EXTRA.

The Somerset Herald.

WEDNESDAY. . . . December 10, 1873.

THE BOYS AND THE HAT.

A PARODY.

Passing by a pool of water,
Murky, stagnant, foul and deep,
Pitched a score of sluggish
Which might make a savage weep;
Many tanks abruptly
Or, all miles the bathroom pit.
Or a score of sleepy
Armed with clubs, and guarding it.

By mishaps no hat had fallen
Into this offensive tank,
Where I saw him struggling, crawling,
Sinking hard to grab the brink.
This poor rat would have surrendered,
Fawned with the slightest show,
But his foes no mercy
Or, if ever, to deal a blow.

Most manage long splurge him,
If such courage rats can share;
But the heartless squad before him
Denies his raship to despair.
Now with shouts his fresh they punish;
Now to gore they filled with sand;
Think their antics they merely whittled
Down as he bombed the land.

Every time he gained position
Offering the least reprieve,
Pitiless in their cruel mission,
They sharpened their deadly thrust!
He could no angle,
Or a cat on which to cling,
Every move met his clever
And dislodge the helpless thing!

I was painful thus to watch him
Making fine unequal strife,
They all aiming to dispatch him,
He to save his precious life;
All in vain his manful struggles!
Vain the hope of his relief;
Pitiless as doom and
That no mercy, nought availed him;
Down he sank to rise no more!

MORAL.

Be like boys are represented
Thousands of the human kind,
Whenever fewer rats contended
Till some victim they can find,
And they show him no more quarter,
No more chance himself to save,
Than those senseless did their martyr,
Down he found a watery grave.

APPLICATION.

But there is the exception,
Among those from door I chose;
Know one whose world unfeeling,
Other him and nothing more.
Captain treatment, shall we mourn it?
Something scarce for bravest
Every soul might learn to shun it;
Were anonymous indeed.

I have seen a man surpassing—
Overwhelmed with grief and shame—
Shedding forth his hasty
Many in a saviour's manner.
Standing scene (pretended)
Over him the storm deprive:
"He has offended!
If he need such curses be?

He is indigent and low;
Poor in sin, the wretched
Scrub the mud, fatal blow;
Shame the poor offender, brother
Soon relapser into sin:
Step taken, thou sin-
Daily plunges deeper in.

Poverty, as charities down it,
Is no crime in any sense;
But, as proffer, some excuse it
An unpardonable offence.
Much like this, the world unfeeling,
As a poet undersense
Most upon a common level,
All alike into Satan's hands.

How Captain Hall Died

A Washington dispatch to the Tribune says: "Secretary Robeson made some important statement, in conversation to-day, regarding the results of the examination of the two parties, known as the Tyson party and the Buddington party, of the Polaris expedition. He said that there was no longer any doubt that Capt. Hall died a natural death; that there were no facts that pointed in the slightest degree toward any other story, and that the whole report had its origin in a mischievous supposition by a sensational newspaper. He said one of the gentlemen associated with him on the examination believed the contrary, and none of the witnesses credit such a story, and all of those who have been in the condition to know pronounce the story impossible under the circumstances.

"The facts," said Secretary Robeson, "were as follows: Captain Hall was a man of full habit, a large eater and subject to fits of heavy headache. His life on the Polaris had been a very active one, and he did not have as much exercise as he needed. To relieve his severe headache, it was his habit to eat large quantities of raw meat, beef being his preference. This produced the irritation and inflammation which relieved the headache. The Polaris was blocked in and unable to proceed further, her commander decided to winter here and difficulty to lodge [illegible] him. It took him seven days of the severest toil and suffering to reach the highest point attained by man, and it was much of the time without the necessaries of life. He slept in the open air and ate the most unsuitable food. He was often required to relieve the dogs, by drawing the sledge himself. He returned in five days, having become familiar with the country. During these twelve days of work he was exercising in an atmosphere twenty-five to thirty-five degrees below zero and sleeping on the ice in his skin clothes. The ship was covered with canvas, and was banked with snow and ice to the depth of feet, a narrow pathway through the hard snow being the only means of reaching the ship. When Capt. Hall returned he found his cabin, eight by fifteen feet, which was wholly without ventilation, and occupied by six other men. This was heated by a stove-pipe from the cabin below. The air was foul and unhealthy, and the men returned to this room in a heated condition, complaining that they did not feel well. He was fond of cold water and drank heartily of it. Lying still in his smothering suit he was attacked with vomiting, with a combination of vertigo, coma and apoplexy followed, and he died fatally.

"As to the practical results of the examination of this party for the past year," continued the Secretary, "no new has been discovered. The new men have more of scientific knowledge than the Tyson party, for they have brought their instruments. Valuable experiences may also be made in the future."

SAVED BY A WOMAN.

