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My Little Woman. A homely cottage, quaint and old, Its thatch grown thick with green and gold And wind-sown grasses; Unchanged it stands in sun and rain And seldom through the quiet lane

A footstep passes. Yet here my little woman dwelt, And saw the shroud of winter melt From meads and fallows; And heard the yellow-hammer sing A tiny welcome to the spring

From budding sallows, She saw the early morning sky Biush with a tender wild-rose dye Above the larches: And watched the crimson sunset burn Behind the summer plumes of tern In woodland arches

My little woman, gone away To that far land which knows, they say, No more sun-setting! I wonder it her gentle soul, Securely resting at the goal, Has learnt forgetting!

My heart wakes up and cries in vain; She gave me love, I gave her pain While she was living; I knew not when ker spirit fled, But those who stood beside her said She died torgiving.

My dove has found a better rest, And yet I love the empty nest She left neglected; I tread the very path she trod, And ask in her new home with God Am I expected?

If it were but the Father's will To let me know she loves me still. This aching sorrow Would turn to hope, and I could say, Perchance she whispers day by day, " He comes to-morrow."

I linger in the silent lane, And high above the clover plain The clouds are riven; Across the fields she used to know The light breaks, and the wind sighs low, Loved and lorgiven. -Good Words.

SOUTH BRANCH FARM,

The Taneys had lived on the South Branch farm since colony times, and no Tancy had ever cheated a man of a do. lar. They lent no money, and they borrowed none; they never sat at any man's table, or asked a guest to theirs. The Taney pew-front one-was filled every Sanday, come rain or sun. Mrs. Taney, a middle-aged woman, with her gray hair in a tight little knot behind, and wearing the same rusty, black gown and bonnet for a dozen years, was al-ways like the others present. But some times she was asieep. For this was the one hour of the whole week when she could sit down on a cushion and fold music soft and sweet; no wonder she slept. Sometimes the works that were read stirred her soul; it seemed as if her childhood woke, as if the tears must come to her lo g dry eyes. But they never did. By the time she had walked home with her son William, the story of Bethlehem, or heavenly glory to come, had faded into a doubtful dream. and all that was real was the South Branch farm, the price of pork, or the fall of potatoes. After church, dinner must be ready (piping hot, too, on ac-count of the boarder), in half an hour;

The Taneys never had kept any "help Mrs. Taney had brought up six children. been sole cook, seamstress, tailor and dairymaid; yet her husband, old Ben. always had said: "Sarah's not a capable woman. No Tancy blood in Ben had been deaf five years, but his wife went on carrying a groaning load on the back which lacked bone. William was a harder master than his father had been; the very oxen felt the lash oftener. and their corn fell off one half. He sat in the kitchen now, with a book before

then she had the sheep to look after.

and the poultry to feed; then milking

sis er. Letty, were cooking supper. "Take that butter off the table," he said, suddenly. "Molasses will do. What are you cooking meat for? It's not necessary. Put it back in the cel-

him, while his mother and youngest

"Yes, William," replied his mother, submissively. "Only I thought the

boarder—"
"We can't afford to keep him like a lord. You'll have to exercise economy, mother; I can't be always here to look after things. How am I ever to pay for the meadow lots if the money is going

away in this style?" 'In what way, William?" Mrs. Taney's scared eyes wandered over the spare kitchen, the smoldering coal in a corner of the grate, the half-starved

face of her little girl. try to save, I am sure. What fix it up for her. way do you mean, sir?" "Oh, every way!" closing his book ith a bang. "There's a leak at every

with a bang. Why, I toil and slave the year But with such a lot of mouths He glared at Letty, who shrank into the pantry. She did not come out dur-

ing supper, and her mother dared not her. The girl was crying as usual, and her tears always exasperated William. Poor Letty felt the horrible guilt of her hearty appetite sore upon her. She was always hungry; hungry enough

Mrs. Taney forgot to eat her dry bread, or drink her milk. The meadow lots! It was to buy those lots that her husband had made their lives bare and hard and wretched from their wedding day. The good wholesome produce from the farm, which should have fed the children, had gone to market, while they are the refuse; the money which should have educated them had been put in the bank to buy these lots. When her baby was so ill no doctor was brought, and her child died; the money There was Letty, growing to woman, half-clothed, without a sparkle of fun or pleasure to lighten her young life; while poorer girls dressed and went out, and had company, and enjoyed, as the girls should, days filled with comfort and happiness. Every penny thus saved William laid by for penny thus saved William laid by for Yes! those twelve actors that is nearly run down."

