VOL. IX.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1879.

NO. 8.

Funny Uncle Phil.

I heard the grown folks talking last night when I lay abed, So I shut my eyes and listened to everythin they said;

And first they said that Polly and Phil we coming here, And a good old soul

always queer. could see

Pelly came to marry could agree; she was just as

flower in May, he was tight as a drum-h

as a stormy day

tolk's affairs. he was altogether too hairs: And he had so many corners

come near Without your hitting some of them, or being it constant fear

Well, I listened very hard, and I 'member every word, And I thought it was the

ever heard; And in the evening, when I heard th 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 hadn't any corners, but was plump and fair and small; His nose turned up a little, but then it was

wee. How it could poke so very much I really

eouldn't see.

And when he saw me staring, he nodded hard and smiled; And then he asked them softly if I was Elsie'

child; And when grandma said I was ke took gently on his knee, And wound my longest curl about his fire

enrefully And he told me bout my mamma when she was a little girl, all the time he talked he kept his flage

on that earl; Till at last I couldn't stand it, and I slipped down by his chair,

And asked-him how he came to be splitting bair. how he stared! and Jimmy laughed

and grandma shook her head, And grandpa had his awful look, and U. Sam turned red; And then the clock ticked

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 And he listened very quietly; he never spoke

didn't know

How he could have so many when there didn any show.

And then he laughed and laughed, till ti kitchen fairly shook: And he gave the frightened grown folks such a

bright and framy look. And said, " "Tis true, my little girl, when Poll married me

I was full of ugly corners, but she's smooth them down, you see."

And then they all shook hands again, an Jimmy gave three cheers, And Uncle Sam said little pitchers had mo

monstrous cars; And grandma kissed Aunt Polly; but then she looked at me, And said I'd better "meditate" while she we

getting tea. That means that I must sit and think who naughty things I've done;

It must be 'cause I'm little yet-they seen to think 'twas fun. I don't quite understand it all; well, by and b I will

Creep softly up to him, and ask my funn Uncle Phil.

-Amelia Dailey-Alden in Wide Awake.

AN APRIL HOAX.

Looking at it from without, it doe not appear very unlike its fellows, this little suburban cottage of the Rosy, with its unpretending hooded 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 ther brother Dick.

Dick, the handsome, the talented, the window-seat, the sun bathing mannerism of each writer on the editorial page—he is on the editorial staff him-self—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 him-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:

don't joke about it. I really do feel badto-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 imfrom his paper with some show of impatience. Where can Jamet 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."
"No," replies Dick, throwing down

his paper and yawning languidly, "not he;

very long; but I'm glad you've come, for I'm deucedly hungry. Rather a good sign, isn't it, Jean?"

"To be hungry? Yes; very good"—sitting down at the table and tapping the call-bell. "But it won't last very 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-urn in one hand and a dish of beefsteak in the other. "At any rate, I will

steak 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-bell.

door-bell.
"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?"

has become of me?"

"It sounds very like the postman,"
adds his sister; and the postman it is.
Two letters are his contribution to the
Roys this morning, both of which Sarah
hands to Miss Janet, who hurriedly
reads the addresses. One is for herself,
the other is for her brother.

"'Here is a letter for you sir, if your

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

it to him across the table.

"But my name is not Horatio," he replies, correctingly, as he takes it.

"Are you aware that to paraphrase is perfectly allowable? 'If your name be Richard' would be much more appropriate, and would sound far better, by 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 ill news it has brought, whose death it has come to an-

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

"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." "Uncle Arthur!" repeats Dick. "Un-cle Arthur! He's one of my respected great-uncles, whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing; a California mil-lionaire. I wonder did it ever strike him that a little 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, greatly shocked, "how can you talk o the poor man's money when he is just dead?"

