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Origin of Robin Red-Breast, A little brown bird with a breast of white Was basking himself in a beam of light.

A dark browed youth and fair haired maid Arm in arm thro' the sunlight strayed, And the girl's blue eyes were in rapture bent And her heart was filled with a rich content As she lists to the story so old and so sweet, Till in love's true clasp the two hands meet.

And a warm, bright blush has ta'en the place Of the fair, white roses that slept in her face When just as the blush was taking its flight The little bird flew from his beam of light, And the rose hue dyed the bird's white breast And there forever it found a rest. And his song to-day, so sweet and low. Tells of their love in the long ago.

I listened and caught the bird's refrain, And sweet, my darling, I'll tell it again. See! here in this golden light let us stand, And in love's true clasp let me take your

Oh! red-breast robin, your bosom's bright

Is reflected here in her cheek of snow, And, darling, my darling, as girl and youth, We will yow to each other our love and truth.

THE WIDOW IN THE L.

It had been Mrs. Butterkin's doings, letting the L. Mr. Butterkin had objected to the proceeding, but mildly, as was becoming in the good humored husband of a "whimmy" wife, so prone to tears that there seemed some foundato tears that there seemed some founda-tion for her pet apprehension that her "blood was turning to water." Griev-ously tormented by nerves, she longed for womanly sympathy, and on Mr. Ebbesou's decease, nothing would do but his widow should sell her farm and occupy the Butterkin L; for had not Ruth and she been dear friends from girlbood t. After due deliberation, Mrs. girlhood? After due deliberation, Mrs. Ebbeson came, having first secured a life lease of the building.

A busy little woman was Ruth Ebbe-A busy little woman was numerical son, as she had need to be, her jutemberate, worthless husband having left perate, worthless husband having left feelings of his faithful roan, conscienting her best. meet. If she would lap them comfortably, it must be by her own exertions with the needle. And as she sat cheerily stitching by her invalid mother's couch, Mrs. Butterkin would often run in with beans to pick over or apples to pare, while on rainy days, obedient to his wife's suggestions, Mr. Butterkin did many a neighborly turn in way of car-The two families were almost Indeed, the letting of the L seemed a provident arrangement for all parties. It was a relief to Mrs, Ebbeson to be rid of her farm; it was well that her mother should be within easy access of a physician. Especially was it of adto Mrs. Butterkin to enjoy cheerful companionship, and whatever was of advantage to Mrs. Butterkin necessarily affected Mr. Butterkin.

Thus years glided on, bringing mental vigor to the nerve-diseased Mrs. Butterkin. She had never seemed in better health than in that fatal spring when she was prostrated by pneumonia, death-

stricken from the first.
"The Lord wills it, Ruth, and I don't feel to murmur," she whispered, with dying grace; "but husband'll miss me, I know. You'll keep an eye on him, won't you, dear, when I am gone, and

make him comfortable?" Mrs. Ebbeson sobbed a promise; but after Mr. Butterkin's bereavement she found the covenant embarrassing, for in this sublunary world of ours a widow who "keeps her eye" on a widower challenges unpleasant comment, and little Mrs. Ebbeson deprecated the speech of people. Consequently, though she conscientiously ministered to Mr. Butterkin's comfort, it was in unobtrusive ways not suspected by him, and hardly realized by the niece who kept his house. The door between the two sitting-room no longer, as formerly, stood invitingly ajar, but was hasped upon the widow's She never passed through it now, save in the gentleman's absence, when she occasionally assisted the inexperienced Esther in compounding his favorite dishes, or surreptitiously pos-With his wife's demise the old free-and-easy life had ended. They were two distinct households, growing further and further apart, as the weed upon the widower's hat waxed rusty beneath accumulated months of mourning. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The closed door was but a symbol of the barrier which, in the very nature of hings, must exist between the bereaved Mr. Butterkin and the similarly bereaved Mrs. Ebbeson. When a right-hand glove has lost its mate, and a left has met with a like calamity, one naturally desires to fit the remaining two together, if haply they may make a pair, and the

odd ones, which could by no possibility But not so the gentleman in question. That people should gossip never entered his head. If in Roxanna's lifetime, to please her, he had done her dear Ruth frequent neighborly favors, all the more would he do them now that Rexanna lay cold in death. And as day after day went by, and he felt more and more drawn to the cheerful, brighteyed widow, the simple man believed this was solely for his departed wife's sake. She had been dead a year and a day, when Mrs. Ebbeson whisked out upon the doorstep one warm July morn-

