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### Don't Stop Over.

"Don't stop over," the old man said, "As he placed his hand on the young man's head, 'Go by all means. Go it fast; Go it while leather and horsehoes last; Go it while hide and hair on horse Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—Go it as fast as ever you can—' But don't stop over, my dear young man."

"Don't stop over. You'll find, some day, That keeping an eye to win'ard will pay. A horse may run a little too long; A preacher may preach a fraction too strong; A poet who plagues the world with rhymes May write, and regret it in after-times; Keep the end of the effort ever in view, And don't stop over, whatever you do."

"Don't stop over. The wisest of men Are bound to stop over now and then; And the wisest, at work or at feast, Are those that for evil will never wait. Are the ones that carry the steadiest pail. Wherever you go, in for the fat, But don't stop over—'tis fraze to that."

"Don't stop over. Distrust yourself, Nor always reach to the highest shelf; The next to the highest will generally do, And answer the need of all in view. Climb, of course, but always stay on top; And take your breath this side of the top; And you will reach it in wind and strong, Without stopping over. This ends my song,"—*Highland Journal.*

### The Burning Transport

AN ENGLISH NAVAL OFFICER'S STORY.

The fleet lay off "North Field Hope," awaiting the flag of Rear-Admiral Coffey, who had been appointed to succeed the gallant Collingwood, and a heavy gale prevailing at the time, the ships were riding to the wind, regardless of tide, when night closed around us.

Some thirty sail of merchantmen, under convoy of our fastest frigates, were anchored in the entrance of the Downs, and between us and them lay two convict ships, while a fleet of transports, with troops for the East Indies, were anchored just astern of us, the largest—the Wellesley—being anchored on our starboard quarter, and scarpers three cables length distant.

Being struck by a heavy squall, the old Sovereign at the time, I was honored with supreme command of a whole anchor-watch, and having the first watch that night enjoyed the happiness (?) of strutting the quarter-deck exposed to the wind and rain, while more fortunate watchmen sought shelter from the lee of the bulwarks, or stowed snugly away beneath the guns, whittled away the dreary watch with yarns of dangers and battles past.

It had just struck three bells, and save the measured tread of the sentinels on duty, the pattering of the driving rain and the heavy breathing of full six hundred sleepers, scarce a sound broke the silence reigning throughout the vast hull of the old Sovereign. Even I had halted, half-leaving our dreary watch at an end; and, half-supported by the cabin skylight, was indulging in visions of calm repose.

While standing thus, with face averted from the driving storm, a deep red gleam illumined the darkness on our starboard quarter, increasing so rapidly that ere a minute elapsed the upper works, lower masts and yards of the Wellesley were plainly defined in the red glare. In an instant the truth flashed upon me, she was on fire; and bounding to the skylight I shouted:

"Forward gun of the starboard forward division on the spar-deck! Fire!"

It was our signal gun, and kept continually loaded, so that my order was obeyed in an instant, while I followed up the report with the order, "Bozen's mate, pipe all hands to quarters."

The first lieutenant was by my side ere the sound of the mate's shrill whistle had ceased reverberating on our masts, gun, and berth-decks, when he instantly divined the cause of the alarm, and assuming command, shouted, "Fire! Pipe down all boats! Wait and afterward, pass the engines up from below! Top-men, hook yard and stay tackles. Fore-astle men, unlash rigging, pass the messenger and take to the stern."

In an instant all was bustle and preparation, and ere a lapse of two minutes the report of "messenger passed" was followed by that of "boats all ready," when Captain Wilmer, who had gained the deck, shouted, "Officers in charge of boats, to your stations! Bozen, pipe all boats ready!" I sprang from the rail, grasped the yard tackle, and in an instant larboard landed in the launch, of which I had command. We then fell off, and in a few moments were scudding swiftly toward the burning ship. It is almost needless to add that our example was followed by the various commanders in the fleet, and on dropping alongside the Wellesley we mastered a fleet of some sixty boats capable of accommodating at least nine hundred hands, a larger number, fortunately, than were placed in peril.

The moment the first boat reached the transport the work of debarkation commenced, but owing to the tremendous gale and heavy sea progressed but slowly, while the rapid advance of the fire drove numbers from the deck to seek safety in the sea, from which they were rescued as promptly as possible.

