The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher. | NIL DESPERANDUM. | Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. IX. | RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1879. | NO. 5.

THE HOSTLER'S STORY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

What amused us most at the Lake house last summer was the performance of a bear in the back yard.

He was fastened to a pole by a chain, which gave him a range of a dozen or fifteen feet. It was not very safe for visitors to come within that circle, unless they were prepared for rough handling.

He had a way of suddenly catching you to his bosom, and picking your pockets of peanuts and candy—if you carried any about you—in a manner which took your breath away. He stood up to his work on his hind legs in a quite human fashion, and used paws and tongue with amazing skill and vivacity. He was friendly, and didn't mean any harm, but he was a rude playfellow.

I shall never forget the ludicrous adventure of a dandified New Yorker who came out into the yard to feed bruin on seed-cakes, and did not feed him fast enough.

He had approached a trifle too near, when all at once the bear whipped an arm about him, took him to his embrace, and "went through" his pockets in a hurry. The terrified face of the struggling and screaming fop, and the good-natured, business-like expression of the fumbling and munching beast, offered the funniest sort of contrast.

The one-eyed hostler, who was the bear's especial guardian, lounged leisurely to the spot.

"Keep still, and he won't hurt ye," he said, turning his quid. "That's one of his tricks. Throw out what you've got, and he'll leave ye."

The dandy made haste to help bruin to the last of the seed-cakes, and escaped without injury, but in a ridiculous plight—his hat smashed, his vest and linen rumpled, and his watch dangling; but his fright was the most laughable part of all.

The one-eyed hostler made a motion to the beast, who immediately climbed the pole, and looked at us from the crosspiece at the top.

"A bear," said the one-eyed hostler, turning his quid again, "is the best-hearted, knowin'est critter that goes on all-fours. I'm speakin' of our native black bear, you understand. The brown bear aint half so respectable, and the grizzly is one of the ugliest brutes in creation. Come down here, Pomp."

Pomp slipped down the pole and advanced toward the one-eyed hostler, walking on his hind legs and rattling his chain.

"Playful as a kitten!" said the one-eyed hostler, fondly. "I'll show ye."

He took a wooden bar from a clothes-horse near by, and made a lunge with it at Pomp's breast.

No pugilist or fencing-master could have parried a blow more neatly. Then the one-eyed hostler began to thrust and strike with the bar as if in downright earnest.

"Rather savage play," I remarked. And a friend by my side, who never misses a chance to make a pun, added: "Yes, a decided act of bar-bear-ity."

"Oh, he likes it!" said the one-eyed hostler. "Ye can't hit him."

And indeed it was so. No matter how or where the blow was aimed, a movement of Pomp's paw, quick as a flash of lightning, knocked it aside, and he stood there good-humoredly waiting for more.

"Once in awhile," said the one-eyed hostler, resting from the exercise and leaning on the bar, while Pomp retired to his pole, "there's a bear, if you please, that's vicious and blood-thirsty. Generally, you let them alone and they'll let you alone. They won't run from you maybe, but they won't go out of their way to pick a quarrel. They don't swagger round with a chip on their shoulder lookin' for some fool to knock it off."

"Will they eat you?" some one inquired; for there was ring of spectators around the performers by this time.

"As likely as not, if they are sharp-set, and you lay yourself out to be eaten, but it ain't their habit to go for human flesh. Roots, nuts, berries, bugs and any small game they can pick up, satisfies their humble appetite as a general thing.

The one-eyed hostler leaned against the pole, stroked Pomp's fur affectionately, and continued somewhat in this style:

"Bears are partic'larly fond of fat, juicy pigs; and once give 'em a taste of human flesh—why, I shouldn't want my children to be playin' in the woods within a good many miles of their den!

"Which reminds me of Old Two Claws, as they used to call him, a bear that plagued the folks up in Ridgetown, where I was brought up—wall, as much as forty year ago.

"He got his name from the peculiar shape of his foot, and he got that from trifling with a gun-trap. You know what that is—a loaded gun set in such a way that a bear or any game that's curious about it must come up to it where it p'ints; a bait is hung before the muzzle, and a string runs from that to the trigger.

