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A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere the evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?
If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing it. Do not let the singer
Faint. Do not let the singer
Wait. Do not let the singer
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart?
If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the speaker
Droop before his God alone.
Why should one who thrills your heart,
Lack the joy you may impart?
If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.
Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until his happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

"AN OLD NUISANCE."

Mind, I quote these three words.
They are none of mine. Only thinking
Over them or four equally appropriate
titles, I chose the one I use as being
the oddest, and I always had a fancy for
odd things. And now for my story.
On what my aunt (by marriage) and
her family founded their claims to aristoc-
racy I never could discover. My
uncle had been a merchant, and a true
and one of considerable prominence in
his day. I had been told, and so had
his father before him, and his
father's father before him, that his
business in his most prosperous time
was intimately connected with China
and that he had been an inmate of
his house when I was about
six years of age, in consequence of
the death of both my parents within a week
of each other, leaving me with no means
of support, and no other relative (by
the fact that every first of June saw
bright new mattresses laid on our floors,
to remain there until cold weather came
again, and that our mantels and what-
nouns were decorated with many pretty,
faintly little porcelain cups, thin as egg-
shells—artistic and beautiful, but in
these things I was never very keen.
Now, according to all I have learned
on the subject, real Simon Pure aristoc-
rats look down upon trade even on the
grandest scale, and never have anything
to do with it further than once in a while
marrying one of its sons or daughters
who have come into possession of mil-
lions enough to offset the honor.
However, our family (I venture to in-
clude myself, none of my consins being
within hearing) assumed all the airs of
the "blue bloods" of the old country.
Eleanor, our second, wore a look of
deep indignation for several days after
a manly, clever, good-looking fellow,
the brother of one of her old school-
mates, with a considerable income, but
who was junior partner of a firm keep-
ing a retail store on Sixth avenue, pro-
posed for her hand.
"The presumption of the man!" she
exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows
in astonishment, and curling her full red
upper lip in scorn; "to imagine for a
moment that because I honored him
with my company to the opera two or
three times, I would marry him! If his
business had been wholesale, it would
have been bad enough; but fancy a person
who sells pins and needles by the
paper and lace by the yard! Never! I
would die first."
Minerva, our fourth, was equally hor-
ror-stricken at the effort of a young
bookkeeper whom her brother Lat-
rento had introduced into the family
circle—a rare thing for one of her
brothers to do, for, like all other men, as
far as my limited experience goes, they
scarcely ever thought their companions
to be good enough to be the compan-
ions of their sisters—when he ventured
to express his admiration for her. The
young man soon after succeeded to a
very handsome property, and became a
great swell—a perfect "too-too," as I
believe the fashionable way of express-
ing it now is—a kind of being after
Minerva's own heart; but she was never
invited to ride behind his fast horses,
and what was worse, never again
asked to take the head of his table.
And in like manner the graceful and
enthusiastic professor of music, the stout,
good-natured proprietor of the extensive
iron-works ("wholesale and retail") on
the next block, the young artist, who
has since risen to wealth and fame, and
sundry others, all falling short of the
aristocratic standard set up by our
family, were snubbed by my lady cousins,
aided by their brothers, and not wholly
unassisted by their mother. I never had
had, at the time this story commences,
being then in my eighteenth year, a chance
to snub any one; for, lacking the personal
attractions of my relatives, as well as
my "high-toned" natures—truth to
tell, having decidedly democratic ten-
dencies—I was kept in the background
on all occasions.
Let it be remarked in passing that
Eleanor eventually married, when rather
an old girl, a widower, in the milk
business—very wealthy, however—the
father of four children. At the same
time Minerva, a few years younger,
deigned to become the wife of an
elderly bachelor, something or other in a
shoe manufactory. But they held their
heads as high as ever, and declared they
had sacrificed themselves for the family,
uncle having failed for the second time
through no fault of his own, dear old
man—at few months before the double
wedding.
That their "sacrifice" was for the
good of the family I don't deny; but
there still were left at home to be taken
care of after their departure three old
maids, a young one, and two helpless
young men, who, having been brought
up to do nothing, did it to perfection.