It was truly a thrilling scene. The hull of the transport was evidently converted into a perfect volcano, while from each of her hatches leaped a tongue of flame, which, seizing on her fresh tarred rigging, transferred it the whole mass into a delicate tracery of fire, and speedily containing it left her tall spars to tumble one after another over the stern, killing and wounding numbers in their descent.

This catastrophe, although resulting in death to many, proved a means of safety to many others who might otherwise have perished, as it established a direct means of communication with many of the boats which could not gain position alongside. And thus they work went on, boat after boat departing with its load of scorched, half naked and shivering troops, with a light

sprinkling of women and children, until nearly all were saved, when the task commenced of lowering the insensible forms of those who had been hurt by the falling spars, in the rush which had taken place on the discovery of the fire, or had fainted from excessive fright.

Our boat being scarce one third full, we hauled alongside to receive our quota of the unfortunate creatures, whom we handled as tenderly as possible, laying them in a tier in the stern-sheets, to the number of ten, when having as many as we could accommodate, we dropped astern, and slipping our oars we made a futile attempt to regain the Royal Sovereign. Finding that we could not gain an inch, I seized upon the first full in the gale to put the tiller hard up, when the launch swung off, and catching the next sea broad on her bow, careened so heavily that she half-filled, when the second caught her stern, and fortunately righted her, bearing off some eight or ten fathoms on its boiling, bubbling crest, and leaving us in a proper position to send with safety.

The briny bath exercised a reanimating effect upon several of our insensible cargo, one of whom—a female—having traced the fact of her restoration by loudly demanding her child. "Where is my little Edward?" she demanded, in tones of thrilling anguish. "Tell me, for the love of heaven, if any of you have seen my child?"

"Merciful Heaven! what do I hear?—the voice of my benefactress?" exclaimed a young man, who sat on the front seat, supporting the form of a young woman, who had evidently received fearful injuries prior to her rescue from the burning wreck. "Is this Mrs. Clifford?" he asked, gently inquiring his insensible gently.

"It is," responded the lady, instantly adding, "Whoever you are you evidently know me, and must know something of my darling. Oh, have you seen him? Is he safe? Tell me, I conjure you."

"Would to Heaven I could!" exclaimed the man, passionately. "Bill Hunter would be only too happy to prove his gratitude to the benefactress of his wife."

"Oh, Hunter, my child, my Edward, and my husband—"

"Nay, madame, Captain Clifford said, 'I saw myself saved by your aid, and he may have saved the child.'"

"May have," she repeated; but you not certain, Hunter? Oh, you are not certain, and this suspense is worse than death! And the poor bereaved mother grieved in her anguish, and clasping her body to and fro, and uttering that deep, convulsive sob, which betrays so fully a breaking heart.

"And she interceded so eloquently in our behalf that my Susan might accompany me!" murmured the soldier, in a broken tone, as he resumed his seat at the former's side, on the pallid brow of which he pressed fond kisses, adding, "My poor wife! Would to Heaven you had remained with my parents; you would have escaped this suffering, and perhaps death!" And the gallant fellow bowed his head, concealing his face in his hands, probably to hide the tears which were an honor to his manhood, since called forth by the suffering and probable fate of one who had forsaken friends and home to follow his uncertain fortunes.

A minute later we rounded to under the counter of and received a line from the Delmar transport, alongside of and into which one boat was already discharging her freight of rescued.

"Ship ahoy! Can you accommodate twenty more?" I demanded, as my bowline made fast to him.

"As, my lad, a hundred!" was the trumpeted reply. "Haul up, haul up at once, and clear the track for others!"

We obeyed, gaining, with difficulty, a position beneath the gangway, when the debarkation of our freight commenced, the insensible wife of the young soldier being the first attached to the whip by which the helpless were taken on board. Mrs. Clifford was the second, the soldier having devoted himself to her as soon as he beheld his wife in safety, while I, seizing upon the first opportunity, became again at the Delmar's main chains, and gained her deck at the moment that the bereaved mother was relieved from the whip, when, recognizing me, she rushed to my side, and grasping my arm, exclaimed: "What shall I do? How shall I discover the fate of my husband and child?"

"You must be quiet, madame," responded I, urgently. "It is impossible to learn anything regarding them just now, or indeed before this gale subsides, when I have no doubt you will find them safe and sound. They may have reached some other vessel ere this. Indeed, 'tis more than probable they have done so, since to my certain knowledge but few of the Wellesley's company are lost."

"Bless you!" said she. "May heaven bless you for your consoling words! Yet I apprehend the worst. Do you think that they have reached this vessel?"

