E-v-e-r-y Night.

one o'clock-two o'clock. Here I stay

half of the night waiting for you.

Couldn't come home any sooner? Of

room, brushing and greasing your hair, and looking in the glass at your pretty

times, and not be out e-y-e-r-y night.

How comes it that the city council didn't

meet but twice a month last year?" "Trying to work it out of debt!" "Yes,

that's probable-very; laughing and jok-

want-to-know-how-much-longer-

you—are—going—to—keep—this—night—business? Yes, I want to know! Out

twelve o'clock, but let's play a while longer; we won't catch it any worse

at home a few nights and try it. Per-

haps the fretting would stop. Out

What's that, sir?" "I know ladies who

to know them? What right have you to

know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way. You men think

that all the other women are saints but

our wives. Oh, yes—saints, s-a-i-n-t-s.

I'll have you to know, sir, that there

isn't a woman in this town that's any

more of a saint than I am, I know them

You see the sugar and honey side of

them, and they—only—see—the—honey—and—sugar—side—of—you. Now, sir, 1 just want you to know that if you don't

stay at home more than you do, I'll leave these children to get burnt up, and

I'll go out e-v-e-r-v night. When a poor

woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is—desperate, that's all."

Sulphur for Searlet Fever.

let my medical brethren know of my

plan, so that they may be able to apply

oughly anoint the patient twice daily

with sulphur ointment; give five to ten

grains of sulphur in a little jam three

times a day. Sufficient sulphur was burned, twice daily (on coals on a

shovel), to fill the room with the fumes,

and, of course, was thoroughly inhaled

by the patient. Under this mode of

ately, and none were over eight days in

making a complete recovery, and I firmly believe in each case it was pre-

vented from spreading by the treatment

adopted. One case was in a large

in scarlet fever last year and this, I feel

some confidence in my own judgment, and I am of opinion that the very mild-

est cases I ever saw do not do half so

well as bad cases do by the sulphur treatment, and, as far as I can judge, sul-

phur is as near a specific for scarlet fever

The Influence of Pictures.

change and contrast!

Having had a large experience

treatment each case improved immedi-

Dr. Henry Pigeon writes to the Lon-

sir-a h-e-a-p better than you do.

VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1877.

NO. 49.

The Object of a Life.

To eat, drink and be merry, because to-morrow The Master's talent to bury -a gift laid idly by ;

To scrape with grim persistence the grains of a golden store ; To dig for a bare subsistence, that keeps the wolf

from the door. But whether in purple and riches, we feed on the fat of the land,

Or up to the middle in ditches, live hard by labor To wrestle for ease and pelf, in a hunger of

great and small, Where it's "Every man for blosself, and God,

if He will, for us all," With greed that carries pollution of base and nitiful strife."

Can this be the true solution, the end and aim of a life? Surely sparks celectial the secrebin share

with us. By instincts coarse and bestial can never be stifled thus!

And surely within the portals, that bar their brighter sphere.

They yearn for fellow immortals, though groveling worm-like here. The helping hand to reach us, that guide with touder care.

The loving leason to teach us, of a holier future To whisper how fair and ample the field we hus-

band below, To tell of the great example, the Man of compassion and woe :

Of footprints left behind Him, who straightly walk with God. Who bend their backs to labor, and bend their knees to pray

In honest love for their neighbor, His one command obey; Who freely bear for others the burden sorrow

bath laid. Accepting all for brothers that need a brother's

Rejoice in the gain resulting from every milestone passed. d travel the road, exulting, that brings them

home at last. -G. J. Whyte Melville, in Temple Bar.

THE RAT'S TALE.

He was a levee Rat. And he was being kicked, pushed, dragged, jostled back-ward and forward, by the stevedore's men, like a ragged shuttlecock. Every one had a curse and a blow for the "Rat," and he would have suffered severely had not a lady on her way to the steamer observed it and called the attention of her escert, the captain of the beat, to the unfortunate. The young Rat was rescued, and, at the lady's request, taken on board the ship and his before?" gasps the captain.

"Pliceman chevied me, 'cos I'd got a "Pliceman chevied me, 'ros I'd got a the lady give me, Took it tion of her escert, the captain of the

"Dick."

"Are you hungry, Dick?"

