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Farm Songs.

Oh list to the song of the farmer As he plys the faithful flail, Now a hum of song, then a strain bright an glad

When the sultry air grows warmer. In cities we fly o'er the sturdy steel rail, Great ocean's outdone by the mart and

the sail-But our songs and our measure Are not half the treasures That the farmer doth sing when' his heart would grow sad.

II. Gently as sweetly, the ballad so free Steals o'er the meadow to gladden the lea-For the milk maiden's ecstasies seek the wide

" Doth my loved one watch and dream but o me ?"

Yes, maiden more tair Than your song on the air, Your sailor so proud in his dreams doth behold Your song at the door, and your hair bright as

gold. And sadly he wakes -for he's still far from thee

III. But what is the song of the housewife so gay As she sits and she knits when the day wears nwny? In future's bright cloud

She seeth no shroud, But riches and power and wisdom combined Awaits her true sons, O how light is her mind For Science waits Will! And Latin seeks Phil !

So light is her heart as she longs for that day

-Albert E. Wheeler, in Albany Argus.

MAXWELL'S IDEA.

The village of Weston consists of one main street, where stand the churches, the town hall, postoffice, and sundry feeble-minded stores. There are noble elms, a wide road, and a few pretty houses. The better class of dwellings are on the hillside beyond the railroad,

are on the hillside beyond the railroad, or to the north, on the meadows. By day a sleepy place; at night every house is filled with city people sound asleep.

The people live here, but their hearts are in the town. Every boy looks forward to the time when he shall join the pilgrims to the city and a store. To gento an office or store in Boston is the only thing-for a young man to do. He only thing-for a young man to do. He must have business in town or los

Tom Maxwell had the misfortune to be born in Weston, and early imbibed it peculiar notions concerning life and the peculiar notions concerning the and the thing to do. For instance, no young gentleman must work with his hands; he must not go into a retail store; he must dress well, be able to take part in the Lyccum debates, and he must not on any account stay in the village during the day. Unless he could do all this, he had better remove to New York or Chicago, and dwell among the enlightened in outer darkness.

in a wholesale grocery house, and was considered a lucky fellow. He had a small property of his own, and he had fallen in love. The Object had even said she would some day wear his name. She wore his diamond ring already.

Suddenly Tom Maxwell appeared at the village station at eleven o'clock in the morning, and in an hour it was known of all women that the wholesale grocery concern had failed. The Object knew it first, and straightway all knew

Of course the engagement would come to an immediate end. There was not the least fuss about it. Weston prides itself on its dignified serenity under trials. It stopped, and that was the end of it. The next day Tom had a diamond ring on storage at his rooms.

Thereupon the young man sat down to consider the situation. He was now twenty-two, had a good general educa-tion, and didn't know anything very well. His hands were soft; he knew how to dance; he could sing tolerably and paint a little; he could not dig, neither could he steal. He was, in fact, a fair sample of the Weston young gen-

He also considered the situation from a lover's point of view. Here we have no right to intrude, and we must learn his thoughts from his actions.

For several days he wandered around in the open air, casting about to see what he might do, but really curing his heart wound in silent contemplation of nature. Herein was he doubly wise. In a moment of inspiration he thought of emigrating to New York. Other fellows had gone there, and had made money why not he? He even investigated the expense of the journey; but something stood in the way. He loved the Object

One day he happened to pass through the main street at high noon. There was not a soul to be seen in all the drowsy place. Some stray hens gathered round the overflowing water-trough before the chief store, and a solitary cow cropped the grass along the sidewalk. He was a trifle hungry, and went up the decayed and broken steps of the store to purchase a lunch. The door was locked, and he peered in at the dirty windows.
Was it here the housekeepers of Weston bought their sugars and molasses, their teas and spices? He felt glad he had not known it before. What a horrible place! Dark, dingy, confused with half-opened boxes and barrels, a broken scale on the counter, rows of fly-specked bottles on the shelves, confusion and dis-

order everywhere. Just then a man in shirt sleeves and frowzy hair appeared and opened the door. Tom asked for bread and cheese. He paid for something, took it away in a newspaper, and charitably bestowed the whole of it upon the ancient hens in the

It was a good investment. With the purchase he gained an idea. Ideas are money to the wise, and Tom Maxwell was wise above his generation. He looked up and down the sleepy street, and contemplated the three establishments that supported the village needs: one variety place, where nails, needles and dried fish found a home; one butcher's shop—a horrid den, full of unspeakable abominations; and the dis-

mal grocery. The idea grew upon him rapidly. He considered it two days, and then resolved to try it. Little did he imagine the immense social changes his decision would involve. How could be foresee the slights, the sneers and insulting con-descension that would be bestowed upon

him? He saw nothing, not even the outcome of his love experience that would spring from his new idea.