"Poor man!" says Dick, laughing.
"I always thought he was a rich one."
"May I inquire," asks Miss Roy, meekly, when her brother had twice read the epistle he holds in his hand. and is about to begin again, "what Nel has to say that is so very interesting?" A slight flush mounts to Dick's face as be hurriedly crumples, the missive into

is pocket. "Nell!" he repeats. "How did you know it was from Nell?" "I know her handwriting." "But it's just like hundreds of others."

continued Dick, buttering a hot roll is continuance of his breakfast. "Al adies write in the same style now-a-days The letters are all very tall and all very thin "Each lady's hand has a peculiarity

"Which nobody can deny," Richard. Some hands are pink and some are white, some are fat and some are lean, some wear diamonds and som vear 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

of breath, and would seem as though you were intentionally airing your knowledge of Webster's Una-

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

"By-the-bye," she says, as she draws from the urn 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 pro-

pose presenting her with one of the "I was not aware" (with mock gravity) "that young men are generally ex-pected to provide their lady friends with

diamond rings."
"Did the fact that there is such thing as an engagement ring ever present itself to your enlightened intellect?" "Engagement!" repeats Dick; "did I

understand you to say engagement? Since when, pray, did you conclude that your respected brother had given his heart to another? I know of no engage-

"Oh, dear!" says Janet, sighing melo-dramatically; "have I really been mis-taken? And here I was already congratulating myself on so soon having a sister

"Do you remember the nurser; rhyme?" asks Dick: 'Can the love that you're so rich in Build a fire in the kitchen?

Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit ?' gentlemanly—he is all this and more in his sister Janet's eyes—is sitting on the one to marry me, for fear of having that one to marry me, for fear of having that couplet thrown in my face. Now if that is reading the morning paper; with taken it into his aged head to leave us a are wont to have, for he recognitions the many thousands the same than are wont to have, for he recognitions the same throughout throughout the same I might think of engagements and dia mond rings and mothers-in-law; and you might begin to speculate on the comparative advantages of my various lady

riends as a sister-in-law." friends as a sister-in-law." Janet con-"Poor, dear old man!" Janet con-tinues, kindly, "I can just remember sitting on his knee and playing with his long beard at the time he was on from long beard at the time he was on from the West. It's really a shame, Dick, our

being so lively, and Uncle Arthur, grand-father's own brother, lying dead."
"Well, my dear, I should be lying alive if I said I was sorry he's gone; for while there's death there's here. ly, 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 shall bow the shutters," adds Janet, feeling rather angry at her brother's con-tinued joking. "It is the least we can

tinued 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!" repeat

Surely he must have bequeathed some-thing to his brother's grandchildren."

Dick is in his study now—a neat, cozy little room back of the drawing-room, which is in reality the library, but which which is in reality the library, but which Mr. Roy, he 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 "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 visit-ing 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 it Dick is trying to find traces of something more than friendship.

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 fancy I can talk quite as well as the most of cm. How is one to tell whether a girl cares more for him than for

a gri cares more for him than for another, when she persists in being jolly with every one?"

Then he gets to 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 beautiful symmetry. Everything seems to have worked in favor of it, and he is naturally joy-

ous over his discovery.

He opens one of the drawers in his He opens one of the drawers in his writing-table and takes out a packet of letters. Through them he searches until he finds two that Janet wrote him while he was away on his midsummer vacation. These he spreads open before him, and taking a sheet of note-paper he hegins to write, now closely 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 on 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.

"Had you not better wear your over-coat?" she asks. "I'm afraid you might take 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, gots out, while she, laughing to herself, hurries away to her numerous household duties. The next morning is the 1st of April— All-fool'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 his direst foe. It is a bright, sunny morning, that swells 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;
he has persuaded Janet into believing
that he has taken a fresh cold; has asumed a voice as hoarse as a veteran bullfrog; and has been looking the very pic-ture of distress, until the arrival of the postman—just as he is creeping in to breakfast and adding to his sister's anxcauses him to brighten up, and in the clearest tone remark, "'Pon my word, Jean, my cold's gone. Did it strike you

this was the first day of April?" An expression of relief mingled with annoyance mounts Miss Roy's counte-

"You awful boy!" she exclaims. "You should be ashamed of yourself, trying to

ool your own sister. "And susceeding, too," laughs Dick.
The only letter this morning is one for him. It is hidden by a large yellow en-velope, and addressed in a bold heavy and that gives one an impression of im-

portant business at once. As Dick opens it and catches sight of the heading, his face brightens in expectation, and con-tinues brightening until he has read it quite through, when he is wearing the roadest of smiles.

