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Funny Uncle Phil.

I heard the grown folks talking last night when I lay abed, so I shut my eyes and listened to everything they said; and first they said that Polly and Phil were coming here, and a good old soul was Polly, but Phil was always queer. And they never, never, never, in all their lives could see how they could marry him, nor how they could agree; for she was just as bright and sweet as any flower in May, but he was tight as a drum-head, and as black as a stormy day. And his nose was always poking into other folk's affairs, and he was altogether too fond of spitting hairs; and he had so many corners you never could come near. Without your hitting some of them, or being in constant fear. Well, I listened very hard, and I remembered every word, and I thought it was the queerest thing a body ever heard; and in the evening, when I heard the chaise come down the hill, I almost couldn't wait to see my funny Uncle Phil. But, oh! what stories grown folks tell! He wasn't black at all! And he had'n't any corners, but was plump and fair and small; his nose turned up a little, but then it was so nice. How it could poke so very much I really couldn't see. And when he saw me staring, he nodded hard, and smiled; and then he asked them softly if I was Elsie's child; and when grandma said I was he took me gently on his knee, and would my longest curl about his finger carefully. And he told me 'bout my mamma when she was a little girl, and all the time he talked he kept his finger on that curl; till at last I couldn't stand it, and I slipped down by his chair, and asked him how he came to be so fond of spitting hair. My! how he stared! and Jimmy laughed, and grandma shook her head, and Uncle Sam turned red. And then the clock ticked very loud, the kitchen was so still. And I knew 'twas something dreadful I had said to Uncle Phil. But I couldn't help it then, so I told him every word, and he listened very quietly; he never spoke a word. Till I told him 'bout the corners, and said I didn't know how he could have so many when there didn't any show. And then they all laughed and laughed, till the kitchen fairly shook; and he gave the frightened grown folks such a bright and funny look, and said, "Yes, true, my little girl, when Polly married me, I was full of ugly corners, but she smoothed them down, you see." And then they all shook hands again, and Jimmy gave three cheers, and Uncle Sam said little pitchers had most monstrous ears; and grandma kissed Aunt Polly; but then she looked at me, and said I'd better "meditate" while she was getting tea. That means that I must sit and think what naughty things I've done; it must be 'cause I'm little yet—they seemed to think 'twas fun. I don't quite understand it all; well, by and by I will. Creep softly up to him, and ask my funny Uncle Phil.

—Anita Daley-Alten in Wide Awake.

AN APRIL HOAX.

Looking at it from without, it does not appear very unlike its fellows, this little suburban cottage of the Pochs, with its unpretending porch, over which the ivy trails its dark green foliage, its two parlor windows in front, and its bay-window at the side; but within there is nothing commonplace. Every room, every corner, reflects the refined taste of Janet Roy, and the quaint fancies of her brother Dick. Dick, the handsome, the talented, the gentlemanly—he is all this and more in his sister Janet's eyes—is sitting on the window-seat, the sun bathing his shapely figure in its impartial rays. He is reading the morning paper; with more interest probably than most men are wont to have, for he recognizes the mannerism of each writer on the editorial page—he is on the editorial staff himself—and takes pleasure in seeing how Smith treats the Eastern question, what Jones thinks of the condition of the Indians, and what Brown has to say on the presidential policy. He has not written a stroke for over a week himself. He has been quite ill; a heavy cold threatening pneumonia has kept him a prisoner at the cottage, and for seven mornings has the public been deprived of the pleasure and profit of perusing his timely and caustic remarks upon general topics. Only yesterday he stepped across the threshold into manhood; it was his twenty-first birthday; to-day he is a citizen of the republic. The clock on the mantel-shelf tinkles forth eight silvery notes. Dick looks up from his paper with some show of impatience. Where can Janet be? As if in answer to his thought, the door opens, and Miss Roy, tall and graceful, in a dress of olive-green serge, in charming contrast with her light golden hair, comes softly in.

"Have you been waiting long, Dick?" she asks, in a pleasant kindly voice. "I must have overslept myself, and I'm late," replies Dick, throwing down his paper and yawning languidly, "not

very long, but I'm glad you've come for my Uncle Phil. Rather a good sign, isn't it, Jean?"

"To be hungry? Yes; very good"—sitting down at the table and tapping her foot when it won't rest, "I'm so long. I'll venture to say that in fifteen minutes from now your appetite will be considerably diminished."

