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The Farmer's Wife. he farmer came in from the field one day; His languid step and his weary way. His bended brow, his sinewy hand, all showed his work for the good of the land

For he sows, And he hoes, And he mows, All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife, Light of his home and joy of his life, With face all aglow and busy hand, Preparing the meal for her husband's band, For she must boil, And she must broil, And she must toil,

All for the good of the home. The bright sun shines when the farmer good

The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk abou The brook babbles softly in the glen While he works so bravely for the good of mer For he sows, And he mows.

All for the good of the land. How briskly the wife steps about within, The dishes to wash, the milk to skim: The fire goes out, the flies buzz about-

And he hoes,

For the dear ones at home her heart is key There are pies to make, There is bread to bake, And steps to take

All for the sake of home. When the day is o'er, and the evening is com The creatures are fed, the milking done, He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree. From the labor of the land his thoughts are

> Though he sows, And he hoes, And he mows, He rests from the work of the land,

at the faithful wife, from sun to sun Makes her burden up that's never done There is no rest, there is Lo play, For the good of the house she must work away

For to mend the frock, And to knit the sock, And the cradle to rock, All for the good of the home.

When autumn is here, with its chilling blast The farmer gathers his crop at last; His barns are full, his fields are bare; For the good of the land he ne'er hath care, While it blows,

And it snows, Till winter goes, He rests from the work of the land.

But the willing wife, till life's closing day, Is the children's guide, the husband's stay from day to day she has done her best, Until death alone can give her rest; For after the test Comes the rest, With the blest

In the farmer's heavenly home -Christian Union

A COLLECTOR'S STORY.

"Good-bye, dear," I said, after I had put on my coat and gathered up the She took hold of my wrist and detain-

"Wait a moment, John." Then she called to Mack, my great Newfoundland dog, and he came out of the house, and, at a motion from her, jumped into the sleigh and curled him

He was a noble fellow, my brave Mack. I really think there never was such another dog. I had brought him all the way from New Hampshire, and we had grown to feel perfectly secure in the house with him, so watchful and faithful was the noble dog; but it never occurred to me to take him on this trip, in a

Belle," I said, "you are a silly girl. The dog will only be a botheration to me, and ten to one you'll want him here before I get back."

"Now, John, please do take himfor me! Please do take him, Johntake him, just because your silly little wife is afraid to have you go without

Of course the girl had her way. I was never able to understand how a man can resist this kind of persuasion. I never could, and never expect to. So I kissed her and chirruped to Chevalier, and he bounded away through the set-

tlement like an arrow.

It was the dead of winter and an unusually heavy snow had fallen, filling in the roadway to the depth of four feet There had been travel enough to pack it hard, so that I found the sleighing excellent. Chevalier's hoofs glanced nimbly over the snow, and in two hours I had made more than twenty miles, and had reached the substantial log-cabin of one of our best and most intelligent customers. He received me with a hearty welcome, and when I told him what my mission was, he invited me to make his cabin my headquarters while I remained in the neighborhood. I thankfully accepted the invitation, stayed all night, and the next morning, under the guidance of Dick, my host's youngest son, a clever boy of about thirteen, I started out to make my first experiment in collecting. It does not concern my story to describe everything that happened to me during my stay with our friend,

which lasted rather more than a week. When I began to realize that I had collected about as much money as my employer expected from this trip, I sat down to count it up. I had been out all day, and it was now just at the edge of the evening. Supper was almost ready, and I made up my mind that if my portmanteau contained as much as I thought, I would only wait to appease my hunger before returning to the settle ment. I poured out the money on the floor, and counted it. It was all in gold and silver, for bank-notes would have been despised among us then, and there was the sum of eleven hundred and seventy-three dollars. They were all sorry to have me go, and made me promise to come again and bring my wife before the winter was gone. I put on my coat and muffled up my ears, and

The sleighing was still excellent; the there that eveninght was clear and cold, and the full Chevalier killed.

moon made it as bright as day. skimmed along for a mile or two, my thoughts all the time on Belle and the thoughts all the time on Belle and the happy meeting we would have in a little time, when the extraordinary conduct of Mack attracted my attention. He had been lying quietly at my feet, with the rug which enveloped them also covering him. He suddenly shook it off, growled savagely, and began to smell around the bottom of the sleigh.

