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**Love's Only Chance.**  
And did you think my heart  
Could keep its love unchanging,  
Fresh as the buds that start  
In spring, nor know estranging?  
Lately I, the buds depart;  
I loved you once, but now—  
I love you more than ever.  
The not the early love;  
With day and night it alters,  
And onward still must move  
Like earth, that never falters  
For storm or star above.  
I loved you once, but now—  
I love you more than ever.  
With gifts in those glad days  
How eagerly I sought you!  
Youth, shining hope, and praise;  
Those were the gifts I brought you.  
In this world little stays;  
I loved you once, but now—  
I love you more than ever.  
A child with glorious eyes  
Here in our arms half-sleeping—  
So passion waked lies;  
Then grows to manhood, keeping  
Its wistful, young surprise:  
I loved you once, but now—  
I love you more than ever.  
When age's pinching air  
Strip's summer's rich possession  
And leaves the branches bare,  
My secret in confusion  
Still thus with you I'll share:  
I loved you once, but now—  
I love you more than ever.  
—George P. Lathrop, in the Continent.

## My Great-Aunt Elizabeth.

As I can remember my great-aunt Elizabeth—and I was a very little boy when I used to see her—she was a well-rounded old Quaker lady with the neatest of caps and a spotless kerchief folded across her breast. What most impressed me was that she knitted gray woolen stockings all the time, apparently never looking at them and never dropping a stitch. This struck me as a very marvelous feat, and to tell the truth I must still think it so, as I do not find ladies young or old nowadays who can do the same.

I never imagined that my great-aunt Elizabeth had experienced a livelier emotion than that consequent on dropping a stitch or having a baking spoil. Not till long after she was laid away in one of the tombless mounds in the Friends' burying ground did I learn from some old letters and papers what a whirlwind of passion and of pain had swept through her life half a century before I saw her.

She was the youngest daughter of my ancestor, her father, who, with due respect to his memory, must have been a choleric and tyrannical old fellow. She grew up a beauty, and as at that time marriages were formed early among the settlers of Upland where the family lived, her sisters were soon carried off and she lived alone with her father, then a widower. Naturally she did not lack admirers, some from the surrounding farms and some even from Philadelphia and Newcastle. Two, however, were particularly assiduous; the one, John Hutton, already the prosperous owner of a farm in the neighborhood, the other Thomas Elsworth, a promising sprig of the law from Newcastle.

The latter was a dapper gentleman of the day, with a wig and black silk stockings, and with the courteous manners of the Established church, of which he and his parents were members. He showed to great advantage in Elizabeth's eyes in contrast to John Hutton, a heavy youth, slow of speech wearing an ill-fitting Quaker suit of homespun, and inclined to surlyness. But her father looked at matters differently. He had feigned business in Newcastle and found the Elsworth family to be, as he expressed it, of the Maryland style of people, spending their incomes in fine living, buying wines and wearing imported goods. Altogether the future of young Elsworth looked to him very problematical, so one evening he began:

"Elizabeth, I see these two followers who are coming often; I shall not urge thee to marry either, but I shall tell thee one thing—do not marry, and that is Thomas Elsworth. Nor shall he be again into this house. I shall have no sparks in silk stockings enter my doors."

Elizabeth knew well the hard inflexible character of her father. She could never remember to have sat on his knee, nor to have kissed him. Yet she knew that in his way he loved his family before all else, and what rendered her case hopeless was that it was this very love for her that prompted his cruel action. She turned deadly pale, and sinking on a bench said not a word.

Her father had expected passionate remonstrance perhaps, but not silent acquiescence. He well knew that her affections were for Elsworth. Many men would have worked themselves into a rage to justify their harshness. But he needed no such self-deception. He acted as Friends usually act, with perfectly clear convictions.

"These knows that in this I act for thy welfare. I cannot allow thee to enter a family, where the hours are passed in worldly pleasures, where religion is a hollow profession, and whose goods are squandered in follies. Let this relation go no further, and now to thy sleep."

No child was in her bed did Elizabeth

both give way to those wild choking sobs which she had stifled by a mighty effort. Life stretched before her a long and sterile blank. The light and the glory had utterly gone from it.

Next day she rose pale and haggard and went about her duties as usual. Her father made no reference to the conversation, but he was restless. He knew that on Fifth-day evening Thomas Elsworth paid his usual weekly visit. This was Fifth day, and the old man evidently had something on his mind. So had Elizabeth, fearing she knew not what.