After the failure uncle got a situation
as superintendent of one of the many
departments in the large establishment
of the gentleman who sold "pins and
needles by the paper and lace by the
yard" (he was now head of the firm, and
had a pretty, lady-like wife and two
pretty children), and we dismissed one
of our servants and moved into a much
smaller house.
But in spite of all our efforts at econ-
omy our income proved vastly inade-
quate to our expenses, and this was the
cause of so much bewailing and bemoan-
ing that our house seemed to be bereft
of all gladness and sunshine. And one
evening after Ethel, our youngest
daughter, had been into tears because
uncle had declared it would be impossi-
ble to have ice cream, meringues, jellies
and similar dainties every day for des-
sert, for the two sufficient reasons that
we couldn't afford them, and our present
cook couldn't make them, I ventured to
suggest to the weeping damsel that if
she found life positively unbearable
without the above-named luxuries (and
the Egberts, by the bye, were extrava-
gantly fond of good things to eat), she
might knit and crochet some of the
worsted articles she was in the habit of
making so artistically for herself and
sell them to—Mr. Lee, uncle's em-
ployer. It was about to say, when I was
interrupted by a shrill shriek.
"Why should I store!" she cried. "I'd
starve first."

"You wretched girl!" added my aunt.
"How dare you even think of such a
thing? Ethel, my darling, calm your-
self."
"It is not enough that strangers
should presume upon our poverty,"
joined in Cleanthe, also frowning upon
me, "but one bound to us by ties of
blood, though it must be confessed more
alien than many a stranger would be,
must advance ideas that shock and
wound us. Imagine"—turning to her
brother Roland, who lay on the only
lounge in the room, complacently re-
garding himself in the mirror on the
opposite wall—"the impertinent Mrs.
Bradshaw coming here this morning
with the air of doing a kindness, too,
to offer me a position in her academy!"
"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland,
springing to his feet—and the cause
must be a mighty one that brings Rol-
and to his feet. "One of my sisters a
teacher! Great heavens!" and he went
stomping about the room in the new
suit of clothes aunt had just paid for
by parting with her handsome pearl ring.
"Whatever is done, we can do nothing,"
sobbed Ethel.
"Of course not," replied Roland,
grandly; "the women of our family
never work."
I thought to myself, "Nor the men
either, except poor old uncle, who is
fagging at a desk from morning until
night."
"But our income must be increased,"
said Althea, looking up from her novel
and joining in the conversation for the
first time. Althea was our eldest, and
still wore her hair in the fashion of her
youth, a loose curl dangling over each
cheek, her face fully preserved, and that
no other fashion was half so graceful or
becoming.
"Discharge the chambermaid," pro-
posed Ethel, "and let Dorothea (I am
Dorothea) do her work. It is about
all she is fit for. She never had a bit
of fine feeling or style about her."
"No, she never had; she always
wore bits of her bread," said my aunt,
"and she has seemed right out of place
among my children. She comes of a
working race, and her ideas and tastes
all smack of trade—trade—trade." I
discovered in after years that my aunt's
grandmother on the maternal side made
a fortune out of tobacco.
"But discharging the chambermaid
won't help very much," said Althea.
"It will not," agreed Roland.
"What is saved thereby will no more
than find me in the little extra of no
society man can do without."
"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the
burden again, "could I have foreseen
that your father would have come down
in this way I never would have married
him. I really don't know what is to be
done, unless we emigrate to some coun-
try place where we are unknown and
where it don't matter how we live."
"The country?" screamed the child-
ren in chorus. "Better death at once."
I can't imagine where I got the cour-
age to do so after my late sharp rebuffs,
but at this moment I blurted out some-
thing that had been in my mind for
several weeks: "Why could not Al-
thea and Ethel room together, and Al-
thea's room, which is the pleasantest in
the house, be let to a lodger?—one who
would—"

