

# The Elk County Advertiser.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

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**Strolling in the Lane.**  
The daisies start the summer grass;  
And, with the dancing leaves at play,  
Adorn this lane the breezes pass,  
In pleasant music, all the day.  
I love the sweet, sequestered place,  
The gracious roof of gold and green,  
Where arching branches interlace,  
With glimpses of the sky between.  
I see the drooping roses trail  
From tangled hedges to the ground;  
I hear the chanting wren and fall,  
Of fond love lyrics, all around.  
And here, adown the shady walk,  
In days that never passed away,  
Entranced, I listened to the talk,  
That ever held my heart in sway.  
In days when birds began to sing,  
Because they found the earth was fair;  
In halcyon days of happy spring,  
None aught but us our joys to share.  
But pleasure past is present pain;  
The petals of the rose are shed;  
The piercing thorns alone remain;  
I live to sorrow for the dead.

## THE EDEN OF WILDWOOD.

Paul Renford was thunder struck. For once in his life he was contented to something like consideration of a subject in hand.  
Paul was four-and-twenty. At the age of eighteen he had been left an orphan, and heir to an estate worth a million; and his uncle—his mother's brother—had been appointed his guardian. This uncle was Anson Betterman, an enterprising merchant, and a true hearted man. After Paul came of age, and became master of his property, through the advice of his uncle he employed a lawyer named Lovett to act as his agent to look after rents, and so on—and gradually this Lovett, who proved to be an apt and ready man of business, had gained into his hands the entire control of the whole property; and so implicitly had Paul trusted him that he had not even demanded vouchers for his bank transactions.  
In fact, Paul Renford had degenerated into a listless, aimless being. His natural abilities, of the very highest order, had been prostituted to the most useless of all pursuits—the mere seeking of pleasure for the purpose of killing time. At first he had lived moderately; his youthful vigor had held him aloof from the need of stimulants; but of late a long continued round of dissipation—parties, balls, club and billiards, in which night was appropriated to wakefulness and the day to sleep—had so reduced his physical vim that without stimulants he found no comfort.  
And now Anson Betterman had come to inform him that Port-Lovett had left the country with every available scrap of his property.  
"Do you mean," gasped Paul, when he heard this, "that he has taken all?"  
"Yes—everything. You had allowed him such unlimited sway that he found no difficulty in getting every dollar into his hands."  
"And I am penniless!"  
"You know best whether you had any of your property invested in business."  
"Not a penny."  
"Then I fear that you have little at hand which you can call your own."  
"In Heaven's name, Uncle Anson, what shall I do?"  
"Really, Paul, I see but two ways open to you. You can lie down, and wither and die under the stroke, or you can do as thousands of others have done in misfortune—arouse yourself, put on the armor of true manhood, and fight the battle bravely."  
"I must earn my own living!"  
"It would seem so."  
"And how?"  
"I can give you a place in my store."  
"No, no, I cannot commence the battle here—not here in the city, where I have led the van of folly and dissipation. Let me have time to think."  
"All right, my boy; and meantime I will be thinking too."  
On the following day Mr. Betterman called again; but Paul had not thought what he would do.  
"What have you thought, uncle?"  
"I'll tell you what I have thought, my boy. Back in the country—and yet not very far from the city—are the mills owned by my friend Sargent. They are in a quiet, secluded village, the inhabitants of which are mostly his own operatives. Mr. Sargent will give you a clerkship there, and the pay will be ample for your support."  
"But," said Paul, "may we not find Lovett?"  
"As yet we have been able to gain no clew to his whereabouts. He is a man not easily to be entrapped. But we can try further, if you please."  
"I will go up and look at the mills."  
And so Paul Renford went up to Wildwood, as Mr. Sargent had named his settlement, and he found it rural and retired enough. But it was a beautiful spot, nevertheless, and he had a strong inclination to accept the proffered situation. He returned to the city on the day of the evening of Mrs. Spuitenstinger's grand party. He was wondering if he had better go, when he learned from a servant of the house that no invitation had been sent him. On that very afternoon he met the Misses Spuitenstinger on the avenue, and they did not acknowledge his salutation.  
"So, so!" he muttered. "And that is all I am worth to them!"  
For a little time his heart sunk, but he rallied.  
"Come, come, my boy," he exclaimed, smiting himself upon the breast, "there may be something in life yet. Be brave!"  
And on the very next day he accepted the clerkship at the Wildwood mills, and entered at once upon his duties. For a time he found it dull, hard work; but gradually his health improved, and the vigor of youth came back to him; and under simple living his muscles grew and strengthened, and his whole frame came into perfect tune of manly beauty and elasticity. And now his duties became light and cheering, and he sang and whistled at his work.  
The overseer of the mills was Mr.