"Very likely," said Dick, as Sarah enters from the kitchen, bearing the coffee and the hot water, and a dish of beefsteak in the other. "At any rate, I will see how far steak, coffee and hot biscuits will go toward diminishing it."

"Presently there is a violent ring at the door."

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Dick, inquisitively. "I wonder if any of the boys could have come out to see what has become of me?"

"But my name is not the postman's," adds his sister; and the postman it is. Two letters are his contribution to the morning, both of which Sarah hands to Miss Janet, who hurriedly reads them. One is for herself, the other is for her brother.

"Here is a letter for you, sir, if your name is Horatio," she quotes, reaching it to him across the table.

"But my name is not Horatio," he replies, correctly, as he takes it. "Are you aware that to paraphrase is perfectly allowable? 'If your name be Richard' would be much more appropriate, wouldn't it?"

Janet scarcely listens to the prattle of her brother; the letter that has come for her is edged with black, and she is nervously tearing open the envelope in her haste to see what news it has brought, whose death it has come to announce.

Dick notices her agitation as she draws out the inclosed sheet, and wonders, even as he is wondering, what can be its message.

"Uncle Arthur is dead," she says, the next moment, giving a sigh of relief. "I saw it was in Harry's handwriting, and so feared it was cousin Margaret's."

"Uncle Arthur!" repeats Dick. "Uncle Arthur! He's one of my respected great-uncles, whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing; a California millionaire. I wonder did it ever strike him that a title of his wealth would be acceptable to his great-niece and great-nephew, who are battling with the world far away over here in the East?"

"Oh, Dick!" exclaims Miss Roy, "I don't know what you are talking of. The poor man's money when he is just dead?"

"Poor man!" says Dick, laughing. "Always thought he was a rich one. A slight touch of rheumatism, and he's dead, and his money when he is just dead?"

"Each lady's hand has a peculiarity, nevertheless."

"Which nobody can deny," quotes Richard. Some hands are pink and some are white, some are fat and some are lean, some wear diamonds and some wear none."

"How you trip one up!" exclaimed Janet, smiling. "You know very well what I mean. Would you have me stumble over the whole length of 'chirography' every time?"

"By no means. It would only be a waste of breath, and would seem as though you were intentionally airing your knowledge of Webster's Unabridged."

Dick is beginning to congratulate himself on the mastery way in which he has turned the subject and escaped rudely telling his sister that the contents of Miss Nellie Taylor's letter are not for her ears, when she again refers to his remarks.

"By-the-by," she says, as she draws from the table her brother's second cup of coffee, "speaking of some hands with diamonds and some without, Nell doesn't wear one, does she? When do you propose presenting her with one of the gems?"

"I was not aware!" (with mock gravity) "that young men are generally expected to provide their lady friends with diamond rings."

"Did the fact that there is such a thing as an engagement ring present itself to your enlightened intellect?"

"Engagement!" repeats Dick; "did I understand you to say engagement? Since when, pray, did you conclude that what she respects her brother has given his heart to another? I know of no engagement."

"Oh, dear!" says Janet, sighing melodramatically; "have I really been mistaken? And here I was already congratulating myself on soon having a sister-in-law!"

"Do you remember the nursery rhyme?" asks Dick.

"Can the love that you're so rich in shine in a kitchen?" he asks, "or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

I should hesitate, I think, to ask any one to marry me, for fear of having that couple thrown in my face. Now if that dear old great-uncle of mine had only taken it into his aged head to leave us a few of his many thousands, then perhaps I might think of engagements and diamond rings and mothers-in-law; and you might begin to speculate on the comparative advantages of my various lady friends as a sister-in-law."

"Poor, dear old man!" Janet continues, kindly. "I can just remember when he was a child, and playing with his long beard at the time he was on from the West. It's really a shame, Dick, our being so lively, and Uncle Arthur, grandfather's own brother, lying dead."

"Well, my dear, I should be lying alive if I said he was sorry he's gone; for while there's death there's hope, and who knows but he may have thought of us?"

"Oh, Dick!" beseechingly, "please don't joke about it. I really do feel badly, and Cousin Margaret and Harry must be so grieved."

