A Moneyed Mule.

Marysville, Cal., possesses a unique mule. There is a wearisome sameness in the vast majority of mules. The same fondness for pausing at inopportune moments for profound meditation, the same habit of reaching after the infinite with both hind legs, and the same tendency to stand on the head whenever the road is particularly muddy or stony, characterizes at least ninety-nine out of every one hundred mules. It is impossible for a moralist to look with approbation upon the average mule—unless, of course, the moralist's creditor is on the mule's back. There is a strange lack of principle in the mule. He never does anything which evinces a love for the human race, or even a joyous or innocent delight in existence. The dog will occasionally lie down and die on his master's grave, and the birds will give free concerts in every available tree; but no one ever knew a mule to do these things. His sole meritorious accomplishment is his alleged ability to walk safely along the gutter of the Western Union Telegraph building, or other frightful precipice, without spilling his rider, but there is a good reason to think that the mule's skill in this respect has been enormously exaggerated. It is noticeable that when a traveler is crossing a dangerous mountainous pass he always prefers to walk—"for the sake of exercise"—and commits his wife to the custody of the mule. Of course, his expectations are frequently disappointed, but when a hilarious widower describes the way in which an unfortunate mule stepped off a precipice a thousand feet high without giving his fair rider notice to dismount, the story is always wound up with extravagant praises of the wonderful sure-footedness of that precise mule, who had never before made the slightest misstep.

Bad as the mule may be in the eyes of ordinary men, he is nevertheless reasonably capable of awakening friendship and respect. Like Lord Byron, whom he strikingly resembles in some important respects, the mule sometimes has an angel in him. At least this must be true of the Marysville mule, for his master shows a love for that peculiar beast which can be explained upon no other hypothesis. This mule belongs to a sheep breeder, in company with whom and a shepherd dog he has lived for many happy years. He sometimes brains an incautious Piute, and once, when loaned to a party of Eastern tourists who were incapable of appreciating the climate of California, he is said to have done a great deal of good; but he has never lifted an angry leg or flattened a suspicious ear at his owner. That trustful man has been known to pass unscathed within a yard of the mule's hind leg, and in the presence of a dozen witnesses who were longing for the excitement of a premature explosion. Even the dog had slept quietly within easy reach of either end of the mule without meeting with the least rudeness. It is no wonder that the good sheep-herder loves his faithful beast, and it is certainly to be hoped that he will never have occasion to mourn over misplaced love and confidence.

The manner in which this man shows his affection is novel, though entirely practical. For some years he has made it a rule to place five dollars in the Marysville Savings Bank every week for the benefit of his mule and dog. "No one will understand them when I am gone," he is accustomed to say, "but at anyrate they shall not starve." Full of this amiable purpose he has constantly added to the bank account of his beasts, until recently they had, so it is said, no less than $3,400 safely invested to their joint credit. At this point of time the dog suddenly contracted that fatal and frequent canine disease, a charge of buckshot in the region of the heart, and died without having made a will.

Inasmuch as the $3,400 was held by the dog in joint tenancy with the mule, and inasmuch as the dog died intestate, his share of the property reverts, by California law, to the surviving tenant. The fortunate mule is thus the sole owner of an independent fortune, and if he were an heiress with red hair he could not have more ardent and disinterested suitors than he now has. Men come to Marysville from towns a hundred miles distant in order to buy that mule. They express the utmost admiration of his beauty and moral worth, and humbly beg to be honored with his hoof, and, of course, the rest of him, including his bank account. The mule's owner, however, turns a deaf ear to the impassioned admirers of his favorite beast, and remarking that he counts upon his mule's society as the only comfort of his declining years, refuses to part with him to any one.