of the neighbors thus mentally match-

ing herself and Mr. Butterkin. As far

as in her lay she tried to make it ap-

parent to them that the twain were two

ing to shake the tablecloth.
"Oh, my stars!" ejaculated she, looking not into the firmament, but straight earthward at her hensdarting hither and yon for the breakfast crumbs. midst of the flock bristled two Brahmas, with sullen eyes and feathers on end, cluckling for chickens that were not. "Anything wrong, Mrs. Ebbeson?" Mr. Butterkin paused on his way from

the barn with the milk. "Only these Brahmas, Mr. Butterkin. I've broken them up, and broken them up, but they will set." (Mrs. Ebbeson had been reared in a rural part of New

England where hens never "sit.")
"Well, why not let 'em ?" "In July ? Now, Mr. Butterkin !" "Then supposing you tied red yarn about their feet i"

offered to assist in the girdling process.

Why should he not? Yet, as he held the hens, first one and then the other, while she bound about the right leg of each the anti-incubating anklet, she was inwardly agitated and could not help being thankful it was early morning, and they were not likely to be seen by pass-

No such feeling perturbed Mr. Butter-kin. He was honestly glad to help Rox-anna's friend—because she had been her friend, he would have said if he had thought about the matter at all; and in the kindness of his heart he presently asked if the chickens' bran was not getting low. He was going to the village; should he call at the mill?

"Or, if you have any errands, I can take you over as well as not," he added, as an afterthought, and was mildly be-wildered at seeing the sudden flush on her face as she hurriedly answered that

she had no errands.

Picking up the milk pail, in which the froth had perceptibly settled, he walked away with a troubled expression. He hoped Ruth hadn't any hard feeling to-ward him. What could have made her color up so? And then it occurred to him that though he had asked her often, he was sure, she had not ridden with him for a long while—not since—why, not since Roxanna died! and his own face flushed under the dawn of a new idea. Ruth was afraid the neighbors might talk. Strange he hadn't thought of it before. Dear! dear! what a timid little woman she was!

As he jogged lonesomely along in the great wagon which used to carry two, and seemed dismally empty with one, he could not banish her from his mind, and he begun gradually to realize how constantly she had been in it of late. What had made her manner so distant these months past? Was it fear of vil-lage gossip, or did she really dislike him? He wished he knew! and he jerk-

tiously trotting her best. Turning in at his own gate, a rebel-lious clamor from Mrs. Ebbeson's hen-nery greeted his ear. Alas for his vain attempt to overcome maternal instinct! Hardly had he left their sight when the clucking Brahmas sought their nest, where the lit'le widow found them bill to bill, the scarlet ankle-ties hidden beneath the straw. Six times she dis-lodged them; six times they reinstated themselves; and now at noon there they sat brooding over the pile of bricks she and heaped in their nest, winking their small round eyes at her in lazy triumph! ti was too much. Was an immortal woman to be outwitted by a couple of finite hens? The little widow renewed the conflict, but not daring again to lay hands upon the belligerent bipeds, she rose with desperate resolve, and strode boldly round to the open door of the L. Mrs. Ebbeson sat just within the sitting-room, but he was too crafty to enter. "If you'll kindly step this way a moment," he said, "I've another experiment we might try on those hens." resorted to the discreet experiment of poking at them through the open window, thus affording Mr. Butterkin, as he rounded the corner, a confused vision of agitated calico dancing about a dis-

ooked down in some confusion from her perch on an inverted barrel.

just as well—just exactly as well," said she, rather incoherently, harrowed by the fear lest she were displaying her

esponded Mr. Butterkin, fishing in his ocket for a ball of twine he had bought that day for stringing the tomatoes, and meanwhile glancing over his shoulder, apparently to assure himself that the orchard was where it should be. He would have liked nothing better than to lift the widow down, but his instinct old him she would prefer to descend by herself, unobserved, and he was a man capable of self-sacrifice. "We'll tie the hens to the fence." he added, presently, concious of a thrill of delight as he pronounced the "we."