Had it been summer time, I really be-lieve I should have thought the animal was going mad. Never before did I see him behave thus; and his conduct troubled me so that I shouted to Chevalier, and we skimmed away faster. About sixty rods ahead I saw a tall, blasted tree, which I had been told was half-way from the settlement to Mr. Selkirk's, and, pulling my watch to observe the time, I saw to my surprise that I had been an hour and three-quarters coming twelve miles. I think I was never so astonished in my life. The capacities of Chevalier were so well known to me, and I was so sure that his ordinary gait, with-out the frequent urging I had given him, would carry Mack and me a mile in six minutes, mile after mile, that I could not comprehend that he had been so slow, while apparently traveling fast. I called while apparently traveling fast. I called to him again, and he stepped off smartly; the dog growled, and, I am heartly ashamed to say it, I kicked him hard in my unreasonable anger. I had cause to repent of those kicks before another ten minutes had gone.

I passed the blasted tree, and entered upon the last half of the way. Before me now lay a long, level stretch of road, without an obstruction or turn for severe

without an obstruction or turn for several miles, and one dazzling white surface of snow upon it. I looked out ahead, and just as far as I could see to distinguish anything from the snow, probably not less than a mile away, I saw a black speck. It did not hold my attention when I first saw it; but as Chevalier sped on, rapidly devouring the distance, it took form and size, until when within thirty rods of it, I could plainly see that it was a man. There he stood, upright in the middle of the road, without speech or retire. without speech or motion, apparently waiting !

Was he waiting for me? Did he know that I was coming with eleven hundred dollars in cash in a portmanteau at my feet? And, if so, what would he co? For the first time since my absence from the settlement I began to feel nervous, and thought it would only be safe to take out my pistols and have them ready. I felt in my right-hand overcoatpocket, and found nothing; I felt in the left one, and found nothing. They had both been removed, and at Selkirk's. was certain I had them when I returned there at night.

der and robbery flashed upon me; and here I was stripped of my weapons and defenseless. The horse was now within four rods of the motionless figure in the eral Grant, when he pleases. road, and bearing down rapidly upon him, and with the desperate idea of running over him. I shouted to Chevalier. and lashed him with the ends of thereins. He bounded like a bolt up to the manstopped in his fright, swerved, and was instantly seized by the bit, and his head brought down by the powerful ruffian. Before I had time to think, there was a shout, which I distinctly heard: "Your money, quick !" and then came two pis-tol shots, in such rapid succession that I could not have counted two between them. One ball passed through my hat, as I afterward discovered, within an inch of my head; the other went between my right arm and my body, cutting the skin in its passage. Almost at the instant Mack gave a ferocious growl, and dove under the seat upon which I was sitting. I heard him snapping and growling, and heard a human voice, half-suffocated trying to say: "Oh, God! Oh, God!" and then I thoroughly realized the situation. The man who had stopped me was struggling with Chevalier, desperately striving to keep his head down, when a happy thought came to my deliverance, and I quickly jerked the lines, one after the other. Quick as thought the noble brute broke away from the ruffian's grasp, and reared straight up in the air above his head, coming down again instantly. I saw that the man was lying motionless beneath Chevalier's hoofs, and, at a word from me, the ani-mal flew onward, while I lashed him into greater speed. The growls of Mack underneath me had ceased, as well as the cries of the miserable being who was suffering in his jaws; and in a few moments the glorious dog came out again and put his bloody paws on my knees, while he whined as if requesting some recognition of what he had done. I was terribly excited-I could not help it: the awful trial I had just passed through was enough to work upon stronger nerves than mine; but I put my arm around the noble fellow's neck, and hugged him as if he had been a woman. The last half of the way was passed rather quicker than the first, and the gallant Chevalier was covered with sweat when he stopped at the door of my employer's