Prior to the great financial crisis of 1873, Joshua Martin was deemed the most prosperous merchant of the then flourishing city of St. Joseph, Wisconsin. He was noted for his sterling integrity and stainless character; and, if he revelled in wealth, he did not parade it before the eyes of the people.

He came to St. Joseph in 1831, and at once began to amass a fortune. Those who pretended to know said that the merchant operated in Eastern securities, and that the bulk of his wealth was staked among the bulls and bears of New York.

The memorable crash of that decade which embraces the dates above written, ruined Joshua Martin. He had staked everything in Eastern securities, and he suddenly found himself a comparative beggar. Poor blinded man! He could save nothing from the wreck, and he sat among the ruins of his fortune, like Marius among those of Carthage. Forced to relinquish the imposing residence which, in his eagerness to delve deeper into stocks, he had mortgaged away, he was obliged to remove his family, consisting of his wife and one daughter, to an humble dwelling; and from the date of that removal the Martins were no more mentioned in the fashionable society of "St. Jo."

The troubles of the bankrupt's family did not end here. The blow killed the merchant. Though a strong man he could not bear up under the loss. If a few thousand had been taken from him at intervals, he might have recovered, and regained his lost position; but the destruction of tens of thousands at one sweep of the wave overwhelmed him. He sank rapidly and died, leaving his family to buffet the waves of the world, and to do the best they could among those who once knelt at their feet, but who did not now deign to recognize them on the streets.

When a rich man suddenly becomes poor the grave is the best place for him. It is a house of refuge, where he is safe from the scorn of those whose equal and superior in social position he once was.

Mother and daughter took quite readily to their new life. They sold much of the gorgeous furniture which had ornamented their late home; but kept the piano, and a few other pieces which Maumee loved.

Maumee Martin had grown to bewitching womanhood during her life in St. Joseph, and her accomplishments rivaled her beauty. After the death of her father—after her transformation into the child of a despised bankrupt—she did not shrink from the duties that fell to her lot.

She must live; she must earn her daily bread; and a week after her change of life, we find Maumee Martin plying the seamstress's needle, or giving lessons in music to a few children whose parents sent them to her because she taught cheaper than regular musical preceptors.

By and by, the house which they occupied was sold over their heads; but the new owner—a great, middle-aged, but somewhat handsome man—assured them that they should not be turned out.

The new owner was a stranger in St. Joseph; but immediately after purchasing the property above mentioned he opened a commission store, and at once drew a thriving patronage around him.

Andreas Harley, for such was his name, came often to the house of the Martins, and reports went abroad that he intended to wed the bankrupt's widow.

"My chances are decidedly good," said the merchant, one evening, as he bent over the counting-room desk. "The girl appears coy, but she will come about in time. People think that I am after the widow; but I never entertained a thought in that direction. The beauty of the daughter would draw the widows most devoted adorer to her side. That girl's a beauty. She must become Mrs. Harley; she shall! Yes," after a long pause, and he slowly turned from the desk, "Harley, your chances are good—decidedly good. You own their home, and in the depth of winter you can turn them out if Maumee her is stubborn, and says 'No!'"

He was the sole occupant of the counting-room; but as he crossed the threshold and turned to lock the door, he heard a footstep and a voice down the dark aisle.

"Hold—a moment, Mr. Harley. Reopen the counting-room, please, I wish a few words with you."

The merchant recognized the voice of one of his clerks.

He did not reply, but stepped into the cosy counting-room, closely followed by Philip Lee.

"Well?" he inquired, turning suddenly upon the handsome young clerk, "speak quickly Lee, I must be going."

"All I desire to say is that some of the bonds of the house have mysteriously disappeared."

"What?" cried the merchant. "Say that again boy."

The young man repeated his words, and added—

"One afternoon, while you were absent East, I placed nine hundred and fifty dollars to the safe, and the following morning forty-five were missing."

"You have committed an error in counting, possibly."

"If I cannot count money correctly when it is before my eyes, I deserve to be thrown out of employment," said the youth, in an insulted air. Several times during your absence I noticed the peculations of some unknown person."

"Who had access to the safe?"

"I held the keys sir," answered Philip, quickly. "I have not missed them for a single moment; but the safe has been opened by keys."

Andreas Harley dropped his head in deep thought, while the clerk stepped to his desk, and summed up various columns of figures on the back of an envelope which he drew from an inner pocket.

"Three hundred dollars have been purloined within four weeks," said Lee, turning from the desk.

It staggers me," returned Harley. "But we will watch the thief, and if we catch him, he shall have his reward."

The merchant began buttoning his great coat, and the clerk walked from the room. Andreas Harley heard him close and lock the outside door of the store, and then stepped toward the desk his dark eyes fixed upon an object which lay therein.

It was the envelope upon which Philip Lee had been figuring.