"He was a cunning fellow, and he put out an investigatin' paw at the piece of pork before trying his jaws on it; so instead of gettin' a bullet in the head, he only had a couple of toes shot off. There were but two claws left on that foot, as his bloody tracks showed.

"He got off; but this experience seemed to have soured his disposition. He owed a spite to the settlement.

"One night a great row was heard in my uncle's piggen. He and the boys rushed out with pitchforks, a gun and a lantern. They knew what the trouble was, or soon found out.

"A huge black bear had broken down the side of the pen; he had seized a fat porker, and was actually lugging him off in his arms! The pig was kicking and squealing, but the bear had him fast. He did not seem at all inclined to give up his prey, even when attacked. He looked sullen and ugly; but a few jabs from a pitchfork, and a shot in the head from the gun, loaded with bird-shot, convinced him that he was making a mistake.

"He dropped the pig and got away before my uncle could load up for another shot. The next morning they examined his tracks. It was Old Two Claws.

"But what sp'ilt him for being a quiet neighbor was something that happened about a year after that.

"There was a roving family of Indians encamped near the settlement; hunting, fishing and making moccasins and baskets, which they traded with the whites.

"One afternoon the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning, wife of the Water-Snake-with-the-Long-Tail, came over to the settlement with some of their truck for sale. She had a papoose on her back strapped on a board; another squaw traveled with her, carrying an empty jug.

"Almost within sight of Gorman's grocery, Red-Sky took off her papoose and hung it on a tree. The fellows around the store had made fun of it when she was there once before, so she preferred to leave it in the woods rather than expose it to the coarse jokes of the boys. The little thing was used to such treatment. Whether carried or hung up, papoosey never cried.

"The squaws traded off this truck, and bought, with other luxuries of civilization, a gallon of whisky. They drank out of the jug, and then looked at more goods. Then they drank again, and from being shy and silent, as at first, they giggled and chatted like a couple of silly white girls. They spent a good deal more time and money at Gorman's than they would if it hadn't been for the whisky, but finally they started to go back through the woods.

"They went chattering and giggling to the tree where the papoose had been left. There was no papoose there!

"This discovery sobered them. They thought at first the fellows around the store had played them a trick by taking it away; but by-and-by the Red-Sky-of-the-Morning set up a shriek.

"She had found the board not far off, but no papoose strapped to it, only something that told the story of what had happened.

"There were bear tracks around the spot. One of the prints showed only two claws.

"The Red-Sky-of-the-Morning went back to the camp with the news; the other squaw followed with the jug.

"When the Water Snake-with-the-Long Tail heard that his papoose had been eaten by a bear, he felt, I suppose, very much as any white father would have felt under the circumstances. He vowed vengeance against Old Two Claws, but he first consoled himself with a drink of the fire-water before starting on the hunt.

"The braves with him followed his example. It wasn't in Indian nature to start until they had emptied the jug, so it happened that Old Two Claws was got off again. Tipsy braves can't follow a trail worth a cent.

"Not very long after that a woman in a neighboring settlement heard her children scream one day in the woods near the house. She went out, and actually saw a bear lugging off her youngest.

"She was a sickly, feeble sort of woman, but such a sight was enough to give her the strength and courage of a man. She ran and caught up an axe. Luckily she had a big dog. The two were a match for a bear.

"The old fellow had no notion of losing his dinner just for a woman and a mongrel cur. But she struck him a tremendous blow on the back; at the same time the pup got him by the leg. He dropped the young one to defend himself. She caught it up and ran, leaving the two beasts to have it out together.

"The bear made short work with the cur; but instead of following the woman and child, he skulked off into the woods.

"The settlers got together for a grand hunt; but Old Two Claws—for the tracks showed that he was the scoundrel—escaped into the mountains, and lived to make more trouble another day.

"The child? Oh, the child was scarcely hurt. It had got squeezed and scratched a little in the final tussle; that was all.

"As to the bear, he was next heard of in our settlement."

The hostler hesitated, winked his one eye with an odd expression, put a fresh quid into his cheek, and finally resumed:

"A brother-in-law of my uncle, a man by the name of Rush, was one day chopping in the woods about half a mile from his house, when his wife went out to carry him his luncheon.

"She left two children at home, a boy about five years old, and a baby just big enough to toddle around.

