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**Fate.**  
Two shall be torn the whole wide world apart  
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought  
Each of the other's being, and no heed.  
And those o'er unknown seas to unknown lands  
Shall cross, encompassing wreck, defying death;  
And, all unexpecting, shape every act  
And bend each wandering step to this one face.  
That one day out of darkness they shall meet  
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.  
And two shall walk some narrow way of life,  
So nearly side by side that should one turn  
Ever so little space to left or right  
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.  
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,  
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips  
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,  
They seek each other all their weary days,  
And die unsatisfied; and this is fate.

## A Romantic Marriage.

She was certainly a lovely girl, such as any man might well be proud of knowing; at least so seemed to think her companion, Cecil Courtney, for he gazed and loved—and loving, gazed again.

"Cecil," she murmured, "Cecil, it seems strange, nay, almost impossible, that you should love me, poor Grace Gardner, a lonely orphan, without friends or fortune, and more than all, your sister's governess."

The manly face beside her flushed with a loving look as he replied:  
"Strange, my darling, it may be, but not one whit the less true, that I love you with an intensity that shall outlive every evil or ill that a cold and unempathetic world can possibly pour upon us. For you, my dearest, I can renounce every wish and ambition of my life—home, friends and fortune—and willing commence to labor for the daily bread that your love and presence shall turn into veritable nanna."

"Oh, Cecil," she exclaimed, "it seems so terribly selfish to allow you to give up so much for me! And who knows, you may some day regret so great a sacrifice? Nay, rather let me go away, and try to find peace away from you; happiness were impossible."

"Darling Grace," he exclaimed, in alarm, "for my sake never mention such a thing again! What pleasure do you suppose all the riches of earth could afford me unless I had you to share them?"

"Then, dear Cecil, I will say no more, only to beseech you to press me no more to—"

"To marry me?" he asked, laughing.  
"Yes," she replied, blushing, "until Courtney your preference for my humble self. Who can tell what might follow? Mrs. Courtney has been kind and considerate to me during the short time I have been here; perhaps they may not despise my dependent position, and consenting to our union all may be bright and joyous."

"I will do as you wish, love," he replied, fondly, "though I have little hope of success, for you do not know her as well as I do. But if I fail, darling, will you promise to face adversity at once with me and become my bride? I have a hundred a year—left me by an aunt—who my parents cannot touch or interfere with. This will keep us from want until I can meet with employment. Say, Grace darling, shall it be so? You do not fear poverty with me?"

"Fear!" she exclaimed. "I fear nothing with you."  
He would have been less than a lover had he not feverently pressed those rosy lips to his own in true lover fashion.

It was the afternoon of the next day, while Grace Gardner was giving a music lesson to her affectionate and pretty little pupil (Cecil Courtney's only sister), that the school-room door was thrown open in an amicable manner, and Mrs. Courtney—tall and stately, with robes fashionable and flowing, walked into the room. One glance at her haughty and angry countenance told Grace her errand. She sent little Mabel away to her nurse, and then, turning to the governess, said:

"And now, Miss Gardner, I have to request that you will find it convenient to leave this house this afternoon."  
"Scarcely this afternoon," replied Grace, quickly. "It is now too late to reach my friends to-day. To-morrow morning I shall have no objection to comply with your request."

"Intolerable—your insolence is intolerable!" exclaimed the lady, walking angrily up and down the room. "I tell you you shall go at once! You do not sleep another night under this roof!"  
"May I be allowed to inquire the cause of so sudden and urgent a dismissal?" asked Grace, in the same quiet tone.

"Ask!" said Mrs. Courtney, scornfully. "Your conscience must tell you well enough! Here, you have not been in the house two months, and you have laid your snares so cleverly that you have succeeded in entrapping my only son; and so skillfully and slyly have you played your part that I had not a suspicion of what was going on until that bewitched youth, fascinated with your doll's face, has dared to ask our consent to his marriage with you—you, who may be the daughter of a costermonger for all we know! This comes of taking girls on a lady's recommendation, instead of applying to those who had previously engaged them! I shall take care to let Lady Powis know what kind of a protégée she has recommended!"