"I'll look at his figures," he muttered; but the next moment he turned the envelope and stared at the superscription. It was merely "Philip Lee, Present;" but the chirography startled the merchant. Those delicately formed letters he had encountered before. And after closing the counting-room door, he half fearfully drew the letter from its hiding place.

For a moment his eyes remained fixed upon the brief communication when he started from the desk, while something like an oath fell from his lips.

"Sir Miss Maumee Martin," he cried, hurling the letter to the floor, and gazing angrily at it, "you possess a lover besides Andreas Harley, fool—woman—I will not submit to this. If you prefer the employe to the employer, you must hunt another home. But by heavens, you shall not wed him, as he stands before the world now. He has held the keys to the safe. He has robbed it! The crime shall be fastened upon him. Harley's chances do not look so bright now; but I fancy that a little sternness will bring the girl to terms. She's a beggar now, almost. Does she want to marry another?"

Then he picked the letter up, read it again, and placed it on the desk where the youth had left it.

The contents of the missive did not amount to much. It was merely a reply to one which, during business hours, Philip Lee had sent her; but the appellation of "Dear Philip" had opened a mine of information to Andreas Harley. He had never encountered his clerk at the home of the Martins. They had spoken of him but once or twice, and then casually; and he had suspected nothing until the letter had been thrown in his way.

Several days of quiet preceded bursting of the storm.

Clerk and employer encountered each other often, but no unusual words passed between them. It was evident that Andreas Harley was displeased at something, but he took care to conceal his displeasure as much as possible.

The night following the one that witnessed the scene in the counting-room described above, witnessed the robbery of the safe.

This time thirty dollars were abstracted, and Andreas Harley called one of the clerks, Theodore Mason, to his desk and acquainted him with the facts.

Mason, upon being asked if he suspected anybody, said:

"Lee."

The merchant started at the announcement, but a flash of triumph stole to his temples.

"I saw Lee standing by the store last night at 11, while I was going home from the club!" continued Mason, evincing an eagerness to unburden himself of something that preyed upon his mind. "He did not speak as I passed him, but perhaps he did not see me, as it was raining and he carried his umbrella low—a little lower than was necessary I fancy."

"I am on the right trail," said Andreas Harley, exultingly. "And yet," feigning a sorrowful tone, "I do not want to think the purloiner is Philip Lee."

"Nor do I," said Mason, "But circumstances condemn him. I could tell you more, Mr. Harley, but I do not like to speak against Philip."

Andreas Harley pursuaded Theodore Mason to unburden his mind further concerning Philip Lee, and that night the accused clerk found himself in the clutches of the law.

The arrest was so quickly conducted that the public was unaware of the transaction until the morning papers placed it before their eyes.

Flushed with triumph, Andreas Harley, on the morning following Philip Lee's arrest, hastened to the home of the Martins. He often made such calls on his way to the store, and this morning he found the bankrupt's family pleased to see him.

Maumee was in the parlor preparing for her class in music, and Andreas Harley thought she looked lovelier than ever in her plain dress and unwetted hair.

He did not doff his overcoat; he said he had not long to stay; he had stopped in to impart a piece of information which might interest the tenants of his house.

The merchant's daughter wondered what the news might be, as Andreas Harley drew a morning journal from his pocket.

"I am sorry that I occasioned this paragraph," he said, touching the top of a column of city news, "but I could not help it."

Maumee took the paper, and, in a moment mastered the account of Philip's arrest.

"Mr. Harley, cannot you be mistaken?" she asked, when she looked from the paper with a pallid face.

"No, Maumee; the proofs are convincing against him," he answered, while the fair girl's head lay on her bosom; and her eyes, swimming in tears, fell to the floor, he left his chair and came to her side.

"Girl," said he, "is Philip Lee any thing to you?"

Maumee quickly drew her hand from his grasp, and started to her feet.

"He is something to me," she cried, facing the merchant, through whose scheming she seemed to have seen instantly. "He is much to me—and more, Andreas Harley, he never robbed your safe!"

The merchant for some moments did not know what to say, but at last he found his tongue.

"Girl, he is guilty, I greatly regret to say; but you can save him."

"How, Mr. Harley?"

"By becoming my wife! I can liberate him, and on such conditions the doors of the jail shall be open to him."

Fire flashed in Maumee Martin's dark eyes.

"Andreas Harley," she cried, "yonder is the door that leads into the street," and with quivering finger she pointed to the portal.

"This house is mine!" he said.

"I care not."

"I can turn you out into the snow."

"There is the door! I wish to live under such beauty as yours no longer."

"I will not go until you promise to become my wife," said the merchant, sternly.

At that moment the widow entered the room, and Maumee sprang into the chamber which her mother had just vacated.

An instant later she reappeared, bearing a musket of quaint and clumsy workmanship.

"Go, Andreas Harley," she cried in a determined tone. "Mother please open the door for the plotter."

