seriously hurt."

is hand and gripped it, and said in a hoarse, choking voice, for I was strug-gling to see the full light:

What do you wish me to do?"

stood there thinking.

In a few minutes I had made my plans; then, watch in hand, I impatiently waited for Dr. Barker's return.

He was back to his time, and in a few words I had made my arrangements.

"Doctor," I said, "you said you were in my debt for this night's work."

and he must have thought me mad as I

known parlor.
"Kate!" I cried, as half blind I ran

oward a pale face lying back in an easy

"You scoundrel!" was roared at the

ame moment, and the sturdy farmer

"Yes, all that," I said; "only hear

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a ow cry and fainted.

"Quick!" I said, "water and some

With a low growl of rage my old pa-

"Have you come—to say good-bye?"

"No, no-to ask you to give and

oless me with your love; to ask you to

forgive me for my cruel weakness, for I

must have been mad."

A deep groan made me turn my head

to see that the farmer's head was down

upon his arms, and his broad shoulders

were heaving.
"I thought you would never come

again," said Kate, feebly; "but I never

A Problem Solved.

A correspondent writes to the Phila-

delphia Bulletin thus : A recent number

of a scientific journal, speaking of a re-lative proportion of the sexes in the human race, declares that for every 150

men that come into the world 100 72-100

28 100 are I cannot imagire. Now what

I know is this : If a woman of this kind

marries a 100 man, and has a daughter,

will the daughter be an 84-100 woman or

a 96-100 woman? And what will be the

exact relationship between such a daugh-

ter and a 76-100 aunt and her 87-100

daughters, especially if the 87-100 girls marry the brothers of the 96-100 girl

and so become not only her 98-100 first

cousins, but her 95 100 sisters-in-law,

the aforesaid 76-100 aunt becoming also

the 89-100 mother-in-law of her 88-100

nephews, will the—the—. Let me see; where am I? It is an awful subject to

tackle. Oh, yes! I say if the 76-100 aunt —. But, no. The question

can't be solved in any such way as this.

I give it up. The only way to get at it will be to do the sum in algebra, some-

how, making the daughter x, the aunt y,

ply the aunt by the daughter and divide

the first cousin by the mother-in-law, in

some way or other, or extract the square

root of the cousins and subtract the

result from the aunt, keeping the daugh-

ter as a common denominator, and at

the same time making a decimal fraction

of the mother-in-law, perhaps the result might be satisfactory. But I am not

Then, it seems to me, if you multi-

the first consin a, and the mother-in-last

she said, feebly; and there was such a

look of reproach in that poor worn face,

tient for gout obeyed me, and in a few

minutes her head rested on my arm.

that I only answered in a whisper:

ad me pinned by the throat.

hair by the fire.

brandy.

gave up hope."

# County

# Advocate,

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

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## VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1876.

NO. 38.

### Grandmother Gray.

Faded and fair, in her old armehair, Sunset gilding her thin white hair, Silently knitting sits Grandmother Gray ; While I on my elbows beside ber lean, And tell what wonderful things I mean To have, and to do, if I can, some day ; You can talk so to Grandmother Gray-She doesn't laugh nor send you away,

I see, as I look from the window seat, A house there yonder, across the street, With a fine French roof and a freecoed hall. The deep bay windows are full of flowers; They've a clock of bronze that chimes the

And a fountain-I hear it tinkle and fall When the doors are open : "I mean," I say, 'To live in a house like that some day." Money will buy it," says Grandmother Gray.

re's a low barouche, all green and gold, And a pair of horses as black as jet, I've seen drive by-and before I'm old A turnout like that I hope to get. How they prance and shine in their harnes

What fun 'twould be if they ran away !" "Money will buy them," says Grandme Gray.

"To-morrow, I know, a great ship sails Out of port, and across the sea; Oh! to feel in my face the ocean gales And the salt waves dancing under me! In the old, far lands of legend and lay I long to roam-and I shall, some day. " Money will do it," says Grandmother Gray.

"And when, like me, you are old," says she, " And getting and going are done with, dear, What then, do you think, will the one thing

You will wish and need, to content you here ?"

