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Jennie, the Milkmaid.
My heart is so light,
I sing day and night,
Book, Boss,
Book.
My pail is now ready,
I carry it steady,
Moo, Boss,
Moo.
My Jamie comes whistling,
He knows I am listening,
So, Boss,
So.
He smiles in my face,
And then takes my place,
Stand, Boss,
Stand.
I sink right by his side,
My warm blushes to hide,
Wink, Boss,
Wink.
He looks down in my eyes,
I peep up in surprise,
Low, Boss,
Low.
"Look, Jennie, look yonder!"
I turn in great wonder,
Back, Boss,
Back.
Round my neck his arm steals,
On the air his laugh peals,
Slow, Boss,
Slow.
On my lips, quick as light,
He springs like a wight,
Turn, Boss,
Turn.
Then away I run fast,
He sings out: "Caught at last!"
Bye, Boss,
Bye.

The Burnt Letter.

It was a gossiping neighbor who had been spending an hour with Mrs. Webb, and just before she went she had let fly the arrow she had kept in her quiver.

"You son Grantley goes over the hill to the Burdock's pretty often, Mrs. Webb," said she.

"I don't know it if he does," replied the old lady.

"Naturally he wouldn't tell you until the last, after old Burdock's quarrel with his dead father," said the neighbor.

"But every body else knows. It's said to be a settled thing. Why, Kenzie saw him kiss her at the gate one Sunday night, and even Ann Burdock would hardly go so far that unless it was so, eh? Well, good-bye."

She hurried off leaving her hostess dumb and motionless at the door.

"It was some moments before she even thought of going in and casting herself into her chair, but she did it at last, and fell to talking to herself in this wise:

"Oh, it's worse than anything that ever happened to me. I've had trouble, heaven knows, but it was the kind I had to bear if God sent it, but this doesn't seem right. My Grantley to marry Steven Burdock's daughter, the child of the very worst enemy his father ever had, a girl brought up by a woman I despise! Sarah Burdock never had the ways I liked, nor did I think I thought right for a woman to do. Everything is so different with the Burdocks, so strange. Like ought to marry like, or there'd never be a happy home. But that's the way with men a pretty face strikes them, and away they go, and Grantley is like the rest, and I don't know if he chooses Sarah Burdock's daughter!"

She rocked to and fro as she spoke, letting her neglected knitting drop into her lap.

"There's Fanny White," she murmured, "a nice, thirty year old, and Minnie Holm. Why, I never saw the boy's friend I have. There are plenty of girls I could have made up my mind to; though I don't know why Grantley should marry any one yet. But Ann Burdock, with her showy ways, and her airs and graces, I never can welcome her, never, never. I must go away and live by myself if she comes here to lord it over the house; and her mother, no doubt, will come and sit and talk in her foolish, flighty way; and the sisters will sit in the parlor windows, and take up the table. They'll be here half the time, and make nobody of me. I know them. Oh! if my Grantley would marry Ann Burdock. But it can't be! It can't!"

Just then a foot struck the floor of the porch, the window raised a little, and through the aperture came flying two letters. One a yellow, vulgar-looking missive, the other a little white envelope with a monogram on it.

The old lady looked up.

The postman, who had thus easily delivered his letters, looked over his shoulder, and laughed and nodded at her, as he hurried away with his leather bag upon his arm, and she put on her spectacles to read a letter to her son.

The yellow envelope held only one of those circulars with which tradesmen of all sorts are in the habit of flooding the country. The white one was not addressed to her, but to her son, and the monogram was a very pretty silver and blue A. B.

"Ann Burdock," said the old lady. "It's a note from her. Now, I wonder what she has written to my boy? I'd like to know. It's very easy opening these envelopes. 'Tisn't as if they were sealed; and what harm would it be for mother to read a letter to her son? I've half a mind to do it. Only he'd be angry, maybe. Well, then, I'm angry too, and with more reason. Yes—I will."

A little old-fashioned copper kettle simmered and bubbled upon the stove. A little spout of steam arose from its top.

The old lady looked at it. Then, rising, she crept across the floor in a guilty sort of fashion, and held the envelope with its flaps downward, close to the mouth of the spout.

She held it for a few moments, and then softly touched it with her thumb and finger.

It was quite damp, and one fold peeled away from the other very easily, and there lay the little note in her hand.