The following week the village carpenter received an order to turn the lower story of the old Allen mansion into something new—what, he could not exactly comprehend. There were to be two immense windows, with a wide door opening into a parlor. Behind this were to be two large rooms, and in front

door opening into a parlor. Behind this were to be two large rooms, and in front there was to be a wide piazza, with ample canopy and broad steps, and with spaces for flower borders on either side.

The news spread quickly through the village. Everybody knew that Tom Maxwell had embarked in some insane scheme, and was tearing the Allen mansion to pieces. Poor boy! his sad love experience had injured his mind. He was throwing his money away. His friends should interfere and save him from ruin. At night the returning merchants paused before the dismantled mansion, and wondered what new folly had broken loose in the town.

mansion, and wondered what new folly had broken loose in the town.

Maxwell heard of these things, and the next morning a high board fence shut the work from view. This only excited the greater curiosity. Every female tongue wagged fist over Tom's consummate folly. What did he intend to do? Was it a house, theatre, shop or studio?

Weeks passed. There was much ham-mering behind the high fence. Then came the silent painters; and lastly one night two huge wagons unloaded sundry boxes and barrels at the door. The same evening every family in the village, and in all the villages round about, re-ceived a polite invitation to inspect, on the following night, the new establish-

ment.

The next afternoon at half past six the carpenters pulled down the high fence and displayed—well, it could not be called anything. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the world—at least so they said; but then Weston sight never to the desired beyond Roston.

extends beyond Boston. There was in front a neat garden with a graveled walk. At one side the road passed close to the steps, so that carriages came directly to the piazza. Two im-mense plate-glass windows and a double door filled the entire front of the lower housekeeper. The door opened upon a parlor, carpeted and furnished with numerous chairs and small tables. Near-y every table had some choice display fthings desirable in a gastronomic sense. A tea-urn graced one corner, and beside t stood a coffee-urn, while on the table before it were cups, sugar and spoons. I'wo doors at the back led to large rooms ompletely filled with tables loaded with oreign and domestic groceries. No counters, no shelves, not a thing to sug-cest a store. English neatness, Parisian legance in arrangement, American con-

onience everywhere. A pretty girl (from Boston) sat by the door to receive the guests. Two stout young fellows (from Maine) were ready in the rear room, and Maxwell himself sat by the tea-urn. By seven o'clock they began to come. At eight o'clock there were twenty carriages at the door.

A black for the church was safe for the present. That night the clerk's wife knew it. On the Sabbath everybody knew it. The check was signed "Thomas Maxwell."

Did it make any difference? Not at all. hundred, and the place was packed.

The whole affair was a surprise. Wes on did not know what to do, whether o applaud or laugh-or cry. It was not lunch, for not a thing was offered; it was not a party, for there were neither cards nor dancing; nor a reception, for nobody received. Maxwell welcomed everybody politely, and bade them ex-

unine freely.
They did. They did more: they comnented with most refreshing freedom. Some said it was a joke; nay, it is an occasion for grave remonstrance. The poor young man had lost his mind. A lew older heads said it might be a good speculation, but not one said a single word of approval, or even encourage

At ten o'clock Tom Maxwell closed up the place and went home. He could not exactly describe it, but he felt it—an indefinable something, a shadow, as if he had passed under a cloud. The next day it was clear enough. He had stepped into a social cold bath.

In ruder civilizations peoples showed their disapproval by quietly burning off the offending party, or they tore down his house or exiled him, or, in the modern English fashien, they broke his windows. Nothing of this happened to Maxwell. None the less sharp and effectual were the arms used against the social offender.

They spoke to him when they must but— No need to describe it in detail. He had totally lost position. Days and nights passed. There was a reception on Walnut street; he was not invited. There was a German on the hill; he received no card. At church they nodded distantly; no more. He sat in his pew, pale, with compressed lips, and an unspoken prayer on his tongue. The preacher said, "Forgive your enemies," and he resolved he would.

In pay by the program of the present of the preacher said, and he resolved he would.