"The boy had often been told that if he strayed into the woods with his baby brother a bear might carry them off, and she charged him again that forenoon not to go away from the house; but he was an enterprising little fellow, and when the sun shone so pleasant and the woods looked so inviting, he wasn't one to be afraid of bears.

"The woman stopped to see her husband fell a big beech he was cutting, and then went back to the house; but just before she got there, she saw the oldest boy coming out of the woods on the other side. He was alone. He was white as a sheet, and so frightened at first that he couldn't speak.

"'Johnny,' says she, catching hold of him, 'what is the matter?'

"'A bear!' he gasped out at last.

"'Where is your little brother?' was her next question.

"'I don't know,' said he, too much frightened to know anything just then.

"'Where did you leave him?' says she.

"Then he seemed to have gotten his wits together a little. 'A bear took him!'

"You can guess what sort of an agony the mother was in.

"'Oh, Johnny, tell me true! Think! Where was it?'

"'In the woods,' he said. 'Bear come along.—I run.'

"She caught him up and hurried with him into the woods. She begged him show her where he was with his little brother when the bear came along. He pointed out two or three places. In one of them the earth was soft. There were fresh tracks crossing it—bear tracks. There was no doubt about it.

"It was a terrible situation for a poor woman. Whether to follow the bear and try to recover her child, or go at once to her husband, or alarm the neighbors; what to do with Johnny meanwhile had been enough for her to decide even if she had had her wits about her.

"She hardly knew what she did, but just followed her instinct, and ran with Johnny in her arms, or dragging him after her, to where her husband was chopping.

"Well," continued the one-eyed hostler; "I needn't try to describe what followed. They went back to the house, and Rush took his rifle and started on the track of the bear, vowing that he would not come back without either the child or the bear's hide.

"The news went like wildfire through the settlement. In an hour half-a-dozen men with their dogs were on the track with Rush. It was so much trouble for him to follow the trail that they soon overtook him with the help of the dogs.

"But in spite of them the bear got into the mountains. Two of the dogs came up with him, and one, the only one that could follow a scent, had his back broken by a stroke of his paw. After that it was almost impossible to track him, and one after another the hunters gave up and returned home.

"At last Rush was left alone; but nothing could induce him to turn back. He shot some small game in the mountains, which he cooked for his supper, slept on the ground, and started on the trail again in the morning.

"Along in the forenoon he came in sight of the bear as he was crossing a stream. He had a good shot at him as he was climbing the bank on the other side

"The bear kept on, but it was easier tracking him after that by his blood.

"That evening a hunter, haggard, his clothes all in tatters, found his way to a backwoodman's hut over in White's valley. It was Rush. He told his story in a few words as he rested on a stool. He had found no traces of his child, but he had killed the bear. It was Old Two Claws. He had left him on the hills, and came to the settlement for help.

"The hunt had taken him a round-about course, and he was then not more than seven miles from home. The next day, gun in hand, with the bear-skin strapped to his back—the carcass had been given to his friend the back-woodsman—he started to return by an easier way through the woods.

"It was a sad revenge he had had, but there was a grim sort of satisfaction in lugging home the hide of the terrible Old Two Claws.

"As he came in sight of his log house, out ran his wife to meet him, with—what do you suppose?—little Johnny dragging at her skirts, and the lost child in her arms.

"Then, for the first time, the man dropped, but he didn't get down any further than his knees. He clung to his wife and baby, and thanked God for the miracle.

"But it wasn't much of a miracle, after all.

"Little Johnny had been playing around the door, and lost sight of the baby, and maybe forgotten all about him when he strayed into the woods and saw the bear. Then he remembered all that he had heard of the danger of being carried off and eaten, and of course he had a terrible fright. When asked about his little brother he didn't know anything about him, and I suppose really imagined that the bear had got him.

"But the baby had crawled into a snug place under the side of the rain-trough, and there he was fast asleep all the while. Then he woke up two or three hours after, and the mother heard him cry; her husband was far away on the hunt.

"True—this story I've told you?" added the one-eyed hostler, as some one questioned him. "Every word of it!"

"But your name is Rush, isn't it?" I said.

The one eye twinkled humorously.

"My name is Rush. My uncle's brother-in-law was my own father."

"And you?" exclaimed a bystander.