Grayson, and with him Paul found a home. Mr. Grayson's daughter Della was a beautiful, light hearted, true spirited girl of nineteen. She was one of those blonde beauties whose whole presence is sunshine, and her merry laugh rippled like the music of dancing waters in the pebbly brooklet. The student of human nature who heard that laugh would enthusiastically declare that only a heart of native purity and gentleness could underlie it.  
At first Della Grayson, when she saw that Paul Renford was weak and dejected, sought to cheer and entertain him. She had heard the story of his great loss, and she pitied him. She played for him upon the harp and upon the piano, and she sang to him, and talked with him. But by-and-by, when he had grown strong and vigorous, and when his innate manhood had manifested itself, she grew shy and taciturn, and finally sought to avoid him.  
And then, for the first time in his life, Paul knew what true love was. For the first time he experienced that sense of devotion which leads the heart to offer itself upon the altar of faith in the woman loved. He asked Mr. Grayson if he might seek his daughter's love. The overseer did not object.  
And Della? Had Paul been as versed in reading the human heart in its native truth as he was in translating the siren song of flattery, he might have known that the love of the beautiful girl was all his own.  
So, when Paul Renford had been a year at Wildwood, Della became his wife, and he was happy—happier far than he had ever been. And he was advanced in the mills from a clerkship to a responsible agency; and thus he had frequent occasion to visit the city; but there was nothing in its din and glare attractive to him, and he always came home with a deeper and more abiding love for his own fond heart-land at Wildwood.  
During the first year of Paul's marriage a branch railroad was opened to Wildwood, and thus they were within an hour of the city; and the mill property was greatly enhanced in value.  
"Ah," said the young man one day, as he stood upon the piazza of his cottage, and looked off upon the rolling landscape of hill and dale that stretched away beyond the river, "if I only owned that sweep of land!"  
"It is certainly a pleasant prospect," said his Uncle Betterman, who had come up to pay him a visit.  
"Aye," added Paul, "and how it must increase in value now that the rail has opened this way!"  
At this juncture Della came out and called them in to tea. She took Uncle Anson by the arm, and told him he was her prisoner. And he bent over and kissed her, and said it would be a most blessed imprisonment.  
"Don't you find it so, Paul?"  
"It is heaven where she is!" was Paul's answer.  
And upon that she left Uncle Anson, and threw her arms about her husband's neck.  
"Dear Paul! you are a blessing to me!"  
Shortly afterward the old merchant said to his nephew, "Paul, do you ever find yourself longing for the old life in the city?"  
"Does the saved mariner look back with longing upon the fearful death he has escaped, and willingly return to storm and wreck?"  
"I think not, my boy."  
"And you, in his full sense, long for the dazzle and glare of the empty life that brings only pain and unrest, when a bright spirit like this holds watch and ward for him over an earthly heaven?"  
He held his wife by the hand as he spoke, and his eye was radiant with a light supernatural.  
"I was on the following day—a beautiful day in early autumn—that Paul and Della walked out upon the gentle hill that sloped up from the cottage. And again he looked off upon the grand spread of landscape beyond the river.  
"Ah," he said, "if I owned that land I would do a great work, Della."  
"What would you do with it?" asked a voice behind him.  
Paul turned and beheld his uncle.  
"If you owned that land, what would you do with it?"  
"I would make it bloom with life!" replied the youth, eloquently. "Think, now that the rail is laid, how near it is to the city! If I owned that land, I might find light and comfort in these healthful shades. If I owned that land, I would invite capital to open it to the life that ought to occupy it. I would lay out streets, and portion off lots for dwellings, each with its garden; and I would call it The Eden of Wildwood."  
"And suppose you had the capital of your own, my boy?"  
"The Eden of Wildwood should be a verity."  
A shadow passed over the old man's face, and then came a shining light. He reached out and took his nephew's hand.  
"Paul, the capital is yours—the land is yours!"  
Paul would have laughed if his uncle had not looked so solemnly upon him while he spoke. As it was, he simply exhibited bewilderment.  
"I heard you express an earnest wish to own the land, and secured it for you," continued Betterman.  
"Uncle! This is a serious jest."  
"It is no jest, Paul. In one word—Porter Lovett has returned."  
"Lovett!—returned!"  
"Yes—and your fortune is safe."  
Paul Renford was not sure that he was in his waking senses. His uncle was not the man to utter such language jestingly.  
"It is true, my boy. Lovett has returned, and every dollar that he ever had of yours is not only safe, but the amount is well nigh doubled."  
"Uncle Anson—What is this?"  
"Do you not guess?"  
"I dare not. Tell me."  
Again the old man took his nephew's hand, and after a brief pause, he answered:  
"Paul, you may blame me if you please; you may heap wrath upon my head if you like—but you must know that Lovett has only acted at my bidding. I sent him away, and he staid