He knew himself better than in the early morning, and could not disguise the fact that he felt a personal satisfaction in entering into even the humblest part-nership with Mrs. Ebbeson—a satisfaction evidently not shared by the Brahmas, who, resenting his continued interference, tore his coat mercilessly. It

was a jagged rent, from pocket to hem, in his Sunday garment too, which in Roxanna's time had never gone to the village on a week day; but who was there now to watch over Mr. Butterkin's apparel ? Not Mr. Butterkin, surely, to whom the distinctions of dress were but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymwidow shrunk sensitively at the thought

> cried Mrs. Ebbeson, in distress. I'll darn it just as well as I can."

"No, no, thank you; it's of no con-sequence," replied Mr. Butterkin, with manly indifference. "But Esther can't mend broadcloth.

"Can't? You don't say so!" Imbued with the masculine superstition that incapacity with the needle be tokens idiocy, Mr. Butterkin looked

"No; she's young, you know, and not used to sewing. Besides, I'm responsi-ble for this rent. Let me attend to it,

He removed the garment without a word, his face flushing like moose-berries in autumn. Not at the thought that, since Esther was incapable, he must be indebted to the widow for past favors with the needle-indeed, would have unblushingly declared that this was the first occasion since Roxanna's decease that garment of his had needed repair-but he felt a reluctance to being dependent upon Ruth for a

Seeing him color, Mrs. Ebbeson, out of sympathy, colored too, and such a vivid and lasting crimson that her mother at dinner mildly chided her for

Busy over his coat that afternoon, Ruth naturally thought of Mr. Butierkin, while he, weeding the late turnips, recalled her blushes, and clumsily tried to analyze them. On the whole, he

"Why, they'd peck my eyes out," couldn't believe she went so far as to laughed the widow, dextrously folding the tablecloth in its former creases.

She was sorry the moment she had said it, for Mr. Butterkin at once mas brooded above imaginary eggs.

tracted rake handle. "What! setting again, Mrs. Ebbe-

The small lady, till then unconscious of the gentleman's proximity, hastily withdrew her head from the window and

Yes, they're setting again ; but it's

"Now, now, we must see about this,"

"What a wicked, wicked shame

menial service, when it was now the growing desire of his heart that she should lean upon him.

going out without her bonnet.

dislike him. And so night came, the mended coat hung in its place, and under the fence the undiscouraged Brahmas brooded above imaginary eggs. Next morning they brooded there still, and there, had they been his own, might they have continued to brood, forgotten by Mr. Buttarking who are his late wife.

they have continued to brood, forgotten by Mr. Butterkin, who, as his late wife often said, complainingly, never charged his mind with hens; but these especial Brahmas possessed peculiar interest as giving him audience with the charming widow. Accordingly, in the days that followed, he hovered about the luckless bipeds like a bird of prey. He bought the latest treatise on hens, and patiently tried in succession all the experiments therein suggested for subduing the wills tried in succession all the experiments therein suggested for subduing the wills of obdurate sitters, Mrs. Ebbeson assisting, as in common gratitude she must. This without producing the least effect upon the Brahmas. It was the widow that grew restive, conscious of the absurdity of Mr. Butterkin's sudden and ostentatious regard for fowls. She knew the very moment when his She knew the very moment when his heart turned toward her, but whether

hers inclined similarly toward him wasn't for her to say till he asked; yet,

coy little woman, she gave him no chance to put the question.

And, such is human perversity, the more she seemed not to care for him, so much the more was Mr. Butterkin resolved that she should care for him. Before July was ended he had fully made up his mind to propose, inwardly assured that his late wife would sanction the proceeding, not if she were returned to flesh, of course—in that case he would not ask it-but as a shade she would not wish to stand between him and her beloved Ruth. Of Mr. Ebbe-son's shade he scarcely thought, doubt-ing, perhaps, whether a man on earth destitute of moral substance could at death attain the dignity of a heavenly shadow. But there is a vast difference between purposing to propose and proposing. Mr. Butterkin learned this to his chagrin after repeated abortive at-tempts at giving his frequent interviews with Mrs. Ebbeson a sentimental turn. At each advance of his she sped away as shyly as a girl, and in the secure retreat by her mother's couch was as unap-proachable as if seated aloft in the chair of Cassiopea. In regard to a written declaration of love, Mr. Butterkin would sooner have attempted an essay on protoplasm. August found him still waiting for an opportunity. He, usually so prompt and unhesitating—the first selectman of the town! The better he