"I," said the one-eyed hostler, "am the very man who warn't eaten by the bear when I was a baby!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The Cause of a Mine Explosion.

Some peculiar features of mining casualties were developed at a coroner's inquest on the bodies of William Crone and Thomas Tiernay, who died from injuries received by an explosion of fire-damp, at the Lower Rausch Creek colliery, near Pottsville, Pa. These men were working with safety-lamps on the bottom level of the mine, 1,900 feet below the surface. The vein in which they worked made no gas, but another beneath it, with about nine feet of slate between, gave forth gas in quantities so great as to force up the solid slate-covering in the centre of the breast, the pressure of the strata above, of course, helping. The movement caused a rumbling and cracking, which the men thought came from the roof, and they, together with the fire-boss, James O'Neill, and a miner named Jacob Imschweller, were watching that part, when the noise became so violent that they ran into the heading, fearing that the roof would fall. The roof, however, remained undisturbed. The men had scarcely left the breast when the floor heaved up, opened, and a volume of gas poured forth, which at once filled the whole place. O'Neill and Imschweller, fortunately for them, darted into the passage leading inward from the breast; but Crone and Tiernay entered the "intake" passage. Crone, knowing that a strong current of air would force the flame through the meshes of his lamp and set fire to the gas, shielded his lamp as he ran, but Tiernay neglected this precaution. The gas ignited from his lamp, and a terrible explosion followed. Crone and Tiernay were so badly burned that they died in a few hours, while the others, being behind the explosion, which always takes an outward course, were only slightly injured by being dashed against the coal. The wood-work of the mine was shattered for a distance of 100 yards, and a boy named Grady received fatal injuries from a door which fell on him. The mine was then being inspected for the third time that day (the explosion occurred at noon); and 16,576 cubic feet of air per minute was then passing through that portion of it. The jury returned a verdict that "the deceased came to their deaths from the effects of an explosion caused by running through the gas with their safety lamps against, instead of with, the air-current."

TIMELY TOPICS.

The sacred right of petition has been vindicated to the extent of 10,167 petitions introduced in the House of Representatives during the Forty-fifth United States Congress. They relate to all sorts of subjects, and come from private individuals, aliens, corporations, literary, scientific, and labor-reform societies, boards of trade, State and Territorial legislatures; in fact, from almost every branch of trade and industry. Under the rule of the House petitions are not presented in open session, but are placed on file, and as a general thing are never heard of.

Sixty-nine libel suits for one libel! Ambiguity has been the death of one poor paper in Marseilles, France. The *Nouvelliste*, of Marseilles, stated some months ago that the tax receiver of St. Etienne had embezzled $10,000. The proprietor must have had more than one "bad quarter of an hour" when he discovered, as he very quickly did, that there are sixty-nine St. Etiennes, towns or communes in France. Every one of the tax receivers of these places brought an action against the paper, which has been ordered to pay $20 damages to each collector, besides $40 fine.

A "first exhibition circular" of the Melbourne International exhibition of 1880 has been received. It contains long lists of commissioners and committees and the "system of general classification," apparently based to a considerable extent upon that of Philadelphia. The president is the Hon. Wm. John Clarke, member of the legislative council at Melbourne. Applications for space should be sent in not later than June 30, 1879. The reception of exhibits will commence June 1, 1880, and none will be admitted after August 31. The exhibition will remain open for six calendar months, commencing October 1, 1880, and closing March 31, 1881. Full particulars can be obtained from James E. Denison, No. 123 Collins street, West Melbourne, who will act as general agent for American exhibitors.

A subject of more than ordinary interest is now under consideration by a committee of the Medico-Legal society, and it is deemed probable that the result of the research and report of the committee will be the passage of a law providing for the verification of every case of supposed death occurring in New York city. The wisdom and necessity of such a law, the *Herald* remarks, can hardly be questioned by any one who has given the subject any careful thought; and so thoroughly is it acknowledged by Europeans that in every principal country of Europe legal cognizance is taken of the possibility of syncope being mistaken for death. And in nearly all, if not all of the principal cities on the continent there is an officer of the law whose duty it is to decide in every case of apparent death whether it is or is not real. In England and America, however, no protection is afforded by the statutes against the possibility of a live person being buried.