house. I tumbled in upon my wife and he parents sitting around the fire, and I was just about speechless from cold and the reaction of my excitement. I found voice after a while to say that I wasn't hurt at all, and to ask my father-in-law to look under the seat of the sleigh. What he found there all of you know by this time. The man was stone dead, Mack's teeth having torn and mangled his neck frightfully. Selkirk came to the settlement the next day, and with his help the web of villany was completely unraveled. Both men had been at his house the afternoon previous to my return, but had left about an hour I came. Both might easily know that I had a large sum of money with me, for no secret had been made of my business, and it had been talked over in their hearing. After talking with Mr. Selkirk, I remembered for the first time that I had left my overcoat in the sleigh after coming back to the house that afternoon. Here, then, was the opportunity which the intended robbers and murderers embraced to steal my pistols, and for one of them to secrete himself under the sleigh-seat. In the woods, near the scene of the encounter, Mr. Selkirk found one of their horses, saddled and bridled, and hitched to a tree; and he had no doubt that it had been ridden there that evening by the man whom

Silent Americans Abroad.

A London letter writer says: Ex-President Grant astonishes some of his English friends by his silence. Ameri-English friends by his silence. Americans have generally plenty to say for themselves. As a rule they are ready after-dinner speakers. Two great excepti ns may now be recorded in London's experience of famous Americans. When Longfellow visited London, a dinner was given to him at the Langham Hotel. The poet having made some objection to lip glorification, and it heing jection to lip glorification, and it being understood that he would like the compliment intended to be paid to him all the better if there were no speeches, it was arranged that this dinner should be unlike the usual semi-public banquet, inasmuch as there should be no addresses and no proposing of toasts. There were many distinguished guests present. They were each in turn presented to Longfellow. Then came the dinner. It was excellent. A bright and general conversation had sprung up, untrammelled by this man's fear that he would have to speak on nis legs and the other man's fear that he would not. But there was a well known old gentleman at the table for whom this scene of contentment had no ettractions. Mr. S. C. Hall, known better by the men he has met than on his own account, and still more widely known as the husband of Mrs. S. C. Hall, suddenly rose in the midst of this happy throng, and, thundering on the table, began to speak. He would not be put down. Yes, he knew what the agreement was, but he also knew that at their board sat the most eloquent of Englishmen, and he called upon Mr. Gladstone to say a few words in honor of the greatest American poet. Mr. Hall had done his ruthless work well. He sat down amid a loud cheer, and presently Mr. Gladstone rose to still louder plaudits. The orator himself was taken aback, but he was equal to the occasion, and he paid a glorious tribute of eloquent praise to the poet. When Gladstone sat down Longfellow stood up.
Thunders of cheers greeted the grand old man, but the grand old man was very miserable. If they had given him a pen and called on him for a poem, he would have done well enough, but asked for a speech, and without notice, Mr. Long-

fellow was nonplused. He opened his mouth. No sound came forth. A second time he essayed to speak with a like result. At last he said: "Gentlemen, I thank you; but it was understood that there were to be no speeches. I imagine that in spite of his poetic gentleness and amiability Mr. Longfellow must cordially hate the name of S. C. Hall. Longfellow could chat pleasantly and learned enough away from the formal restraints of oratory; but ex-President Grant is what may be called a silent man all round. Now and then he breaks A horrible suspicion of intended murout into an easy vein of conversation, but this is only seldom. Midhat Pacha

himself is not more reticent than Gen-

A famous man was M. Chabert, the fire king, fire eater and "poison swal-lower, rather less than half a century By trade a baker at Paris he gain ed much notoriety by his fire-resisting qualities. According to the stories told of him he would rush into a burning house and bring out the inmates. Once passing a smith's forge he took out a white hot piece of iron with naked hand placed the end on an anvil, and had the smith hammer away. The son of Vulcan, too much alarmed, ran away, fearing that a denizen of the nether regions had made his appearance. For a time Chabert was inspector of the royal kit chen at the Tuilleries ; but he was prone to go into the heated oven and give out the dishes of baked viands with his hands. The king, fearful of the results from such proclivities, discharged him with a small pension. He went to Vienna, and in the presence of the imperia family sat in a tar barrel flaming and smoking until he was blackened like Coming to England, he exhibited at White Conduit House, where he entered a huge oven, took in a leg of mutton, shut the door, sang some French songs and came out with the mutton baked. On other occasions he bore the heat of an oven raised to 500 degrees. Repeatedly he swallowed phosphorous and prussic acid, or appeared to do so; but when Mr. Wakley, editor of the Lancet, proposed to administer the last named powerful poison as a test Chabert refused to comply. This and other circumstances led to the failure of the fire king as a profitable exhibition.

