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## Life's True Significance.

Deeper than all senses seeing  
Lies the secret of our being.  
As the soul with truth agreeing,  
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;  
For the life is more than raiment,  
And the earth is pledged for payment  
Unto man for all his needs.  
Nature is our common mother,  
Every living man our brother;  
Therefore live to serve each other;  
Not to meet the law's behests,  
But because through cheerful giving  
We shall learn the art of living  
And to live and serve is best.  
Life is more than what man fancies!  
Not a game of idle chances;  
But it steadily advances  
Up the rugged heights of time,  
Till each complex web of trouble,  
Every sad hope's broken bubble,  
Hath a meaning, most sublime.  
More of religion, less of profession;  
More of freedom, less of confession;  
More of freedom in the state;  
More of life and less of fashion;  
More of love and less of passion;  
That will make us good and great.  
When true hearts divinely gifted,  
From the clasp of error gifted,  
On their crosses are uplifted,  
Shall the world most clearly see  
That earth's greatest time of trial  
Calls for holy self-denial,  
Calls on men to do and be,  
But forever and forever  
Let it be the soul's endeavor  
Love from hatred to deliver,  
And in hatred's place,  
Win by love's eternal leaven,  
To our highest sense of duty  
Evermore to firm and true.  
—Sturtevant Herald.

## A VICTIM OF DUTY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS COLLAZ.

You have often seen him pass through the fields with a hasty step, recognizable not only by his blouse and his regulation hat, but also by the sustained activity of his movements, because for him the instants are counted and he has not the right to slacken his pace. An indefatigable walker, he accomplishes his task from the first to the last day of the year without ever resting. No matter though a tropical sun invites all creatures to become motionless, though the cold be Siberian, though it flow and snow, he must go to the last village on his route to carry the letters, newspapers and prospectuses which trade confides by millions to the care of the post.

The highways are not made for him; he must not cross the country, passing through woods and marshes, to seek the hut lost in the depths of the solitude, far removed from any public road.

He travels from eight to ten leagues daily, making circuits, crossing brooks, scaling rocks, venturing into ravines and wounding himself among the hedges and briars. Loitering is forbidden to him, for the official hour of return is fixed; the letters he brings back must depart by the next mail. They are waited for at the postoffice and the least variation of his programme may have grave consequences.

We cannot without ingratitude forget the services of this incorruptible messenger, whose probity and zeal are constantly put to the proof, who brings us at a certain hour our letters and our journals, the news, the expectation of which keeps us full of anxiety; who contributes to soften for us the bitterness of absence and distance. Imagine the wild disappearance of these humble functionaries would leave in our existence!

I knew a man who for twenty years filled this position. A former soldier, thanks to irreproachable records of services strengthened by a little influence, he had obtained the great favor of having placed in his credit fifty francs per month at the postoffice of the district.

Pere Martin was not very fond of this brilliant position, but he perfectly understood his responsibility and duties; he never complained.

Everybody in the district was acquainted with this little gray-haired man with bronzed features, whose limbs had the pliancy and strength of steel. He was highly appreciated, for, while a scrupulous observer of the regulations, he never refused to perform a service, provided it did not conflict with his duties.

There was not a corner of his route which he had not passed over, accompanied by his wolf dog. He knew to a meter the distance separating the smallest hamlet from the chief town of the district, and was familiar with all the paths and byways.

To spare himself half an hour's walk he never would have thrown into a ditch some silly prospectus or some printed matter bearing a doubtful address; if he returned anything to the postoffice it was because its address could not be found. He was the slave of his orders, as punctual as the clock, and so discreet as to discourage the most curious. Everybody greeted him kindly when he arrived at a village; the children came to him, and even the dogs barked joyfully at his approach. There was considerable rivalry as to who should offer him a glass of cider and a slice of bacon. But he rarely accepted anything. Time passed and he did not like to contract troublesome obligations.

Hence the notes made concerning him were excellent, and his chiefs regretted that the parsimony of the administration only permitted them to reward his loyal services with contemptible gifts.

One day in the middle of October he departed on his usual round. The weather was frightful; it had been raining incessantly for more than a week; the roads had become bogs and the brooks had been transformed into torrents; what foliage remained on the trees was so impregnated with water

that it could not offer a protecting shelter. The postman, wet to the skin, walked with the impassibility of an old soldier who does not discuss his orders.