So long as the sheep-herder lives and is able to keep a tender and careful watch upon his mule, all will be well. But suppose the mule outlives his master, and finds himself alone in the world and the possessor of a larger fortune than has ever yet fallen to the lot of any quadruped. Who can venture to predict what that mule will do? Of course, it is possible that he will draw his interest regularly, and live upon it in a modest and unassuming way, renting, for example, a small but sufficient pasture during the summer, and boarding at a private livery stable during the winter. It is much more probable, however, that when the mule comes into unrestrained possession of his property his head will be turned, and he will plunge into all sorts of extravagances and excesses. He will wear the handsomest sets of harness that money can buy, and will eat only the most delicate and costly grass. He will give expensive banquets to roystering and dissolute mules, and will contract a fondness for the distillery swill which cheers and inebriates. A few months of this wild dissipation will exhaust his property and health, and he will perish in the gutter or the sausage, the object of contempt in the eyes of his former admirers, and the probable subject of a powerful tract, in which his dissolute career will be held up as a warning to mules and men.

A COTEMPORARY reports a Sunday school teacher as saying,

"I have been laboring for the extinction of the cause."

He meant extension. It seems incredible. But we heard a minister say,

"I am now going to eliminate the doctrine in this text."

Why did you announce your purpose to strike out the doctrine?" asked a deacon after the sermon.

"I didn't" was the reply.

"Certainly you did; you said you would 'eliminate' the doctrine, and that means to strike out or expurgate.

He thought it meant "expound." If you use long words, be sure you know their true meaning.

A Great Difference.

An old bachelor, immensely rich and dangerously ill, sends for his notary to make his will, leaving his fortune to an acquaintance, not a relative.

"What!" says the notary, "you bequeath it all to him—leave it out of the family when you have a relative living, a nephew."——

"Yes," grumbled the uncle, "a nice nephew he is; a spendthrift, a beggar, a scapegrace that I haven't laid eyes on for ten years, that I don't want to for a hundred."

"But," says the notary, "in those ten years he has changed, he has grown steady; he is famous; he is one of our foremost artists; he is rich."

"Rich?"

"Yes, rich; he does not want your legacy. He has more property than he knows what to do with."

"That is different. I make him my universal legatee."

Lee's Sword.

The Bangor (Me.) *Whig* says:—"When Lee surrendered his army to Grant the latter declined to take his sword, and added to the magnanimity by voluntarily inserting in the terms of capitulation an exemption of the side-arms of (all) the officers, and their horses and private baggage.' As a matter of fact, of which we have had authoritative information, General Lee came to the spot designated for the meeting of the two chieftains wearing a splendid testimonial sword that had been presented to him, and doubtless intending that the weapon should become the historic emblem of the 'lost cause' at the National Capitol. General Grant prevented this by gracefully waiving the surrender of the sword of his vanquished foe, and, hastily penciling the terms he demanded, passed the memorandum to Lee, who became visibly affected with emotion on perceiving the generosity with which all the officers of his command were to be treated by their conqueror."

What It Costs to Find It Out.

The people of Franklin County who are not learned in the law, have lately had an opportunity to find out something we will not say of its tricks but of its devious ways, and they have paid very dearly for their knowledge. Indeed, it would be quite interesting to know just how much it did cost them to find out whether Rolland "broke into" the National Bank on the night of the 24th of March, 1876, or whether he only "got in."

There never has been any doubt of the fact that the wretch went there with felonious intent and laid violent hands upon the custodian of the people's money with a view to a robbery that would have impoverished this whole community. That was proven, confessed and gloried in with a shamelessness that regretted only its want of success. To the verdict of the jury no exception was taken, but upon a mere technical point of law an appeal was taken which as it was sustained we will not attempt to criticise. The learned members of the Supreme Court, whose duty it is to recognize distinctions, were doubtless governed by a sense of right in their decision.

Speaking of English characteristics Douglas Jerrold says: "The English are not a very emotional people; even when we do feel very strongly, we nevertheless think it good breeding to betray nothing of the matter. We are apt to treat even a great feeling as the Spartan boy treated the fox hidden under his garment, suffering it to prey upon our bowels rather than by any word, gesture, or expression, to discover what we are harboring. This is our insular characteristic. We all of us have it more or less, from the duke to the duke's footman; the excess of outward indifference being the allowed test of the highest breeding. Educate a man into the insensibility of a post, and you make him a perfect gentleman; render a young lady seemingly pulseless as a prize turnip, and she is the perfection of the very choicest female nature. This is the discipline of high life in its very highest; but the frost descends to the very roots of society We button up our hearts as we button up our great coats, all the more resolutely if our hearts, like our great-coat pockets, happen to have anything valuable in them."