Letty made no reply. The child had lately been absent, almost indifferent, while her mother talked, apparently in saved went to the lots; the mother had

After supper his mother followed him

after supper his mother followed him out.

"William," she said, desperately,
"how many years will it be before you can buy the lots?"

"Years? The lots?" in unfeigned amazement. "I—how on earth can you understand business?"

It was the first time she had ever spoken in this way.

"I don't know. But I'm afraid I will not live to see it. It is so long

She went back to the kitchen. The dishes stood untouched upon the table and Letty was seated upon the steps, a basket of red peaches beside her, which the boarder brought down from his

He was a young man, a teacher in a Virginia country school, who had come up to these hills geologizing in his sum-

mer vacation.

"I brought them from the McBride farm, Mrs. Taney," he said. "They are a very common kind in the Shenandoah valley," handing them to her. Mrs. Taney's features grew warm.
"I remember a tree just like these at
home," she said, "by the old mill. My

old nurse used to hold me up to pull them for myself."

"Your little girl tells me that you came from Fauquier county. It is a line

"It is the most beautiful in the world," said Mrs. Taney.
She stopped and went in hastily. She felt the tears choking her. She could hear Mr. Burke tell the child that his school was in Fauquier, and that he had often passed her grandfather's house. It was for sale now, with a dozen acres about it; would sell very cheap, no doubt. Land had depreciated six ce the war. "A quiet comfortable little homestead, too," he said, "as any in the State." the State.

Mrs. Taney paused in her work. "Oh, if I could only show it to Letty," she said to herself. "The dear old farm. The sunny porches, and the Bourbon roses, and the great oaks, cenuries old." She had never spoken of her old home to her other children, but to Letty she had talked of it often when they were alone. Letty was like herself; the others were all Taneys.

She came to the door.
"Do you know, Mr. Burke, if there is an old negro on the place—a gar-

"Uncle Tod? Oh, everybody knows the old man; and his stories about the Clevelands, de family, as he calls

"We were the Clevelands. And old Tod is really living yet?" she laughed Tod is really living yet?" she laughed for the first time in a year.

When Letty had gone in Mr. Burke paced up and down the porch. He was a maniy, large-natured fellow, and his heart ached with pity for the poor, pinched lives of this child and her mother. All he could do to show kindness was to lend books to Letty, which she devoured eagerly, for she was fond of reading; in fact she had obstinately persisted in staying at the free school until she had educated herself. she had educated herself.

william Taney waited until the young man had gone, and then he went into the pantry where his mother was straining milk. Something in his manner old farm's confertable. Burke at once recognized as "the felpurse any man in the country, and his low," and so he turned his back on him old farm's confertable. Burke at once recognized as "the felpurse any man in the country, and his low," and so he turned his back on him made her set it down, trembling. "You have bad news to tell," she

'No," with an uneasy, stricken laugh, "mest folks call it good. Fact is, mother, I've made up my mind to

'Oh, William," her old cheeks color-

ing.
"I made up my mind three months ago. And the girl's courted, and the grow. There now. wedding's to be to-morrow. There now No need for you to look in that way. 1 am generally pretty close-mouthed about my own business; you might know that. And I don't choose to have the matter cackled over at home. The girl is Miss Susie Crawford."

His mother came toward him. was her son after all, and this was the turning point of his life. She put her arms about him and kissed him. "God oless you, my boy," she said.

But he stood as immovable as a log Don't let us have any fuss," he said. "You had better sit down. You're shaking all over. Well, that's allshaking all over. There'll be no wedding hubbub here. I don't hold to spending money in feeding a lot of guzzling fools. The Crawfords have a regular blow-out in the morning. But you don't want to go, I reckon?

