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## The Mome.

I'm only a poor little mome, ma'am!  
I live in the wall of your house, ma'am!  
With a fragment of cheese, and a very few peas,  
I was having a little corner, ma'am!  
No mischief at all I intended, ma'am!  
I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!  
If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,  
And the trouble would be without end, ma'am!  
My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am!  
She's waiting for me to come back, ma'am!  
She hoped I might find a bit of rad, ma'am!  
For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am!  
The last living there in the wall, ma'am!  
For plaster and mortar will fall, ma'am!  
On the minds of the young, and when specially hungry, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am!

I never was given to strife, ma'am!  
(Don't look at that terrible knife, ma'am!)  
The notes overhead that disturb you in bed,  
To the rags, I will venture my life, ma'am!  
In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am!  
Oh, there's no need to open the door, ma'am!  
I'll slip through the crack, and I'll never come back,  
Oh, I'll never come back any more, ma'am!  
—St. Nicholas.

## JACK EASY.

How many have laughed over the incident related in "Gone with the Wind" is a story of Middleman Easy. In presenting his hero to the public the author tells us how the nurse was installed in eccentric old Nicodemus Easy's home as follows:

"Mrs. Easy did not find herself equal to nursing her own infant, and it was necessary to look out for a substitute. Now a common person would have been satisfied with the recommendation of the medical man, who looks but to the one thing needful, which is a sufficient and wholesome supply of nourishment for the child. But Mrs. Easy was a philosopher, and had latterly taken to cranberry, and she desecrated very learnedly with the doctor upon the effect of his only son obtaining his nutriment from an unknown source. 'Who knows,' observed Mr. Easy, 'but that your son may not imbibe with his milk the very worst poisons of human nature?'

"I have examined her," replied the doctor, "and can safely recommend her."

"That examination is only preliminary to a more important," replied Mr. Easy, "I will examine her myself, and it was my duty to do so. But at the same time I ought to observe, that if you have too particular in that point, you will have some difficulty in providing yourself."

"Well, we shall see," replied Mrs. Easy.

"And I shall feel," rejoined the husband, "I must ascertain what her propensities are."

"I think you had better let her alone, Mr. Easy. She comes this evening, and I shall question her pretty severely. Doctor Middleton, that do you know of this young person?"

"I know, madam, that she is very healthy and strong, or I should not have selected her."

"But is her character good?"

"Really, madam, I know little about her character; but you can make any inquiries you please. But at the same time I ought to observe, that if you have too particular in that point, you will have some difficulty in providing yourself."

"Well, we shall see," replied Mrs. Easy.

"And I shall feel," rejoined the husband, "I must ascertain what her propensities are."

## "A very little one!" exclaimed Mrs. Easy.

"Yes, ma'am, very small, indeed, and died soon after it was born."  
"Oh, Dr. Middleton! What could you mean, Dr. Middleton!" What could you mean, madam, exclaimed the doctor, rising from his chair, "this is the only person I could find suited to the wants of your child, and if you do not take her, I cannot answer for its life. It is true, that a married woman might be prosecuted, but married women who have a proper feeling will not desert their own children; and, as Mr. Easy asserts, and you appear to imagine, the temper and disposition of your child may be affected by the nourishment it receives. I think it more likely to be injured by the milk of a married woman who will desert her own child for the sake of gain. The misfortune which has happened to this young woman is not always a proof of a bad heart, but of strong attachment, and the overweening confidence of simplicity."

"You are correct, doctor," replied Mrs. Easy, "and her head proves that she is a modest young woman, with strong religious feeling, kindness of disposition, and every other requisite."

"The head may prove it all, for I know, Mr. Easy, but her conduct tells another tale."  
"She is well fitted for the situation, ma'am," continued the doctor, "and if you please, ma'am," rejoined Sarah, "it was such a little one."

"Shall I try the baby, ma'am," said the monthly nurse, who had listened in silence. "It is fretting so, poor thing, and has its dear little fist right down its throat."

"Dr. Middleton gave the signal of assent, and in a few seconds Master John Easy was loved to Sarah as tight as a leech."