Wondering what had transpired to mar the friendship existing between Maumee and the merchant, Mrs. Martin opened the parlor door, and Andreas Harley, with clenched hands and vengeful visage, strode from the room.

No sooner had he departed than Maumee dropped the gun and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, how swiftly one misfortune follows another. "But," and she lifted her head, "Philip shall not be condemned! He shall not fall a victim of a conspiracy—never!"

Yet that day the Martins were driven from beneath the roof which had sheltered them since their great misfortune, and they found a temporary abode with Philip Lee's widowed mother.

Maumee soon learned the particulars of her lover's arrest and preliminary examination, and the following day she purchased a pistol with a portion of her musical earnings.

When night came she made her way to Theodore Mason's chamber, and startled the clerk by her abrupt appearance. The young man's face assumed a deathly hue and Maumee's mental ejaculation was:

"I've found the right man."

She knew much of Theodore Mason's habits, and she judged him to be the robber of the merchant's safe. At first he denied the charge, but when he saw the pistol clutched by the girl's fair, white hand he changed his tune.

He wrote his confession on paper, and Maumee called a young lawyer into the room to witness the signature. That confession implicated Andreas Harley. The clerk had been detected in his crimes by the merchant, who had promised to pardon him if he would aid him to convict Philip, who in time wedded Maumee Martin.

Young Mason was permitted to escape, and when Harley heard of the confession he hastily disposed of his store and followed him. The guilty clerk left behind the skeleton keys with which he had opened the safe, and they still hang in the luxurious home of Philip Lee, now one of the Chicago merchant princes.

Sitting Up With Her.

She was expecting him Sunday night; the parlor curtains were down, the old folks notified that it was healthy to go to bed at eight o'clock and Johnny bribed with a cent to permit himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the dog and the other watching for the "old man," who didn't like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened and he was escorted into the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go home for hours. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned from York state; if his brother Bill's rheumatism was any better; and he went over and sat down on the sofa so as not to strain his voice. Then conversation flagged, and he played with his hat, and she nibbled at the sofa tidy. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her grandfather had predicted a snow-storm. He said he guessed it wouldn't snow, as the moon was not cracked enough to hang a powder horn on the end, and she said she didn't believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give them both courage, and then he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She hadn't, she said, and she didn't want to. Then they went on talking about the donation visit which was to be given before long to Elder Berry, and he carelessly dropped his hand on hers—his right hand, while his left arm sneaked along the sofa and got behind her shoulders. She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots, and wanted to know if she thought mutton tallow rotted out boots faster than lard and lampblack. She couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did. He had just commenced to hook fingers with her, when she discovered something oily, the lamp. She rose up, and turned the light down a half, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her fingers again, and she pretended to want to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made some folks love each other. She bit her handkerchief and admitted her ignorance. He said that he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his left arm fell down and gave her a hug. Then he went over and looked out of the window to make sure that it was not going to snow, and coming back, he turned the light down a little more, and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest herself by leaning her head on his shoulder.

Ah me! We have all been there, and who of us cared a cent when the old clock struck twelve, and we five miles away from home? The old man was fast asleep, the watch dog had gone visiting, and the handsomest girl in the country didn't see why we need be in a hurry.

Perhaps I shouldn't have written about this, but as I was going by Saunders' the other day, thinking of the night I heard him whisper in her ear at the spelling shool, that he'd love her very shadow as long he lived, he raised the window and called to her, as she was picking up chips in the road:

"Sue Saunders, come in here and find that bar's grease for my new heel, or I'll break every bone in your body."—*Danbury News.*

Curious Divorce Suit.

According to the English law of divorce a man can obtain a divorce from his wife on the ground of her adultery, but a woman cannot procure relief on this ground alone. By proving her husband's infidelity she can procure what is called "a judicial separation," but to obtain divorce she must prove cruelty or desertion as well as adultery on the husband's part. A case curiously illustrative of these distinctions came, not long since, before the Divorce Court.

In November, 1868, a wife had instituted a suit for a judicial separation, on the ground of the husband's adultery, and in that suit she obtained a decree. In the course of last year she instituted a suit for a dissolution of her marriage on the ground of cruelty committed by the husband previous to the institution of the former suit, and of his subsequent adultery. Both the adultery and cruelty were proved, but it was argued by the Attorney General that she was not now entitled to fall back upon it, and that she was not, in consequence, entitled to a decree of dissolution. The wife's statement was that when she instituted the first suit she did not wish a dissolution of her marriage; that she loved her husband, and in the hope that he would reform and amend his ways, she was anxious to leave the door open to enable him to return to her.

The Judge said that he considered the conduct of the wife of a very meritorious character, and unless there was some general principle of law which stood between her and the relief she sought, he thought she was entitled to it. He could find no such principle in existence, and he pronounced a decree *nisi* in favor of the wife. A "decree *nisi*" means a decree of divorce, unless some very sufficient cause to the contrary be shown within six months, in default of which the "decree *nisi*" becomes a "decree absolute."