away until I called him back. I saw you failing and sinking, my boy. I saw my sister's son wasting and dying of a disease which could not be cured except he could be lifted up from the pit into which he had fallen. I saw your young manhood—so full of native power and goodness—bowed and—  
"Stop! stop!" said Paul, raising his other hand. "I see it all."  
"And do you blame me?"  
"Blame you! I see you blame me for the hard, harsh remedy I applied!"  
"Blame you, uncle! Shall I blame you for my manhood's health and strength and vigor? Shall I blame you for—this? And he let go his uncle's hand, and drew his wondering wife to his side. "I only pray to God that the return of the lost wealth may not cause me a wife to love me less. It can never overshadow with its bulk these other joys which have grown up from the better life!"  
It was all as Uncle Betterman had said. Lovett had come away at his order, having first secured the property so that no harm could befall it—and it had all been done that Paul might be thrown upon his own resources, and thus saved from the sloth that was eating away his young life. And it had worked well.  
And when Paul Renford had received back his great fortune he was true to the promise he had made concerning the beautiful tract of land beyond the river; and this is the true story of how the tools of the city came to be blessed with those pleasant, healthful homes in The Eden of Wildwood.

## Dreaming to a Purpose.

In the Boston Traveller we find this statement: The brigantine Fred Eugene (of Portland, Me.), Capt. Adam S. Smalley, sailed from Bordeaux Nov. 24 for Key West, in ballast. On the night of the twenty-ninth, when about six hundred miles from land, Capt. Smalley dreamed that he saw a number of men in peril, and could save them. He went on deck, and ordered a sharp look-out kept, but saw nothing; then he went below again and turned in and slept. The dream was repeated, and again he turned out. It was still dark, the vessel was going free, but the wind, which came from two points near the wind. At daylight he went aloft and saw a vessel to windward with a signal of distress flying. He immediately closed his eyes, and the vessel was blowing a gale, but he increased sail and commenced heaving to windward, but what he made on one tack he lost on the next, for his vessel was flying light. At last he determined to make a long stretch, calculating on the vessel drifting toward him. After considerable time he had an impression to stay, and shortly afterward observed three boats pulling toward him. He dove to and received twenty-one men on board, the crew of the ship Sparkenhoe, of Dublin, which they had abandoned, unmanageable in a sinking condition. A fierce gale followed, which continued four days. When it abated, Capt. Smalley put into Gibraltar and landed the men, but by doing so lost twenty-seven days. Freight during this time declined, much to the injury of the owners of the brig. The British government made Capt. Smalley a present of a chronometer gold watch and chain, with this inscription on the watch: "Presented to Captain Adam S. Smalley, of the American brigantine Fred Eugene, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness in rescuing the crew of the Sparkenhoe, of Dublin, on the thirtieth of November, 1875." Capt. Smalley is a native of St. George, Me., and went to sea when only eight years of age. At nineteen he was captain, and since then has never experienced any serious accident to any vessel under his charge. He has sailed many years for Hon. Nehemiah Gibson, of East Boston, who speaks of him in high terms.