"Only rather?" in a tone of disappointment. "'Rather,'" explains the captain, "in

that tone, means "'very."
The lady takes a plate and fills it with cold chicken, stuffing, salad, bread and what not, adds a knife and fork, and gives it to Diek.

He squats on the deck, and eats with nagastronomic combinations. First he cats for spiriting away.
the chicken, then the stuffing, then the salad, then the bread; and this done, rushes back. Four of the thieves are takes a long breath, and looks up with a on deck, firing at the captain, who has look that says more, as plainly as Oliver dodged behind the cabin skylight, and is said the word. More he gets, from the same kind hand, which he watches with dimly awakened feelings of delight, and

The party remained on board till about six o'clock, and by the time it broke up every one had forgotten the "Rat;" but as Mrs. Austen was crossing the levee. he ran up, much to the annoyance of her companion, who had had enough of his

filled he takes his departure.

"I say," says the Rat. "Do you like him?" with a chuck of his thumb toward the steamer.

"Captain Gilbert ?" "Yes-is he your feller?"

"Get out, you scamp!" cries the genticman, indignantly. "Let him speak, Fred," the lady leads. "No, Dick, I am married, and

this is my husband; but Captain Gilbert is our kind friend. I crossed with him once, and he was very good to me when "You'd hate for anything bad to hap-

"Why, of course! to him or to any one else."
"Wot, to me?"

"Indeed I would, my poor boy. Oh, Fred! see how wistful he looks! Mayn't I give him some of Charley's left-off things? I have a little boy at home," she goes on, seeing assent in her hus-band's eyes—"about your size."

Charley. He is taken up to the lady's my boy? Don't start. I'm your friend, own room, where the promised things are produced and tried on over his rags. Here he stands, lost in admiration. The great broad bed, with its satin coverlet, its lazy lace bound pillows, and snowy mosquito bar held back by silken ropes of the same color as the little knots which, here and there, light up the varied greens of the fern spread carpet; the armoirs with their plate glass doors the dressing table all a-glitter with crystal and with gold, and a score of crincumcrankums, such as he never before beheld; the pictures on the wall; the flowers in the balcony; the perfume of the place (no fixed odor, but a combination of all sweet things), bewildered the Rat. If he had ever heard of fairyland he would have thought himself there. He had never heard of fairyland, or of the enchanters, giants, dwarfs, genii, and all the dear old myths which surround its beautiful princesses and the exemplary third sons of its kings, A drunkard who would drop a dime as he staggered from the barroom was the nearest approach to a good fairy that Dick knew. He gazed about him bewildered, and some dim sense of shame stole over him as he saw his own reflec-

tion in the looking glass doors. "Mayn't I put 'em on now?" he asks, as "the things" are selected.

"Better not," says the lady. "Put them on in the morning. Come here again about ten o'clock, and we'll see

what can be done for you."

He submits, and goes down reluctantly, with two whole suits of Charley's left off clothes bundled up in a large handkerchief and fifty cents in his pocket. As soon as the hall door closes after him, the brute instincts of secrecy and evasion pull his jelly bag hat over his eyes and send him off at a run.
Outside a barroom at the corner is a

policeman. Here was a victim worthy of his "steal," so he immediately gave chase, shouting "Stop thief!" and firing ris revolver at the fugitive.

Our Rat gave in at the second shot, and was walked off in triumph to the station,

Captain Gilbert spends the evening with his agent, and returns to the ship about eleven o'clock. "Sorry to say, sir," begins the chief tefficer, "that most of the men are

"Without leave?"
A chrugof his shoulders is his answer. "Whose watch is it?"

"Mr. Andrews'."
"Send him here. How's this, Mr. Andrews?" asks the captain, angrily.
"It's not my fault, sir. They don't ge

over the gangway, They crawl over the side, and on to the beams of the wharf. It's impossible to stop them,"

The captein knows New Orleans, and being a just man, has no more to say.