He had distributed a portion of his mail, but his round was far from being finished when he passed an inn, or rather a miserable drinking-house, situated at the entrance of a wood; this place was mainly patronized by saboteurs, who found there alcoholic drinks and a few groceries.

"Ho! Monsieur, the postman, stop here for an instant; while you are giving me the information I need, the violence of the storm will abate."

This invitation was addressed to him by a man who, with a pipe in his mouth, was standing upon the threshold of the drinking-house.

The rain was pouring down at that moment; a fierce blast swept it into Pere Martin's face, prevented him from walking and bent to the ground the stalwart trees.

The postman was a little ahead of time, and the demands of the service do not go so far as to forbid the acceptance of a momentary shelter when it offers itself under such circumstances.

He, therefore, went into the house and sat down beside the fire which crackled on the hearth. The man who had invited him to enter threw upon it some dry branches, which were soon in flames; a heavy vapor arose from Martin's soaked garments.

The stranger interrogated the postman as to the hours of the departure of the mails, and asked him a host of questions about himself, his service and everything concerning it.

"You know me then?" said the postman.

"Parbleu! Everybody loves and esteems you here; Pere Martin's value is well known. I hope you will not refuse to drink with me. Ho! Madam Rosier, two glasses of your best brandy."

A woman waited on them and returned by her occupation.

"What a dog's trade you follow, Pere Martin!" said the man. "Will it take you much longer to finish your round? You doubtless have yet to go to the Landa Grise, to Plessis. I know some one who is impatiently waiting for you there. I am obliged to pass in the vicinity. If you wish it I will relieve you of your letters."

"Thank you; I will deliver them myself."

"That's yourself out and out. After all you are right. It is your duty to deliver them."

While talking with a loquacity which did not encourage the postman he took up the sack the latter had placed beside him, seemed to feel its weight and turned it over and over.

"Let my sack alone, please," said Martin, coldly. "You have disgraced all my letters. I shall no longer know what to do."

The other humbly excused himself for his awkwardness.

"The evil is reparable," added he. "Seat yourself at this table, and you will have no trouble to arrange the letters according to the route you should take."

The postman emptied his sack before him, and began to arrange his letters. His questioner affected to keep discreetly at a distance, but found an opportunity to cast a furtive glance over his shoulder.

Willie Martin was busy with his work he heard furious growls behind him.

"Pere Martin, help me to prevent your dog from strangling mine," said his new acquaintance.

The postman arose and caught his dog by the skin of the neck. The animal's fury contrasted with its habitual gentleness.

This fact seemed strange to Martin. He felt distrust of the communicative stranger grow upon him. He was about to replace his papers in the sack when the man, as if to see what was the state of the weather, opened the door.

She grew pale and seemed scarcely to have the strength to sustain herself. The postman assisted her into the house and handed her a chair upon which she let herself fall. Two charming children fixed on her sad and anxious looks.

"You will receive a letter to-morrow, Madam Andre," said Pere Martin; "the delay of a day is easily explained; your husband was disappointed, some unforeseen business suddenly demanded his attention and he missed the mail."

"No; I know him and cannot understand his silence. You are aware that he departed two months ago for the city. Some work was to be attended to which promised to bring him in a great deal of money; a small inheritance was to be received. But all is concluded. He sent me word that he would return this evening; he had made his arrangements to that end. To-morrow the farm of La Mane is to be sold; he has decided to purchase either all or part of it. It is an opportunity which will never again present itself, but he should miss it a thousand times that he should miss it to having him return without notifying me."

"Why?"

"Because some one has wicked designs against him and at night a terrible blow is soon struck. You know there are two routes by which to return here; one is longer than the other, but safer. I am afraid that he will not return by way of the Moulin-Brule, the more so as there is some one to see in that direction. I tremble at the mere thought of it. If I only knew—"

The postman strove to calm her fears, but she shook her head.

"You cannot think," resumed she, "what certain men are capable of when they have a grudge against anybody."

"Don't seem to hesitate, and then added:

"If I tremble it is not simply because my husband will have to pass through a dangerous spot with money in his pocket, but because there is in the district a wretch whose dearest wish is to put five feet of earth between them."

"This hatred dates from long ago. When I was a young girl he wanted to marry me, but he fell in love with another. He has never pardoned me for having repudiated his offers, and has enveloped in the same animosity the man I preferred to him. He hates Georges and myself for being in easy circumstances while he vegetates in want, as if honest people were responsible for the mistakes of idlers and drunkards. This is not all. A crime was recently committed; suspicious was aroused. I took the unfortunate notion to say to him that soon, when my husband had returned, he would be less presumptuous. Oh! if you knew what glances his eyes shot at me, what an expression of hatred his features wore! I know that often during the night he haunts the ruins of the Moulin-Brule. If this man should discover that my husband is to pass through that place, I tell you, Monsieur Martin, he is lost!"