Last words of Jack—"I'll be hanged if I go upon that platform."

The Proposed New Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Before they have finished considering what they are doing, the people of this State are called upon to say, yea or nay, to a constitution which is regarded in every relation which as citizens they bear each other. An instrument completed on the 31st of November is to be accepted, if at all, on the 16th of December, and these dates are limits of the time given for the formation of an intelligent public opinion on the part of some hundreds of thousands of voters who, with a haste which in private business would be absolute recklessness, are to pass finally and for many purposes irrevocably upon a question of an importance nearer to their persons and their property than the sum of all the legislation since the foundation of this commonwealth. The alternative is everything or nothing: not a section or proviso can be rejected; each useless, ill-digested, impossible or pernicious enactment must, with the fundamental principles of republican government, the reasonable regulation of legislative functions and the necessary definition of judicial power, be alike beyond the reach of decision and statute, made the unchangeable law of the land. To comprehend our responsibility and to fulfil it in the measure exacted from a reasonable being, the best of the time allotted must be given to an investigation of this new constitution; and to help those whom this may reach to come to what is entitled to be called a conclusion we have some criticisms to make and one suggestion to offer. The commendable points of the proposed constitution are, in brief, abolition of fees hitherto allowed many State and county ministerial officers, and a substitution therefor of fixed salaries; a repeal of the registry law; some slight changes for the better in method of election and an empowering of the courts of common pleas to appoint supervisors thereof; lengthening of certain official, noticeably, judicial terms; several improvements in the process of legislation adopted to prevent bills from being illegitimately passed; some local amendments in the way of abolishing registers, courts and aldermen in Philadelphia; ameliorations in the jurisdiction and procedure of certain constitutional courts, for example, reducing the original jurisdiction of the Supreme Court; the provision of but one prothonotary for all the courts of Philadelphia and a simplification of equity jurisdiction. As to more than one of these provisions it must be said, however, that they are subjects more proper to legislative control. To all this may be added trifling concessions to the whims of the educated politician, in the shape of a restricted vote for judges of the Supreme Court and in some other cases, and a cumulative vote for directors of corporations. On the other part, to put in a few words as possible a description of this elaboration of honest prejudice, superficial knowledge and vulgar audacity, we have an instrument calling itself constitution, and which, if received at all, the people must and will receive as such, proclaimed by its own language on a condition of universal immorality—such a condition that if it in fact existed would be capable of alleviation only through measures of most radical reform, going to the very basis of the methods by which our government is formed and maintained to be arrived at by the light of the highest political culture. Snatching from the Legislature its most ordinary functions, because too corrupt and incapable to be trusted with powers which in a normal state it, the latter, must exercise on the public behalf, this constitution, rivaling the minuteness of the by-laws of a club, proceeds to enact a code of such a kind that it, from its very nature, will call for constant change and hourly adaptation to altering circumstances; which undertakes to regulate the freight charges of a transportation company, prohibites free passes and passes of competing lines, and forbids the Legislature to make a law by which these carrier companies may derive any benefit unless they shall give up all their contract rights and submit themselves to that same body which this document has just implicitly stigmatized as unworthy of the trust one might accord a board of election canvassers.

So much for its sins of commission. Of the omissions made by this constitution, to go a little way into a large theme, there is one the least excusable it could have been guilty of, and that is its failure to remedy the glaring defects of our judicial system—an evil long-existing, unquestionable, and one for which constitutional provision is the appropriate, if not the exclusive remedy. The Supreme Court has been given two judges, and this is all the action taken in the face of enormous arrears of work, accumulating at such an increasing ratio as to make in a majority of cases the loss of a final appeal a possibility of the immediate future; this too when the new concurrent county courts seem expressly created to give birth to a countless spawn of irreconcilable rulings below. The constitution offered to Pennsylvania is radically, irremediably bad; it is at once indefinite and petty, imperfect and redundant. It finds corruption rampant in the legislative branch of the government, and applies its nostrum in a long drawn purgative oath. It has no word to say as to the deplorable inefficiency of our elective system to give a fair representation of opinion, and to furnish law-makers of capacity and probity; it evinces no thought or knowledge of the enlightment which modern study has thrown upon the subject, but has found ample time to reduce to a system of law popular prejudices begotten yesterday, and encased though they be in constitutional enactment, to perish when the first principles of political knowledge are brought home to the citizens of our State.

