County

Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

NO. 51.

Mrs. Lofty and I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage, So do I:

She has dapple-grays to draw it, None have I:

She's no prouder with her coachman Than am I.

With my blue-eyed laughing baby, Trundling by.

I hide his face lest she should see The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers, Mine has not;

He could give his b.ide a palace-Mine, a cot.

Hers comes home beneath the star-light-Ne'er caresses she: Mine comes in the purple twilight,

Kisses me, And prays that He who turns life's sand

Will hold his loved ones in his hands. Mrs. Lofty has her jewe's, So have I;

She wears hers upon her bosom, Inside I;

She wil' Lave hers at death's portal, By-and-by; I shall bear my treasura with me

When I die. For I have love, and she has gold-She counts ber wealth - mine can't be told

She has those who love her-station

None have I: But I've ...ne true heart beside me -Glad am I.

I'd not change it for a kingdom, No. not I:

God will weigh it in His balance, By-and-by, And then the difference He'll define Twixt M.s. Lofty's weath and mine,

LOVE AND FROST.

There was beauty enough to be found in Mataska valley, what with the river and the lake and the forest-crowned hills, at least in summer time ; and even

the dry, cold rigor of a Minnesota win-ter could not take it all away. Never-theless, there was nothing else there half so beautiful as Norna Ericson. Her withered, old Norwegian father had settled himself on a good-enough piece of land, away up above the head of the lake, miles away from Mataska vil-lage, and no one could say be head so the lake, miles away from Mataska village, and no one could say he had so much as one friend more, at the end of a five-years' residence, than the day the first timber was cut for his house.

A thoroughgoing miser was old Jan, and his crusty selfishness included not only his earthly goods, and the gift or use thereof, and his own not very desirable company, but also his one iewel of

able company, but also his one jewel of a daughter.

Rarely was Norna seen in the village ; almost never at all at any merry-making of the neighborly country folk; and old Jan seemed to take an ogreish sort of casure in preventing her from entertaining visitors-young men especiallyat his own house.

And so, the more Norna's beauty grew and became known among them, the more unpopular was old Jan Ericson among the free-hearted settlers of the

Mataska valley. And yet there were those who had succeeded in breaking through or climbing over the odd old miser's wall of re-

John Pinner had done it, by his father's advice; for Judge Pinner was Jan Ericson's lawyer, and he had more than once hinted to his son and heir

that Norna had other and more solid attractions than her beauty. If, therefore, any fair occasion offered to send a message to the Ericson farm, John Pinner had been generally quite ready to oblige his father by carrying it, and more than once he had even ventur-

ed on a brief call without any special-As for Paul Wood, on the other hand, either he had not sufficient cunning to invent errands, or his pride forbade any subterfuge, for he had positively and openly braved, more than once, even the harsh discourtesy of old Jan, in his un-

invited, unabashed intrusions,
If Paul did not pretend to vie with John Pinner in dress, wealth or apparent prospects, he was certainly a fine, manly specimen of a young Western farmer, and his dark curls and almost swarthy features were a pleasant contrast to even the ripe blonde Norse loveliness of Norna

One bit of strategy it seemed that Paul had stooped to, for more than once Norna had been surprised that he had been "out a-hunting in that neighborhood" on the very days which old Jan had chosen for a bit of teaming on the

furthest edge of his possessions, or a trip to the store at the village. Nobody ever knows how such things come to be common property; but, somehow or other, Judge Pinner and his son were made aware that they had reasons for distrusting Paul Wood, and he had been made to teel the fact very sensibly,

more than once. There had been an added bitterness the past autumn, in the fact that John Pinner's nomination to the State legislature had only resulted in showing the folly of the Mataska valley people, for the stupid fellows had known no more than to choose Paul Wood instead; and even Norna Ericson had said she was

There came a day, however, in the early winter, when Paul would have given his political honors and his best horse, perhaps even his farm to boot, to have known why it was that Norna suddealy became as distant and repelling as old Jan himself.

