

The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. XII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1882.

NO. 35.

Keep the Beacon Light in Trim.
"Do your lights, sir, never go out!" I said
To the keeper of Calais light;
"Do you never forget to trim your lamps,
My friend, for a single night?"
Never!—Impossible! cried the man;
"For to me would be all the same?"
And his bright eyes flashed as he looked aloft
At the steady lambent flame.
"If I should neglect my duty, ma'am,
Weeks hence would go forth the cry—
'A keeper at Calais forgot his trust,
And an ewer went down to die!'"
"It seems sometimes as if the eyes
Of the world were fixed on me,
As the myriad stars of the firmament
Look down on the cruel sea."
"So I'll never forget to light my lamp,
That 'tis evidence for good will."
May war 'poor Jack' of the hidden rocks
That lurk 'neath the restless tide."
I thought, as I went my homeward way,
Oh! would we were all as true
And faithful in trimming the beacon lights
Of home, as we journey through.
Ah! then we should never, never hear
The voice of the drowning shout:
"We looked for the sign of the tower of hope,
We looked! but the light was out!"

A LITTLE COWARD.

That was what Miss Merivale had called her that morning when she trembled and turned pale because the black mare reared with her. She begged Sir Robert to take her off, and stood in ignominious safety, while Agatha Merivale mounted Stella and rode off triumphantly down the avenue. She was a coward. She did not deny it, and was sometimes very much ashamed of it. But no one had seemed to mind it until Agatha Merivale came, with her bold, dark eyes and her dashing ways, her riding and hunting; and everybody admired Agatha so much, even Sir Robert.

She almost hated Agatha! You see, until Agatha came they had been so happy at De Rossett. Little orphan Madeline Leigh had never been so happy in her life as here at the hall, with sweet Lady de Rossett, who was her guardian, and her son, Sir Robert. They were so kind and good to her. They petted her and loved her so. And now Agatha had come, and for two weeks had monopolized Sir Robert, and kept the house in a turmoil of gayety, and laughed at Lina, and made her life wretched.

Lina's maid reported that everybody said Sir Robert was to marry Miss Merivale. Lina made a stern resolve that she would run away from the hall when that event took place. Run away! She would run away now! Not far though—she was too much of a coward to venture far into the world alone; but she would go away across the fields to "Aunt Margaret's," as she called Lady de Rossett's widowed sister-in-law, who lived in a quite comfortable house a mile away from the hall.

Mrs. Harrington was an invalid, paralyzed and confined to her bed. She was rather a grim old lady, and most were inclined to shun her; but sweet, bright little Lina had won her way into the old lady's heart, and was always welcome at the lodge.

Yes, she would run away to Aunt Margaret's, and perhaps, when she was missed, Sir Robert might feel a moment's uneasiness about her. Seizing her hat and a light shawl she flew off across the park, calling Leo, Sir Robert's pretty colt, to go with her. Lina did not like to cross the fields alone, being possessed by a great terror of bulls; but with Leo she would not mind it much.

to deposit for her. And Parkins, her nurse and housemaid, let the maid servants all go off to a fair in the village, "where they will certainly get into mischief," Mrs. Harrington said. But when Lina had talked to her and made her laugh a little, she forgot her grievances and chatted away very pleasantly. At 10 o'clock she declared she would laugh till she was tired, and Lina must give her her drops and let her go to sleep.

"There! the spoon is gone. Where can Parkins have put it! Child, would you mind running down into the pantry and bringing me a spoon? I would ring for Parkins, but she told me she wanted to get up some muslins this evening, and would come up as soon as she had finished."
Lina did not altogether like to pass down the long stairs and silent entries leading to the pantry, but she went and Leo trotted after her. As she stood in the pantry, looking around for spoons with no light but a faint gleam from the hall lamp, a sound of low voices caught her ear.

The pantry was on the ground floor, its iron-barred shuttered window looking into the garden. The sound was outside the window, and Lina paused to listen. The first word that caught her startled her.
"A thousand pounds and all the old woman's jewelry and plate!" said a man's voice, in a husky undertone.
"Yes," was the reply in a woman's voice—the voice, Lina knew, of Parkins, Mrs. Harrington's model, soft-voiced, lady-like nurse—"and there won't be any trouble about it, because I have let the woman go away to stay all night and sent the gardener on a fool's errand to missus' brother's twenty miles off."

