### VOL. IX.

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#### Thanksgiving Day.

The soft gray dawn of Thanksgiving day Has parted the curtains of night, And the world awakes with its hopes

Beginning its life of smiles and tear With the new-born morning's light.

There are obcerful hearts and lives that

glad, Which wake to this day of praise; And those whose hearts for a weary while Have long forgotten the joy and smile Ot life's sunshiny days.

Some of us walk in sun-lit paths, Where flowers grow bright and fair, And some of us tread with tired feet Where shadow and sorrow daily meet, d the flowers of life are rare.

who gather the joys of earth ly day by day ember the lives that are grieved and sad, and, remembering, strive to make them glad, And lighten the somber gray

Which tints the hearts of the lonely poor, And hides from their eyes the light That God has meant to shine for all. As over the world the sunbeams fall To scatter the shades of night.

# A THANKSGIVING QUERY.

"Great land o' Goshen!" said old Joe Comstock, "what I want to know is, what's the use o' Thank'givin' when there ain't nothin' to be thankful for? And where's the good o' runnin' arter an onsartainty? A rollin' stone gathers

'And a gangin' foot is aye gettin',' "And a gangin' loot is aye gettin," said Si Pettingill, the country store-keeper. Not but that he agreed with his old friend Joe in deploring the wickedness and willfulness of his only son's leaving the homestead and going out West. Si Pettingill hated to see an extra wrinkle in his neighbor's fine and for idding the was only known as old Joe. florid face, who was only known as old Joe because there was a young Joe grown to manhood. It was only a week before Thanksgiving, and a queer time for ex-tra wrinkles, but Si couldn't afford to lose an opportunity for proving his knowledge of proverbs, and combating the oracular prophecy of one by that of another. The country store was the high center of argument. No subject was too solemn or too frivolous, too high or too low, too light or too profound,

for discussion.
"They do say," said Monk, the miller,
"that the heft and richness o' grain out
there is most amazin', and the sile is that soft you can put yer arm clean down to yer elbow in it. If I was 's young 's Joe—" And here the miller paused, for his friend the farmer brought his hand down heavily on an adjacent

box of soap.
"And ain't his own land rich enough? Look at there ten-acre field of corn, and look at them punkins! Though, for that matter, where's the use o' corn for turkeys, or turkeys for Thank'givin', if a man's own flesh and blood flies in the face of Providence like my Joe".
"He ain't goin' before Thank'givin'.

calkilates to start to-morrov night," said the farmer, dolefully

Then the group about the store ex-pectorated with mournful precision, and shook their heads, and hoped he wou.dn't regret such a precipitate abandonment of this world's blessings. Old Joe Comstock united his fine pair of mules, and went jolting away to the Comstock farm, followed by the sympathizing re-marks of his neighbors. And as the dust rolled away, another vehicle was seen approaching, a high-seated jaunty long, clean-limbed creature that was out of sight before his points could be well discussed and criticised. In truth, the good folks upon the porch of the country store were more interested in the couple that were seated fashionably aloft upon the gay box of the wagon. A flecting vision of laughing blue eyes, and yellow curls wantoning with the November wind, and the pale, dark face of a stranger in close proximity to these charms, caused the wise heads upon the porch to wag again with melancholy

"'Tain't the natur' of the sile that young Joe complains of," said one. "Nor yet the core, nor the punkins," said another; "it's that he aint got the stomach for 'em he used to hev before that city fellow broke his wagon in front of the widow Benson's door, and took a notion to Kitty.'

" And I swan to man ef the widow ain't that set up about it she's hevin' black Sam to do her fall whitewashin'." "She'd better not count her chickens before they're hatched. That fellow don't mean to marry Kitty Benson; she'll fall between two stools, that's what Kitty'll do. She'll get shet of Joe, and lose this city chap, after all. Joe was in dead earnest, poor fellow, but his chap's only foolin'."

