

The doctor hesitated. "Go on, doctor, my eyes?" "Your eyes?"

"Yes. Go on."
"Mr. Chandler, you will lose the sight of both eyes. "That's enough, doctor, you can go now. Nearly a year passed before Zachariah

Chandler was seen on the streets of Dewas shriveled and muscleless. heavy jaw, indicative of firmness of purpose, was almost without a shred of And as he said himself, he was the most thin-skinned man in the

whole Northwest.' Such is the history and the reason of his red face and crooked spitting.

# A Venerable Tree.

The historic and renowned old elm on Boston common, which sheltered Miles Standish and the Winslows, beneath whose boughs Benjamin Franklin played when he was a baby, and which was so old in 1776 that Israel Putnam and George Washington, when they assumed their military commands, were afraid it would fall down and kill somebody, was prostrated and destroyed by the gale lately. There is a sort of centennial propriety in the fall, and relic hunters spent the night in an affectionate scramble for bits of its boughs. It was one of the oldest trees known in this country, and probably older than the Stuyvesant pear tree in New York. The limb blown off in the gale of 1860 plainly disclosed more than two hundred rings.

A Sea Captain's Reward. Capt. Cloos lives at Valley Stream, Long Island, and enjoys an income earned by his humanity A number of years ago he commanded a merchant vessel, and while entering a Russian port saw a small yacht, with two men in t, capsize. He sent a boat and rescued the men. One proved to be a young Russian grand dake, who, with a friend, was on a sailing excursion. The Russian government bestowed a pension upon Cloos of \$250 a year for life, with reversion to his children.

### MYSTERIES OF HOTELS.

What It Takes to Ran One for a Year. This is not a romance. No allusion is intended to croton bugs in the larder, nor to the polite clerk's stony stare, nor his well parted hair. On the contrary, it is a peep into the commissarit department, which we are perfectly entitled to class among the mysteries of hotels. Bishop Colenso fancied himself fully justified in questioning the Pentateuch pecause Moses does not explain about the supplies during the forty years of Israel in the waste of Sinai; and the Hellenist w o will satisfy the learned world how the great gathering during the Olympic games were provisioned, will solve a conundrum of classical proportions. Here is the year's bill of fare of a large and popular Western hotel, which ventures to call itself "metropolitan," and which really does entertain a large number of wayfarers. The hotel is kept by a "colonel," needless to say, and, among the commercial travelers who chiefly frequent the place, is thought to be of the very strain of Amphitryon—"a born hotel

The first thing that strikes one, says the New York World, from which we copy, seems to account at once for the prevalent dyspepsia of the Western people. Here are 100,228 pounds of beef, and a tale of lamb, mutton, pork, sausage, fish, ham, bacon, poultry, venison, game, etc., amounting in all to 188,000 pounds of solid meats, against a total of 80,108 pounds of flour and fariand a quarter pounds of meat to each pound of bread is like Falstaff's crown's worth of capon and anchowies to a ha-penny of bread. The barbarous condition of the Western stomach may furth er be gathered from the fact that while it took our Amphitryon's 100,000 pounds of beef to feed his flock, they let him off with 2154 pounds of lamb. But, en re-vanche, the mint sauce must have been abundant, for there is account taken of 388 bunches of mint. The bill is heavy in the way of sugars and sweetmeats, but extremely light in respect of salads. This hotel only required 470 dozen lettuce and seventy-six dozen cucumbers, against 1,570 pounds of mincemeat, several thousand pounds of dried fruits and conserves, 450 gallons of molasses and 25,000 pounds of sugar. The guests only ate 264 pounds of macaroni, but they consumed 125 gallons of pickles, 667 gallons vinegar, seventy-five gallons Worcestershire sauce and three and onehalf barrels of sauerkraut. They used 17,000 gallons of milk and 18,000 pounds of butter, but only 668 pounds of cheese. No walnuts and only sixteen bottles of olives, but 210 pounds of pe-cans. Only 180 pounds of raisins, but 3,161 pounds of grapes. Green corn was the favorite vegetable and strawberries the favorite fruit, far above All that beef, one would think, would