If, to make one brief appeal, those to whom a constitution is something to be reverenced would not see the charter of their commonwealth made a sport for common litigation; if those who in spite of all dreary discouragement, maintain a hope of epoch of popular political knowledge, would not put back for years that, feeble tide of progress; and lastly, if those who have no higher aspiration than to live under an intelligent and practical code would not enact laws to be evaded and laughed at; let all vote next month "Against the new constitution" and disavow once for all the misbegun progeny of our late convention.—*The Penn Monthly.*

A young lady in Fon du Lac, while out walking with her lover, was attacked by a savage dog, who seized her by the breast and tore it from her body. The lover fainted with horror at the sight, but the young lady, much mortified, went for the dog with a picket, remarking that "that 'ere cost a dollar and a half, and wasn't made for no dog to chaw up."

An Elastic Currency.

The experience of the past few months proves the necessity of having a more elastic currency than our present rigid system affords. By elasticity we do not mean a larger volume of paper money than we have at present, but a volume that can be increased or contracted as the business wants of the nation may demand. In the fall of the year, and during the winter months, we need the full amount of our currency for the purposes of trade. The movement of grain from the West to the East, and its exportation abroad, purchase of new stock by our merchants, the settlement of balances between commercial centres, and the general industrial activity which usually characterizes the colder months, require the use of the full volume of the paper money. This is the period when the maximum of trade is reached. Its minimum is during the summer months. This is the period of rest among business men. Nature is hard at work producing the means which develop the fall and winter activity. Crops are growing, and business may be said to be in a state of partial suspension, waiting for the productions of nature. With the completion of nature's work, man's work begins. The ripened crops on which the world depends for food must be moved. Cotton must be gathered, baled, and worked up by the looms of the world into fabrics which are in demand everywhere.—This natural and necessary activity calls for heavy expenditures of money, while the period of rest during the growing months require comparatively but little. What shall be done with this immense supply of money during the period of rest? To keep it idle would be a great loss to the owner; to invest it so as to make it earn someting and yet be forthcoming when needed is so strong a temptation that it has become of late years the practice of our business men.—But the danger of this practice has recently been illustrated. Country banks have placed their surplus where it could earn something during the summer months, and yet be made available when needed in trade. It was stated that during the panic that the New York banks held about $200,000,000 of this surplus, on which they were paying from three to four per cent. interest. Of course to pay this rate for money they must loan it at still higher rates to others, under like conditions imposed upon them by their customers—that is, subject to their call any time.

The strong temptation to obtain high rates of interest has caused them to take risks which in ordinary times would be fraught with danger, but in time of a panic would be little short of ruin. Hence we find that the banks of New York and other sections hold as security for the millions loaned to individuals and corporations a large share of railroad stock, which have already depreciated in value from fifteen to twenty-five per cent., and on which but a small proportion of their loans could be realized if they were thrown upon the market on forced sale. Thus it is evident that the money needed in actual trade—needed to carry on the vast operations incidental to the period of greatest activity, is diverted from its legitimate purpose and absolutely locked up in speculation. The banks of the West call upon the banks of the East for the money loaned; they in turn call upon the brokers and bankers.—The latter fail to respond; the securities are insufficient to command money, and the natural result is a partial suspension of business, general financial derangement, and widespread disaster.

Here we have a lesson, costly but valuable. We are taught the necessity of having some better protection for the legitimate trade of the country during the period of rest. How shall we prevent this tendency to speculate with idle funds during the growing months? To lock up the money would be a positive loss to the holder. Aside from this no one can say just what amount may be needed during the active months. It may fall short or exceed the most careful estimate by hundreds of millions.—Slight causes, such as the condition of the crops at home or abroad, may upset the best calculation.—Therefore the locking up of the surplus would be an unwise as it would be unprofitable. Yet, with our present system, it must be locked up in idleness or be loaned on securities which offer no certainty of prompt conversion when money is needed.—There may be some better plan proposed by Congress than the interchangeable bond plan, but this plan appears to afford the elasticity required, and at the same time affords the security needed by the business public. Give authority to the Treasury to issue a bond bearing interest, say at four per cent., convertible at any time into greenbacks. During the active months the Government would hold these bonds, or the largest portion of them; during the idle months they would be in the hands of the people, earning for them something for the money which they cannot use for the time being, but must have within easy reach when needed. Had we this bond in existence to-day the movement of the crops would not have stopped an hour. The idle money of the country could have been supplied by the Government on call, and the troubles of Wall street would have been confined to the limits of that center of speculation. This convertible bond will meet with opposition on the part of those who grow fat through speculation and robbery, but we believe the sound judgment of the country will demand its issue.—It seems practicable in every feature; its simplicity and security commend it to all reasonable men, and we firmly believe that its issue would effectually prevent the recurrence of a panic as causeless as the one that has recently paralyzed the business of the country.

Improved Gum Arabic Mucilage.