But having lured her to him, his next words were wide of the mark : "I came to ask-that is, I wanted to know-in fact, I wanted to have a seri-

ons talk with you.' She believed in free will, he in fore ordination; but his "serious talk" would not savor of theology, she knew. nervously essayed to confine it to poul-

"Really, Mr. Butterkin, you take

They "Nothing I do for you, Ruth" trouble." " They're fairly rheumatic from stand-

ing in that barrel of water, and, for all that, they're not cured of setting.' " As I was saying, Ruth "-

"Don't say any more about 'em, Mr Butterkin, I beg."
"I'm not speaking about hens, Ruth. Here Mr. Butterkin wiped his brow with his handkerchief-a widower's grimy kerchief. "I came to talk about you Don't go. Your mother didn't call. Why

won't you marry me, Ruth ?" She gave him a dozen reasons on the spot; but the fallacy of feminine logic being proverbial, Mr. Butterkin was not the man to heed them. At least this I know: before the snow came the widow Ebbeson had become Mrs. Butterkin, and frosty evenings she and her usband might have been seen carefully sheltering two late broods of chickens, for in the end the Brahmas had their

Not an Octagon.

way.—Bazar.

"Do I look like an octogon?" asked Mrs. Partington, as she sat at breakfast at the Grand Central, Oakland, with the Chronicle before her, and George, the beaming and genial exponent of tronomical science, pouring her Mocha. Do I look like an octagon?" placing her fingers smilingly on the paragraph fixing her age at seventy-seven. "An octogon, indeed!" she continued, not severely, a smile wreathing her lips as the odor of the coffee exhaled, and her spectacles were dewy with rising vapor from her cup; "they will, perhaps, make me a centurian next and a relict of antipathy; but this is the year for such, and perhaps I should be grateful for it, as age is honorable, and 1 might find a place at the great national imposition. Yet it is best not to assume years any more than virtues, and I shall be content if I am never older than I am now. This coffee is very flagrant, George,' and as she spoke she gazed into the cup, seeing therein her good looks reflected which sixty years had not impaired, while George beamed down upon her

NOT SATISFIED YET .- "I reckon per ole are satisfied now," said Mrs. Galbraith, as she walked out of a court-room in Hopkinsville, Ky., with her third husband, after a jury had failed to convict her of murdering her second hus-band. The people were not satisfied, however, and every night her house is else for them to do but to return a vermarriage. One was from young Mr. Galbraith, who was poor, and the other was from old Mr. Wolf, who was rich. She accepted Wolf, avowedly because she loved his money, and two months afterward he was murdered. Having secured hi property she married Gal-braith. The proof of her guilt fell short

Disease Germa

Mothers know too well, says Prof. Samuel Lockwood, what is meant by the word "thrush" or "sprew," that mouth malady too common with little children. To the profession it is known as an aphthous ulceration of the tongue—aphtha being the name of the disease, and similarity has been applied to the control of the disease, and similarity has been applied to the control of the disease, and similarity has been applied to the control of the disease, and similarity has been applied to the control of the disease, and similarity has been applied to the control of the disease, and similarity has been applied to the control of the disease. aphtha being the name of the disease, and signifying a burning. The tongue "is swollen, tender and furred." There are excoriated spots, sometimes true ulcers, varying in size, perhaps, from that of a pin's head to that of a half pea, and these are severally capped with a white, curd-like mass. However diminutive these pustules may be, they are in truth hummocks of tiny plants, for each one contains many thousands of parasitic fungi, often called torula. These fungi attach themselves to the mucous memattach themselves to the mucous memattach themselves to the mucous membrane, and burrow among the epithelial cells. They are "composed of threads matted together like felt," whose basal ends interwine among the epithelia, like hair in the prepared mortar of the plasterer. At a recent meeting of the academy of natural sciences, Professor Leidy exhibited a mouse with little curdy patches on his ears, face and nose. The query was: "What ailed the little fellow, and where had he been?" The microscope showed that the white spots microscope showed that the white spots were colonies of a parasitic fungus; and, strange to tell, they were as much like the thrush fungus as one pea is like its fellow in the same pod. The truth told, Mousie was captured in the children's department of Blockley hospital, where he had picked up the crumbs that had fallen from the mouth of a child patient.