"Probably, madame, but I will ascertain," I replied; and, advancing a few paces with the trembling mother still clinging to my arm, I was about to ask if any one of the rescued answered to the name of Captain Clifford, when the young soldier elbowed his way through the crowd, exclaiming: "Mrs. Clifford! Mrs. Clifford! I have found him!"

"Found whom?" she demanded, wildly. "Whom have you found?"

"Captain Clifford, your husband, madam—"

"And my child—my Edward? Speak! What of him? But lead me to my husband, he will tell me all!"

The young soldier guided her through the crowd in silence, while deeply interested in the meeting about to take place, I followed to where a gentleman in the dress of an infantry officer lay partially supported by a half-naked soldier, his countenance expressing at once the keenest physical anguish and a supreme degree of mental happiness.

"Look! Heaven! you are safe, my beloved Nancy, but where is—"

"Edward! Oh, Father of Mercies! I

came to you, my husband, for tidings of our boy, and to be that you are as ignorant as myself!"

"I never saw him but once after the alarm, Lucy, and then he was in the nurse's arms. She was seeking you; and I, deeming him safe with her—Oh! my child, my child! and I disabled and cannot search for him!"

"In the nurse's arms!" repeated the young soldier. "Way, that was Susan. Did you mean, that you saw Master Edward with my wife, captain?"

"Ay, Hunter," was the reply. "Where is your wife? The child must be with her."

"Alas, no, sir. My wife is here. See—she is insensible," said the young soldier; and as he spoke he bent over the form I had failed to observe, adding, "I found her beneath a prostrate spar, by which she had been struck down, and, wrenching it aside, grasped the precious burden and escaped with it, as you see."

"Then, Lucy, darling, our child is lost!" murmured the stricken officer, gently drawing the crouching form of his wife to his breast, where she fainted, while the young soldier, bounding to his feet, exclaimed: "Not yet! no, no—not yet; not yet! I know the spot where Susan lay. The fire has not reached it yet, and Master Edward must be there if not among the rescued. Who'll go with me to the burning wreck?"

"I will, my man!" I shouted, seized with a wild ambition to aid him in restoring the child to its parents, and grasping his arm I fairly dragged him to the rail, on which I leaned, shouting: "Volunteers for the wreck! Sovereigns, ahoy! A child is left in your burning ship! Who will follow me to the rescue!"

The demand was instantly responded to by the unanimous shout of the launch's crew, "Sovereigns to the rescue!" when I turned inboard, shouting, "A lighter boat! In heaven's name let us have a lighter boat!"

"Lower away the gig!" shouted some one on deck, when, passing no longer, I leaped from the rail into the launch, followed by the intrepid soldier.

Scarce a minute elapsed ere the Delmar's gig was down, and five of my men, the soldier and myself, safely seated on her thwarts, when an unrestrained use of our knives severed the davit-tackles, and we were free.

"Bear him with your oars, and ship all my lads!" I exclaimed, endeavoring to find the rudder, when, abandoning the search, I grasped the loom of the after car, which the soldier had secured, and lent my strength toward the impulsion of the buoyant craft through or over the maddened billows, while from the Delmar's deck came a cheering shout:

"Give way, my lads, my noble hearts, and may Heaven speed you!"

We did give way, each stroke of the oars making the little boat fairly leap from the brine, while the life-boat model on which she was constructed rendered us secure from all danger of being swamped. And it was fortunate for us that her thwarts, stern-sheets and dais were air-tight lockers. Had they been otherwise nothing could have prevented us from going down, inasmuch as we were half-full of water ere we had accomplished half the distance to the wreck.

We had made the passage to the Delmar in the space of four minutes, but our passage on her thwarts, stern-sheets and dais were air-tight lockers. Had they been otherwise nothing could have prevented us from going down, inasmuch as we were half-full of water ere we had accomplished half the distance to the wreck.

At length we reached the burning wreck, when a new difficulty presented itself. How were we to board it? To attempt such a feat to leeward was worse than folly, for the wreck, relieved of its top hamper, rode partly to the ebb, which was now setting strong, heaving the dismantled hull into the trough of the sea, which made frequent breaches over her, retarding the progress of the flames, and preserving almost entire her starboard side.

An attempt to board to windward would have been equal madness, and we were debating upon the feasibility of an attempt to board by the wreck of the mizzen topmast, which hung drooping to the surface, from the stern, when Hunter demanded:

"How near can you go with safety, sir?"