Which was not altogether true. The

"city chap" had begun perhaps in rather a trifling mood. He considered the remarkable interest which he took in this little rustic was all due to his artistic perceptions. About six weeks before, in passing through the village, his horse had stumbled upon a big bowlder in front of the widow's door, and one of the big yellow wheels had come to grief. It was the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Morton to knock at the nearest door, and equally natural that the widow should ask him in. Kitty lay sound asleep, with her curly head on the kitchen table, all the yellow tangle of it tumbled carelessly about the exquisite line of her brow and curve of her rounded cheek. Her brown hashes just merged into the flush upon her face, and her red lips were parted, showing the white even teeth within. Laws a mercy!" said the widow. with kindly curiosity, "there ain't no-

body hurt, I hope?"
"Only the wagon wheel," said Mr

"And you want to git to town? ell, now, I reckon Joe Comstock must be up and about yet. I saw a light at the farm a bit ago. If Joe's up, he'll take you down to the railroad. He can't he done his chores yet."

said Mr. Morton.

hope he'll bungle long enough about his chores to be up when I get sleeping beauty, and was suddenly sur-bised to see her lift her head from her arm and open wide her eyes upon him, while the flush deepened in her face, and even stole down upon her throat and the white bit of her neck that was Visible.

"Joe never bungles about anything," "Joe never bungles about anything, she said.
"Is he a friend of yours?" said Mr. Morton, modulating his voice to a wonderfully gentle tone.
"Never mind what he is," replied Kitty, hotly; "but he's no bungler—of that you may be sure."
Here she slipped away and vanished up a dark little staircase, and suddenly all the charm went out of the picture.
"That central figure taken away,"

"That central figure taken away," said Mr. Morton to himself, as he picked

said Mr. Morton to himself, as he picked his way to the Comstock farm, "of course the whole effect is marred; but it was a fine interior—very fine."

That "central figure" tollowed Mr. Morton to the farm, and all the way down to the railroad. He found Joe Comstock up and ready to accommodate him, and had to concede with Kitty that Joe was no bungler; there was a quick capacity about the sturdy hands that handled the reins, and a natural grace and vigor in all his movements—the little that he said was terse and to the point, but Mr. Morton found him taciturn and reserved after the first mile or two. He had ventured to speak of the inmates of the cottage. inmates of the cottage.
"I think it probable the young girl was one of the nutting party of to-day,"

said Mr. Morton.
"More'n likely," said Joe.
"Isn't her name Benson?—Kitty Ben-

son?"

"I shouldn't wonder if 'twas!" said
Joe, and relapsed into gruff monosyllables. The road was rough and dark,
and the drive was exceedingly disagreeable. Mr. Morton was glad to fall back
upon his memory and imagination for
amusement. The bit of interior he could
recall vividly enough.

Kitty had been asleep for three hours at least, and Joe Comstock was dreaming of her under his patchwork quilt, when Mr. Morton reached the city. It was long after midnight when he got to the reception, and at least one young heart had lost all zest in the entertain-ment—two hearts, for an old one in the vicinity had grown exceedingly heavy as the hours wore away.
"It's strange Mr. Morton don't come
Madeline," Mrs. Van Vleet said to her

daughter. "Yes, mamma," said poor Madeline.
"Didn't he say he would be here,

"Oh yes, mamma; please don't say any more about it;" and then the elder lady walked majestically away, the feathers upon her head nodding in mournful uni-son with her thoughts. And at that mo-ment Mr. Morton entered, making his way to a group of exquisitely dressed and beautiful women, who received him with beautiful women, who received him with enthusiasm; there really were so very few available parties that season, and Mr. Morton was so unexceptional in every way, and had shown some de-cided inclination to "range himself." and make somebody comfortable in their mind about the wretchedly uncertain and procrastinating future. He was still in the market, though his attentions had been rather pronounced of late to Miss Van Vleet; but she was cold and reserved, and must take her chance-the tournament was open to all; so all these beautiful women fluttered their fans, and in their softly modulated musical voices said charming things to the tardy arrival. But Mr. Morton, with many a winning smile and whispered compli-ment, went listlessly by. His face were which is considered in society an evidence of cultivation, but in truth it was only that he was still absorbed in artistic

end of the room, where in feverish, haughty, uncompromising but agonizing reserve sat Miss Van Vleet. Her mother had nudged and frowned and beckoned. all to no purpose, when Mr. Morton entered the room. "You can at least allow yourself to be seen," said her mother, acrimoniously.
"If he wants me, he can find me," said Madeline, with a sharp pang of fear and distrust, which deepened when at last he reached her side, and said, in the

reflections. He went on to the further

most commonplace way in the world "Did you save that waltz for me?" And when she looked up in his face with a thrill of delight, and found no esponse there, only that vague, listless, dreamy expression, her own beautiful ace grew almost haggard with the intensity of her emotion; it was all she could do to keep the hot, wretched tears out of her eyes.