"Oh, when in my chair I have to stay, Love, you see, will content me," I say. "That, money won't buy," says Grandmothe

" And, sure erough, if there's nothing worth All your care, when the years are past, But love in heaven, and love on earth, Why not begin where you'll end at last? Begin to lay up treasure to-day, Treasure that nothing can take away, Blees the Lord !" says Grandmother Gray.

# A BLIGHT IN SUMMER.

I was not the regular doctor, for the practice at Burnley belonged to Fred. Gernet, an old hospital friend of mine, who had taken to a simple country prac-tice, while I had been roaming about the world as a surgeon in immigrant ships, and during the Franco-German war. We had met after seven years, when I wanted a month's quiet in the country, and he had asked me to attend to his practice, while he came up to towe to pass a degree, for he was a hard studying, ambitious fellow.

A man at the door desired me to come over and see his master, who was dying of gont. This was the announcement by the servant. Saving that I had been consulted about a "terrible wherritin" pain" in the back of an old lady of seventy-five, this was my first call. "There's Miss Kate a watching for

I could see the flutter of a white dress by the gate as we drove on, but my attention was too much taken up by the prettiness of the place, and I was gaping idly about, thinking nothing of "Miss Kate" and her cares, when the gig

stopped, and I jumped down.
"Here he is, uncle dear," she cried. "Time he was here," exclaimed some

one, with a savage roar. After giving various little orders I placed the tender leg in an easy posi-tion, the patient breaking out into furious exclamations the while. Then, by means of some hoops from a small wooden tub, I made a small gypsy tent over the limb so that the coverings did not touch the exquisitely tender skin. and at the end of half an hour hal the pleasure of hearing a sigh of satisfac-tion, of seeing a smile steal over the face, which was now smooth and bedewed with a gentle perspiration, and directly after, in a drowsy voice, my patient

"Kitty, my darling, he's a trump. Take him into the next room and apologize to him, and tell him I'm not always such a beast.

had never loved before, nor thought of it, but as sickly boy and girl stuff, un- it. worthy of busy men.

only that Kate Austey had implored me lying bruised and broken—crushed like not to leave her uncle yet; and I? I a reed at my feet. And now I need

He was soon better, but my visits to the farm were more frequent than ever. went one day as usual, but instead of Kate being at the window and running out to meet me, the old gentleman stood at the door, looking very angry, and he at once caught hold of my coat and in the socket of life's lamp.

The scene in the wood flashed before the wood flashed before

"Yes, lots," said the old man. "What do you come here for ?"

For mercy's sake, don't keep back !" I said, for the room seemed to

"Is Kate ill?" swim round me. "Yes-I think she is," he said, gruffly. "But, look here, young man, what does this mean?" "Mean !" I said. "Oh, Mr. Brand,

if she is ill let me see her at once!"
"She don't look very bad," he said, peering through the crack of the door into the parlor, where I could see her white dress; "but I say, young man, you'd better not come any more. She's lover, and God forgive you." growing dull, and I can't have my dar-

ing made a fool of. 'Made a fool of !" I stammered. "Yes," he said, gruffly; "what do you come here for?" I was silent for a minute, with a won

drous feeling stealing over me, as at last my lips said—I did not prompt -"because I love her with all my heart." "And you have told her so?"

"Not a word," I said, slowly. My hand was being crushed as in a vise the ly of what I had done. "Kate—Kate—darling!" "I'm not a gentleman, doctor, but I

know one when I meet one. There, you may go and talk to her, if it's as you say; for if it's true you wouldn't make her unbappy; but, my lad, the man who tritled with that girl's heart would be the greatest scoundrel that ever stepped

on God's earth." On God's earth.

The whole of this part of my life is so dreamy that it is all like some golden vision. But I was at her chair, I know, and that glorious evening I was content to watch the soft, dreamy face beside me as she sat there with hands folded in

her lap, watching the sunset.

At last we rose and walked together through the wood to stop at last beneath an overshadowing tree, and there in low, broken words I told her I loved her and in her sweet girlich eineligite. her, and in her sweet girlish simplicity she laid her hands upon my shoulders, looked up in my face, and promised to be my little wife.

I went home that night riding in a

wonderful triumphal chariot instead of a gig, and, to my great surprise, on think. Some scoundrel"—
reaching the house there was Fred. I almost dropped the lamp as I caught

"Back already?" I stammered.
"Already? Why, the month's up,"
he said, laughing. "You must have
had good sport with your fishing, Master Max.