"Within two boats' length," I replied.

"Then sheer in," said he, "and I will swim the rest."

"Nonsense! You couldn't!" responded I, startled by the proposition.

"I have accomplished feats as dangerous for a less momentous object," said he. "I'll try it. I can but fail!"

"Give way gently, men!" said I, availing a reply for a moment, in order to consider the proposal in its bearings, when the boat, losing headway and being to windward, began to close with the wreck.

We were three boats' length, when he dropped his oar and was about to spring, but I restrained him, saying, "Hold on! You will have a better chance by that spar over the stern, but how can you reach the boat if you are fortunate enough to find the child?"

"Let me but find it," he exclaimed, "and I can afford to trust for safety in Him who rules the wind and waves."

We were stern to, and within a boat's length of the wreck at the moment, when signing to the crew to give way, I exclaimed:

"Go, then, in His name, and here's to you with you!"

And the next instant we were both struggling in the hissing brine.

A minute later and we were clambering up the top-mast, from which we passed on deck, where we were obliged to pause, our passage being cut off by the destruction of the main deck from the main hatch aft, a portion of the weather-side forward remaining unscathed.

"If the child lives, unscathed, it is there, sir," said Hunter, indicating a portion of the deck, with a heap of smoking canvas which lay along the weather-side, just forward the chest-rope.

"Follow me, then," said I, briefly; and clambering over the quarter-rail I crawled along outside the bulwark, clinging to the chained hammock rail, until I reached the forward channels, when I bounded inboard, followed by my gallant companion.

"It was here I found my wife and, thank heaven, the child is here, alive!" he exclaimed, as the faint wail of an infant saluted our ears.

It was but the work of a minute to clear away the mass which concealed the infant, whom we found lying beside the wreck of the spar, while the charred weather rigging had fallen in such a manner as afforded it protection against injury from the feet of those who must have passed and re-passed the spot in the hurry and excitement of abandonment.

Hunter clasped the child in his arms, and springing all my efforts to aid, proceeded me to the launch by the dangerous path we had previously trodden, when the boat being near at hand he fearlessly committed himself and charge to the mercy of the waves. My gallant crew being prepared for the event were ready, and fortunately able to render him prompt and efficient aid, scarce a minute elapsed ere they had him safe on board. My rescue followed, of course, and was effected with greater difficulty, a mountain billow breaking while I was immersed and heading me and the boat asunder, when nearly two minutes passed ere she came within my reach. At length I was in her stern sheets again, and a few minutes later we dropped alongside of the Delmar, where our success was already known, and where our presence was hailed with a general manifestation of joy.

Need I tell you how the sight of that reunion of parents and child rewarded me tenfold for my share in the rescue of the latter? But I must add that I was delighted when Colonel Ross approached the young soldier—as he stood supporting his now conscious wife, and receiving the congratulations of his friends—and extending his hand, which the young man humbly clasped, said:

"Hunter, brave men carry their own reward with them, both as your commanding officer and as a friend. The action of this night claims at my hands a grateful and public acknowledgment. I will see to your future and to that of your wife."

Although I didn't sleep soundly the remainder of that night in the hammock secured for me in the ward-room of the Delmar, yet I never retired, but rest so perfectly contented with myself and all mankind as on that night, rendered memorable by the burning of the Wellesley transport.

### Custer's Last Battle.

The case of Sebastian Beck, whose career among the Sioux Indians has been noted in this journal, has been fully investigated at the company poor office by Overseer McConnel. During the recounting of his wanderings the old man gave a reporter from this journal a clearer insight into the battle of the "Little Big Horn" than he had before. Beck, who has been a captive among the Sioux for eight years, participated in that battle. He recounted the details of the murderous charge upon Custer, in his broken English, in a manner that was interesting, even to those who were familiar with the slaughter of the gallant general and his band. He said that upon the night of the charge Sitting Bull expected Custer, and had massed all his forces and had a band of 8,000 warriors, of which he was one. The plan of their battle was as follows: The Indians fenced in a large corral with saplings, and within built fires. Upon the saplings they hung their blankets, and within they fixed a net of wood, to represent themselves as seated about the fires. They went into the mountains surrounding the spot and waited until Custer and his company should be attracted to the trap they had devised. They were successful, for the general saw the light, reconnoitered, and thought his chance had come. He opened fire upon the Indians. This was the signal, and within fell swoop 3,000 painted fiends rushed down upon him from the mountain sides. In a moment the little band of 300 men were surrounded, and the unequal battle was commenced. Beck said that Custer showed no fear, but rode into the fight with eyes and saber flashing, and never raised his hand that he left upon some redskins' face his bloody and ragged-edged trade-mark. "X," which so many of his victims in the late war knew so well. One by one his men fell around him, and at last he stood alone among them battling with his trusty saber in his remaining right hand. But at last he too fell, pierced by seven shots. Beck said that his fight was terrible in its destructiveness. Portents of those Indians who entered the fray paid for it with their lives, and their cold, copper-hued faces lay turned to the morning sun next day, with those of the 300 brave soldiers who followed the brave Custer into his last fight. This is the story of the old captive of the Sioux, who claims he was there and saw that intrepid officer die. His last words were: "I am alone; I have done my best; the boys are all gone and I will go with them."—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.*