## Buying a Mexican Plug.

In his lecture Mark Twain tells this story of a speculation of his in Nevada. He said: I bought the horse at auction; they called it a "Mexican plug." I did not know what that was, but supposed it was all right. The brother-in-law of the auctioneer took me to one side and said: "Now, I could cheat you, but I won't; I see you are a stranger. Now, that horse is a genuine Mexican plug, and, besides, he can outkick anything in the country." I did not know what "kicking" was; but as I wanted a horse that could excel in something, I bought him. The next afternoon I thought I would ride him; so I brought him out, and two men held his head and another held him down to the ground by his tail, and I mounted, and just as soon as they let go, that horse brought all his feet together in a bunch and lowered his back and then suddenly elevated it, throwing me some feet in the air. I went straight up and came straight down, and lit on the saddle, and up I went again and still again. This time I lit on the neck of the animal and hung fast. Then he rose on his hind feet and went through with all the gymnastic performances he knew of, and finally ended by throwing me up again, and while I was in the air I heard some one say: "Ah, how he bucks!" So that was "kicking." Before I got down some one hit that horse on the head, but he was not there. Plenty of friends gathered round to offer me sympathy. They always do when you want to be alone. I wanted to sit down, and I did sit down, and I was so sore and bruised and shaken I put one hand on my head, the other on my stomach, and if I had sixteen hands I could have found places for them. One friend said: "Why, you might have known he was nothing but a Mexican plug." Yes, I did know it. And another: "Why, you could see that that animal bucked." Yes, that was what I bought him for.

## Very Close.

A wit was dreadfully bored by a stupid fellow who persisted in talking to him on natural history. "There's the oyster," at last said the bore; "what's your notion as to the idea that the oyster is possessed of reason?" "I think it may be true," said the wit, "because the oyster knows enough to shut its mouth."

## WHAT CHINA SHOWS.

Articles of Great Age—Furniture of European Design—The "Lost Arts."  
On the opening day at the Exhibition the display of the Chinese empire was quite incomplete, but the past three weeks workmen have been busied engaged making pagodas, arranging show-cases, and placing in order constantly arriving exhibits. China's display, though smaller than that of Japan, contains much that is curious, and will give the observer a much clearer idea of the national handicraft than could be conveyed by any published description. One of the most strikingly shown by the Chinese on exhibition, is that the work of 600 years ago can be distinguished by the superiority in its pure coloring from that of recent date, thus demonstrating that this nation so ancient is to be numbered among those who have their "lost arts." A much higher price attaches to these ancient pieces. A plain globular china jar about twelve inches in height is sold at \$20, while one precisely like it except in coloring is valued at \$400.  
The pavilion of this great nation, which is on the south side of the Main building, is a masterpiece of architecture, owing to the large number of cupolas and pinnacles that tower to the roof. On the right of the peculiarly Chinese entrance are the exhibits of Hu Kiang Yung, one of the richest men in the country. His collection consists of large china articles, highly ornamented in enamel of great size. The figures are grotesque, and the pieces are japed in the pure colors which modern Chinese art cannot reproduce. One of the articles is a peculiar formed bowl of large dimensions and most elaborately wrought. It stands on three fowls representing cranes, and has cuttings from opposite sides of square spouts, giving the idea of an immense teapot. It has been sold for \$2,500, its value being derived from its age, which is fixed at 500 years. It is stated that every article of this description in the exhibit, except one, is worth \$500.  
The gorgeous and very peculiar and striking in appearance to the Occidental eye, the center case at the main entrance being a *fac-simile* of the Token Guild Hong or Merchants' Exchange at Ning Po. It is filled with beautiful silk patterns, the plainest being valued at \$16 per yard. The wood used in the interior is of a very rich set of chessmen made of ebony and representing figures, one within the other, and yet so separate that one cannot cease wondering how human skill could fashion them. There are also several brass handles, elaborately finished with ornate designs. The wood used in the interior is of a very rich set of chessmen made of ebony and representing figures, one within the other, and yet so separate that one cannot cease wondering how human skill could fashion them. There are also several brass handles, elaborately finished with ornate designs. The wood used in the interior is of a very rich set of chessmen made of ebony and representing figures, one within the other, and yet so separate that one cannot cease wondering how human skill could fashion them.