"What is the scoundrel's name?"

"Jean Bruno. It is not astonishing if you are unacquainted with him, for since his return to the district he has not publicly shown himself."

The postman was silent. He remembered having heard the woman at the drinking-house call the man he had met there by that name. He asked himself in consternation if the letter had not been stolen from him, but he recalled all the circumstances and banished this supposition. He felt certain that the epistle had not been in his sack; he reassured himself and sought to reassure the woman, yet he resolved to await her husband's arrival at the chief town of the district to advise him to be prudent.

He hastened away and when he was alone his fears regained possession of him. He again began to doubt and little by little was seized upon by a terror he could not explain. He increased his pace and leaped over the hedges and ditches with unusual nimbleness. Unfortunately, his round that day was exceptionally long, and the bad weather in addition had considerably delayed him.

He reached the postoffice a little later than was his custom. The woman who distributed the mails on being consulted by him affirmed that he had taken away a letter for Madam Andre. One of her assistants confirmed this declaration.

The postman was thunderstruck. He saw with fright the heavy responsibility thrown upon him. His terrors augmented when he remembered that time and again, at the moment of opening the mail bags, a man had presented himself, asking if there was anything for Madam Andre!

He flew rather than ran to the office of the coach which carried passengers from the nearest station on the railway to the chief town. Georges Andre had arrived, but had set out immediately on foot for his village.

This news gave Martin a violent shock. The prospect of a catastrophe for which he would be responsible arose before him. He saw this man, who had returned with joy in his heart, encountering death at the threshold of his home through his fault, and misfortune overtaking the widow and the orphans. The darkest clouds troubled his imagination.

He did not hesitate, and, without taking time to enter his dwelling, started off again. Those who saw him pass, absorbed in his thoughts and noticing no one around him, asked themselves what grave affair could have caused this breathless haste on the part of a man who must have come back from his round broken by fatigue.

"Monsieur Martin," said she to the postman, "have you a letter for me?"

"No, Madam Andre, I have not."

"That's strange; my husband should have written to me to-day; you cannot imagine how much his silence troubles me."

his feet, as the thought of a misfortune to be averted had increased the speed of the postman. There was no longer even the shadow of a doubt; the fatal man had taken the path which led straight to the Moulin-Brule. Pere Martin calculated that by passing over another path, which, however, was rough and dangerous, he could yet arrive before him.

He hastened on and reached the fatal spot when the night was already advanced. The place was well fitted for an ambushade. There was a species of cut through the rocks. On both sides bushy trees formed an almost impenetrable shade; rapidly moving clouds at each instant veiled the moon, the wan rays of which added to the sinister character of the landscape.

He paused; amid the rustling of the foliage agitated by the wind he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps; it was, doubtless, Georges Andre, whom he had preceded only by a few instants; he was about going to meet him when the report of a gun rang out and a ball struck him full in the breast.

The assassin emerged from a neighboring thicket; and on approaching his victim to finish and rob him he found himself in the presence of a new actor and vented his disappointment in a horrible oath; he had recognized Georges Andre. The blade of a knife flashed in his hand, but he was not allowed time to use it, a club descended vigorously upon his head and felled him to the ground.

A woman, distracted with terror, at this moment threw herself on the postman's body.

"Oh how wretched I am!" cried she. "I foresaw it; he has killed him!"

Madam Andre had not been able to submerge her unconscious and, at the hour she supposed her husband ought to arrive, she had come to wait for him; at the report of the gun, she had run forward precipitately.

"Jeanne," said her husband to her, "reassure yourself; I am unhurt."

"It was not you? Who then has he assassinated?"

"They bent over Martin's body, and recognized him in the moonlight which at that instant illuminated his face and uniform. He had never been seen since he departed for his village."

The husband and wife carried him to their home, where he lived only twenty-four hours. He related how he had allowed to be stolen from him the letter in which Georges Andre had announced his return, and how he had decided to prevent, at any price, the consequences of his negligence, even if he should be compelled to offer his life in exchange for that of the factor of a family who had had involuntarily helped to place in peril.