"I should like to see you married," she said, timidly.
"Oh, nonsense. There's no sickly sentiment about me. I'll have Sophy home by supper time. You'll have to see to things here He lighted his candle and turned to

By the way, she was here a month

'Yes." Mrs. Taney remembered distinctly the gross-featured, black-eyed young woman who had swaggered through the farmhouse in her cheap silk and gilt jewelry.

"She came just to look at her new home, and—well, she rather took a fancy to the south chamber. You had better

My room, William ?" "Yes. It's all the same to you.

course you can go up to Letty."

Letty, who had been at work inside, came out, sobbing, and threw her arms about her mother. She knew that this had been her mother's room for thirty years. All Mrs. Taney's children were born in it—the baby gred there.
William stopped and came back, say

'Now look here, it's just as well to speak plainly at once. I'll have no op-position to my wife from you, Letty. nor from—from any other woman. I am the head of this house. My dear wife shall be mistress of it. She brings me a snug bit of money, and I'll not have her nor her family insulted in it." My son.

But he had stalked off to bed. There was no time the next day for Mrs. Taney or Letty to even think of the coming trouble. They were up as usual, two or three hours before day. kindling fires, milking and getting breakiast for the six harvest hands, Then came washing, a dinner at noon, all the work of a farm, in short, which falls on a woman, in addition to which

them, that she might see their children. But they never did it.

While they were hanging out the clothes that afternoon, Mrs. Taney heard a tap, three times repeated, on the orchard fence. Letty's face colored. She dropped the clothes and ran behind the apple tree. As she came back her mother saw her thrust a note into her pocket. Mrs. Taney grew suddenly sick at heart. Letty with a secret. Letty carrying on a clandestine love affair.

fair.

While Mrs. Taney stood, doubting whether to ask the child for her confidence, Letty had disappeared. A tew minutes later the girl went down the road in a clean dress and sun-bonnet. It was but a trifle, yet it stunned the aded woman, as a sharp blow would

have done. Mr. Burke, coming over the fields that afternoon with a batchet and a bag of specimens, was amazed to see Letty standing in the road in earnest converstanding in the road in earnest conver-sation with a man. "A coarse, red-jawed, beery fellow," was his angry ver-dict. The fellow talked long and earnestly; then took lettie's hand and pressed it reverently. Burke turned his back on them and struck across the hills. The girl's mother should hear of hills. The girl's mother should hear of this at once, he said to himself, decidedly. Then he slackened his speed. What was it to him? Why should he vex himself about the girl? Or meddle with her affairs? He went slowly back to the hills. But the hot blood rushed with a strange beat through his veins.

In an hour Letty was back and at work with redoubled vigor, to make up for lost time. Her mother scanned her innocent, meek face with a breathless Surely there was no guilt there. She would not doubt her; she would not ask

a question.
"I have dressed the table with flowers," the mother said, "and made a cake -a real bride's cake. I hope William won't be angry. But this is so different from weddings in Virgini. Oh, Letty, if you and I could only go to the old house and sleep for one night in the room which was mine when I was a child, I think just that little thing would give me years of life."

There they come!" cried Letty, as the big Crawford carriage was seen dashing up the road. She grew very pale and shrank back. The girl had always been afraid of her brother Wiliam; and his wife, she suspected, would be as hard a ruler and a more vulgar

But Mrs. Taney led her to the porch. "You must welcome them, Letty,' she said. The bride watched them from the carriage window with keep, jealous eyes. Her father had given her a hint as to

her future course.
"You've made a good match, Sophy," old farm's comfortable. woman an' her da'ater will be a draw-back. They'll try to run over you roughshod, likely. Just take your stand roughshod, likely. at once. Let 'em see you will be misress in your own house." Trust me for that, pappy," said Miss

Sophy. The whole Crawford family had ac companied her to see how she would hold her ground.