"Lord love it, how hungry it is! There, there, stop it a moment, it's choking, poor thing."  
Mrs. Easy, who was lying on her bed, rose up, and went to the child. Her first feeling was that of envy, that another should have such a pleasure which she denied to herself. Last time was when the infant, in a few minutes the child fell back in a deep sleep. Mrs. Easy was satisfied; maternal feelings conquered all others, and Sarah was duly installed.

## A Neighbor's Revenge.

They didn't invite an elderly lady to the wedding, she Baltimore News, but she succeeded in effecting an entrance when the presents were exhibited, and she adjured her spectacles, took a silver cream pitcher forming part of a set, read the card attached to it, coughed and frowned. A neighboring spectator's attention was attracted, and she said:

"It's solid silver—it should last a long time, and it will last. I saw it first when Hattie Towler was married, and the Wheelers gave her the set. That was in 1864. Then I met it at Clara Sims' wedding, when Miss Barbague presented it. Off and on I've seen it about a dozen times. The next day he made another present, and Luella Fowler was married, and the jeweler would've never let it out again, because the Podgers, who hired it to present it, didn't pay for the use of it, and Grubs seized it with all the other presents, because the wedding supper wasn't paid for. 'Presented by the affectionate friends, Henry and Josephine Plummer.' Humpf! Anybody with a grain of sense might know that the Plummers couldn't have given them that. Why, the Plummers couldn't go to church on Sunday fortnight because the washerwoman kept their things, and they couldn't raise money to pay her. In this pleasant manner the dear old lady, with the privilege of age and near friendship, passed all the articles on the table in review and let the guests know rather more about everybody and everything than they could have found out any other way."

## The Polish Centennial Address.

A deputation of twenty Polish gentlemen delivered to United States Minister Washburne, at the American Legation, in Paris, for transmission to President Grant, a special address and a medal struck on the occasion of the Centennial Exhibition. The medal on one side bears the effigy of Washington, and on the reverse the effigy of Kosciuszko and Pulaski. On handing the medal to Mr. Washburne, M. Charles Edmond, a pole and librarian of the French Senate, said: "In the name of the Polish immigrants I deliver to your hands an address to the President of the United States, with a request that you will be the glorious centenary which the Americans are commemorating; and also a medal representing the founder of American independence and two Polish heroes who fought in the liberating army." Mr. Washburne made a cordial reply, and said that pending President Grant's answer he felt authorized to assure the delegation that he would be deeply touched by the honor they did him. Mr. Washburne also thanked the deputation on his own behalf, and said he shared their hopes for "the establishment of liberty throughout the world." Several Americans were present, and the proceedings were most cordial.

## A Popular Error.

It is a popular error to suppose that milk is frequently adulterated with sheep's milk, starch, chalk, or pipe clay, whereas its adulteration simply resolves itself into the addition of water and the abstraction of cream. As even pure milk varies from twenty to thirty per cent. in commercial value, it is difficult for the analyst to determine how much water has been added or cream abstracted. Farthermore, during the sale of a can in a store, the best milk goes from the top in an hour or two, so that what remains may become so poor as to be unable to stand a test. The solid matter in milk varies from nine to sixteen per cent.; that containing from ten to twelve per cent. is generally of the most wholesome. Fat is the constituent of milk that varies most, say from two to four per cent. Goats' milk is richer in solid matter than cows' milk, containing as much as fourteen per cent.

## Why Aunt Sallie Never Married.

"Now, Aunt Sallie, do please tell us why you never got married. You remember you said once that when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and promised us you would tell us about it some time. Now, aunt, please tell us."

"Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old, I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it to myself, I was quite a good looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy was a young minister, a very promising young man, and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a great deal of me, and I kind of took a fancy to him, and things went on until we were engaged. One evening he came to me and put his arms around me, and kind of hugged me, when I got excited and some flushed. It was a long time ago, and I don't know but what I may have hugged back a little. I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushed him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know the house where I lived, on the back street of the town. There were glass doors in the parlor, which opened over the street. These doors were drawn to, I stepped back a little from him, and when he came up close I pushed him back again. I pushed him harder than I intended to, and don't you think, Sallie, the poor fellow, his balance and fell through one of the doors into the street!"