"Hurrah!" he shouts, his boyishness making its appearance through his new-y acquired manhood—"hurrah for Uncle orthur! Hurrah! Jean, we've been eft 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 play-ing 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 to his sis-

ter's side of the table and spreading the envelope and its contents before her. He is certainly not fooling her now, as he is compelled to admit when she is thus presented with the evidence. The same heavy style of writing that was without is within.

"Richard Roy, Esq.:
"DEAR Six" (it begins),—"I have pleasure in informing you that the will of the late Arthur Roy, Esq., of this city, bequeaths to his great-nephew and great-f niece, Richard and Janet Roy (yoursel and sister), each the sum of fifty thou sand dollars. These amounts are invested in United States government bonds, and shall be forwarded to you in

lue course. "I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"J. Madison Perry, Executor." 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 isks, when the first outburst has subdick still at the table.

"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

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

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 thus, she sits 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, twelve o'clock finds her with very red eyes and nose, and a general consequence of their presence.

eral appearance of having gone through a most heart-rendering 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—"I 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 fiftieth gentle 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 presonting a countenance that for signs of weeping is not a whit better off than Miss Roy's, "I do so sympathize

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

"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," begins Janet, thoroughly puzzled, as they sit down together, dear Nell"— "my

"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 began to trickle down her cheeks again-"you don't know how I loved

"Nell, what are you talking about?"

Janet asks, excitedly, her grief having given way to astonished curiosity. "It is evident there is a misunderstanding somewhere."

Nell looks at her curiously.

"Are you angry?" she asks, in a hurt tone; "would you not have approved of

his making me his wife?" "Uncle Arthur!" repeats Nell. It is the who is surprised now. "Who is she who is surprised now.
Uncle Arthur?"

"The dear, kind old gentleman who has just died," "But I have been talking of Dick. You must have known I was. Poor dear Dick!" and again she is weeping as though her heart would break.

"But Dick is not dead?" Nell looks up in incredulous, glad sur There is a movement of the orticec which covers the entrance to the

library. "Nor likely to be soon," shouted Rich ard, running forward from his hiding place, where he has heard all the conversation, his pleasant face wreathed in

The next moment he has caught Nell in his arms and is kissing away the re-"You darling good girl!" he says, passionately, "now I believe you do care a little bit for me." maining tears.

"But I cannot understand it," Janet, in wonder. "What ever chave caused you to think Dick Was

"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

"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 read:

" Friday morning. "MY DEAR NELL .- I have very sad news for you. Our darling boy is no more. At twelve o'clock Wednesday more. night he breathed his last. Oh, how can write it? I can scarcely realize that he is gone. Please do come out and see me. know you thought a great deal of him, and can sympathize with me.

"Ever yours, JANET ROY."
Suddenly it comes to Janet that per-pages her great uncle was related to the JANET ROY." Taylors also.
"Was he"—she begins: but before she

know that he was so ill? I would have so liked to he with him!" Janet looked pityingly at her young friend. friend. Surely her uncle must have been a very lovable old gentleman to in-

spire this affection. But how strange it is," she thinks, "that I never knew we were even dis-tantly 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 not a word is spoken.

"Was he so very dear to you?" asks Janet, bringing the cambric into play again.
"Oh, Jean," Nell answers, also wiping away the tears, "you cannot imagine how we loved each other. There was no time set, but then it was understood that it was to come off as soon as his salary was sufficient for him to "—and then she would change persons or conditions en-tirely with any man in the world.

burst into tears again. "What do you mean?"-in surprise What was to come off?" "We were engaged, you know," Nell says, looking up.
"Engaged?"—with great astonishment.
"Did you not know it?"