It came upon me like thunder, this return, and I lay that night awake—happy, but miserable, for this meant the end of my visit, and what was to come in the future? I had not thought

I put it off for the time, and having obtained willing permission from Garnet, I went his rounds the next morning, and of course found my way to the

I fancy the servant looked at me rather a peculiar, constrained way as she said that her master had gone to the

off-hand farm.
"And Miss Kate?" I said. "She's down in the wood, sir," said the girl.

I waited to hear no more, but ran along the garden, leaped the gate, and crossing two fields, went through the wilderness, and over the stile into the

"My darling!" I kept repeating, as I hurried on, expecting to meet her at every turn, and then I stopped short, with a horrible pang seeming to catch my heart. I was dizzy, faint, raging with anger, and mad in turn; but that all passed off to leave a bitter, crushing ense of m s ry, as I held on by a young apling and peered at the scene before

There stood, with her back to me, Kate—false, false Kate—with the arm of a tall, band-ome, military looking man encircling her waist, her head resting on his shoulder, and even as I gazed, he bent his head down and she raised her arms—her face—her lips to meet his kisses, as he folded her tightly to his

breast. I saw no more, but stole blindly away, went to the stable, saddled and bridled the horse in a dreamy fashion, mounted and rode back to Burnley, threw the bridle to the man, walked straight to the station without seeing Fred. Garnet, and went off to London.

Six months glided by, an t then I was once more called upon to take charge of the practice of a friend in the suburbs. It was one dark night in winter that I was just going to bed, half wishing that

had had a call-for I knew that I should only lie and toss about sleepless—when the surgery bell rung sharp ly, and the summons that I had wished r came.

It was a policeman with a hanson cab, and his oilskins shone wet and viv-idly in the red light of the lamp over "Axiden' case, sir," he said. "Dr.

Barker in the next street's got in, and, sir, and he wants help, I learned from him that a gentleman had been knocked down by the very same cab we were in, and trampled upon by the horses before the wheel went over

nd broke his leg. We were there in a few minutes, and was shown into the back parlor of a comfortably furnished house, where the sufferer had been laid upon a mattress, A brief conversation with my col-league ensued, and he told me what he eared and how he was situated, another mportant call demanding his presence. The result was that I agreed that we would examine the patient, and then I would stay till Dr. Barker's return.

A faint groap from the mattress sa He was half asleep already, while I— luted us as we turned to our patient, even in that short hour—I had fallen and as I held the lamp over his face, and into a dream, a dream of love; I who the light fell upon the fair hair and long drooping mustache, I nearly dropped

"Nemesis!" I thought. Mine enemy I cannot tell you how that day passed, delivered into my hand. Kate's lover a reed at my feet. And now I need was her slave, and would have done her bidding even to the death.

not kill him to be revenged for all his cruelty to me, but stand by supine, and

For a few brief moments told me that I possessed greater knowledge than my colleagues, and that if I withheld mine,

me once again as I stood there-Kate's sweet face upturned asking for this man's kisses, and all so vivid that my brain reeled and a mist floated before my

eyes. "What do you think, Mr. Lawler?" said a voice at my elbow, and I started back into the present. "That he'll be past saving in an

hour," I said, quietly.
"I fear so," said Dr. Barker, shrugging his shoulders.

"Excellent," exclaimed Dr. Barker,

who was a frank, gentlemanly fellow, without professional jealousies; and in an hour's time we had done all that was necessary, our patient was breathing easily; Dr. Barker was shaking my hand. "He's saved, Mr. Lawler. You've saved his life. Now I'll be off and get back in au hour's time. You've given

me the greatest lesson in surgery I ever had in my life." And then I was alone, thinking bitterly of what I had done.

"Kate—Kate—darling!"

Those words feebly uttered brought

"Kate—thinking bitterwish the lighting calculator would get
at this, or that Prof. Tyndall would subject it to chemical analysis.

Another Dynamite Plot.

me to myself, and I was the cold, hard man once more as I rose, and taking the lamp, bent down over my patient, whose eyes now opened and he stared at me.

"Where's Kate?" he asked; "and where—what"— He stopped short.

"Hush!" I said, coldly; "you have had an accident."