Day by day it grew worse. Acquaintances became strangers; friends became acquaintances. The Object passed him in the way as one would a total stranger. He had become-what? In the bitterness of his heart he cried out that all men were cruel, all women selfish and hard of heart. He bit his lips to repress the mingled tears and mortification. What had he done? Was he not a man doing a man's work?

Work! Ah! that was the thing. He would work, and forget these creatures. The first day the store was open the entire sales amounted to one dollar and a half. A carriage from Poltham had stopped at the door. Two ladies had entered the store-strangers and ladies. were lost in admiration. better Regent street, an improved Broadway, a very Palais Royal. They emptied pocketbooks on the counter Such excellent goods, and reasonable prices They would call again and bring all their

Not a single resident of the village entered the place all day. The following day was Saturday. It rained hard, and in the afternoon three people came in for sundry goods. One lady made out quite an order, and asked that it be put on the books. Maxwell respectfully deon the books. Maxwell respectfully delined. His dealings were for cash alone. The lady-otherwise person-gave him a withering look, and declared she had never been so insulted in her life, and marched out, leaving the goods behind her. The others paid cash, and went more than pleased at the prices. They had never obtained such

prices before.

business done amounted to \$275.50 for the week. The next week it doubled. The week after it doubled again. The fourth week Maxwell had to consider the purchase of a new team to deliver the goods.

Six months passed, and the business of the store exceeded the business of all of the store exceeded the business of all the other stores combined. One of them had failed, and the other had actually been scrubbed and painted. Such is the force of example. And still the wonder grew. Weston has a thrifty mind. It can see a cent in a bargain with Hollandish clearness. The Maxwell system was accepted fully. It was delightful to visit a drawing-room, to have a pretty girl make a cup of tea for you. Ay, twenty cups it you wished; and having tasted, you could buy with knowledge. Did you wish olives, figs, sugars, cheese, or bread? Sit down and try them. This is so much, that so much. These are the samples. Eat, test, ponder, and select. You cannot see the goods; food in the mass is essentially vulgar. Select and pay: The goods will be delivered

and silence.
Did the purchaser wish flour? The pretty girl brought a tray full of samples, with plates and water. One could make a dough, and even try it in a gas oven, if desired. Oil was shown burning in lamps; this light is so much a gallon, that so much, and so on from

lamp to lamp.

The store was a reception-room, shop ping a social tea-tasting, with a gentle-man to preside. Maxwell took the or-ders, welcomed the arriving guests, took the cash, and bade good-speed to parting friends. They came as buyers, and departed feeling themselves guests.

At home, everything turned out exactly according to sample, in more than liberal measure, and in the most exquisite order, the very team being carefully covered with white cloths. No uncouth youth begged for orders at the door; no collector rang a dunning bell.

The heathen builds a temple to his gods in princely splendor, and it is said he pays for the work thereon. The Christian's church is often in debt. So door filled the entire front of the lower door filled the entire front of the lower part of the building. Over the door was a simple sign, or card: "Thomas Maxwell." Through the windows could be seen tables spread with white covers, and laid with dishes of the most delicate dried with dishes of the most delicate dried front golden butter, bread, cake, everythe church in solemn and unhappy mood one stormy Saturday night to deliberate over the impossible. In the midst of the dismal proceedings a small girl timidly opened the door and looked in. She had a letter for the clerk of the society. Somedy took it, and she disappeared, clerk opened the letter, and there fell out a piece of paper, crisp and rustling. The clerk glanced at the note, and, picking up the paper, thrust it quickly into his pocket. Curiosity was aroused, and some one asked what it meant. A check. Oh, marvelous! A check for the overdue interest—\$493.63. Whose check? The clerk said the matter was to be confidential. The meeting broke up in joyful mood. The church was safe for the present. That night the clerk's wife

> Did it make any difference? Not at all. was still "the groceryman." Bei of a fine mold could receive his gift, but could not receive him. They even resented it as a piece of presumption. He had only half of a hired pew in the back row, were he sat every Sunday with the sexton's daughters. They did send a vote of thanks, but it came by mail. Not a soul spoke to him about it save the old minister. Some said it was a bid for trade

> Shortly after this the fire-engine house took fire, in derision, and ingloriously burned down. The next morning the village carpenter was hard at work hauling lumber to the ruins. The fire company, a volunteer association, composed chiefly of working-men and young mechanics, said, "Wherefore do ye this?"
> And straightway he said, in the language
> of the period, "Maxwell gim me the
> order, cash on the nail." Thereupon

towns and villages.
Time went on, and the new idea in the grocery line flourished mightily. It was the wonder of the trade, and dealers came from afar to see how the thing was done. Sensible fathers from the city came with requests that their sons be taught the new business. It was a new business, for the grocery-man of the period knew none of these things. Peo-ple patronized him because they must ley came to Maxwell's because it was a pleasure. They came, and saw, and bought much, for the business was founded on a recognized law of human

Meanwhile the Object lived on and on. pparently indifferent, but really keenly alive to all. She attended parties and receptions, and heard people speak of Max-well only in slight and contempt, and she heard it all in cowardly silence.

she heard it all in cowardly stience.