She might have read it if she chose; if there were secrets in it, Miss Ann Burdock should have secured them better than she could with the little touch

of maulage the maker of those envelopes had bestowed on each one.

Mrs. Webb took off her glasses, wiped them from the steam that had gathered upon them, and still standing, opened the sheet of paper adorned with a monogram like that upon the envelope, and read as follows:

"DEAR GRANTLEY—You went away angry with me on Sunday evening, and said that if I would not take back what I had said you would never come to see me again. And I was so proud and too angry to say a word to keep you. But, Grantley, dear, I'm sorry for it now. You were in the right, and I was to blame, and I take it all back—every word. I never meant it. You are so downright you think one must mean all one says, but indeed I never meant it. And so forgive me and come again next Sunday night. I find that life would be a very sad thing for me if we really quarrelled. Yours forever, ANN."

"So!" muttered Mrs. Webb, between her teeth. "It has gone so far, then; and she has been showing her temper and angering Grantley. Well, if he has spirit enough to stay away one week, he'll have spirit enough to stay away altogether, perhaps."

Then she gave an angry stamp.

"Why do I comfort myself with that?" she said. "I know this letter will call him back to her, and he'll be more in love with her than ever. Oh, if she had not written! I know my boy well enough to know that he would not go back to her without that. Well, he hasn't seen it yet; and if I choose he never need. It is for his good, I know. Ann Burdock is not the girl for him. I'll keep him from her."

She opened Ann Burdock's letter upon the fire. There it lay, a weak and shrivelled fold of tinder, as her son's step sounded in the hall, and she covered it from sight with the kettle.

In came Grantley, his face bright with the outer cold.

"Setting yourself on fire, mother?" he asked. "I smell something scorching."

"It's not my dress," she answered, and busied herself with the teapot, and rang the bell for the tea things.

In came the girl with the tray, and again Mrs. Webb had a little fright.

"Any letter for me?" asked her son, with an eager look in his face.

"No," she answered faintly. "Did you expect one?"

"Not I," said he, his brows contracting. "But I met the postman on the hill. He called out to me in a hurry home and got my love-letter. His joke, I suppose."

"It was impudent of him," said Mrs. Webb, not daring to meet her son's eye. "That's a love-letter, is it?"

"That's the letter the tradesman's circular was written on," she answered.

"How sad he looked! What gray lines there were about his eyes and temples! How much thinner he seemed than he did a week or so ago!"

Was it all that quarrel with the Burdock girl? Would it have been better that he should have had that monogrammed note?

The mother put the thought from her. She spread the little store of dainties before her son and tried to make him eat; and though she had been so frightened by his questions, she could not help attaching the dangerous subject herself.

"Are you going out to-night?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "I think not."

"The neighbors were telling me you went over the hill to the Burdock's rather often," she went on.

"Well, there are better places than the Burdock's," said Mrs. Webb, "and I thought you'd never think of a girl whose father quarreled with yours, and may have the evil temper of her mother. She's dirt, too, they say."

Then she bounced out of the room. When she came back Grantley had gone upstairs.

She heard the boards of his bed-room floor creak as he walked up and down for hours, but she did not see him again that night.

Well, well," she said to herself, "he'll get over it."

But, whatever the feeling was, love, anger, or grief, it did not agree with Grantley Webb. He grew thinner and thinner. He took less interest in that which used to amuse him, and he avoided all the other young people of the place, and seemed to have neither youth nor spirit left.

Could it be all about that girl Ann, old Mrs. Webb asked herself, trying to cheat herself into the idea that the boy was only a little out of humor?

But vain she made him warm possets and bowls of herb tea. Even if he had drunk them, which he did not, for they all went to water the grass of the old orchard—even if he had drunk them, they would have done him no good.

He had a fever, she thought, and the only thing that seemed to him impossible as he sat at his window, staring through the starlit midnight at the roof of the Burdock dwelling, never guessing that under its eaves Ann Burdock sat, at once angry and sorry, thinking of him and none other.

He had not answered her note; it was unforfeited; but she had vexed him. She was partly to blame.

The old lady in the ruffled night-cap who often started from her sleep in the big front bedroom of the Webb home with a dream of letters that curled up under her nose, and the red card—had more on her conscience than she knew.