"Why are you so absent to-night?" she said at last. "What is it you are thinking of?" And then, as they were whirling—no, not whirling, but lan-guidly stepping about—in the waltz, he told her of his accident, and described to her minutely the bit of interior which and so charmed him.

"And there is Sydney now-you'll excuse me, won't you, if I go over to Certainly she would excuse him.

What else could the poor girl do?

Mr. Morton led Madeline to her
mother, and that ponderous female
eagerly whispered: "Has he spoken, Madeline—only tell me dear, has he

"Of course not, mamma; how could he, in the waltz?"
"He was talking so earnestly. I never saw him quite so earnest before. I thought perhaps he had spoken."

' He is talking just as earnestly with Mr. Sydney now, mamma; he is interested in art just now." The bitterness

"I shall not accept the colonel's invi-tation for Thanksgiving," she said, dole-fully. In the mean while Mr. Morton was endeavoring generously to give his friend Sydney the subject for a sketch, and the artist was listening with that quizzical, amused air that was characteristic to him.

"See here, Morton," said Sydney at last, "a horseshoe is a sign of good luck, and your steed shed one, it appears, at the door of this rustic beauty. I believe your heart followed it. Go in and win, old fellow, and then send for me to paint her portrait. I'm not much given to

Joe awoke the next morning and resolved once for all to make an end to these witcheries that half maddened as they gladdened him. He would pluck up courage and settle the matter, so that his dreams might be savored with sober certainty. He knew that no great obstacles lay in his way. His folk-were willing, and so were hers; there was nobody to say nay but Kitty her-self, and he wasn't much afraid of that. well; but he must needs go home and don his Sunday-go to-meetin' clothes for the occasion, which took half the heart went out in a prayer to Joe-heart out of his resolve, and in the which was answered right on the brink

meanwhile a long-limbed horse was making quick work of the road that led to Kitty's door, and a man who was easy in his Sunday clothes every day in the week was bent upon the same decision. The stiff collar rasped Joe's neck as he went slowly to the village; his coat was too tight in the sleeves; he grew redder and redder, till he knew that the doomed Thanksgiving turkey gobbler's comb was nothing to him; the perspiration rolled from his honest rubicund face, and he began to wish he'd find Kitty out when he got there; he could talk to heir mother, and she could talk to Kitty, and it would come kind of easier somehow.

And suddenly he stepped aside; there was a rush of wheels in his ears, high yellow heels, and a vision of somethody hailing him politely, somebody with an easy way of wearing good telethes, and something about him that would have persuaded Joe to take off his hat to him if he hadn't been too mad and flustered and curious and afraid. Joe went moodily on, and suddenly his rescalet face grew pale and the blood in his veins grew cold, when before Kitty's door he saw the high-wheeled newlyshod horse pawing the ground before Kitty's gate; and presently out came Kitty herself, shawled and hooded, her kitty herself, shawled and hooded, her kitty herself, shawled and hooded, her Kitty's gate; and presently out came Kitty herself, shawled and hooded, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, and beside her was the stranger, who nodded pleasantly to Joe. Kitty nodded kindly too, he thought, and it seemed to him Mrs. Benson called him to come in. Joe wouldn't be certain about these things. His head whirled around as Kitty drove

on the bed, himself upon them, and there lie through the long October after noon, the prey to a misery he had never noon, the prey to a misery he had never dreamed of.

The sun went down, the fowls went to roost, and an old hoary owl that might have had more heart laughed mockingly at Joe through his bed-room window. And then Joe, who dawdled so over the asking for a sweetheart, made up his mind quickly enough to more rueful work, for that very night when he went down to supper, and when he went down to supper, and never ate a mouthful, he declared to the good folks assembled there that he intended to go out West to settle—he was sick of the land hereabouts.

away; it seemed to him the whole world took a somersault, and left him sick and sore, so that he could just get strength to crawl home to the farm, and doff his Sunday clothes, throw them in a heap

" What the plague's the matter with what the plague's the matter with the land?" said his father. "It's the same as 'twas yesterday, and then you taked of ploughin' up the meadow next spring, and drainin' the gully, and the Lord knows what and all. What's come to you now, Joe?"

