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Autumn.
Summer is dead; and the autumn winds weeping.
And all the leaves that lately were green,
And all the year is with feeble steps creeping.
To join with the numberless years that have been.
When the sunshine was bright, and the birds softly singing,
We dreamed not of cold, or the sky's chilling mien;
We saw not how swiftly the glad hours were winging;
We heard but sweet voices with happiness ringing.
Summer is dead, and the year's hopes are dying,
The hopes that were bright when the spring tide was young;
When we came with eagerness forth to life's trying,
With step that was firm and a heart that was strong.
And what can we bring as the cause of life's falling?
Was the daylight too dim and the darkness too long?
Were the storm-waves too wild for the ship's sailing;
Was the helmsman unner'd by the winds and their wailing?
Summer is dead; ay, but springtide is coming,
And the leaves that are yellow, and brittle, and dead,
Will revive once again when the flowers are blooming,
And the boughs will wave green once more over our head.
Will the hopes then revive that are now swiftly waning?
Will the life come again that is now nearly sped?
Shall we hear once again the world's mirth and complaining?
Ah, that must be left for death's certain explaining.

A BOY'S STORY.

It all came of my having a railway key and being made to take music lessons.
Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term. I don't know how he came by it, or what good it was to him, but he never saw a train except when he went home for the holidays; but he was always talking of the convenience of having such a thing when you are traveling, and hinting at the mysterious penalties the company might inflict if they caught you using it.
He gave it to me in exchange for a bit of Letty's hair (she's my sister, and Thompson was dreadfully in love with her) and a scrap of the bonnet trimmings she wore in church. I stole that, but had to ask her for the hair, and she brought out a whole bundle and said I might trade away the lot if I chose. "Hair won't wear much now."
Music was another thing altogether. Herr Otto Finke was an old friend of my father's, and lived at Luckboro', our market town.
He took a fancy to me—both me; and actually persuaded my father and mother to let me come over to Luckboro' every market day, with my father, for a lesson in German and music. I didn't mind quizzing messes we had, and lots of jam with them—but in the music was simply disgusting—in the holidays, too!—and the lessons generally ended by Finke getting to the piano himself and warbling songs of his Vaterland by the hour. He did so once too often though—and now I have got to my story.
We used to come and go between Mosslands and Luckboro' by omnibus. There was a Mosslands station on the line between Luckboro' and London, but my father never went by it if he could help it. When he did, though I had the key with me I never dare use it, and began to think I had made a bad bargain with Thompson.
One Tuesday, however, last winter, Finke got so carried away by his own sweet singing that he kept on long after I ought to have started to meet my father, and then got so remorseful that I thought he was going to cry; or perhaps want to keep me all night.
"Look here," I said, "it doesn't matter. There's a train that gets in as soon as the bus. I can catch it if I run—good-bye. And off I scudded, one arm in and one arm out of my top-coat, for I was sure he'd object, or want to see me off. I had money, and there was a train which came up long before I had seen all I wanted about the station.
I made a dash at a carriage. It wasn't locked, as I half-hoped it might be, and in I scrambled, but was nearly blown out again by a volley of the strongest language I ever did hear. The train started and jerked me down into a seat before I'd time to get my breath. I was not used to bad expressions, and my fellow-traveler's remarks made my blood run cold.
There were ladies in the carriage, but he didn't seem to mind that. He had a red, scowling face, with heavy red eyebrows and bloodshot eyes. All the rest of him was a mass of railway rugs and wraps. I had tumbled over his toes into the middle seat opposite, where I sat scared and speechless, till I caught the eyes of the lady next to him fixed on me.
"Ugh! such a bad old face! A tight, cruel mouth, with all sorts of coil-lines about it, and wicked, sharp gray eyes that screwed into one like gimlets. I didn't care much for Redface by this time. I didn't believe he would twist my neck and chuck me out of the window," as he suggested; but I hated her all over at once, from her sausage-curls—grizzly-gray, two on each side—to her hooked claws of fingers that were twitching away at her knitting-needles, in and out of a big gray stocking.
"Hush, Sammy," she said quite sweetly; "the poor child means no