It is very provoking! He is going to

sail to-morrow, and those men will come on board drunk or stupid with the effect of drink. Some of them, perhaps, won't come at all. The weather for the last few days has

been oppressively hot, and now there is hope of rain. The sky is dark and low, and the faint evening breeze has gone down. The captain goes to his cabin, which is on deck, and tries to read, but the mosquitoes won't let him, so he gets | God?" into bed, tucks in his bar, and sleeps the sleep of a tired man.

two bells (one o'clock) are striking. Then he hears a whisper: "Cap'n! Cap'u "Hush! it's me, Dick. Don't say a word; don't light a match. Hush! Is there a man named Phil Wood in your crowd?" "Yes, a fireman ; but he deserted last

week." The captain whispers too,
"Have you got specious aboard?"
"Specious? Oh, specie, ou mean."
"Wot's that?"

"What is your name, little boy?" asks the lady, as she sees her protege taken care of.

"What is your name, little boy?" asks bundle that the lady give me. Took it away, he did, and locked me up," explains the Rat; "but I got out."

"Oh! but it seems so terrible," she "On board row, do you say?" asks the

Yes, and at work, too. Listen !" What the captain hears sends him out

of his berth with a spring. "Fire that," he says, thrusting a pistal into Dick's hand, "and run forward, shouting help as loud as you can scream." Then he darts out on deck.

And no time to spare! The thieves have overpowered and gagged the man The kuife and fork are no use to him, on watch, have cut round the fastenings of the hatch leading to the specie room, ture's implements. He has no idea of and already two boxes are out and ready

> shooting steadily. Dick has five shots left, and these he discharges one after the other, with his eyes shut, as fast as ly, he can pull trigger. It is a brisk affair mus while it lasts; which is until the chief van officer, doctor, steward and some others (aroused by Dick's shouts and the firing) come upon the scene. Then such of the thieves as can do so, jump overboard -for their retreat forward is cut off. Three remain; one—the leader—dead, another with his thigh splintered, and a third with several balls in non-vital parts

of his body. The first thing done is to release poor tears are streaming, "that is all you can Mr. Andrews, whom they find still insensible from the blow on the head which had put him hors du combat. By this time the police have come, and are searching the ship, lest others of the thieves

"What's that in the wheel house? says the chief officer; "bring a light here, Ah! it's another of them; turn er. Oh, Lord! Captain, look Here's gratitude! If it isn't him over. that Rat that the lady "-

"My God!" cries the captain; "I forgot all about him! Is he burt?"

"Shot through the body, and serve him right," is Mansfield's reply. struck the speaker "silly," as he afterward said, to see the skipper fall down on his knees beside the "Rat," lift his head upon his shoulder, and, in a voice So they bid him follow them, and more hoarse with emotion, say: "Are you wonders are in store for him. He sees hurt, Dick? Oh, Dick! Are you bad, "Are you the captain, Dick-speak to me!"

"Is the p'lice gone?" he moans. "They sha'n't hurt you, Dick-no one shall. Oh, doctor, come and attend this poor brave little fellow. Any drop of his blood is worth more than the lives of those scoundrels. Do your best for him, and send for all the surgeons in the city if they can help poor Dick! Poor

little faithful chap!"

The wounded thieves are carried off to the charity hospital by the police. Dick is taken to the captain's cabin, and placed in his bed. The ship's doctor loes his very best for him. The most famous surgeon in the city comes and looks grave. Captain Gilbert never leaves him.

"Say!"-Dick's voice has become low and tremulous-"was that there money yourn?"

"No; but it was in my charge," "You'd a got thunder if you'd a lost

"I should have been ruined." "She wouldn't ha' liked that." "She? Who do you mean, my boy "The lady—her as you was good to." The captain turned aside, and tried

hard to swallow something which had never passed his lips. "Was it for her sake," he asked "that you did this?"

"She sed she'd hate to have anything given, stood between a man and ruin; bad come to you," replies the Rat, "cos you was good to her when she was sick. Two nights ago I heard Phil Wood and his crowd talking about robbing a ship of specious. They sed they was going to 'tice all the men ashore with drink, and there'd be only one man forward besides the cap'n. There was to ha' bin one put at the cap'n's door to knock him on the head if he came out. I didn't know for sartin it was your ship, and I was a-coming to ask if you had specious when the p'liceman chevied me."

was a-coming to ask if you had specious when the p'liceman chevied me."

"Who was it that shot you?"

"Don't know. When I see the p'lice I crawled away to where you found me. I was skeard they'd think I belonged to tother crowd."