"But this girl that came to-night—what about her?" asked the man.
"Oh, she will go to her room presently, and stay there if she is wise. She'd be no hindrance anyway—a silly, timid little thing. But it's as well to let her get out of the way," said Parkins, coolly.
"But see here, Molly, why not do it now? Then we'll have more time to get away before daylight," said the man.
"I tell you it is not safe before 11 o'clock," Parkins said, positively. "People may come in. Sir Robert don't like her out of his sight for long, and that idiotic young Marsden may come mooning in. Wait till half-past 11, and the west door here will be open. And, Jim, look here, when you get this swing you are to take me with you—your wife, mind!"

The speakers grew fainter. Evidently the voices were moving away from the house. But Lina had heard enough. Sick with terror she leaned against the pantry wall a moment and tried to think. What did it all mean? Robbery, murder! And no help near. Her first instinct was to fly out of the house and across the field to the hall. But her absence would be instantly discovered, she knew, and then poor Aunt Margaret would be alone with those wretches. No, she must not go to stand there idle would be no good. She flew along the halls and upstairs, Leo padding by her side. At Aunt Margaret's door she paused, and a sudden thought came to her. She would send Leo home for help.

couch for Lina, and took herself off, observing, sweetly:
"If Miss Leigh will leave the door ajar I can hear a call from this room and will come instantly."
"Thanks, Parkins, but I hope I shall not have to call you," said Lina, speaking as sweet as Parkins herself.
Then as she glided to the door as soon as it was closed, she turned with a face of dismay, and whispered:
"The key is gone! She took it when she was fidgeting in and out with the sheets and pillows."
"There is a bolt besides," Aunt Margaret answered.

Lina gave a sigh of relief as she slipped the bolt into the groove, and felt that she had at least some little protection against the enemy.
"Now, child," Aunt Margaret said, "can you use a pistol?"
"I never touched one in my life," said the "little coward;" "but if I had one now I wouldn't try."
"Very well. Take my safety—it is under my pillow—and unhook the safe. They are just as my husband left them a year ago, but Robert looked at them a few days ago, and said they were all right. That is it. Put one of them on the foot of the bed, and if those wretches come, try, my dear, to use it. Now put the other here, by my left hand. Thank God! I can use that a little. Now, what are you doing? Oh, yes; pile up all you can against the door. There, you can't move anything else. Now, come here, little girl, kneel down by me, and let's say our prayers together."
With the old lady's thin, pallid hand clasped tightly in her two cold, trembling little ones, Lina knelt down there, and, burying her face in the pillow, tried to pray.

Her petition was not a very coherent one; it was only a wild, passionate cry for help and help, and meanwhile she was listening with every nerve strained for sounds from the outside. A lamp burned in the room. On the mantelpiece a softly-ticking clock marked the slow minutes. No other sound broke the stillness.
Presently a sob shook the girl's figure. She was thinking of Sir Robert and his tender care over her.
Oh, if she had only not been so wayward and proud this evening all would have been well. He would have come for her and they would have been safe. But surely, surely, he would come yet. He could not fail to find the note she had knelt to write and to save her. But yet horrible doubts came to her as to whether the note would reach him. It might be lost, or Leo might wonder about and not get home until it was too late.

Too late! Lina shuddered and sobbed again as she thought what that might mean. Oh, it was hard to think of dying so helplessly, so horribly, with help so near.
The long minutes crept on and no sound came until 11 o'clock had passed. The little clock softly chimed the half hour. Then, in a few moments, came a sound of stealing footsteps in the passage and the knob of the door was softly turned.
Breathless silence in the room. Then a gentle tap at the door. Lina clasped Aunt Margaret's hand convulsively, and the old lady spoke.
"Who is that?" she asked, steadily.
"It is me, Parkins, ma'am. Will you ask Miss Leigh if she will kindly open the door? I have the toothache, and want some laudanum."
"What a fend it is!" whispered Aunt Margaret, almost aloud: "Go downstairs and get something, Parkins. I cannot trouble Miss Leigh."
Lina hoped that Parkins would prolong the point a little. Anything to prolong the parley and gain time.