harm, and he can easily get out at the next station. Where are you going to, love?"
I could only gape in reply, and she must have thought I was a softy, for she twisted my ticket clean out of my hand before I knew what she was after.
"Mosslands. Very good. That's the next station. I'll see him safe out, Sammy, dear."
Sammy growled an inarticulate response from under his rugs.
The timid passenger had neither spoken or stirred. She sat on the same side as the other two, covered with a big plaid rug and a little woolen veil tied over her head. I could make nothing out except that she seemed to be asleep in a very uncomfortable attitude.
I sat in the middle, opposite the old woman. It was so disagreeable finding her sharp eyes on me while her needle clicked on just the same that I thought I might as well pretend to go to sleep too. So I curled myself up and gave one or two nods, and then dropped my face on my arm so that she couldn't see it.
Presently I heard the needles going slower and slower. I peeped, and saw the big bonnet and sausage curls giving a lurch forward and then backward, once, twice; then a big snore; and then she was off too.
I didn't stir for a minute, for I saw that "Sammy" was up to something. He leaned forward and peered at her as if to make sure she was quite asleep; then cautiously groped in the seat beside her and hauled up a little black bag. He opened it softly, drew out a silver-topped flask, and closed it just as a jerk of the train roused the old lady. Sammy dived back in his corner, and she sat bolt upright, rubbed her eyes hard, felt suspiciously around till she found the bag, stowed it away behind her and resumed her knitting. Only for a few moments, though; with a weary groan she let stockings, needles and all go down with a rrrn, and dropped back sounder asleep than before.
Then from Sammy's corner came a gulch—soft and low—many times repeated—then all was quiet.
Now was my time. I began to look about and think what I should do first. Whether I dared get up on the seat and see how the communication would work, and what would happen if I pulled it. If the train stopped I could make off or say it was Sammy. He was half tipsy now and people wouldn't believe him. First of all I went to the window to look out a little. It was pitch dark outside, and all I could see was the reflection of the carriage and of the lady in the blue woolen veil. She was sitting up now and looking intently at me. What an uncomfortable set they were, to be sure!
I took round at her directly. She was very young—yonger than Letty, and she's just seventeen and pretty—but so thin and frightened-looking that I felt very unhappy about her.
She fixed her big, bright eyes on me, and put up her finger. "Don't speak," she said, in a clear whisper. "Keep looking out of the window. Can you hear what I am saying?"
I nodded, and she went on, looking at me, and now and then at the old woman.
"If they get me to London I am a dead woman. You are my last chance. Will you help me?"
I nodded very hard indeed, and looked at the communication with the guard. She shook her head.
"No, that's no good. I must get away at the next station. He is safe. Can you stop her from following me?"
I didn't believe I could. I might have thrown a rug over Sammy and sat on him for a minute or two, but that old woman was too much for me. I felt that directly she woke she'd see what I was thinking of, and strange minutes were flying—the miles were hurrying past us in the outside gloom—the girl's big woful eyes were fixed on me in desperate appeal.
"I have friends who will save me if I can but get to them," she panted. "Just one minute's chance—only one—"
All at once I had an idea. A splendid one! "Look at this," I whispered, and held up my railway key. "If I open this door, dare you get out. You can hold on outside until the train stops. There is only a bank and a hedge on the top. Lot of gaps in it nearer the station. Look there you are on the Luckboro' road. Do you hear?"
I was quite hot and out of breath with whispering all this as plain as I could. She caught every word as fast as I could think it, almost.
What with the feeling of my own cleverness, hatred of that nasty old woman and delight in spitting her, and pity for the poor girl, I felt as brave as any fellow, however big, could be, and full of ideas as well.
"Give me that," I said, pointing to her blue veil. "Do you hear?"
"Oh, no, no! They'll kill you."
"Not them! They can't interfere with me." (I declare, I felt as if I could fight Sammy and a dozen old ladies just then.) "Quick, now or never." I tied the veil over my head and lowered the window as softly as possible. There was no time to lose, for the train was slackening speed even then. I unlocked the door. She gave me one look that made me feel braver than ever, and inclined to cry, both at once; and in a second she was out on the step. The train stopped. I saw her skirt flutter in the stream of light that fell from our open carriage door across the down line of rails, and that was all—and I was huddled down under the big plaid rug with the old woman, wide awake, standing over me.