"You wouldn't care o-n-e cent. What is it you say?" "City council business? How do I know you go to the city council? Does the city council meet e-v-e-r-y night? They don't meet but once in—New York. Oh, yes controlled to the city council when the p'lice is not shown in the p'lice and the p'lice and

The Rat is skin and bone, and nervous as a cat. He has lost more blood than he could spare from that slighter wound half of the night waiting for you. on his arm. He had so constitution to fall back upon, and to hold him up while nature fights the shock and the fever which follow his more grievous hurt. Grievous, indeed! though the ball did not quite pass through his body; better, perhaps, if it had. It has pierced the lower lobe of his right lung, and is lodged somewhere in the muscles of his back. If he could sleep, or even be brought to remain quiet, he might have on his arm. He had so constitution to back. If he could sleep, or even be brought to remain quiet, he might have a chance. He cannot be quiet; whether it be pain, or whether it be surprise at such wonders as being fanned, having lemonade to sip, and so on, I cannot say. He is incessantly on the turn and on the watch; nor will any drawsy syrm in the watch; nor will any drowsy syrup in the

doctor's chest quiet him.

When the lady comes early in the morning, the Rat is sinking slowly. His face brightens up as he sees her, and he begins to ask about Charley. "Oh, my poor boy," she says, "let us talk of better things. Let us talk of

"God?" he repeats, with a look of "Can it be that you have not heard of

to bed, tacks in his bar, and sleeps the cop of a tired man.
"Something makes him conscious that the constant of the constant name of God in curses!

"Wicked men take his name in vain. close by his side. In an instant he has his revolver ready, and is in the act of striking a match when the whisper says:

Dick," she says. "God made this world, and all that is in it; God is all that is striking a match when the whisper says:

"He didn't save me much," is the e-v-o-r-y night. City council, Freemasons, Red Men, Odd Fellows, shows, hair oil—and it's brush and brush until Rat's commentary.
"He will save your soul, Dick. He called little children to Him, and welcomed them to heaven.' "Was that afore the war?" asks Dick,

gravely. "Money."
"I thought so! Well, cap'n, Phil Wood and five more is after that there specious, and they's aboard now."
"Good God! Why didn't you tell me cabin and overheard Dick's struggles got relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some, I think! What did you say about 'catching it' the other night at a euchre party? 'Fellers, it's

when we get home.' A pretty speech for a d-e-e-e-n-t man! 'Catch it!' 'Catch it!' Well, I intend you shall

cries; "and he dying! If I could only teach him to say a prayer! "And do you really think that re-

peating a form of words which he would not understand, could do any good?" asks her husband. "No. Let me try if I can rouse a thought to work upon. So Mr. Austen takes his wife's place at the head of the cot.

"Dick," says he, "the doctors tell me that unless there comes some change -and they don't much expect any-before night, you must die.

"Will it hurt bad?" asks the Rat, a spasm of fear passing over his pinched "That I cannot say. Some people

die quite quietly—go off in their sleep, as it were. Well, Dick! what do you think happens then? "The funeral," replies Dick, prompt-

"Some has a fireman's funeral, and music; and some gets took off in the city Shall I be took off in the city van.

"No, my boy; I'll answer for that, But let us go back to the death. Where will you go when you die ?" "Into the coffin.

"Your body will-but your soul?" "Wot's that ?" asks Dick, "Pray for him, dear," says Mr. Austen to his wife, down whose face the

do. "I say-don't you cry like that," says Dick, when she resumes her seat by his side. Childlike, he puts up his hand to withdraw hers from her eyes. He touches it with awe. It does not break or fly off, and nothing is done to him for his daring. Encouraged by such immunity, he ventures to give it a little pat, and then the face which he is watching intently is lit up with a smile through its tears. Into his unloved life—into his half sav-

age mind, dawns the first idea of a caress ' He clasps the lady's hand and draws it down upon his heart. He draws it down and presses it there with both of his little brown puds. Then he leans back with a long drawn sigh and shuts his eyes. * * * * * Three years have passed, and Capt.

Gilbert's steamer is again at her wharf, and again Mr. and Mrs. Austen are go-ing to lunch on board. As the lady is stepping down from the gangway, a well grown, handsome boy, in a blue flannel knickerbocker suit, and straw hat with the ship's ribbon, comes shyly forward.
"Why, this is never Dick!" she ex-

"Dick all over," says the captain, "Oh, Dick, how you have grown, and how improved!"