"Grace's face flushed as she replied, with dignity:  
"Truly, madame, you might have stated your cause of complaint in gentler terms. Since you confess yourself ignorant of my parentage, does it not occur to you that I am as likely to prove the daughter of a duke as of a costermonger, in which case, I presume, you would consider your son honored by an alliance with me?"

"The daughter of a duke, indeed!"

You are nothing but a hardy adventurer; and let me tell you, miss, never presume to see my son again! Should he dare to continue to address you in defiance of his lawful guardians, he will be disinherited; and as it is the money and not the man you want, I have no fear as to what course you will pursue with regard to him!"  
So saying she swept from the room. Grace then wrote a short note, as follows:  
"DEAR CECIL: Your suspicions were correct. I am turned from your mother's house because I have dared to love and be loved by you."  
"It were better for us to part now, though I can scarcely bring myself to write such dreadful words. Let me at least see you once more to say farewell, I shall stay until to-morrow at Mrs. Jones' cottage in the village. Yours, Grace."

She then left the same address with Mrs. Courtney's maid, in order that her boxes might be sent to her, and wrapping a dark cloak around her and donning a lace hat, she set out on her way. Mrs. Jones, who was an old woman to whom she had given money and kind words during her short residence in London, not, however, before she had stolen silently and unobserved to a sequestered part of the grounds, and carefully laid her note to Cecil Courtney in a hole beneath a large stone, which hole—to judge by the careful manner in which it was made and arranged—had already been the receptacle of similar messages.

It was a glorious evening toward the close of July when, in a handsome room in a fashionable hotel of the Lake district, Cecil Courtney sat alone with his beautiful bride. The evening sunset was lighting up lakes, mountains and woods with silent beauty. Grace had been busy writing, but her letter was finished, and as she raised her lovely head she exclaimed:  
"Oh, Cecil, how perfectly enchanting this sunset is! My darling, your love is to me what the setting sun is to nature; it fills me with a bright, rosy happiness, which changes my whole being, and makes it as bright as the setting sun makes you lovely landscape!"

"Heaven bless you for saying so, darling love! Nothing on earth could add to the beauty of my beloved's face, that is already perfect!"  
She blushed in silent happiness, and for awhile they watched the glowing scene with a joy too deep for words.

"Presently he said, playfully:  
"And whom has my dear wife been writing to?"  
"To Lady Powis," she replied, promptly, "though I must ask you in this instance to excuse me from showing you the letter. Lady Powis is an old friend of my dear mother's, and to her I owe more than words can express. She is immensely rich and very influential, and it was entirely my own fault that I took an engagement as governess instead of remaining with her. I have now written to inform her of my marriage, and it is just possible that she may be able and willing to find you some suitable appointment."

"You dear, kind, thoughtful wife! I cannot say, but I hope she may for your sake; for I fear, love, that unless something turns up, I shall have to forego the pleasure of seeing my darling attired in such costly raiment as this, and this," he replied, touching almost reverentially her rich black silk dress and the beautiful lace she wore around wrists and neck.

"That would never grieve me," said she, lightly. "I shall be as happy in serge as in satin, if dear Cecil is only loved me. However, before we make up our minds to poverty, let us wait and see what Lady Powis has to say."

The return post brought a letter from Lady Powis, congratulating her dear Grace upon her happy marriage she had formed; and then went on to invite the young couple to come to her on a visit as soon as their honeymoon was ended; wishing, however, that they would come on the morning of the first of August, as on the evening of that day she was to give a grand ball—the last of the season—in honor of the return of her niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, from a three months' visit to a cousin in Germany.

"There now!" said Grace, clapping her pretty hands.  
"But you must order a ball dress, my love," said Cecil; "my pearl must be set in as fine gold as any other at this ball."  
"Oh, leave that to me, dear," said she. "Only you must promise me not to fall in love with Lady Gertrude."  
"Is she very pretty, then?"  
"You shall tell me if you think her so when you see her," said Grace, laughing.

The morning of the 1st arrived, and found Cecil and his bride with Lady Powis by noon. Grace was received with a loving welcome by her friend, who said that Lady Gertrude was resting for the evening, until when she would not appear. There was to be a plain dinner before the ball, at which two old friends were to dine en famille. And then, after awhile, with an apology, the lady left the young couple to their own resources until evening.