Not a word would she vouchsafe him, though he met her a full half-mile from the house, and walked to the very door

He did not give the matter up, even then, half so much for the volly of bitter abuse with which the old miser greeted him, as for the icy look of indifference with which Norna marched straight on into the house, and closed

There was really very little "give up" in Paul's composition; but he met John Pinner, before he had left the farm a mile hehind him, and there was a look on John's face that suggested a good many ugly thoughts to the sore heart of the discomfitted youth.

fact, a good many days after that, were decidedly unfavorable to courting of any

It was weather to have "bred a coolness" in a blast furnace. First, there came a driving northerly storm bringing untold freights of drifting snow from

ing natold freights of drifting snow from
the Arctic regions, till all the country
was buried under a genuine "Minnesota blanket." No roads, no paths—no
use in trying to make any, almost.
And then there followed a cold snap,
that utterly exhausted the expressive
powers of the thermometers. The only
way to get the mercury low enough was
to hang it down a well. Thirty, thirtyfive, and some said forty degrees below
zero—only, when people are half frozen,
they are apt to exaggerate.
Anyhow, there were terrible stories

Anyhow, there were terrible stories

Anyhow, there were terrible stories of suffering, here and there, and nobody cared to stir far from home "until the frost should let go its hold a little."

"John," said the careful judge, on the third day, when the abating storm began to let in the frost—"John, don't you think you'd better go and take a look at the Ericsons? I don't believe the old man was ready for this."

"What! You ain't in earnest?" exclaimed that ardent lover. "Ten miles through these drifts! Do you want me to bury myself?"

to bury myself?"

"Well, maybe you're right; but I wouldn't wait too long. They'll be breaking out the roads in a day or so," replied the judge.

But more than "a day or so" went by before the Mataska people cared to at-tempt a good deal in the way of road-making, and in the meantime the Ericsons "had not been ready for this." With endless supplies of timber-land close by—that is, within a mile or so, and generally fine winter weather to haul in what he might want, old Jan

could never see the policy of making up much of a wood-pile. Besides, a huge provision for warmth, such as his neighbors made, offended

Jan's keen sense of economy. They would surely waste what they had so

When, however, the old man saw the storm beginning, the even unusually bare condition of his pile of chips struck him with a sudden dismay, and he at once started for the forest with a yoke of oxen. It was a rash thing to do, for a man of

his age; but he had counted on his thorough Scandinavian toughness to carry him through. And so it did; for at supper-time he fought his way to the nouse again, through the heaping drifts and the blinding rush of the storm; but he came alone, for his team and their load were hopelessly stalled and snowed under. There was fuel enough on hand for

that night, with economy, and old Jan cheered Norna with the promise of what he would do on the morrow. And Norna tried to be cheerful; but the howling, dismal tempest without was only too well in keeping with the dismal state of her own internal feelings and thoughts.

The night went by and the morning came, and the storm still raged; but old Jan Erieson did not go out to cut wood. He did not even leave his bed, for exposure and cold and over-exertion had lone their work on his rheumatic old limbs, and imprisoned him only too effec-

Poor Norna's heart sank within her, cooking it.

She was a brave girl, and she made out to go to the barn and the stables that day, so that the stock did not suffer; but the few fence-rails and odd pieces of timber she was able to bring in enabled her to make but a poor defense against the fast increasing cold.

Moreover, old Jan was chilly, and fretted and complained of the absence of the grand old fires he had been used to in his youth, among the distant hills of Norway.

That was a terrible day for Norna, and when another morning dawned, she looked out upon the white and more than Arctic desolation around the house, with a feeling near akin to despair.

Still, with true courage, the Beauty of Mataska faced her troubles, waded through the drifts, fed carefully her one feeble fire, attended to the querulous demands of unreasonable old Jan, and wondered, now and then, if the people at the village would ever dream of send-

ing out to look after them.

