

# The Elk County Advocate

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1876.

Two Dollars per Annum.

NO. 27.

## Love's Argument.

Oh, heart be glad! In sunshine's grace  
I met my lover face to face;  
We but "changed eyes" and by that sign  
My heart was his, and his was mine.

Dreaming, I waited till he spoke,  
Then into life and love awoke;  
I had no doubts, I had no fears—  
That moment was the sum of years.

"Ah, no! it is not so," I say;  
"True love it grows with day,  
Is warmed by smiles, and wet by tears,  
Grilled with changing hopes and fears.

"At first 'tis but a childish joy,  
The smiling of a girl and boy,  
And must both time and sorrow know  
Before it to full stature grow."

So wise, sweet friend, and yet you fail;  
You have not been within the veil,  
Or you had seen with open eyes  
This night, godlike love arise.

No foolish boy with roving wings,  
That hied him darts at random flings;  
For passion, pride and wealth to school,  
Put out to nurse, and sent to school.

But a dirinity that speaks:  
"Awake, awake!" and straightway breaks  
A livelier light than sunshine's glow,  
A sweeter life than mortals know.

I bow me to his fond command,  
Take life's great glory from his hand;  
Crowned in one moment's sweet surprise,  
When I and—somebody—'changed eyes."

## The Landlady of the Golden Sheaf.

It is just forty-five years since my education was finished at Mrs. Middleton's seminary for young ladies, the most general school in our part of Hampshire. I was seventeen, and the eldest of ten children. My father's farm was but a small one, held on lease from our rich neighbor Dickson, the principal man in our parish after the squire. He had two farms leased from him besides my father's and a large one which he tilled himself, kept a retinue of men and maids, did the best plowing, turned out the finest cattle, and made a vast deal of money by his dairy.

His wife had just been born, and his house was kept in prime order by the young wife of his son, Miss Millwood. He had neither son nor daughter but Master Harry, whom everybody thought a sensible and very handsome young man, and not half so purse proud as his father. Being our landlord and next door neighbor, Farmer Dickson took a great deal of interest in us. He said the family was too large for my father and mother to manage without advice; that providing for them was his chief anxiety, bearing that a distant relation of his, Mrs. Williams, landlady of the Golden Sheaf, wanted a well-brought-up girl, not as a servant, but to help in the housekeeping, they thought it might be a good situation for me.

To tell the whole truth, there was another reason for my going. Before I left school, Harry Dickson began to pay me attention. Not that I encouraged him much, but he would come after me, and it did not please his father. The old man thought his son should look higher than a milliner's shop, and my parents having a good bit of pride, were just as angry when they came to know it. My father said he hoped no daughter of his would tempt a young man to disobey his father. My mother said she hoped I had more spirit than to marry a man who did not do me good enough for them. Of course my father and mother were right. I gave Harry back his ring, but it was after a good deal of crying. He swore he would never marry another, though his father should disinher him; and to let Farmer Dickson see that we were not set on trapping his son, it was resolved that I should go to Mrs. Williams.

My father went one day to consult her, and when all was agreeable, he took me and my trunk respectively in the morning coach, and then passed through Clatford, our village, and stopped at the Golden Sheaf. For a country inn, the house was large and handsome. It had every convenience of yard and stabling, a good garden, a fine orchard, and some hundred acres of corn and meadow land. It was situated on the highroad where Surry and Hampshire meet. The ground was high; and from the inn's upper windows one could see many a mile along the road and over the country. Stage coaches and carrier's wagons stopped there; so did the country hunters in the morning, and the country gentry, and the dealers off the way to London, farmers to and from the market town; and all who came or went spoke well of the good housekeeping, the fair dealing, and the general civility of Mrs. Williams.

She was a tall, thin woman, upright, active, and still in her best days, about sixty. Her black hair was but thinly sprinkled with gray. She had a good deal of the gentlemen in her manner; always wore a black tulle gown, a tambour apron, and a cap of Nottingham lace, which was fine enough in those times. But there was something in her look so stern and rigid that made one a rebel of one's own doing before her. Her story, which we had heard in private from Farmer Dickson, was both sad and singular. She had been brought up in one of the most respectable families in the county of Cornwall, and married a nobleman's son in her early widowhood, with an only daughter. She managed the farm well, however, and was a prosperous woman. Her daughter grew up a beautiful girl, and the mother's heart was wrapped up in her; but the son and heir of a neighboring squire, who had been in the army, courted and married her. She was not to be thought of. Mrs. Williams was a woman of high spirit, strict and proud. It is said the poor girl never dared let it be known where she lived, for fear of her mother; she sold her house and farm, left that part of the country, bought the Golden Sheaf, and set herself up where nobody knew of her family or history; she had been doing well for many a year.