For though Ann grieved, she did not wear her heart upon her sleeve, but was outwardly gay as ever, and flirted as she never had before, until at last the same neighbor who had brought the news of Grantley's love affair to his mother, dropping into her tea gave Mrs. Webb and her son a bit of gossip as they sat at the table together.

"Ann Burdock is going to be married at last. It's that young man from London—Mr. Millet."

"I believe weddings when I see them now," said Mrs. Webb.

"But Mrs. Burdock herself told me this," said the guest.

When she was gone, Grantley, who sat before the table still, with his elbows upon it, dropped his head upon his arms, and there was a sound of quick breathing.

For a little while his mother watched him. Then she rose.

"Grantley," she said, in a trembling voice, "what is it? What ails you? Tell me!"

"It's only that I'm a fool, mother," he answered.

"But—Grantley, what about?"

He lifted up his young, worn face then, and answered.

"Mother, don't you know? It's about Ann Burdock. It's been very hard to bear, but if she does marry one else—I shall kill myself, I think. Life doesn't seem worth having."

"Life doesn't seem worth having, if you can't have Ann!" the mother said, in a puzzled sort of way. "But why, what is there in her?"

"What there never is in more than one woman to any man, mother," said Grantley.

Somewhat from the far-away years of youth, a memory came back to his mother that helped her to understand him.

She felt that she had done very ill, and if confession could do any good, she would even confess. At least, if she could not quite get it out of her, she would let him know the truth about Ann.

"Grantley, dear," she faltered, "you—you had a quarrel?"

"Yes," he answered.

"But if she had written to beg your pardon you'd have forgiven her?"

"She almost hoped that he would say 'No'—that she need not go on."

But he answered:

"Yes—but she never wrote."

"I think she did, Grantley," said the mother. "I—I know she did. I—I—an accident happened to the letter. It—it got burnt. I'm sure it was an apology. Indeed, I saw a few words, but I didn't think you cared so. You see it—it fell into the fire."

"Why did you not tell me before?" cried Grantley.

"Well, I somehow didn't like," was all the mother could say. "And I don't you go and ask her about it, and see what it was?"

Poor Mrs. Webb, when her son, after many questions, had taken her advice, cried bitterly. She might have felt even worse had she heard what Ann was saying.

The story had been told, a reconciliation effected, a declaration made to the effect that Mr. Millet had never been loved, and then Ann Burdock said, with a laugh—

"But, Grantley, your mother burnt that letter on purpose. Only a man could believe the story you've told me. She did not want me for a daughter-in-law. I owe her no grudge—remember that, and don't tell her what I say."

Grantley never did. And old Mrs. Webb has often been heard to say that Ann Burdock had turned out better than could have been expected.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Improved Method of Wintering Cows.

Mr. Linnus W. Miller, of Stockton, N. Y., an experienced dairyman, advocates, in a pamphlet entitled "Meal Feeding and Animal Digestion," a system of feeding cows during winter, which involves the use of but three quarts of meal per day. He asserts that this amount of good Indian meal, fed under proper conditions, is more than the equivalent for all the good hay a cow can be coaxed to eat—that the animal does not need to have its stomach distended with a great bulk of woody fiber, which imposes upon the system a large amount of extra mechanical work both in the processes of digestion and remastication—that, in brief, food in food is not advantageous to the contrary, and that nutriment in food governs the condition and health of the animal, and that condensation of nutriment is true economy. Mr. Miller has conducted physiological experiments into the functions of the four stomachs of the cow, whence it appears that meal follows the same course as herbage, and stays longer in the rumen than coarse food, while it also digests more thoroughly than when the energies of the stomach are divided between meal and coarse herbage.

Whatever may be the correct theory in this regard, results of actual practice appear to bear out Mr. Miller's views. The report of a committee, appointed to examine into the matter by the Western New York Dairyman's Association, shows the following facts: The examination was conducted upon Mr. Miller's herd of Chautauqua county native cows, of average live weight of which was 900 pounds. The herd were fed exclusively upon corn meal for seven weeks, each animal, according to its digestive capacity, making an average of about three quarts of meal per day for each cow. The animals did not ruminate, did not manifest so much desire for food as cows fed on hay alone in the usual way, a little less than they will eat, showed no signs of unrest or suffering; and at the time of going back to hay, the cows had neither lost nor gained flesh. After returning to hay, their stomachs filled and rumination went on normally, healthy calves were dropped, and when turned to pasture they were found to be fatter than those wintered in the usual way. Their daily yield of milk was twenty-nine pounds three ounces, or one pound eleven ounces per cow more than that of any other herd sent to the same cheese factory.