But here I paused abruptly. Althea
had faintly in the arms of my aunt,
who, glancing at me over the top of her
eldest daughter's head, commanded me
to "speak in a deeper tone (and in a
bass voice) to 'leave the room—instantly.'"
But in a short time, during which
things had been getting worse and
worse, and we had been reduced to rice
puddings for dessert on week days and
apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed
to prepare an advertisement for the
morning's paper, in which was offered
to "a certain gentleman, who must
have excellent references, a fine room
in the house of a lady of refinement,
who had never before taken a lodger,
for the privilege of occupying which he
would be expected to pay a liberal
equivalent."
I disapproved highly of the wording
of this call for help, but my aunt and
cousins insisted upon its being couched
in these very terms, and so I was com-
pelled to yield, inwardly convinced that
it would bring no reply.
But it did. The very afternoon of
the morning it appeared, a carriage
with a trunk strapped on behind drove
up to our door. An old gentleman got
out, hobbled up our steps and rang our
door-bell.
"You must see him, Dorothea," said
my aunt, leaving the parlor, followed
by a train of her children. "It is your
affair altogether. I will have nothing
to do with it."
"We none of us will have anything to
do with it," chimed in my cousins. "We
were not born with the souls of lodg-
ing-house keepers," and away they sailed

I opened the door to the second—a little
louder than the first—ring of the caller.
He was a short, slightly-formed old
gentleman, with big, bright black eyes,
bushy white eyebrows, and a long white
mustache and beard.
"You have a room to let?" he asked.
"I have," I answered, ushering him
into the parlor, where he glanced keenly
around, and then as keenly into my face,
while he announced in a decisive tone:
"I have come to take it. My luggage
is at the door. Be so kind as to tell me
where to direct the man to carry it."
"But"—I began, in a hesitating way,
utterly confused by the stranger's
brusque, not to say high-handed man-
ner—"But me no buts," quoted the old
gentleman. "I am Amos Griffin, lately
from England, where I have been
living for the past twenty years. Since
I landed in New York, a month ago to-
day, I have been boarding at the St.
Nicholas. But where's your mother?"
I hastened to assure him that I was
empowered to negotiate with him, and
"Ah, indeed! Well, then, I'll go on,
though it strikes me that you are rather
young for the business. You have never
taken a lodger before." I am glad of
it, for reasons which is not necessary to
explain. You want a liberal equip-
ment for your fine room; I am prepared
to give it. That leaves only one thing
to be arranged, and that is, to have
fast at eight precisely every morning."
"But we did not propose to give
breakfast."
"I know you didn't; but I'll give you
another liberal equivalent for it. You
can't be very well off, or you wouldn't
take a lodger; and the more liberal
equivalents you can get from him the
better. I'm kind enough to show me
to my room?"
"Yes, sir," I replied, meekly, com-
pletely succumbing to the big black
eyes and strong will-power of the frail-
looking old man, and totally forgetting
to ask for the "reference" insisted upon
in the advertisement. Whereupon he
stepped to the front door, and beckoned
to the man outside, who, taking the
trunk upon his back, followed him, as
he followed me, to the second story front
room.
"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered
it, "this is not bad—not at all bad."
And it wasn't. As I have said before,
it was the pleasantest room in the
house, and I had arranged it as prettily
as I could, with an extra servant, a com-
mand. Fortunately these included a
number of nice engravings and vases,
and a capacious bamboo chair with a
crimson cushion, and foot-stool of like
color. And the fragrance of the hone-
ysuckles that stole in at the window from
the balcony, and the two or three sun-
beams that had found their way through
the half-closed blinds, and danced in
triumph on the wall, and the half-doz-
en gayly-bound books (mine) on the mantel,
and the ivy growing from a red pot on
the bracket in one corner, all combined
to make the room a pleasant place in-
deed.
Mr. Griffin had been our lodger ex-
actly two years, and when I had
prepared and superintended the serving
of his breakfasts, and taken entire
charge of his room, "as well as though
I had been brought up to that sort of
thing," as my cousin Cleanthe remarked,
and the rest of the family, with the ex-
ception of uncle, who became quite
friendly with him, had only met him
some dozen times—at which times they
assumed their most dignified dignity—
when he was taken sick.
"It's an old complaint, which will
carry me off some time," said he to me;
"but I hope not this time. Anyhow,
Little Honesty" (a name he had given
me from the first—I hope I deserved it),
"live or die, I intend to remain here.
Nowhere else could I be as comfortable."
You must own the extra servant and
you and she together must nurse me.
I should certainly die of a professional.
By-the-by, who is your family physi-
cian?"
I told him.
"If I am not better send for him to-
morrow. I am going out now—only a
few steps," meeting my look of surprise.
"I'm sure I don't want him; and I shan't
take to my bed for several days yet."
That afternoon, taking care not to re-
peat the old gentleman's exact words,
but putting his remarks in the form of
a request to be allowed to remain, I
stated the case to the family.
"Going to be ill?" exclaimed Althea.
"Dear me! how disagreeable!"
"I'm sure I don't want him to stay;
he might die here," said my aunt, who
had the utmost horror of death.
"He's an old nuisance, anyhow," pro-
claimed Ethel, "and always has been,
and I blush that any relative of mine
should have degraded herself so far as
to become his servant-maid."
Here I will mention that my cousin
Roland, a month or so before this, had
married a young lady with a large for-
tune, and out of this fortune he gener-
ously proposed to make the family a
liberal yearly allowance, besides which
made many gifts from the married sis-
ters, whose husbands had prospered,
and thereupon been obliged by their
wives to share their prosperity with us;
that we might live at least, as Minerva
expressed it, "with elegant economy."
And so we were not entirely dependent
upon our lodger for desserts and sev-
eral other things.
But to go back. "He is not an old
nuisance," said I, indignantly. "He is
a kind-hearted old man, and I'm very
fond of him."
"Good gracious!"
"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on, "I
am very fond of him. And if my aunt
will allow me—I am sure my uncle will
—I will take all the extra care resulting
from his sickness upon myself, and no
one else shall be annoyed in the
least. After living beneath our roof
for two years and contributing so bene-
volently to our comforts—you needn't
glare at me, Cleanthe; he has, for I am
quite certain no one else would have
paid us so liberally—it would be the
basest ingratitude, not to say cruelty,
to send him among strangers now that
he most needs care and kindness."
"Are you quite through, Miss Rey-
nolds?" asked my aunt, sarcastically.
"I had no idea you were so eloquent,
never having heard you preach before.
But of one thing I am determined: you