Obscure victim of duty, he had added another act to the list of those unknown sacrifices which are made daily, without being encouraged by the hope of any recompense, without even having for indemnification the remembrance they should leave behind him.

**Trichine in Man.**

For some thirty years subsequent to the first description of the capsule of Hilson, and some twenty-five years after the identification of the parasite itself in man, the same were looked upon as mere harmless curiosities, and that, although Leidy discovered the parasite in the flesh of swine in 1847, still it was not until 1860 that the connection was established between them, appearing, as they had, in two totally different species (men and swine). The honor of this important discovery belongs to Dr. Zunker, of Dresden, Germany. The disease was discovered in a servant girl, admitted as a typhus patient to the City hospital in Dresden. She died, and her flesh was found to be infested with trichinae. Leuckart's and other experiments have shown that a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit is necessary to securely render trichine inert. Direct heat applied to the slides holding specimens of trichineous pork, by means of the Schultz heating table, has demonstrated under the microscope that a temperature of fifty degrees centigrade (122 degrees Fahrenheit) is necessary to the certain death of the trichine. Leuckart's experiments with trichineous pork, made up into sausage and cooked twenty minutes, gave positive results when fed to one rabbit and negative by another. He sums up his experiment as follows:

1. Trichine are killed by long continued salting of infected meat, and also by subjecting the same for twenty-four hours to the action of smoke in a heated chamber.

2. They are not killed by means of smoking for a period of three days, and it also appears that twenty minutes cooking freshly prepared sausage meat is sufficient to kill them in all cases.

The various kinds of cooking, however, are quite different in their effects on trichineous pork. Frying and broiling are most efficient, roasting coming next. Boiling coagulates the albumen on the outer surface, and allows the heat to penetrate less readily; it should be kept up, therefore, for at least two hours, or large pieces of meat. Whether boiled, broiled or fried, pork should always be thoroughly cooked. Practically speaking, the cooking, salting and hot smoking which pork in its various forms receives in the United States must be, in the vast majority of cases, sufficient to kill the trichine and prevent infection of the person consuming the meat. Everything like those reported in Germany are unknown in our country, and in fatal form is undoubtedly a rare disease. In the vicinity of the great pork packing establishments near Boston the "spare-ribs," containing the intercostal muscles, are very largely bought and eaten by the people near by, and trichinosis among them has not in a single case been reported, so far as I have been able to learn. The cuts being thin and well cooked any trichine in them are quite certain to be killed. Even when trichine are introduced into the intestinal canal, too, they are sometimes expelled by diarrhea, and the invasion of the system by a small number does no harm.

*American Microscopical Journal.*

Priestly was the first to remark that gases are diffused through each other.

## Snails.

The great vine snail has quite a history, and its lease of life should be a long one, if that may be measured by the powers of endurance. In 1774 the members of the Royal Society in England could not be brought to believe an Irish collector, who averred that certain white snails that had been confined for fifteen years came out of their shells upon his son's putting them in hot water; but the possibility of the thing was proved in 1850, when, after four years' somnolence in the British museum, an Egyptian desert snail woke up, none the worse for its long rest and abstinence. It fed heartily on lettuce leaves, and lived for two years longer. Spallanzani asserted that he had often beheld snails without killing them, and in a few months they were as lively as ever, having grown new heads in retirement.

Snail-eating has been in vogue for many centuries, and was considered by the ancient Romans one of their table luxuries. In Pliny's time Barbary snails stood first in repute, those in Sicily ranking next; and it was the custom to fatten them for the table by distilling them on meal and new wine. In modern Rome fresh gathered snails are hawked from door to door by women, who boil them in their shells, stew them, or fry them in oil. Snails are gathered off the vines by the peasantry in the wine district of France, and are sent up in cases and wicker baskets to Paris halls, where they are sold by auction, and are purchased by people who make it their business to prepare them for the restaurants and chauntiers. They are killed by being placed in seething water, and after being removed from their shells by the aid of a piece of wire are thrown into an immense copper and boiled for three-quarters of an hour in a mixture composed of water, vinegar, salt and herbs. They are then replaced in their shells, the mouths of which are closed with butter and parsley, and are ready for sale. To prepare them for the table, it suffices to place them in the frying-pan for a few minutes with a small piece of butter, and without removing them from their shells. They are sold at the wine shops and chauntiers at thirty and forty centimes the dozen.