Stern as she looked, Mrs. Williams was kind to me, and I did my best to please her. There was a good deal of novelty and life to be seen about the inn. I soon got over the parting with my mother and sisters, and was trying hard to think no more of Harry, though I had made up my mind—minds are easily made up at seventeen—to live unmarried, for his sake. Thus the summer wore away, the harvest passed, and the dull days of November came on. I had got accustomed to the ways of the house. Though good it was an old one. There was the best parlor and the best kitchen opening from it; numbers of pantries, closets and cupboards, and a stair behind the old dresser, leading right up to Mrs. Williams' own room. Mrs. Williams had a great deal of land on three sides, which gave her a view of all who came or went. Her accounts were kept there in an old fashioned ash desk, so were her choice recipes, and she had them for making everything.

There was a cupboard set in the thick walls, its doors not to be distinguished from the rest of the wainscot, in which Mrs. Williams kept the most rare and curious of her stores. I was once permitted to see them as a great privilege, for she never trusted the key to any hand but her own. There were spices and essences, costly at the time of my story, but not common yet in old China, which had been brought in by the first of the East India Company's ships; mixtures for taking out stains, powders for destroying moths, and a poison for rats invented long ago by some of the Corsican people, and of a terrible nature. So Mrs. Williams told me, and I can remember now that the poison resembled nothing I ever saw but red pepper, an expensive luxury at that time, and kept in the cupboard also.

It may be believed that I was in great favor, for not only were her treasures shown to me, but I had tea with Mrs. Williams and her maid every evening. She took kindly to me from the first, because I exerted myself to learn housekeeping, which my mother said was the principal thing for a young woman expecting to have a home of her own, and still more because I kept quiet and sober, and had no looks of levity. Nothing of that kind would have been allowed at the Golden Sheaf, in though it was the house being kept with the greatest propriety. There were no jokes, and very little gossiping, plenty of work, for almost everything was made up by hand, and the work was done in quiet. Our quietest time was about the middle of November, just before the winter fairly began. Then Mrs. Williams got her cattle killed, and her meat salted, and most of the servants were about the work in the yard and butchery.

One close, cloudy day, such as come so often at the Martinmas time, I was sitting in the best kitchen, close by the window, doing some needle work, and Mrs. Williams was in her own room settling the accounts and getting ready for the afternoon. The sound of a horse's hoof upon the road made me look out, and there was a gentleman handsomely mounted, with a servant after him, as gentlemen did in those days. They looked as if they had traveled far, and went at a trot to the inn.

When the gentleman alighted, I saw he was tall and handsome, somewhere about thirty-five, and had a jovial, good natured look, like one who was well pleased with himself and everything about him. He walked in not at all strange like, and set about cooking in the most civil and courteous manner if Mrs. Williams lived here, and if he said a servant could have dinner. The first question was in a low tone, the second in a louder key; and before I could answer it, Mrs. Williams came down. Judging from her look she was quite a new comer. I thought the gentleman glanced curiously at her first, and then, seeming satisfied that all was right, repeated his question about the dinner, saying that he was a stranger in that part of the country, but that he had heard so much of the Golden Sheaf, that he wished to stop and dine at the house.

I never saw Mr. Williams receive any gentleman with more respect and ceremony. She courted him into her best parlor, called her hostlers to help his servant with the horses, took his orders for his dinner, and set about cooking it herself, for the cook was hard at work in the butchery. My first notion was that she had discovered him to be some great person traveling in disguise, and I half expected to be told of it. Mrs. Williams used to talk to me a good deal when we were alone in quiet afternoon; but now she went on cooking and making things without saying a word, and there was a queer, fixed look in her face which I could not understand, but it kept me from talking. I laid down my work and rose to make the soup; it was one of the soups for which the house was famous—Cornwall dish, I believe; and I had been trusted with the making of it of late to my great exultation, but now she stopped me. "No, Mary; finish your sewing; those linens will be wanted. I'll make the soup myself."