shall not call in our doctor to your
patient. He is a perfect aristocrat,
and has no idea we keep a lodger, and I
do not wish him to know it."
"There's a young saw-bones a few
doors below," drawled my youngest
gentleman cousin, who resented my
waiting upon any one but himself;
"he'll do for your fine old—nuisance."
"That very evening Mr. Griffin had a
bad turn, and I sent for the young
saw-bones a few doors below" in great
haste. He proved to be a Dr. Rice, a
frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed,
broad-browed young man, with gentle
voice and quick light step. And the
old gentleman, taking a great fancy to
him, decided on retaining him—his de-
cision that relieved me greatly, bearing
in mind as I did my aunt's embargo in
regard to our family physician.
And from that time for three months,
although very seldom confined to his
bed, our lodger never had a wretched
day. At the end of the three months, how-
ever, he began to mend slowly, and at
the end of two more was on his feet
again. And then he told me he had
made up his mind to return to England.
"I am sorry, very sorry, to part with
you," I replied. "But it is right that
you should go."
"Well, said, Little Honesty. And
now let's begin to pack," said he.
Dr. Rice and I went with the old
gentleman to the steamer that was to
carry him away, and waved a last fare-
well to him—in the midst of a crowd
also waving last farewells—from the
pier, as the vessel slowly moved out
into the stream; and then we returned
to our respective homes to read the
letters he had placed in our respective
hands with his final good-bye.
Mine I read in the privacy of my own
room at first; and when I had partly re-
covered from my astonishment and
delight I flew downstairs, called the
family together, and read it to them. It
was as follows:
"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY—Had I died—
which I didn't, thanks unto God to you
and Dr. Rice—I should have left each
of my dear young friends ten thousand
dollars in my will. But having lived, I
am going to do a much pleasanter
thing, and am going to give them the ten
thousand at once. My lawyer will see
you both to-morrow."
"AMOS GRIFFIN."