A century ago, 4,000,000 of snails were annually exported from the United States, being from twenty-five to forty times as many as are employed during the summer months collecting snails as stock for small gardens—small plots of land cleared of trees and covered with heaps of moss and pine twigs, separated from each other by masts, having gratings at their outlets to prevent any trunks that may get into the water from being carried beyond bounds. The prisoners are supplied daily with fresh grass and cabbage leaves until their appetites fall and they retire into the moss heaps for their winter sleep—the last one they will enjoy; for when spring comes they are routed out of their beds, packed in straw lined boxes, and sent on to market. In a favorable season one of these gardens will turn out 40,000 snails. The consumption of them in South Tyrol must be great. Snails are often used, boiled in milk, for diseases of the lungs, and are sent to this country as a delicacy; they are very indigestible in their appetite, and even devour the dead of their own kind. Snails delight in warm moats; some, in dry weather their chief time of activity is in the night, and they hide themselves by day; but after rain they come forth at any hour in quest of food. At the approach of winter, or in very dry weather, they close the month of the shell with a membrane formed by the drying of the mucus substance which they secrete, and become perfectly torpid.

**A Thorough Job.**

Judge M., a well known jurist living near Cincinnati, was fond of relating this anecdote. He had once occasion to send to the village for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep the cattle. There are some unplanned boards in them; it is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner, and coming out found the man carefully planning each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his work. When he returned the boards were planned and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you that this fence was to be covered with vines," he said, angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, grimly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence so thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only the dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of certain magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master-builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew you should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he carpenter, farmer, author or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.

In potatoes there are seventy-five parts water to every hundred pounds.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Arthur is the sixth President who went wifeless to the White House. His predecessors in this respect were Jefferson, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler and Buchanan, all but the bachelor Buchanan having been widowers.

It appears that if any one wants to go out in the ocean three miles from the American or British shore and cut a telegraph cable he can do so with impunity. No country would have jurisdiction over him. It would not seem that there would be much danger of cable-cutting so far out, but the electric congress in Paris wants protective measures taken.

Vaccination as practiced in China has two peculiar features. The subject is not operated on the arm or leg but in the nose; and the government, while it does not compel people to submit to the operation, practically reaches the same end that it would by doing so, by offering to parents for every child vaccinated a premium of 100 copper cash, which amounts to about ten cents, and for a poor Chinaman in his own country, a sum not altogether to be despised.

The Mormon priests, in their sermons, are telling their deluded followers that if they had been called they could have saved the President's life simply by laying on of hands. The Salt Lake Tribune, a fearless paper, that has for years been a painful thorn in the side of the Mormon church, pertinently asks the wise hearers: "Why didn't they save their Prophet Brigham in that way? Why didn't they save the sixty Mormon children that died in Salt Lake in August by that simple process? The frauds shouldn't all answer at once."

J. V. Sears, in an article entitled "Housekeeping Hereafter," in the Atlantic Monthly, predicts great changes in the future in housekeeping methods. He thinks that every fifty families will be provided with a centralized establishment, from which heat, light and power will be furnished, while the domestic supplies of each house will be delivered through pneumatic tubes. There will be a common oven and laundry. There will be no coal ashes to take out, and many other present annoyances will be avoided. This system, it is maintained, will also result in reducing expenses.

Among other industrial changes in the Southern States during the past few years, is the notable one of subdivisions of the large plantations. A bulletin issued from the census bureau presents a table marking the increase in the number of farms in the several States that formerly were divided into immense tracts of land worked by one owner, from 1860 up to the present date. This shows an immense increase in the number of farms in all the States excepting Delaware, where the increase appears to correspond only to the increase of the population. The increase is also partly accounted for in Florida and Arkansas by the settlement of regions not permanently occupied twenty years ago; in a word, the increased number of farms is to a large extent due to emigration to those States. According to the estimates made in the bulletin referred to, most of the farms do not exceed 500 acres, while many of them comprise less than 100 acres.

An American lady wrote to Andrew D. White when he was minister at the court of Berlin. The lady in question calmly informed the American minister that a grand fair was to be held "in our town" before long for the purpose of raising money to build a new church.

She was at work here on a sort of autograph, bedquilt, and she enclosed six square pieces of white linen, on which she wished the emperor and empress of Germany, Prince Bismarck and other German dignitaries to inscribe their names in indelible ink. "Be sure," she added, thoughtfully, "to have them write exactly in the middle, so that the pieces will fit right."