"There was plenty of room for that, laughs the quondam Rat. Then the captain takes her aside and explains. "He's been at school ever since he got well, and he has learned more than other boys do in double the time. Oh, he's smart! I'm educating him now for my own profession, and I believe he could pass for a mate to-mor-

"What name have you given him?" asks the lady, drawing circles on the deck with the point of her parasol. "My own. My wife thinks as much of him as I do; and as we've no children our own, why "-"Captain Gilbert, you are a good

man "A lucky one, anyhow," he laughs. This is the end of the Rat's tale. Some scraps from a lunch table, kindly The King of Dahomey's Amazons.

and the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life—that's all. A correspondent of the London Standard, writing about the preparations of the king of Dahomey to resist the Brit-ish troops in the event of a war for the iberation of the European captives at "E-v-e-r-y night! Here it is half-past

Whydah, says:

Meanwhile the king is by no means one o'clock! It's a wonder you came home at all! What—do—you—think— a—woman is made for ! I do believe if idle. Bodies of troops are assembling at the various towns, while at Kana the whole flower of the Dahoman army is being brought together. Raids are a robber was to come and carry me off, you wouldn't care o-n-e cent. What is being made upon neighboring towns in the hope of obtaining any stores of pow-der or rum which may be there. Beder or rum which may be there. Besides this, when a few successful descents upon helpless villages have been meet but once in—New York. Oh, yes —out e-v-e-r-y night. Twelve o'clock made, the Dahoman warriors will be so filled with glory that they will rush on to certain death under their excitement. Troops have been known to "charge" a into any man's power to ruin you. thicket of acacias, prickly pears, aloes and similar thorny shrubs when under this frenzy, coming out on the other side bruised and bleeding and often maimed for life. This they will do to show their "love" for the king, and there is no doubt that under the influence of victory and trade rum they would make a desperate resistance. Still, their courage is but of an evanescent nature, and it requires but a very few well sustained, steady volleys from our rifles to put to flight, or at least to cover, serious odds

of dusky warriors. As to the fighting powers of the Amazons, there can be no doubt that they will be equal to, if not surpass, those of the men. At the attack on Abeokeuta night? There was a show in town, wasn't there? Do you always put on your best vest and a clean shirt to go to the council? What did you buy that bottle of hair oil for and hide it? Oil for your hone, indeed! Who ever heard of hair oil for a whetstone? So they fought like she devils, for perhaps of all objects an unsexed woman is the most horrible of any. The "outside" and "inside" rival each other in their you think I didn't see you in the other deeds of bravery, and many an Amezonian caboceer caresses the whitened skulls of those who have fallen before self?" "A man ought to be decent!"
"He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a her arms, exciting the envy and jealousy decent man ought to be; a decent man will stay at home with his wife someof her less fortunate outside warriors. If a struggle does come off, in which our men are pitted against these far famed warrioresses, it is to be hoped that they will remember that bullets shot out of guns whose triggers have been pulled by these "sisters of the lion" kill just ing and smoking and swapping lies will work a debt off, won't it? Now-Ias surely as those fired by their sterner (!) brethren. Even the Dahomans ac-knowledge that their savage, fiendish actions in a fight almost cause a shudder in themselves, and if they should ever become pitted against white troops their frenzy will carry them to any lengths. Let them, therefore, not be you've nearly worn out the brush and your head, too. What is it you say?"
"It helps your business to keep up your social relations!" "Ah, indeed! You've treated as mere ornamental adjuncts to the court of a savage king, but rather as the corps who are the "Old Guard" of the Dahoman army.

May They Be Happy.