At last her eyes were opened. She was put on some charity committee in the church to visit the poor, and, to the surprise of all, she really did so, which was unusual for a committee-woman. Everywhere before her had gone another. He had thought his ways unknown, but the midden and fatherless were garrulous. the widow and fatherless were garrulous in his praise. She came back a wiser and

happier woman. That night there was a reception at on of the most fashionable houses. The parlor was full when she entered, and she made her way slowly to the side of the hostess. Just as she stood by the hostess, at the head of the room, a young male person, in the wholesale millinery line, remarked that some person's doings were quite on a level with Maxwell's.

"What do mean by that?" said a clear soprano beside him.

A sudden hush fell on the room.

"I mean that a man who would do that is not fit to enter society. He is as as low down as Maxwell the groceryman, and such cattle. Thereupon there was a general laugh

through the room. Why the people should laugh was not clear. It produced, however, a surprising effect.

"Mr. Maxwell is a gentleman whom you can well afford to pattern."

At once these was goodless laugh but At once there was another laugh, but in a different key.

Thank you, miss. I never consider such creatures. It were wiser in you if you did. Mr. The next day fourteen carriages came from Poltham. Two came from Roburndale, and one from Newville. The cash

house; who gave the new books to the house; who gave the new books to the library; who helped the widow Valen-tine; who helped the Frost family in their distress; who saved the Clarks from positive starvation; who has been a friend to to the helpless; who laid out the little park at the corner—"
"Who keeps a grocery store," put in

the male person.
At this some laughed, but there was a well-defined murmur of dissent, and the laugh died away. "Who taught you to keep a store hon-estly; who has borne slights and insults because he chose to do a man's work in the world; who-' She was only a woman. She did not finish the sentence, for she actually fairted away, and would have fallen

had not the male person caught her.
Never had there been a greater sensation
in Weston. The ladies gathered near,
with salts and words of sympathy. The
men stood apart in silence, for they were ashamed. A very small female person, who had

been known to cast greedy eyes in a cer-tain direction, said spitefully, "Oh yes; it's well enough now he is rich." The Object revived just in time to hear this, and said to the small creature, "I have been a fool—like the rest."

Here was a fine state of affairs. Max-

well rich, and publicly defended by one of the most fashionable girls in the town. He must be cultivated. Within a week He must be cultivated. Within a week he received a dozen invitations to teas, dances, kettledrums and receptions. He smiled to himself at each, and refused

smired to himself at each, and refused them all with thanks.

The news of the Object's bold defence came to him quickly. Was she the Object still? Of that there was no doubt. Did she care for him? It might be, and yet what could he do? He canvassed the whole ground and wisely resolved. the whole ground, and wisely resolved

the whole ground, and wisely resolved to do nothing.

Events gallop in these days. There came one to the village who seemed a man of the world. He asked for Maxwell's store, and was shown the parlors on Main street. He stood before the place and gazed and gazed. Then he went in, and asked permission to sit a while and observe the trade. He sat there three hours. Then, in a bull in the business, he rose and said to Maxwell, "Young man, this will not do. You are hiding your ideas under a bushel. Come out into the world where you will be recognized. I'm not a man of words, but if half a million will help you to open a dozen stores of this kind in Chicago, Milwaukee, Columbus, Louisville,

open a dozen stores of this kind in Chicago, Milwaukee, Columbus, Louisville, Omaha, San Francisco, or where else you wish, I'm your man. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir. If everything is correct."

"Everything is correct. There are my card references. Filcall to-morrow with my lawyer and the papers."