The strange to tell, they were as much like ture to permit them to work on Sunday because of their observance of Saturday.

These religionists have monastic institutions in Lancaster and Franklin counties, in which maids and bachelors, widows and widowers, and even separated wives and husbands cloister them. and nose and face. Soon, in all probability, it would have entered the mouth, even if it had not already. A minute portion of one of these white spots was subjected by skilled hands to a lens of very high power, and lo! there were the morbid parasites, tiny sporular bodies, some single, some double, and others "in chains of a dozen or more." The fungus was pronounced to be a torula or oidium, like that found in the disease known as thrush or aphths. A drawing of it would simply be like a number of elongated beads strung together. But how diminutive these beads or cells were! A single one was the 1.650 of a line in length, that is, it would take 7,800 of them in line to make an inch.

The Spring Fashions.

The tint known as creme is at height. Gauze is much used for bonnets.

Turbans are again in style. Children's fashions vary but little in

In bonnets the capote shape is in great invor.
The English Derby is a favorite

among hats. Cashmere is largely used for children's postumes, because it cleans admirably. White laces are no longer in vogue.

Even the richest laces are tinged with vellow. A novelty in shoes is seen in boots

with high tips at the back and laced in front. Small buttons are more and more used

for trimming. In all dress materials stripes have suerseded checks.

Jet is not abandoned, but is used with more discretion than last year. The diagonal shaped overskirt appears

o be most popular. Buttons are small, and often covered with the same material as the dress. Sleeves for general wear are very close o the wrist, showing some dressy style

of cuff. Bows of silk, ribbon, or the material of the costume, are freely used. Sailor hats and turbans will be much

worn by school girls this season. Many of the stripes on the newest dresses are shaded tone upon tone, and are from an inch to a half inch wide. Wide gros grain ribbon sashes

worn tied low around the hips, and are fastened behind in a large bow. Fashionable celebrities in Paris have introduced the wearing of the Greek

costume for evening dress. Late openings show dresses with full an trains and skirts clinging to the orm, tied back and without bustles. Laces are generally laid on without fulling, as the present style of dress requires flat trimmings.

The cuirass bodice is changing in character; while still long and simply shaped, its fullness is relieved with abundance of trimming. Shoulder seams are made very short

and high, and the long side pieces con-The newest ruches for the inside of bonnets are composed of a double point

of cream lace, with a small flower at the

The North Carolina Economist talks n this facetious manner: Well, we are lazy in Norfolk, that's a fact. But there s no need of working here. If a man has energy enough to dig a worm he can take a pin hook and sit down on the wharf and eatch fish enough in one day to last him two. If he is too lazy to dig a worm he can tie a piece of flannel rag on a string and catch enough crabs to last him a day or two; and he is too lazy to tie a piece of flannel to a string he lays down on his back on the sand at ebb tide, opens his month, and when the tide comes in the crabs run into it. What need is there for work in a country for which nature has done

The Verdict.

The coroner, in summing up a recent case, pointed out to the jury that there They dared not, of course, give a ver-dict right in the teeth of the coroner's The Dunkers.

A correspondent, writing of the Dun-kers, says that they retain their Quaker-like garb, and the men wear long hair and full beards, objecting to the wear-ing of mustaches alone. The men kiss when they meet, though it is thought of abolishing this custom.

The semi-annual love feasts are a fa-vority resort of young pleasure seekers.

The semi-annual love feasts are a favorite resort of young pleasure seekers, not only when held in barns, but at the churches of to-day, and the crowds greatly annoy the humble brethren. Their charity is proverbial, and their homes are well known to professional tramps. They help each other, and poverty is unknown among them.

A bright illustration of their practical application of the precept, "Bear one another's burdens," was given last year. A barn belonging to one of the fraternity was destroyed by fire. Following the disaster a meeting of the church members was held, the loss was estimated, and the full amount paid over to

mated, and the full amount paid over to the sufferer by his sympathizing broth-

The sect known as the Seventh Day Baptists is a seceding branch of the Dunkers, though now weak in comparison. Yet they have strength enough to cause the serious discussion of a proposition before the Pennsylvania Legislatura of the Pennsylvania of the Pen

The diagnosis now seemed natural and direct. Mousie had been and got it—namely, the thrush—and, strange to say, he had got it bad, for it was on his ears deeds during the Revolutionary and other war times, and also claim the honor of keeping up the first Sabbath-school successfully years before they were introduced in London.