When poor Mrs. Taney stepped forward, therefore, her thin face reddening. and her bands held out, the bride received her welcome with a carcless nod. "I hope you will be happy in your home, my dear," said the gentle

ladv "Oh, no doubt, ma'am! I generally hold my own pretty well. Come in, papy. Come, Sue. I want you to see my house before it is dark. Here is the living room. Bill must fit that up into parlor-double quick, too, D'ye Mr Taney?' laughing loudly. "You cedn't trouble yourself, ma'am, to show

he way. Come along all of you." William stopped and looked with sudden pity at his mother, than followed his wife, who went talking loudly up

Mrs. Taney and Letty placed the suphars. I aney and Letty pit ced the sup-per on the table. The bride came in, the noisiest of the noisy party. She went hastily to the head of the table, saying: "This is my place, I believe."

William gravely motioned his mother to a seat among the strangers! His wife bore herself as though she had been mistress for years, and found fault freely when the humor seized her. The bread was dry as chaff, the butter was bitter with salt, she said.

'That's your idea of cooking, mother Tanney, eh? I'll give you a hint or two to-morrow. We young people have progressed, you know." Not that I mean to take the work

out of their hands." she said to her sister aside. "No, No! If we feed 'em, they've got to earn their bread." Letty overheard the whisper, and her

cared face grew a shade paler.
"Very nice old silver, William," said the bride, directly, weighing the spoons on her finger, and then reading the

"Cleveland, eh? You must have that altered, please, to our initials. I can't use spoons with strange names on 'em. William glanced uneasily at mother. But the latter did not speak. Very well, my dear, it shall be as you he said.

As the days lengthened into weeks, the bride found her sway becoming more absolute. It occurred to William, sometimes, that she might share in the work. But like most farmers of his class, he used to see his mother drudge, from morning until night, and vaguely supposed it was her natural condition of Sophy carried the keys, and dealt out the provisions. Her ruddy, animal cauty pleased him; it was a pity, he

thought, to mar it with hard work.

Meanwhile, Mr. Burke had taken odgings with a neighboring farmer. He kept a close scrutiny on Letty, so ely, for her mother's sake, he told himself. She met the "beery fellow" twice, and took long walks with him; she received letters from him by mail. The geologist found this matter ested him more than his fossils, even. room.

One morning, Letty came into the com. William stood joking with his wife, before going to the field. They looked at her with astonishment, for the girl was always silent and shy.
"Brother, I want to speak to you," she said, catching her breath.
"Well, go on," said Sophy, impatiently. "What are you afraid of?"

her own thoughts. Could it be, the mother thought, that Letty, also, was forsaking her? Mrs. Taney had only had one other daughter—the baby who died. The other children were sons, all of whom, except William, had gone to the West and married there. She had often wished they would ask her to visit them, that she might see their children. But they never did it.

While they were hanging out the clothes that afternoon, Mrs. Taney William.

William."

"Mother is not well, William."

"Mother is not well, William." "Well, manage it as you like. I can't be bothered with the kitchen work,"

be bothered with the kitchen work,"
he burst out.

Letty left the rocm hastily.

"That's right, William. The truth
is, you're too open-handed. You can't
afford to keep a parcel of able-bodied
women in idleness if you ever mean to
buy the meadow lots."

"That's a fact!" The mention of the
lots ke yed his courage.
When he came back that afternoon
he found Sophy resplendent in a pink-

to joke and romp with them. The next moment the door opened, and Letty stood like a ghost on the threshold. "Come to mother!" she said.
"What is the matter?"

"You have killed her, I think," quietly. The poor old woman had sunk down on the floor of the cellar and lay as i

dead. William trembled as he lifted her. The doctor of the village happened to pass at the moment.

"No, she is not dead," he said, after examining her. "Great exhaustion. It will be a long illness. She must have reat and earging nursing."

rest and careful nursing. Letty stepped forward. "She will have both. Mr. Burke, will you carry her to Mrs. Wright's, across the road? She has promised to give me a room."

The crowd about her were so stunned

at the child's action that they did nothing to oppose it Mr. Burke promptly lifted the thin figure in his arms, and had laid her in Mrs. Wright's shaded spare room before William had recovered his senses.
"Don't you see how disgraceful this looks?" Sophy cried, shaking him"Your mother turned out! What will

He hurried after Letty, scolding and ordering them back. But Letty did not answer him.
"Mrs. Wright will charge boarding.