Thereupon he presented his card, and withdrew. The next day the store had changed hands, for there were parties already waiting to buy it. The evening train that connects with the Western express stopped at the little station and took up a young lady and gentleman. The few people who stood near smiled in that friendly way bestowed on people about to be married, and then they were gone. The train pulled slowly out of the

about to be married, and then they were
gone. The train pulled slowly out of the
town, and a young lady, fair to see, leaned out of the window and said:

"Good-by, little village. I love you,
because you are an excellent place to
emigrate from." Then she turned to her
companion and said, "I am glad. Tom,
we are going out last the married to her
town, and a young lady, fair to see, leaned out of the window and said:

**Cats are about the most interestingest
animal there is. You can have more
fun with a cat in half an hour, if you
have a good tree handy and an enterpriswe are going out into the great world."
"So am I, for it is God's world wher-

The new man ran the store just six months, and failed. He was only a groceryman, with a groceryman's nar-row views. His failure was perfectly logical.—Harper's Razar.

Meteoric Dust.

A writer in the London Times has en investigating the amount of matter added to the earth by the meteors which are constantly falling upon it. The total downfall, he says, would not at its present rate, or even at the present rate increased a thousandfold, cause the earth's crust to grov appreciably in the lapse of ages-understanding by ages they went with one accord to the grocery store and gave three cheers for the proprietor. Persons of fine mold said, "Another bid for trade," Maxwell heard thereof, and thought it over. Every man of the fire company was Moreover, nine-Moreover, nine-Moreover, nine-tenths of the total, according to Professor Newton's (of New Haven) estimate, are, of course, far smaller. thousands of years. It has been shown by Professor Alexander Herschel that the average weight of shooting stars visible to the eye must be estimated But assigning even to each meteor weight of one pound-an utterly inad-missable estimate-let us consider at what rate the earth's crust would grow. The earth has a surface of 200,000,000 square miles, and about 400,000,000 meteors fell upon it per annum. That gives two meteors, or two pounds weight of matter, added to each square mile in a year. There are more than 3,000,000 square yards in a mile, so that 1,500,000 years would be required at the present rate of meteoric downfall to add one pound of meteoric matter to each square yard of the earth's surface. Such added matter, uniformly spread over the surface, would be utterly inappreciable so far as the thickness of the earth's crust is concerned. In a thousand millions years, at that rate, which far exceeds the real rate, the crust of the earth would not be increased in thickness by a single foot. The excess of increase in the Northern hemisphere would not be one foot in a billion of years.

Novel Use of a Locomotive. Every day proves the truth of the old adage: "Necessity is the mother of invention." Our attention has just been called to a new way of utilizing the power of a locomotive. Some years ago Porter, Bell & Co., of Pittsburg, sent one of their small locomotives to the famous Dutch Flat in California. It famous Dutch Flat in California. It was used for hauling logs from a timber tract to the saw mill. But as much o the timber was in a deep canyon and the mill was on the hill top, the ingenious owner desired to make it do another kind of duty as well as its own. They arranged an incline track placing a car on it, to which they lash the timber, and by a wire rope draw it to the top. The rope passes over a drum at the top of the hill and the power is supplied by the little locomotive. The modus operandi is to run the engine on to a side track alongside the drum on to friction wheels, through which the power is communicated, and here like a dog in a churn wheel or a horse in a tread mill the engine revolves its drivers without the engine advancing and lifts its load 600 feet in height in 1,200 feet of track, the engine thus becoming practically stationary engine .- Iron Age.

"Greatly to his credit"-A bank

Web Engineering.

On going round the garden this morn-On going round the garden this morning, says a writer in Land and Water. I perceived what seemed a small piece of cheese apparently floating in the air straight before me. On coming up to it, I found that it was suspended from a spider's web, which was spun right across the path. One's first hasty thought was that this spider had found a piece of cheese below, and, taking a fancy to it, was then drawing it up into its web to was then drawing it up into its web to eat it. Further examination, however, showed that the substance was not cheese, but a small pebble much resembling that edible, evidently taken from the gravel walk beneath. There was nothing for the spider to attach his web to on the walk, so he had selected a suitable stone to balance his web, which, indeed, it did admirably, the web being attached to trees on either side of the walk, and weighted below by the stone, so as to be in nearly a perpendicular position. The stone was connected with the web by a threefold cord, the strands of which were attached to different parts of the stone. It visited the web two or three hours after the spider had finished it, and found that his ingenuity had been rewarded, as the web contained, besides a large fly, off which he was dining, more small flies than I have ever before seen in a web. Neither myself, nor those of my friends to whom I showed the web, have ever seen anything of the kind before. Perhaps your readers will be interested in such an example of high instinct in a spider, and those of high instinct in a spider, and those who are more versed in natural history than myself may be able to remember other examples of the same kind. That the stability of the web depended upon the weight of the stone was shown when I put my hand under the latter. The result was that as I raised my hand the lower part of the web gradually collapsed, but when the stone was suffered again to fall gently the web resumed its proper shape. The web was about five