Alas! what, indeed, had come to poor Joe? He never made the least effort to regain his footing with Kitty. He gave up all hope of the sweet future that had seemed to him his birthright. To marry Kitty Benson, and settle down on the old homestead as his father and grandfather had done before him, seemed as natural to Joe as seed-time and harvest. He never had the slightest desire to swerve from the somewhat tame and monotonous life these people led from year to year. Even now his soul was yearning for it, when it was full of re-bellion and riot, and bent upon break-ing down every barrier that lay between the big tumultuous waves within him and those of the unknown world be-

vond. The weary days went on, each of them heavier and more desolate. In fair weather or foul, Joe walked and wandered, aimless, listless and forlorn, choosing the most desolate places, sl.un-ning and torbidding all companionship of man and beast.

It was well on in November, and the indscape was somewhat sere and worn. The day was waning, and it seemed to Mr. Morton as they drove along that the warmth had all fled from the scene about them and nestled in Kitty's hair. There was a subdued and timid expression in her face that lent it an unusual charm. The curves about her mouth drooped like those of an aggrieved child, and she had not spoken a word for the last mile or two. Mr. Morton could hesitate no longer. It would be an easy thing, he thought, to wear away the usual exuberant gayety that d tracted from Kitty's present charm of manner. With just one little sigh for poor Madeline Van Vleet, he shifted the reins to one hand, and with the other took from his vest pocket a ring. A yellow beam of setting sun caught the gem, and it suddenly glisten in unison; but she drew back as he caught her hand.

" Nay, darling," he said, tenderly, "do not tremble; it is yours. You know that I love you; you will be my little

But in the meanwhile the long-limbed animal, which had been somewhat restive, and required the two hands of his driver, took advantage of this little by-play and accelerated his speed. Mr. Morton had not time to put the ring upon Kitty's resisting finger, when he found his horse pulling heavily upon the reins. He determined to sell this heedless brute of his. The thought lay heavily upon his now ardent sensibili ties that this sweet girl by his side he had never yet held to his heart, nor had her sweet lips been given to his own, and in the voice of her daughter tinged now the moment was gone, and the joy acridly the thoughts of poor Mrs. Van was still denied him, for the horse went was still denied him, for the horse wer plunging on. A curve of the road brought the cottage in sight. Black Sam was still whitewashing—great Heaven, not the big bowlder? Yes, nothing less; he had somewhitewash to spare, and he was lathering it thick upon this rock in the road, making it seem big as a mountain. Mr. Morton's face grew pale, and not too soon—the evil was upon him in the instant he had feared it; the herse plunged back upon his haunches, his fine ears stood erect, his ean-cut limbs trembled; then with one bound he sped along, grazing the white phantom in the road, and disappearing in a cloud of dust. Mr. Morton clung to the reins, and Kitty clung to Mr. Morton.

Mr. Morton knew now that nothing could save them. A few minutes—four at the furthest—and all would be over. The gully just below the Comstock farm was a block and drown place. was a bleak and dreary place, well fitted for the tragedy. He remembered a for the tragedy. He remembered a chestnut tree that hung desolate and bare ever its brink, and broken rocks bare ever its brink, and broken rocks and biack pools of stagnant water lay below. In these tew seconds, that seemed a parenthesis between time and eternity, a whole lifetime passed in re-gret and retrospection. To get rid of the reproachful eyes of Madeline, Mr. Morton shut his own; but Kitty's whole

"Keep it, Kitty," said Mr. Morton;
"keep it in any case. You'll allow her
to accept this little present, won't you,

2' If it's all the same, I'd as lief she didn't," said Joe, with honest simplic-

didn't," said Joe, with honest simplicity.

And I am glad Kitty didn't get the ring; she could well do without it, and there was a slim and tapering finger far away that had grown slimmer and more tapering for lack of this gem. The night of the accident it lay listlessly in the lap of Miss Van Vleet, and it did not seem from the apathy of her face and manner that any thing could induce her to lift that fair, frail finger. The bell rang, but hope had cheated her so often not a hair of her beautiful head or a muscle moved in response. She had ceased to expect the visitor she coveted, and all others were indifferent to her.

"I am so glad," said a voice, "to find you alone, Madeline."

The voice was so tender it made her heart beat, although she knew how de-

heart beat, although she knew how de-ceptive that tenderness might be. How sweet it was, nevertheless!

Another organ began to thump in the room above, and the mild mahogany of Mrs. Van Vleet's complexion deepened with anxiety and suspense as the important moments wore away. At last the light step of her daughter was at the door, and Madeline's face told the story. It was radiant with joy.
"Has he spoken?" said her mother, in a husky whisper. "Great heaven! has he indeed spoken?"