"P. S.—I have also left a slight
bequest to Miss Ethel Egbert. She will
find it on the lower shelf of the closet
in the room I occupied when I was her
cousin Dorothea's lodger."
Ethel for once forgot her graceful,
gliding step. She started hastily for
the stairs, but her youngest brother was
before her, and she was fain to turn
back again as he slid down the balu-
stair, and landed in our midst with something
in his arms.
It was a large framed photograph of
Amos Griffin, with a card attached bear-
ing these words, "An excellent picture
of 'An Old Nuisance.'"
I married Dr. Rice.—Harper's Weekly.

Weighing a Hog.

A dog-fight sends the pulse of a vil-
lage up to 150, and a foot-race or a
hock-down will almost restore gray
hairs to their natural color; but for real
excitement let a man come along in
front of the tavern about sundown
driving a hog.
"How, where you going?"
"Going to sell this hog."
"Hold on a minute! What does he
weigh?"
"Oh! about 225."
"You're off; he won't go over 200."
Every chair is vacated on the instant.
Every eye is fastened on the log rooting
in the gutter, and every man flatters
himself that he can guess within a
pound of the porker's weight.
"That hog will pull down just exactly
195 pounds," says the blacksmith, after
a long squint.
"He won't go an ounce over 185,"
adds the cooper.
"I've got a 82 bill that says that hog
will kick at 210," says the hardware
man.
"You must be wild," growls the
grocer. "I can't see over 150 pounds of
meat there."
Twenty men take a walk around the
porker, and squint and shake their
heads and look wise, and the owner
finally says:
"If he don't go over 220 I shall feel
that I am no guesser."
"Over 220? If that hog weighs 200
pounds I'll treat this crowd!" exclaims
the owner of the 'bus line.
"I dunno 'bout that," muses the
'squire, who is on his way to the grocery
after butter. "Some hogs weigh more
and some less. What breed is this
hog?"
"Berkshire."
"Well, I've seen some o' them Berk-
shires that weighed like a load o' sand,
and then again I've seen 'em where they
were all skin and bone. Has anybody
guessed that this hog will weigh 600?"
"No."
"Well, that's a leetle steep, but I've
kinder sot my idea on 250."
By this time the crowd has increased
to a hundred and the excitement is in-
tense. The 'squire lays half a dollar
on 250, and the owner of the hog
takes in several bets on "between 220 and
225." The porker is driven to the hay-
scales, and the silence is almost painful
as the weighing takes place.
"Two hundred and twenty-three" calls the weigher.
Growls and lamentations smite the
evening air, and stakeholders pass over
the wagers to the lucky guessers, chief
of whom is the owner of the hog.
"Well, I'm clear beat out," says the
'squire. "I felt dead sure he would
weigh over 300."
"Oh, I knew you were all way off,"
explains the guileless owner. "When
we weighed him here at noon he tipped
at exactly 223, and I knew he couldn't
have picked up or lost over a pound!"
—Detroit Free Press.

The Atlanta Industrial exposition, to
open October 5, promises to be a great
success. The entries already number
over 1,100, representing all branches of
industry and production. Foreign ex-
hibits are being offered freely, and two
steamers are under charter to sail from
Liverpool for Savannah with goods for
the exhibition, while other exhibits will
follow either specially chartered ves-
sels or by the regular channels of com-
merce. Some of the machinery and
processes to be exhibited will be of an
unusually interesting character, and
one will be entirely new development
of industry. The exhibition of cotton
and silk fabrics will be especially
attractive. The associated railroads of
the South will make a representative
display of roads, soils and minerals from
all sections of the Southern States, and
from the planters of the Mississippi valley
will make a typical exhibition of sugar,
cotton and tobacco. The last will be
seen in all stages of growth and man-
ufacture, from the springing plant to the
finished cigar and plug. One of the
largest and most active displays will be
a competitive exhibition of fifty cotton
fabrics by as many different manufac-
turers. The influence of this exposition
upon the prosperity of the South, and
indeed of the whole country, in the
stimulus it will give to enterprise and
invention, and the enlargement of ex-
isting fields of competition, will un-
doubtedly be very great.