feet from the ground
Spider engineering is a most interesting subject, and one that I have spent hours in studying. I have worked out most of the problems in connection with it, but the weight dodge I have not as yet been able to explain. Some spiders will use ties; but others, of exactly the same species, will use a weight although the circumstances under which both the circumstances under which both built apparently are similar. But how does the spider raise the weight? I could never explain to my satisfaction, as some of the weights are so large that it is scarcely possible they could lift them by a "dead lift." Besides, they will but on one, two or more weights in a few hours before wind, to fix their structures. The industry and ingenuity of the spider passes belief to all those who have seen them at work, but no more profitable day can be spent by a young engineer than a day after a storm in a path through the gorse watching a spider reconstructing its web. This is the legitimate way of seeing the work done, but there are other dodges, such as breaking down the web, and watching

ing dog, than you can with a whole traveling menagerie. Cats and fire crackers are mortal enemies - You tie a bunch to a cat's tail and set 'en off, and they will go down the street like a firry comet. N. B., wire is better than string to fasten them on with—as siring is liable to burn off. It is a very pleasant pastime to see two cats fight. Their ails may be tied firmly together, and for fear they might tear up things in the garden it is a good plan to hang them across a clothes-line. They can be heard miles. I have often seen them. Some folks re-gard this sport as cruel, we call such folks chicken livered. Did you ever see a shaved cat? They are very singular creatures—it may be done with a razor fright that the state of the cate of the c whales his boy all over—when his fingers is cut half off and his face scratched all over all ready. Kittens are very pretty. There are more than forty of them in the water under the mill bridge. They nearly all of them have stones tied to their needs. It is a very unfeciling to their necks. It is a very unfeeling thing to drown a kitten. They are innercent harmless creatures. Cats are great singers. The Chinese eat cats. What can you expect of the heathen? Some people hang dead cats as May that get 'em never seem to appreciate it. There is a great many other things about eats—but I think I have given you a plenty of ideas already, so will close.
Simon Slope.

Conrageous Captain Luce. A tall, gray-haired man with clear

blue eyes, gray mustache and sparse gray whiskers under his chin, was the first witness called in a will case in New York. It was Captain James C. Luce of the steamship Arctic, which was run into and sunk on the 24th of September, 1854. The Arctic had 233 passengers, and there were 150 in the crew. Only ninety-seven persons were saved and not one woman. A part of the crew behaved very badly. They filled the boats and when they were about to abandon the sinking ship a place in one of the boats was offered to Captain Luce, who stood with his little boy by his side where he had been using his utmost exeritons to rule his crew. He spurned the offer, and when those in the boat offered to take his son, he rejected that offer also with indignation. He went down with his ship hand and hand with his son. They were drawn down about thirty feet into the vortex. Then they rose to the surface. A moment afterward a part of a paddle box floated up to them. Its momentum was so great that it killed the boy. The father climbed upon it with nine others. He and George Allen and a German were on it from Wednesday, the day of the accident, until Saturday afternoon? Only four of the ten outlived the first night after the accident. On the morning of the day on which the captain was saved there was a heavy fog. Suddenly it parted and formed a great arch, beneath which was clear air. Under this arch was the Cambria of Quebec. She picked up Captain Luce and his two follows authors.

A Manchester (England) paper mentions the case of a man eighty years old who is now cutting his second set of teeth. They are uniform and regular, teeth. They are uniform and regular, the mouth.

Some of these base pan professional are very poor "sticks." Only this morning we saw one who could hardly eatth his breath.—Lukens.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Making waistcoats at fourteen cents each, cheviot shirts at four cents apiece, heavy overalls at fifty cents per dozen and woolen trousers at ten cents a pair are some facts gleaned by a society of ladies who are investigating the condi-tion of the sewing women of Cleveland,

Although the existence of petroleum in several of the provinces of Japan is said to have been known for 1,200 years, he Japanese did not know how to refine it till about six years ago. Now, how-ever, refining establishments are spring-ing up rapidly, and its manufacture is

secoming an important industry. Taking the entire length of the New York Elevated railroad, on both the east and west side lines, and multiplying it by the number of trains run during the twenty-four hours, and again by the number of locomtives and cars, it is ound that the distance traveled in one day is 36,352 miles, or nearly one and a half times around the world; the proportion of miles traveled on the west side, as compared with the east side,

"You attempted to take the life of the king; the king gives you life," were the words of the Italian attorney-general, who communicated to the assassin Pas-sanante in prison King Humbert's commutation of his sentence of death to imprisonment for life. Passanante is said to have displayed considerable emo-tion and expressed his deep gratitude. He will finish his existence with hard work in irons. The king's popularity has been increased by this act. Monarchs, as a rule, dislike to sign the death-warrants of their would-be assassins.