for more than 142 bunches of celery; but apparently they preferred mustard and horseradish with it. surprising figures of 444 pounds of cocoanut, show a truly Western proclivity for pie and pudding, and the immense quantity of dessert in that form may be gathered from the fact that the cuisine demanded two barrels of cider, thirtynine and one-half gallons of rum, seventy-four gallons cooking wine and fifty-four gallons of cooking braudy. One hundred and twenty-six dozen ducks required 440 pounds of jelly; but there were only used thirty bottles of capers, against 930 pounds of prunes. Lobster cans was eaten to the extent of twelve dozen, but we only see sixteen dozen prairie hens charged, though this bird's habitat.

hotel is situated in the heart of that Of toothpicks the supply was 172 boxes, each probably containing a gross of packages, and 11,000 pieces of soap would seem to be ample even for the needs of the commercial traveler. The guests only consumed 660 pounds of tea, to 5,200 pounds of coffee, but they required thirty-two barrels and 1,656 bunches of onions. They drank ninetyseven pounds of chocolate and ate 1,400 bushels of potatoes, and in one way or another consumed 340,000 pounds of

# This is Leap Year.

The Sparta (Tenn.) Index has the folowing item : Married-On Wednesday, at the residence of Mr. Wayman Clark troit again. No one could recognize him except by his voice and immense frame. His face, once round, full and muscular, Sunday morning on a leap year courting excursion. After visiting several eligible single men, and having to take "No" for an answer, she at last called at the house of Mrs. Barret, mother of her intended victim. He is nineteen years old, and has lived in this wicked world long enough to experience all the inconvenience and desolation of the boy who is too big for his mammy to spank, and yet has no one to sew on his buttons. She made her proposal with true bissex-tile boldness, and he, overcome with modesty and confusion, at first blushed, sighed and hung down his head. after tantalizing her for some time with his coyness, he finally sank upon her breast, and was inclosed in her loving arms. You may guess the rest.

# Freaks of Juries.

The Dublin Standard gives this description of the proceedings of a jury in Ireland which may possibly throw some light on those of other juries: A young man was on trial at the quarter sessions at Tralee for embezzlement. The jury acquitted him, "believing he had com-mitted a mistake." The chairman asked for an explanation. "We believe," said the foreman, "it was all a mistake of the poor man, your worship." said the chairman, "the case was fully proved, gentlemen." "It was," re-marked one of the jurors, "his first marked one of the jurors, "his first offense of the kind, your worship."
"We did not like to be hard upon the poor fellow," added another juror.
"But," replied the chairman; "that will not do for the administration of justice." "Oh, sir," exclaimed a third juror, "do let the poor fellow go." Of course, under these circumstances, the further detention of the prisoner was impossible, and the "poor fellow" accordingly "let go."

### How they Met Again.

Among the various regiments recruited in central New York during the late war, says the Rochester Express, was the 160th, which was sent to the department of the gulf, and attached to the army under the command of Gen. Banks. This regiment took an active part in the operations against Port Hud-son, and was one of the first to enter that place at the time of its surrender, July 9, 1863. It was one of the regi-ments of Weitzel's brigade, and the fol-lowing year took part in an expedition to Sabine pass, between Louisians and Texas, where a large amount of Confederate stores were destroyed. One of the companies belonging to the 160th was raised in Palmyra, N. Y., and among its members was Mr. O. S. Stevens, who served its full time, was discharged at its disbandment, and is now a merchant at Palmyra.

A few days since Mr. Stevens had oc casion to go to Hartford, Conn., and left home on the five P. M. train on the Central railroad. After becoming well settled in one of the sleeping cars, he discovered a tall, sandy complexioned man in the opposite section, who, though a perfect stranger, had a large Roman nose which Stevens thought he had seen before, but failing to recall any remem-brance of such a face, he gave no atten-tion to it until the train reached Syracuse, when a long arm reached across the aisle, and a brawny hand touched him on the shoulder, the stranger at the same time asking if they stopped there for supper. To this Stevens answered naccous substances of all sorts down to barley, vermicelli and corn starch. Two and a quarter pounds of meat to each pound of bread is like Falstaff's crown's they passed out together, and after supper the stranger offered Stevens cigar, and they went into the smoking car, where the following conversation

"Well, stranger, I reckon you live somewhere in these parts?"
"Yes, I live in Palmyra," said Ste

"And I live way down in Texas; I was what you used to call a Johnny Reb during the war."