"Accident." Passengers on a New York express train that started from Philadelphia at 3:10 had a narrow escape. Among the articles of baggage checked for New York was a Saratoga trunk. It was placed in the upper tier of trunks in the baggage car. When the train, which was a heavy one, carrying Centennial passengers, had passed Metuchen, about twenty-six miles from Jersey City, the baggage master heard a terrific explosion. It hurled the trunks around, and threw the men in the car on the foor "Accident? Oh, yes, I remember. I was going to catch the night train for Burnley, when that confounded cab"—
"You must not talk," I said, fighting hard to contain myself. "You are exciously hard." sion. It huried the trunks around, and threw the men in the car on the floor. Flames burst from the pile of baggage, setting fire to the baggage and car almost instantaneously. The fire was spreading rapidly, and the train was stopped to extinguish the fire.

The remains of the trunk that had caused the degree representation. That last was not professional, but there was grim pleasure in giving him some pain.

"That's bad, doctor," he whispered,
"for I was going down—to see my
darling—she's very ill."

"Ill!" I exclaimed, starting.
"Yes," he said, speaking with pain,
and I could not stop him now. "Consumption, they say, broken heart I
think. Some scoundre!"—

caused the damage were collected. The trunk was made of thin wood. The parts of an intricate little machine were found among the broken boards. A small pistol, attached by wire to the brass works of a clock, was so arranged that when the hands reached the figure twelve on the dial the pistol was distwelve on the dial the pistol was discharged. The charge was fired into some very inflammable substance, either dynamite or pyroxoline, that was entirely consumed, and spread rapidly. The damage will not exceed \$500, but it must have been much more but for the fortunate placing of the trunk at the top of the car. The infernal machine was so shattered that its exact pature cannot "What do you wish me to do?"
"Telegraph, at my expense, to my brother-in-law. Take it down, or you'll forget. From Christopher Austey to John Brand, Greenmead, Burnley. Say Kate is not to fidget. You know best,"
"Yes, yes," I stammered, my hands trembling as I took out a pencil and pretended to write, "Miss Kate," then I faltered, "is"—
"My darling child!" sobbed the poor fellow, "and she's dying!"
He was too weak, too faint to heed me, and with a bitter groan I turned away stunned—mad almost at my foly. For I saw it all now, poor, weak, pitiful, so shattered that its exact nature cannot be defined. It was collected and taken to the Jersey City depot, where the train master took charge of it, pending investigation that the railroad officials

are to make. John Silpath, the baggage master, says he thinks it probable that the trunk was either designed for the destruction of the railroad depot, or to destroy the train. Conductor Stockton said that he For I saw it all now, poor, weak, pitiful, jealous fool that I was. I had seen the girl that I worshiped, petted and car-essed by her own father, and, without seeking or asking an explanation, I had rushed away, leaving her to think me a scoundrel—nay, worse.

When I turned once more to the matdid not hear the explosion, and did not know why the train stepped until the brakeman told him that the baggage car was on fire. He thought it was intended tress my patient had fallen asleep, and I stood there thinking. a specific purpose than to kill passengers or employees on a train. He thought it had probably been delayed.

## The Quakers Diminishing.

The London Catholic Register says "My dear sir, I'll write you a check for twenty guineas, with pleasure," he We are sorry to see that our old friends, the Quakers, are sadly diminishing in numbers. It is said that there are only 20,000 in England, the fourth part of the number which flourished in this replied.

"Pay me in this way," I said; "see that these patients whose names I have written on this slip of paper are attended to well for the next two days, and call our friend here that his message has the part of the next and the ladios the gaunt section. been seen to."

He promised eagerly, and the next verity of their bonnets the popularity of the sect gradually diminished, for there my mind that the ships, or most of the sect gradually diminished, for there my mind that the ships, or most of the sect gradually diminished. I was just in time to catch the early morning train, and half mad, half joyous, I sat impatiently there till the train dropped me at Burnley, where the fly slowly joited me over to the Four Mile. slowly joited me over to the Four-Mile farm.