Turks Diving for Torpedos, The Turkish government has organized a corps of divers, whose business it is to root up the torpedoes which the Russians plant in the Danube and on the shore of the Black Sea. These divers are Mo-hammedans from Lazistan, and a certain number of them are attached to each of the Turkish squadrons. When the ships arrive near a spot where the existence of torpedoes is suspected two divers row to the place in a very light boat, which draws so little water that there is scarcely any danger of its striking against torpedo. On arriving at the destination one of the oarsmen dives into the sea; if he finds the wire or rope by which the torpedo is attached he cuts it with a sharp instrument, and returns quickly into the boat. The liberated torpede floats to the surface of the water, the men pass a sort of lasso round it, take it in tow, and then row back to the ship as quickly as possible. For each one thus captured the divers are paid about \$50 in addition to half the value of the torpedo itself.

The Fourth Abroad. The presence of General and Mrs. Grant in London naturally gave additional interest to the celebration of the "fourth," this year, in the British me-tropolis. The cable reports that the principal feature of the celebration of our nation I holiday took place at the American legation, where Mr. and Mrs. Grant acted as receiving guests, together with Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont. The reception lasted from four until seven o'clock, and was attended by all Americans at present in London, among them ex-Governor Hendricks, Senator Conkling, Gen. Sickles, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, and a host of other political and diplomatic personages. The reception closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Miss Steel, an American.

Shall we plant corn in checks, or drill in continuous rows, and cultivate only one way? Each method has its advanone way? Each method has its advantages, and each is practiced by equally good farmers. Corn in drills will produce larger crops than in checks, provided the season is favorable and the soil rich and clean. But no farmers have yet reached the limit of large crops of corn in hills. With rows three and onehalf feet each way, and three large ears per hill, the product would be 140 bush-els of ears per acre—a yieldthat far sur-passes the average. Most farmers think that they fail to grow large corn from lack of stalks, and hence plant six or even seven or stalks, and hence plant six or even seven grains per hill. Four is as many as should be dropped where grain is the object. If fodder is desired, still plant the grain thin and drill in a piece by itself as thickly as you choose. It is impossible to reach the best result in a corn crop, as in everything else, by trying to do two things at once. Even four stalks to a hill are too much for the largest yield of grain. The plants crowd each other too closely and the ears are shortened or imperfectly filled. Herein is the advantage of drilling corn. With continuous rows, six, seven or more stalks may be grown in the space which a hill would occupy, and without crowd-ing the plants. Some very large crops are grown in this way. Mr. Jesse Dewey of this county, a few years ago, grew 1,800 bushels of ears of corn on twelve acres of clover sod. He always has corn after clover, and always drills his seed, harrowing the ground thoroughly before and after the corn is up, and until it is six or seven inches high. The drag destroys a few plants, but he drills thickly enough to leave a good stand. The use of the harrow saves half of the labor of cultivating and entirely obviates the use of the hoe. Of course the land must be free from thistles and quack, as the drag will not keep these down but the drag will not keep these down, but the small annual seeds are easily de-stroyed by the slightest brush. It is much better to harrow corn which has been drilled than that planted in hills, for what is destroyed does not leave so large a vacant space. Another advantage is, that with a fertilizer drill, some phosphate, guano, or gypsum may be drilled with the seed to give it a good send off. Applying such fertilizers by hand before planting is a very slow and laborious

process. The ease with which a field may be planted with a drill is another strong recommendation. In a poor season early planted corn always does best, and a difference of two or three days in getting in the crop may decide its success. But it is useless to think of drilling corn, except for folder, except on clean land. If the field is foul it is better to take a readily that breaking it up by cross cultivation will not be needed. It is on such land only that drilling corn can be confidently recommended. Most of the failures in drilling come from seeding too lightly and from having the ground filled with June grass, or other weeds which choked the crop. - W. J. F., in