"Ah, what part of the South did you serve in?" asked Stevens. Thrusting his long legs under the seat in front, and turning part way around,

"I was at Port Hudson until your army nearly starved us out, and we had to surrend r. After I was exchanged I was a Texas ranger, and finally got re-"And you were a prisoner at Port

Hudson? Do you remember seeing the 160th New York volunteers th re?" said "I think I do," said the Texan; "and, if I'm not mistaken, that was the very regiment our boys first met."

"And do you remember trading canteens with one of them?' "Yes; and I got a tin canteen with

the initials O. S. S. on it.' "And I got a wooden one with J. T.

George! we have drank from the same canteen, old friend; give me your hand for life," and he brought a tremendous squeeze on Stevens' hand, which fairly brought the tears to his eyes.

If the conversation had been lively

before, it was doubly so then, Mr. Pond going into a full detail of his history before and after the war. He had left Connecticut twenty-two years ago, had settled at Sabine pass, and was part owner of a large mill, which Stevens' com-mand had destroyed the year following the surrender of Port Hudson. He was now on his way to New Haven to visit a sister he had not seen in all these years, He said that he returned to Sabine after the war, rebuilt the mill, was successful, and now had secured a competence that enabled him once more to visit his friends at the North. Stevens gave him of his mill, the first he had ever obtained, and the two sat up and conversed through ut the entire night, while the sleeping car conductor wondered why they did not return to occupy their berths. The next morning they parted at Hartford, and though their first meeting had been as enemies, they bid each other good-bye with many re-grets, such as the best of friends only

#### Singular Funeral Rites. The funeral rites of kings and their

wives in some parts of Angola, Africa, are peculiar. A shallow pit is dug in the floor of the hut in which he or she died, just deep enough to contain the body. This is placed naked in the trench on its back, and then covered with a thin layer of earth. On this three fives are lighted and kept burning a whole moon or month, the hot ashes being constantly spread over the whole grave. At the end of this time the body is usually sufficiently baked or dried; it is then taken out and placed on its back on an open framework of sticks, and fires kept burning under it till the body is thoroughly smoke dried. During the whole time the body is being dried, the hut in which the operation is performed is full of people, the women keeping up a dismal crying day and night, particu-larly the latter. When the body is completely desiccated it is wrapped in cloth and stuck upright in a corner of the tent, where it remains until it is buried, sometimes two years after. The reason for this is that all the relations of the deceased must be present at the burial ceremony, when the body is wrapped in as many yards of cloth as they can possibly afford, some of the kings being rolled in several hundred yards of dif-ferent cloth. At the close of the burial, a wake or feast, consisting of dancing, with firing of guns and consumption of rum, roast pig and other food, is held for the whole night. It is believed that the spirit of the dead person will haunt the town where he died, and commit mischief, if the wake is not held.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald says that at the present rate of increase it is estimated there will be in four years one million stands of bees in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Bernar-dino counties, which will produce annually honey worth \$20,000,000, which is more than the value of the sugar and molasses crop of Louisiana, Texas and Florida combined.

### Items of Interest.

James Parton is the only nan in Massachusetts who ever held the situa-tion of husband to his mother-in-law.

On dit that a party of English swells have chartered the steamship Scotia, of the Cunard line, and, under the command of the veteran Captain Judkins, will visit Philadelphia in June.

Fitzhugh Lee, George B. McClellan and Ambrose B. Burnside will probably be the respective field officers of the Southern, Middle States, and New Eng-land battalions of the Centennial le-

Mr. Colfax tells a good story of President Lincoln, that when he was attacked with smallpox, he said to his attendants: "Send up all the office seekers, and tell them I've got something I can give such of them." give each of them.