It was a bright, clear morning, and the sun glanced from the river upon the trees, but I could think of only one thing as I kept urging the driver on, and he must have thought me mad as I women were a quasi-scelesiating garb. and he must have thought me mad as I women wore a quesi-ecclesiastical garb. ships to last those men twelve months or leaped out and rushed into the well It is an amusing and instructive little more. The only fear that I have for fact that the object of their founder was to originate a sect which was to be completely without ceremonies and forms : and yet that sect has stood out from all others in the one peculiarity of dress. It is further curious that their religious fanaticism took the form of extraordinary gentleness; so that the very expression of the countenance of a Qaaker was soothing as a still, shallow stream. They canonized calm. Many of their men had claims to intellect, such as Penn, Barclay and Naylor, and some of their women preached well, both in this country and America. However, the sect is dried up, and, with the hats and the terially from these views. bonnets and the aprons, their peculiarities of creed have vanished.

# Do Rats Reason?

The Boston Courier says: A lady living in this city relates that the house occupied by herself and family became so infested with rats that, in the failure of all means, they were obliged to resort to poison to exterminate them.

Phosphorous paste was used, spread thickly over meat, which was then placed where the rats could readily get at it. Pursuing this course for a long time, they were surprised to find that, while the meat regularly disappeared, the rats remained, their number apparently in-creasing instead of diminishing. One day a man in charge of an adjoining stable asked who was trying to poison rats, and, being told, replied:

"The rats are too smart for you." He led the lady to the alley alongside the house, where there was a hydrant, women are born. I do not dispute these figures. I only ask for light. It appears, according to this, that there are some women who are only 72-100 part of a woman. What the remaining 28-100 are Leapnot imaging. Now what the nozzle of which being broken off, left the water constantly running. Under the hydrant they saw several pieces of meat, some partly covered, and the others entirely destitute of any traces of

the phosphorous paste.

After watching some time, the lady actually saw the rats not only eat the gun a thorough investigation of the washed meat, but carry the coated pieces carefully in their mouths from her back door round into the alley, and deposit them under the running stream of the hydrant. Our correspondent says the rats may not have known the characproperties of water, and a power of the price: adapting means to ends, akin to reason.

Celia Logan denies that New York women are much given to opium, but asserts that arsenic eating, for improvement of complexion, is a common practice. She says: "A few years ago cosmetics containing bismuth were in general use, but were found to yellow the skin until it became tawny and created sores and pimples. The family doctor prescribed arsenical blood puriflers. The patient was told to stop using these when the eyelids became puffy and she felt bloated; but it was pleasant to taste, it rounded out the form and beautified the complexion. Therefore the doses were increased in-stead of diminished; and so prevalent now is arsenic eating that any one able to recognize the look it gives can pick

## Captain Kidd, the Pirate.

Lord Macaulay's sketch of Captain Kidd is so well known that he may be dismissed in a few lines as a by no means brilliant or successful brigand, although, in posthumous renown, second to none of the craft. Perhaps his advantage over others in this respect is due to his having been hanged instead of killed in action, or cast away in remote tropical seas. Kidd was an old privateer in the West Indies, and, being known as a brave seaman, was recommended by Lord Bellament, then governor of Barbadoes, and several other persons, to the home government as one admirably fitted to command a king's ship cruising against pirates, on secount of his knowledge. fitted to command a king's ship cruising against pirates, on account of his knowledge of those seas and practice in warfare. The project met with no favor in England, and would have fallen through altogether had not Lord Bellamont and his friends fitted out the Adventure galley at their own private charge. Kidd was put in command, and furnished with the king's commission, charging him to hunt down pirates, all and sundry, especially Thomas Tew and others specified by name. He also held a commission of reprisals, for it was then war time, empowering him to take French merchant ships, in case he should meet any. The ships, in case he should meet any. The Adventure galley sailed from Plymouth in May, 1696, carrying thirty guns and eighty men, and, after scouring the North and South Atlantic, tried the Indian oceau, picking up a French mer-chantman or two; but of pirates never a one. At last the patience of Kidd, who appears to have meant well originally, wore out; his crew turned mutinous, and he became, according to his defense, a pirate malgre lui. After a fairly lucky cruise, he sailed for New York, thinking his offense would be winked at, but was immediately seized, with all his books and papers, sent home for trial, and hanged with six of his associates. His career proved an exception to the rule that it is well to set a thief to catch a