"So they must," says Dick, apparently acquiescing in his sister's views. "I am sure we all do. Don't you think, Jean, we had better bow the shutters and hang out black bombazine?"

"I don't know what you are talking of," says Dick, feeling rather angry at her brother's continued joking. "It is the least we can do, and it shows some respect for our grandfather's brother," rising and leaving Dick still at the table.

"Our grandfather's brother!" repeats he; "what an awfully near relative!

Surely he must have bequeathed something to his brother's grandchildren. Dick is in his study now—a neat, cozy little room back of the drawing-room, which is really the library, but which Mr. Roy, being a literary man, chooses to call his study. He is sitting at his table, with Nell's letter spread out before him, and is reading it for the fourth time. There is nothing very remarkable about it; it is not what one would style a love-letter, and yet Dick would not for all the world have his sister get a glimpse of it.

"DEAR DICK,—I have been looking for you to call, as you promised, and am much surprised at not having seen you. Your birthday, I think you told me, is about this time. Did you have a party? and are you so elated at having attained your majority that you are above visiting your friends? I cannot think that because you are now a man you have given up all the friends of your childhood. Please call soon, and tell me all about your presents. Ever your friend, NELL."

"That is it; and in Dick is trying to find traces of something more than friendship.

"Nell is an awfully jolly girl," he says to himself, leaning back in his chair and thrusting his hands into his pockets. "Just as full of fun as ever she can be. I wonder whether she really does care anything for me? I'm not altogether a bad-looking fellow, if I do say it myself, and I think she would like to have me. How is it now? How is she to tell whether a girl cares more for him than for another, when she persists in being jolly with every one?"

Janet is not thinking of some means to solve the problem. How shall he prove her? Presently an idea comes to him, first faintly, indistinctly; then more plainly and more vividly, until a plan—an excellent plan, he thinks—stands out before him in its beautiful symmetry. Everything seems to have worked in favor of it, and he is naturally joyful over his discovery.

He opens one of the drawers in his writing-table and takes out a packet of letters. Through them he searches until he finds that Janet wrote him while he was away on his midsummer vacation. These he spreads open before him, and taking a sheet of paper he begins to write, now slowly studying his sister's letters, now slowly putting words upon the paper. Half an hour and he has finished. He folds the sheet, incloses it in an envelope, and addresses it as carefully as he has written it. Then he rises, and, unlocking the door, meets Janet in the hall. She sees him take down his hat to go out.

"Hut you not here to wear your overcoat?" she asks. "I'm afraid you might catch cold again."

"I'm not going far," he answers; "only to post a letter."

"To Nell?" she asks, teasingly. "Are you not rather prompt in answering your correspondents?"

Dick, making no reply, goes out, while she, laughing to herself, hurries away to her numerous household duties.

The next morning, on the 1st of April—All-folk's Day, with its temptations to practical jokes and its myriads of little innocent lies, when every one does his best to make a fool of his dearest friend as well as of himself—Dick rises on a sunny morning, that smells the buds to bursting, and draws up the blades of fresh young grass as a magnet draws steel.

Dick Roy is in the very best of spirits; and what he has in mind is to go out, and has taken a fresh cold; has assumed a voice as hoarse as a veteran bull-fighter; and has been looking the very picture of distress, until the arrival of the postman—just very well, it is a bright, and catches sight of the heading, his face brightens in expectation, and continues brightly to read the letter, and quite through, when he is wearing the broadest of smiles.

"Hurrah!" he shouts, his boyishness making its appearance through his newly assumed manhood—hurrah for Uncle Arthur! Hurrah! Jean, we've been left a fortune!"

Janet looks at him unbelievingly. She has been fooled once this morning, and does not intend to submit tamely to what she considers her brother's second attempt.

"If you must joke, Dick," she says, calmly, her voice and manner strangely contrasting with his excitement, "pray don't take such a subject. You are playing your part very well. I admit; but still I remember now what day it is."

"But I'm not joking; it's a fact. Here is a letter from the dear old boy's lawyer. Look at the postmark; look at the letter-head; read the message," he goes on, excitedly, running around his sister's side, the table and spreading the envelope and its contents before her.

He is certainly not fooling her now, as she is compelled to admit when she is thus presented with the evidence. The same heavy style of writing that was without in writing, is within.