## Where It Comes From.

The wool used in the New York market all comes from Dutchess, Columbia, Orange, and Suffolk counties, N. Y., and from New Jersey. The best mutton is supplied by Canada, where the sheep are largely fed on pea meal, but a great many good sheep also come from Kentucky and Ohio, and a few poor ones from Texas. Hogs come from everywhere that cattle are procurable, stock raisers averring that neither can be profitably raised, without the other, so that the New York market gets as its supply the widest varieties of pig, from the smooth, round, snub-nosed Berkshire and Suffolk—the porcine aristocracy—down to the grunt, feet-footed, slighter-boned, and snout-brother, the little snake fed hog of Indiana and Iowa. The hog business may be deemed better systematized, in a commercial way, than any other branch of the meat supply. Pork dealers receive hogs shipped to them direct from different parts of the country, have them processed, stock by expeditions machinery, and then sell the carcasses on "Change" by their representations, on their guarantee of the quality of the stock. Poor, maseley hogs and boars, which fall below the general standard of the lot so sold, are sent down to market and there disposed of. The reason the packers have bought them on "Change, and who, after taking out the loins, which are sold to butchers all over town, speedily transform them into hams, shoulders, bacon, lard, etc., etc., so that scarcely an ounce of the hog is wasted. The best pigs for New York for local sale, fresh come from New Jersey, where farmers raise and kill a few each for market in cold weather.

## The Wilying Bridges of the Himalayas.

A. Wilson, in his recently published account of a journey through the upper valleys of the Himalayas, says that these bridges are constructed of twigs, chiefly from birch trees or bushes twisted together. Two thick ropes of these twigs, about the size of a man's thigh or a little larger, are stretched across the river at a distance of from four to six feet from each other, and a similar rope runs between them, three or four feet lower, being connected with the upper ropes by more slender ropes running at an interval of about five feet from each other. The unpleasantness of a jula is that the passenger has no proper hold of his feet, for the ropes, which are too thick and rough to be grasped by the hand, and that at the extremities they are so far apart that it is difficult to have any hold of both at the same time, while danger is incurred by the head or bang of the jula, which is much lower in the middle than at its ends. He has also to stoop painfully to move along, and it is seldom safe for him to rest his feet on the lower rope, except where it is supported by the transverse ends. To fall into the raging torrent underneath would be almost destruction. The high winds which prevail in the Himalayas during the winter make the whole structure swing about frightfully.

## At the Quebec Fire.

It would be hard to conceive of a sadder sight than the one which presented itself as night closed down upon us after the fire, says a correspondent. Hundreds of poor families had fled with their few pitiable savings to the Cove Fields and the Crick's grounds, and there were huddled down upon bits of carpet, beds, or the bare ground, and falling asleep, hopeless, suppers, and exhausted. It is wonderful to note what people save at such a time, and whether it is sentiment which comes to the surface under strong excitement or merely a desire to preserve their few belongings. I saw cats lying securely in the arms of frantic women who rushed past, and house plants, canaries, bouquets of wax and paper flowers, pictures, etc. One little fellow whom we met looked as if he were willing that the worst might come, since he held a beloved and some old rusty safe in his arms, and an aged grandmother seemed satisfied that an unkind fate had left her several rolls of wall paper to begin life anew with, and a weary and discouraged-looking man was struggling along with an armload of light but unwieldy stovepipe.