An original character, well known in the Latin quarter, has just died in Paris at an advanced age. Pere Royer, as he was called, fancied he was an unappreciated genius, and amused himself in inventing new systems which were to renovate society. He set up a new religion, one article of which—and the one that procured the most adherents—was to make every other day a day of rest. He habituated himself to eating only on alternate days, and used to argue that by sleeping twenty-four consecutive hours and then working for a like period, the same sum of labor would be produced with a saving of food and the time lost at meals. During the late war Pere Royer invented a number of means for annihilating the Prussians, and never pardoned the war department for the indifference it manifested toward his Greek fire, which he called the "prussovore." He was the author of some songs, which were sung in their time by the students, and of a poem called "Le droit de boire," which, unfortunately for him, he never found a publisher to bring out. Like many other philanthropists, he died in a state of utter destitution.

A New Astronomical Wonder.

At the last total eclipse of the sun, many astronomers busied themselves chiefly with observing the corona which had excited so much interest and speculation at previous eclipses. This is the name given to the bright light seen outside of the moon's disk when the body of the sun is completely hidden by it.

Opinions were divided as to its cause; some observers thinking it proceeded from the sun's atmosphere, or from luminous gases which shot far above its surface; while others imagined it separated from the sun altogether, and due to other causes in the depths of space.

From the observations made, and from photographs taken, it is now believed to be simply the reflected light of the sun. This reflection is supposed to be due to immense numbers of meteorites, or possibly, systems of meteorites, like the rings of Saturn, revolving about the sun. The existence of such meteorites has long been suspected, and observations now seem to justify a belief in their existence. Their constant falling into the sun is thought to be one of the methods by which its heat is maintained without loss.

Relief From a Corn.

Soak the foot in warm water for a quarter of an hour every night; after each soaking, rub on the corn patiently, with the finger, a half dozen drops of sweet oil; wear around the toe during the day two thicknesses of buckskin, with a hole in it to receive the corn, and continue this treatment until the corn falls out. If you wear moderately loose shoes, it will be months, and even years, before the corn returns, when the same treatment will be efficient in a few days. Paring corns is always dangerous, beside making them take deeper root, as does a weed cut off near the ground; but the plan advised is safe, painless, and costs nothing but a little attention.—*Exchange.*

Whoppers.

It was at a miner's cabin in Tennessee; a dozen or so of rough, uncouth, unkempt-looking fellows sat over a stove in an atmosphere redolent with cold coffee and tobacco.

"Talkin' about your stories," said a grizzly, gray old fellow, removing his pipe from between two shaggy masses of tawny hair, while his companions gave each other significant glances—"talkin' about your stories, why, y've all hearn on Bill Hess, him as was killed in '76, a moonshining. Well, Bill an' me wus old cronies. A year afore the war Bill, he swalled of a peach pit. It trubbled of him a kinder, but no one thought much on't; but Bill's appetite it got stronger and stronger, till at last he'd eat and devour of every think as what he could lay of his hands on. An' the mystery about the affair wus, that the more Bill he would eat, the thinner did he become.

"It wus six years arter that—yes, it wus seving years—when one day Bill he wus took with a gripin' an' a groanin'. Snakes! how he kicked and yelled; seving men couldn't hold of him. No doctor wus in the parts where we wus. Well, he had conwulsions, an' he had 'em right smart, too, I tell yer, and the furst think we knowd, up came a small cherry tree"—

"I thought as 'ow he swalled of a peach pit?" some one asked.

"Well, so he did, and he disgorged of a peach tree about three feet high—did I say cherry?—well, that wus a slip of the tongue—with bloomin' peaches on it. And arter that Bill's health cum back to him, and he wusn't afflicted no more."

"I've got a story to beat that," exclaimed a young, sprightly-looking miner, with a merry eye and a clear complexion. "Me an' Bob Jones we wus a travelin' in '58, just about the time that ere accident happened to Bill Hess, and Bob he got a cinder in his eye, which kinder annoyed him. It got wuss and wuss, till the poor feller hadn't no peace or comfort. One day, says Bob to me, says he: 'Pete, somethink is the matter with that ere eye, somethink is the matter. It feels like as what it wus gettin' bigger and leavin' of my head.'