I sewed away, wondering who the gentleman could be, and what had got over Mrs. Williams, till, happening to look up, I missed her out of the kitchen. She had gone up to her own room, but she came back in a minute with a paper in her hand which she shook into the soup, and then threw it into the fire.

"That's the red pepper; it will do now," said she, taking up a spoonful, and making believe to taste, but she did not. I stretched on for a minute or two, though my blood was running cold, and my heart as cold as the snow in the quiet kitchen sounds through my ears, even now. Mrs. Williams was standing at the window with her back to me. I never knew what made me do it; but it was as if somebody had bitten me; and, without a word or thought but that it must be done, I ran to the fire, gave the soup a poke, and sent the squire blazing up the chimney. As it flared up, the thought of her anger came over me; I knew not what I did; but, uttering a wild cry of fear, I rushed to the nearest door, and it was the best parlor. The next thing I remember is crouching behind the gentlemen who had started up and stood in the door, as Mrs. Williams came forward with two knives, which had been lying on the window sill, in her hand.

"Pooh! never mind the spilling of the soup," said he, understanding at once

what I had done, which, indeed, was easily seen. "You would not be angry with the child for that; she could not help it, I dare say. I can dine without it. You don't know me. Mrs. Williams," he continued, coming a step nearer where she stood, still looking at me with a deadly glint in her eyes.

"Don't!" said she, and I think she was trying which one of the knives was the sharpest.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you may know me to be Edward Winstanley, but you don't know that I married your daughter, and brought her home a lady. I never meant to set the villain with her. We were privately married, but while the old gentleman lived it had to be kept secret, and I knew you would not keep it. This is why I come to-day to surprise you; but you will come to Winstanley Park to give us your blessing; you are not going to faint?"

She had suggested back against the wall, her white lips set, and her eyes growing glassy. He and I, and a half a dozen of the servants, whom my scream had brought in, to help; but she pushed us away with a desperate effort, darted up stairs, and we heard her lock herself in her own room. This whole scene was terribly frightened. What Mr. Winstanley thought, I do not know, but he asked me no questions, and never seemed to suspect anything about the spilled soup. He left a note for Mrs. Williams, and went off with a servant a little before sunset. I got out about our business, for work never slackened in that house on any account, and the evening's work was expected. Just before it came, Mrs. Williams' bell rang, and the housemaid said she wanted me. When I came into the room she was sitting at the desk, looking like herself again, but her face was still white, and she had her long knitted purse full of guineas in her hand.

"Mary," said she, "you are a good girl—take this and go home—I'll take care that you get no blame."

"I want no money, ma'am," said I, "but I'll go home if you will let me, and never say a word except to my father and mother."

She held out the purse once more, and then pointed to the door, but could say nothing; it must have been a hard pull for her good spirit. I got out of the room as quick as I could, threw on my hat and cloak, and got into the coach as soon as it came up, leaving trunk and all behind me.

My father and mother were mightily surprised when I set me down at their door in Clatford, just as the clock struck twelve—they were still more astonished when I told them what had brought me home. My father first called me a brave, good girl, and then advised me not to be proud about it, because it was the work of Providence, and we were bound to be thankful for such a story quiet about Farmer Dickson's relation. The story was kept between me and them; but my home coming got windy, and Farmer Dickson came in a great hurry, to know why Mary had left her good situation. My mother would not have reflections cast on her child, so she told him in the parlor, and what he said I do not know, because the door was fast shut; but he came out rubbing his hands and clapped me on the back, saying: "You are a fine girl, Mary; and if Harry don't finish that business, I'll make you to be Mrs. Dickson myself."

## LOCKED IN A FLOATING TOMB.

An Invention that Killed Many Alligators and Topped Off with the Inventor.

"I see by this morning's Sun," said Mr. Maguffin, "that Mrs. O'Klantikop is married again. Her last husband, Major O'Klantikop, used to board here. He spent his winters in Florida hunting alligators, and a more devoted sportsman I never saw; but he never was satisfied with the old method of shooting with a rifle. There was a great waste in the bullets that glanced off the reptiles' backs, and frequently one would get away before he could hit it in a vital spot. So the major went up to Charleston one winter and bought a condemned columbiad that had been used in the fort of Fort Sumter, and had it mounted at a bend in the St. John's river, and trained to command the water adjacent to the point round which all the alligators must come; and which I loaded with a ten-inch shell, he waited.