"Drat the boy, Sammy, call the porter; he's got out at the wrong side."
"Call-on-yer-self," answered Sammy, all in one word.
She pulled the door to and tramped back to her seat, taking no more notice of me than if I had been a cushion in the carriage. "It don't matter if he has broken his neck either," she muttered, "perhaps we'd better make no fuss." The train was off again. I dared not jump up while she was in the way, and thought I must take my chance at the next station.
"Oh! my bones and body!" she groaned, presently. "Oh, what a time it has been! Sammy!"
"No answer."
"Sammy!" She was up again and I think she hauled up and shook him, for something fell with a crash like a broken bottle.
"You idiot," she screamed. "When you want all the brains you've got and more too! To play me this trick? Serve you right if I get out and leave you at the next station—ugh!"
It sounded as if she were banging his head against the carriage. That and the fresh air seemed to rouse him. He got up and put his head out of the window for a short time, and then replied slowly and impressively: "Now, look here, old woman. None of your nonsense. When he's wanted, Samuel Nixon is all there. And no man alive can say he isn't," he went on solemnly, holding carefully on to one word till he was sure of the next. "As to this business, I ask you—is it mine or is it yours? Now, then?"
"Yours, I should think; as it's your wife who is giving us all this trouble. I wish I'd left you to fight it out yourselves."
"Stop this," said Sammy, who was talking himself sober and consequently savage. "I'll not have it put upon me as simple as to her marrying you; that was your doing, and I don't want to make away with her; that's your doing, and if it's a hanging matter, I'm not the one to swing for it."
"Heaven forgive you, Sammy," said the old woman, evidently horribly scared. "Don't ye talk that way to your poor old mother—don't. If the poor creature was only in her right mind she'd be the first to say her old nurse was her best friend—the only one she had in the world when her pa died and left her."
Here she sniffled a little. Sammy gave a sort of derisive growl.
"And as to her marrying you; it stood to reason that she must marry somebody, sometime, left all alone in the world with her good looks and her fortune; and why not my handsome son? It was luck for you, Sammy, though you turn against me now. There you were, just come home from foreign parts, without a halfpenny in your pocket or a notion where to find one; and there was she without a friend or friend to interfere with you—as simple as a baby—not a creature to stop her doing as she chose with herself and her money. It would have been a sin and a shame to treat her as the best of them." The old woman seemed to be talking on and on purpose, like telling a rignamole to a child to keep it quiet. Sammy growled again in a milder tone.
"Oh, yes. Say it's all my fault, do! You can talk black white when it pleases you."
"It was your fault, Sammy. You might have lived happy and peaceable if you'd chosen. Haven't I been down on my benched knees to beg you to let her alone when you was treating her that shameful that the whole country side was ringing with it. You know it, and others knew it. And I can tell you what, Mr. Samuel Nixon, if she'd been found dead in her bed, as I expected every morning of my life to hear, there wasn't a servant in the place that wouldn't have spoken up before the coroner—and glad to do it. Who'd have swung for it then, I'd like to know?"
The brute was mastered. I heard him shuffling his feet about me; then, in a maudlin whisper: "It was dratted, nothing else, and her aggravating, winning ways. Don't be hard on me, old woman, I'm sure I've given in handsome to all your plans."
"Because you couldn't help yourself, you fool. Now you see what it is to have your poor old mother to turn to. Your wife may talk as much as she pleases now. Who'll believe her when we've got it written down by two grand London doctors that she's as mad as a mad can be? Who's to mind her talk, or any one else's? Aren't we taking her up to London, just for the good of her health, to a nice safe place where she will be looked after and kept from getting herself and the other folks into any more trouble? Then you and me will go back, Sammy, and live as happy and comfortable as you please."
"They will treat her like a lady—eh, mother?"
"Of course they will; a beautiful place and the best of living. Bless you, she'll be happy as the day is long. It does you credit being so tender-hearted, Sammy. I knew you couldn't abide seeing her storming and raving as she did last night, so I just gave her a little sup of something before she started, and you see she's been sleeping like a baby ever since. And the gentleman—where she's going, you know—he gave me this bottle; and when we get to London I've just to give her a whiff of it on a handkerchief, and off she goes as quiet as a lamb. No screams or tantrums this time; and he and his nurses will be on the lookout for us with his carriage, and before she knows it there she'll be as snug as you please."
This was awful!
What shall I do? Were we ever going to stop? Was there another station before London? Should I be