A Ball in His Eye.

The Elk River (Sherbourne county, Minn.) *News* narrates the following: "We have information of a remarkable circumstance occuring to Mr. T. T. Cook, who is a brother to W. H. and J. H. Cook, of Anoka, and who, we are informed, resided here one summer, a few years since, and will be remembered by many of our citizens. Mr. T. T. Cook was a Union soldier, and while engaged in a fight with Morgan's raiders, at Cynthiana, Ky., on the 11th of June, 1864, received a wound in the left eye, by which that organ was destroyed. The wound was never carefully examined, the surgeons thinking it was made by a splinter or spent shot. The wound never healed, and has proved a great annoyance to Mr. Cook. But last Thanksgiving morning, while at Daniel Floch's, in West Shenango, Pa., a Minnie ball dropped out of his eye, followed by a purulent discharge. The ball weighed 1½ ounces, and had lain imbedded in the skull, near the eye for 12 years, 5 months and 18 days."

A Noble Liar.

One of the dozen passengers on a Woodward avenue car suddenly remarked that it was an awful snow and that he never saw so much snow on the ground before.

'Pooh!' exclaimed a little whiffet of a man in the corner, 'this is no storm at all! Why, in Omaha I have seen forty-seven feet of snow on the ground at once!'

'Buried the town, didn't it?' queried the man opposite.

'Of course it buried the town, but that was all right. We dug out the snow and left a crust as a sort of sky, and in three days we had summer weather down there. Roses bloomed, peach trees blossomed, and the boys went in swimming the same as in July! Don't talk to me about such a storm as this!'

'W-what become of the crust?' gasped a man in the front end of the car.

'It's hanging up there yet!' replied the noble liar, 'and the man who doubts my word wants to step off the car for half a minute.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

A precocious boy of eight summers attributes the death of a pet goldfish—his sister's idol—to the fact that it couldn't take a joke. By way of a joke he used to catch it occasionally with a bent pin.

A Young Yarnster.

A very small boy, who looked as if he had seen eight or nine muddy springs, was found by a police officer at the corner of Crosby and Broome streets Thursday night, and being, according to his own statement, helpless, was taken to the Mulberry street station, provided with a bed for the night, and yesterday morning taken to the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where he succeeded in puzzling the officials of that institution by the narration of his adventures. He gave his name as William Donally, and boasted of a much greater age than his appearance warranted. "Dirdeen," he placed it at. His family had been identified with the circus of W. W. Cole, and while his "dad" and "mammy" rode horses therein, he essayed the prancing bicycle. With tents and brass bands, giraffes and howling lions, his early memory is stored, and only for his unaccountable ignorance of geography and tender years, it might be imagined that he had traveled many times around the world with myriad menageries. But according to the story, there came an end to this existence, and the more serious adventures of his life. His parents moved to Joliet, Illinois.

His father took to drink and finally in a drunken spree killed his mother. For this fact (the telling of which evidently seems the last exciting feature of his adventure, the circus life receiving a much more graphic narration) his father was hanged, and he was obliged to go back to tent life. With Cole's circus he traveled through Canada, but being disgusted with "poor pay and bestin's" he ran away and begged his way to Chicago, and from there walked (this pedestrian's feet are about the size of tea-spoons) to Buffalo. The deaf-and-dumb game he says won sympathy for him after that, and he was able to reach this city.

This is the most consistent story that can be formulated from the mass of episodes he relates, but a more reasonable, though less romantic one, is told for him by the superintendent of the society, who believes that the young adventurer is one of twenty-four lads who escaped a few days ago from the Catholic Protectory in Westchester.—*World.*

Sowing Seeds.

The spring is on us, and seed-sowing in the garden and on the farm will soon be here. As myriads of seeds are wasted every year, a few hints may be seasonable and serviceable.