By an experiment made with a chestnut tree thirty-five years old to calculate the amount of moisture evaporated from the leaves, it was found to lose sixteen gallons of water in twenty-four hours.

The quail is a timid bird, but it generally dies game.

### SUNDAY READING.

**Proverbs on Pleading.**

A native of Japan, who took his life in his hands that he might come to a country where God's love was recognized as true, was asked to read in a school in Boston a sentence in his native language. He consented, and promising that he would utter what was to him the most interesting sentence that could be spoken to man, repeated the familiar verse, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." I need not say that in the New Testament there are to be found scores of summaries of the Gospel like this, which do most positively declare that this is the import and intent of the life and death of Christ; not a fragment of it, but the whole of it; not a fragment, to be supplemented by other fragments, but the rounded and completed whole, embracing in a sentence all that Christianity emphasizes and declares.—*President Porter.*

**Religious News and Notes.**

The British people gave \$5,310,950 for foreign missions last year.

Presbyterian pastors are scarce in Texas, there being but seventy for 160 churches.

The Baptists in the South number altogether 1,715,794, of whom 974,100 are white and 741,694 negroes.

The Methodist hospital, on Prospect Heights, Brooklyn, will cost, ground and nine buildings, about \$500,000.

The first Welsh church in Ohio was founded in 1803. At present there are in the State forty churches with 3,000 members.

The Rev. James Smith, an English Baptist missionary at Delhi, in speaking of the progress of the Gospel in India, says: "Thirty years ago we used to have a convert every two or three years, now we count them by scores annually."

Among the anniversaries recently held in London was that of the South American Missionary Society. The magnitude of the work undertaken by this society may be inferred from the statement in the report that there are 21,000,000 South Americans within reach of the efforts of the missionaries.

San Francisco has fifteen Catholic churches and ten chapels, fifteen Presbyterian churches, fourteen Methodist, eleven Episcopal, nine Baptist, six Congregational and two Swedenborgian. There are also many churches of a miscellaneous character. It is estimated that there is one church for every 2,000 of the population.

Of 185 Methodist churches in Vermont, 200 each, was recently in London, the number of additions by confession during the last year was 600. The Sabbath-schools number 17,761 scholars, 2,531 officers and teachers in 228 schools. Few of these churches date back more than fifty years.

The building committee of the Christian church in Washington, of which President Garfield was an official member, has given out the contract for the new building. The church will be pushed to a speedy and satisfactory completion. It is to be erected on the site of the present frame chapel, which is to be moved. It will be a beautiful addition to the already improved section of the city where it is to be located.

The Rev. Griffith Jones, who has for many years been engaged in mission work in China, was recently in London, where he addressed many of the churches. He says his chief lament is that the missionary prayer meeting, which was formerly an interesting feature in most churches, has either been given up or has fallen into a condition of coldness and dullness. He earnestly advocates a renewal of the old-time fervor which animated these meetings. He has returned to China.

### HEALTH HINTS.

**BATHING.**—Bathing is indispensable to health. It is a preventive of sickness and a remedy for disease. The water cure people, who believe that water is the cure all, the universal remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, are not so far wrong; they are on the right track, if they do run it into the ground a little at the far end. For, as the old proverb says, cleanliness is next to godliness, and as we know that the latter virtue is a sure preventive and cure for all disorders of the mind and soul, so cleanliness is to the body what godliness is to the thought and soul.