Toward sunset Elsworth entered the lane on horseback. He was dressed as usual with much care in the latest English fashion, and with the usual black silk stockings. As he entered the yard the old man went out and addressed him:

"Thomas, thee can turn round and go home and stay there. I do not wish more of thy visits."

The young man was taken aback by this language, but lost neither his presence of mind nor his courtesy.

"Friend James," he said, "may I ask why thee treats me thus? I have not deserved it." Thomas, though of the Established church, adopted out of policy the plain language with his Quaker friends.

"I will tell thee why. These comes for my daughter. Thee shall never have her," and here the hot-headed nature of the old man got the better of him and he burst out: "I shall never give her to a worldly who thinks to give me money to spend on cards and wine, and," he added, looking scornfully at the shapely limbs of the young man, "on black silk stockings. Get thee gone. Neither she nor I want to see thee again."

A faint cry from an upper window led both of them to look up. There, prone across the sill, lay the fainting form of Elizabeth. The old man with an imperative gesture of anger bade the youth depart. Looking hopelessly at the house he turned down the lane and never was seen to enter it again.

But did he thus give up the chase? Ah! that is where a dreadful mystery comes in. Watched and lectured by her father, degged by surly John Hutton, Elizabeth sank into apathy, the roses faded from her cheeks, and at last she was worried into consenting to a marriage with this persistent suitor.

A year passed, when one day John rode up to the old man's, a prey to some excitement which changed his whole features. His father-in-law looked at him with amazement.

"John," he said, "what is the matter? what aileth thee?"

"Matter," he hissed, "matter—take thy daughter back. I want no false woman for my wife."

But he had not learned the temper of the man he was talking to. With a blow that would have done credit to an arm of thirty his father-in-law felled him to the earth.

"Take that, thou foul speaker, and may the Lord forgive me my anger. But none shall speak such lies of my children."

"A lie, is it?" said John, slowly rising, greatly cooled by this most inconsistent action of the old friend. "Then what does this mean?" and he spread a crumpled piece of paper before his father-in-law's eyes.

It was with difficulty the old man could read it, although it was written in a clerical Italian hand. It read:

"Will thee not meet me, dear Elizabeth, by the spring in the woods after sunset to-morrow? As we pledged each other our true love, let us keep our pledges in spite of the one man who stands in the way, no matter how near he is to thee. Thy own THOMAS."

It was not dated. The old man saw what it referred to and said:

"This was written years before thy marriage, when I drove Thomas Elsworth from the house. But she never met him, as I watched her hourly for days afterward."

"Perhaps so," said John, "but it may have been written within a month. As he spoke he backed off to a respectful distance as he saw a dangerous light in the old man's eyes."

"John," said he, "anger me not. Thou art a fool, and thy wife is my daughter. I shall speak to Friend Rachel Wilson and she shall adjust this matter between us. But never speak to me again about it."

Friend Rachel was a local preacher of great force of character and discretion. She reported that Elizabeth had received this note from Thomas Elsworth the day he was driven away, but her conscience was too much under a sense of duty to heed it. Unfortunately she did not destroy it.

This explanation—undoubtedly the true one—did not satisfy John Hutton, but he dared not openly defy it. He grew more and more sulky, soon took to drinking, and after a few years of domestic unhappiness, he fell off his horse one day when strong liquor had weakened his brain, and broke his neck.

My great-aunt never married again, and for fifty years after his death led that placid existence which is nowhere found in such perfection as in the Society of Friends.

And Thomas Elsworth, what of him? Able and ambitious, he falsified the predictions of my ancestor and illustrated again how foolish is the wisdom which would fence passion with prudence and love with calculation. He removed to Maryland, married late in life, and became a prominent figure in the early political history of our Union.

Once only did the lovers meet.

My great-aunt, left with straitened means and several small children, lived after her husband's death near the "Baltimore road," the main highway which in those days led from Baltimore to Philadelphia. One summer afternoon she took her work to a seat under a great oak tree by the roadside. She was still a comely woman with a fresh sweet face and brown hair untouched by gray. Her youngest daughter, a girl of eleven, was with her and it is her account of what happened that I shall give.

Looking down the road the child spied a delightful sight—a real private coach brilliant with shining lamps and varnish, and driven by a liveried coachman in the majesty of cockade and buttons.