The very next day there came up stream an alligator that seemed tickled with something that pleased his fancy very much; when he swung his upper jaw back to laugh the major thought it was a floating derelict; but when the animal came within clear range, O'Klantikop saw that it was a monster alligator, and he pulled the lanyard. The aim was beautiful. The shell struck just inside the tip of the lower jaw, and as it rolled along toward his throat, the change in the alligator's expression was remarkable; he shut his mouth with a click that was heard ten miles away, and fairly jumped himself as the bomb rolled down the interior. About midway of the body the shell exploded. The explosion could not bring back the happy alligator's last gleeful fancy, but it more than restored his openness of countenance. The major said subsequently, however, that while this method of destroying alligators was undoubtedly effective, it broke 'em up too fine; and so he left the big gun to rust on the bank of the river, and invented a new plan.

His outfit this time was a fishing rod, a feather, and a piece of scantling about eight feet in length. Having fastened the feather to the end of the rod, the major would walk to the edge of the river, reach over the bank, and delicately tickle an alligator's jaws with the feather, and take his prize ashore. In this way he captured sixty-seven alligators in four months.

One day the pilot of the steamer that runs up the St. John's saw an obstruction which was not down on the chart, and which he had never seen before. He went on the boat made him previous trip. Backing his engine, the pilot was still more surprised to see the obstruction making toward him. It looked something like a spar buoy arifit, and when it came still nearer it was made out to be a piece of stout scantling stuck on a pole, and the pilot was surprised to see the scantling was the jaw of a gigantic alligator. The pilot was amazed; but when the story reached Jacksonville, the fate of Major O'Klantikop, who had been missing for three or four weeks, was no longer a mystery; everybody who was familiar with the major's way of hunting knew the scantling was the jaw of a piece of scantling which the pilot had seen was Major O'Klantikop's tombstone, and that the major was buried about seven feet back of it. The generally accepted theory was that O'Klantikop, made reckless by unimpeded success in his practice, had crawled to the top end of the scantling, and the rafters in the roof of the alligator's mouth had given way, letting the mighty jaws together, and locking up the major in a sarcophagus which in novelty of design and high qualities of absorption, completely hid him from any way ever constructed by the Greeks."

## Security Against Smallpox.

Some striking evidence of the importance of revaccination as affording security against smallpox is given in a letter from the medical officer of Salford, England, which was read at the meeting of the board of guardians of that union. Referring to the admission of smallpox patients into the hospital, there being seventy-six inmates of the institution, the medical officer stated in a report that there have been very few cases indeed where persons affected had been revaccinated. There is no denying the fact that a considerable number of cases of smallpox, in which the primary operation has been more or less perfectly effected, have been admitted into the infectious wards of the workhouse. On the other hand—and this is the point to which attention is specially drawn—among the total number of cases of smallpox admitted into the workhouse, not reaching 400, the medical officer is not aware of a single case which has been fairly revaccinated—that is, when the operation of revaccination had been repeated in or after adolescence. One man, however, has been admitted who had been revaccinated, but only a day or two before he came under observation, and then he was actually under the eye of the medical officer. In the discussion which followed it was mentioned that the medical officer had revaccinated upward of 1,000 persons, and had not heard of one of them taking smallpox afterward.

## What They Found.

Two daring Icelanders have excited the admiration of their countrymen by exploring the volcanic region of the Dyngur Jeldev, and descending the crater of the volcano Askya. At a depth of three hundred feet they came to a bed of scorching hot water, which was apparently of great depth. Near the southern extremity of the lake the ground was broken up by fissures and pools, which prevented further progress, and north of the great crater the explorers found an opening about six hundred feet wide, and appeared to be of equal depth, and from which issued dense masses of sulphurous smoke, accompanied by loud and deafening