"Richard Roy, Esq.,"

"DEAR SIR," (it begins).—"I have pleasure in informing you that the will of the late Arthur Roy, Esq., of this city, bequeaths his great-estate, consisting of nice, Richard and Janet Roy (yourself and sister), each the sum of fifty thousand dollars. These amounts are invested in United States government bonds, and shall be forwarded to you in due course."

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant."

"The effect of the reading on Janet is quite the reverse of that on her brother. Instead of breaking forth into joyous shouts, her sensitive nature causes her to burst into a flood of tears.

Dick looks at her in astonishment. What can she be crying for? he thinks. A legacy of fifty thousand dollars he does not consider a cause for weeping, and concludes that his sister has become mystified in regard to the time to weep and the time to laugh.

"What is the matter with you?" he asks, when the first outburst has subsided into occasional suppressed sobs.

"Oh, Dick!" cries Janet, wiping her eyes, "I believe you have no feeling at all. Just to think what a dear, kind

uncle we have lost! How good of him to remember us!"

"Very good of him, indeed," adds Dick; "but I can't see that that ought to make one sad. Rather a cause for rejoicing. I should say, poor fellow, he was so old he couldn't enjoy it, and I dare say he's better off where he is; that is, if he was as good as his will makes me think he was."

Janet is really grieved. Her nature is so intensely sensitive that a great kindness invariably has this effect upon her. She refuses any more breakfast, and goes hastily up to her room, where she spends the morning in trying to picture her uncle as he was when, so many years ago, she sat on his lap, and child-like ran her tiny fingers through his long gray beard.

All through the morning, as thinking that she is diligently sewing, tears ever and anon well up in her eyes, and go trickling down her cheeks before she is aware of their presence. As a natural consequence, a lively clock finds her with very red eyes, and a general appearance of having gone through a most heart-rending affliction. This is her condition when Sarah knocks at the door, and on entering announces that Miss Taylor is in the drawing-room.

"Oh, what shall I do?" exclaims Janet, in perplexity, as soon as the maid is out of ear-shot. "She will see that I have been crying, and will want to know all about it; and I really can't talk of it now. I wonder where Dick is; he might go and see her, and explain that I'm not well; but dear me—getting up and smoothing back her hair with both hands, she suppose he's out somewhere. He never is about when he's wanted, but is sure to be here when he's not." So, wiping her eyes for the hundredth time since breakfast, and giving her nose the gentlest blow, she goes softly down to the drawing-room in search of her visitor. Nellie Taylor—a rather short, plump girl, with a charmingly pretty pink and white face—rises quickly as Janet comes in.

"Oh, Jean!" she says, going to meet her, and presenting a countenance that for signs of weeping is not a whit better than Miss Roy's. "I do so sympathize with you!"

Janet is much surprised at this words. On what account does she sympathize with her? Surely she cannot know why she has been spending the morning in tears.

"Come and sit down by me," Nell goes on, taking her hand and drawing her to a sofa. "Trouble comes to all of us some time, you know."

"But, times Janet, thoroughly puzzled, as they sit down together, "my dear, I don't know what you mean."

"There, now," interrupted she, "don't speak to me of it; don't tell me how much worse you feel than I. I know you think so; but, indeed—and the tears begin to trickle down her cheeks again—"you don't know how I loved him."

"Nell, what are you talking about?" Janet asks, excitedly, her grief having been momentarily forgotten. "It is evident there is a misunderstanding somewhere."

"Nell looks at her curiously.

"Are you angry?" she asks, in a hurt tone, "and do you not have approved of his making me his wife?"

"You marry Uncle Arthur?"

"Uncle Arthur!" repeats Nell. "It is she who is surprised now. 'Who is Uncle Arthur?' she asks, 'and from their conversation, his pleasant face wreathed in smiles, she is kissing away the remaining tears."

"You darling good girl!" he says, passionately, "believe you do care a little bit for me."

"But I cannot understand it," says Janet, in wonder. "What ever could have caused you to think Dick was dead?"

"The idea of asking me, after the letter you wrote!" replies Nell. "Didn't you tell me so? I didn't think, Jean, that you could perpetrate such an awful joke."

"But I wrote no letter," adds Janet.

"Nell puts her hand in her pocket and draws forth an epistle.

"Read it," she says. "If you didn't write it, who did?" And Janet reads:

"Friday morning."