"I looked at it, and sure enough there wus a raisen-like sort of think on it. Still it trubbled of Bob. Day by day, that raisen-like sort of think growed and growed, until it wouldn't let the eyelid shut. Mind ye, all this time Bob could see just as well as ever, if anythink, better than nor before. The raisen-like sort of think growed and growed for two years, when it had growed three inches out of Bob's eye. It was just like a bush, with tiny branches and little bits of leaves. Well, to make a long story short, one night Bob turned over on his face in his sleep, and in the mornin' he found a little maple tree lyin' alongside of him, and the pain in his eye and the bush wus gone. That, there," pointing to a sapling just out of the door, "is the tree which growed of the cinder what Bob Jones caught in his eye."

A Suicide's Letter.

The dead body of an unfortunate man, Hood Alston by name, was found on the 3d of March under a tree at Bay St. Louis, Miss. It was discovered that he had destroyed himself by morphine, and that he left behind him a pitiful and deeply interesting letter. He was evidently a man of culture, and the letter said he had once been a journalist. On the 2d of July, 1863, he was struck on the head by a piece of shell at the battle of Gettysburg. He recovered to all appearances and was thought to be quite well. In his letter, however, Alston declares that he has since been conscious that he has always been hovering on the dangerous edge of insanity. He has felt on particular and frequent occasions an almost irresistible impulse to kill people, and always preferentially those who were most dear to him. To avoid this he has fled often from the presence of a wife and children, living in California, whom he tenderly loved; but has never had the moral strength to confess his fears and cause himself to be placed under restraint. At last the accumulated agonies of his apprehension, and the horror of his secret was too much for him and he slew himself. The case is singular and suggestive. How far Alston's madness was, as represented by himself to himself, real and how far feigned we shall probably never know. Perhaps, as some writers would have us think of Hamlet, he was sometimes sane and sometimes otherwise. But were his fears lest he should take the life of others incident to his lucid intervals, or did they only present themselves when his mind was off its balance and so constitute the characteristic and proof of his insanity? The question is a puzzling one, and, like the problem of Hamlet's lunacy and the inquiry whether it is genuine or simulated, may invite endless discussion while leaving the issue forever in the sequel to be "smothered by surmise."—*New York Evening Post.*

A Custom of the Country.

The massacre recently perpetrated by the king of Burmah, at which over eighty of his relatives lost their lives, frightful as it appears, is merely one more example of a custom so universal in the East that it may almost claim rank as a recognized institution. The natural commencement of every Oriental reign is the slaughter or disablement of all possible pretenders to the throne; and the annals, not merely of Burmah, but of Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan and Bomara teem of instances too frightful for quotation. As recently as the close of the last century, a Western traveler found one of the royal princes of Persia going about with a bandage over his eyes, and on questioning him was told, in a matter-of-course air which made the statement doubly horrible, that "as his eldest brother would certainly put out his eyes on mounting the throne, he was teaching himself to dispense with the use of them." The Turkish sultan, Mahmoud, famous for his destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, owed his elevation to the fact of his being the only member of the royal family left unslaughtered; and the multiplied butcheries of Mehemet Ali are still fresh in every one's recollection.

Curious Method of Catching Quail.

The following passage, from a work called "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier," describes the manner of capturing quails in the East Indies: Traveling one day along one of the glades I have mentioned as dividing the strips of jungle, I was surprised to see a man before me in a field of long stubble, with a cloth spread over his head and two sticks projecting in front at an obtuse angle to his body, forming horn-like projections, on which the ends of his cloth, twisted spirally, were tied. I thought from his curious antics and movements that he must be mad, but I soon discovered that there was method in his madness. He was catching quail. The quail are often very numerous in the stubble fields, and the natives adopt very ingenious devices for their capture. This was one I was now witnessing. [illegible]overing themselves with their cloth as I have described, the projecting ends of the two sticks representing the horns, they simulate all the movements of a cow or bull. They pretend to paw up the earth, toss their make-believe horns, turn round and pretend to scratch themselves, and, in fact, identify themselves with the animal they are representing; and it is irresistibly comical to watch a solitary performer go through this *al fresco* comedy. I have laughed often at some cunning old herdsman or shekarry. When they see you watching them they will redouble their efforts, and try to represent an old bull going through all his pranks and practices, and throw you into convulsions of laughter.