As the coach reached the shade of the oak the coachman drew up to rest his horses. Suddenly the door was thrown open and a gentleman, dressed in the elaborate costume of the day, sprang out and holding out both hands cried:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"When mother heard him," said my informant, "I saw her turn white and lean back against the tree; her lips moved but she made no reply. 'Elizabeth!' he repeated, 'have I no place in thy memory? I have never forgotten, never can forget.'"

"What mother answered I do not know. Something she said in a low voice, and for some minutes they talked together in an undertone. Then mother began to cry and she made a motion to him with her hand, as she did to us children when she wished us to leave her. I heard the words 'Thomas, thee has a wife.' With that the gentleman put his handkerchief to his eyes, entered the coach and was rapidly driven away."

"Mother sat crying for a long time under the oak, and I was so frightened I did not dare speak, nor did I say a word about it to her for several years. Then one day I asked:

"Mother, will thee tell me who that gentleman was who spoke to thee under the oak tree?"

"That, Anna," she replied in her usual calm tone, "was Governor Elsworth, of Maryland. I knew him when I was a girl. But as he was associated with much that was painful in my early life, I should prefer that thee would not speak to me of him again."

"And I never did."

—Our Continent.

## A Chance for Inventors.

A machine is greatly needed in many parts of the country for twisting together swamp hay, the straw of grain, bushes and the small branches removed from trees in the operation of trimming them, for the purpose of utilizing them for fuel. Such materials are extensively employed in many parts of Europe for heating houses and for cooking food. They are twisted together or tied by hand. Although this country is well supplied with wood and coal, and the facilities for transporting them are excellent in most sections, still there are places where the inhabitants are obliged to rely entirely on the materials at hand for fuel for warming and cooking. They have an abundance of hay and straw, and sometimes bushes and the branches of trees that have been planted. If they are twisted together and bound they form very good and convenient fuel for domestic purposes. The materials as prepared should be nearly in the form of sticks of stove wood. In addition to being twisted they should be bound so that they can be conveniently handled. A machine that would accomplish these results would be of very great value in many portions of the West, and especially so in the treeless, coalless sections of the great wheat-growing region. It should be of ample construction, not liable to get out of order, and cheap. Large machines might be constructed that could be moved from one house to another, as thrashing machines now are, but small machines are more desirable, so that every settler could have one. The machines would be valuable in places where there is a supply of coal but no wood that can be employed for kindling purposes or for supporting brick fires that are often required for cooking meals. With a suitable machine a substitute for wood could be obtained from materials now wasted, at the expense of a little labor.—Chicago Times.

The National Soldiers' Home, near Hampton, Va., has now about eight hundred inmates, and is to have a new wing this season, increasing its capacity to one thousand. A new brick building costing \$35,000 has just been completed. The enlargement of the building is found necessary, owing to the increased number of applicants from the old volunteers for admission.

At a recent school examination the son of a coal dealer was asked how many pounds there were in a ton. He missed.

Sunflowers, lilies, poppies and peacock feathers are now in good demand.

## HONENOUS MATTERS.

The \$2,100,000,000 assessed upon personal and real property in New York city scarcely tells the story of the wealth on Manhattan island, as real estate is assessed at only sixty per cent. of its value, personal property largely escapes altogether, and \$100,000,000 of church and school property is exempt.

One million dollars is waiting for some one. Police Superintendent Walling, of New York city, has been requested to cause search to be made for the heirs or next of kin of George Frederick Rappold, who died a year ago in Geneva, Switzerland, leaving an estate of \$2,000,000. He was a native of Germany, and was temporarily stopping at Geneva at the time of his death. It appears that he left no will. His wife got possession of the half of his property, and the other half is now awaiting claimants. His immediate relatives consist of a family named Fluhrer, who emigrated to this country several years ago and are known to have settled in New York city.

A scientific experiment, not unlike that performed on the soldier St. Martin, by which the time of digestion of various articles of food was for the first time accurately ascertained, has been tried in St. Louis, not with a view to science so much as with reference to prolonging the life of a man who was starving to death on account of some malignant stricture in his stomach. His doctor informed him that he could live longer and more comfortably by means of a hole cut into his stomach. After eight days the wound was healed so that food could be introduced, the patient first masticating it. The doctor observed that as soon as the patient began to masticate his food the gastric juice in the stomach began to flow through the opening, showing the intimate connection between the stomach and the early processes by which food is prepared for it. Indeed, it was made certain, in the St. Martin case, we believe, that the smell of food even stimulates the flow of the gastric juices.