"Oh! amity. Was he killed?"  
"No, he fell head first, and as he was going I caught hold of him by the legs of his trousers. I held on for a minute, and tried to pull him back; but his suspenders gave way, and the poor man fell clear of his pants along a parcel of ladies and gentlemen along the street."

"Oh! Amity! Amity! Lordy!"  
"There, that's right, small and giggles as much as you want to. Girls can't hear a little thing like that without tearing around the room and he-he-ing in such a way, don't know enough to come in when it rains. A nice time the man that carries one of you will have, won't he? Catch me telling you anything again!"

"But, Aunt Sallie, what became of him? Did you ever see him again?"  
"No; the moment he touched the ground he got up and left that place in a terrible hurry. I tell you, it was a sight to be remembered. How that man fell! He went out West and I believe he is preaching in Illinois. But he never married. He was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that time that he never dared trust himself near a woman again. That, girls, is the reason why I never married. I felt very bad about it for a long time, for he was a real good man, and I've often thought to myself that we should have been very happy if his suspenders hadn't given away."

## Honesty Is the Best Policy.

One day a strange customer came to a Detroit customer. He wanted some goods and he paid cash down. The next day he made another purchase, and paid cash. As the days went by his face and his cash became familiar. One day he returned with the change given him and said:

"I believe I am an honest man. You paid me twenty cents too much."  
The grocer received it with pleasure. Two days later the stranger returned from the customer to say:

"Another mistake on your part; you overpaid me by forty cents."  
The grocer was glad to have found an honest man, and was puzzled to know how he could have counted so far out of the way. "Three days more, and the stranger picked up a dollar bill in the store and said: "This is not my dollar. I found it on the floor, and you must take charge of it."

The grocer's heart melted, and he wondered the world was not progressing backward to old time honesty and paid skip of one day, and then the honest man brought down a wheelbarrow, ordered eighteen dollars' worth of groceries, and would have paid cash had he not forgotten his wallet. He would hand it in to you as he went past, he said, and it was all right with the grocer.

That was the last of the honest man; morning fades to no, and noon melts away in darkness, but he cometh not. There are no mistakes in change—no more dollars on the floor, and the grocer's eyes wear a way-off expression, as if yearning to see some one for about two minutes.

## A Narrow Escape.

Two aeronauts who ascended from the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, had a narrow escape from drowning. Six minutes after the start they entered a vast body of hot vapor three thousand feet thick. After penetrating it and reaching an altitude of seven thousand feet, the mercury suddenly fell seventy degrees, and the balloon was deluged with two hundred pounds of heavy cold rain. Three hundred pounds of ballast had to be thrown out rapidly, for they sank so low that they could hear persons shouting. After rising again with a strong south-southwest wind to nine thousand feet, they remained forty minutes at that height, and then descended quickly, because they were already on the Essex coast, having traveled fifty miles in the hour. They were close to the German ocean, and their grapple nearly became entangled with the mast of a fishing smack, whose crew rescued them from an island, where the balloon lay capsize, and the aeronauts under the car in the mud.

## Let Me See Him.

When Louis XV. was passing through a town in the north of France, his reception being of the most enthusiastic. An old woman was suddenly seen to dart through the ranks of the military escort, crying: "Let me see him! Let me see him!"

The king stopped his carriage, addressed a few kind words to her, then continued his progress.

Then the old woman flung her hands into the air, and with all the rapture of pious Simeon, cried:

## HOW HE GOT THE KEY.

The Story of a Bank Robbery That Didn't Come by Telegraph.

A few days ago about dusk a stranger called at the residence of a bank cashier in St. Louis, and introducing himself, said he desired some private conversation on business of importance. The cashier thereupon led him to a private room, gave orders that they were not to be disturbed, seated himself, folded his arms, and desired his mysterious acquaintance to communicate the object of his visit. The man coughed once or twice, then said:

"Being the cashier of this here financial institution, of course you keep the key of the safe?"

"The cashier said he did."

"And you've heard about the Davison Brothers and the Spiritualists and things?"

"The cashier said he had."

"Now," said the stranger, "I've been studying up the whole business, and I have found out how to overcome them."