Mayor Richmond, of Pueblo, in the
mining region of Colorado, tells the
Philadelphia Times that many of the
stock companies are operated without
honor or decency, being merely schemes
to beguile unsuspecting people in the
East. He gives the following account

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

M. Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter,
has just declined to take less than \$100,-
000 for his new picture of "Christ be-
fore Pilate." It is not so long ago that
this brilliant and now wealthy artist
was a cabinet-maker's apprentice, and
was thankful to earn small sums in his
leisure hours by painting flowers upon
the furniture of the peasant farmers of
his native town, taking his commissions
from them as he stood in the market-
place with his master's wares. A chance
talk with two art students, who stood
with him under a gateway during a
heavy shower, first opened to him the
way to a regular academical education.
"If it were only possible," Mrs. Gar-
field said, "for my husband and me to
go around and see all these dear people
who have been so grateful in their re-
membrance for us here of late days, I
would be so happy; and I know he would,
too. I want to thank them—to tell them
all how kindly I feel toward them for
what they have said to me. I never
could understand anything about poli-
tics, and if I liked a person it made no
difference whether they were Republi-
cans or Democrats; and now I have
grown to think that there is not much
difference between the two great parties,
for one says just as kind words in our
present affliction as the other. It makes
me feel like forming an opinion as to
what I would do were women permitted to
vote as well as men. I believe I would
get two tickets, fold them together so
as to look like one, and drop them back
in the ballot-box."

Lieutenant-Governor Tabor, of Col-
orado, owns from four to eight millions,
all acquired within four years. But his
sudden wealth was preceded by eighteen
years of poverty, deprivation and struggle
for himself and his wife. They went
West from Maine during the Pike's
Peak excitement, spent all their money,
found no gold, and thereafter roughed it
in border settlements, working for
small wages at first, and afterward keep-
ing stores in mining camps. In 1877
he came to Denver \$2,500 worth of
goods for a Leadville store, and tried to
induce the firm to take half of the Little
Pittsburg claim in payment, but they
preferred to take his note. That mine
yielded him \$150,000 in three months,
and eventually \$1,300,000. The original
cost was "grub stakes" for the two
prospectors, the bargain being that he
should have half of whatever they dis-
covered on the trip.

A wealthy land-owner at Genesee,
France, has formed upon his estate
a private asylum for superannuated ani-
mals, which, except for his protection,
would perish by neglect. Many of the
inmates of this strange establishment
have attained extraordinary ages; in-
deed, the figures representing the num-
ber of their years, which their bene-
factor carefully records, scarcely bear
credulity. The patriarch of the family
is a mule in his seventy-third year; next
come a cow thirty-six years old, a pig
of twenty-seven, and a goat of eighteen
summers. In the quarters assigned to
fowls the visitor is introduced to a
goose in his thirty-eighth year, whose
paunch touches the ground and whose
feet are figured by countless warts.
In the aviary are a sparrow in his
thirty-second year, and a bullfinch re-
puted to be twenty-eight years old.
Young and frolicsome creatures need
not apply for admittance to this asylum,
for only the aged are received.

A curious provision of the criminal
code of Germany, for which there is no
analogy in English or American legisla-
tion, makes deliberate homicide, where
perpetrated at the request of the
victim, a lesser grade of crime than
murder, and places it within the dis-
cretion of the court to impose as low a
sentence as three years' imprisonment
for the offense. Under this law a mil-
ler's apprentice of Berlin has just been
sentenced for cutting his wife's throat.
He was out of work and money, and he
killed her to get the insurance money
to commit suicide by taking poison. His
wife, however, drained the cup contain-
ing the mixture alone, leaving none for
him, and after a while begged him to
kill her at once, to put an end to the
suffering that ensued. He complied
with her request by making several
gashes in her throat. This state of facts
was deemed sufficient to warrant a sen-
tence of only four years' imprisonment.