D'ye hear?"
"I shall pay her," said Let y, quietly.
Mrs. Taney's illness lasted for weeks.
William's wife smoothed the matter
over to the community as best she could. "The Wright house was more quieter than hers. She was willing to pay the boarding to insure comfort to dear Mother Taney," etc. Secretly she re-joiced to escape the trouble of the sick

woman. When Mrs. Taney was able to come down to the porch of the cool farm-house for the first time, she sent for William and his wife. The doctor was there, and Mr. Burke and Judge Wright,

"You've got quite a color, Mother aney," said Sophy. "You'll soon be Taney," said Sophy. "You'll soon be roady to come over. Help with the "Mrs. Taney," said the doctor,

gravely, "needs a long season of rest before her health is restored. I have recommended a change of air, a jour-William exchanged alarmed glances

with his wife. "Why, you must takes us for millionaires, Doc," she cried. "Change of air? Journey? That sort of prescription suits city fine ladies. But farmers wives, who have to earn their living ean't take time for such folderols. The doctor would have answered, but

Latty out her hand on his arm. There was a faint pink on her cheek and her blue eyes sparkled like steel.
"Fortunately my mother," she said, gently, "is not in such a strait. I have made arrangements for her to take the

journey. We are going to morrow to Virginia. I have bought her old home and we shall live there. She will have a long change of air."
William turned ghastly pale. "Bought! What money had you?" Judge Wright, calmly.

"Her own share of the estate," said She seems to have been always under the impression that she and her mother were dependent on you. came to ask me about it two months ago, and I, as guardian and executor, had nothing more to do than to hand her over her share, which was, you know, in bonds. She has chosen to vest it in Virginia land. Mr. Hipps made the purchase for her," nodding to the beery lawyer, who nodded gravely

Mr. Burke moved suddenly over to his side, with a beaming recognition.
"How do you propose to live on this

farm?" said William.
"My mother will withdraw her portion of the estate," said Letty. entitled to a third, you know."

"Withdraw? Thirds? Why, I've use for it. It she does that I have done with the meadow lots!" His voice was like that of an enraged

"You seem, William," said Judge Wright, "strangely to have forgotten the position of your mother and sister. You have drawn the interest of your mother's money. It must all, of course, be refunded. Little Lettie has a clear head. She will manage very well. the way, she has suggested to me that your wife should send over the Clevc-land silver, and all other household property belonging to your mother before her marriage.

When William and his wife went out of the gate he seemed to have shrunk into a smaller and older man. The last words heard from him were "lots; it's all your fault," in a fierce bitterness.

The Journey of the Pens. A rapid penman can write thirty

words in a minute. To do this he mus draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 to each minute; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable Many men, newspaper writers for instance, make 4,000,000. Here we have, | whose while her mother talked, apparently in Letty spoke directly to William, writer in a year.

Noses Classified.