The king of Italy seemed surprised on a recent occasion when a party of nine Protestant ministers were presented to him, one as a Wesleyan Methodist, another as a Baptist, the third as a Presbyterian, the fourth as a Waldense, and so on. "I do not understand," said King Humbert, "how you can all be ministers of the same gospel and yet have so many distinctions. Perhaps one of you will be so good as to explain to me." One of the number promptly replied: "In your majesty's army there are many regiments wearing different uniforms, and called by different names; nevertheless, they are all under one commander-in-chief and follow one flag. In like manner we Protestants are divided into several denominations, but we know only one chief—Jesus Christ—and we follow but one banner, namely, that of the gospel of our crucified and risen Lord." It is said that the king listened attentively, and, thanking the speaker for his clear explanation, said: "You wish me to understand that while there are differences among you on minor matters, there is unity in all that is essential." The Protestant ministers, thanking the king for his courtesy, then withdrew.

**Military Terms Explained.**  
Fatigue duty means details made from companies for duty, work of all kinds, such as loading and unloading quartermaster and commissary wagons, repairing roads, ditches, etc. Police duty is the keeping of the camp in order, sweeping, etc., and is generally performed by the old guard, though sometimes a special detail is made for the purpose. A field work is a work of dirt thrown up for the purpose of giving protection from the enemy's fire. The best order for firing with the breechloading rifles is in open order or as skirmishers. If a call sounds for fire, a soldier fires only when he sees something to shoot at. File closers are non-commissioned officers or men marching in rear of company and their duties are to check all disorders, keep the ranks well closed up, and to caution men who are firing too high. File closers never take part in firing unless the command is hard pressed, at close quarters and when every available musket is needed. Tactics is the art of moving troops in the presence of an enemy. Strategy is the science of conducting the operations of war ought of sight of the enemy. An alignment is the line upon which droops are formed or dressed. A point of appui is the point of rest or toward which companies are dressed. A pivot is the fixed or movable point upon which a change of direction is made. A deployment is the forming of a column of two or four into line—a ployment is the forming from line into column.

When one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a brighter, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow saleratus.

## Morphomania.

When physicians discovered that pain could be subdued by inserting under the skin a small pointed instrument provided with a tube containing morphia, they little thought that they were paving the way for a new vice. Yet so it was. There are in our merry England beings who are as wholly under the domination of morphia as ever the Chinese were under that of opium. Women have yielded by degrees to its fatal fascination, until at last they prick the skin a dozen times a day with the tiny syringe that has such terrible results. The operation is almost painless; the immediate effects pleasant. A delicious languor supervenes. Happy thoughts and bright imaginations fill the mind. Some see beautiful visions, others feel only a pervading sensation of comfort and well being. On a few the effect of morphia is to excite to some intellectual effort, if effort that can be called which is pure delight, a glorious feeling of untrammelled power or uncrippled exercise of the highest faculties. It is as though the mind had suddenly developed wings. But at the very height of the enchantment the influence of morphia begins to subside. The glory fades. The wings trail, and the feet that are their sorry substitutes become weighted as with lead. As with the workers, so with the dreamers. The visions are obscured. The sensation of comfort gives place to one of discomfort, irritation, even pain. The mental vision that had just now looked through a rosy mist sees all things as through a crumpled veil or a November fog. Can it be wondered at that the dose is renewed, that the poison is absorbed again and again, that the intervals become shorter between the reign of the potent drug?

And the end? The punishment is terrible indeed. By degrees the mind becomes darkened. Hideous hallucinations seize upon it. Self-control is lost. Imbecility overtakes the weak. Madness threatens the strong.

These are the personal consequences. There are others to be bequeathed to sons and daughters, and later generations. These can be guessed at. The new vice has not reigned sufficiently long for the world to have seen them exemplified, but a dark array of possibilities suggests itself only too readily. The heritage of insanity, of imbecility, of imbecility, with its future to be traced back to those tiny tubes which hold only a drop or two, and to which men once looked as to a blessed means of relieving pain, forgetting that blessings and curses go hand in hand in a crooked world. Dipomania has now a powerful rival, speedier in its results than its own revolting process, and eventually as degrading. The name of the later-born sister fiend is Morphomania.—London Truth.