The Atlanta Industrial exposition, to
open October 5, promises to be a great
success. The entries already number
over 1,100, representing all branches of
industry and production. Foreign ex-
hibits are being offered freely, and two
steamers are under charter to sail from
Liverpool for Savannah with goods for
the exhibition, while other exhibits will
follow either specially chartered ves-
sels or by the regular channels of com-
merce. Some of the machinery and
processes to be exhibited will be of an
unusually interesting character, and
one will be entirely new development
of industry. The exhibition of cotton
and silk fabrics will be especially
attractive. The associated railroads of
the South will make a representative
display of roads, soils and minerals from
all sections of the Southern States, and
from the planters of the Mississippi valley
will make a typical exhibition of sugar,
cotton and tobacco. The last will be
seen in all stages of growth and man-
ufacture, from the springing plant to the
finished cigar and plug. One of the
largest and most active displays will be
a competitive exhibition of fifty cotton
fabrics by as many different manufac-
turers. The influence of this exposition
upon the prosperity of the South, and
indeed of the whole country, in the
stimulus it will give to enterprise and
invention, and the enlargement of ex-
isting fields of competition, will un-
doubtedly be very great.

Mayor Richmond, of Pueblo, in the
mining region of Colorado, tells the
Philadelphia Times that many of the
stock companies are operated without
honor or decency, being merely schemes
to beguile unsuspecting people in the
East. He gives the following account

of how the trick is usually played: "A
company will be formed representing a
cash capital of perhaps \$100,000, for the
purpose of opening new mines and of
carrying on the business of mining
generally. A claim is bought and
opened. Suppose the mine shows up
or 'sights' for \$100,000, the capital
stock. The company then proceeds to
put the mine on the eastern market at
a capital of \$1,000,000, or possibly, if
the company is unusually sharp, at
\$5,000,000. This is done by going to a
few prominent capitalists and saying,
'Here, we will let you in on the ground
floor of this company if you will take
some stock and help us along by your
influence.' The capitalists buy the stock
and the name, and in a short
time the entire stock is taken by East-
ern investors, who are deceived by see-
ing the prominent capitalists as heavy
stockholders. When the stock has all
been taken the mine is divided between
those on the 'ground floor,' and opera-
tions go on as in all well-regulated com-
panies. The concern never pays a
dividend in the world, and the second
class of stockholders never see a cent
of their money."

John Chinaman has made, literally,
a new departure in which we are more
interested perhaps than anybody except
himself. The Sydney (Australia) Her-
ald states that in a fortnight over 2,000
Chinese arrived at that port, and that
they described themselves as but the
pioneers of an immense body of im-
migrants who were en route from Hong
Kong. Both pioneers and main body
were of the poorer class, "who had
scraped together the £8 for their passage
and landed penniless." They received
almost as cool a reception in Sydney
as they would have done in San Fran-
cisco, and were as unwelcome to no one
as to the rich Chinese merchants and
traders in Sydney, who were compelled
to keep them from starving until work
could be found for them. These traders
declared that 20,000 of their less lucky
brethren would pour in on them before
the year was out, and that there would
be no cessation to this flood of paupers
unless prompt and decisive measures
were taken to stop it. No books have
ever given us an idea of the insupportable
poverty which eye-witnesses describe as
existing in the rice district of the north
of China, a poverty so extreme that
fathers not lacking in domestic affection
sell their children for less than a dollar
to save them from starvation, and
strangle the new-born babe to keep it
from further knowledge of a life which
has in it nothing but torture. It is no
wonder, says a New York paper, that
this torrent of misery seeks every outlet
of possible escape. It will escape, no
matter how it is driven back. It has
never been found in history that any
starving horde remained within enforced
limits to the while they were fed, un-
tilled spaces of the earth's surface lying
vacant.