But a whisper in the passage followed, and then a man's voice:
"Ladies, there's no use making a row. Just open the door peacefully and you shan't be hurt. We'll break it down if you don't."
"What do you want?" Lina asked, hoping to gain a little time. A new and gruff voice answered, insolently:
"You know well enough what we want, miss. We want the thousand pounds and the diamonds and we mean to have them. So don't be a fool, but just open the door peacefully or you'll be sorry."
Lina sprang to her feet and seized the pistol. A flood of color rushed to her cheek and brow. She had been insulted and threatened, and indignation overpowered terror. She went toward the door and called out, quickly and clearly:
"You're not coming in. I have sent for help, and Sir Robert and his men will be here directly. I am armed; and if you break the door down I will shoot you like a dog!"
A moment's silence followed, then a coarse laugh, and—
"All gammon. She hadn't no one to send. Break the door down," in Parkins' voice; and heavy blows began to fall upon the door. It trembled and cracked beneath the battery. A panel broke, a man's hand was thrust in; the whole door seemed about to fall when—bang! came two reports from Leo's pistol, and a couple of bullets crashed through the panels and the besiegers paused abruptly.
"Go away instantly," called the girl's clear voice, "or I will shoot you."
"One more rush, miss, and we are in," yelled the gruff voice outside.
What followed the wild tumult and confusion; the crash of breaking panels and bolts, the fall of the door and the furniture Lina had piled against it, shot after shot from Lina's pistol, a yell of pain and rage from both of the men was in the room. Lina had fired her last shot, and, running to the bed, snatched Aunt Margaret's pistol and turned to face the enemy. Suddenly came a wild shriek from Parkins. Then a voice calling "Lina, Lina! I am coming," and Sir Robert de Rossett hurled himself bodily upon the

ruflan outside the door, prostrated him, and sprang into the room over his body, and this is what he saw: Madeline Leigh, the "little coward," with blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks, and a pistol in her hand, standing unflinchingly between Aunt Margaret and a burly ruffian; and Aunt Margaret herself, who had not turned in her bed for a year, standing on her feet on the floor. Two seconds changed the aspect of affairs. After that the burglar sprang senseless on the floor. Aunt Margaret sprang back on her bed with a wild "Thank God!" and the little heroine of the scene lay in Sir Robert's arms in a dead faint.
"Oh, Robert, why didn't you come sooner?" she murmured, half an hour afterward, when she opened her eyes and met his.

"Don't you know I came as soon as I found your note?" he said. "Leo went to my room and I found him there when I let the drawing-room, after 11 o'clock."
"Where are these dreadful men?" Lena asked, raising her head dizzily and looking around with a shudder.
"Never mind them, dear. They were taken by the men who followed me. My brave little darling! What a heroine you are!"
Two months later, when Parkins and the men were brought to trial, Aunt Margaret walked into the witness-box and gave her testimony with grim directness and self-possession. Lena gave her with much trembling and some tears; but she looked intensely lovely, and no one wondered that Sir Robert was going to marry her.

The crowd around the door gave her three cheers as she left the courtroom, walking beside Sir Robert, and then three more for Leo, who followed them.
And Aunt Margaret's wedding present to Lina was the thousand pounds and the diamonds that had been saved by the courage of "the little coward."

Dipping Sheep in Kansas.

The smoke ascending near the corals showed that dipping was in progress, the most pleasant feature of the shepherd's life. This is to cure the "scab," the only disease to which Kansas sheep are subject, and one that sheep men seem to consider inevitable until the enactment of stringent laws against the importation of diseased sheep, especially from Colorado and Missouri. "Scab" is a skin disease resulting in loss of flesh and wool, and sometimes in death, supposed to be caused by the presence of minute parasites in the skin, and therefore, although highly contagious, is not, as was thought at one time, hereditary. It can be entirely cured by dipping the sheep twice in a mixture of sulphur and tobacco or lime and sulphur. Mr. Wadsworth uses the latter preparation and estimates the cost of curing "scab" at five cents a head. The operation of dipping presented a curious spectacle. A long tank over a fire-box half buried in the earth was filled with a greenish-yellow fuming mixture of lime, sulphur and water. This was boiled for half an hour, then let off into a narrow tank four feet deep and sunk in the earth, extending from one sheep pen to another, with the further end sloping gradually up. When the nouseman's bath was ready the sunburnt herdsman called to the boys: "Round 'em up, puppies," and off flew the dogs, flattened to the ground, their bushy tails streaming behind like banners, and their tongues lolling their eagerness as they circled around a flock of 500 sheep just beyond the yards and drove them toward the corral. A part of the flock was finally driven into a narrow passage at the end of the sunken tank and then the dipping began. Those who picture the sheep as an innocent creature with a pink and white complexion, clad in a white frock, carrying a crook wreathed with ribbons and garlands and playing upon a pipe after the fashion of the Eclogues and Georgics, would have found their illusions sadly dispelled by the sight. The gentle shepherds were three swart, broad-brimmed hats, with splashes of green and yellow variegating the earthy hue of clothing and hands. The first man, seizing a sheep by the hind leg, jerked it into the tank, where it sank under the surface, emerging as a vivid greenish hue, only to be promptly soused again by the second herdsman, who was equipped with a forked stick. One after another the sheep were pitched in until the tank was full of hideously colored creatures, bleating, sneezing and coughing, which were at last allowed to scamper out of the further end and stand dripping in a state of great disgust on the flooring of their pen. This process is usually gone through with twice whenever "scab" enters a flock. These sheep were merinos, the best most popular in Kansas. Mexican sheep yield very inferior wool and are comparatively little value for mutton, and here the tendency in both sheep and cattle is constantly to grade up to a better stock.—Kansas Letter