"But it is not my writing," says
Janet. "I never make my e's like that,
nor sign myself 'Ever yours," and, besides, there was no black on the door."
"It is very like your writing, and I
never thought of the black. Who could
have sent the letter if you didn't?"

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 says. "It was a little April hoax, and it worked admirably—far better than I ex-

"You awful boy!" exclaim Nell and

Janet in chorus.

"The boy is dead," persists Dick.

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

Janet. Janet.

"I put my initial below, if you notice," replies Dick. And sure enough, there it was. "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 the control of the control the puzzling Uncle Arthur just left me, plus my salary, is all-sufficient, isn't it? and I say, Jean, how do you like the prospect of a sister-in-law? It was rather a pleasant April-fool after all, wasn't it?"—Harper's Bazar.

Restless Nights. Some persons "toss and tumble" half the night and get up in the morning weary, unrefreshed and dispirited, whol-ly unfit, either in body or mind, for the duties of the day; they are not only in-capacitated for business, but are often rendered so ungracious in their manners, an irritable and fretful, as to spread a so irritable and fretful, as to spread a gloom and a cloud over the whole house-hold. To be able to go to bed and be in gloom and a cloud over the whole household. To be able to go to bed and be in a sound, delicious sleep, an unconscious deliciousness, in five minutes, but enjoyed in its remembrance, is a great happiness, an incalculable blessing, and one for which the most sincere and affectionate thanks should habitually go up to that beneficent Providence which vouchsafes the same through the instrumentalities of awise and self-denying attention to of a wise and self-denying attention to

the laws of our being. Restless nights as to persons in apparent good health, arise chiefly from, first, an overloaded stomach; second, from worldly care; third, from want of muscular activities proportioned to the needs of the system. Few will have restless nights who take dinner at midday, and nothing after that except a piece of cold bread and butter and a cup or two of some hot drink; any thing beyond that, as cake, pie, chipped beef, doughnuts and the like, only tempt nature to eat when there is really no call for it, thus engendering dyspepsia and all its

train of evils.

Worldly care. For those who cannot sleep from the unsatisfactory condition of their affairs; or that they are about to encounter great losses, whether from their own remissness, the perfidy of friends, or unavoidable circumstances, we have a deep and sincere sympathy. To such we say, live hopefully for better days shead, and meanwhile strive diligently, per-sistently, and with a brave heart to that

end.
But the more common cause of restless nights is, that exercise has not been taken to make the body tired enough to demand sleep. Few will fail to sleep soundly if the whole of daylight, or as as will much thereof fatigue, is spent in steady work in the open air, or on horseback, or on foot. Many spoil all their sleep by attempting to force more on nature than she requires. Few persons will fail to sleep soundly, while they do sleep, if they avoid sleep-ing in the daytime, will go to bed at a regular hour, and heroically resolve to get up the moment they wake, whether it is at two, four, or six o'clock in the morning. In less than a week each one will find how much sleep his system requires; thereafter give it that, and no

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

"Why, yes," replied Grandfather Lickshingle, "it is a terrible day for us poor men folks, and no mistake. Seein'

as how this dre'ful day has rolled around an' battered me over the bald an' beetling pate upward of a hundred times, I ought to know a little somethin' about it. Work! Well, I should say so. Git up in the mornin' before breakfast, sit around till it's ready, then eat an' off down town after a wagon. And right here I want to say that the standin pre-mium of a million dollars in gold offered by the United States government to the man that finds a wagon when he wants it has never been claimed. No mortal man ever finds a wagon without hoofin' 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 doggoned 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 any ordinary man's back. By this time you're pretty well 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 movin' Oh, its dre'ful, dre'ful! an can finish the question Nell answers her: it raises the blisters on my hands to think "Yes" (sobbing). "Didn't you know it? Oh, why didn't some one let me 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 bad money

which our vanity gives currency. Hard words have never taught wislom, 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

It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without dis-covering the face of a friend. There is no wise or good man that

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:

A San Francisco correspondent writes: There are so many curious turns of fortune's wheel on the Comstock. I heard only yesterday of a case where cold-blooded persistency of 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 almost every day, 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-railroad in this city, which runs a distance road 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-six thin, wiry, homely, and—well, shabby. He is a splendid mechanic, and though for a long time in Central Pacific em-ploy, nobody knew him until he built the Stanford street-railway, entirely or his own plans, that there was so much To look at him you wouldn't

think Root ever 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 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 backs of both 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, lifty cents a share for some, six bits for some more, and got some for two bits. Been paying assess ments ever since religiously, and the whole lot stands me in about \$5 a share. I want you to sell half of 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 \$220, and his broker passed to his credit

over \$60,000. 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 (and here is the point 1 want make), "I want you to put so many thousand into Norcross, so many into California, so many into Curry, and so many into Belcher. Pay for them, let them lie; 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-uit. But sooner or later some one or wait. the other of those stocks will make me a

fortune And this is the spirit that our average working Californian goes into specula-tion on the Comstock with. Few here buy Comstock stocks for dividends. Let a mine there begin to pay dividends, and 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 buyer, our business man, our shrewd capitalist, are all actuated the same idea. "Buy them when the are cheap, lay them away, and sooner or later if any mine within a mile makes a strike we may make 500 per cent. If the strike should come in our own mine we 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 translation of the Bible by King James' translators and the writings of the Elizabethan dramatists were the most powerful in fluences, Mr. Albee thought, in moulding and fixing the language. It was for tunate that the Bible had been translated when the best style of languagethat of the great dramatists—was in vogue. The translators, too, had been aspired, and inspiration found voice inspired, and inspiration found voice, beauty and vigor in the simplest ex-pressions. The Bible, then, had met the necessities of those who objected to parts of the drama. "Note the difference," said the lecturer, in conclusion, tween the unaffected simplicity and power of the writings of those times with the obscure, affected style of to-day Now we do not ask but inquire; a we man is a female; a father a paternal rela tive; we do not give but donate; we never go, begin, eat, get, but proceed, commence, partake, receive; when younger we had rooms, but now apartments; then there were singers, now vocalists; and it is pleasant to believe that no one now gets drunk, but intoxicated. See the contrast. In the Bible, the most thrilling and best written of all six per cent.; and in Tennyson's 'Arthur,' 3,000 of the 3,500 words are mono syllables. And so the rank of all writers of fame unquestioned is graded by the proper use of more or less of the Saxon anguage. The union of powerful thought and perfect words is like the clearest water in the clearest glass; the water and the glass seem but one sub-

Jests from French Papers. A gentleman finds himself in the hands of two highwaymen, with which Paris has been infested for several weeks, who

vainly search his pockets.
"What an ass you are," they exclaim,
"to go out at night without your watch.
The idea of your believing these stupid newspaper reporters ! A well-known politician was formerly

a doctor, and poor one at that. He was talking the other day of people's ingratitude:
"You can't imagine," he said to an ac quaintance, who remembered his being a

doctor, "the number of people that are indebted to me for their positions." Their horizontal ones, you mean ?" Extract from a new novel: pen he sat down and wrote to a friend rubbing his hands sleepily together as he proceeded

One of the new Republican officials saw in his room a big, well-dressed fellow standing with his arms crossed and doing nothing. The third day he went to him and asked: What are you doing here?" "I am your second secretary," replied the young man, not in the least disturbed.

'Indeed, and what are your duties?' Always to be on hand in case you may A retired milkman sent his son travel, telling him to take notes and write home what he saw. He crossed a Span-ish river dry shod, and wrote: 'It would be impossible to carry on the milk business in this part of the country.'

TIMELY TOPICS.

One would hardly deem these stringent times when, upon scrutinizing the report of the commissioner of internal revenue he learns that during the past fiscal year no less than 1,905,063,000 cigars were smoked, which at ten cents each amounted in value to \$190,506,300. In addition to this there was also consumed 25,312,438 pounds of tobacco of the aggregate value of \$15,000,000.