"You say, P. S. I will impart to you a secret which may at some future time save your life and the funds entrusted to your care. I will show you how to untie any series of knots, however complicated; to remove a gag from your mouth, and, in fact, to set yourself free. I'll can remove a gag from your mouth in a week's practice. I'll bet that you can show better than three minutes. You see the advantage of my system? There is no need to resist and get shot; all you have to do is to let them tie you up, and, as soon as they have taken the key and gone away, just let yourself loose and give the alarm."

The cashier said it was a remarkable invention.

"You bet it is," said the inventor, "and as I never take any money for it till my customers are satisfied of my honesty, I'll bet you'll give me a dollar when I'll do it. Just let me gag and bind you, and then I'll give you simple directions what to do, and if you don't unloose yourself in five minutes and express your entire satisfaction with the process, I'll give you \$10. If you find that am a man of my word, you'll pay me \$5."

The cashier said that nothing could be fairer.

"Another thing," continued the visitor; "I'm a poor man, and this secret is my only stock in trade, so I'll ask you to reach any one else how we do it. That would spoil my business."

The cashier consented to the arrangement.

"Take this \$10 bill," said the other. "If I fail, you keep it; if you are satisfied, you will return it to me with another \$10. And now let us see how we do it." So saying he took a roll of cord and a gag from his pockets, and with great dexterity tied the cashier hand and foot, and gagged him so that he could not speak.

## CAUSES OF INSANITY.

An Interesting Paper from the Superintendent of an English Asylum.

Dr. Clouston, physician superintendent of the Edinburgh asylum, in his annual report, says: "Glancing over the summary of assigned causes, it is at once seen that intemperance stands out as by far the most frequent. It alone caused forty-eight of the 260, or about twenty per cent. of the cases. Much is properly said about the prevention of disease nowadays. Most unquestionably the sum total of the mental diseases in our city might have been lessened in that amount if the laws of nature had been better obeyed. Fifty of the cases thus resulting from drinking and excesses being paupers, each costing £27 a year to the public rates, over £1,300 were paid for one year's production of lunacy from very preventable causes, and, of course, this takes no account of the cost of the old incurable cases already in the asylum from the same cause."

I am quite sure that intemperance was the remote cause of the disease in more of the cases; but, even allowing for those, we cannot put this down as accounting in any way for more than one in four in all cases of insanity. In assigning intemperance as the cause of insanity in a number of cases, two things must not be forgotten. The first is, that the taking of stimulants may not be a cause at all, but merely a symptom of the brain disorder; and, as a matter of fact, it is often one of the early symptoms in many cases. The second is, that the taking of stimulants may be a cause of the mental disorder, but the mental balance has always been so easily overthrown that a very little alcohol indeed will bring on an attack of insanity in cases where the mind is already in a state of little overexcitement will upset their sanity. This is the class of persons who, in my experience, get upset by religious revivals.

The resetting and recuperative power that is really an essential part of a healthy nervous system, whereby the effect of too long continued overeating or overdrinking, overfeeding or overwork, are at once recovered from, is wanting in these people. Nature provides that short excesses do not do much harm to healthy people. It is a poor sort of boiler that needs to be cooled by a constant stream of water. If the fire is exceeded, and before it is cooled the subject I may mention that I have not reckoned in any way the mere drinking craving or the inability to resist it, as constituting insanity. I believe this may or may not be real insanity in different cases, but it is not insanity. It is an unmistakable mental alienation that all my patients suffered. When the causes of insanity of our eighty-four private patients are compared with those of the 222 paupers, the difference is most striking, and entirely in favor of the paupers already intemperate.

Of those eighty-eight private patients, mental causes produced the disease in about thirty-eight, physical being only twelve per cent. under them, while in the paupers they were just one-third as numerous. These facts tend strongly to show that the higher the social position we go the more strongly do purely mental and moral shocks act in upsetting a healthy mental balance, and that those classes operate more powerfully on the lower classes of a town population than an agricultural.