Country Gentleman

Farm Notes. . Cucumber Bugs.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph writes: "Melon and cucumber bugs like radish leaves better than any other kind. I sow a few radish seeds in each hill, and never lose a plant. Earth-worms, cutworms, white grubs, and in fact, most worms are easily driven out by salt sown broadcast, You can do no harm with ten bushels to the acre, but half a bushel is ample. Dry slacked lime is also ef-

A New Fruit .- The Diospyros Kali, known as the date plum or Japanese persimmon, has been grown in Califorand its successful culture fully established. The tree is highly ornamental, is a prolific bearer, is as hardy as the pear, and ripens as early. The fruit is solid, and can be shipped across the continent, When dried it is equal to figs, and can be kept a long time. milion color, and is unsurpassed for the table, being thought by some to be equal to the peach or strawberry. Its for manufacturing, being a species of ebony. It will bear in from one to three years. Cultivate the same as the apple, and in the same variety of soil. Grafted and reliable stock can be sent by mail.

CHEMICAL MANURES. - Experiments with chemical manures, or with new fertilizers of any kind should be made upon a small scale, and then, as perience with the fertilizers and skill in using them are acquired, they may be used on a larger scale. But experiments are expensive, and whole crops should not be risked in making them. And in the mean time the farmer's reliance must be upon barn-yard manure, muck, lime, plaster, bone-dust, super-phosphate, and such other manures as experience has shown to be profitable, The profits of farming will be largely increased by the proper use and application of chemical fertilizers, but in changing from well-established practice, new circumstances, as well as new materials, are introduced, and the changes should be carefully made, or losses may

Turkey Management

One great drawback to turkey-raising is the difficulty in getting the hen to lay her eggs in a safe place. But if by placing boxes or barrels containing straw or hay under an evergreen tree, in a clump of bushes or by a stone wall near the buildings, we can tempt her to occupy our impoverished nest, we have attained the desired object. As fast as the eggs are laid they should be taken (substituting china ones in their place) from their exposed position and carefully stored in a moderately cool place. If the hen does not occupy one of the nests we have provided, but steals one, that also must be found, if possible, and the eggs secured till she shows signs of

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. with a supply of food and drink, a box of sand and undisturbed possession of the room, and all will be well.

The Fashions.

BASQUES. Great improvements have been, and are still being, made in the style and cut are still being, made in the style and cut of the bodice, the object being to lengthen, as much as possible, the distance between the arm and the hip. Basques are very long and smooth, fitting the figure like a glove. Sometimes there are five seams extending to the shoulders, forming a double side-body, as in the Princesse. Again, there are three seams curved toward the arm-hole. Some basques have belts attached to the side seams, and fastened by a gold buckle a little to the left of the front. Others are girdles pointed in the middle on the are girdles pointed in the middle on the upper edge, while the lower edge is trimmed with rows of silk loops. Others, again, are folds of satin buttoned in front; all, however, being on the sides, leaving the back to show the graceful curve of the seams without interruption. These are finished with the English collar, made very high, with the front points rolled open very far, to show the relation inside facing. The bow at the throat is invariably used. The Continental, or Louis XIV. basque, with vest and square postillion, is much used for rich toilets. postillion, is much used for rich toilets. Brocaded silks, copied from pictures by Watteau, are made on purpose. This stylish garment has a postillion in the back lengthened into two equal lappels, with a small Mousquetaire facing, in the Mousquetaire style. A broad, square collar is sometimes used to match the cuffs, which finish the sleeves. SLEEVES.

The sleeve is placed high in the shoulder, and the shoulder seam far back. The arm-hole is much rounded in front. The cord around the arm-size is placed upon the inside, or between the lining and the material, to give a good set to the sleeve. Like every other item of the toilet, they are closely fitted, upon the Duchesse order, plain below the elbow, with buttons and simulated button-holes on the elbow seam, which is sometimes made to lap over flatly, as a base for trimming. A small cuff or puff may be added, which gives a broad-shouldered effect to a slender figure. In more fanciful toilets the outer seam is slashed and filled in with a puff of the material used in trimming the costume. In fact, the sleeve is the objective point of garniture. Epaulette-like straps or bands are prettier with a low corsage than short sleeves, which break the harmony of outline, and which, if employed at all, should be simply a puffing or fall of lace. The Martha Washington sleeve, plain and close to the elbow, where it is supplemented by a fall of lace, is very stylish, either for full dress or for the street, always, of little more labor in planting and save a course, in conjunction with the twelve-good deal in hoeing. On a field that has course, in conjunction with the twelvegrown a large crop of clover the previous around the arm-size is set on the inside year, there will usually be few seeds of as well as the outside, to set the sleeve weeds. The sod also will decay so up easily.