Origin of a Present to a Church.

The old story is revived concerning the baptismal silver bowl of the Center church, New Haven, Conn. This bowl was presented to the church a great many years ago by Jeremiah Atwater, and his name is engraved thereon. The story is that Mr. Atwater bought a keg of nails in Boston. When the keg was opened it was found that after taking off a layer of nails the keg was full of silver dollars, and it was out of these dollars the bowl was made. The late Leonard Bacon discredited the story, and perhaps the truth will never get into print.

There's very little or no opposition to a red-hot pocket.—Detroit Free Press.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Some people, says the *Railroad Journal*, affect to believe that they derive no benefit from advertising, for the reason that they cannot trace any particular transaction to any particular advertisement. Neither can we attribute the growth of vegetation to any particular drop of rain or ray of sunshine—but it is very evident that without rain or sunshine it would fall to flourish.

A woman was lately indicted in England for causing the death of her child by denying it adequate nourishment. Investigation showed, however, that the mother had fed the child regularly on corn starch, mixed with a little milk, ignorant of the fact that starch is unable to supply the necessary nutriment to young children. Under these circumstances the woman was, of course, acquitted. It is a lesson which mothers and nurses would do well to remember.

The *London Times* in a recent article says that Europe is no longer able to feed her population, and the total grain crops produced fell 343,000,000 bushels below the annual consumption, and 285,000,000 bushels of this deficiency is in the United Kingdom. The wheat crop of Great Britain is estimated this year at 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels, and the consumption at about 200,000,000 bushels. After deducting what is required for seed, there will be a deficiency to be supplied from foreign countries of about 130,000,000 bushels, and perhaps more than this.

Civilization has its peculiar diseases from which savages are comparatively free, as they in their turn are slaughtered by plagues which die out as they become civilized. Among these diseases that of short-sightedness, or myopia, as the oculists prefer to call it, grows constantly more prominent. Every observant person of middle age must have become convinced that the wearing of eye-glasses is much more common now than it was a score of years ago, and such statistics as have been collected fully sustain this opinion. A recent examination of the pupils in the public schools of New York city has shown that the proportion of sufferers from myopia is in some cases as high as eight and one-half and even twelve and one-half per cent., while at Columbia college no less than sixty-eight of the students were near-sighted, or a full third of the whole 201. The disease is found to increase with the length of school life, and is undoubtedly aggravated by the imperfect lighting arrangements in the average school-room and the poor type of many text-books.

A perplexing question often arises under the patent laws: Suppose a workman in the employ of some large establishment invents a valuable improvement in the machinery or processes; does the patent belong to him or his employers? They always say that they were paying him for his time, and are entitled to whatever he accomplishes. He argues that inventing is a matter quite outside the duties for which he was hired. For example, a plow manufacturing company in Indiana employed a superintendent of their business, and he, during his engagement, took out a patent for improvements he made in the plows they were selling. They sued him, claiming that he should transfer the patent to them, for they said they were led to engage him by his assurance that he had large experience in making and selling plows and devising improvements, and that he would devote his time and services to manufacturing and perfecting their plows; also, that the improvement that he had patented was made partly by aid of suggestions from other employees and with employes belonging to the company. The judge said that these facts were not enough to make out their case. Persons are not deprived of the right to the inventions they make while in the service of others, unless they have been hired and paid to exercise their inventive faculties for their employers. A contract for the time, labor and skill of the employe in manufacturing and selling does not give the employer the right to an improvement which the employe invents. If in this case the superintendent was materially aided by suggestions from other persons, he was not sole inventor, and perhaps his coadjutors were entitled to a share in the patent, but the fact would not give the employer a right to it.