The annual conventions of the Dunkers, commonly called the big meetings, which take place in Whitsun week every year, are very largely attended by mempers from all parts of the country. The large expense incurred by these gatherings seem to many of the fraternity to necessitate their abolition, and it is urged that the money be devoted to the education of the rising generations and the colonization of the Mennonites, for whose persecution in Russia they have brotherly sympathy.

A Co-operative Experiment.

In Scribner for May, Charles Barnard has a paper on "Some Experiments in Co-operation," in which he speaks as follows of the Springfield (Vt.) indus-trial works, a successful co-operative en-terprise: At the benches are young men and women in about equal numbers, dis-tributed according to the demands of the work or their own ability. Precisely said to kill the trichina, it is never safe, three days; and, as he was recently marsystem of work and a perfect subdivision of labor. By the peculiar method of selection, each one has the work that the majority think he or she is best suit ed to perform consistently with the best interests of the establishment. On going through the various departments, one cannot fail to notice the quiet and order that prevail. There is a rigid adherence to business that is positively refreshing. Persons familiar with working peopl in mills and shops can readily recall that calmness of manner, and ingenuity in doing nothing with apparent energy hat characterize some of the workers.

Not a trace of this can be seen in the industrial works. The sun goes down, the lamps are lighted, and the work goes on without a pause. It is hammer, hammer, hammer, with all the regularity and twice th energy of a clock. The whirling shafts spin steadily, the shavings fly from the planers, the paint brushes slip along quickly in nimble girl fingers. work, work, work with a jolly persist-ence. The six o'clock bell rings, and no one seems to discover it till the reluctant engineer turns off the water, and the clattering machinery runs slowly and finally stops, as if it also held shares in

We may join them at their liberal table; forty or more young men and women in good health and the best of spirits. They are well dressed, intelligent, with manners self-respectful and ourteous. After supper some amuse themselves with books, music, and games, and some return to the shop for extra work. All are apparently contented and happy, and all, without exception, are making money at a rate seldom equaled by people in their position.

Not Satisfactory.

After worrying his father for three or four years on the subject, a young man who has grown up with Detroit succeeded i becoming the owner of a timepiece the other day. His father purchased it on the sly, took it home, and when the young man turned over his plate at dinner he found his watch.

"Good! Bully for me! You are noble father," he exclaimed, in delight. As he opened the watch his smiles faded away. Noticing the chauge, his father asked:

"It's a good enough watch," was the eply.
"Then what's the matter?" "Why, you have had my name en-graved on the case, and no pawnbroker will give me five dollars on it if I get

hard up!" Full of System.

"Isn't the watch all right?"

Peter Cooper in speaking of the late A. T. Stewart's system in his establish-ments, and the strict discipline he exacted of his employees, said : Once I met Mr. Stewart in his uptown store, case, pointed out to the jury that there and while conversing with him about was no evidence whatever that the determinant the determinant of his business he took ceased had come to her end by foul me by the arm, and, pointing at the play, and therefore there was nothing great array of salesmen, cash boys and else for them to do but to return a veri guarded against lynchers. She was a diet of "Death by the visitation of display an evidence of thorough train-beautiful widow, and had two offers of God." The jury, however, thought it ing and an intelligent acquaintance with marriage. One was from young Mr. dignified to retire for consideration. the peculiarities of human nature. I, of course, assented. "And yet," said he, "not one of them has discretion. summing up, and so, after along consultation, this is how they satisfied their system which determines all their actions, "And so Mr. Stewart managed justice: "We find that the deceased all his business affairs. Method and died by the visitation of God, but under the most suspicious circumstances." he gave his attention to.

Man's Microscopic Enemies.

A recently published paper by Pro-fessor L. N. Piper says: The name "trichina spiralis" comes from two Greek words, signifying hair and curled, alluding to the hair-like form of the ani-mal and the curled position which it assumes in the cells in which it is found in sumes in the cells in which it is found in the muscular system. The male worm measures only the one-twentieth of an inch in length. The female is a little longer. It was discovered by Professor Owen in a portion of human muscle sent to him from St. Bartholomews' hospital in 1834.