"Yes, mamma," said Madeline, toy-ing tenderly with a brilliant gem upon her finger.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Van Vleet, devoutly. "Then I will immediately accept the colonel's invitation for Thanksgiving." Thanksgiving."

"And by the hoky!" said old Joe Comstock, "we'll have a Thank'givin' yet. I'm blest if that there boy o'mine didn't say last night, 'Pappy,' sez he, 'we'll begin a fence down by that there gully, and drain the hull marsh by this time next year;" and I jest nodded, for I couldn't speak when I found that there Western scheme o' his had gone to a treat all round; but I ask it, in all honesty, what is Thank'givin' if there

# A Girl Scalped by Machinery.

ain't nothin's to be thankful for?"-

Harper's Weekly.

While Jennie Hall, fifteen years old, was stooping over a piece of machinery in a lithographic establishment in Philadelphia, her long, daugling hair caught in a belt, and in a second she was completely scalped. The sufferer, with the blood streaming over her face, screamed in an agonizing voice that could be heard a block away. The wounded girl, who was wild with pain, was taken to a hospital. Some of her associates became hysterical over the horrible sight. An investigation was made subsequently, when the cause of the accident was ascertained. It appeared that the girl had imprudently been amusing herself by permitting a lock of her hair to wrap itself around the small vertical shaft. She repeated this twice, but at the third essay the lock became wrapped too tightly around the improvised curling iron to be extricated and was torn from the head, most of the scalp going with it and considerable of the skin from the forchead close to the brows. In the evening the girl's condition was reported as favorable, although erysipelas might ensue. Several years ago a somewhat similar ecident occurred to an Italian lady, the wife of a mill proprietor in the lower part of the city. She was passing through the working room where the looms were clanking away, her long, beautiful hair, of which she was proud, hanging loosely down her back. A strand of it entangled in a shaft, and like a flash she, too, was partially scalped. The surgeons replaced the fragment dexterously, and perfect adhesion was secured, so that at this day the lady enjoys her glossy tresses as intact as though she had never had the terrible

# The Way Garibaldi Fought.

"I don't believe," said MacMahon. that he will ever be a general. He wants comprehensiveness. He cannot foresee or provide for results in time and space. But he is an admirable partisan. When he was in Italy with 5,000 men, one of his spies told him that he had discovered a couple of leagues off an Austrian force of about 3,000 men, who were not aware of his proximity, and could be surprised and cut off. The spy was a traitor. There were 12,000 Austrians, and the spy had been sent to decoy Garibaldi into attacking them. With his usual impetuosity, he fell into the trap, marched against the Austrians and found when he approached them that they far outnumbered him and were prepared. Most men would have re treated, been followed and destroyed. He attacked the Austrians with such vigor that they thought their spy must have deceived them, and that Garibaldi was in force. He drove them from their position, and pursued them for a couple of miles when they discovered the of miles, when they discovered the smallness of his numbers and turned back on him; his troops, active and un-incumbered, saved themselves in the mountains." Fortnightly Review.

In October, when the woods are glorious is their scarlet drapery, is the time to seek the autumn leaves and terns. A severe cold is often the result of sitch pleasure trips. Dr Bull's Cough Syrup always cures coughs and colds. Price 25 cents.

#### TIMELY TOPICS.

Next February will have twenty-nine days. Except in leap year, February never has more than twenty-eight days. never has more than twenty-eight days. It is true that next February will have five Sundays. They will fall on the first, eighth, fifteenth, twenty-second and twenty-ninth. This occurs once in every twenty-eight years. Its last previous occurrence was in 1852, and after the next year it will not occur again this century. The same is true of every this century. The same is true of every other day of the week. For instance, February has five Mondays once in every twenty-eight years. This was last the case [in 1864, and it will occur again in 1892.

Washington's headquarters, at Valley Forge, in Pennsylvania, are likely, through the combined efforts of a few patriotic residents of that locality, to become the property of an association which will preserve it for all time as a memorial of the heroic sufferings in the camp of the Continental army. In order to interest the public in the movement, prepared certificates of stock at \$1 cach. When the purchase of the headquarters is effected, it is designed to make it an attractive spot, to collect there relies and valuable papers relating to the pe-riod, and to fit up the house in colonial style with furniture of a century ago.