Francis Grose, in his appendix to Hogarth's "Elements of Beauty," delineates eight typical noses. There is the angular; the aquiline or Roman; the parrot's beak; the straight or Grecian; the bulbous or bottled; the turned-up or snub; and the mixed or broken. Of the latter, by the way, the noses of at least two illustrious men may be taken as illustrations—Tycho Brahe and Michael Angelo, the latter of whom owned his ungraceful appenof whom owned his ungraceful appendix to a violent blow from a companion with whom he was at variance, and who thus disfigured the great artist for life and instantly fled. To these may be added the orator Cicero, upon whom nature seems to have bestowed a nasal organ of a type decidedly "mixed," if not broken. Plutarch in his life of the querulous Roman, says that he had a flat excrescence on the top of his nose flat excrescence on the top of his nose in resemblance of a vetch—cicer in Latin—from which he took his surname. Pliny says, with more probability, that the name originated in an extensive cultivation of vetches, just as others had previously been surnamed from crops of other kinds. However this may be the fact of Cicero's snubnose may no doubt be accepted, and it nose may no doubt be accepted, and it accords with the traditional belief that accords with the traditional belief that this description of noses is usually indicative of a fiery, quick, impetuous temper. Cicero having possessed this characteristic in a marked degree. Horace seems to regard the short nose, with a little turn-up at the end, as the mark of a person given a good deal to jibing and jeering. Martial calls it the rhinoceros nose, and says that it was highly fashionable in his day, everybody affecting this kind of proboscis as an indication of a satirical humor. The body affecting this kind of proboscis as an indication of a satirical humor. The "angular" nose, as Grose calls it, is the long, clearly-cut, pointed organ, and was no doubt, the type to which Horace alludes when he says that it is indicative of satirical wit. The "parrot beak" is the nose with which Mr. Punch usually adorns his caricature of the sultan or khedive, and is akin to the typical Jew-ish nose all over the world. The eight types given embrace every description of the feature, and students of caricature are strongly recommended in the treatise alluded to to make themselves perfectly familiar with the simple lines by which these curiously comprehensive

sketches are effected.

A very singular fact has been observed with regard not so much to the shape of the nose as to the setting of it in the face, so to speak. To be strictly correct from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face and at right angles with a line from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact, that of the other. As a matter of fact, it is rarely or never found thus placed. It is almost invariably a little out of "the square," and the fact of its being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face. A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the noise which is expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may be considered an abnormal one, and that the only absolutely cor-rect organ is that which deviates a little to the right of left.—London of

Old Saws Reset.

A bad thing never dies.

A bad lock invites a burglar. A bald head is soon shaven. A clean hand wants no washing.

A bad day never has a good night. A black hen will lay a white egg.

A constant guest is never welcome. A blind n an would be gled to see it. A bankrupt apothecary, a new doctor. A contented mind is a continual feast.

A careless watch invites the vigilant A charitable man' is the true lover of

A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A boaster and a liar are cousin-germans.

A book that remains shut is but a block. A bad bush is better than an open wild. A clear conscience mughs at false ac

cusations. A common jeerer may have wit but no wisdom.

A courageous foe is better than a cowardly friend. A bird is known by its note, and a man by his talk.

A young barber learns to shave by shaving fools. A civil denial is better than a rude

compliance. A broad hat does not always cover a venerable head. A bird may be caught with a snare

that will not be shot. A broken friendship may be soldered, but will never be sound. A bridal for the tongue is a necessary

A Kelic of the Ancients.

piece of furniture.

A Roman villa has been discovered near Brading, in the Isle of Wight. The external walls, as at present cleared, measure about fifty-two feet by thirtyseven feet, and inclose about six or seven chambers, with passages, etc., connected, there is reason to believe, many others. In addition to tessellated floors, remains of hypocausts, flues, fresco paintings, roofing tiles, coins, pottery and other interesting relics, there are the remains of a mosaic pave ment, with a design upon it of unusua character, and one which is worthy of careful study and attention. The sign, though grotesque, is doubtless symbolical, and may be connected either with the mythology of the socients or the early introduction of Christianity. Moreover, a new chamber has been opened up, inclosing an interesting mo-aic, the central design of which is a representation of Orpheus, playing on the lyre, and surrounded by animals, as The border is an unusually good example of what is known as the loche pattern. Pottery, glass and coins have been also lound; among the latter several brass coins of the reign of Victorinus, A. D. 268.

West Dayton, Iowa, comes forward with the champion snake of the season. Dr. C. D. Brown and B. Pierson say that by the use of chloroform and drugs they were enabled to cage a snake whose length is twenty-seven feet, and which is ten inches in diameter. He is in the aggregate, a mark of 300 miles which is ten inches in diameter. He is long to be traced on paper by such a five inches between the eyes and the eves are flery red.