drugged, dragged off and made away with? I knew if they found me out it was all over with me. The pattern of the blue Shetland veil danced before my eyes—the noise of the train was as the sound of the roar of artillery in my ears. I sat up, ready for a spring and a struggle.
A jerk! Another! A stop, and the door flung open.
"Tickets, please."
I made one plunge. I flung the rug clear over the old woman, dashed my arm into Sammy's face, and tumbled headlong into the arms of the astonished ticket-collector. I felt him clutch me, and then the ground rose up, or I went down—down—into an unfathomable depth of darkness!
"Hullo! old fellow. Better now?" I was the first words I heard. Thompson's voice! There he was with a glass of water in his hand, stooping over me. Thompson's mother was kneeling beside me, cuddling me up against her nice, soft seal skin. I was on the waiting-room sofa, and about a dozen people were all standing staring round. Thompson went and telegraphed home that I was safe, and then he and his mother took me to the house in London where they were staying.
I can't remember much after that. I was in bed for many weeks. I believe, I tried to tell people what had happened, but no one would listen. They try even now to make me believe I dreamt it in my illness. I've got it told now though, and every word is solemn truth. Besides, didn't I see and smell Letty burning the blue Shetland veil. I've had no more music lessons since, that's one good thing.
The railway key? Oh, I left that sticking in the door.
That's all.—Argosy.

Life in a Montana Frontier Town.

The following amusing description of the mixed life of a frontier town is from E. V. Smalley's paper on "The New Northwest," in the Century.
The picturesque features of life in a Western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly-clad men gather around the doors of the drinking saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards, their own invention, breaks up. One of these squares throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and herself, secures the child with a strap buckled across her chest and strides off, her meagles feet tottering inward in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bedsheet, with leggings of some blue stuff, but she has somehow managed to get a civilized dress for sale to the child. They all go off to their camp on the hill nearby. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a little the worse for the bad whiskey they have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in blue woolen shirt and brown canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and a beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and, with a dress for sale to the child, fling talk, offers the animal for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotel piazza. No one wants to buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter, the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them pliazzer posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer is declined by the landlord; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somebody.
Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on sprinkling clothes by blowing water out of their mouths. Early or late, you will find these industrious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to a stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now—a "buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary harness and bridle of the Indians. These people want to buy some article at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the windows for five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first they would have gone away without buying.

Earnings and Savings.

According to Mr. Edward Atkinson but half of the 52,000,000 people of the United States can be reckoned in the working force of the nation. The earnings of this working force, male and female, cannot exceed an average of \$1 a day each for the 365 days of the year, so that the annual income of the people, in round numbers, is \$10,000,000,000. He estimates that the sustenance of our population averages forty-five cents a day for each man, woman and child, so that ninety cents of every dollar earned is consumed, leaving but one cent of the annual earnings to maintain existing capital and increase the nation's wealth. His opinion is that the increase in wealth is less than \$500,000,000 annually. His purpose in this exhibit is to encourage economy. Learn to work more thoroughly, more savingly; to raise as much as possible with as little waste as possible, is his injunction.

WISE WORDS.