## An Amateur's Experience.

Says the Springfield (Ill.) Register: A singular accident, which nearly resulted in the death of a young man by the name of Al. Kennedy, occurred in a saloon in the eastern part of the city. For the amusement of a crowd at the saloon in question, a man named Dow, a professional and elegant artist of sword swallowing, was giving an exhibition. With the most charming grace, and to the infinite delight of those present, he passed the sword, a small steel instrument about eighteen inches in length, down his throat and into his stomach. Kennedy was chosen by the exhibition that he solicited the loan of the sword for the purpose of experimenting in the same direction. It was handed to him, and with an air of intense satisfaction, and with perfect confidence, he opened wide his mouth, passed in the steel, and attempted to swallow the sword outside of it at a single "gulp." But the result proved the ambitious youth an ignorant bungler. The sword came in contact with the hyoid bone (at the base of the tongue) and displaced it. The sword was instantly withdrawn, and Kennedy attempted to walk out of the house, but before reaching the door he fell to the floor, and very soon seemed to be almost in a dying condition. His eyes closed, his whole frame convulsed, the power of respiration well nigh ceased, and he lay below the luncheon, Kennedy improved steadily from that moment, and at last accounts was in a fair way to wholly recover. It is quite probable that he will not care to repeat the experiment of sword swallowing in a hurry.

## A Marriage in the Surf.

Last winter, says the Providence Journal, an elderly Baltimore gentleman, paid a visit to his daughter who had married a young man far below her in the estimation of society. A week later the Baltimore mansion was closed for the season, and the names of the father and daughter soon after appeared on the register of one of the hotels at Narragansett Pier. There was with them a companion, outwardly treated as an equal, but in reality a paid spy over the young lady's actions and correspondence. But before a fortnight had elapsed, the young lover at Baltimore received one morning a big letter containing a duly attested note which filled him with joy unspeakable. He had a friend who was a clergyman, and before the sun had set that night the two had a long conference, which resulted next morning in the departure of the twin for Narragansett Pier.

The old gentleman was forbidden by his physician to bathe in the surf, and the spy hated the sea. The young lady enjoyed her bath exceedingly, and, as the most infatuated lover is apt to be temporarily disenchanted by the appearance of his ideal in a bathing dress, the other end of the spy's pen was not possible harm could come to the "dear child" in the water, and so the spy only sat on the bank and watched. The lover and the minister reached Providence in due time, and speedily won a young lawyer over to their cause. The lover came to the Pier, and, slipping out of the sea of the surf, suddenly appeared before the happy girl in the water. A few minutes sufficed for him to propose that they be married the next day in the water, and the lady promptly consented. Back flew the enraptured lover to Providence, legal formalities were quickly arranged, the lawyer invited a confidential friend as a witness, and the next day when the water was full of people a party of five might have been seen a little apart from the other bathers. The marriage ceremony had to be suspended every few seconds on account of the breaking of the foam, but heaped to claim the first kiss from the lips of the bride, but the rest of the little company relinquished their privilege on account of the attention such a proceeding might attract.

## Baffled Treasure Hunters.

The San Francisco Post says: The schooner J. H. Roscoe, with its cargo of treasure seekers, arrived here from Cocos island. A large number of people gathered to greet the gold hunters, to borrow money of them, or at least to feast their eyes upon the heaps of gold in the hold, and the baskets of diamonds and jewels in the cabin. Great was the disappointment, however, for the only metal found on the island was iron, in the shape of an old fashioned rusty cutlery. The expedition was gotten up by one Mr. Williams, who was secret and location of the treasure of a band of pirates upon Cocos island had been revealed. As is usual in such cases, the man who told Williams was the sole survivor, the rest of the crew having shot and stabbed each other, and been buried to death in their vessel, or been devoured by sharks. The Roscoe started on the twenty-third of April last, and enjoyed a pleasant run down to the island, the trip taking thirty-one days. The vessel lay off the island for seven days, one man being in charge, and the others numbering seven, digging up to the feet of the treasure. The Roscoe started on the twenty-third of April last, and enjoyed a pleasant run down to the island, the trip taking thirty-one days. The vessel lay off the island for seven days, one man being in charge, and the others numbering seven, digging up to the feet of the treasure. The Roscoe started on the twenty-third of April last, and enjoyed a pleasant run down to the island, the trip taking thirty-one days. The vessel lay off the island for seven days, one man being in charge, and the others numbering seven, digging up to the feet of the treasure.