There is nothing more depressing or mortifying to a young man than to be jilted by a girl. His agony seems unendurable when she not only throws him. durable when she not only throws him overboard but also ships a rival. His case may become desperate if, after she tree-tod at high noon on our streets, and catch it—a little. What's that you say? has named the happy day, and he has "no arrests" invariably recorded? On through the city and observing a hand-'If I wouldn't fret you so you would stay bought the ring, secured fitting wedding New Year's day these people were as-at home more!' Well, sir, do you stay raiment and engaged the parson, she saulted and beaten in different localities, gives him the slip and marries another on crowded streets, in this Christian fellow. Some men think of firearms or city, and we have not heard of an arrest. e-v-e-r-y night because I fret you so. cold poison under such circumstances, We give a sample : A Chinese boy, not but not so a St. Louis young gentleman over fourteen years of age, was attacked ain't always scolding their husbands!" named Hickland. Miss Jennings had by a gang of street Arabs and pelted "You do, do you? How come you to know them? What busness had you fixed, was near at hand, the viands the mouth and cutting him terribly. He cooked, the wedding dress complete, and was knocked down and beaten in a most the minister notified. But the very day cruel manner. To add to the outrage, before the expected wedding Miss Jenning went out at evening, married a Mr. hoodlums. A well known citizen, pass-Cather, and by midnight the couple were ing in a carriage, stopped and went to speeding away on their bridal journey. Did Mr. Hickland despond and grow desperate? He told the parson to be on hand just the same, forthwith proceeded to the house of his affianced, asked in marriage the hand of Miss Haywood, there residing, was accepted, told the old people to keep the vinnels hot, fetched he parson, and, while Mr. and Mrs. Cather were hasting away, a merry company witnessed the welding of Mr. Hickland and Miss Haywood. The supper was the most elegant which had been lately served in all that region, and love clasps his hands in joy over two wedded pairs instead of one. Mr. Hickland is a philosopher. May he and his bride live long

don Lancet as follows: The marvelous, and be happy. success which has attended my treatment

of scarlet fever by sulphur induces me to The Unknown Genius' Diary. JANUARY.-Bless me! Another year gone. That's the forty-third I've wasted. the same remedy without delay. All the cases in which I used it were very well This must not go on; I must do something, and I must show them that I can, marked, and the epidermis on the arms Ha! ha! They will see, February.—Hang it, it's February! in each case came away like the skin of a snake. The following was the exact After all, it's only a month lost. Still, a mouth is a month. Now for it. treatment followed in each case: Thor-

March.-It seems to me I could do almost anything if I settled down to it, Now let's settle. APRIL .- Well, I can't begin on the That would be rather too much of

JUNE .- I fell in love last month; and this month— July.— * * *

August.-- * * * SEPTEMBER.—I say, look here, know! time's getting on.
OCTOBER.—I've settled down to it now in sober earnest. It is to be no ephemeral work, to be read lightly, cast aside, and forgotten.

NOVEMBER.-The friend I have read the first chapter to says it has all been done before. How is this? How dare anybody presume to forestall me? DECEMBER. -I see now that wasn't my Which is, though? Next year!

"It Might Have Been."

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much The Burlington Hawkeye has this: Sometimes, what a dreamy, far away pic-ture of the beautiful had been it calls up we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than the blank walls in your memory, when you have loved a fair young girl with all the fervor and and nothing on them; for pictures are passionate ardor of a manly nature, when loopholes of escape to the soul, leading your very soul has caught the inspiration it to other scenes and other spheres. It of her presence, and her face has been is such an inexpressible relief to some for you the realization of all that was persons engaged in writing, or reading tender and fair and pure, and when the even, on looking up, not to have his loss of this prize has swept over your line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul heart like a sirocco of agony, and left it dry and bitter and hard, ten years after, escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture to other beautiful and perhaps idyllic scenes, where the to look over an alley fence when hunting for your runaway boy, and see her in the back yard of a corner grocery, with a draggled calico dress pinned up over a fancy of a moment may revel, refreshed draggled calico dress pinned up over a and delighted. Is it winter in your red flannel petticoat, a man's hat perched world? perhaps it is summer in the picture. What a charming momentary change and contrast! on her head, and siretching a flapping shirt over a line, while she holds two clothespins between her teeth.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Secret.