"MY DEAR NELL, I have very sad news for you. At twelve o'clock Wednesday night he breathed his last. Oh, how can I write it! I can scarcely realize that he is gone. Please do come out and see me. I know you will give me a deal of help, and can sympathize with me."

"Ever yours, JANET ROY."

Suddenly it comes to Janet that perhaps her great uncle was related to the Taylors.

"What is he?" she begins; but before she can finish the question Nell answers her: "Yes" (sobbing). "Didn't you know it? Oh, why didn't some one let me know that he was so ill? I would have so liked to be with him!"

Janet looked pityingly at her young friend. Surely her uncle must have been a very lovable old gentleman to inspire this affection.

"But how strange it is," she thinks, "that I never thought we were ever so intimately connected with the Taylors. Perhaps Dick knew it, but I'm sure he never told me." Then she begins sobbing again for mere sympathy, and for a moment she is not my writing."

"Was he so very dear to you?" asks Janet, bringing the cambric into play again.

"Oh, Jean," Nell answers, also wiping away her tears, "you cannot imagine how we loved each other. There was no time set, but then it was understood that to be come off as soon as his salary was sufficient for him to"—and then she burst into tears again.

"What was to come off?" in surprise.

"We were engaged, you know," Nell says, looking up.

"Engaged!"—with great astonishment.

"Did you not know it?"

"But you had my writing," says Janet. "I never make my e's like the nor sign myself 'Ever yours,' and, besides, there was no black on the door."

"Oh, Dick!" cries Janet, wiping her eyes, "I believe you have no feeling at all. Just to think what a dear, kind

Dick, who is still standing with his arm about Nell's waist, bursts into a hearty laugh. "I am the author," he says. "It was a little April hoax, and it worked admirably—far better than I expected."

"You awful boy!" exclaims Nell and Janet in chorus.

"The boy is dead," persists Dick.

"But what a frightful story you told!" says Nell; "and how terribly I was worried!"

"It is all true," says Dick. "There is not an untruth in the whole letter: the boy is no more; the boy did breathe his last. I am a man now. Thursday was my twenty-first birthday."

"But you forged my name," says Janet.

"I put my initial below, if you notice," replies Dick. "And sure enough, there you see it. And our wedding will be just as soon as you can get ready," he adds, turning to Nell. "The interest of fifty thousand, which you must know is a splendid fortune, will be placed in my name, and I will employ, nobody knew him, until he built the Stanford street-railway, entirely on his own plans, that there was so much in him. To look at him you wouldn't think of him. I never saw a mining-stock certificate."

Yet one day when Sierra Nevada was booming along at 200, Root walked into the office of a leading broker, an old friend, and said:

"Dan, guess we'd better get rid of some of this now," and he handed over two certificates, one of 500 shares and the other of 100. "Dan" took them, looked them over, and noticed that the so-called certificates were perfectly covered with receipts for assessments.

"Where in the world did you get these?" asked Dan.

"Bought 'em four years ago," said Root. "Had 'em lying in my trunk ever since. Paid, I think, fifty cents a share for some, six bits for some more, and got some for two bits. Been paying assessments ever since religiously, and the whole lot stands me in about \$5 a share. I want you to see if it now, for I guess it's time to 'call the turn.' And within three days 300 shares of Root's stock found a market at from \$200 to \$250, and his broker passed to his credit over \$20,000.

The other 300 shares he got rid of at \$225 and \$240, and about \$70,000 more went to his credit. He hauled down \$50,000, and then, as to the rest, said to his broker, 'I want to put so much away to make,' I want you to put so much into California, so many into Curry, and so many into Belcher. Pay for them, let them stand, and when assessments come pay on them."

"But," said the broker, "you may have to wait, and—"

"That's just what I expect to do—wait. But sooner or later some one or the other of those stocks will make me a fortune."

And this is the spirit that our average working Californian goes into speculation in the Comstock with. Few here buy Comstock stock for dividends, let a mine there begin to pay dividends, unless they are very big, or the mine has a prospect of keeping them up, not a dollar is added to the value of the stock. Our quiet, steady, old-fashioned, shrewd capitalist, are all actually buying the same idea. "Buy them when they are cheap, lay them away, and sooner or later if any mine within a mile makes a strike should come to my own name, I may make from 5,000 to 10,000 per cent., and, perhaps, if we have stock enough, walk off with the fortune we expected to have to work all our lives for."