**Precious Opal.**  
Since the time Pliny accurately described his opalus to the present day this handsome mineral has been esteemed a gem, though not always assigned the same rank; for fashion, in its capricious vagaries, displaces and reinstates it in favor at irregular intervals. Its innate beauty so happily characterized in the lines,

"Milly opals that gleam and shine  
Like sudden fires through a pallid mist,"

coupled with the fact that it is perhaps the only stone really defying imitation, has enabled it to eventually hold its own. The high rank awarded it in ancient times was undoubtedly largely due to the comparative ease with which it could be worked, and also to the fact that unlike all other precious stones much of its beauty was revealed and available without any labor. The strange popular belief of modern days that opal is an unlucky stone to the wearer, appears to be directly traceable to Sir Walter Scott's romance of "Anne of Geierstein." In its usual occurrences in seams or veins in porphyry and igneous rocks, it is plainly an infiltration of gelatinous silica (silica in the colloidal state), often mixed with considerable crystalline silica, and retaining more or less of the original combined water. Indeed, precious opal proper seems, as a rule, to contain more water than the other varieties. Until within the past few years the greater part of the material for commerce has been of Hungarian and Mexican origin, but a new source of supply has been discovered in Queensland. In the variety from this locality, which may in some respects be considered unique, the usual fiery reflections are displaced partly or even entirely by the most splendid metallic hues—greens and blues of every conceivable shade—the individual colors in some instances being arranged in more or less distinctly defined bands or zones, or again imperceptibly melting into each other and vying with the plumage of humming birds in magnificence. Clearly the old descriptions will need enlarging to cover this latest addition to the numerous forms of silica.—F. W. Saebur.

## GUTEAUN PRESENTS.

The Various Articles Received by the Condemned Assasin—A Change of Spirits.

The popular reprobation of the assassin's crime is still manifested in different ways. The common mode of expressing the feeling against the assassin, says a correspondent, is to send a rope suggestively noosed. These ropes began to come by express and mail before the trial, and are still coming in. They have been sent to the district attorney, to Mr. Scoville, to the warden of the jail and to the assassin himself. A little room at the jail is strewn with ropes received from various parts of the country. Some of them are ropes such as are generally used in executions, with the conventional hangman's noose skillfully made. Many other little reminders of the fate that awaits him come in the mail to the assassin, but the warden, as a rule, keeps them from his eyes.

Cheap comic pictures representing the gallows with a dangling victim are also sent to the assassin. In every nook in the district attorney's office can be found some testimonial of popular feeling respecting the assassin. Many of the things received have been destroyed. In one corner of Mr. Corkhill's private office is a little heap of ropes. A bundle of switches was sent to the second floor from Florida. A citizen of Osceola, Iowa, in order to testify to his feelings in a unique way, invested \$6.50 in a pair of white kids and a fine white satin tie, the tips of which he dyed blood red. He sent these with a request that they be worn by the culprit on the scaffold, the red marks to testify the innocent blood of his victim. They now form a part of the district attorney's museum.

From Ohio came a little wooden box, opened on one side. It contained a miniature scaffold, on which a paper image of a man was hanging, while a score of paper women were hauling on the rope. These were, according to the inscription on the box, "The women of Ohio."

Among other curiosities saved by the district attorney is a miniature scaffold and coffin, very neatly constructed, and a gallow-tree, with an effigy six or seven inches long suspended upon it. There is also a little coffin, the open lid of which exposes a death's head. The coffin is inscribed "Strangulatus pro diabolo, 1882."

All sorts of pictures, cartoons and letters have been received and destroyed. During the early part of the trial a great many gags of various patterns, the common form being a comb with strings tied at each end, were received, with a request that they be applied to the prisoner. Some of these have been preserved. In the same connection may be mentioned various pots of glue and mullage, sent with the suggestion that the villain's mouth be glued up. Many patent medicine firms, doubtless with an eye to an advertisement, sent the district attorney samples of their wares, proposing that he dose himself with the mixtures so that his health should not fail him until he had convicted the prisoner.

The district attorney has also received a large amount of Confederate money to be turned over to the prisoner. One imposing testimonial letter, signed "Citizens," contained one copper penny to be given to Mr. Scoville to aid in the defense. A letter received from New Waterford, Conn., from a rope-maker, proposed to make for the assassin a red, white and blue rope out of silk or any other material the district attorney might select. One of the most ghastly curiosities in the museum is a black cap sent by an unknown friend of justice.