Round two sides of the field they have previously put fine nets, and at the apex they have a large cage with a decoy quail inside, or perhaps a pair. The quail is a running bird, disinclined for flight except at night; in the daytime they prefer running to using their wings. The idiotic-looking old cow, as we will call the hunter, has all his wits about him. He proceeds very slowly and warily; his keen eye detects the conveys of quail, which way they are going, his ruse generally succeeds wonderfully. He is no more like a cow than that respectable animal is like a cucumber; but he paws, and tosses, and moves about, pretends to eat, to nibble here, and switch his tail there, and so on maneuvers as to keep the running quail away from the unprotected edges of the field. When they get to the verge protected by the net, they begin to take alarm; they are probably not very certain about the peculiar-looking "old cow" behind them, and running along the net, they see the decoy quails evidently feeding in great security and freedom. The V-shaped mouth of the large basket cage looks invitingly open. The puzzling nets are barring the way, and the "old cow" is gradually closing up behind. As the hunter moves along, I should have told you, he rubs two pieces of dry hard sticks gently up and down his thigh with one hand, producing a peculiar crepitation, a crackling sound, not sufficient to startle the birds into flight, but alarming them enough to make them get out of the way of the "old cow." One bolder than the others, possibly the most timid of the covey, irritated by the queer crackling sound, now enters the basket, the others following like a flock of sheep; and once in, the puzzling shape of the entrance prevents their exit. Not infrequently the hunter bags twenty or even thirty brace of quail in one field by this ridiculous looking but ingenious method.

How Vassar Lost a Pupil.

A letter from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to the *World*, says: At the beginning of the term one year ago a young lady from New York entered the freshman class of 1878 at Vassar college. She was then sixteen, of slight figure, brown-haired, pretty, and a young person of buoyant spirits, who speedily became something of a character among her fellow-students. It is said, however, that the faculty found her intractable and subjected her to a course of mild discipline which she did not like. She had entered the college under peculiar circumstances. Her father had endowed a scholarship there at a cost of $8,000, and she was the first to receive its benefits. Finally, much of what was considered infelicitous in the girl's ways was overlooked by the faculty, and under the new order of things matters moved along more smoothly.

Just before the last holiday week she was again, however, in open rebellion against the authorities. She expressed a determination to accompany a fellow-student to the latter's home in the West to spend the holidays. The head of the college protested with emphasis; but when the time arrived the young rebel went on her proposed trip and returned in due time and resumed her studies. In the meantime she was corresponding with and meeting in Poughkeepsie every Saturday, when the young ladies are permitted to leave the college to do their shopping, the young son of her father's partner in New York.

Thus matters stood up to a recent Friday, when the young woman was missing. Inquiry discovered that, with the assistance of two of her chums, she had quietly packed her wardrobe and stolen away. The young man had a carriage in waiting for her, and on her arrival they went to the residence of Dr. Elmendorf, of the Second Reformed church, in Poughkeepsie, and were married. Then they were driven to the Nelson house, where they remained until Saturday afternoon, going then to New York. Dr. Elmendorf, it is said, was induced to perform the ceremony only by the presence of a gentleman of high standing in this city, who accompanied the couple to the house and vouched for their character and the regularity of the proceeding. The father of the bride and groom are in business together, the former being a wealthy manufacturer of a proprietary "bitters."

The two girls who assisted his daughter in making her escape from the college have been expelled and sent home.

A confidence operator was caught in the act of cheating a man at cards, and boldly insisted that by so doing he was only obeying the scriptural injunction. When asked how he made that out, he said: "He was a stranger, and I took him in."

A case is sometimes gained through perjury and sometimes per jury.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A horse-race—Colts.

"Branch-houses"—The florists.

There are fifty substitutes for coffee, and 129 for tea.

The lighthouses of the world are estimated at 2,814.

One-third of Chicago's population is German, or of German origin.

The man who was lost in slumber probably found his way out on a nightmare.

Many of the provincial cities of China have populations of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 each.

We suppose no one would care to do without a tongue. But, after all, it is only a matter of taste.

Young ladies think they Miss it by marrying, and a married lady thinks she Mrs. it in being married.