## A New Theory of Hay Fever.

In 1872 Dr. Morrell Wyman, of Cambridge, Mass., published a treatise on hay fever in which he recognized two distinct forms, namely a "rose cold" or "June cold," occurring in May or June and corresponding to the hay asthma of England and the continent, and a later form beginning in August and lasting several weeks into the fall, to which he gave the name of "autumnal catarrh." Subsequently Dr. Blackley, of Manchester, England, pursued a series of ingenious researches to supply the theory that hay fever is caused mainly if not exclusively by the pollen of grass. The studies of Helmholtz, Wyman, and Blackley we refer to be aware, in point of time, they are among the latest, and for the reason that they have each been regarded as important steps toward the thorough comprehension of the malady. A new work on the subject has now just left the press, in which all previous theories are reviewed, and the results of probably the most extended investigation ever made into the causes and nature of the disease are placed before the public. The author is Dr. George M. Beard of New York city, and the method in which the inquiry has been conducted, together with the facts elicited, will commend the work even to those who may not be disposed to accept the theories advanced. Following the example of Darwin and Galton, Dr. Beard prepared a series of fifty-five questions, which were designed to exhaust all sources of facts of which the majority of physicians and patients were capable of judging. From the answers, critically compared and analyzed, he has deduced the circumstances of two hundred cases, the author reaches the following general conclusions: Hay fever is essentially a neurosis, that is, a functional disease of the nervous system. In order to induce an attack there is necessary, first of all, a predisposition, frequently hereditary, to special and excessive sensibility of the nerves supplying the affected parts. All forms of the disease in all countries, whether occurring in the spring, summer, or autumn, are but manifestations of one disease, for which the most appropriate name is "summer catarrh," which may be subdivided into an early form, middle form or July cold, and the latter form or "autumnal catarrh."

As the disease is not due to any single specific cause, animal or vegetable, as has been supposed, no specific will ever be found for it. The attacks may be prevented and relieved, and sometimes remedies will act specifically on individuals; but no one remedy will ever be found to act in all cases. The leading indications in the prevention and treatment of the disease are the avoidance of light, heat, worry, dust, vegetable and animal irritants, and other exciting causes, fortifying the system by tonics before and during the attack, and relieving the symptoms by those sedatives and anodynes locally or generally administered, which are found by experience to be best adapted for each individual case.

These indications can be met by spending the season of the attack at sea, or in elevated mountainous regions, or in high latitudes, or in some place where the air is sufficiently cool, or at the seashore, or for those who cannot leave their homes, in quiet, cool, closed, and darkened rooms.

For those who, in spite of these precautions or from inability to take them, are attacked by the disease, the remedies should be quinine, arsenic, iron and electricity, before and during the attack; local applications of quinine and camphor by the atomizer; and for palliatives, any one or several of the great variety of remedies that experiment shows to be most useful for each individual.

## A Seed That Purifies Water.

In India, says a writer, where it is often quite impossible to obtain good water, there is a kind of provision of Providence for the purification of impure and muddy water which is well worth notice. Were it in America, it might be called an "institution," so common is its use. It is a seed which, on being rubbed again and again on the inside of the common earthen waterpot of the country, has the power of precipitating the earth and impurities, leaving the water tolerably clear and in a degree suitable for use. During our itinerary of two weeks we have had occasion almost constantly to use the very repulsive-looking tank water of the country thus purified. As only one of our campmen has we had well water, and then the natives much preferred the common surface or tank water to this. Habit, usage and custom are almost omnipotent in India, and many years must pass before Hindus will learn that their purifying seed does not remove the poisonous taint that produces fever and cholera, and does nothing to destroy animal life that brings the very common and troublesome Guinea worm, so often making life almost or quite a burden. It is a source of satisfaction to us that this purified water is rendered harmless by boiling, and there is, of course, as much more urgent reason for the use of "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate" than can be found where one has access to "the old oaken bucket" of former times and happy memory.

## A Great Army Cookshop.

The German government has just completed an immense establishment at Mayence for preparing provisions for the army in time of war. The main building is more than 1,000 feet long, with four extensive wings. A railway branch runs directly into the grounds. Two engines of 1,800 horse power are used to run the machinery. The water is drawn from wells fed by the Rhine, and is pumped up by steam into a reservoir which will hold about 600,000 gallons. When the machinery is in full work it will be capable of boiling down and condensing 170 oxen per day, grinding 350 tons of flour, and of making 300,000 loaves of bread. It will also be able to supply enough preserved oats for a day's feeding of the horses belonging to an army corps of 250,000 men. To guard as much as possible against fire, the whole of the buildings, including the roof, are of stone and iron.

## Fashion Notes.

Fancy shoes are numerous. Full flowing yoke wrappers are revived.

It is probable that the polonaise will continue fashionable for some time.