The great success of the late Commodore Vanderbilt in steamboating and railroading, whereby he amassed a larger fortune than any other private person during a lifetime, has naturally awakened a strong desire to learn the secret of his uniform and most surprising achieve-ments. The commodore himself, when questioned upon the subject during the latter years of his life, gave various explanations of it. To one young man, who was about entering upon the career of a Wall street broker, and who had sought his counsel, he said: "Sonny, don't never sell what you haven't got," which was an excellent piece of advice for a stockbroking adventurer, notwithstanding its defective grammar. To another he said: "Sam, don't never put it this might be put in letters of gold over the desk of every one who takes financial risks, whether in Wall street or elsewhere, and it would be an excellent maxim also for a politician. To another aspirant for fortune, who had asked his advice, he said: "Don't never buy what

you can't pay for." These were three admirable maxims for business, adds the New York Sun, and he probably acted through his long and successful career in strict conformity with them. He never speculated, nor made any rash ventures. But his favorite maxim, the one upon which set the highest value and most seriously inculcated upon those who were on the most inti-mate terms with him, was a condensathe ditch was filled with their bodies, as tion of one among the wisest of the proverbs of Solomon: "In all labor there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury." The commodore had probably never read this golden proverb, and he can hardly be said to have paraphrased it in putting it into his homely advice: "Keep your mouth shut." This was what he said to his young grandson, upon whom he based his hopes of founding a dynasty, only a few days before his own mouth was closed forever. He had been giving the young man some words of serious advice, and he ended by say-ing: "But, above all, keep your mouth shut." He used to say that he owed most of what was called his good fortune to the practice of keeping to himself what he meant to do until he had done it. And this has been the rule of all great men who have done anything during their lives to excite the wonder and admiration of their fellow beings.

The Unfortunate Chinese.

The San Francisco Alta says: We regret to chronicle the outrages and cowardcrowd of men gathered and urged on the the assistance of the Chinaman, when he was ordered to stand back and not inter-fere. "No arrests." On Third street a Chinaman was set upon by drunken hoodlums and knocked down and beaten, but got away from them and took refuge in a saloon, but was ejected by the pro-prietor. A large crowd collected, and when the Chinaman came out he concluded to show fight, and went for one of his assailants armed with a door rug, which he laid over the scoundrel's shoulders until he beat a retreat. "No arrests." On Kearney street one of the large plate glass windows of Ching Lee's store was demolished by a rock weighing ten pounds, which went crashing through the beautiful chinaware exhibited in the window. "No arrests." Another Chinaman was knocked down and beaten on Pacific street at twelve M. "No arrests.

Fond of Oysters.

The starfish is reddish, looking something like a sea spider. He is a counoisseur and a glutton. He has the shape of a five-pointed star, from three to six inches from tip to tip, but sometimes grows to ten inches. The starfish travels in schools, although solitary feeders are occasionally to be found. His modus operandi is as follows: A school will settle down on an oyster bed. Each fish will tackle an oyster and surround it with his feelers. When the ovster opens his mouth to feed the wicked starfish deliberately sticks his feelers inside and pulls out the oyster. Then he eats it and then tackles another oyster. A starfish can beat any man eating raw oysters. Last summer and fall they committed many ravages in the East river and at found they are raked off and carried ashore for manure. Sometimes schools of starfish are found three or four feet thick. Such a school will ruin an oyster bed in a few hours. Sometimes the starfish will sail in and spoil an oyster bed and then go off and leave one next to it untouched. In every oyster bed two or three are sure to be found. The starfish commits his devastations in the winter. They mostly frequent the East river, City island Oyster bay and Cow bay.

Both Russia and Turkey are eagerly buying up American revolvers and rifles. By the Colt machinery bought by Gen. Gorloff, already 3,000,000 rifles have been turned out. Russia has imported 100,-000 Smith & Wesson revolvers and 20,-000,000 cartridges, to say nothing of the 400,000 cartridges manufactured daily in Russia from American machines. Meanwhile Turkey has contracted in Rhode Island for 800,000 Martini-Henry rifles, of which 250,000 have already been shipped, and 100,000 more are ready for ex-

Frost Work.

The frosts have come with noiseless tread. The vanguard of the snow : The sumach wears the robe of red, And all the forest leaves, though dead, In gold and crimeon glow.

The exiled summer birds have flown,

And o'er each empty nest The breathing winds make coaseless roam-A half unuttered monotone, A sigh of vague unrest.

Items of Interest.

An exchange says a man going home from a dry lecture is a returning bored. A man lately inquiring for letters at a post-office was told there were none, upon which he asked if there was not

another post-office in the place. I beseech you, says Horace Maan, to treasure up in your hearts these, my part-ing woods: Be ashamed to die until you

have won some victory for humanity. There are at present about 350 wells in Canada capable of producing oil, but owing to the dullness of the market, only about 200 of these are in operation. There are fifteen refineries, chiefly at

The skating being now very good, toothache and cholera morbus have appeared among the boys, just after school begins, in the nature of an epidemic, and threatens to sap the foundations of our educational system.