Au Extra Pocket.

Three or four days ago a Detroit clothier sold a young man a pair of pants without having to brag up the goods or lie about what they cost in New York, and the incident might never have been recalled had not the buyer entered the store again yesterday.

"I bought this pair of pants of you the other day," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"I am not quite satisfied with 'em."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, there are two hind pockets."

"Well?"

"Well, I always carry my tobacco box in my hind pocket. If there is only one I don't lose any time feeling on the wrong side. If there are two I'm never sure which one the box is in, and I have to let go the plow-handles with both hands at once. I want the extra one taken out."

It is a solemn fact that the young man sat down in a dark corner and waited three-quarters of an hour for the tailor to knock the two hind pockets into one.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Become a Contortionist.

The St. Louis *Chronicle* says: Jesse, one of the three "Les Encoyables" brothers, now playing at Pope's with the Kiralfys, was interrogated last night as to the system of training through which a man must go in order to do a first-class contortion act. The reader will no doubt be surprised to hear that no rubbing of the joints with bazaar's grease or sleeping between oiled blankets is necessary, and that genuine ease and proficiency can be acquired only by long practice. Mr. Jesse, who is now in his twenty-eighth year, has had twenty-two years' practice, having been apprenticed to John Wilson, a well-known circus man of California, at the age of six years. At the time he began to learn he was only an ordinary boy, not at all remarkable either for strength or agility. When the four years of the apprenticeship had expired he was pronounced a fair contortionist and offered a good salary by Wilson. At this time he was able to do "easy kicking," and by continuing the exercise has been able to acquire astonishing powers. The contortionist, he says, is never allowed to do any heavy lifting or jumping, because such exercise contracts and stiffens the joints.

"To be able to tickle your ear with your toe," said he, "you have only to take about two hours' practice daily for four or five years, and it is best to begin early." The boy who begins to learn is put through every exercise that will make the joints limber without creating muscle. One of the first things he is made to do is to take the foot in hand, lift it up, and pull the leg toward the body. When this has been done daily for ten years he becomes a fair contortionist, and to succeed after the business is learned a man must keep sober. Whisky and beer stiffen the joints. It is also held to be a bad idea to eat peanuts and other indigestible food. In the third act of the "Black Crook," where the three performers named appear, most of what is done is called "easy kicking"—that is, kicking over heads. "Hard kicking" consists in throwing the leg along the back, and otherwise putting the joints to an unnatural strain. While the gyrations and contortions of this act are fairly bewildering to the spectator, they are not difficult to the actors, though the work is very exhausting in its nature. The ease and grace which characterize their movements are the result of years of training, and cannot be acquired in a short time with the aid of any balm or ointment known.

The World's Population.

Drs. Behm and Wagner have recently issued a new edition of their well-known collection of statistics—"Die Bevölkerung der Erde." It is just two years since the former edition was issued, and during the interval nearly all the leading countries of the world have been numbering their people. To such an extent has this been the case that the editors of the work have virtually had to recast it. The "Bevolkerung" professes to survey the area and population of all the countries of the world with their subdivisions. In the present issue the population of China is discussed in detail. The conclusion is that it has been greatly over-estimated, and instead of a population of 454,500,000 (including Corea) as given in last issue, they reduce it now to 379,500,000. The population of Africa is still set down at 200,000,000, although with hesitation. Meanwhile Dr. Rollin maintains that an estimate of 100,000,000 is quite enough for that continent.

Population.	Sq. Miles.	Per Sq. Mile.
Europe.....	327,741,400	9,730.57
Asia.....	735,931,000	44,580.50
Africa.....	305,823,200	29,828.23
America.....	100,416,400	38,478.138
Australia.....	4,232,000	8,932.855
Polar Regions.....	82,500	4,478.200

Two years ago the world's total population was given at 1,455,923,500, which is 22,000,000 in excess of the estimated total in the new volume. Allowing for the difference of 55,000,000 in the estimate for China, however, we have a presumed increase of 33,000,000. It is virtually impossible, of course, to conceive of a population so vast.