The most successful sower we ever knew lets his garden ground get a little dry before sowing. Then he stretches a line along where the seeds are to go, sows the seeds on the surface, and then walks sideways along the line, pressing the seeds with his "flat" foot, and he says he never has a seed to miss, and so sows them thinly just where every plant is to grow. There is not only no waste of seed, but no waste in thinning. There is no raking in of seed, and the whole is as simple as possible. His wife is a good flower gardener. Her mignonette and phlox always grow, and a ten-cent paper is enough for the whole garden. She sows on the surface, "pats" down, as she says, the earth with the back of her cast-steel trowel, puts the stick with the the name in the centre of the little patch, and they sprout at once.

Now this is all reasonable enough when we think of it. There are lots of people who believe that rag weed and other rubbish will keep seed fresh for years when but plowed down a few inches. Whether this is true or not, deep sowing is known to be unfavorable to germination. Seeds like to be near the air, but near the moisture too, and all that is necessary to this is that they be pressed firmly in the ground. Of course the seed need not be "trampled" in. There are ways enough of covering seeds properly with implements. We only refer to our friend's experience for the lesson it teaches. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

An Army of Water Rats.

Dr. Van Der Hork, the German traveler to the Arctic circle, says: On one occasion we had a curious adventure. While crossing a lacustrine part of the river called Kjoalmejaure, in the early part of the night we were suddenly surrounded by swarms of lemming (Myodes torquatus), an animal like the mountain rat. They swarmed about the boat and tried to clamber into it, so that it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep the fierce little creatures from boarding us by beating about with the oars, at which they would set up sharp shrill screams similar to those of a muskrat. After some time we succeeded in passing them. These little animals come unexpectedly down from the mountains—no one knowing exactly whence—and appear in millions, swarming over the whole country, eating up almost everything that comes in their way.

Neither rivers nor lakes seem to deter them, both of which they swim with ease, usually keeping on their destructive path until reaching the open sea, which they vainly endeavor to cross, never swerving from the direction once taken until they sink exhausted beneath the waves. Thus perish countless numbers. They commit great ravages, and are as dreaded in the North as locusts are in Egypt. Years, however, elapse between their re-appearance, or until they suddenly descend from their rocky retreats. The Lapps tell us that they rain from the sky, many of them stating that they have actually seen them fall.—*Rural New Yorker.*

God grudges nothing. He who gave his Son, He whose Spirit is content to live in tabernacles, which though by his workmanship made fair within, are without of badger's skins, has shown how freely He gives. If we can bear it, all is ours; if we have it not, it is because we cannot bear it. Let us, like John, but make our dwelling nigh to that side cleft for us, seeing in the water and blood shed hence a pledge of those unsearchable depths of love which still remain, and we may drink our fill of love; and as no lack is there, so surely will there be no grudging. Oh, what depths are here! The heaven and earth were made; and thrones and dominions and principalities and powers were made also. But the Maker is here before us, made for a season like us, that we might by Him be changed to bear His image; till made like Him His works were wrought in us also, that we by Him are workers of His works to His glory.

ITALY has declared its seventeen universities open to women, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action, while France has opend the Sarbonne to women, and Russia its highest schools of medicine and surgery.

Hidden Resources.

A lady of our acquaintance, then just on the edge of forty, discovered one day, by pure accident, her skill in dabbling in clay, made immediately her own tools, worked to make up for lost time, and is now one of the most distinguished sculptors, in the world. Another lady that we know, thrown by a reverse of fortune out of a perfectly tame life among perfectly tame people, and in a tame part of the country, where art was little known, saw a piece of fine wood-carving for the first time, and examining it in a rapture, proceeded—like one inspired, but for her patience and her first failures—to draw her own designs and execute carvings that now go far toward satisfying those who knew the old Florentine Venetian wood-carving, and has now't only a certain source of good income, but a delightful resource for all the rest of her life. And, to proceed with our statement, an old lady with the snows of eighty winters on her head, who honors us with friendship, lately took up the new needle-work, and although feeling herself too old for complete excellence, delights herself and all about her with her wonderful picture embroidery. Yet we think she need not despair of excellence, for another lady whom we have met, who had never known she had any further ability with her pencil than that of giving her children their early drawing lessons and evening amusements, on going to Europe after her seventieth birthday, free and unencumbered with care, was so rapt and fired by the wonder and beauty of the paintings of the galleries that she straightway took the easel and mahlstick, and became in less than two years quite an accomplished copyist, and is still painting merrily to about as much purpose as most of the crowd of younger students, probably painting all the better, too, while her better senses last, for the deep experience of emotion and comprehension that her longer years give her to enclose with an illuminating power within her work.