"Do you reside in this city?" asked a man of a masked lady at a masquerade party the other evening. He felt sick when she said to him, in a low voice: "Don't be a fool, John, I know you by that wart on your thumb." It was his

A Paris journal says that Baron, the singer, is of an unusual height—so tall, indeed, that when he went the other day to consult a doctor about a severe cold in the head, the physician said: "My friend, you must have got your feet wet last year.

The litigation between the trustees of the Lick estate and the heirs has been amicably adjusted, the natural son of the testator receiving \$533,000, from which he is to pay \$72,000 to other heirs in various amounts. The estimated value of the property is \$3,300,000.

A divorce had separated Mr. and Mrs.

Kottmeyer, of Cincinnati. He called on her, said that he had come to say good-bye, and pretended to offer to shake hands; but when he got near enough he disclosed a knife in his extended hand, and stabbed her to death, There is a remarkable difference in the climate on the hills and in the valleys around Santa Rosa, Cal. In the valleys

there have been sixteen severe frosts in succession, while in the thermal belt on the hills bordering on the valleys the tomato vines are not yet killed. A gentleman in a stage coach, passing some edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was. The driver replied : "It is the Unitarian church." tarian!" said the gentleman; "and what is that?" "I don't know," said Jehu;

but I believe it is in the opposition Highwaymen have been audacious of late near St. Louis, and two policemen, heavily armed, and dressed like farmers, were sent out to make a capture. They were assailed by robbers, as they had hoped to be; but otherwise their mission was a failure, for instead of capturing the gang, they were themselves stripped of everything that they had worth tak-

The people of Los Angeles took a very unique method of preventing a threatened influx of Chinese laborers. A party of six hundred arrived there a few days ago and camped near the new depot. The citizens immediately started a report that the peculiarity of the climate causes the nose to grow to a for-midable length, and that the Indians invariably seize Chinamen by their elongated appendage and wring their heads A few minutes before the time for the departure of the train the Chinese seized their baggage, dashed it from the cars, and stampeded over the hills and

Surprisers Surprised.

A Baltimore paper says : As Charles Mules and his wife were in their home, the door was opened in answer to a knock, when in rushed pell-mell twenty masqueraders in the most grotesque and horrible costumes possible to imagine. Mrs. Mules was seated with a child upon her lap. The little one becoming frightened screamed, and the mother, who recognized among the masqueraders many of her most intimate friends, male and female, vainly endeavored to quiet it. Mr. Mules owns an enormous Newfoundland dog, which at once bounded up stairs and made an attack upon the intruders. There is no record of any former panic where the means of egress were taken advantage of more quickly than on this occasion. In two and three-quarter seconds the house was clear, and the street, for two blocks either way, was Oyster bay. Oystermen now are on the lookout for the starfish. They often rake tion. A devil slipped on the ice as a over their beds and if any starfish are harlequin ran over him followed by a clown. A negro crawled on his hands and knees under the steps of an adjoining house, and other characters scattered in every direction. Mules says if they ever get that party together again he will be glad to see them, and will chain up the "purp."

Festivals for 1877.

Septuagesima Sunday	January	2
Quinquagesimi—Shrove Sunday	February	ī
Ash Wednesday Quadragesimi-1st Sunday in Lent	February	1
Quadragesimi-1st Sunday in Lent	February	1
St. David.	March	ū
St. Patrick. Auguneiation—Lady Day	. March	1
Annunciation-Lady Day	March	2
Paim Sunday	March	1222
Good Friday	March	3
Easter Sunday	April	
Low Sunday	April	11
St. George	.April	2
Rogation Sunday	.May	
Ascension Day-Holy Thursday.	May	1
Pentecost-Whit Sunday		2
Trinity Sunday	May	2
Corrate Christi	May	3
St. John Baptist-Midsummer Day	.June	2
St Michael Michaelmas Day	September	2
St. Andrew First Sunday in Advent	. November	3
First Sunday in Advent	.December	03
St Thomas	December	-2
Christmas Day	December	2