For a time these have become overlresses, and usually of the Princesse order, though the diaphanous, or even semi-diaphanous, materials come in. There is a demand for something more. Overskirts alternate with polonaise where slightly bouffant effects are desirable. The scarf appliances so prevalent do not retain position so well as in silk or velvet. There is such a variety in the styles from which to choose, suggestions seem superfluous; yet it seems most fit-ting to select from the present order of grenadines, gazelines, etc., such a design as will best assimilate with the basque chosen, and display to greatest advantage the somewhat complicated figure of the fabric.

The demand of the present styles for ome sustaining power is imperative. Small hoopskirts, with no bustle, are now made with light, supple springs of steel below the region of the loins, to carry the weight of the skirt from off the limbs, thus accelerating the chances of walking conveniently and preserving the heels of boots from the friction of stiff braids, facings and other unwieldy substances employed to face the skirt around the bottom. They are laced just back of It is of a bright yellow, orange, or ver- | the hips, in order that their size may be changed at pleasure. There are no hoops in the center where the wearer would upon them, and the front is a mere ladaverage weight is from ene-half pound der of tapes, and the ends of hoops are to over a pound. The wood is valuable lost in the fullness of the dress upon the sides, the back support causing the train discovery of an offensive habit in the to flow out gracefully. They cost from \$1.50 upward. Petticoats are so arranged that they add to the fullness of skirts, and care should be taken that nothing should destroy the glove-like fit of the bodice, which constitutes the pertection of present models. LATONA.

A School Girl Thrashing a Boy.

A curious example of female grit oc curred in one of the rural school dis-tricts in Skowhegan, Me., recently. The school was a disorderly one, the teacher having lost her control over the scholars Some of the boys had annoyed the girls exceedingly by throwing wadded paper, junks of clay, etc. Finally, one of them reported a certain boy to the teacher. the teacher's reply was that she wanted no tattling." Soon after, while the school was in session, this boy, in firing across the school room, hit this same young lady, hurting her quite badly. Her supply of patience and grace was exhausted. Immediately seizing a large book with these words "If the teacher can't lick you, I can," she started for him. It is said that she pounded until through his tears he begged for mercy. It is also stated that the boy has been remarkably supple and obedient ever since.

Comanche War Fashions. Says the Fort Worth Democrat: We inspected the warring outfit of a Co-manche Indian, killed three hundred miles west of Jacksboro on the Staked plains by a company of United States colored troops—the feathered arrows, bow with the panther skin encasement, together with the deer-skin belt, trimmed a room in a shed or tarn and placed on a nest prepared for her reception. After she is fully established in the incubation business, give her the eggs, furnish to HARD TIMES.

The Popular Science Monthly says:

Present Relation Between Production and

Production and consumption do not have that intimate relation to each other they once had. In old times the weaver, for instance, was in contact with his customers; he wove cloth as he discovered the need; he cautiously set up a second loom when it became fully evident that it could be kept employed; and thus supply and demand went, as it were, hand in hand. But now gigantic mills filled with many spindles have lit-tle accurate relation to consumption. The power of production by means of improved machinery is something im-mense, and it is exercised with no very watchful or cautious regard to the immediate needs of the community. Goods are piled up in vast quantities in waiting for a future market, or for an anticipated change in price, or they are pressed upon the market at such low rates or on such long credits that buyers are seduced into over-purchases. In favorable times these establishments are run at high pressure. The old-fashioned nice relation between producer and consumer disappears. Speculation takes the helm. Much more is produced than there is corn, leather, or other goods, to exchange for it. The resources of the mills are great; they can borrow from the banks while they pile up their fabrics in their warerooms; they can by means of their concentrated capital keep their machinery running, even at a loss, if by so doing they can crush out a rival or manipulate the market. But in the