A serious objection to the use of gum arabic, as an adhesive, is found in its showing through unsized paper and thus producing a semi-transparent blot. This is also attended with the still greater inconvenience that the two layers do not stick together satisfactorily! On this account gum arabic mucilage cannot be used for attaching paper to pasteboard, nor wood to wood, nor one metallic substance to another, since the gum soon peels off. All this inconvenience may be remedied, it is said, by adding to the gum a solution of sulphate of alumina two parts of crystalized sulphate of alumina answering for 125 parts of the concentrated solution of gum arabic, in the proportion of two parts of gum to five of water. The salt is to be dissolved in ten times its weight of water, and the solution mixed direct with that of the gum solution, which in this condition well deserves its name of vegetable glue. A solution of alum replaces the sulphate of alumina, but to a much less satisfactory degree.

How Indians Escape their Pursuers.

During the early part of the flight every precaution is adopted to prevent leaving a heavy trail, or one easily followed; to this end, instead of moving, as is customary, in single file, thereby leaving a clearly defined path, each warrior moves independently of his fellows, until all danger from pursuit is safely passed, when the party falls into single file, and, with the chief at their head, moves along in almost unbroken silence. If during an attack on the frontier settlements the Indians should encounter unexpected and successful resistance, necessitating a premature withdrawal and flight on their part, they will resort to strategy in order to secure their safety. In accordance with a plan previously formed and understood by each member of the party, and specially provided for an emergency, the war party finding themselves about to encounter successful resistance on the part of the frontiersmen beat a hasty retreat, but instead of taking their flight in a single direction and in one party, thereby leaving an unmistakable clue for their pursuers, the entire party breaks up into numerous smaller bands, each apparently fleeing in an independent direction, a few of the best mounted usually falling behind to attract the attention of the pursuers and give time to those of the party who are burdened with prisoners and captured stock to make good their escape. In such an emergency as this, a rendezvous for the whole party has been previously fixed upon. Its location is usually upon or near some water course or prominent landmark, distant perhaps thirty or forty miles, thither all smaller parties direct their course, each by a seperate and usually a circuitous course. Should either of these smaller parties find themselves closely pursued, or their trail being followed and all efforts to throw the pursuers off prove unavailing, they relinquish the plan of uniting with the others at the established rendezvous as that would imperil the safety of their comrades, and select a new route leading neither in the direction of the rendezvous nor of the village, in order not only to elude but to mislead their pursuers. Then comes a long and tiresome flight, until, having worn out or outwitted their pursuers, of whose movements they keep themselves thoroughly informed, they make their way in safety to the village. At the latter, lookouts are constantly kept on some prominent hill to watch the coming of their absent warriors and give notice of their approach. A war party returning from a successful raid into the settlements, and bringing with them prisoners and captured stock, is an event of the greatest importance to every occupant of the village. Having arrived within a three or four miles of the village, and feeling safe from all danger from pursuit, the chief in command of the war party causes a signal smoke to be sent up from some high point long the line of march, well knowing that watchful eyes near the village are on the alert and will not fail to observe the signal and understand its meaning.—*General Custer in Galaxy for December.*

National Savings Banks.

We note a strong and growing sentiment everywhere in favor of the establishment of postal savings banks. The more the system is discussed and considered the stronger it becomes. The very fact that the present savings institutions of the country are forced to keep on hand an extraordinary reserve of greenbacks and national bank currency at a time when the business interests of the nation demand the circulation of every available dollar is proof that the system of savings as at present practiced is both defective and injurious: defective, because it fails to command public confidence in times when confidence is most needed; and injurious, because the effort to secure its own safety from a possible contingency has a tendency to paralyze the legitimate business of the country by withdrawing from circulation the money needed for purposes of trade. National savings banks would be free from this serious objection. They would offer a low rate of interest and absolute security to the depositor.—They would invite millions of deposits that are now stored away in some secret hiding-place. They would strengthen public confidence in times of financial depression. They would tend to encourage thrift, industry, and wise economy. They would afford the Government an opportunity of saving millions in the item of interest alone, by refunding its present high interest bonds with ones bearing a lower rate. They would, in time, so reduce the public indebtedness that the money deposited could be diverted to the payment of the current expenses of the Government, taxing the people for the interest paid on the deposits. By this means taxation would be largely reduced, and its burdens would hardly be felt. The system is not an experimental one.—It has had over twelve years' trial in England, and has worked well. The English system can be improved upon, and the one established in this country ought to be as near perfect as human wisdom can possibly make it. The postal money-order system has outlived the objections which met its introduction, and is daily growing in importance and favor. The business in some sections has more than doubled since the beginning of the panic. The postal savings-bank system would be even more popular, for it would supply a want never more keenly felt than during these times of financial depression. The poor men of the nation who have a few dollars to lay aside from their hard earned wages must be made to feel that they can have their savings when they want them, and that at all times their money is as secure as the Government itself.

Country School Houses.