The Lost Whalers. The New Bedford Mercury prints the following as the opinion of one of the most experienced shipmasters of New Bedford regarding the possible fate of the abandoned ships and men: I have read the reports (as far as published) very carefully, and can see no reason for alarm at all in regard to those men that stuck by their ships. The ships were abandoned only twenty miles from the land, and were drifting slowly with the pack ice to the southeast, nearing the land every day. The heavy gales of September always blow from the northeast to east northeast, and that is blowships to last those men twelve months or those men is that they will eat their usual food of bread, flour, salt provisions, etc., and bring on the scurvy. They will not suffer for food, clothing, or lights and fires. Wood and water are plenty. My opinion is that part of those ships will be saved (if not this year, the next), for they will be in that part of the Arctic that is least disturbed by gales and currents. No doubt some of the officers of the ships are among the tifty brave men that stopped in the Arctic, hoping to bring their ships to port. The Mercury says, however, that there are men of experience who differ ma-

# The Sugar Beet Industry.

Fremy and Dehorain have conducted series of experiments to test the reasons of the decrease of richness of sugar beets grown several years in succession on the same soil. They find two chief causes of the deterioration—the bad selections of stock or variety, and excess of nitrogenous manures. They con-clude that argillaceous, siliccous, and calcareous soils difter but little in their effects upon the sugar in beets. sterile soil, with no other manure than phosphate of lime and nitrate of potash, was able to produce normal roots weighing 700-800 grams (1 1-2-1 3-4 pounds), and containing a large amount of sugar (sixteen per cent.). Excess of nitrogen-ous manures injured the formation of

The outlook for the sugar beet industry in this country seems to be quite promising. It has already attained great importance in California, is reported as successful in Illinois, and is engaging earnest attention in Maine The governor of the latter State devoted considerable attention to the matter in his last message to the Legislature, and a company near Portland has already beprobabilities of a successful sugar beet culture in that State.

### A Bentist's Dinner. We have received a toothsome bill of

fare designed especially for the dentists, ter of the coating on their meat, but and we hasten to publish it. Every one their course argues a knowledge of the of the craft will find it very filling for sour.

"Make-'er-yell"—Wails. The Probe, of course. Bear, with Grins. VEGETABLES. Boiled Roots-achers of them GAME, H'Owls, with India Rubber Filling, a la Bowery. "I Scream" (and so would any body else).

CIGARS. Stumps. Our correspondent adds that he thought of this menu while under the influence of laughing gas, and has remembered it all with the exception of

"A Pull At" a bottle of Tuekany.

## The First Oil Works.

The first flowing well of oil ever struck was on the McElhenny or Funk farm, and was known as the Funk well. Funk was a poor man when the well was sunk. Oil was struck in June, 1861, and commenced flowing, to the as-tonishment of all the oil borers in the tonishment of all the oil borers in the neighborhood, at the rate of 250 barrels a day. Such a prodigious supply of grease upset all calculations, but it was confidently predicted that the flow would soon cease. It was "Oil creek humbug," and those who had no direct interest in the prosperty of the well looked day after day to see the stream stop. But like the old woman who sat down by the river side to let the water run out, that she might cross dryshod, they waited in vain. The oil continued flowing, with little variation, for fifteen months, and then stopped; but not before Funk had become a rich man.

The well, however, had long before ceased to be a wonder, being quite overshadowed by newer sensations. On the

shadowed by newer sensations. On the Tarr farm, the Phillips well burst forth with a steady stream of 2,000 barrels daily. Not to be overdone by the terri-tory down the creek, the McElbenny farm produced another marvel. The "Empire" well, close to the Funk, suddenly spouted four thousand barrels a day! The owners were bewildered. It was decidedly too much of a good thing. The true value of petroleum had not yet been discovered, and the market for it was limited. Foreigners market for it was limited. Foreigners would have nothing to do with the greasy, combustible stuff. Our own people were divided in opinion. Some thought it a dangerous thing, to be handled at arm's-length, while others set it down as a humbug, of which the community should keep as shy as possible. The supply was already in advance of the demand, and the sudden addition of four thousand barrels a day demonstrate. of four thousand barrels a day demor-alized the market. The price fell to twenty cents a barrel, then to fifteen, then to ten. Coopers would sell barrels for cash only, and refused to take their pay in oil, or in drafts on oil shipments. Finally it became impossible to obtain barrels on any terms, for all the coopers in the surrounding country could not make barrels as fastas the Empire could fill them. The owners were in despair and tried to choke off their confounded well, but it would not be choked off. Then they built a dam around it, and covered the soil with grease but the oil refused to be dammed, and rushed into the stream, making Oil Creek literally worthy its name. Finally means were found for controlling the flow of the oil, huge tanks were built, and the precious fluid stored up, until barrels could be obtained in sufficient quantities to hold he daily yield of this tremendons founpetroleum. The "Empire