An Austrian clockmaker named Jean Writz 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 handling of the piece is said to be a very simple affair; and the inventer is engaged in per-fecting those parts proved by experi-ments 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 Spitzeder, who was sentenced there about six months ago to a term of imprisonment for having swin-dled the public out of many millions by her banking institutions (the Dachauer Banken), conducted, as she asserted, for the furtherance of the interests of the the furtherance of the interests of the Roman Catholic religion, tried again, 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. De-posits, on which she pays eight per cent. montly interest, are brought to her in abundance, and, of course, another catas trophe will occur.

The late ameer of Afghanistan was universally called the "madman" through-out his dominions, and so great was the awe in which he was held by his sub-jects, the *Times of India* says, that no one dared tell him of the deleat of his troops on the Peiwar Khotal by the Eng-lish invades. lish invaders. Shere All sat in his coun-cil-room waiting for news, but no one ventured to tell him the result. At last, the mother, of Abdulla Jan sent her lit-tle girl to tell her father. He was talk-ing eagerly as the child entered, and she tried hard to blurt out her message, "My mother says I am to tell your highness 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 her mouth, as the discussion was important. At last he turned to her, "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 stampede from the neighborhood of the ameer closed the council.

Yuma, Cal., has a famous rooster, and Yuma, Cal., has a famous rooster, and this is the way it came about: It is emphatically a self-made bird. The firm of Sisson & Wallace, amongst other 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 solar gestation was watched with an absorbing curiosity by the store people. About the time the mercury reached 124 degrees in the shade the chicken began to peck its 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 of birth. It is exceedingly fierce, and will attack a man, a dog, or any-thing that comes in its way. All a visitor has to do to insure a delivery of bat-tle by this pugnacious rooster is to hold up his foot, and straightway the bird will fly at him viciously. We have heard of many ways of hatching chickens, but a rooster hatched by natural heat in a tin can is a little ahead of our

Where False Hair Comes From.

previous experiences.

False hair having come to be recog-nized as a necessity of the modern female existence, it may be of interest to learn how this constantly increasing want is supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot" supplied. Live hair, bought "on foot" (to use the technical term of the trade), constitutes but a very small percentage of the stock in market, as there are fe women who are willing to part with their locks for money, and those who have superfluous locks to spare grow fewer year after year. When second-hand tresses were needed merely to furnish wigs for a few elderly ladies, agents found no difficulty in securing a sufficiency among the peasant maids of Au-vergne and Brittany. The present de-mand, however, greatly exceeds the supply, and it is asserted that Paris alone uses more than all the available crop in France, and that Marseilles (the great center of traffic in hair) deals with \$ the Orient and the two Sicilies, for forty tons a year of dark hair, of which she books, ninety-six per cent. of the words makes upwards of 65,000 chismons anare Anglo-Saxon; in Shakespeare, eighty-nually. Under the name of "dead hair" are classed the "combings," which thrifty servant girls save up and sell, the clippings of barber shops, faded curls, worn out switches, etc. The scavengers of every city, both at home and abroad, value nothing short of a silver spoon among the refuse so much as a smarl of combings, however dirty, as it will find a ready sale. Such findings are after-ward washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed and sorted, and then made into the cheap front curls, puffs, chignons that abound in market. Much of this enters into the cheaper grades of the 350,000 "pieces" annually made in France, of which enormous trade England is said to be the best customer, and America almost as good. Late reports on the commerce of Swatow, China, show that a large export trade in "dead" hair gathered in the stalls of barbers, sprang up in 1873, during which year 18,800 pounds were ex-ported to Europe. In 1875 the export of this refuse arose to 134,000 pounds, with a commercial value of over \$25,000. It is an undoubted fact, too, that pamper corpses are often despoiled of their hair to meet this same demand of an increasing commerce. Those, then, who sport other than their own natural locks, can never be sure whether these are redolent of the sepuichre, the gutter, or the ser-vant girl's comb.—Scientific American.

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

R. Pix liquida, 20 drops Spts. nitr. 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 he has obtained very flattering results from its use.— Health and Home.