The ladies were to dine in their ball dresses to escape the fatigue and hurry of a second dressing. When Grace appeared attired for the evening, Cecil could not but marvel both at her wonderful beauty and the graceful splendor of her apparel. She wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with real Honiton lace and bunches of clematis and lilies-of-the-valley; but more than that, there glittered on her neck and arms diamonds and pearls of great value.

"See," she said, approaching him, "these are Lady Powis' bridal gifts—are they not lovely?"  
"Lovely indeed," said Cecil, intoxicated with her beauty; "but not half so beautiful as my darling wife, who is, I feel sure, to be the belle of the ball to-night." And he pressed her fair form warmly in his manly breast. Proudly he gave her his arm and descended to the drawing-room.

Who can picture his bewilderment when, in the two friends who were to dine with them, he saw his own father and mother!

## LOWLIFE IN NEW YORK.

Scenes in the Alleys and Tenements of the Slums—The Breeding Places of Crime.

Strictly speaking the name "Cherry Hill" applies only to a small locality; but usage has given to it a wider significance. The main part of the Hill is embraced by the park of Cherry street between Roosevelt street and Pearl street—a dingy and ill-kept block almost in the shadow of the bridge anchorage—which maintains during the greater part of the year a melancholy activity. A number of years ago, when the number of transatlantic sailing craft coming into the East river was much greater than it is now and sailors with salt spray clinging to their clothes were everywhere seen, making ashore, panting for the excitement and new life of the city, this Cherry Hill district, which includes all that is set down upon the maps as the Fourth police precinct, presented a somewhat striking contrast to its present aspect.

Then sailor-boarding houses, with greasy wooden benches at the doors, swarmed with Portuguese and other foreign sailors, who spent their money as freely as circumstances permitted; stewards, ship-carpenters, caulkers, stow-aways and other denizens of the wharves formed the greater part of the population; the tenement-houses were crowded by a rough class diverse in nationality and occupation; drunkenness and crime permeated the whole region, which the police regarded as one of the most dangerous localities in the city; patrolmen traversed their posts in twos; cries of "murder!" would frequently be heard, and many parts of the district fairly reeked with infamy. Like the once famous Five Points, this troublesome corner of lower New York has undergone a change. It is no longer looked upon as in any very pronounced degree a criminal district. Petty crime is born here, as it must necessarily be in such a crowded district. Drunkenness is as common, however, as of old. On a Saturday night in summer, when every one is out of doors, and there is no reason for closing windows and shutting in the sounds, the brawling drunkards, the noisy and half-dressed children run from the clutches of drunken fathers and mothers, and the street is a scene of confusion.

Here is "Mullen's alley," piercing the vital of the block bounded by Cherry street, New Bower, Oak and Roosevelt streets, like a great rift in a rock; "Connor's alley," opposite, a vile, suffocating place, with a triangular cut-off; "Murphy's alley," bewilderingly snarled in a network of closings and escapes; and "Single alley" and "Double alley," adjoining each other. The two last named are, perhaps, as striking in their way as any in New York. A five-story building running back more than half the depth of the block, fronts on both alleys. "Single alley" or East Gotham place, as it is sometimes called, is open on the east side; the other is a shut in on the west by a high gable building, making the place dark and gloomy. These differing characteristics give the alleys their names. The large building is divided through the middle, parallel with the alleys, and also at right angles, forming eight houses. Each house has a rattling staircase, with landing, from which the front and rear rooms open on either hand. Each family, however large or small, has only two rooms in which to live and more and have its being. On the left one may live in comparative comfort with a wife and infant. Another on the right, however, who makes eight or nine dollars a week alongside, may have a wife—whom he thrashes when an empty pocket leaves him in want of a cent. He has a family of seven children, large or small; but he has only two rooms, and must stow them away as best he can when night comes. Little, dingy apartments in each landing, like windows in an Italian prison, permit the passage of air from one alley to the other. Four dollars a month is the highest rent, and is paid for rooms on the second floor, which are the best. The front floor, access to the street easier than from the rooms above. Ten years ago this building was declared to have held 300 families, or rather, that number of different rent payers.