Odd Ways of Making a Living.
For that matter, though, there
seems to be money in all sorts of things
in New York. There, for instance is
the second-hand furniture trade, which
has grown to enormous proportions,
and is now one of the leading lines of
business in the city. It is hardly
worth while to mention the fashionable
second-hand clothing trade, in which
every one knows everything about that
is worth knowing. Aside from these
there are dozens of different kinds of
second-hand business going on all
the time, and generally at a large profit
to the dealers. We have one class of
men dealing in old lead, another in old
iron, another in old brass, another in
old building material of all sorts, an-
other in broken glass, and so on through
a long list of things that seem to have
served their only purpose and to be no
longer of any use to any one. Gather-
ing old rags and old papers is, of
course, a large business in itself, and
a profitable one, too. The latest industry
is that of collecting the small tin cans
that are thrown out after their contents
of preserved fruit, meat or vegetables,
as the case may be, are used. The tin
is of scarcely any value, but it pays to
melt down the cans for their solder, and
this is now done as regularly as sending
rags to a paper mill. Gathering up
cigar stumps around the hotels is an
old business. The chewed and nicotine-
soaked ends are dried, broken up and
utilized either for fillers in making new
cigars, or worked in with the cheaper
kinds of smoking tobacco. There are
thousands of men in New York who
make a living by merely gathering up
the refuse of trade and of the house-
hold, and putting it in shape to be
utilized over again, and some of them
not only making a living, but getting
ahead in the world, too.—New York
Letter.

The Line of Beauty.
Professor Muller, in a course of lec-
tures in Berlin, offered a simple and
mechanical explanation of the univer-
sal admiration bestowed on circles. The
eye is moved in its socket by six
muscles, of which four are respectively
employed to raise, depress, turn to the
right and to the left. The other two
have action for rolling the eye, and they
roll the eye on its axis, or from the
outside downward, and inside upward.
When, therefore, an object is presented
for inspection, the first act is that of
circumvision, or going round the bou-
naries, so as to bring consecutively
every individual portion of the circum-
ference upon the most delicate and sen-
sitive portions of the retina. Now, if
figures bounded by straight lines be
presented for inspection, it is obvious
that but two of these muscles can be
called into action; and it is equally evi-
dent that in curves of a circle or ellipse
all must alternately be brought into ac-
tion. The effect then is that if two
only be employed, as in rectilinear fig-
ures, those two have an undue share
of labor; and by repeating the experiment
frequently, as we do in childhood, the
notion of tedium is instilled, a dis-
taste for straight lines is gradually
formed, and we are led to prefer those
curves which supply a more general and
equable share of work to the muscles.

Life's Harvest.
Was it not said by some great sage
That life is an unwritten page?
—We write our fate, and when old age
Or death comes on,
We drop the pen.
For good or ill, from day to day,
Each deed we do, each word we say,
Makes its impress upon the clay
Which molds the minds
Of other men.
And all our acts and words are seeds
Sown o'er the past, whence future deeds
Spring up, to form or thwart or weedy;
And as we've sown,
—So reap we then.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"All things come to him who waits,"
but a quarter judiciously bestowed on a
waiter will hurry the things up a little.
—Piscayne.
The Policeman is the name of a new
London newspaper. We will wager a
ten-dollar bill (counterfeit of course)
that it never appears when the people
want it.—Williamsport Breakfast Table.
A circus proprietor in Canada has ap-
plied for the admission of his elephants
to this country free of duty, on the
ground, we presume, that their trunks
contain no valuables.—Norristown Her-
ald.
"Mabel, why you dear little girl," ex-
claimed her grandpa, seeing his little
granddaughter with her head tied up,
"have you got the headache?" "No,"
she answered sweetly, "I've got a spit
turi."
A circus acrobat who can tie himself
in a knot and hide away in a corner of
his vest pocket receives only \$30 per
week salary. This should discourage a
large class of politicians, but probably
won't.

"Why is it your leaves are so much
smaller than they used to be?" asked
a Galveston man of his baker. "I don't
know, unless it is because I use less
dough than formerly," responded the
baker.
If a great many young men's clothes
didn't fit them till they pay the tailor,
we would see lots of noble young bloods
going around like a loaded clothes
line flapping in the idle breeze of a sum-
mer day.
After a Michigan farmer had com