The English Language.

Mr. John Albee lectured in New York on the English language. The translators of the Bible, the translators of the writings of the Elizabethan dramatists were the most powerful influences, Mr. Albee thought, in moulding and fixing the language. It was fortunate that the Bible had been translated into the best style of language—that of the great dramatists—was in vogue. The translators, too, had not been inspired, and inspiration found voice, beauty and vigor in the simplest expression. The translators, when they struck should come to my own name, I may make from 5,000 to 10,000 per cent., and, perhaps, if we have stock enough, walk off with the fortune we expected to have to work all our lives for."

Moving Day.

"Moving day, with all its attendant horrors, is at hand," said James, yesterday evening, and I don't see how I am to get through with it. It brings nothing but work, work, work."

"Why, yes," replied Grandfather Lickhinge, "it is a terrible day for us poor men folk, and no mistake. 'Seem' you this old day, the day when the wagon is battered me over the bald and beeding pate upward of a hundred times, I ought to know a little something about it. Work! Well, I should say so. Git in the wagon before breakfast, sit around till it's ready, then eat 'n' off down town after a wagon. And right here I want to say that the standard premium of a million dollars in gold offered by the late President's government to the man that found a wagon when he wants it has never been claimed. No mortal man ever finds a wagon without hoofing 'round a whole square, an' jest this kind of work is knocking years and years of usefulness out of some of our best young men. Well, after the dogged wagon is found, you must give the driver your old as well as your new address, as the papers say, and that's enough to break an ordinary man's back. By this time your wagon will be fagged out, an' you send the wagon to the house, while you go off down town about your business. An' your wife finishes up whatever little odds an' ends there may be to do about the moving. Oh, it's a fearful, dreful, dreful, it raises the blisters on my hands to think of it. And grandfather bowed his aged head on his cane and groaned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Words of Wisdom.

It requires more power to control fortune than to control kings.

Flattery is a sort of old money to which our vanity gives currency.

Hard words have never taught wisdom, nor does truth require them.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend.

There is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world.

He that hath really felt the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

It is better not to expect or calculate consequences. Let us try to do right actions without thinking of the feelings they are to call out in others.

"A polite man," said the Duc de Morny, "is one who looks with interest to things he knows all about when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them."

A Lucky Holder.

A San Francisco correspondent writes: There are so many curious turns of fortune's wheel on the Comstock. I heard of yesterday of a case where a very hard-blooded persistence, purpose and tenacity of grit in face of most discouraging circumstances won a big fortune; and the case is the more remarkable because, knowing the parties, meeting them about the case being familiar with their surroundings, etc., I never before heard of it. It leaked out only by accident. Mr. Root is the man who designed all the machinery, laid all the plans, made all the contracts, and superintended the work of building Gov. Stanford's famous wire-cable street-railway in this city, which runs a distance of two miles through the richest and best part of the city, and is to-day the model street-railway of the continent. Root is a young man, not over thirty-five, thin, wiry, homely, and—well, shabby. He is a splendid mechanic, and though for a long time in Central Pacific employ, nobody knew him until he built the Stanford street-railway, entirely on his own plans, that there was so much in him. To look at him you wouldn't think of him. I never saw a mining-stock certificate.

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Moving Day.

"Moving day, with all its attendant horrors, is at hand," said James, yesterday evening, and I don't see how I am to get through with it. It brings nothing but work, work, work."

"Why, yes," replied Grandfather Lickhinge, "it is a terrible day for us poor men folk, and no mistake. 'Seem' you this old day, the day when the wagon is battered me over the bald and beeding pate upward of a hundred times, I ought to know a little something about it. Work! Well, I should say so. Git in the wagon before breakfast, sit around till it's ready, then eat 'n' off down town after a wagon. And right here I want to say that the standard premium of a million dollars in gold offered by the late President's government to the man that found a wagon when he wants it has never been claimed. No mortal man ever finds a wagon without hoofing 'round a whole square, an' jest this kind of work is knocking years and years of usefulness out of some of our best young men. Well, after the dogged wagon is found, you must give the driver your old as well as your new address, as the papers say, and that's enough to break an ordinary man's back. By this time your wagon will be fagged out, an' you send the wagon to the house, while you go off down town about your business. An' your wife finishes up whatever little odds an' ends there may be to do about the moving. Oh, it's a fearful, dreful, dreful, it raises the blisters on my hands to think of it. And grandfather bowed his aged head on his cane and groaned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Words of Wisdom.