Every alley or tenement house is in charge of a "housekeeper," a man who keeps the place in "good order," and whose emolument comes in the shape of free rent, with small additional gratuities. He invariably carries a sprig with awe the numerous ragmuffins who play baseball on the sidewalk, impale themselves on nails and railings, give convincing proof of the theory of heredity by fighting in the gutters, squeeze themselves through small windows, and emit profanity with an unchecked volubility that is almost blood-curdling.

A frequent visitor to this region says that he has found much to interest him here. He has almost come to have a nodding acquaintance with certain queer old women who become faintly visible in odd doorways; and some of the street boys, marking his repeated presence, have commented quietly but profanely on the circumstance. One of the most melancholy characteristics of this district, and other such districts in different parts of the metropolis, is the forlorn and neglected condition of the old. With all the foul air, sooty food and exposure, people are found here who live to look back over fourscore years and ten; wrinkled, yellow and stooped old women, perhaps tottering about with a stick, holding a dirty infant in their bony arms, or heaping curses on wretched youngsters who annoy them. Occasionally there is seen some decrepit old woman, a somewhat respected "granny," but most, with their oaths and dirt and rag, seem as if they had grown up and had some mysterious association in character with the crumbling, sooty and unsavory walls about them. The old men are seldom seen in the immediate locality. In the morning they become the motive power of hand-carts and disappear in the din of the city. Or perhaps they are dodging the coal wagons with shovels over their shoulders, selling lead pencils or

## RUSSIAN EXILES IN SIBERIA.

Much that is erroneous prevails as to the character of prisoners sent to Siberia from Russia, as well as in regard to their condition and treatment in that region of bondage. Every year the prisoners sentenced to Siberia are collected at Moscow, or some other central point, and thence sent forward to their destination in parties of various sizes. They go to the penal territory in the summer months, or from May to October. The vast crowd that assembled last fall at Moscow aggregated about 12,000 persons, and yet it was affirmed by careful statisticians that probably not more than 1,000 of these were sentenced to hard labor. There are several facts to be borne in mind in regard to the criminals who are banished to Siberia, the nature of the crimes for which they are convicted, and the character of their punishment. In Russia there is no capital punishment, except for treason or crimes of that nature. The courts sentence criminals to the mines in Siberia, to service as laborers at fortresses, to imprisonment at home, or banishment to the colonies in Siberia, or to lighter punishment in reformatory institutions. The convicts sent to the mines in Siberia are the most hardened persons, such as murderers, etc. They are led by that class in the mines is said to be deplorable beyond anything in any other country. Persons who have been convicted of ordinary penitentiary offenses are sent to the penal colonies, and their families have the privilege of accompanying them. It is stated that many vagrants are sent to these colonies. There the colonists, as the prisoners may be called, are under the supervision of the government, and are given land and allowed the proceeds of their own labor. It is claimed that this system has been attended with excellent results, these colonists becoming prosperous and forming orderly, thriving settlements, and doing much to develop the country and civilize the natives. More than one-half the population of Siberia is composed of banished Russians, or the descendants of exiles. A few facts may be of interest in reference to the crimes committed and the number of convictions secured. Of the persons arrested for or accused of crime, about seventeen per cent are convicted and sentenced. Of the number convicted, about two per cent are sentenced to hard labor in Siberia, about four per cent to exile in the Siberian colonies, about twelve per cent to labor in forts, about twenty per cent to imprisonment, and the remainder to lighter punishments. It should be added, that besides the families of exiles, some go to Siberia as volunteer emigrants.

Some one has forcibly said that the culture of a nation can be determined from its advertisements. What, then, must be the status of New York, which gives us, through a daily paper, the following:

**Origin of the Pansy.**  
This modest little flower, one of the favorites of the florist, that dons the purple almost unawares, has very appropriately been called the Cinderella of the sisterhood. Lilies may wave and smile in their stately garb, roses beckon by their flame and fragrance; but "them flowers that have faces"—pansies for thoughts—are the admiration of the country.