It is wisdom to think and folly to sit without thinking.
It is a good rule to be deaf when a slanderer begins to talk.
Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.
Every one of our actions is rewarded or punished, only we do not admit it.
Life is just long enough for a man to decide where he will spend eternity.
Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.
It is easy enough to forgive your enemies, if you have not the means to harm them.
It is a fact worth remembering that it does not take half so long to make a wound as to heal one.
We should not measure the excellence of our work by the trouble that it has cost to produce it.
When alone guard your thoughts; when in the family guard your temper; when in company guard your words.
Foundations are good, and paths are good; but they are not enough. Foundations were made to build on; paths were made to walk in.
There is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position and makes the best of it.
The best receipt for going through life happily is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others.
This life is not ordained in vain; it is constituted for a grand purpose, if through its lessons of experience we become convinced that this life is not all.
What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve but will to labor. I believe that labor judicious and continuously applied becomes genius.
Much talk and much judgment seldom go together, for talking and thinking are two quite different qualities, and there is commonly more depth where there is less noise.

HEALTH HINTS.

In cases of fainting lay the person flat on the back, loosen the clothing and sprinkle cold water on the face. If the fainting is from exhaustion a few drops (10 to 30) of aromatic spirits of ammonia taken in water will afford a good stimulant.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.
In the early stages of typhoid fever Dr. Guillaume, of the French navy, has administered coffee with marked success. Three tablespoonfuls are given adults every two hours alternating with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. A beneficial result is immediately apparent. The lemon-ade or citrate of magnesia is also administered daily, and after some time quinine is recommended.
All heat or warmth in the body comes from food oxidized, slowly burned in the body, just as much, and in about the same way that heat in the stove or furnace comes from fuel oxidized or burned there. Warmth is always escaping from the body, unless it is an atmosphere nearly up to 100 degrees of heat. Warm clothing, warm houses, stalls, sheds, that prevent the rapid escape of heat, save the necessity of taxing the stomach to digest an excessive amount of food (fuel) to keep up the heat of the body, human or rate.

A Dangerous Bedfellow.

Ferryman Hoppy, of Arena, Wis., recently experienced a fearful sensation on awaking during the night. He felt something crawling over him, and knew, when fairly awake, that it was a snake. He did not know what to do, but finally took both hands and threw the bedclothes over it and got on it with his knees. The reptile immediately coiled its tail around his neck, he being on its head. By repeated efforts he succeeded in uncoiling it, but not before he was nearly strangled. He gathered up snake and clothes together, threw them from the window that was open near the bed, and then as quickly as he could get out of doors caught up a pole and struck the snake a blow. He could see him coiled up and could hear the rattle, showing it to be a very large rattlesnake. As he struck the reptile coiled around the pole and as he raised the pole to strike again it sent the snake away into the river. It was a close call for Mr. Hoppy. He doesn't like such bedfellows, and has wire screens to his windows now.

A Poem Written on a Grain of Rice.

A Chinese teacher in the colony has just presented quite a curiosity to the city hall museum. Many of our readers have doubtless seen specimens of printing compressed within very small limits, such for instance as the whole of the Lord's prayer contained within a circle the size of a finger ring. This, however, is not a specimen of minute typography but of calligraphy, for it consists of a stanza of poetry, composed by the teacher himself, which contains thirty-three distinct and well formed Chinese characters written out in the full style without any contractions, though the most complicated characters are not introduced into this illipituous poem. It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact that the whole of these thirty-three characters are inscribed on one grain of unpolished rice. It is only another instance of the patient toil which a Chinaman will spend over apparently unremunerative work.—Overland China Mail.

About 36,000 barrels or 360 car loads of salt are weekly shipped west from Saginaw, Mich.

Glacier Accidents in Switzerland.