It requires more power to control fortune than to control kings.

Flattery is a sort of old money to which our vanity gives currency.

Hard words have never taught wisdom, nor does truth require them.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend.

There is no wise or good man that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world.

He that hath really felt the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

It is better not to expect or calculate consequences. Let us try to do right actions without thinking of the feelings they are to call out in others.

"A polite man," said the Duc de Morny, "is one who looks with interest to things he knows all about when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them."

TIMELY TOPICS.

One would hardly deem these stringent times when, upon scrutinizing the report of the commissioner of internal revenue, it is seen that during the past fiscal year no less than 1,905,063 cigars were smoked, which at ten cents each amounted in value to \$190,506,300. In addition to this there was also consumed \$5,219,438 pounds of tobacco of the aggregate value of \$15,000,000.

An Austrian clockmaker named Jean Write is said to have invented a rifle with which from 400 to 450 shots can be fired each minute. The mechanism of the weapon has some resemblance to the movements of a watch, and the cartridges are so arranged as to form a part of lengthened ribbon. The firing of the piece is said to be a very simple affair; and the inventor is engaged in perfecting those parts proved by experiments to be defective, in order that the arm may be used in war.

A singular instance of human credulity is reported from Munich. The actress, Adele Spitzler, who was sentenced there about six months ago to a term of imprisonment for having supplied the public out of many millions by her banking institutions (the Dachauer Bank), conducted, as she asserted, the furtherance of the interests of the Roman Catholic religion, tried to arrange after her liberation from prison, to earn a living on the stage. Finding that this could not be done, she has returned to Munich and again opened a bank. Deceitfully she has secured the trust of her monthly interest, are brought to her in abundance, and, of course, another catastrophe will occur.

The late ameer of Afghanistan was universally called the "madman" throughout his dominions, and so great was the awe in which he was held by his subjects, the *Times of India* says, that no one dared tell him of the defeat of his troops on the Peshawar Khotal by the English invaders. Shere Ali, in his official room waiting for news, but one ventured to tell him the result. At last, the mother of Abdulla Jan sent her little girl to tell her father. He was talking eagerly as she turned up to the stairs, tried hard to blurt out her message, "My mother says I am to tell your highness—" but the ameer kept putting his hand on her mouth, as the discussion was important. At last she said, "Well, what is it, little one?" The child came sidling up, all eyes upon her. "My mother says I am to tell your highness the Sahibs have crossed the Khotal." An instant standing in the neighborhood of the ameer closed the council.

Yuma, Cal., has a famous rooster, and this is the way it came about. It is emphatically a self-made bird. The firm of Sisk and Anderson, who raise chickens, things, sell eggs. It so happened that all the eggs were sold out of a particular can save one. Meantime the sun went on getting hotter and hotter, and presently the egg began to warm up to the situation. The progress of the novel solution was watched with an absorbing curiosity by the store people. About the time the mercury reached 124 degrees the egg began to crack. The store people peck it way out of the shell, and it emerged as defiant an infant-rooster as ever wore spurs. It grew apace, and today its habits are as eccentric as its manner. It is exceedingly fierce, and will attack a man's nose. "Well, what is it, little one?" The child came sidling up, all eyes upon her. "My mother says I am to tell your highness the Sahibs have crossed the Khotal." An instant standing in the neighborhood of the ameer closed the council.

Where False Hair Comes From.

False hair having come to be recognized as a necessity of the modern female existence, it may be of interest to know how this constantly increasing want is supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot" (to use the technical term of the trade), consists of better shops, faded curls, and the hair of the dead. We have heard of many ways of latching chickens, but a rooster hatched by natural heat in a tin can is a little ahead of our previous experiences.

For an Obstinate Cough.

If you have an obstinate cough, take the following to a druggist, and have him prepare it:

R. Pix liqida, 20 drops.
Spts. liq. dulc. 1 drachm.
Syr. Symplex, 2 ounces.
M. S. Teaspoonful night and morning.

He should charge you but little for it, as it is cheap. It is the favorite prescription of an eminent Western physician, who says that during the past very flattering results from its use.—*Health and Home.*