height of this prosperous run there is a check—no matter for what cause—and suddenly the work stops. There is little sale for goods produced; the fires must be put out, the doors closed, and thousands of operatives are deprived of employment. This would not be so un-fortunate if this over-production had been diffused among the work-people. But it had not. Notwithstanding the high pressure and the excessive manu-facture, wages have been kept down; while producing in six months as much as could be exchanged in a year, the workmen have not been paid in this way —their wages have been upon the basis of the whole year's work—as a result, they are turned empty-handed upon the they are turned empty-handed upon the street. And, what is particularly unfortunate, they are reduced as consumers to the minimum point. Here the evil works both ways. The excessive production which has shut up the mill has weakened the power of the community to absorb this production—the goose that laid the egg has been slain. Inevitably the recovery from hard times brought about

recovery from hard times brought about in this way must be slow. The spindles cannot be set in motion until the stock of goods on hand is reduced and a fresh lemand revives; this demand cannot revive because the great body of consumers are in a state of impoverishment, This condition of things is entirely sufficient to explain the genesis and the

prolongation of business prostration. Capital is not impaired: it is locked up in machinery that is silent, in goods that cannot be exchanged, in money that has no borrowers. It is the paralysis of consumption that is the cause

Thoughts for Saturday Night. A difference of tastes in jokes is great strain on the affections.

Narrow-minded people deliberately shut out half the pleasures of life be cause the enjoyment of them clashes with their own peculiar views.

Base natures joy to see hard hap hapen to them they deem happy.

Decency is the least of all laws, but yet it is the law which is the most stricty observed. Envy makes us see what will serve

to accuse others and not perceive what may justify. Everything is worth seeing once, and the more one sees the less one either

wonders or admires. In the species with which we are best acquainted—namely, our own—I am far,

even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy .- Paley. Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some ex-

cuse; but envy wants both; we should strive against it, for if indulged in it will be to us a foretaste of hell, upon earth. To a man of a delicate and sensitive mind, nothing is so truly revolting as the

woman he respects. Let grace and goodness be the principal loadstone of thy affections, for love which has ends will have an end, whereas that which is founded on true virtue will

always continue. Extravagance is one of the greatest evils of the present age. It is undermining and overturning the loftiest and best principles that should be attained and held sacred in society. It is annually sending thousands of young men and women to misfortune and ruin

Detroit's Hero. Anthony Grogan, jumping for the

ward avenue, Detroit, Mich., missed and fell, but he was saved by John Horn, jr. This makes the one hundred and thirtieth person that Mr. Horn has rescued from drowning. It is thirteen years since Mr. Horn, sr., took up his quarters at the foot of Woodward avenue, occupying the restaurant on the wharf. His son John was then a youth of twenty years, a powerful athlete, well known in base ball circles as one of the strongest batsmen ever turned out in Detroit. Before Mr. Horn established his headquarters on the wharf at the foot of Woodward avenue, the place was dangerous, as there were no railings along the shores, and oftentimes the nights were so dark and so foggy that it was easy to walk off suddenly into twenty-five feet of water. Mr. Horn has lost \$1,500 worth of clothing in saving life, sometimes ruining a new and handsome suit within an hour after putting on for the first time. In 1871 his admirers in Detroit gave him a beautiful gold medal, and this he lost in rescuing a person from drowning. In the rescue of Anthony Grogan, Mr. Horn lost his gold watch and chain and a medal presented to him by the city authorities. Two years ago Congress voted him a gold

Items of Interest.

The plague of 1346 is said to have de stroyed in Christendom 23,840,000 per-

sons. Immigration from Russia brought us 5,959 individuals last year—mostly

At a Michigan wedding a man of one hundred and six years danced with a young lady eighty-nine years his junior. This war has already demonstrated one thing, that the Russians can run as well as the Turks can when occasion re-

The French mint has struck 10,000 francs worth of centime pieces in bronze, each representing about the twelfth of

an American cent. It is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The constitution of the United States says that "the right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."