Then there followed another long, dark, miserable night, and Norna could not get a wink of sleep till toward morning, for thinking of what might come. She did not even rise at once when the tardy light began to come through the thickly frosted panes of her window.

Why should she, when she had nothing to make a fire with? Would it not be better to burn the

furniture than to freeze? She could make a cup of coffee, at least, with the about you and Norna, and we've come kitchen chairs. Just then she heard a slight sound in

the adjoining room, and wondered if her father could be stirring. It was an effort even to rise and dress

in that stinging cold; but Norna was brave, and in a few minutes more she

Her heart was heavy enough when she laid her hand on the kitchen-door; but and yet acknowledging acceptance when she opened it she fairly started thereof by the Pinners. back in astonishment, for a blast of warm air, balmy with the breath of blazing pine, smote her in the face.

Not the cheerless, chill, deathly desolation she had expected was the ample kitchen, but the high-piled hearth blazed and crackled with a most unwonted prodigality of pine, oak and hickory, while heaped on either side of it were ample supplies for at least that day's consumption, whatever might be the condition of the thermometer.

Norna did not believe in miracles, but she thought of her bedridden father, about to be frozen to death but for that pile of wood, and she just sat down by the window for a good, wholesome cry efore she set herself to work at getting

breakfast ready.

The tea-kettle had evidently filled itself, and started for a boil on its own account, and Norna's curiosity took her at once to the door, to see what solution of the puzzle might be found outside.

Not a sign of human life was there, but It was real good of you, "Twas good of islands.

Getting into the house was easy take the place of combination locks, but, whoever the unknown benefactor had been, he must have possessed wonderful

been, he must have possessed wonderful faculties for silence.

There was magic in it, and Norna called to mind the old Norse tales she had heard of good-natured demons of the forest; but, then, all that belonged to Norway, and not to Minnesota.

Later in the day, as Norna paced here and there among the drifts, she got one hint, at least, for those broad though deep dents in the surface of the snow-drifts could only have been made by snow-shoes.

snow-shoes.

When she finally found her way to the stables, Norna saw that her work there had all been done for her, and a good deal more, and that even an old wood-sleigh had been dug out of the snow, as if in anticipation of future use.

Inside the house the "food question"

was fast becoming an important one, so closely had the narrow and stinting policy of old Jan permitted the current supply to run down; but, for all that, Norna Ericson sang all day the quaint and musical rhymes of her northern an-cestry, which her mother had taught her years before.

Bitter, bitter cold it was without, but the bountiful provision of the unknown friend left little to ask for within, and the very dancing blaze itself seemed to laugh in mockery of Norna's curiosity. The long night came again, of course, and Norna tried hard not to go to sleep,

so that she might listen. Youth and health forbade any such doings, however, and Norna woke in the morning, not to find her fire alight, but all preparation made outside, in the

shape of heaps of fuel. It was evident, moreover, that Jan Ericson's remaining ox-team had been having a night of it. Well they might be jaded and used up, for, not only had some pittless driver forced them to help him break a road to the timber through a mile of drifts, but to haul home again a very respectable load.

All that was a later discovery of Norna's, but the first thing to greet her eyes, as she swung the door open, was the carcass of a goodly deer that hung against it, and she knew very well how much better venison-steaks are than ut-ter starvation. They are a good deal

The next day and the next went by, and the terrible cold seemed to have griped everything with a hand of frozen

Again and again did Norna Ericson what would surely have been her fate, but for her unknown helper.

Old Jan was able to sit up now, and grumble at the sad necessity of burning o much good wood, just to keep warm In reply to Norna's speculations as to who had sent it, however, he testily replied :

"I knowed Judge Pinner would keep an eye on us. That coffee you say was for she knew that such attacks were apt to be tediously long, and even food might fail her, as well as the means of as I tasted it. It's what the judge always buys, and it's two cents a pound

more than I want to give."