flowed for nearly a year, and then dropped to a pumping well state about one hundred barrels a day. xt great flowing well, was put down in the year 1862. It was sunk under great difficulties. J. W. Sherman, who owner, commenced next above the McElhenny, with limitto procure an engine, and there was no money to make the purchase; two men who were in possession of the desired article were thereupon admitted to a chare for the engine. Soon after, when the drill had almost penetrated the "third sandstone," the funds were exhausted. A sixteenth interest was offered for \$100, but no buyer could be found. Ultimately it was sold for \$60 and an old shot gun. A horse became necessary during the work, and a share was bargained for the animal. when all the means that could be raised by borrowing or selling were about exhe rate of 1,500 barrels a day. The low continued at this rate for several he low price of oil, and the difficulty of | 000. getting it to market, but during

### second year the market improved and an immense fortane was made.

A Successful Humbug. A gentleman at Spa, a fashionable watering place in Belgium, writing to his sister in Paris, relates an amusing feature of the place. There is the biggest thing in the way of a traveling charlatan dentist here now (September) I ever saw. He comes into the town overy day at 3 P. M. and stays two hours on the "Place," selling his powders, etc., and bidding for work. He extracts teeth for nothing, standing on his chariot in the open street, and does it wonderfully well, pulls them out with a click and says he don't hurt a bit, and don't draw blood. How is that accounted for? He comes in with a brass band f eight men, all dressed in a splendid Chinese costume, then comes his grand car, he driving four horses, and two grandly dressed footmen alongside. The car or wagon is like a circus one only grander, all gold and plate glass. His name is "Ernault," and he comes from Paris. He says he made 160,000 francs last year and built a house in Paris. He is an elderly man. Altogether it is the biggest humbug of the kiud ever known here. He sells a package lot for two francs fifty centimes (fifty cents), a box of powder, a bottle of clixir, which is a wonderful styptic,

and toothache drops, and a book on the teeth and other things.

If this man sold these things in a sensible manner for twenty-five sous, his bottles and his boxes might go begging for purchasers.

# Below Banger.

It is related that in a certain town in the northern part of Maine the people were holding a meeting, when the pas-tor remarked that if any present had relatives or friends in distant lands, relatives or friends in distant lands, prayers would be offered in their behalf. No sooner was the sentence complete than a simple looking individual arose heated air rushed through vent pipes than a simple looking individual arose thought of this menu while under the influence of laughing gas, and has remembered it all with the exception of something about "dumplings with molarsess." As it stands it is good enough, and can scarcely be improved.

I that it simple looking individual arose that it is addressed the pastor: "I with a noise like escaping steam. Some with a noise like escaping steam. Some of the bronze slopped over and set fire to the wood floor, and the water that haven't heard from him since. I don't know just where he is, but you need not pray below Bangor."

I heated air rushed through vent pipes with a noise like escaping steam. Some the bronze slopped over and set fire to the wood floor, and the water that nothing else could be seen for five minutes. The casting was perfect.

Items of Interest. Not a drop of intoxicating liquor is allowed in the Nevada mines, where a serious disaster might easily result from

drunkenness. A Sacramento man, assailed with a rawhide by a woman in the street, effectuelly bagged ber by wrapping her head

and arms in her skirts. The fishing season in Iceland was a failure this year, and the people are suffering from want. Eighteen hun-dred Icelanders immigrated recently to

Canada. A man twenty-seven years old has just been sent to the Massachusetts State prison who has spent all but two years and three days of his life in re-formatory and charitable institutions.