In a few hours after the diseased meat is taken into the stomach, trichina separated from it are found free in that organ. Thence they pass into the duodenum, and afterward into the small intestine, where they are developed. On the third or fourth day eggs are dis-covered, these eggs being alive, as we have found to be the case in other analogous larve of which we have speci-mens. From the intestines and other cavities where the young are first pro-duced they penetrate into the substance of the muscles, where sometimes as early as three days after the diseased meat is taken into the stomach they may be found in considerable numbers, and so far developed that the young entozoa have almost attained a size equal to that of the full grown trichina. They progressively advance into the interior of the small bundles of muscular fiber, where they may be often seen several in a file, one after the other. Behind them the muscular tissue becomes atrophied, that is, hardened, and around them an irritation is set up which ends in producing a cyst in about two weeks. Thus it will be seen that the whole muscular system is filled with parasites, each one

the central point of inflammation, and of course of terrible suffering, until the friendly hand of death closes the scene. These cases, we think, must be more frequent than is generally supposed, from our having so many brought to our notice within a short time, and this fact | 619,780. would be a good reason for giving up swine's flesh as an article of food. But there is a sure preventive for all this, Thorough cooking will render pork absolutely free from any injurious effects in

this direction. If we give up swine's flesh for the reason that it contains entozoa we shall be obliged for the same reason to discard all animal food. One of the same family which we have mentioned as causing sickness among the Egyptians is of frequent occurrence among cattle, sheep and horses, the hare, the rabbit, etc. Another species is found in the liver of the salmon, in the alimentary canal of

the pike and perch, and also many species infest the feathered tribes.

We ought perhaps to say that although the careful smoking of pork is

A Preston man ha

thoroughly cooked. Spontaneous Origin of Rabies.

Some facts hardly of a reassuring character relative to rabies in dogs have been recorded of late in England, and the gravest is that the opinion is entertained that rabies may be produced in a dog by the bite of a non-rabid animal There has always been a certain amount of doubt in regard to the disease in the human being when the dog which in-flicted the bite was shown not to have been afflicted, but if we reason by anlogy according to the facts deduced by Mr. G. Fleming, it seems possible that a sound animal can bite another dog, which latter dog may have in time all the symptoms of rabies, while the first free from the fearful taint. A case is brought in evidence where a re-triever, which had been carefully tied up except when taken out for exercise, was bitten by another dog. The first dog in time showed the pendulous lower jaw, flowing saliva, vacant expression, weak hind legs, and half unconscious movements, while the dog which in-flicted the bite is now, according to the authority of the Lancet, alive and well. There can be no possible doubt that the retriever was afflicted with rabies, because, having bitten other dogs, they were all attacked, and had to be killed, and on their autopsy showed that all the thoracic and abdominal viscera were healthy, but the membranes of the brain were congested, and the interior lobes softened and hypercemic. In New York, some two years ago. public at-tention was directly called to a case of rabies the origin of which was traced to an apparently healthy dog. The matter, however, wants further solution. It is probable that an animal may have rabies and recover from it, and might propagate the disease when unsound, and we are still disinclined as yet to sup-

from the bite of a healthy dog. Lavish Generosity.

port the opinion that rabies may arise

Touching the lavish generosity of Orientals, the following incident is re-lated of the khedive. A certain M. Bavray obtained from the khedive of Egypt a grant of land on which to build a house. When the building was finished, he invited the khedive to come and see, it; and the latter, delighted, asked: "How much did it cost?"

"Here are sixty thousand pounds," said the khedive; "let me buy it."
The offer was accepted, and M. Bavray was commissioned to fit it up and furnish it, which he did at the cost of some one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. When all was finished,
M. Bavray went to see the khedive,
taking his little son with him. The
khedive approached the child to kiss
him, but the boy ran away, crying out:

"Fifty thousand pounds," was the

"No, no. Mamma says you are a naughty man."
"Why?" exclaimed the astonished khedive.

Because you have taken our country house," sobbed the child.

M. Bavray, of course, apologized, and scolded the child; but, on taking leave, the khedive wrote a few lines on a piece of paper and gave it to the child for his mother, saying: "You can kiss me now, little man; I am no longer naughty."

The piece of paper was a deed of gift of the whole property.

Items of Interest.

A nice thing in oil for your dining coms—A box of sardines. "I would not for any money," says Jean Paul Richter, "have had money in

my youth.' Mesuba, a converted thief, is a very successful revivalists in the Mahratta

country, India. There is an artesian well in Prairie du Chien 717 feet deep, which yields 30,-000 barrels of water daily.