A recent traveler had a curious adventure on the Coco Islands, which he will not easily forget. As soon as the sun had gone down and the moon risen, cliousands and thousands of rats, about the size of a bandicot, bore down upon him and made a raid upon his provisions. refusing to be frightened away, and de-vouring everything in the shape of grain or biscuit, but not touching anything in the shape of meat. When the bags were hung up in trees, the depredators swarmed after them, and would proba-bly have caused a famine had not the convicts turned the tables upon them by killing and eating them in great num-bers, saying that they were exceedingly sweet. These animals, which are something like the marmot, are often called he bamboo rat.

An association has been formed in Westphalia for the extinction of poverty throughout the world. The theory of its promoters, who are not Socialists, is that the wants of mankind have so increased of late years that luxuries are now looked upon even by the poorest classes as necessaries. Life, it is urged, may be sustained and comfort insured at a trilling cost by simply putting aside at a trifling cost by simply putting aside the superfluities of modern existence. This object can only be attained by a complete revolution in our social and domestic habits. Children should be trained from their earliest infancy to look for no other shelter than that afforded by wooden buts. Their food should consist only of bread and vegeta bles, and their drink of pure water. The style of modern clothing, as regards both men and women, is condemned as extravagant, barbarous and unwhole-some. One thick garment of good ma-terial for winter, and one of slighter texture for summer, is all that is required. It is estimated that under good management on the new system \$50 a year will be sufficient income for any person to exist upon comfortably, and will leave a small margin which, if laid aside an-nually and carefully invested, will provide for all the reasonable amply wants of old age.

The Australians seem to take a great pride in the Sydney exhibition, which opened formally last September. The project was set on foot by the Agricul-tural society of New South Wales, only a year ago, and the government ap-pointed a committee of leading colonists, which has since had exclusive control. The building, called officially "The Garden Palace," cost about \$1,000,000, and was erected under the direction of a contractor, who received a commission of five per cent., the government finding labor and materials. Its area is is about seven and a half acres, includ-ing all the galleries and basement. In size it of course falls short of the Phila-delphia exhibition- the main building of which covered twenty-one and a half acres-but it is about one-third larger than the London exhibition of 1851, which was considered a great enterprise at the time. In shape, the Garden palace is cruciform; it has four towers, and a central dome 100 feet in diameter and 210 feet high. Japan and America occupy the space opposite Great Britain, and fronting the nave from the dome to the north tower. The American and Canadian displays were incomplete on the opening day, but rapid progress was being made with them. Next year Mel-bourne will hold an exhibition, which will probably eclipse this in splendor and variety, but Sydney has reason to feel proud of the enterprise she has dis-

# The Spanish Knite.

The national weapon of the Spaniards. says an English writer, is the knife, and certainly they know how to use it. Talking one day with a young man who seemed likely to know, I asked him what there was peculiar in the manage-

ment of the knife.
"Why," said he, with a smile, "I could kill you, and you couldn't kill "Well," said I, "please point out the difference between us. What would you do first?"

"Why, I'd make you wink, and stab you while you w'nked!"
"How would you make me wink?" "Why, so," said he, throwing up his eft hand near my eyes.
"Well, I could do the same."

"Try it," said he.
I tried, and found it impossible to make him wink, though I passed my hand up and down several times so as almost to touch his eyelashes. His bright, black eyes, looked out at me unflinchingly all the while. It was clear that his eyes were educated, and

that mine were not.

I then asked him if there was any possibility of an unarmed man defenhimself against one armed with a knife.
"Oh, yes," said he, "I'll show you;"
and, in an instant, whipping off his coat,
he held the end of one sleeve firmly in his left hand, wrapping the rest of the coat rapidly round his forearm, and bringing the end of the other sleeve also into his left hand, where it was firmly held, binding together the whole mass, which formed a sufficient defence against

the thrust of any ordinary knife.

I then recollected that one of the marks of the men of the Puerto del Sol, at Madrid, was a slashed cloak, evidently not so honorable in its origin as the "slashed doublet" of the olden wearying treatment that he was at last many imagine it to be.—New York

#### Getting Satisfaction.

Half an hour before the morning train over the Canada Southern road was to leave yesterday, a pompous, fat man, with several bundles in his arms, entered the depot with a great rush and made a bee-line for a Grand Trunk train. When halted at the gate and asked what train he wanted to take, he replied:
"I am going to Toledo, and if you make me miss the train I'll sue you for damages."

"But this isn't the train for Toledo."
"Why isn't it, sir; why in the old
Harry isn't this train for Toledo?"
loudly demanded the fat man.

"Because the train for Toledo stands

"Because the train for Toledo stands over on that track there."