Drunkenness in Sweden and Norway is cured in the following manner: The drunkard is put in prison, and his only nourishment is bread soaked in wine. During the first day the prisoner receives the bread and wine with much pleasure. On the second day the food is not so acceptable. After that he takes his food with great repugnance. In general, eight or ten days of this treatment suffices to produce such a disgust of liquor that the unhappy man is compelled to absolute abstinence. After leaving prison his drunkenness is radically cured, with an occasional exception, and the odor of iquor produces an invincible repulsion.

The venerable Peter Cooper has a device for propelling the cars of the ele-vated railroads in New York by means of an endless wire or chain, and he has written a letter to show how simple, cheap, noiseless and gafe his system would be. He offers to turn over the invention to the east side road for \$100, 000 in their stock, to be immediately made over to the trustees of the Cooper Union as a fund for its support, and thinks it would be no more than fair that hey should take it at those figures, inasnuch as the institute has suffered a great deal from the proximity of the road, which has interfered with the students and cut down the income from the rooms in the building that are rented.

The great tunnel under the Detroit river vill cost about \$1,500,000. hast, the president of the Canada South-ern Railway Company, says that the lois the only one where the tunnel can and now you can make him grow wild be made through the rock, as it comes time and time again by simply asking within twenty-two feet of the surface of the water at the points selected. At Dehim what makes him go lame when he troit the rock is nearly one hundred feet below the surface. Amherstburg is fourteen miles below that city. The than one made to proposed location of the tunnel will acommodate traffic from both the Northwest and the Southwest. The tunnel will be built under the supervision of ner party, at which popular ideas of E. C. Cheseborough, of Chicago, who heaven happened to be under discuswill be built under the supervision of has had experience in the construction of both road and river tunnels.

Hereafter let nothing be said disreimprisoned in the mine at Wickesbarre, Pa., who were rescued in a fair condi-tion, after being entombed for over five lays by the fallen roof, owe their lives to member of this much-abused species, for they killed him and for fou lived upon him. Had the mule been as positive in his character as mules are reputed to be, he might have refused to die, in which case carving him might have proved a dangerous operation. All's we'll that ends well, and that must have been an exciting moment when the seven men who had been in such imminent danger of death were liberated in the presence of eight thousand persons, --it is only a joke but the folks baving been shut out from the blessed tem never seem to appreciate it. morning.

A cotton mill'is to be established in China. The prime mover in the enter-prise is said to be a Chinaman. It is stated that 50,000 taels have been already paid down as bargain money to the firm which has secured the contract. The contract is said to be 255,000 tacks for everything delivered in Shanghai. The mill is to be erected in Shanghai, and is to contain 800 looms. It is understood that China cotton will be used. and as this is a short staple, it may be assumed that only coarse calico will be turned out, as the staple is unsuitable for the manufacture of fine goods. It has been estimated by the promotors that 6,000 bales per year, calculating the bale as containing fifty pieces, will be turned out. This is equivalent to a production of seven and a half pieces per loom per week.

Repartee in Rhyme.

The following anecdote on three noted North Carolinians-Hillman, Dews and Swain—the two former brilliant lawyers and the latter a learned lawyer and a scholar, and from 1832 to 1835 governor of the State, and afterward president of Chapel Hill University—is nearly out of date. At a term of the Supreme Court the gentleman handed Mr. James Dodge, then clerk of the court, the following "Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good And never dodged an evil, And after dodging all he could, He could not dodge the devil!"

To this Mr. Dodge returned the following sharp impromptu reply: Here lies a Hillman and a Swain, Their lot let no man choose;

They lived in sin and died in pain,
And the devil got his dues! (Dews)"
— Wilmington (N. C.) Sun.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Leadville, Colorado, is 10,400 feet above

At Marseilles, France, diphtheria exsts in fowls. Bridal tours will be short this year if he "old man" is.