As regards the economy of meal feeding, Mr. Miller points out that one bushel of corn, ground and trolled, will last an ordinary sized cow of 900 pounds weight twelve days, and is equal to 240 pounds of hay. Corn at 25 cents per bushel is the equivalent of 240 pounds of hay at 15 cents per ton of 2,000 pounds, and where it can be had at that rate the cost of wintering the animal will range from seven to ten dollars, according to coldness and length of the foddering season. But hay as a rule costs at least 15 dollars per ton, and wintering with more. Hence the estimated saving by meal feeding is placed at from five to twenty dollars per animal, according to the respective prices of corn and hay.—*Scientific American.*

Grass-rot.

The only form of grass-rot that we have had an opportunity of observing has visited us in the last two seasons. It appears suddenly in July. The grapes, usually only parts of bunches, soon become brown and soft, like a rotten apple, and when the unaffected berries are ripe they still adhere to the stalks, and usually a reddish tinge. The Wilder (Rogers No. 4) has been most affected, and the Iowa, Emelan and Clinton have suffered partially. These sorts are of such different characters of leaf and berry texture, and style of growth, that they are not so readily affected. It is present on these internal grounds for their being subject to the visitation.

But while gathering the Clintons from a large frame covering a lean-to greenhouse, and elevated three feet above its glass, a circumstance was observed which shows that the cause is to be sought in some sudden stress upon the circulation and leaf digestion, while very active, and while the conditions of temperature and moisture are inducing very free and tender development and extension of new growth. The rather like rods, to which the canes are strictly confined, are very feart, the object being to shade the glass below without cutting off too much light.

For the same reason all side shoots from the canes were stopped at one or two leaves beyond the one bunch of fruit above the main one, and while gathering the very fine fruit about the middle of October, it was noticed that although many bunches had partially rotted where only one leaf existed beyond the bunch, and especially where this leaf was small there was not a single case to be found where the canes had rotted, or where a continued expansion of them, after the second or third pinching. As the pinching of these canes required the use of ladders, the whole growth was closely pinched at each of the three or four joints of the canes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light, or, if the work needs a strong illumination so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes while the head is slightly bent over and downward toward the work.

In the schools in Germany this matter has already been attended to, and the rods adopted is to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupil never faces the windows, but only has the side lights from the left; and as a light sinuously thrown from two sides gives an inference of shadow, it has been strictly forbidden to build school rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having also proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils. We may add to this advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side, and never neglect the use of a shade so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time with kerosene lamps, with intensely luminous flames, becoming more and more common.—*Medical Journal.*

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.

—One pint of the sweet milk and three galled sweet apples, two well beaten eggs, little salt, sugar, and nutmeg to taste. Have only an undercrust.

BROWN BREAD.

—One pint of corn meal, one pint of rye meal, two-thirds cup of molasses, one large spoonful of vinegar, one heaping teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolve in a little warm water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, mix well with warm water, quite soft, and steam three hours. Put in the oven fifteen minutes and brown.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

—Cut the tail in seven or eight pieces and fry brown in butter; slice three onions, and the same of carrots; fry them in a pan after removing the ox-tail; place the onions and carrots after frying, in a cotton bag, with a bunch of thyme; drop it into a soup pot with the ox-tail; cut up two pounds of lean beef, grate over it two carrots, place it in the pot; add four quarts of water, some pepper, cut in four pieces, six or six hours around the fire, with a very little flour, boil ten minutes longer, and serve hot.

CHICKEN SALAD.

—A pair of boiled chickens, seven or eight pounds in weight (not old fowls), cut in small dice, about a quarter of an inch square, two bunches (seven or eight) of celery, the white part, cut in small dice, half, wash well, leave it in ice water some time to make it crisp, drain well, cut the size of chicken; add chicken and celery together in a large bowl, season with white pepper and salt to taste; use about half this dressing, and mix with two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar; dish up in a pyramid shape, on a platter large enough to put a border of lettuce, cut in shreds or picked in small pieces, around it, spread the balance of the dressing on the top, put the lettuce and three hard boiled eggs cut in four pieces, lay likewise around the dish, take the heart of a head of lettuce and put in the center; a few capers sprinkled over the dressing is good.