"Then why didn't you tell me so in the first place? I'm a good mind to report you to your superiors, sir."

"You'll find the superintendent upstairs," humbly replied the gate-keeper.

"And I'll lodge complaint against you—yes, I will! Travelers have rights, and those rights must be maintained!"

The fat man rushed half way upstairs and the whistle of a yard engine made him halt and turn and rush down again. Reaching the gates of the Canada Southern train, he called out:

"It is your business to give warning

"It is your business to give warning at least three minutes before the train

"And I'm going to do it," replied the gate-keeper; "it is over twenty minutes yet before train time. Please show your

"Show my ticket! Do you suppose a man in my position means to steal a ride on the hind trucks?"

on the hind trucks?

"The rule is for all passengers to show their tickets."

"I don't believe it, and I want your name! I'll go up to the superintendent and see it travelers have any rights in this depot. Your name, sir."

"My name is Bumps, sir, and I'm a

poor widower with seven children to

support."
"I don't care a cent if you've got seventeen children to support. I'll bump Bumps 'till he'll never dare sass another traveler!"

The fat man rushed up stairs again, and was heard galloping the numerous halls and passages and calling for the superintendent. The janitors passed him along until he came down the outside stairs on the public street.

"Have a back, sir!" yelled about forty drivers in chorus.
"No, sir—no, sir!" he screamed in re-

"This is all a put-up job to make me miss the train! Where do I go into the depot?" "Have a wagon?" howled twenty ex-

ressmen in his ears.

"Never! Never! I want to get into the depot! If I miss that train I'll sue the whole city!"

He was shown the public entrance, and he made a rush for a Flint and Pere Marquette train just making up.
"That isn't the train for Toledo!"
called several voices, and he burried

over to where Bumps was standing and said:

"I'll fix you for this, sir! Let me through this gate!" "Ticket, please." "Yes: I'll show you my ticket, and as soon as I reach Toledo I'll make an affisoon as I reach Toledo I'll make an affidavit of this affair and send it back to the superintendent!"

dents in the States. The office of superintendent of education is elective, and has been held by a Choctaw for four

He passed through and entered a years. feared her trunk had not come the baggage wagon, and he dumped his parcels into a seat and said:

"I hope it hasn't! It will serve you just right to miss it! A person who hasn't got spunk enough to stand right up to these railroad folks and let 'em know what's what ought to lose her trunk! They tried to bluff me around just now, and when they found they couldn't do it they couldn't be too hun ble and obliging! Go out and blast them, madam—blast their eyes till they can't rest!" - Detroit Free Press.

# The Autiquity of Forks.

Among the recent finds in the exploration of the relies of ancient lake dwellers of Switzerland, is a pair of forks, apparently invented for table use. They were fushioned from the metatarsal bone of a stag. This gives a higher antiquity to table forks (if they were really intended as such)thanhas hitherto been suspected. Other bone implements and ornaments are frequently found. Animal remains are also common. Among them are the bones of the dog, the badger, and the common otter. The latter were doubtcommon otter. The latter were doubt-less met with in the immediate neigh-borhood of the lake, but the presence of the wild ox and of the bear indicate that the lake dwellers were bold and skillful hunters, as well as ingenious tool makers. They were also keepers of cattle, for the most numerous animal remains brought to light were those of the ec mmon cow and the moor cow. These exist in every stage of growth, showing that their owners had a taste for both veal and beef, while their fondness for venison is proved by the many bones of the stag and roe discovered by the ex-plorers. Evidence of a like character show that they were hunters of the wild boar and eaters of the domesticated pig, and the existence of the beaver in Switzerland in prehistoric times is attested by the presence, among other bones, or several which comparative anatomists declared to have belonged that rodent. One omission on the list is striking. No mention is made of the bones of horses having been found, from which it may be inferred with tolerable certainty that the horse was either altogether unknown to the ancient lake dwellers, or that they had not succeeded in capturing and taming him-Scientific

# An Experiment in Hanging.

In the Leadville (Col.) Herald is thrilling narrative, descriptive of an incident at a mining shalt on the Big Evans. While the miners were at dinner, one of them- a young fellow-bet five dollars he could bear to be lifted from the bottom of the shaft by means of a rope. He claimed that it would be necessary only for him to hold his head in such a position that the pressure of the noose would fall upon the back of the skull. Tying the rope around his neck, he went down the shaft and sig-naled to be drawn up. In two seconds the foolish young man felt his terrible mistake. He tried to call out, but the rope tightened and the blood filled his head almost to bursting. The men at the top of the shaft having no faith in his claim, hoisted him up as fast as they could. When he reached the surface his eyes were starting from their sockets, his swoollen tongue hung from his mouth, and he had been hung literally. It

## "Thanksgiving."

Only a song of praise from earth to heaven, A keynote through the chord of time, Which marks another year.