Some one, some time ago, seeing two or three eminent lawyers gathered to-gether on a spot supposed to be likely to be chosen as the site of a new law court, said that they had met there to view the ground where they must shortly

"The excuse of the third man," said Mr. Moody, illustrating the parable of the guests who were backward in coming forward, "was more absurd than any— 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' Now, why didn't he take his wife along with him?"

Mrs. Bump resides in Bloom town-ship, Clearfield county, Pa., and she has a potato which has been carried as a guard against rheumatism by her grand father, father and herself since 1792. This once esculent root is now not larger than a Lima bean and as hard as a

Over three hundred trees and more than eight hundred woody species of plants are believed to be embraced in the flora of the United States, and of the trees two hundred and fifty species are tolerably abundant in one region or another, one hundred and twenty of them growing to a large size.

Dr. Talmage says: "When we find a man contemptuous of labor, and acting as though he never worked at all, and as though his ancestors had never worked, we make up our mind that if you go a little further back in that man's ances tral line you will run against a scavenger's cart or upset a soap boiler's ket-

### A Tin Bonanza.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Express says: The Temescal tin mines are located twenty-four miles southeast of Pomora, in San Bernardino county, and are among the richest tin mines in the world. For the past ten years these mines have been but little worked, because of the almost endless litigation arising from a disputed title to so valuable a property. wealthy Amsterdam company, that has been and is now engaged in import-ing tin into the United States, to the "That was mine," said the Texan; extent of \$14,000,000 worth per year my name is John T. Pond. By has recently bonded the Temescal time. has recently bonded the Temescal tin mines from the various claimants to the amount of \$80,000, and on the first day of May, 1876, the money is to be paid and the various titles will be passed to and vested in the Amsterdam com-

> pany. These are the only tin mines yet discovered in the United States, and are very rich, assaying as high as eighteen per cent., while many mines in Europe are worked to profit that yield but four per cent. of metal.

Arrangements are being made for commencing active operations on a grand scale at an early day. As soon as practicable after the first of May a force o five hundred miners will be put to work. developing the mine and taking out the ore. The wagon road between Temescal and Pomona, which is now in good condition, will be improved, thus making an accurate account of the destruction an easy outlet for the ore inlet for sup plies. The agent of the company has already applied to the Pomona land company for land on which to build their extensive warehouses, to which the railroad company will build side tracks.

# A Long Road.

A claim agent lately applied for a pension for the widow of a soldier. The clerk demanded proof of marriage. This was furnished. There being a child in the case, he was required to bring proof of its birth by a witness present at the time of birth. This was done. But the child died, and the persistent clerk de-manded of the persistent agent proof of its demise. The testimony of a woman who saw it die and of the sexton who buried it was added. On the presenta-tion of the last proof the agent proposed, if more testimony was needed, bring the screws from the coffin lid, The pension was granted, and then the clerk was brought to judgment for overstepping the bounds of his duty.

# Would Not Go.

Those who have affected to believe that the affection of the dog was for persons and of the cat for place to consider the fact that the Pawnees, who recently left their reservation in Nebraska for one in the Indian Territory, were unable to induce their dogs to accompany them. It was very reluctantly that the Indians paried with their pets, but the dogs would follow but a short distance and then return to the old camp. People from the reservation re-port that hundreds of howling, yelping curs are running around the old camp-ing grounds, hunting for something to

# A Good Dog.

As the morning train over the Rochester road was nearing Alfred, Maine, the engineer discovered a large Newfoundland dog on the track. He blew the whistle, but the dog stood his ground, and thinking something was wrong, the engineer whistled down brakes, and the locomotive stopped within a few feet of the dog. A force of the dog. within a few feet of the dog. A four-ox load of logs had attempted to cross the track, but the sled caught on the rails. The driver heard the train approaching round a curve, and rushed down the track to stop it. His dog took in the situation, and dashed around the curve and stopped the train.