A traveler was leaning at night against a railing at Harper's Ferry railroad station. A lady came along and he sprang lightly over the rail to escape possible danger. He thought it was a meadow on the other side, but knew his mistake when he struck in a muddy stream forty feet below. On being rescued he was asked his name. "I wouldn't tell you my name for a thousand dollars," he replied; "describe me as simply a fool."

An easy job: Robinson (after a long whilst about at the club)—"It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper)—"Oh, I shan't say much, you know. 'Good-morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."—Quiz.

Asks a humanitarian: "Do you not feel for the poor fly, as cold weather approaches?" We do? And if we feel where he is, he gets smashed that!

WISE WORDS.

Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

The man who never excites envy never excites admiration.

Present evils always seem greater than those that never come.

Some men cannot stand prosperity. Others never get a chance to try.

An evil-speaker differs from an evil-deer only in the want of opportunity.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter is divine.

Those days are lost in which we do no good. Those worse than lost in which we do evil.

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not, for it will not spare you; it is your murderer and the murderer of the whole world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used; kill it before it kills you.

The conditions of success are these: First, work; second, concentration; third, fitness. Labor is the genius which changes the ugliness of the world into beauty; that turns the greatest curse into a blessing.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

Kind words are bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; and to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to attribute them to the settled course of things.

HEALTH HINTS.

The remedy for overwork is rest.

As far as one violates law he wastes power.

Good nutritive vigor is the foundation of good health.

Men and women insult God by abusing their bodies.

Hundreds of women die annually from want of change of labor or change of scene.

Rapid consumption of the vital forces means early decay and premature death.

To cure stammering *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly* advises the stammerer to read aloud one hour every other day with the teeth closed.

If people will live twice as fast as they ought, if they will perform as much labor in one day as will be done in two, nothing will save them from the natural consequence, which is to die twice as soon as they otherwise would.

Farmhouses may be, and ought to be, better located than city residences. Low sites, where the house drains are sluggish, the fogs frequent, the air stagnant, and the effluvia from the outbuildings confined, should always be avoided. Next in importance to location is cleanliness in the surroundings of the farmhouse.

Character of Our Population.

According to the latest census bulletin there are in the United States, or were in 1880, when the census was taken, of colored inhabitants 6,627,643, and of foreign born 6,679,945. These figures do not show, however, the comparative strength of these elements of our population. The children of colored parents were enumerated as colored, while the children of foreign born parents were taken as native white inhabitants. Based upon the census of 1870 the following estimate has been made of the national characteristics of our population:

	1880.
American white.....	30,452,545
Foreign born.....	6,679,945
Both parents foreign.....	5,001,133
One parent foreign.....	1,678,812
Colored.....	6,627,643
Total.....	50,135,743

By this calculation, sixty-one per cent. of the whole population is native white, thirteen per cent. is foreign born, ten per cent. represent children of both foreign parents, three per cent. have one foreign parent, and thirteen per cent. is of the colored race. Of the foreign born population, 2,772,169 came from Great Britain and Ireland. Other countries have contributed as follows:

Germany.....	1,966,742
Mexico.....	68,899
Ireland.....	1,854,571
Denmark.....	64,136
Sweden.....	134,377
Holland.....	38,000
Norway.....	181,729
Poland.....	48,567
France.....	108,971
Italy.....	44,203
China.....	104,541
Austria.....	38,693
Switzerland.....	88,332
Russia.....	35,722
Bosnia.....	85,911

Greenland, Gibraltar, Malta and Japan together have about 1,000 children in this country. No country on the globe has so strangely composite a population as this.—*Albany Argus*.

A pearl-making industry has sprung up in the Thuringian forests of Germany, and a large demand for the goods from abroad has made a boom in wages. The secret of making the so-called "black-luster" pearls was accidentally discovered by a workman who put one of the original samples in his mouth and felt a tiny grain of sand upon it. Previous to this acids had been tried without success, but the lucky workman tried "rubbing up" the pearls with common sand, and in less than a week hundreds of his fellows were making a living at the same work, and handsome goods were produced that now find a ready sale in the markets of the world.