The freshmen classes at various colleges stand as follows: Harvard, 246, Cornell, 180, Yale, 150, Amherst, 83, Williams, 68, Dartmonth, 60, Oberlin, 52, 7 Tufts, 26. 52, Trinity, 35, Hamilton, 30,

A man was playing dice in a saloon in Knoxville, Cal., when the funeral procession of his wife came by. He went to the door, waved his hat, hurrahed, and returned to his game. That night he was almost killed by a mob.

The grandmother of the late Gen. Mc-The grandmother of the late Gen. Mc-Pherson, whose monument was unveiled at Washington by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, was invited to be present at the ceremonies, but died before the invitation reached its destina-

tion. She was ninety-nine years of age. The Pennsylvania Transportation Company has contracted for three hundred miles of four-inch pipe to carry oil from the oil regions to the seaboard. This is the most extensive order for pipe ever given in this country, and probably the greatest length of pipe ever included in single contract

A druggist at Bradford in England was discovered the other day by his wife lying dead on his bedroom floor. The body of his son, aged four years, was found underneath the corpse. It is believed that the man, seized by an apoplectic fit, fell on his son, who was these engreened. hus suffocated.

Mrs. Burnham, of Atlanta, visited the Centennial Exhibition, and there met a man who said that he was Col. Delong, of Boston, and very wealthy. On the second day of their acquaintance they were married, and on the third day the bride was looking for her husband and \$1,300 which had disappeared with him.

An old man who died in Maysville, Ky., had \$1,200 worth of United States bonds in two mustard boxes, and buried them in a pile of scrap wood in his shanty. The wood was sold to a rag picker for seventy-five cents, and while he was gathering it together a bystand-found the bonds. mustard boxes and

The German government has been trying for nearly a year to ascertain the exact number of people who inhabit the empire. The returns shows that on the first of December, 1875, the total popu-lation was 42,726,344, while in 1871 it ed means, his wife furnishing most of was 41,023,095. This shows an increase the money. Soon it became necessary in four years of 1,703,749, or about an average of one per cent. a year.

A variety show performer advertises for a partner, and says "no Jonahs need apply." The phrase illustrates one of the peculiarities of the show busi-ness. A man who has been unlucky for a long time is regarded with distrust, no one will engage him for fear he will bring disaster, and he is called a Jonah, the idea being that he will sink any ship that takes him aboard. Showmen, gen erally, are as superstitious as gamblers.

The humanitarians of London have come to the conclusion that the Italian nusted, oil was struck, and flowed at juvenile beggar nuisance is sustained solely by the well meaning almsgiving of the kind hearted. In a late report of months, when it declined to 700 bar-rels. The well continued flowing for made to an Italian boy who some years the Italian ambassador, reference is wenty-three months, and then stopped, ago went to England with a performing dog. Having gained a few pounds he but yielded thirty or forty barrels a dog. Having gained a few pounds he day by pumping. For the first year, the proprietors made but little, owing to dren, and in a few years amassed £20,-

# Casting a Brouze Statue.

A correspondent who witnessed the operation tells how bronze statues are cast. He says: The casting of a large piece in bronze is a delicate operation, requiring care and artistic skin. Th making of a plaster mold from the origi-nal model, then a plaster figure from that mold, and finally from the figure a sectional mold into which to run the metal, requires many weeks of skilled labor. The element of luck enters labor. largely into the culminating attempt to cast, as flaws in the metal often cause failures, imposing weeks of additional labor. Consequently the workmen employed were visibly auxious, and a knot of spectators employed the entire afternoon in interestedly watching the pro-

The large box, called a "flask," containing the mold, clamped firmly with iron, was let down with a crane into a cavity, and flowed over, so that only a funnel protruded. This was close to a great brick furnace, in which the bronge was heating over a great roaring fire. The metal, as it was slowly converted into liquid, was closely observed by the foreman. A glimpse through an aperture showed it boiling furiously like water, and so hot that an iron bar stuck into it became red almost instantly. When the iron could be withdrawn without any bronze clinging to it, the com-pound was deemed ready. An immense metal bucket, attached to a powerful crane, was swung under the end of a spout, the furnace was tapped, and a molten stream ran out. Sparks flew in every direction, faces were shielded hastily from the heat, and the dusty plaster images of Franklin, the Vanderbitt bas relief, and other relies of previous jobs were made to glow. The bucket was nearly filled, a turn of the crane