True enough, Judge Pinner had by no means forgotten his client, and at last he succeeded in stirring up John's chivalry and his own, now the roads were becoming a trifle better broken, and the mercury ventured a few points

higher up in the glass. It was with more than a little misgiving that they started, and they decided to take some of their neighbors with them, "in case they found anything bad

had happened at old Jan's." Bitter cold yet, but when the double team of Judge Pinner pulled his comfortable, closely packed sleigh in sight of Jan Ericson's homestead, the curling smoke from the chimney promptly dis-

pelled all their fears,
"Hurrah for old Jan!" exclaimed the indge. "Jack Frost didn't catch him

Great was the surprise of both and son, however, when the old man hobbled out to meet them, to be greeted with such a torrent of what seemed to be genuine gratitude for the kind attention they had shown during his illness, and all they had saved him and Norna from during the cold snap.

shoes came plodding down the road, but nobody thought much about him, and John Pinner mustered self-possession enough to answer:
"Well, of course, we were anxious now to see if there's anything else we

Just at that moment a man on snow

can do. How's Norna?' "I'm pretty well, thank you," said that young lady herself, from the door-"Father, you should thank Mr. way. Pinner for the venison and the coffee The man on snow-shoes had half was ready to face the labors and perils halted within hearing distance, and could not have lost a word of Jan Ericson's thanks, or the dubious protesting

> "Is that you, Mr. Jones?" again in-terrupted Norns, addressing the "storekeeper," who still sat muffled up in the sleigh. "I'm glad you've come. I want you to read something for me." "All right!" exclaimed the gallant

> merchant, springing out into the snow to take a large slip of brown paper from Norna's extended hand. "Where did that come from?' "Read it-read it!" said Norna. "Paul Wood! That's plain enough and it's in my own handwriting. Oh, I remember, I did up a whole lot of things that day for one and another, and I put

> the names on 'em, so's not to git "Oh, that's it, is it ?" said the beauty. "I see now. Father, John Pinner got Paul Wood to buy the coffee for him and bring it out. Mr. Pinner, how much did you pay Paul for working all night in the storm? Did you tell him not to

It was Paul that saved us. Come in, Paul. Mr. Jones, you come too, and the judge and John may come if they want to.

want to."
"John," dryly remarked the storekeeper, "don't you think we'd better go
home while the sleighing's good? This
is Paul's day. Elected again, sure's you

There was no doubt about it. Paul Wood was Norna Ericson's "elected."

Reckless Competition.

A couple of stationers living opposite to each other in a seaside resort on the south coast of England recently got at loggerheads. One of them, in order to draw his neighbor's customers, piled his window with shilling packets of note paper marked at elevenpence. People stared, walked in ana purchased. The next morning, when the other man's shutters were taken down, the window was filled with shilling packets of note was filled with shilling packets of note and the company of the egg from the shell without disarranging its form, into water boiling in A couple of stationers living opposite shutters were taken down, the window was filled with shilling packets of note paper marked eightpence. Day by day this little game went on, one underselling the other until prices gradually drawned to sireness. Everyone form

by taking at least ten minutes to seal or tie up every purchase, the two stationers were heavy sufferers, and every man, Some children are notional, and will not were heavy sufferers, and every man, woman and child in the town was stocked with enough note paper to last them half a lifetime. However, the fight went on, each man describe, the fight cooked together them the last them they distinct the paper to last them the paper to last the paper to last them the paper went on, each man devoutly wishing he had stuck to his legitimate trade, and

card obscured the windows of the other man, bearing in huge letters, the words:
"Go to the fool opposite." But the
"fool opposite" had had enough. In a few minutes the penny ticket disappeared, and in its place the old price, one shilling. In a twinkling down came the poster bearing the obnoxious words, and an exactly similar placard appeared, announcing that "the price of a shilling packet of note paper is one shilling."
And thus the war of extermination

A Minnesota Hetel.