Nearly all of us think, after a little, even so very little as forty years, that "nothing is of any use now, and we are too old to make fools of ourselves," if we do not quote the old saying about "its being hard to teach an old dog new tricks," and we sit down to rest out the res. of our days. Yet for certain things we may be too old—for those indeed, that require supple joints and swift movements—but perhaps for nothing else. It is not positively sure that because this one is superannuated at threescore and ten, therefore we shall be, and that there is no time to do if there is will. Old Parr—for whom fate had to step in and conquer a "confirmed habit of living," with every organ in perfect health at one hundred and fifty-two—is not the only long-lived inhabitant of this planet; human life, under its easier conditions is lengthening with every generation. None know for a certainty that they may not be as long-lived as Hupazoli, who had the good luck to have a share of three different centuries, whose gray hair changed to black at one hundred, and whose teeth returned to him at one hundred and thirteen, who wrote and worked to the last, and who must have looked on himself with awe, if not with fright. There are indeed, a round dozen of names of various men and women who have lived well and happy all the way from one hundred to one hundred and sixty-nine; and a book of English statistics tells us of twenty-one persons dying, between 1760 and 1829, over one hundred and thirty years old, thirty-nine more at, one hundred and twenty, thirty six at one hundred and ten, and fifty-four at one hundred. And if at Pliny's time there were, according to census more than one hundred people between the Appenines and the Po over a hundred years of age, what shall there be in this day, when there is everything to encourage life? Of course these few instances are but beggarly ciphers in comparison with the millions of the earth; but nobody knows who is to figure among the ciphers; and if it should happen to be our own chance, how very agreeable it would be if at any station, the fortieth, the fiftieth, even the seventieth, the world acquitted us of care, we had discovered any particular talent, with all our powers fresh and vigorous to pursue it, and we had not neglected to cultivate it because it was "all nonsense at our age" to begin, and we don't want people laughing at us! Moreover we cannot brighten time for ourselves without brightening it for others, for everybody round us; brightening it not only by interesting them in our pursuits, by giving them something more to take pleasure in than they otherwise might have, but by giving them also the sight of a cheerful face and a contented spirit from day to day, than which there are few things to make a house pleasanter, and whose opposite can imbitter life spent in a palace. Let us all feel, then that it is never too late to begin anything that is in the least within our powers or desires; and as the days pass on, let those of us who have not found it be looking about us for the secret seed that time has not yet developed within us, but which impartial nature must have given us, which we shall bring to light as our hidden resources of pleasure in those days when a grasshopper may be a burden.

A Calf Several Years Old.

A good story is told concerning a town bred curate, who had consented to a duty on Sunday for his friend, the rector of a country parish in the Midlands. The subject of the morning sermon was the parable of the prodigal son, and in the hope of impressing upon his hearers the joy which the patriarch felt on the return of his son, as instanced by his ordering the fatted calf to be killed, the young curate felt a pardonable pride in dwelling upon a subject which could not fail to be comprehensible to the dullest plow boy in the congregation. "Remember," he said, "this was no ordinary calf that was to be killed; it was no common calf or beast suffering from murrain; no half-starved calf, slowly awaiting death. No! it was not even a fatted calf; but," becoming more impressive, "it was the fatted calf, which had been prized and loved by the family for many years!" A sea of wide eyes and gaping mouths arrested for a moment, the eloquence of the fledged parson, and in the next, there was such a chuckling and grins and fluttering of old heads below as had not been witnessed even in the memory of the quaint legged sexton for many years.

A punster was once thrust into a closet with the threat that he would not be released until he made a pun. Almost instantly he exclaimed, "O-pun the door!"

Tom Thumb is going West—to grow up with the country.

Had A Right to Laugh.