From the humble heart's-ease, or three-colored violet, has sprung up one of the most popular flowers known in floriculture. Half a century ago there flourished, on a bank of the Thames, a lovely garden; the owner of it, seeing the interest his daughter manifested in the work, gave her a share of the grounds for her own. One of the heart-shaped flower beds this lady of the Thames filled with pansies, wisely selecting the choicest plants from other parts of the garden for her especial culture.

Soon this little mound of the purple heart began to attract the attention of professional florists, and the pansy, no longer a humble forget-me-not, blossomed into royal favor. No flowers are more companionable and life-like, and none perform their part more worthily in work of floral ministrations. Its simple legend, You occupy my thoughts, is one of the most beautiful testimonials of love or friendship in the language of flowers.

While in Europe Professor Silliman called on Madame Agassiz, the mother of the great naturalist. His account of the brief interview closes with this touching incident:  
"She was grieved when she learned that our stay was very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her home, or at least that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality. The next morning she came walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and we parted, evidently with deep emotion and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mr. Silliman a little bouquet of pansies, and bid us tell her son her penses were all for him!"

Thus our thoughts go forth in messages of love and gratitude through the heart-reaching dialect of flowers.

Mr. Frosh, an Englishman, has bought 20,000 acres of the Disston lands in Florida, and will get out vineyards on the largest scale.

## FORCED TO EAT HIS WRIT.

The Dublin (Ireland) *Irish Times* says that the usual fortnightly petty sessions held last week—the presiding magistrate being Colonel Stuart and T. D. Wilson—three young men named Corbett and a man named Sena were charged with having murderously assaulted a process-server named Sheedy. Patrick Sheedy deposed that he resided in Carriek-on-Suir, and was process-server. He got a number of writs to serve on the tenants of Mr. Scally. The writs were for rent due. In the discharge of that duty he proceeded to Ballyneal and served some of the tenants with writs.

"While you were serving those writs did anything happen to you?"  
"Yes."  
"What was it?"  
"I had them all served but two—one for Mr. Sena and another. I got as far as Sena's house, and as I entered the farmhouse, Sena, the prisoner, met me. He said 'Sheedy, I never thought I would see you at this dirty work.'"

"Did anything happen to you then?"  
"Yes; I heard voices in the kitchen, and I became frightened, and turning, ran; but before I got twenty yards I was seized by three or four persons, and dragged back into the kitchen."  
"Were the writs taken from you?"  
"Yes."  
"After you were taken to the kitchen, did anything happen to you?"  
"Yes; I was knocked down on the broad of my back, and several parties shouted, 'shove the writs down his throat.'"

"Can you say if the prisoners were the parties who shouted: 'Shove them down his throat?'"  
"I was too terrified to know who did it."  
"Were the prisoners there at all?"  
"Yes; they were all in the kitchen."  
"You say that you were knocked down in the kitchen. When you were down did anything happen to you?"  
"Yes."  
"What?"  
"As soon as they shouted, 'Shove the writs down his throat,' I pleaded for mercy, but it was no use, and one of the party stuck a writ into my mouth and I was held down until I swallowed it."  
"Did you get any water to wash them down?" [Laughter]  
"Yes; after I swallowed the first writ somebody said to give me a drink of boiling water, and after that I got some dirty water to drink."  
"And after you got the water they made you swallow the second writ?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Did anything else happen to you?"  
"Yes; I was cuffed and beaten, and threatened that if I was ever got at such dirty work again I would not get off so easily, and just as I was going out of the kitchen running, a kettle of boiling water was thrown after me, but it did not do me any harm."  
"Did you promise that you would never again go writ serving?"  
"I had."

**Queer Advertisements.**  
Some one has forcibly said that the culture of a nation can be determined from its advertisements. What, then, must be the status of New York, which gives us, through a daily paper, the following:

**Spring Clothing.**  
In years past, as spring approaches, we have cautioned our readers in regard to the too early adoption of spring or summer apparel. We might well set this down as a good subject for every writer in March. The appearance of green lawns, bright sunshine and singing birds is quite calculated to allure one to adopt light flannels and less protecting covering. Bear constantly in mind that air in motion is colder than air at rest. With March winds, the thermometer above the freezing point may entirely misrepresent the effective temperature. We have before illustrated this proposition by referring to the habit of using a fan in summer. When the thermometer is in the pantries and the face is bathed with perspiration one is able to keep comfortable cool by air set in motion by that little device we call a fan. It is questionable if in the New England and Middle States the clothing should not be thicker and warmer in March than in January. It certainly will not do to throw aside the winter overcoat nor the woolen cloak, nor even the heavy underflannels. When finally the change is made and winter garments are put aside they cannot safely be laid away for the summer until all the chilly days and still more chilly nights have entirely passed away. Always bear in mind that when one experiences a chill, or when for a long time one feels an uncomfortable sensation of coldness a cold is being contracted.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.*

**An Exploding Flower.**  
In some seasons nature's greatest blossoming effort astonishes and delights the traveler in presentation of the tulapat tree in bloom, which marvelous flower, it is said, appears only at intervals of many years, and then bursts from its sheath like a rocket, with a report like a small cannon, sending out immense feathery sprays of a pale yellow or white color laden with an oppressive perfume.—*Ceylon (India) Letter.*

Bank cashiers are generally smart fellows, but they are frequently flighty.

## General Skobelev.

In connection with General Skobelev, the prominent Russian general whose speech against Germany has created such a sensation in Europe, the London *Pall Mall Gazette* reproduces some interesting reminiscences of his career. The story of his exploits in the Bulgarian campaign includes all that was most exciting in the war which brought the Russian army within sight of the minarets of Stamboul. From the day when, "to show the stuff he was made of," he swam his horse across the Danube while General Dragomiroff was forcing the passage at Simnitza to the time when he could with difficulty be restrained from marching into Constantinople as soon as the British fleet entered the Bos of Marmora, he was the most prominent actor in the drama. He became the legendary hero of the campaign, and in the minds of the common people he almost monopolized its glories. He was always in the forefront of the hottest battle; four horses were shot under him in ten days, but he was only wounded once, and after being in constant expectation of death for months he returned home safe and sound. His white uniform was to his soldiers as the white plume of Henri Quatre at the battle of Ivry. "I have heard the soldiers speak of him," says Lieutenant Greeno, "as a general under whom they would rather fight and die, than fight and live under another. They had often to die—sometimes fifty per cent. of his command perished; but he spared no exertion to minister to their wants and to supply their needs. His division was the best fed and best clothed and best armed in the army. He was always with them in the most exposed positions of the field, sleeping with them in the trenches and looking after all their necessities in the camp. In short," says Lieutenant Greeno, "he succeeded so thoroughly in making himself one with his division that his men responded to his thoughts as readily as the muscles obey the will. I doubt if a more thoroughly ideal relation between a general and his men has existed since the days of Cromwell."

His custom of wearing white, as if to court the bullets of his enemies, his reckless personal bravery and the strange custom of his always going into battle in his cleanest uniform and fresh underclothing, covered with perfume and wearing a diamond-hilted sword, in order that, as he said, he might die with his best clothes on," gained him the reputation of a wild dare-devil, which somewhat obscured his real capacity as a general. In reality they only showed how thoroughly he had divided the secret of power which lies in fascinating the imagination as well as of appealing to the reason of men. When he was sent to take Geok Tepe and subdue the Tekkes many shook their heads and predicted that his impetuosity would be his ruin. So far from that being the case he displayed the utmost caution, acted with the greatest deliberation, refused to allow himself to be hurried, until he had made all his preparations, and after he had carried on camels to the trenches no fewer than 1,575,000 rounds of ammunition, to say nothing of several thousands of shot and shell, he laid siege to Geok Tepe and captured that hitherto impregnable stronghold. He had 10,000 troops against 40,000 Afghans, and he achieved the conquest of the Akhal Tekke country with a loss of 937 men. "In our case in that campaign," said Skobelev, "I display my usual recklessness. After the fortress had fallen he was riding through the country with his escort when he met several Tekkes. He asked who they were. They answered, "Friendly Tekkes." "How can I believe your word?" he asked again. "Tekkes never lie," was their confident response. "Well," replied Skobelev, "if that is the case I will send my escort home and will return accompanied by you." He was as good as his word and his trust in the word of the nomads was not misplaced.

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