## One Way of Carving a Turkey.

There is nothing a young unmarried man likes better than to go to a dinner at the house of a friend and be asked to carve the turkey. He never carved a turkey in his life, and with an old maid on one side of him, watching him closely, and on the other side a fair girl for whom he has a tenderness, he feels embarrassed when he begins. First he pushes the knife down toward one of the thigh joints. He can't find the joint, and he plunges the knife around in search of it until he makes mince-meat out of the whole quarter of the fowl. Then he sharpens his knife and tackles it again. At last, while making a terrific noise like his joint making, and the leg flies into the maiden lady's lap, while her dress front is covered with a shower of stuffing. Then he goes for the other leg, and when the young lady tells him she looks warm, the weather seems to him suddenly to become four hundred degrees warmer. This leg he finally pulls loose with his fingers. He lays it on the edge of the plate, and while he is hacking at the wing he gradually pushes the leg over on the clean tablecloth, and when he picks it up it slips from his hand into the gravy dish and splashes the gravy around for six square yards. Just as he has made up his mind that the turkey has no joints to its wings, the host asks him if he thinks the Indians can really be civilized. The girl next to him laughs, and he says he will explain his views upon the subject after dinner. Then he sops his brow with his handkerchief, and presses the turkey so hard with the fork that it slides off the dish and upsets a goblet of water on the girl next to him. Nearly frantic, he gouges away again at the wings, gets them off in a mutilated condition, and digs into the breast. Before he can cut any of the host asks him why he doesn't help out the turkey. Bewildered, he puts both legs on a plate and hands them to the maiden lady, and then helps the young girl to a plateful of stuffing, and while taking her plate in return knocks over the gravy dish. Then he sits down with the calmness of despair and fays himself with a napkin, and while the servant girl clears up and takes the turkey to the other end of the table. He doesn't discuss the Indian question that day. He goes home right after dinner and spends the night trying to decide whether to commit suicide or to take lessons in carving.

## Accidents of John Randolph.

The celebrated duel between Randolph and Henry Clay grew out of the Presidential election of 1824. In that election Mr. Clay, finding that he had no chance but held the balance of power, elected John Quincy Adams, by whom he was made secretary of State in public debate Mr. Randolph spoke of this as "a combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the black-leg." In the resulting duel Clay missed his aim and Randolph fired wide. Clay grasped his hand and exclaimed: "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds." Not long after Clay told Randolph that Mrs. Clay had borne a son, and they had named it John Randolph Clay. Mr. Randolph, straightening up, replied: "I hope he will never disgrace his godfather." Notwithstanding this incident, and the fact that Mr. Randolph paid a visit to the Senate but a few days before his death for the express purpose of bidding adieu to Clay, the tradition is that he was at his own request buried in his grave in a sitting posture with his face to the West, "that he might watch his enemy, Henry Clay." The place which he selected for his grave was between two pine trees in front of his house. One of them is still standing.

## Mr. Lincoln's Horse Trade.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois he and the judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars. At the hour appointed the judge came up, leading the sorriest looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden sawhorse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down his saw-horse and exclaimed: "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

## "Gifted in His Nose."

The following is John Norton's—the Old Trapper's—reason for not using tobacco, in Mr. Murray's Adirondack story now running in the *Golden Rule*: "Henry," said he, as he stood leaning over the end of his boat, "you come here and we will hit this boat into camp. I dare say I am an old fool, but somehow I sorter feel that this lake shore isn't quite the spot to leave an honest man's boat on. I can remember when to have done it, it would have cost a man his heart and soul, too, unless the Lord mercifully kept his eyes open by dreams."

In a moment the boat was placed where the old man wished it, and setting his back against its side for a support, he unlaced his moccasins, and thrust his smoking feet out toward the fire. Taking a pipe from his pocket, I filled it with a choice brand of tobacco I had in my pouch, and proffered it to him.