**FOOD FOR INFANTS.**—The French Commissioners on the Hygiene of Infancy, in awarding the prize in a competition of essays, report that the conclusions generally arrived at lead to the following recommendations: No child should be reared on artificial food when the mother can suckle it; but such food is preferable to placing the child with a wet-nurse, poorly remunerated, and living at her own home. For successfully bringing up an infant by hand the best milk is that of a cow that has recently calved, or similar of a goat, to which should be added during the first week a half part of water, and subsequently a fourth of less, according to the digestive powers of the child. Glass or earthenware alone should be used. No viciales should be used. No viciales containing lead ought to be employed.

**A CAUTION.**—Boys who are about to run in races or to leap out on a belt and strap it tightly in order, as they say, to hold in their wind or breath. Workmen who are about to lift weights or carry heavy burdens, put on a belt for the same purpose, their declaration being that it gives support. Actually there is not a fragment of truth in this belief. The belt impedes respiration, compresses the abdominal muscles, compresses the muscles of the back, subjecting them to unnecessary friction, and actually impedes motion, beside the other injuries, the use of the belt frequently causes hernia or rupture.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.*

Activity is not proof of industry no more than a handsome face is proof of a warm heart.

### WISE WORDS.

Some men and women talk by the yard and think by the inch.

When a man's upper story is empty his mouth will advertise the fact.

Don't be hasty in your speech, for "a word and a stone once let go cannot be recalled."

The power of pleasing is founded on the wish to please. The strength of the wish is the measure of the power.

No man was born wise, for wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a tutor.

Though avarice will preserve a man from being necessarily poor it generally makes him too poor to be wealthy.

There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches, and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

The influence of many good people is unduly much diminished by their want of that courtesy which has been well called benevolence in small things.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship, and when they hear us praised by others will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.

If there be one thing upon earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man; it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh the time, but they will be remembered and brought out against him on some subsequent occasion.

**A Long-Lost Son Found.**

A romantic episode in every-day life has come to light in Dedham, Mass. John Finn resides with his wife and a portion of his family in a neat cottage, of which he is the owner, located on or near the boundary line of Dedham and Boston. Here he has resided for at least twenty-five years. He has had three sons, one of whom, John, enlisted in the army during the "late unpleasantness" and was killed. The other two sons were named Cornelius and William. Cornelius was a lad about seventeen at the outbreak of the war. He suddenly left town, and his parents hearing nothing of his whereabouts concluded that he, too, had enlisted, especially as during the war they read of one Cornelius Finn, attached to a New York regiment, being killed. The family mourned for him as sincerely as they did the death of John.

Last September William went to Colorado to settle, hoping to better himself. While engaged in a room in the western portion of the State one afternoon soon after his arrival there a miner entered and announced to the company present that Cornelius Finn had opened a new mine. William, taken aback somewhat by the name, said that he had had a brother once whose name was Cornelius Finn. To which the miner responded by looking at the stranger and declaring that he resembled Cornelius Finn, the miner, and might be his brother. Cornelius became greatly agitated upon learning the name of the stranger and that he came from Dedham, and immediately started for the town.

The meeting was decidedly affecting. Cornelius at once recognized William as his brother, although William, being younger, had not so strong a recollection of Cornelius. Mutual explanations followed and Cornelius related his wanderings since leaving home. He had gone South in 1861 and entered the army. At the conclusion of the war he drifted to Colorado, where he had intended himself to mine and had become wealthy. Regarding his neglect to send a letter home, he explained that he had read in the papers of the death of his parents, and had also the report substantiated by John Finn, a former resident of Dedham, whom he met. He had abandoned all hope of ever seeing or hearing from his father. He once took William with him to his mining camp and gave him an important position. His father has received a check for \$1,000.—*Boston Globe.*

**The Russian Sunday.**

In Russia Sunday is the favorite shopping day of all classes. Although the evil of this has been pointed out by most foreign writers in Russia, and by many native ones, it is only of late years that the matter has been awakened in the matter. This has been partly due to the discontent evinced by the classes exposed to Sunday work, but more particularly to the influence of that evangelic movement within and without the Russian church which is one of the most interesting features of modern Russian progress. Archdeacon Bogoyavlensky recently preached a sermon in one of the cathedrals of Moscow, the theme of the venerable ecclesiastic being the Sunday closing movement, in favor of which an immense petition, signed by most of the clerks of St. Petersburg, has just been presented to the emperor. Referring to this and to a discussion by the Moscow municipal council in behalf of the movement, the archdeacon demanded of the orthodox "whether they were not ashamed to open their shops on a Sunday when the shops of the foreigner, of the English and German merchants at Moscow, are closed on that day."