A Farmington correspondent of the Easport Sentinel writes as follows : "I rode to the first-class hotel; it was a covered frame on stilts, and barely partitioned off inside with laths. Every one washed from the same tin dish, and wiped upon the same towel; the fare was tough steak and tougher biscuit; the beds were mere boxes on legs, and filled with coarse meadow hay. No doors to the rooms, nor nails to hang a coat, no stand or even chair to put a lamp on; but mine host just dropped some grease from his dip upon the floor, into which he inserted his candle, and bade me make myself comfortable. I had hired the "private room" at an extra price, with no understanding that it was to be all my own for the night, and, of course, the only safety for the money was to put it to bed. So you may imagine my serenity when at twelve midnight in bounced a straggler in long boots; the landlord had sent him up, he said, as mine was the only bed with but in it. In the morning I one found that about forty persons had been lying right across the long entry between the rooms, with only here and there a blanket among them, and they snored on as I walked over them. After breakfast the landlord told us all to come out and square the house into place-it had been moved on its bed in the night by the wind. Leaning on a long rail as a lever, we all bore our weight upon it, and the first-class hotel came into place again. But now, mark me, that place is a county seat, has a court house and other fine buildings, with churches, two newspapers, and really more than one "first-class" hotel. hotel. And this is a sample of hundreds of places on the prairies.

The English Channel Tunnel,

Operations connected with the submarine tunnel have already been commenced on the French side of the channel, several pits having been sunk to a depth of 110 yards. At the same time the French and English committees have definitely drawn up the conditions of working for the route. The property of the tunnel is to be divided in half by the length; that is to say, each company is to possess half of the line, reckoning the distance from coast to coast at low tide. Each company will cover the ex-penses of its portion. The generul work of excavation will be done, on the one hand, by the Great Northern of France, and on the other by the Chatham and Southeastern companies, the two latter having each a direct route from London to Dover. All the materials of the French and English lines will pass through the tunnel in order to prevent unnecessay expenses and delay of transshipment, as in England and in France railway companies use each other's line, more angry the avenging parent came and goods can pass from one line to another without changing vans. It is understood that an arrangement will be established for a similar exchange of lines between all the English and continental railway companies when the tun-nel is completed. The tunnel will be-long to its founders. At the expiration of thirty years the government will be able to take possession of the tunnel upon certain conditions.—Mining Journal.

The Empire of Japan is toade of 3,800

The next day and the next, and, in fact, a good many days after that, were decidedly unfavorable to courting of any sort.

It was weather to have "bred a coolness" in a blast furnace. First, there came a driving northerly storm bringing and the Arctic regions, till all the country was buried under a genuine "Minnesotate blanket." No roads, no paths—no use in trying to make any, almost.

Somebody had been at work with a chovel with a chovel, for there was a very decent pathwilling and there, but big boots are too nearly alike to tell tales to the eyes of any one less acute of vision than an Indian trailer.

Still, Norna wondered and wondered how all that wood could ever have got there.

Getting into the house was easy enough in a region where wooden latches warm glow.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD, willing the counting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—" what's that about courting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—" what's that about courting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—" what's that about courting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—" what's that about courting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—" what's that about courting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, untwisting a huge fur muffler from his head as he spoke—" what's that about courting in the village all through the cold snap."

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the man on snow-shoes, u and it was really a very cold day; but Norna Ericson's face was all in a bright warm glow.

"Paul!" she exclaimed — "Paul Wood! Come right in now! Come and warm yourself by the fire that would have been out for ever if it hadn't been for you. Father, John Pinner and the judge would have let us freeze and starve. It was Paul that saved us. Come in the considered the most important single element of food. It is feund in all compounded animal pounded animal structurers, and in the vegetable productions most valuable for food, though in a modified form.

There is great difference in the value

of different eggs, as there is in the value and flavor. Well fed domestic fowls yield far richer food in their eggs than common wild fowls. Many suppose that raw eggs are more easily digested than those that are cooked, but for the most persons this is not the case, if the eggs are not cooked improperly. Dr. Smith thinks it is a mistake to give a mixture of raw eggs and milk to invalids, such a mixture tending more to arranging its form, into water boiling in a shallow dish. A few minutes boiling is sufficient, and no dressing is neces-sary, except a trifle of salt for those who dropped to sixpence, flyepence, fourpence, threepence and twopence.