## Coral Fishing.

The total quantity of coral annually brought up from the bottom of the Mediterranean sea by Italians is estimated to average a weight of about 150,000 pounds, and to represent a value of \$1,150,000. Of the above amount less than 12,000 pounds is valuable for jewelers' purposes. The Spaniards are the only rivals of the Italians in coral fisheries. They employ about sixty boats and obtain somewhere about 25,000 pounds per annum which is valued at an average of \$200,000. The coral of Italy is not so fine as the other, however, and has its special markets. After the coral is gathered it is sorted and that which is considered as "merchantable" is sent into factories where women are employed to clean it, reassert it, class it out according to color and make it ready for the use of the trade. Only a very small quantity finds sale in Italy. More than nine-tenths is sent to foreign markets, and the total revenue from it is estimated to amount to \$2,000,000 yearly. Hence the proverb: "To be a coral fisher you must be either a rogue or a vagabond."

## Injurious Qualities of Sugar.

Dr. Catter, in the Boston Journal of Chemistry, suggests that the free use of candy may be injurious to the eyes, because the injection of sugar under the skin of a frog causes blindness within half an hour. Sugar, he says, is wanting in nutritive qualities, though starch, the basis of sugar, contains them in large quantities. Dogs fed on sugar live forty days largely partaken of by humans is likely to produce similar results. Sugar, like any aliment, will, doubtless, when taken in excess, be injurious, but we can see no reason for the scare proposed by the doctor. There is a decided difference between crude sugar injected into the blood or tissues, and sugar digested and assimilated. It is said that milk, one of the most harmless of dietary agents, injected as above, will cause speedy death. Are we, therefore, to conclude that milk is unwholesome?

## His Handwriting.

The handwriting of the late Mr. Bross, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, a correspondent says, was a terror to all compositors. It was probably the most fantastic chirography that ever found its way to a composing room, and no one, not even himself, would pretend to read it after it got dry. I say no one, though there are four or five men who are employed on the Enquirer who can decipher it, and for possessing this accomplishment they are given the "fat" of the advertising, I believe. While writing he always hummed in a sort of sing-song way, not in words, but in tone, and if he was interrupted in this he would immediately give up work, saying that he must write and sing or not do either.