Glacier accidents generally arise from falls into rifts hidden under a layer of snow. In the summer of 1879, the day being Tuesday, as three men of Lenk—Jacob Trachsel, Peter Blatter and another—were crossing the Wildhorn-gletscher on their way home, Blatter had the ill-luck to fall into a concealed crevasse. Though not so badly hurt that he could not call out, he was too far down to be helped up without ropes. So it was agreed that Trachsel should remain by the crevasse, while the third man, whose name the record does not reserved, went to the nearest habitation for ropes and help. When he returned Trachsel had disappeared, and the rift into which Blatter had fallen could not be found. The third man and the men he had brought with him after searching and shouting until far into the night gave up Blatter for lost, and went away without the least hope that they should see him again. But, to the unspeakable surprise and almost consternation of his neighbors, he turned up two days later at his own house, not much the worse, seemingly, for his adventure. How he escaped is not mentioned, probably by running down one of the water courses, which run under every glacier, to daylight.
Jacob Trachsel, who had left his post on the crevasse simply because he was weary of waiting, was tried at Lenk for deserting his companion. Being convicted of "faithfulness" he was sentenced to three days' imprisonment and to do the Herdfall, which signified asking pardon publicly of God and man on benched knees for the sin he had committed.
In July, 1787, a similar accident befell Christian Bohrer, of Grindelwald. As he crossed the upper Grindelwald glacier toward the Mettenberg a snow avalanche threw him into a crevasse seventy feet deep. Though his arm was broken and his wrist dislocated in the fall, he managed to work his way under the glacier to the stream at its base, and after a desperate struggle of two days he succeeded in escaping from his icy prison.
The *Naturgeschichte des Schweizerlandes* tells of a very unpleasant experience which in the early part of the last century befell a chamois-hunter of the name of Kaspar Stoeri. As Stoeri and two other hunters were in hot chase after chamois on the Limmernalp glacier, he disappeared as suddenly as if he had been swallowed up by an earthquake. He had fallen into a hidden crevasse. His companion peered fearfully into the hole down which Stoeri had vanished, and thinking that all was over with him, commended his soul to God. But when they heard his voice faintly crying for help, and perceived that he was clinging to a ledge of the crevasse, they ran to a goat-herd's hut hard by him in the hope that they might possibly find there a rope. They found only an old counterpane too rotten to be of any use. Meanwhile poor Stoeri was in fearful plight—half his body in freezing glacier-water, and holding on desperately with hands and feet to the icy walls of the rift. He had given himself up for lost, and was saying, as he thought, his last prayer, when his comrades lowered him a rope, which they had contrived to make with their belts and part of their clothes. He grasped it joyfully with both hands, his friends pulled lustily, and Stoeri was just about to thank Heaven for his happy escape, when one of the belts gave way, and down he fell again. The second misfortune was worse than the first; Stoeri took part of the line down with him, and in the descent one of his arms was badly broken. But he held on with the other, and by splitting their belts his companions made the extemporized ladders long enough to reach him a second time. As one arm rested on the ledge, and as he dared not remove it for fear of falling further into the abyss and being drowned in the water, of which the crevasse was nearly full, he had to bend the rope round his body with the broken limb, which caused him terrible anguish. This time the belt held, and Stoeri was safely landed on the glacier. As his companions drew him out of the hole he fell into a dead faint, and it was a long time before he came round and could be removed to his home.
But not every one who falls into a crevasse is equally fortunate. In 1821 M. Mouton, a clergyman from Vevey, while crossing the Lower Grindelwald glacier, went down a rift seven hundred feet deep. When his guide (to whom he ought to have been attached by a rope) reported the accident at Grindelwald, a suspicion arose that the poor man had been robbed and murdered, and his body thrown into the crevasse to conceal the crime. In order to ascertain the truth, another guide was tied to a rope and lowered into the abyss. After several attempts, the man, though he suffered much from cold and bad air, succeeded in fastening the corpse to his own body, and so carried it to the surface. M. Mouton's watch and purse being found intact in his pockets, the guide was freed from the suspicion which rested upon him, and his character for honesty, if not for efficiency, redeemed.
In the year 1820 three guides were swept into a crevasse at the head of the Grand Plateau at the foot of the final slope of Mount Blanc. More than forty years after they had been buried in their icy tomb the remains of these unfortunate men were found near the end of the Glacier des Bosses, whither they had drifted with the moving ice, miles below the rift in which they were engulfed.