Daniel Webster, Wellington, Napoleon, Bismarck, or any other great man whose genius put its brand upon the age, would feel his insignificance as

quickly as you or we if he ever attempted to wade through a Texas wheatfield. A Baltimore hack driver reached his home a few nights since and complained of severe pains in his side. Rising from his chair he said to his wife: "I shall die before morning," and walked toward the window. Suddenly he fell to the

floor dead. A Western paper has improved on the original plan, and now says: "No com-munication will be published in this paper unless accompanied by the full name of the writer and a five-dollar bill; these are not requested for publication,

but as a guaranty of good faith." In Pittsburgh Jacob Klonsking wrapped \$300 in notes up in paper and put it in a drawer. His wife wishing to kindle a fire soon after began a search for paper, but found none until she opened the precious drawer, and a cheerful blaze was soon on the hearth, which cost Klonsking nearly \$300.

A Sad Story.

"Married, in New Orleans, Thursday, June 7, 1877, at 5:30 r. m., James M. Walpole and Monnie M., daughter of the late George W. Pritchard."
"Died, June 7, 1877, at 8:30 r. m., Monnie M., wife of James M. Walpole."

The above, from a New Orleans paper,

is the simple announcement of one of the sorrowfulest stories it ever falls to mortal pen to recount. Monnie M. Pritchard, of New Orleans, was a beautiful, gentle, very intelligent girl. She was a cousin of Mr. William McAlpin, of Cincinnati, and some time ago visited Cincinnati and the North for the first time. Her visit of a few weeks in Cin-cinnati stretched itself out to many months, before she left finally for her

Southern home.
She naturally had many friends and admirers. Mr. James M. Walpole, city editor of the New Orleans Picayune, had been devoted to her for four years, and at length, on the nineteenth of June, they were to have been married. Before the happy day came Miss Pritchard was stricken with sudden, fatal sick ness. Thursday, June 7, it became plain that the lovely girl could not tarry longer among the living. They told her so, and she sent for her bethrothed, and asked to be married to him before she died.

"Yes," said Mr. Walpole, "if she is to die, I want her to die as my wife." The solemn marriage ceremony was performed hurriedly and sadly, while the gentle soul was even then passing into eternity. Three hours after she was dead, and Mr. Walpole, four years a lover, three hours a husband and now a widower, has only her sweet remem-

A Choleric Father's Revenge.

brance left him.

A sentimental young gentleman in Galveston, Texas, was paying his addresses to a pretty daughter of a choleric Frenchman, and was drifting gently into the smooth haven of wedlock. Suddenly he ran across a snag. A jealous rival told the young lady that her affianced lover had called her father "a snappish, snarling, gouty old frog-eater," and had described her as "a flirt of the first water, with a temper equal to that of Beelzebub's spinster aunt." young lady was angry. She told her father and he was also wroth. The doors were closed upon the lover; the old gentleman even threatened to brain him. A few weeks afterward the young lady discovered that her lover had been maligned, and forthwith he was summoned with prayers, promises and tears. He called one evening and everything was satisfactorily explained. The choleric old Frenchman did not know that the charges were false. He happened to pass through the hall and saw the happy lovers sitting close to each other and holding hands. His ire was inflamed. He went on tip-toe to the water-cooler at the end of the hall, carried it to the parlor door, and suddenly reversed it above the heads of the devoted pair. Explanations and dry clothes were soon in order. ferry boat Victoria, at the foot of Wood-

A Small Feast of Horrors.

A war correspondent on his way to Widdin on the Danube gives the following little episode of his journey: The Tcherkess, who acted as our guide and who called himself Mahmoud, became talkative, and gave us to understand, more by gestures than words, that he was in the last war. He complacently related to us the part he took, and he made the most amusing figure as he strenuously endeavored to explain himself. His eyes shone like burning coals. "It was here," said he, "that I shot the Servian officer whose horse I am now riding; there I cut off the head of a corporal, who seemed determined not to die. Further on I cut off the ears and nose of a soldier. "There," pointing to a little shrub, "I buried the nose. Shall I show it to you?" We asked to be ex-cused. While he related to us all his terrible story he occasionally sniffed the perfume of a rose which a pretty little girl had given him just previous to our departure. As he held it almost continually to his nose and mouth I ventured to remark that the Turks were very fond of flowers; when he was not smelling the rose he was drinking absinthe—a very agreeable amusement to him, no doubt,