Thirty Years Separated.

There are some strange features in a case pending in the Twelfth district court at San Francisco, for an divorce and a division of common property. Martha Stevens is the plaintiff and Coleman Stevens is the defendant. A separation in fact has been in existence between the parties for the long period of thirty-three years, the plaintiff according to the story, having barely tasted the sweets of the honeymoon when her husband deserted her, leaving her almost penniless, and in a condition which increased her troubles. Mrs. Stevens is fifty-eight years of age. She has a certificate which shows that she married Coleman Stevens at New York, on November 1, 1843, and she states that two days after their marriage the husband went to visit his father, some two hundred miles distant, where he remained. The following March she also went to visit her father. She took this step because she was advised that her husband was going after a young girl, prospectively rich. She found her husband very friendly, and he frequently called upon her, as she resided in a neighboring house. Then they both lived at his father's home for some time, and she became so well acquainted with her husband's people. On the 15th of May, 1844, she signed a deed for the sale of land from Coleman to his father, and then they started for Michigan. It was the understanding that the money realized from the sale of the land would be invested in land in Michigan. They arrived at Goshen the first day, and remained there all night. The next morning he said he had made up his mind not to go to Michigan, and proposed to return to his father's house. At Charter station, en route to his father's, her husband jumped on the train. She looked out of the car window and saw him running across the fields, and that was the last time she saw him until she met him in San Francisco last year. At the time her husband jumped the train she had about twenty dollars in her pocket, but no other means of support except a little land she owned. After doing housework for a time at Williamsburg, she learned the milliner's trade, and opened a little store. She went to New York once or twice a year to purchase goods. The winter following the close of the war she went with her daughter to Camden Mills, Michigan, where she remained until February, 1875, when she went to California. She states that she never received any support from her husband from the time he deserted her until granted alimony in the present divorce case. The first intimation she had of the whereabouts of the missing husband was a letter from his father, written in December, 1872, in which he asks forgiveness for favoring Coleman.

Mending Matrimonial Chains.

A curious institution for the purpose of matrimonial reconciliation exists in the old provinces of Prussia, in which the population amounts to more than seventeen millions, who are mainly Protestants. The courts have, of course, the power of granting divorces; but before any suit of divorce can be entertained a very high number of witnesses must be produced. Man and wife are required in the first instance, to present themselves before some clerical or lay authority for the purpose of being, if possible, reconciled. When the marriages are between persons of different religions, the magistrate may be appointed for this purpose. But the people of these provinces are, for the most part, Protestants, and in the vast majority of cases the clergyman is the reconciling authority prescribed by the law. The plaintiff in such a quarrel must, in the first instance, go to him and state his grievance, and the clergyman must next hear the wife or the husband, who, in the contemplated suit, would become the defendant. So as to become acquainted with the strength and the weakness of the case, he is required to see the parties together, and exerts all his powers of persuasion to effect a reconciliation. If he fails in his efforts, the parties can proceed with their suit; but some very interesting statistics have recently been issued at Berlin with respect to the success of such efforts. It appears that in 1873 the number of matrimonial couples who desired a separation was 7,325. Of these, no fewer than 2,829 were reconciled by the intervention of the clergyman. In 603 of these cases the reconciliation proved ineffectual; but the general result, without taking into account pending cases, was the early ending of 4,500 matrimonial disputes were thus appeased. In 1874 the number of quarrelling couples and the proportion of those reconciled were about the same. Even a failure in the first instance does not seem to destroy the efficacy of the resource; for of 1,000 couples who renewed their quarrels a second time, about a third were once more reconciled. The success of the clergy, in fact, in this function is so considerable, that they have earned the honorable title of "peacemakers."

Chloroforming a Horse.

A curious operation was performed by Dr. Wm. Hales, Jr., at the request of Mr. Newton, upon a valuable trotter, belonging to him. The horse is a fine animal, with a record of 2:30; for some time he has been used in the city, and is spending his labor under a difficulty in breathing, his throat appearing to be in some manner choked up. Determined to ascertain the cause, and, if possible, remedy the difficulty, the owner consented to an operation. It is well known that it is very difficult to get a horse to lie down, and in order to operate at this it was decided to administer chloroform while the operation was being performed. Accordingly a large quantity of chloroform and ether mixed in equal parts was administered. The animal objected very strenuously to the treatment, but was finally brought to the ground after the dose had been applied, overcome and fell to the floor. An incision in the vicinity of the throat was then cut, and a very careful examination made, but nothing could be found which would be likely to hinder the breathing. It is supposed that the trouble is in a membranous thickening of the tissues of the throat, for which, of course, nothing can be done.—*Albany (N.Y.) Journal.*

Items of Interest.