A letter that came from Chicago suggested as the proper mode of execution that the assassin be fastened to a rope 300 feet long, the other end being attached to a balloon, which would give him a veritable "flight to glory."

The demon, according to Warden Crocker, has become as docile as a lamb; doesn't insist upon having his own way as he did during the trial, and does what he is ordered to do without a murmur. He has lost much of his accustomed bravado, and does not become so excited when in conversation. General Crocker states that he does not believe any man under sentence of death ever more fully appreciated the awful situation than the condemned. He has become very much depressed in spirits and shows it. He behaves with perfect decorum, and there is not a sign of insanity in his conversation or actions. He is denied the privilege of seeing visitors now altogether, and this seems to worry him.

Clerks in the French government offices are not so well paid as to make the struggle for places so great in France as in some other lands. On an average the salary is only 2,500 francs, or about \$500 a year, and the most of them marry on this and have children. Rent costs them at least \$100 a year, clothing and linen another \$100, if not \$120, and general expenses about \$100, thus leaving them \$150 for food, drink, and the dowry of the daughter.

## THE THREE HARDEST WORDS.

A very learned man once said, "The three hardest words in the English language are, 'I was mistaken.'"

Frederick the Great once wrote to his son-in-law: "I have lost a great battle and it was entirely my own fault."

Goldsmith says, "My confusion displayed more greatness than all his histories."

Do not be afraid to acknowledge your mistakes, also you will never correct them; and you are really showing how much wiser you are than when you went astray.

Religious News and Notes.  
Kansas has 299 Presbyterian churches with 12,041 members.

The revival movement which originated in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, Cincinnati, under the ministrations of Mr. Harrison, has extended to nearly all the churches in that city and its suburbs.

Leipsic, in Germany, has only seven churches, all poorly attended, and no such thing as a Sabbath-school. The people are indifferent to religion, and look upon a religious person with curiosity.

The Bishop of Honolulu has gone to England for the purpose of soliciting aid for building the Episcopal cathedral in the capital of the Hawaiian Kingdom. The church will be 125 feet long, and cost \$250,000.

The Centennial Methodist mission at Lucknow, India, is reported to be in a prosperous condition. The present number of pupils is 116, comprising fifty-eight Christians, forty-four Hindus and fourteen Mohammedans.

The Rev. George C. Mill has decided, after all, not to give up the pulpit of the Unity church, Chicago (Unitarian) for the bar, his congregation having voted him perfect liberty to say in his sermons whatever he wishes.

New Hampshire has eighty-one Baptist churches, with a total membership of 8,915. The total amount contributed in all the churches for the support of the gospel and for benevolent and miscellaneous objects the past year was \$78,105.48.

Archdeacon Macdonald, of the Canada Protestant Episcopal church, has a field of work on the confines of the Arctic circle, and extending over about twenty degrees of longitude. About 1,600 natives have been baptized and more than 100 are communicants.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

REMEDY FOR HICCUPS.—Dr. M. S. Leslie, of Lexington, Ky., says that the best remedy in ordinary hiccups is at about twenty-five grains of camomile salt placed in the mouth and swallowed with a sip of water.

ALCOHOL FOR BRUINS.—Sydenham recommends the application of alcohol to burns, especially for children, where immediate relief is most desirable. The alcohol should be applied for one or two hours constantly, as the pain returns when dry. In case of large burns care must be taken lest the alcoholic vapors stupefy the child.

HOW TO MANAGE A COUGH.—A distinguished English physician, in a work on coughs and colds, says if we would know just how to manage a cough we must learn how not to cough. The inclination to cough should at any rate be suppressed until the secretion, the existence of which sets up the cough, is within your reach; a full inspiration should now be taken and the accumulated phlegm is then removed at a single effort; thus the mucous surfaces are not ceaselessly irritated, and a severe bronchial attack passes easily through its stages; whereas, if the membrane is irritated by violent and useless fits of coughing, it gets sore and relaxed. Again, by inhaling steam or sucking an ipsecauanha lozenge on first waking, the dried secretion may be loosened or easily expelled, and the usual fit of morning cough partly prevented.

"With the Author's Compliments." When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being secured. This Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations.

"We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said glorious old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to the back of your frock."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round, she delighted professor read these words: "With the author's compliments."—Chambers' Journal.

No fewer than seven different languages are spoken on one side of Lake Nassa in Africa, which is only 350 miles in length, and natives from the eastern end cannot understand those at the northern.