Midsummer corsets are made of white lincu net, and are known as "lace corsets."

The veil now plays a prominent part in a bonnet. For these veils platin gauze is most used.

For negligee wear are beautiful half slippers, made of black satin and bound across, the straps being worked with jet.

Silver chateaines are not nearly so heavily laden as last year; the wafers and fans are the only articles they now carry.

The most dressy shoes have all pointed toes and Louis XV. heels, but for usefulness boots and slippers are made with square toes.

For seaside, Paris elegant are wearing cardinal red silk stockings, in fact red is the dominating color in the accessories of their toilet.

Mrs. Gen. Geo. A. Custer always accompanied her husband in his campaigns, and was his companion in the expedition to the Indians.

The form known as Charles IX. in shoes is very popular. This has a wide bar across the instep, fastened with a small steel buckle with diamond points. Buckles are often worn on evening shoes, particularly those made of Rhine crystal, of coral and turquoises, the buckles being of fancy shape, and the shoes either light colored fallie or black satin.

Among the novelties are the latest China cravat shawls which are smaller than the old fashioned ones, and are worn as a double point, being fastened in front like a peasant woman's large fichu.

Stockings should match, in any case, the toilet worn at the time; stripes going around the leg are again in favor. Span silk and thread stockings are in vogue for day wear, silk ones being reserved for evening occasions.

Fancy gauze is preferred for the scarf arranged as bandeaux around the hats. The most popular of all for this purpose appears to be the "frosted gauze;" this is somewhat thick, and is tufted all over with silky streaks like snowflakes.

Waistbands and sashes, made of grosgrain and tulle, are in vogue; they are always fastened with a buckle. The bands are very narrow, are worn above the basque bodice, and fastened with a Louis XV. buckle in Rhine crystal.

The Fanelon is the favorite shoe for walking; it is cut so as to well cover the foot in front, and is fastened with laces which pass in and out of eyelet holes. It covers the foot almost as much as a boot, and is less fatiguing to wear.

Mrs. McGill sat in the parlor talking to the minister. "What I do love," said she, "is to see the children enjoy themselves." And yet when a moment after, a baseball came sailing into the room, scattering the railing and a fifty-cent glass, do you suppose she leaned out of the window and cried: "Here's your ball, darling; never mind the old glass, not much!" She sailed out the front door like a cyclone, and banged the head of the boy who owned the ball against the railing. It was thought the fourth of July had arrived two months ahead of time.

## Asiatic Cholera.

Dr. Bonaffont, in a communication upon the Asiatic cholera, read before the academy of medicine at Paris, enunciates the following general propositions: First, this disease cannot originate spontaneously in any other country than India; but must reach other regions by transportation or by the germs of the disease, atmospheric currents, or some other vehicle; second, all hygienic methods to avert this plague must be initiated and maintained in the country of its origin; in other words, the dead animals abandoned on the soil by caravans of pilgrims or the number of human bodies thrown into the Ganges that produced the eruptions of the epidemic or Asiatic cholera in Europe, Africa, or America date only from the present century; fourth, other causes, therefore, must exist for the frequent movements of this disease, and it is in India that these are to be investigated; fifth, secondary epidemics may perhaps be developed in points already infected, but with very rare exception they never assume the exact features of genuine cholera, and they will generally fade out and disappear until re-enforced by a new eruption from the original starting point. Therefore, the special points to be considered are the questions why cholera has remained for centuries in its endemic and stationary condition in India, and why it has recently emerged through the atmospheric conditions and the manners and customs of the Hindus and pilgrims apparently remain unchanged.

## The White House—Its History.

The White House, at Washington, D. C., was commenced in October, 1792. The commissioners of Washington City, a sort of board of public works in those days, offered a premium for competitive plans, and the award was given to Jas. Hoban. The building is modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster. It is 170 feet front by eighty-six feet deep. It has the appearance of being built of white marble, but the material is freestone, painted white, with Ionic portico, comprehending two stories, crowned with a balustrade. The interior is planned more for display than for health. It is curious to remember in this centennial year that in 1814 the Britishers invaded the White House, and very seriously injured the magnificent state dining-room by their rude and barbarous practices. The invaders' hands, which have had recourse to the torch, did not hesitate to deface the columns and panelling of the Presidential mansion with spots and bayonet. The building was repaired under the supervision of the original architect, Jas. Hoban.