The Erie canal was commenced in 1817 and completed in 1825. The main line measures 363 miles in length, and cost about $7,200,000.

The Pekin (China) *Gazette*, the oldest daily newspaper in the world, was first issued about A. D. 1350. It is still in existence, and is an official journal.

A FACT IN ASTRONOMY.

If the moon were like some men,
Every night she'd be shining,
Instead of 'quartering then
She would be full all the time.

On the Atlantic ocean, during the prevalence of a heavy storm, the extreme altitude of waves above the intervening depressions or hollows was found to be forty-three feet.

New Mexico has 1,000,000 head of sheep, valued at $1,500,000; Colorado 950,000 head, valued at $1,000,000; Wyoming territory 225,000, valued at $450,000.

The difference between the thermometer on a July day and a meadow lark is that the latter rises three hundred feet, while the former goes up nearly a hundred degrees, above nothing.—*N. Y. News.*

Two lovers at the gate;
They linger, linger, linger;
He binds the ring of Fate—
With a kiss upon her finger.
—*Somebody.*

One lover at the grate;
She lingers, lingers, lingers,
"Heigho! this ring of fate,"
She says, "I've seen of late
Upon six others' fingers."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Foolish Every-day Questions—Askin the orange peddler, "Are they sweet?" Inquiring of your friend Smith as to what the weather is going to be in the future time, certain or indefinite. Demanding "What's the news?" with the expectation of getting any answer other than "O-o-h, nothing." Hailing Tom, Dick and Harry with "How d'ye do?" "How are ye?" as though you cared a rush how they did or how they were.—*Boston Transcript.*

The American *Agriculturist*, in an interesting article on the Texas cattle drive, says: "The cattle go to the river for water at noon, with the exception of a few, which remain behind to take care of the calves. Several old ranchmen have seen watching twelve or fifteen calves, while the mothers had gone with the remainder of the herd to drink. After the return of the herd the 'watchers' take their turn. This interesting fact is vouched for by several old ranchmen."

David Crockett once visited a menagerie at Washington, and pausing a moment before a remarkably ugly monkey, exclaimed: "What a resemblance to the Hon. Mr. X.!" The words were scarcely spoken, when he turned, and, to his great astonishment, saw standing at his side the very man whom he had complimented. "I beg your pardon," said the gallant colonel; "I would not for the world have said so, had I known you were near me, and I am ready to make the most humble apology for my unpardonable rudeness;" looking first at the insulted member of Congress, whose face was anything but lovely, and then at the monkey, and turning to him—"hang it, if I can tell whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey!"

The Custom of "Treating."

"Treating" constitutes one of the chief perils attaching to the custom of imbibing spirituous liquors, and there are now few persons who could not, if free from its shackles, restrict the indulgence of their appetite to a decent moderation. A man meeting a group of his friends just as he is bent on obtaining his afternoon allowance of "sherry and bitters" must, if he does not violate usage, and if he wishes to do what is expected of him, ask them all to join him. Suppose the whole party to number seven. Seven drinks are poured down seven throats, willing or unwilling. What is the immediate result of this hospitality? Six other individuals feel themselves mortgaged with an obligation to equal it. There may be a little chat, and then some one says: "Ah, let's have another drink!" Then seven more drinks are poured down seven throats. More talk. Then seven more drinks at the expense of another member of the party. Seven more drinks. More talk. A fourth inspiration by a fourth participant. Some one who has done his full duty tries to get away; he has business to transact; ought not to drink any more. His objection is vetoed by the asking party, who, "No shirking ole feller, come on!" Repetition of the gulping act by seven performers. Every one feels the mellowing influence by this time. "Charley," says No. Six affectionately to the genius of the bar, "giv's 'nother! All round boys." Encore the feat of seven throats swallowing seven drinks. No. Seven's turn has arrived. The happy relief is near. He happens to be the least experienced of the party. He is already full. His words are not so fluid as expressive. "Set 'em up again, hic!" Up they go, and then down they go—seven more drinks. Let us see. Seven times seven are forty-nine. And all because of his little "sherry and bitters." Perhaps he goes home to his dinner afterward. Perhaps he doesn't. Perhaps he is afraid his wife and mother-in-law until the next day. Such is life in a country where "treating" is the custom.—*New York Herald.*