When it is remembered that Mr. White was expected to march up with these little patches and a bottle of indelible ink and ask this favor of the heads of the most stately ceremonious court in Europe, the reader will probably understand that the autograph bedquilt was completed, if at all, without the desired contribution from the German empire.

An Italian naturalist has been studying the encyrtus tree, and finds it as valuable for destroying miasms as the most sanguine Californians have ever claimed it to be. It has extraordinary powers of absorption, the trunk of a full-grown tree taking up ten times its own weight of water from the soil in which it stands. This alone is often enough to purify a fever district, the superfluous miasma-breeding moisture in the earth being absorbed by the tree. Experiments with encyrtus planting in miasmatic regions have given surprising results. The vicinity of the Convent delle Tre Fontane, near Rome, was one of the most pestilential spots in Italy, but monks sent there in 1868 to plant groves of these trees made it a healthy region within five years. On a farm near the Algerian borders, where previously no human being could live for any length of time, 1,300 encyrtus plants set in 1877 have contracted every tendency to fever. Similar experiments have been successful also in Alsace and Lorraine. The home of the tree is in Australia and Tasmania. It composes in great measure the forests of Australia. In California all varieties of the tree are to be found. It is planted there chiefly on account of its rapid growth, to obtain shade and woodland on some of the otherwise treeless plains. So quickly does the encyrtus grow that plant three feet high set in the ground near Mentone in 1869, had attained in 1874 a height of over fifty feet and a diameter of forty inches three feet from the ground.

## An Unexpected Rise.

I stood on the porch at evening,  
When the sun was already low,  
And the June bug bright in the starry night  
Flaw merrily through the town.

h, sweet were the gentle zephyrs  
That blow from the balmy South,  
And red were the lips and sweet the  
That I took from the pretty mouth.

Her tiny waist was encircled  
By my arm so strong and true.  
Said I, "Whose ducky are you, love?"

"Yours," she murmured, "and whose are  
yours?"

Oh, the hallowed hours of that evening!  
Oh, the cruel caprice of fate!  
Her father, unkind, came up from behind,  
And fired me over the gate.

—Chicago Tribune.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The artist's adieu to his picture—You

be hanged.  
If a boy gets on the wrong "track"  
It shows that his father's "switch"  
has not had a fair chance.

A fool in high station is like a man in  
a balloon. Everybody appears little  
to him, and he appears little to everybody.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly,"  
said an archbishop who was stealing  
apples from an orchard man's garden, as he  
saw the owner coming furiously toward  
him with a stick in his hand.

An article appears in one of our ex-  
changes on the "Free Importation of  
British Pig." If the British pig is  
coming to reside among us, we presume  
he intends to make his living by his  
pen.—New York Commercial.

His name was Presto Magico, and he  
was giving his great entertainment in a  
small village. "Will any one in the  
audience let me have a live dollar  
note?" he asked, with his blandest  
smile. The entertainment ended abruptly,  
as the audience rose and left  
with precipitate haste. It was more  
than they could stand.—Philadelphia  
Star.

Johnny had a little sister who was  
suffering with the toothache, and her  
mother put some camphor in it to ease  
the pain. The young man watched the  
operation and then went out and told  
the neighbors that his sister had mal-  
in her mouth to drive "em away.—Sea-  
bonville Herald.

The life of a queen is supposed to be  
one long summer day, breathing the  
fragrance of sweet peace and content-  
ment, without a cloud to mar the sun-  
shine, and so forth. There never was a  
greater error. The London World says  
that a Scotch piper plays under Queen  
Victoria's window every morning at 8  
o'clock. How the fiend manages to  
escape after each serenade is a mystery.  
—Norristown Herald.

## WISE WORDS.

Labor is life.  
All true work is sacred.  
Doing nothing is the most slavish toil.  
We wish for more in life, rather than  
more of it.—Jean Ingelow.

Good food makes good blood, and  
good food is the life of the body.

To select well among old things, is  
almost equal to inventing new ones.

Stay not until you are told of oppor-  
tunities to do good—Inquire after them  
feeling too much on any particular oc-  
asion.

Action may not always bring happi-  
ness; but there is no happiness without  
action.

To correct an evil which already  
exists is, not so wise as to foresee and  
prevent it. Nature has sometimes made a fool,  
but a coxcomb is always of a man's  
own making.

The man who mix the least with their  
fellows become at least the most  
thoroughly one-sided.

It is always better to keep out of a  
quarrel than to make it up ever so  
amicably after you have gone into one.