Some Singular Delusions,

The police central office in this city, as well as the courts and the newspaper offices, appears to have its special monomaniac. As in the other cases the de-luded person is a woman, and like the others she is a poor harmless creature who excites pity notwithstanding the absurdity of her disordered fancies and the sincerity and earnestness with which she narrates her imagined wrongs. She believes herself to be under the espionage of 2,000 detectives, who follow her in the interest of the German consul, who she thinks has secret effices in police head-quarters and deep designs against her peace and comfort. She tells all this with a rational air and quiet manner until she perceives that she is not cred-ited, and then grows a little excited and

ited, and then grows a little excited and becomes noisy.

Some years ago a man with a similar maria infested the station houses and newspaper offices. He imagined that he was pursued, not by detectives, but by doctors who wanted his body for dissection; and he would narrate to any one who would listen long tales of the methods they pursued to capture him. As proof of the truth of what he would relate he would produce an eld copy of relate he would produce an old copy of the London Times, in which was a report of the trial of a physi-cian of London on a charge of conspiracy against him. Of course the report only disclosed that he was insane, but this the poor fellow could not recognize. He disappeared several years ago. His natural successor seems to be the unfortunate creature who appe red at head-quarters recently. Another unfortunate familiar in the newspaper offices, is an old man who claims to know where Stewart's body rests, but who says that the executors refuse to take possession of it, not to escape paying the reward he will tell you with great earnestness, but because one of them wants the grand mausoleum which Mrs. Stewart built at

Garden City reserved for himself! He teils his story with such plausibility of manner and incident and detail, too, that one hardly suspects his sanity until he reaches this astounding cli.nax, when his manner changes instantly to fierceness.

The little Miss Flite, of the courthouse and city hall, is a woman of forty-five or fifty, and evidently very poor. She visits the public buildings once every month and makes formal demand of the various officials for her rent for the use of the buildings. Her mania is that she is the owner of the public property of New York. In her demands for her money she interrupts proceedings in her money she interrupts proceedings in the courts and other offices, but she is never violent, and is easily induced to go away. She accepts anything in the form cr shape of a check as payment, but if refused this tender she threatens a writ of ejectment.—New Yor. Trib une

The latest thing in dances is called the 'raquet," and is neither a wallz nor a polka, though the best parts of both are preserved. The girl is taken around the waist. The music strikes up with a crash, as though a new volcano had broken cut, and the girl will clin ightly as though frightened, if she understands the dance, and the young man will reassure her by a gentle pres-sure, if he understands the dance, or knows anything at all. At the second crash they dodge, as though some one had t'irown a blacksmith shop at them, and they start in. They begin by imitating the struggle for life, representing a person who is drowning, but at each crash of the cymbals and bass drum they dodge and scoot to one side, then dart back again, jam each other sideways, and than as the crashes of music become more terrificand deafening, they try to drive each other through the floor, by main strength, get desperate and claw and tear and pull, and all at once they go raving mad with hydrophobia and the delirium tremens, and gnash their teeth and rave, and suffer the most terrible agony-and it is all over. It is a short dance, as the design is amusement and not murder. But short as it is, it is said to be very sweet. Where it has been introduced it seems to give the most perfect satisfaction. many young people preferring it to the slow and solemn polka, or the cold and freezing waltz .- Pick's Sun.

Statistics of the Production of Beer. Some official tables connected with he production of beer in all the European countries and the United States have been lately issued under authority of the Austrian government. The folowing is a summary of the production during 1879: The whole German em-pire produced 18,946,510 hectolitres, or 23,811,117 British barrels; Great Britain, 36,597,550 hectolitres, or 22,375,019 bar-rels; the United States of North America, 15,400 000 hectolitres, or 9 425,-252 barrels; Austria-Hungary, 11, 184,681 hectolitres, or 6,838,090 barrels; France, 8,721,000 hectolitres, or 5 331,845 barrels Belgium, 7,854,000 hectolitres, or 4,801, 778 barrels; Russia, 2,300,000 hectolitres, or 1,406,174 barrels; the Netherlands. 1,600,000 hectolitres, or 978,208 barrels; Denmark, 1,100,000 hectolitres, or 672, 518 barrels; Sweden, 930,000 hectolitres, or 568,583 barrels; Italy, 870,000 hecto-litres or 531 900 barrels; Switzerland, 724,000 hectolitres, or 448,753 barrels; Norway, 615,000 hectolitres, or 376,000 The greatest production in proportion to the population is in Belgium, where 167 litres, or a little over 344 gailons per head, were manufactured; and the smallest production was in Russia, where the ratio was only three litres, or a little more than five and onequarter pints for every inhabitant.