At last the use of the grasshopper is determined. He is to be pulverized and sent to Paris for fish bait.

A Sicilian was found lying in a New Orleans street with a dagger driven to the hilt into his head through one of his

In Meigs county, Tennessee, a few days ago, four hunters, all old men, with sixteen hounds, ran down and captured eight foxes.

There are two millions of peasants in Russia who have not yet been able to fulfill the conditions of the act of emancipation of March 3, 1861.

A good disposition will carry a man through a private party, make him hold a plate of refreshments on his knees full of stuff he does not want to eat, and yet say he is happy.

General Sherman says: "To be strong, healthy, and capable of the largest measure of physical effort, the soldier needs about three pounds gross of food per day. A mountain of superior white chalk

has been discovered in Idaho, and now, if a never-failing spring is in close proximity, an enterprising man might start a dairy there without investing in a single cow. There are 62,552 churches in the

United States, with sittings for 11,395,-

542 people, the Methodists being the strongest denomination. The total value of church property is placed at \$349,-Chicago Times: Being President isn't such a fine thing, after all. Grant is no better off than the rest of us. It's no uncommon thing to hear kim say. "Fish, lend me a dollar till Saturday,

vhen I draw my pay." A man in Florida brought a handful of creeping things to a native, saying:
"Look at the young terrapins!" They
were scorpions. A fire had been built
upon a shell mound, and they were

friven out by the heat. In Anaheim, Los Angeles county, Cal., a few days since, a large bald eagle seized upon a baby eight months old, and was about to carry it off when its mother arrived, just in time to save it after a big

he is sitting round in a hayloft somewhere, meditating on the price of spring bonnets, or has merely drowned him

A Preston man has been missing for

This is the way Council Bluffs aldermen answer to their names: Alderman Hammer, "you bet;" Alderman Scott, present by the skin of my teeth;" Alderman Keating, "d'ye see me now;" and Alderman James, "present unanimously.' An elderly Wicklow maiden, who had

uffered some disappointment, thus deines the buman race: Man-a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit, and boots. Woman -the waiter, perforce, on the aforesaid A gentleman has a pair of pantalcons which were worn by one of his ancestors

one hundred years ago. They are made of home spun cloth, except the seat, which is of thick leather. It is inferred from this that the original owner was a book agent. A St. Louis scientist estimates that the annual loss to farmers caused by insects averages \$100,000,000; that thinch bug alone, in 1874, caused a loss

of \$30,000,000 to the Western States,

and that in three years the grasshoppers have caused a loss of \$50,000,000. To-morrow may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in any of our title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea does not own a single minute of to-morrow. Tomorrow! It is a mysterious possibility,

not yet born.

A gentleman having an appointment with another who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise found him waiting. He thus addressed him: Why, I see you are here first at last. You were always behind before; but I am glad to see you have become early of

"Will you trust me for a clock?" asked a man of a peddler. "I am not at all acquainted with you, you must recollect," said the peddler. "That is the very reason," was the rejoinder, "why I made the proposition. If you knew me you wouldn't trust me. I'm sure of that." "The only manufactory of gongs and symbals in the country is in Boston. From 300 to 400 gongs and 500 pairs of cymbals per year are produced, the price depending upon the size—cymbals of twelve and fourteen iches diameter

ranging from \$24 to \$36, and gongs selling at fifty cents per inch of diameter. At the New York Hippodrome, Dom Pedro being present, Mr. Moody asserted that not even an emperor can save his soul without submitting to Christ. Peter Cartwright, the revivalist, was preaching one day when General Jackson entered the church, and attracted, as Mr. Cartwright thought, more attention than he was entitled to, whereupon the preacher lustily sang out: "Who cares for General Jackson! He'll go to hell as

quick as anybody if he don't repent!" A poor curate sent his servant to a chandler's shop, kept by one Paul, for bacon and eggs, for his Sunday dinner, on credit. This being refused the damsel, as she had nothing to cook, thought sel, as see had nothing to cook, thought she might as well go to church, and entered as her master, in the midst of his discourse, referring to the apostle, repeated: "What says Paul?" The good woman, supposing the question addressed to her, answered: "Paul says, sir, that he'll give you no more trust till you pay your old score."