"Thank ye, thank ye, Henry," said he, as he made a motion of rejection of the offer with his hand; "I thank ye for an honest pipe, but I don't smoke it, if it be all the same to ye, I won't take it. I know it is a comfort to ye, and I am glad to see ye enjoy it, but I have never used the weed; not for the reason that I had a conscience in the matter, but because the Lord gave me a nose like a snuff-box, and I don't want to say, for I doubt if a hound knows the sweetness of things, or can take pleasure from the scent that goes into his nostrils. But He has been merciful to man—as it was proper He should be—and gave him the power to know good and evil, and smell as well as taste. I have been one of my gifts, and I couldn't make you understand, I dare say, the pleasure I have had in the right exercise of it. For you know that nature is no more bright to the eye than it is sweet to the nose; and I have never found a root or shrub or leaf that hadn't its own scent as well as its own taste. The rocks, dead and useless as it seems, has a smell to it, and as for the arth I love to put my nose into a fresh sile, as a city woman loves the nozale of her smelkin' bottle. Many and many a time when alone here in the woods have I taken my own nose into my nostrils, and inhaled the wild roses was in blossom, or down into some bay where the white lily cups was all open, and set in my boat and smelt them by the hour, and wondered if heaven smelt so. Yes, I have been sartilly gifted in my nose, for I can smell a man's nose into his own nose, and I can smell things that the men and women I was guil'din' didn't, and found things in the air that they never suspected of, and I feared that smokin' might take away my gift, and that if I got the strong smell of tobacco in my nose once I should never smell any other smell, and I was lessened than I was. So I have never used the weed, been sort of naturally afeared of it; but what is medicine for one man may be pizen for another, as I have noted in animals, for the bark that fattens the beaver will kill the rat; and as you know, I have seen the beaver, and I have said, but smokin' much you will move to, and I will scent the edges of the smell as it comes over my side of the fire, and so will sort of jine works—as they say in the settlements—you do the smokin' and I will do the smelkin', and I think I've got the lightest end of the stick of the system, for I never laughed in every line of his time wrinkled face at the smartness of his saying."

## Eating and Dyspepsia.

It is an old German adage that "More people dig their own graves with their teeth than with spades," and verily it would seem so, if we look at the immense number of dyspeptic, rheumatic and gouty individuals, creeping through life in pain and wretchedness. Yet it is next to impossible to induce even thinking people to control their appetites and to eat such things and at such times as nature shows them are necessary and right. Dr. Hall declares unhesitatingly that it is wrong to eat without an appetite, for it shows there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food, and, not needing it, there being no food to act upon it, it remains there only to putrify, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite the remainder of his life. If a tonic is taken to whet the appetite, it is a mistake course, for its only result is to cause one to eat more, when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice is able to prepare. The object to be obtained is a large supply of gastric juice; whatever fails to accomplish that essential object fails to have any efficacy toward the cure of dyspeptic diseases. The formation of gastric juice is directly proportional to the wear and tear of the system, which it is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and tear can only take place as the result of exercise. The efficient remedy for dyspepsia is work—outdoor work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting and profitable.

## A Disappointed Wife.

A downcast looking woman, about forty years old, called at a lawyer's office in Detroit and asked the attorney if he could see to a little business for her. He replied that he could, and she explained:

"My husband went to the Black Hills over four months ago."

"Yes, I see. That is desertion, and good grounds for divorce," he replied.

"I don't want no divorce, sir. What I want is for him to send me some money."

"And he won't?"

"Well, he hasn't sent any yet."

"And what can I do?" asked the lawyer.

"Put a lawsuit on him and scare him into it," she answered.

He gloomily replied that the court had no jurisdiction in such a case, and that he could do nothing.

"Why, if I was a lawyer, I could put a suit on him in an hour—I know I could!" she protested.

He shook his head.

"Well, all right," she said, as she rose to go, "I thought lawyers had some get-up to 'em, and I always held my breath when one passed the house, but this thing has opened my eyes. You don't know any more than I do, sir, and I don't know anything! Good-day, sir!"

## Oh, Fortune.

Oh, fortune, thou who dost deceive  
The greatest of this world of ours,  
Thou who dost place enjoyment  
Near an abyss, all veiled with flowers.  
These masters of the sword and crown,  
Fate rears them up or casts them down,  
Each bears a tempest in his soul;  
And countless revolutions beat  
In darker surges at their feet,  
Than o'er the Euxine waters roll.