St. Louis claims to be the mule meropolis of the world.

Did you ever see a pretty milkmaid in a quan—dary?—Lukens. A New York dealer in birds imported

last year 100,000 canaries. Water, when it becomes steam, is expanded 1,700 times its original bulk. The length of a lady's train should never be under a foot.—Boston Post.

The elephant is afraid of baggage

smashers; he never checks his trunk. Sitting Bull's favorite hair remedy is warranted to bring the hair out-by the

It is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty years that most people become insane.

The military chest captured at Isan-dula (Zululand) by the Zulus contained \$100,000 in gold. "You are beneath my notice," as the balloonist said to the receding crowd or gaping citizens.—N. Y. News.

By diligent observation, Sidney Bux-ton has decided that dogs and horses are the only animals sensitive to ridicule. Tobacco is largely cultivated in Russia, and the seed used on the plantations is from the United States and from Tur-

Bismarck reads every word of advice to him in the American newspapers, and he does just as each newspaper think

Celluloid can be made to closely imi-tate ivory, and is making great inroads in the business of the ivory manufac-

Putnam's winged atom is the smallest of all known insects. Its body is only 1-12,000 of an inch in length, and the intenna only 1-20,000.

According to Professor Trowbridge's alculation, a man with an average step lifts his own weight a foot from the ground in every twenty-three feet he It is a curious fact that although rice

is the principal food of the Arabs, not one grain of it is grown in their country It is procured by them either from India or Italy. The San Francisco Chronicle reports a shower of several thousand herrings near a cemetery in that city. They were not

ickled, and there is not salt enough in the story to save it. Oh, maiden sweet, with delicate feet Tripping the fair fields over,

What do you seek by the gurgling creek And amid the dewy clover?" "Why, Mister," she said, "you don't know

beans! I'm gatherin' yaller dock for greens." -Cincinnati Star. "You make me think," John William said, dropping upon the sofa beside the prettiest girl on North hill, last Sunday evening, "of a bank whereon the wild thyme grows," "Do I?" she murmured. "It is so nice, but that is pa's step in the hall and unless you can drop out of the front window before I get through speak ing, you'll have a little wild time with him, my own, for he loves you not. ation chosen for this great undertaking | But John William didn't quite make it

> walks. He knows, but he won't tell .-Hardly any better retort is on record than one made to Professor Bonamy Price, of Oxford University on his late visit to this country. He was not re-markable for his geniality, and at a dinion, he turned to Dr. H. W. Bellows and said: "We would like to have your opinion of heaven, Dr. Bellows, as that of one who stands outside the pale of plied: "My idea of heaven is that of a great dinner party where we can have everything we want without money and without Price." All but one joined in the laugh.—Independent.

"Something to Praise."

The recent accident in one of the Wilkesbarre coal mines, and the fortu-nate final delivery of all the imprisoned men, renders a timely word in to the subject of mutual helpfulness, as practiced there in cases of fatal casual-For a long time-indeed, until within two or three years past—when death to the miner has resulted from accident in the mines, it seems to have been the custom among them to throw up all work until after the funeral and then devote a day's labor to the widow and orphans of the deceased. For this practice a prominent officer of one of the companies has succeeded in substituting the following: When a fatal accident occurs the operatives continue as usual until the day of the funeral, when they take a half holiday, attend the burial and contribute fifty cents per wan and twenty-five cents per boy to the widows and orphans, the company agreeing to double the amount, whatever it may be. This plan has thus far worked ex-cellently in the cases which have come under notice.

A custom so sensible and humane cannot be other than beneficial in every way to employers and employed; and for the same reason that the Graphic finds it necessary to oppose and denounce cor-porations in all these respects in which they are grasping and oppressive, it takes pleasure in commending them for every act of consideration and justice they exhibit to their employes and customers.

—New York Graphic.

A Cautious Woman.

A little woman, with considerable anxiety in her face, was searching the Central Market yesterday for flowers and seeds, and one of the seed sellers explain-

ed to her: "Here are some of the nicest climbers you ever saw. If you take them they

will cover your house and make it look almost like Paradise."
"They will, eh?" absently replied the woman.
"Yes, they will. You don't know how they will improve the looks of your

"But I won't take any. Just as soon sa they made the old house look any better the landlord would come around and raise the rent on us. I guess I won't buy anything but sunflower seeds and a stalk or two of catnip."—Detroit Free Press.