## ESCAPING FROM PRISON.

The Sing Sing Prisoners who stole a Locomotive and Escaped—The Engineer's Story.  
The prisoners at Sing Sing have a great notion of taking possession of passing locomotives and escaping in that way. Recently some of them tried it and the engineer, William Powell, tells how it was done:  
We left Albany at about half-past ten o'clock in the evening with a long train of freight cars. We ran slowly, and did not reach Sing Sing until after eight o'clock the next morning. We switched off on a side track so as to allow the passenger train from Poughkeepsie to pass us. Before we started a gravel train also passed by, going south, and then we whistled and started on after it. The convict must have been well informed in the going and coming in of trains, and our whistle warned them to get ready. We worked up speed slowly, and when we were passing the prison we must have been going at the rate of about fifteen or sixteen miles per hour. The first intimation I had of anything wrong was the unusual number of prisoners lounging about the yard and the offset wall between the two tunnels, and the absence of guards. Just as the locomotive was opposite them they made a sudden dash for the tender and the roof of the cars. They came tumbling down like a flock of sheep, and the first thing I knew three men were in the cab with me, and a fourth had unloosed the coupling between the locomotive and the cars. I instantly closed the throttle and shut off steam, but one of the gang, who evidently understood the management of a locomotive, threw open the valve and cut the steam to the cab, and then the locomotive went spinning into the tunnel. "Get out of here," said one, a brawny, red-whiskered man, presenting a long navy revolver at my head. "We're going to run this train for awhile."  
As we passed into the smoke and darkness of the tunnel I ran out of the cab and held on to the side furthest from the prison, for I feared that as soon as we issued from the tunnel the guards would fire upon us. The convicts foresaw the same danger and dropped to the floor to cover their bodies with the sides of the cab. The tail fellow with the revolver seized the fireman by the neck and, thrusting him upon the seat, used him as a cover for himself. Suddenly the revolver that he held close to the head of the fireman was discharged, and the ball whistled through the side of the cab and just grazed my face. Thinking that the fireman had been shot, I ran back into the cab, and shouted: "Who's in this cab, and what do you want?" I made a movement to close the throttle just as we came out of the tunnel, but the large man put up his pistol and said: "Look here, these men are not to be run, and I'm running this thing now." Then there followed a discussion as to whether I should be put off or not. It was at length settled by the big man, who said: "Yes, let him run the machine, and take her through as we want." Then the four men stripped off their prison garb, tearing it into rags in their haste, and thrust it into the red hot furnace. They all had complete citizens' suits underneath. Two were armed, the big man and another fellow, who carried a derringer. The locomotive had attained a terrific speed. She rocked and crashed on, and I expected that she would leave the rails at every moment. I was also afraid of running into the gravel train just ahead. I told the men so, but they refused to let me shut off steam. Then I explained to them that I would be soon in Tarrytown, and that there a switch would throw us off the track and they would certainly be captured. At this they consented to stop at a curve about five miles from Sing Sing and two miles from Tarrytown.  
They sprung off the locomotive and dashed up the hill through the woods, catching at the brush and often falling flat on their faces in their hurry. As they reached the brow of the hill they turned and shouted: "Will meet you on Tenth avenue and make this all right, boss." Before they went off they took my hat and stole the coat and vest of the fireman, with seventy-four cents in the pockets. They disappeared in the woods, and I went back for the train. Over sixteen in all attempted to escape, and most of them would probably have succeeded if the locomotive had not been uncoupled so quickly.