By this time the town raw and enjoyed the joke; and, notwithstanding
the efforts made to keep the sales down,
by taking at least ten minutes to seal or
tie up every purchase, the two stationers cooked together they think nothing about it, but eat with pleasure all they had stuck to his legitimate trade, and had not tried to undersell his neighbor. The following morning the "2d." day found the opposite window with the shilling packets 1d. This was too much.

Within ten minutes an enormous planular the windows of the other wind can get. In most receipt books, the you prefer it, you can use milk instead of butter, and for children, this is best. The proportions used for an omelet are very good—a cup of milk for six eggs.
This increases the quantity. The eggs are broken but not beaten, and are stirred simply to mix well, and to prevent burning while cooking.

Household Hints. PASTE FOR CLEANING METALS.—One part of oxalic acid and six of rotten stone; mix with equal parts of whale oil and

spirits of turpentine to a paste.
To Clean Marble,—Take two parts common soda, one part pulverized pumice stone, one part finely powdered chalk; sift the mixture through a fine sieve and then mix with water: rub it thoroughly over the surface of the marble, and the stains will be removed; then

wash the marble over with soap and water. Shaving Soap .- The Druggists' Circular gives the following formula for a shaving soap: Take white soap, four ounces; spermaceti, one-half ounce; olive oil, one-half onnce; melt them together and stir till nearly cold; scent with such oils as may be most agreeable. USEFUL INFORMATION .-- The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large hand-ful of pulverized borax to about ten gallons of boiling water. They save in soap nearly one half. All other large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambries, etc., an extra quan tity of the powder is used, and for crinolines (required to be made very stiff), a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used with tartarie acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made from hard water; all water can be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of pulverized borax to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of the tea used will be at least one-fifth. -Scientific American.

A Bite. In Chili there is an elderly farmer who is passionately fond of sport—especially fishing and hunting—and he has a son who is a chip of the old block in that as well as in other respects,

One day last summer the old gentle man left home, but before going set his boy at a job he was anxious to have done. Returning sooner than he was expected, he found that the boy was missing.

"Where's Tom?" he growled, as he

entered the kitchen. "Gone fishing," said the girl.
"Fishing! the rascal; I'll fish him when I catch him." And away the angry old fellow went

for the brook. Coming within hailing distance of his hopeful son, who was

bending eagerly over the stream, the father yelled: " Tom ! you seoundrel, Tom !" There was a deprecating movement of one hand on the part of the boy, who did not, however, turn his head.

nearer and bawled out-"I'll learn you to stay home and work "Sh! sh! sh! father," said young

"Sh! sh! sh! father," said young Isaac Walton. "I've got a bite."

The old fellow's passion perceptibly cooled at that announcement, and, lucky for the boy, the latter just then hauled up a handsome perch. This was too much for the dad, who sprang forward and helped unhook the fish, and then—"Tom, have you got another hook?"

Victory perched on the boy's fish line,—Rochester (N. Y.) Sunday Herald.

TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY.

Comparative Growth of Urban and Rural Population.

Scribner's Monthly for January con-tains an article on the comparative in-crease of urban and rural population in the United States; but it only gives the chief cities, leaving out the large town and village population. The Cincinnati Commercial has tried to supply this omission in the case of ten States, and it points out the following among the consequences of excessive urban growth:

Concentration of population.
 Concentration of wealth.
 Breaking down the great middle

4. The increase of the poor at a very much greater ratio than that of the population. 5. The increase of the power of re

alized wealth. 6. Increase of mortality and essemin-

Increase of vice and crime. 8. Physical and moral degeneracy.
9. Increasing peril to free institutions.
Accurate statistics, carefully and honestly handled, are indispensable to 2 full

understanding of our economical, social, political, moral and educational relations. We have made a somewhat tedious scrutiny of the State of New York, and separated the entire town popula-tion from that of the purely rural, and find that the grand aggregate to have been in 1870, 2,824,986, against 1,652,-317 in 1850. We have now the follow-