Their tortured slumber but prolongs  
Their fury or their agony;  
Even in their dreams by turns they fear  
Or glory in our misery.  
Their power that fills us with dismay,  
A crown appeared it yesterday,  
A crime will lead it down to-morrow,  
Justice—purity—are fled,  
And we behold reign in their stead,  
Red-handed war and carking sorrow.

And often, without sound or strife,  
The loftiest throne falls suddenly—  
By its own weight thus dragged to rot.  
Oh, woe! grandeur! Happier he,  
Content to roam where no storm raves,  
His sails to jongs zephyrs give,  
Who, heark'ning to the mystic waves,  
Floats on the ocean's moving blue,  
Beneath th' unmoving blue of heav'n!

## Items of Interest.

The dry season is known as the umbrella's holiday.

The clam is blessed with sands of life that never run out.

Except on the score of economy there is no reason why circumstances should alter burial cases.

"What is that man yelling at?" asked a man of his boy. "He's—he's yelling at—the top of his voice!"

Offending boys in London are sentenced by the magistrates to be whipped; but the parents are usually made the executioners.

Six prisoners set fire to and burned the Richmond (Texas) jail a few days ago. They were all nearly suffocated when taken out.

"What," said Bonaparte to Las Caenas, "is more overbearing than weakness which feels itself protected by strength? Look at women, for example."

A Waterbury, Conn.) merchant has received twenty-five cents, that have been due him for twenty-five years, from a conscience-stricken debtor.

An army officer on the plains says the Sioux have this new motto: "White man big smart; he furnish brains. Red man help brave; he knock 'em out."

A railway porter at Hayworth Heath, England, committed suicide during a fit of delirium tremens, by swallowing nearly the whole of an eight-page newspaper. It choked him.

A rich man in Anaheim, Cal., threatened to have a poor man ejected from a house because the poor man was not paid for a horse. The rich man was so angry that he went to get into the rich man's hallway and die there of smallpox.

As the trial of a breach of promise suit was about to begin in San Francisco, a juror arose and asked to be excused because he was engaged to be married, and consequently his mind was not free from bias. He was excused.

Dr. C. B. Faber, in the *Practitioner*, argues against the use of drugs in sea sickness. They prolong the attack, and he would only advise opiate when vomiting is continued to an alarming extent. Several hours a day on deck is all we advise.

A man in Paris, wishing lately to pass a joke upon his wife, hired a coffin and placed himself in it at the moment of her return after a few days' absence. On seeing the supposed corpse, and apparently not over-wise, there was more of the dove than of the serpent in her composition.

The wool clip of the United States in 1875 was nearly two hundred million pounds, whereas in 1860 it was only sixty-five millions. In 1875 the country bought about fifty million dollars' worth of woolen goods, and eleven millions' worth of wool.

A fellow in England who defended himself against a charge of chicken stealing by declaring that the fowl jumped upon him, and he was afraid it would kill him, and therefore wrung its neck in self-defense, evidently believed that a poor excuse is better than none.

The New Orleans *Picayune*, in trying its hand at description, says: "The modern city schoolgirl goes along with a big tilter, a bustle, striped hose, humpbacked, carrying thirty-one different bags, three slates, four copybooks, bottles of ink, pocket full of pencils and pens, \$7 worth of p'neback jewelry, a mouthful of chewing gum and thirteen red streamers dangling after her."

The Independent says: A late English traveler found a simple minded Baptist mission church in far-off Burma using for the communion service, and we doubt not with God's blessing, Bass' pale ale instead of wine. The opening of the frothing bottle on the communion table seemed not quite decorous to the visitor, who presented the pastor with a half dozen bottles of claret for sacramental use.

Sheep dogs in Texas are thus trained: A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put to a ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep; and the dog will bring the flock regularly to the fold at any hour in the evening at which he is habitually fed.

A Scotch couple who had been but a few months married, recently took advantage of the railway to Edinburgh to see the ceremonies at the laying of a foundation stone. The young wife proposed staying a few days with her friends in Edinburgh, but it was necessary that her husband should proceed homeward by the boat. To try the strength of his helpmate's affection, he remarked that he doubted the boat would be safe heavy laden that "wad gang to the bottom."

"Dae ye think sae?" responded his affectionate partner. "Then, John Anderson, ye had better leave the key of the house wi' me."