Joseph White, of Bake Oven, Wasco county, Oregon, began as a sheep herder in that region without funds five years ago. He recently sold out his band of sheep for \$5,300. From his this year's shearing he sold from 678 ewes \$1,158 worth of wool and raised 478 lambs.

SUNDAY READING.

Sometimes.
It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness and the day is born on the mountain. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call "sometimes." Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there. Oh, reader, be of good cheer! For all the good there is a golden "sometimes" when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and sorrow, of life are over, then there is the place and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead! ever whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds, and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills and standing with the spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm-trees of the glorious city, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there will be no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping "sometimes."—*Advent Review.*

Religious News and Notes.
There are now 700,000 Protestants in France.
The State of Michigan has 209 Congregational churches.
One-half the cadets of West Point are church members.
Edinburgh, Scotland, has been besieged by the Salvation army.
New York city has twenty Lutheran churches and Philadelphia thirty.
The Reformed church in America has 509 churches and 80,167 communicants.
The sale of Bibles and other Christian books in Japan is increasing rapidly.
The head chief of the Pima Indians has cut his hair short, dresses in American clothes and regularly attends church. Members of his tribe are erecting a small chapel at Blackwater.
The late Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Musgrave, a Presbyterian pastor of Philadelphia, bequeathed \$30,000 to Princeton college, to be invested till it reaches \$50,000, to found a Musgrave professorship, and \$17,000 to other Presbyterian institutions.
Atlanta, Ga., shows, it is claimed the best church record of any city in the Union. With a population of nearly 50,000, it has forty-eight churches, with a total membership of 18,950, and an average Sunday attendance of over 20,000.
A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the lady's house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But it is not Sunday under my shawl, aunty" asked the child.
The Protestant Episcopal diocese of Indiana presents the following statistics: Clergy, twenty-nine; parishes, forty-eight; baptisms, 105 of which were adults, 429; communicants in forty-five churches, 3,890; contributions in thirty-four churches, \$57,122. Diocese of Pittsburgh: Clergy, 46; parishes, 155; communicants, 6,040; contributions, 411. Sunday school teachers, 495; scholars, 4,749; contributions, \$132,499.
A very pretty story is told of the mother of Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who recently completed her eightieth birthday. She is too deaf to hear her son preach, but every Sunday morning before he is going to church he tells her what he is going to preach about, and gives her an outline of his sermon, and then she prays for him in her room during the hours of service. She was left a widow fifty-five years ago, when her son was only four years old.

A Hunter's Extraordinary Shot.
The Santa Fe (N. M.) *News* tells the champion hunting story of the season: H. J. Sheldon, a hunter camped at Cooper City, on the Pecos, New Mexico, last Saturday afternoon in search of game. Saturday night he camped at the upper forks of the river, and Sunday, bright and early, was again on the march. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the burro, which had wandered ahead, came running back, apparently in great terror, ears and tail erect, eyes glaring, making that peculiar mournful sound for which its species is noted, and refusing to be caught or comforted. Not being able to make out from the report of the confused burro just what had happened, Mr. S. cocked his gun and advanced slowly and cautiously on the unknown enemy. Crawling along on his hands and knees for about a quarter of a mile, he at length doubled a bend in the river, and there, standing in full view in the meadow, and not more than 150 yards away, he saw a huge grizzly bear with three cubs, and just beyond the bear and in direct range with her, an animal that he at once recognized as the long-sought-for elk. Neither of the beasts were aware of his approach, so quietly rising upon one knee and resting his rifle across the other, which is Mr. S.'s favorite position in shooting, he took a deliberate aim. Bang went the gun, away sped the bullet and down fell two animals—in fact, three—the bear, the elk and Mr. S. himself. The bullet had cut the backbone of the bear completely in two, and passing through had lodged in the heart of the elk, and the extraordinary task to which the rifle had been subjected produced such a violent recoil that the hunter himself was stretched flat upon the ground. Recovering himself speedily, Mr. S. advanced upon the prey, hunting-knife in hand, but life was extinct in both animals. The little cubs on hearing the report of the gun fled, but being only a few weeks old were speedily captured, tied in bags and fastened on the back of the horse.