A thorough analysis for the whole State of Massachusetts gives a rural in-crease during the two decades, of but seven per cent., against an urban increase of ninety-two per cent. Were all the town population of Pennsylvania gathered up, the rural increase would be found to have been about ten per cent., and the urban 120 per cent. In Illinois, a comparatively new State that was comparatively new State that was settled during the two decades, we find thirteen cities and towns of over 7,000 people in 1870 that can be com-pared with 1850. The aggregates are:

 Rural
 2,091,416
 785,283

 Increase of State population
 1,687,421

 Increase of urban population
 382,288

 Increase of rural population
 1,306,133

 Rural, 166 per cent.; city, 579 per cent.

Were all the towns and villages of the State sifted out, the rural increase would be found to have been much less than 166 per cent. Ohio is a fair average between the old and the new States. After scanning all the townships of Ohio, and separating the village, town and city population from the grand total of the State, we have reached the following re-

sults: Urban population 1,000,000 480,000 Purely rural 1,655,260 1,530,329 Urban increase 52°,000 1° 8 per ct. The aggregates for ten of the principal northwestern States are as follows:

Seventy cities..... 5,141,025 Cities deduct d..... 15,846,842 These States are New York, Massa-

husetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Obio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin and Michigan. The great lesson from these facts is that efforts to prevent the increase of vice and crime, and to mitigate the calamities of poverty in our cities, should be increased in proportion to the increase of concentration. philosophers and philanthropists can study the problem at their leisure, and the more they study the more they will find it necessary to do in order to counteract the unfortunate results of this tendency of population.

A Forgetful Bridegroom.

An absent-minded gentleman in St. Paul, Minn., recently applied to the county clerk for a marriage license. "What's the brides name?" asked the official. The bridegroom paused, coughed, stuttered, sneezed, blew his nose, scratched his head, and finally stammered: "I can't recall it, but I'll remained unsettled. It was agreed that go and ask her." Having obtained the desired information, he returned and paid the fees for the license. A few days afterward he took his bride to a days afterward he took his bride to a months in making. The father reminister's house, and proclaimed his mained to settle up the affairs and sell anxiety to be married on the spot. 'The minister said that he would marry them they had procured a license. The oridegroom rummaged in his pockets bring it with him. "I must have the warrant," said the minister solemnly. The bride handed her prospective lord the keys of his trunk, and he set out for his house to fetch the document. The marriage ceremony was finally pervanish until the conflict should pass. marriage ceremony was finally per-formed, but the lady was ill at ease. What comfort can I have,"she mused, if he can't remember anything." She forsook him that very afternoon, and hastened home to her mother.

An Infuriated Monkey.

A tame monkey, belonging to a baker named Hartz, in Atlanta, Ga., fiercely attacked a little child, two years old, of a citizen named Harris. A brother, five years old, was carrying his two-year-old sister, when the monkey assailed him, tearing with fearful force the child from his arms. The alarm was soon given, and several parties came to the rescue. The animal seemed terribly enraged, and was tearing the child's flesh with a horrid erocity. He was attacked with clubs and sticks, but only after a severe beating would be relinquish his grip. It was found that the enraged beast had torn the flesh terribly on her left arm, and inflicted very severe wounds. They were not considered fatal, but it is certain that but for prompt aid the child would have been torn to pieces by the infuriated beast.

Items of Interest.

governor of Missouri offers The governor of Missouri offers \$10,000 for a sure remedy against hog cholera.

\$30,000 to arrest and convict the men who robbed its safe. Printers seldom follow the hounds,

It cost the Northampton (Mass.) bank

and yet the chase takes no imposing form without them.