**Can't a Wagon Have Two Horses?**

He is a very small boy, just beyond the limits of babyhood. His precociousness is well recognized by those who know him, and sometimes people try to corner him in a logical way.

The other day some one took him up and asked him if he was not papa's boy.

He answered, "Yes."

"And are you mamma's boy, too?"

"Yes," replied Charlie.

"Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's boy both at the same time?"

"Oh," replied Charlie, indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

### A Leave-Taking.

She will not smile;  
I shall not stir;  
I marvel while  
I look on her.  
The lips are chilly  
And will not speak;  
The ghost of a lily  
In either cheek.

Her hair—ah me!  
Her hair—her hair!  
How ho!-pleas-  
My hands go there!  
But my caresses  
Meet not hers,  
Oh golden tresses  
That thread my tears!

I kiss the eyes  
On either lid,  
Where her love lies  
Forever hid,  
I cease my weeping  
And smile and say,  
I will be sleeping  
Thus, some day.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Paris green is the fashionable color for buckets.

The reason they say "the gay widow" is because she mourns her husband only for a second.

The man who said, "I always take things as they come," was probably bred a photographer.

Mike Hogg is the editor of an agricultural paper in Kentucky. He nose a good deal about corn.

"An Austrian proposes to deliver letters by electricity." It is likely some of the recipients will be shocked.

It is well to patronize home industry, but tooth-picking at American restaurant tables is already sufficiently thriving.

"It is," says the *Court Journal*, "astounding what advanced steps the Americans are taking in matrimony." Here is direct encouragement for the organizers to keep moving on.

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner; "my lawyer took my heart!"

"Intelligent!" said the man, of his setter dog. "He knows a hen, sir. Why, once he took dislike to a man, and went out and induced the man to kick him, so I would whip the man! Fact, sir!"

"Well, you are the biggest goose I ever saw," exclaimed Jones to the partner of his joys and sorrows. And Mrs. Jones smiled upon him with a serene smile as she remarked, "Oh, Jones, you are such a self-protesting darning!"

**He straightened his back and wiped the sweat from his brow so fervently.**

"I would rather travel with Jumbo, dear, than travel with you," he said.

She detested an angry glance and cried: "Why, Walter, you must be drunk!"

"I'm sober enough," he said to know that Jumbo can peek his own eye out."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

### The Cold Summer.

The weather in New York in the year 1815 was as follows: January was mild so that fire was not needed much of the time in rooms. February was mild with but a few cold days. March was cold and boisterous the first half, then mild to the middle of April, when winter set in with ice and snow, which continued through May. Ice formed and the fruit buds were killed, and every tender plant destroyed. Green and potatoes were replanted and killed until late June, the coldest ever known; frost, ice or snow almost every night, destroying every growing thing that cold would kill. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont and Maine, three inches in the interior of New York State and a part of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. July was cold and frosty. Ice formed as thick as window glass in New England. Indian corn was killed everywhere except some favored spots in Massachusetts. August was worse still, for where corn escaped it was frozen, cut up, and dried for fodder. Ice formed half an inch thick, and almost every growing green thing was destroyed in this country and in Europe. Very little corn ripened in the Middle States; corn for seed in 1817, raised in 1815, cost from \$4 to \$5 per bushel. The first half of September was the mildest of the season; then it became cold and frosty and continued through October. November was the coldest ever known, cold and blustering; snow fell so as to make good sleighing. December was mild and comfortable. Great fears were felt for the future season, but 1817 was a fine, fruitful season.

### The New Siamese Twins.

The brothers Tecci, born in Turin in 1877, are considered to be even more curious than the famous Siamese twins. They have two well formed heads, two pairs of arms, and two throats, with all internal organs; but at the level of the sixth rib they coalesce into one body.

They have only one abdomen, one right and one left leg.

It is a curious fact that the right leg moves only under the control of the right twin (named Baptist), while the other is movable only by the left twin (named Jacob).

As a result, they are unable to walk. This left foot is deformed, and is an example of talipes equinus. Each infant has a distinct moral personality; one cries while the other is laughing; one is awake while the other sleeps. When one is sitting up, the other is in a position almost horizontal.—*Presse Medicale Belge.*

See that you are proud, but let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy, too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty, too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses, too proud to be stingy.

Twelve thousand shovels and two thousand spades are turned out every week in the United States.