## Items of Interest.

Domestic magazines—Wives who blow up their husbands.  
There is gold in the Black Hills, but the men who get it don't come home.  
It seems that base ball is an old Hebrew game, as Solomon refers to the pitcher being broken at the fountain.  
Judge—"Have you anything to offer to the court before sentence is passed on you?" Prisoner—"No, judge; I had \$10, but my lawyers took that."  
"I'll have reflected on it we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in this world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy."  
Keep your promises to the letter; be prompt and exact, and it will save you trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.  
A father, bent on instructing his three-year-old son, said: "If you had three apples and should give me one, how many would you have left?" "I wouldn't do it, pa," was the prompt reply.  
The latest device of the circulators of advertising cards is to place them in envelopes inscribed: "To the lady of the house—For your life do not open this before eight minutes past eight tonight."  
They say it is impossible to cheat with one of the turnstiles used at the Centennial Exhibition; yet one of the gatekeepers turned in \$500 worth of his registering apparatus called for the other evening.  
Fashionable tailor—"I can't help fitting a figure like yours, sir, and I'm willing to lose money for the sake of the advertisement, sir." Freshman is delighted, and pays an extortionate bill without a murmur.  
From London Fun (on the hat and cloak fashion): Shocked and astonished verges—"You had and wicked boy, why don't you take your hat off in church?" Bad and wicked boy (overcome with guilt)—"If you please, sir, I'm a little girl."  
Roberts, the man who killed and decapitated the California bandit Chavez, has a cheerful relic on his hands. He has to wait for the next Legislature to authorize a reward for the head of the notorious villain, and all the time he has to keep by him and preserve the head.  
The following is clipped from the London Guardian: A widow, a great invalid, wishes to place two of her daughters, aged twelve and thirteen years, under the charge of a lady who would, when necessary, administer the birch rod, as they are extremely troublesome. Terms liberal.  
A story is printed in Paris that the czar, while at the bedside of his dying younger sister, told her how much it pained him to see her die so prematurely. She replied: "You know they don't live longer than sixty years in the Romanoff family. This speech made a deep impression on the czar. He is now fifty-eight years old."  
On the arrival of a circus at St. Croix, Wis., a family who lived twenty-two miles distant sold their only stove to raise the money to attend it. Their method of traveling was by means of an ox team. One day was consumed in getting, another in witnessing the entertainment and a third in returning. Happy and contented the house ran out to the street and two constables proceeded to the man's room up stairs. "They are mesmerizing me," shouted the madman, and shot the two officers, wounding them severely; one, however, struck him a blow with his bludgeon right across the nose and felled him. He was secured with great difficulty.  
It is recorded that a gentleman residing in one of the large towns of England, whose face exceeded the ordinary dimensions, was waited on by a barber every day for twenty-one years without coming to a settlement. The barber, thinking it about time to settle, presented his bill, in which he charged a penny a day, amounting in all £31 16s. 8d. The gentleman, supposing that he had charged, refused to pay the amount, but agreed to a proposal of the barber to pay at the rate of £200 an acre. The premises were accordingly measured, and the result was that the shaving bill was increased to £75 8s. 8d.  
They Would Grumble.  
A colonel of a British regiment was, according to the Times of India, lately much distressed by the complaints of his men respecting their rations. The food was tough and starchy, the bread coarse and tasteless, the tea had no strength in it, and the sugar was largely composed of sand. The colonel, although he was unable to arrive at any other conclusion than that these complaints were unfounded, at last sent for the sergeant-major, and, confiding to him the trouble he felt at the grumbling which went on, asked him what could be done to stop it. "Grumble about rations," said the sergeant-major; "why of course they do, sir; and so they would if you was to feed them on toasted angels!"  
Take More Care of the Mind.  
If persons of both sexes would pay more attention to the care of the mind, our lunatic asylums would be less full than they are now, and the better preserved; for, as Schiller truly says, mental pleasure is generally attended by animal pleasure, and mental pain by animal pain. It is too much the custom for people to live in one narrow groove of thought and action. They consequently have no interest or sympathy for matters outside their little world, and having no support to lean on they become utterly demoralized when it falls them. A change of occupation is as desirable and beneficial for the mind as walking is exercise for the body.—Saturday Review.

## Gold Coinage.

The total gold coinage for the month of May, as appears from reports by Dr. Linderman, the director of the United States mint, was \$3,176,160; trade dollar coinage, \$318,160; subsidiary silver coinage, \$2,190,105; minor coinage, \$12,475; total number of pieces struck, 10,215,634; total value of the coinage, \$5,996,840. This is regarded as a very large coinage. Of the amount, 5,777,518 pieces, representing \$1,301,680, were coined at Philadelphia; 2,661,000 pieces, representing \$3,814,000, at San Francisco; and 1,797,116 pieces, representing \$581,160, at Carson.  
The total quantity of coral annually brought up from the bottom of the Mediterranean sea by Italians is estimated to average a weight of about 150,000 pounds, and to represent a value of \$1,150,000. Of the above amount less than 12,000 pounds is valuable for jewelers' purposes. The Spaniards are the only rivals of the Italians in coral fisheries. They employ about sixty boats and obtain somewhere about 25,000 pounds per annum which is valued at an average of \$200,000. The coral of Italy is not so fine as the other, however, and has its special markets. After the coral is gathered it is sorted and that which is considered as "merchantable" is sent into factories where women are employed to clean it, reassert it, class it out according to color and make it ready for the use of the trade. Only a very small quantity finds sale in Italy. More than nine-tenths is sent to foreign markets, and the total revenue from it is estimated to amount to \$2,000,000 yearly. Hence the proverb: "To be a coral fisher you must be either a rogue or a vagabond."  
The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon tells this story: A poor man who had a large family gave them a very comfortable living while he was in health. But he broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown, a loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-robed youngster stood at the door, with an ox goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. "Father could not attend this meeting," he said, "but he sent his prayers, and they are out in the ark." They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction.  
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