Tree Culture. A correspondent of the New York

Tribune remarks that when we know what the future will require, it is wise economy to provide for it. Ten years hence not less than 20,000,000 railroad ties will be needed annually; fence posts by the million will be wanted; while the immense consumption of lumber of all kinds will be largely increased. The farmer should provide for this certain demand for the future. There are millions of acres of rough land, hillsides and untillable spots which could be clothed with forest trees growing into money. Trees also make the country more fertile by drawing down more

M. Fautrat, of France, after four years of observation, reports that pine and resinous forests extract a greater rainfall from passing currents than any other description of words. His observations also show that the foliage of some trees intercepts one-third, and that of other trees one-half of the rain-

HUMOROUS.

What the editors throughout the

country want is a more liberal supply of anti-lean pocketbooks. "Love," says a writer, "lightens the heart." It has been known to have pre-cisely the same effect upon a pocket-book,

Knowledge is better than wealth, ye how many people in this wicked world who prefer the inferior article.—Keokuk Gate City.

All I know about good or bad lukliz this: Our good luk we attribut to our shrewdness; our bad luk we charge over to somebody else's akount.—Josh Billings. The other day two Milwaukee cooks

got to fighting and upset a stove and a table covered with dishes. Professor Bjorenstern Bjornson, who happened to be present, arose and asked who was calling his name.

At a London bazar recently a lady handed round her baby to be kissed at sixpence each. If it were a girl baby we would have paid the price and taken a due bill due in sixteen years .- Gowanda Enterprise.

Among the newest hats for ladies is one called "Sunrise." So called, prob-ably, because a man has to get up before sunrise every day for a week to earn enough money to pay for one.—Norristown Herald. This is game season and we want to

caution our sportsmen that it is just about as safe to pull a gun over the fence by the muzzle as it is to lead a mule out of the stable by the tail.—Middletown Transcript. There is one enterprising woman in

There is one enterprising woman in Indiana who deserves a medal. A prize was offered for the mother who presented the greatest number of her children at the State fair. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Line were each accompanied to the fair by nine, but Mrs. Line gave birth to a tenth on the grounds and so took the prize.—Quincy Modern Argo.

For the Carious.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum. The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-

house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever ier tracks were the sugar was whitened Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glasscutter. By accident a few drops of aquafortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures that was hint enough. upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid and then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures ap peared raised upon a dark ground. The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by

the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smoldering ruins, he noticed that his poor neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shor, built a quantity of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich by an accident which at first he thought had com-

pletely ruined him. Blue-Tinted Paper.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English papermaker, accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The work-men were astonished when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, while Mr. East was highly incensed at what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened that she would not confess her agency in the matter. After storing the damaged paper for four years, Mr. I ast sent it to his agent at London, with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "purposed novelty," a id was disposed of at quite an advance over the market price. Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order from his agent for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret and found himself in a dilemma. mentioning it to his wife, she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel paper far

exceeded his ability to supply it.

Lichographing. The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was anxious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon cop per. After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and

The wife of Charles Barret, of Strathroy, Canada, was walking with her husband through his wheat field, when she was attacked by a monstrous blow-ing adder. The first blow was on her leg, at the knee, and the second left the snake fastened to her skirts. She en-deavored to shake him off, and ran, but fainted before she had gone ten Her husband then caught reptile by the head in a hay rake and it was killed. When inflated it was six inches in diameter and five feet long.

The date of the earliest eclipse of the sun, recorded in the annals of the Chinese, when "on the first day of the last month of autumn, the sun and moon did not meet harmoniously in Fang," or in that part of the heavens defined by two stars in the constellation of the Scorpion, has been determined by Pro-fessor Von Oppolzer, of Vienna, to have been the morning of October 23, 9,137 B. C.