Only heart thanks for bounteous blessings given,

One stanza more in life's sweet rhyme, For all which makes life dear.

An hour of bliss in childhood's home With " lather," " mether " there;

Only a germ of all that makes a part Of "giving thanks" in life to come, Is our "Thanksgiving" here. -Mrs. Chas. F. Fernald.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST

The woman question: "Why did you stay out till this unseemly hour, sir"—Buffalo Express.

Joseph Abair, of Winooski, Vt., is the father of a boy six years old that weighs one hundred and five pounds.

Cæsar's motto was to always be first, but when it comes to fighting a duel we prefer to be second.—Boston Post. "The music at a marriage procession," says Heine, always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering upon a battle."

A new song is entitled "My Love She is a Kitten." Kittens scratch like the mischief, and so perhaps does his love.

—Norristown Herald.

"We are living at present in the very arms of tyranny," exclaimed a western scribe. Aha! just been married, have you?—Waterloo Observer. A maiden lady of our acquaintance

has resolved to change her name to "Conclusions," having heard that men

ometimes jump that way. The bureau of engraving hasn't a sin-gle ten-dollar bill in its reserve stock, and the Rockland Courier wakes up and yells, "Neither have we."

W. T. Blackwell, the great tobacco manufacturer of Durham, N. C., pays more taxes to the government than any one man in the world, to wit, \$520,000 a year, \$10,000 a week, or over \$1,428 per Experiments recently made on the

Lake Shore railroad prove that petroleum can be successfully used as fuel for loco motives with a great saving of money beside doing away with smoke and cinders.

A house too closely haded by trees will be apt to suffer from dampness. In building, let the living and sleeping rooms, as far as possible, face toward the south, and thus gain the advantage of the sunshine. The sun is a great power of health. They were out driving. Said Theodore: "What tree, Angelina, bears the most precious fruit?" Angelina—"Oh, Dory, I can't tell, unless it's a cherry tree." Theodore looked unutterable sweetness as he gazed into Angelina's eyes and said, "The axle-tree, darling."

The Choctaw nation, which numbers about 17,000 people, has forty schools and two academies. It also pays for the college education of twenty-two stu-

The giraffe is a singular animal. Romeo had been constructed on the giraffe plan, the balcony seene would have been much more interesting. He would have been enabled to " immortal blessings from her lips," with-out barking his shins in an ineffectual

ndeavor to climb up a stone walf .-Norristown Herald. When two young people, with a singleness of purpose and doubleness of affection, sit up with each other, and when the clock strikes twelve, he says: 'Is it possible?" and she says, "Why, I didn't know it was so late?" you may draw your conclusions that if the business boom continues, a unified couple will be hunting a house to rent in the rsring.—Steubenville Herald.

A young man not more than twentytwo years old, a son of one of our best families, says the Burlington Hawkeye, came into this office yesterday and offered us three dollrrs to print a paragraph stating that a young girl had been fatally poisoned, dying in indescribable agony, from eating oysters at a church sociable. We have enough mercy on the young man to refrain from publishing his name, but the next time any man ries to save seventy-five dollars by a hree dollar paragraph in goes his whole

pedigree. At the principal railroad stations in India the native passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessels; a sudra for low-caste man, steops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.—Nineteenth Century.

#### How Many People Have Fifty Dollars. Some one said the other day that in

the entire world the number of people who had \$50, or its equivalent in cash. at their command was extremely small -so small, indeed, that altogether they would not cutnumber the inhabitants of the little kingdom of Belgium, which has a population of 6.000,000 souls. But this estimate appears to be far below the mark in the light of the fact that in the savings banks of France in 1877 there were deposited no less than \$153,800,-000 by 2,863,283 depositors, the average sum of each depositor being \$60. The number of these depositors continually increases, and they are, to a very large extent, members of the working classes. So in England, also, the number of depositors in the postal savings bank is very large—not less, on the whole, than two millions—and their deposits, on an average, amount nearer to \$250, the limit allowed than to \$50. In Scotland and Ireland the savings of the people quite as many as in either France, Germany or Great Britain. The world o