The Boston *Advertiser* ridicules the tendency of suburban towns to build school houses four or five stories high, to contain several hundred scholars each, because that is the fashion in crowded cities, where land is costly. It says, very sensibly: "Stair-cases in a school house are a positive injury, and may be very dangerous. We beg everybody who is responsible to consider that in regions where land may still be bought by the acre, there is no pretense for running up the school house into the sky. And we claim, as a first requisition, that the new school houses which will be demanded as soon as the annexation is complete, shall be only one story, or at most two stories high. We ask, in the second place, that there shall be no effort made to crowd 599 or 1,609 children into one building, simply because they are so crowded under the very bad plans of Boston as it was.

Artificial Fuel

Mr. Loiseau intends to erect at Nesquehoning, in Carbon county, Pa., machinery for the manufacture of artificial fuel from anthracite coal dust or waste by quite a different process from any hitherto used. From the moment the coal dust is pushed into the coalpocket, says the *Ledger*, it is to be kept in motion, and the whole process of manufacturing into artificial fuel to be carried on automatically. The machinery to be used is ingenious, but too intricate for mere verbal description. The binding material, ordinary clay, and the coal dust are emptied into separate stationery cylinders containing revolving partitions, and five per cent. of the clay and ninety-five per cent. of the coal dust are discharged together into a receiver.—As the coal and clay fall together they are sprinkled with the milk of lime, which the machinery delivers in due proportion. The moistened mass is carried by a screw propellor into the mixing machine, and the product is then molded into lumps the size and shape of hen's eggs. These lumps are then immersed in a solution of rosin, and are carried on a wire belt through evaporating and drying tunnels, and are then discharged automatically into coal cars, being then ready for the market.

In Europe the artificial fuel, after being varnished with rosin, is dumped into cars with perforated sides and bottoms, and the lumps are then baked in an oven, the process requiring much time and unnecessary handling and consuming a large amount of fuel. Mr. Loiseau has been engaged experimenting at Nesquehoning, under the auspices of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, for nearly a year, and the process above described and the machinery are the results of the experience he has thus obtained. It is said that the cost of manufacture at the mines of this artificial fuel will be about eighty-five cents per ton, but the machinery for its production will be very expensive. At the mouth of nearly every mine there is a mountain of coal dust several hundred feet high, and if any process can be found whereby this immense amount of fuel can be cheaply utilized, the expenses of mining coal may be reduced, and cumbersome heaps of waste material may be cleared away.

Rufus Choate Silenced.

Mr. Choate rarely failed to show mental supremacy anywhere, and generally came off with flying colors from any play of wit with judge, lawyer or witness. But occasionally when tensing a witness, the great lawyer found his match and was silenced. Here is the case:

Choate, in an important assault and battery case at sea, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony, Dick had said that the night was dark and rainy.

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked—

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah yes! a moon"—

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I will believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Binnacle lamp aboard the Challenge."

"Ah! you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir! And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in."

"Sho—you're joking!"

"No, sir, I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't."

"Ah! you refuse, do you?"

"Yes; I can't."

"Indeed! You are the chief mate of a clipper ship, and are unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes!—'tis the *simplest* question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there was no *latitude* at the equator!"

That shot silenced the great lawyer.

A Witness who Goes to Funerals.

We clip from the Manchester *Times* the following testimony of a witness in the Tichborne case, who seemed to have a dismal line of duty to follow:

George Hickman, an undertaker, living in Mile End Road, said: I formerly lived at Wapping, and knew Arthur Orton. He had lighter hair than the defendant. During the last trial I was brought here to see the defendant, who I was told was Orton, but I found that he was not Orton. Arthur's upper lip protuded much.

Dr. Kenealy. Were there any marks upon his face? It was marked with the smallpox.

Looking at the defendant's hands—do they remind you of Arthur's? No, they are much smaller.

What kind of a walk had Arthur? A "slobbering" kind of a walk.

What kind of a voice? Gruff; quite different to the defendant's.

Is the defendant at all like your old friend? No, sir.

Cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins; I last saw my old friend in 1852 or 1853. The defendant's voice is unlike that of any of the Ortons. Arthur and Edmund wore earrings or was pockmarked.

Where were you when you last saw Arthur? On the pier head at Wapping. I was waiting for a funeral at the time; I sometimes attend the same funeral a dozen times.—[Laughter.]

Do you; how is that?

Do you want to know?

Yes.

Very well then. I go to measure, don't I?

Well?

Next I go with the coffin, don't I? [Increased laughter.]

Well?

Next I go with the pall don't I?

Well? Next I go to buy, don't I?

Well? And sometimes I have got to go for the money, haven't I?

Mr. Hawkins. Very well. You may go Mr. Hickman.

Workmen Returning to Great Britain.

BOSTON, November 11.—The steamship Atlas, which sailed from Boston to-day for Liverpool, has 230 steerage passengers, a large proportion