The boss team—A yoke of oxen. Two-button kids—A young goat fight. Hotel-keepers are people we have to put up with.

Agony personified—A bachelor editor trying to prepare an able and judicious article on the baby show.

Charles Barth made a treasury of his bed in Rosevelt, Wis., and after his death securities for \$13,000 were found in it.

There are over 1,000 convicts in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., and the number is increasing at the rate of 100 a month.

A murder jury at Reading, Pa., offered prayer at every meal, and petitioned the Divine Providence to direct them in their verdict.

The Black Hills papers say if 1,000 women would immigrate there they would be able to find remunerative work and husbands.

At midnight on a lonely road: "You don't recognize me? Why, you defied me and got me off at the last session. Thanks to you, I have been enabled to resume my avocation. Your money or your life!"

A grub of a boring species was found in a four-foot lath the other day, in Berth, Conn. It was a species of wood-borer, and had been in the lath for thirteen years at least. It had eaten almost the whole length of the lath, leaving only a shell.

"I was born in Bath," said a dirty looking customer, as he harangued a crowd at a political meeting, "and I love my native place. You don't look as if you had ever been there since," said one of his hearers as he proceeded to laud an opposition candidate.

From under the bluff on which the town of Huntsville, the capital of Madison county, Alabama, is situated, bursts an immense spring, clear and cold, supplying the whole town with water for domestic use, for watering the streets, and for use by the fire department. It is the largest spring in Alabama.

If I should come to high noon, I stand a pillar of the State, And count an empire all my own, And miss myself—I were a child, That glistened toward his mountain wild.

In Auburn (N. Y.) prison there were recently 1,400 convicts. Fifty-three of the number were women, and of these one-third the oldest was fifty-seven years old; the youngest, fifteen. The man longest in the prison was sent there on September 25, 1858. The average cost of supporting each convict is \$70.31 yearly; or nineteen cents and three mills per day, including the work he is negotiating for contracts, which, if obtained, will give employment for 1,000 convicts. The total earnings per convict are increasing. In 1876 they were \$51.36; in 1877, \$58.76.

The North Hill boys tied a sky rocket to a dog's tail, and when it began to fizz the dog looked up, and seeing the rocket, he had just time enough to get to the depot to catch the train, started off. So did the rocket. For a second of two it was doubtful whether the rocket would run away with the dog, or the dog with the rocket. But at last the canine got the bulge, and setting down, he trotted the dog, increasing the distance and cutting down his time every jump, while they could hear him howling clear to Keokuk. The dog passed through Winnebago county Wednesday night, and is supposed to have reached the Evergreen shore by this time.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

A Thirteen Year Old Thief.

The case of Libby O'Brien, whose singular career has been brought to light, is another case of youthful depravity, and one, unfortunately, of an increasing number. The defenders of the theory that wickedness is a part of the nature of man will find new support in such an illustration of their theory. The illustration gains additional force from the fact that the mother of this poor girl is an honest and industrious woman, who was utterly ignorant of her daughter's crimes and degradation; yet, notwithstanding the evidence on this side of the question, it is probable that Libby has been influenced by various circumstances and characters, and that no proper restraint has been placed upon her actions and desires. In appearance she is quite prepossessing, although her features scarcely indicate the possession of nerve and cunning which she has demonstrated in such a remarkable degree. The system of education that she has pursued from the beginning of her downward career proves, however, that her appearance is as fully deceptive as her recent existence has been. That she has excellent traits of character there can be no doubt, and yet the illustration of her degradation is not altogether beyond parallel instances. Here is a good chance, therefore, for some true philanthropist. We hope that something will be done to save the child, not to punish her with a ruined life.—*New York Telegram.*

Editor and Landlord.

Landlord.—"Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best table in the city."

Editor.—"I'll thank you to supply my family with board gratis."

Landlord.—"I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper."

Editor.—"I thought you were glad to feed me for nothing."

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Editor and Landlord in a rage, threatening to have nothing more to do with the office.