A householder in Charleston, S. C., was fined the other day for allowing his chimney to take fire. The Central Pacific railroad company

have ordered 700,000 trees to be set out along the line of their road the coming Turkish soldiers have recovered from their wounds in a marvelous manner, in

many instances, owing to their strictly temperate lives. By a Michigen court it has been de-cided that oysters are fish; but very few people, however, will think of going fishing when they want oysters.

Japan has no system of patent laws. The Japanese, with their native skill and ingenuity, copy very successfully many of the machines sent to that country.

The Turk has an immense horror of amputation, preferring death. For a long while Osman Pasha refused to allow the surgeons to dress or even examine the wound in his arm. One of the largest shoe firms in Bos ton has just concluded an arrangemen with the Peruvian government to fur nish 35,000 pairs of men's shoes. The

firm had previously filled an order for the same government for 10,000 pairs of John Fletcher, of Tennessee, fired at his nephew with a double-barreled shotgun a few days ago, and shot out nearly all of his teeth, destroyed both of his eyes and shot his nose off. The phy-sicians think that the youth will live, thus disfigured and totally blind.

Captain Boyton has achieved another great feat in swimming, having descend-ed the Loire from Orleans to Nantes, where he was received by an enthusiastic crowd assembled to greet his arrival. He seemed quite worn out from excess of fatigue and his wrists were swelled and painful.

The very latest "Turkish atrocity" is to be seen in Cheapside, in London, where a peripatetic vender of penny wares is carrying about a trayful of "Bulgarian ears," made of flesh colored india rubber, and imitating, with frightful fidelity, a human car severed from a

In some parts of Maine huge flocks of geese feed by day in the fields with only a small boy to attend them. Returning home under his charge in the evening, as they march down the roads they drop off by detachments without confusion, and proceed soberly of their own according to the street down they have the street down the street do to the houses where they dge.

What's in a name? | Chinaman San Francisco found the e were thirty days. He stole a 'Frisco man's door plate and fastened it to his own door as an ornament. He didn't know that the name would betray him, as he thought that was merely carved on for the beauty of the thing. The Chinaman now lan-guishes in the bastile, another victim to the mysteries of Euglish orthography.

In northern China, people of all ages are dying of actual starvation by thou sands. The famine extends over a district which includes at least 5,000 villages, and it is said that at least 500 die daily. Houses are pulled down in every 5,852,967 village to sell the timber and thatch in order to get food. Those who can get husks and dry leaves ordinarily used for fuel, are considered well off, Most of the poor young girls have been sold; old men, middle-aged men and young men, and children die daily of starvation and others freeze. The dead cannot get a burial; they are too many, and none can afford the expense; so they are cast daily into large pits. people at Shansi are said to be living on e corpses of their fellow beings who die of starvation. And the strong are killing the weak for the sake of obtaining their flesh for food.

Twenty Years Trying to Move.

Twenty years ago a gentleman living along the Tennessee line, not more than thirty-five or forty miles from Glasgow, concluded to move to California. proposition met the cordial assent of all his fam ly. Everything was shaped to-ward the removal. When the time came the land was unsold and some business the mother and remainder of the family, except the father, should commence the move, which in those days consumed the farm, intending to start as soon as he could wind up. The gentlemen set he could wind up. The gentlemen set himself to work, but found it an up-hill business to adjust his affairs, and could and found it not. He had forgotten to find no suitable purchaser for his land, Two or three years passed in fruitless efforts to get ready to leave, and eventu-The war over things were in no shape for immigration. Time passed on until the gentleman has reached an old age, and infirmities have taken hold of him, and now the probability of the family meeting beyond the grave is all that lights up the hopes of either wing of the long separated family. The family were cound together by the strongest ties, and the long separation has been a most painful one. It is certa'nly a mos singular history .- Glasgow (Ky.) Times

Recent observations on the comparative anatomy of this little animal, have made known to us that just within its mouth it is furnished with three little jaws, triangularly arranged, on each has its appropriate muscular apparatus for its peculiar action, and thus is explained the constant shape of the wound observed after the application of this very useful animal.—Annals of Chemister.