There is a legend affirming that one day nearly a hundred years ago, the snow was seven feet deep on the streets of Detroit. On that day not a woman was seen down town, but next day, when the snow had settled a foot or so, they were abroad as usual. They were out yesterday, wading through the slush and jumping the pools, and one of them fell "kersplash!" as she passed the Soldiers' Monument. A man standing thirty feet away began laughing uproariously. He got red in the face, tears came to his eyes, and his hat fell off as he laughed and cried out:

"Went right down like a bag of sand—slush a foot deep—starched up to kill—never saw anybody look so cheap—oh! ho! ho! ho! ho!"

"You are no gentleman, sir," remarked a man who had witnessed the mishap.

"Can't help that—ha! ha! ho!" laughed the other, bending almost double.

"You haven't the first instincts of a gentleman, sir," continued the other, growing very mad.

"I know it, but ho! ho! ho!" screamed the other, "I know just how she felt as she went down carrying all that style, and I—ha! ha! ha!"

"I don't see anything so very funny in it," growled the other.

"No, you don't, but I—!" And he hung to the lamp-post and laughed till his legs weakened. When he recovered his breath he explained to the crowd:

"It was my wife, you see. She probably wanted a pair shoe-strings or two cents' worth of silk twist, and it took her three hours to curl and twist, and powder and fix up to come down here and wade around. Then to fall flat with all her best duds on, and to be helped up by a rag-buyer, and to hear the boys yell out, why, it just takes all the—ho! ho ho! muscles right ha! ha! ha! bout of me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Curious Fact.

Take a map of the United States, place its eastern and western edges together, and fold it; and then double it from North to South; open the map, the folds have crossed each other near Fort Riley. Do it yourself and you will know that Kansas is the centre and heart of America. It is a curious coincidence, that the routes of the first explorers, and the folds made by the map all cross at the same point. The Kansas Pacific Railway passes through the diminished reserve of Fort Riley. To such advantage of situation, on the very highway between two Oceans, are added a soil of unsurpassed richness, and a fascinating, undulating beauty of surface, with a health-giving climate, calculated to nurture a powerful and generous people, worthy to be a central pivot of American institutions. A few short years only have passed since this spacious Mediterranean country was open only to the savage, who ran wild in its woods and prairies; and now, it has drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens, crowded within her historic gates, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon; more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields or on them; more than Rome gathered on her seven hills, when, under her kings she commenced that sovereign sway which afterwards embraced the whole earth; more than London held, when on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt, the English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France. The Kansas Pacific Railway owns and has for sale a large number of acres of very desirable land, in the vicinity of Fort Riley, principally rolling prairie, with soil deep and rich, and on easy terms—the Junction City and Fort Kearney Railroad connects with the Kansas Pacific Railway at Junction City—a short distance from Fort Riley. This region presents many attractions. S. J. Gilmore, Land Commissioner, Salina, Kansas, will send you full particulars.

The Contrast.

When you see a young man sitting in a parlor, with the ugliest six-year old boy that ever frightened himself in the mirror, clambering over his knees, jerking his white tie out of knot, mussing his white vest, kicking his shins, feeling in all his pockets for nickels, bombarding him from time to time with various bits of light furniture and *bijouterie*, calling him names at the top of his fiendish lungs, and yelling incessantly for him to come out in the yard to play, while the unresting victim smiles all the time like the cover on a comic almanac, you may safely bet, although there isn't the sign of a girl apparent in a radius of 10,000 miles, you can bet your bottom dollar that bowling boy has a sister who is primping in a room not 20 feet away, and that the young man doesn't come there just for the fun of playing with her brother.

They were very pretty, and there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Bussey, out on the A. K. & D., the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew back in joyous smiles as a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would have probably carried her bad she permitted him. The passengers smiled as she left the car, and the murmur went rippling through the coach, "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, and yet seemed to be expecting some one. At last he came. He bulged into the door like a house on fire, looking along the seats until his manly gaze fell on her upturned, expectant face, roared, "Come on! I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes!" grabbed her basket, and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a bandbox, a paper bag full of lunch, a bird-cage, a glass jar of jelly preserves, and an extra shall. And a crusty looking old bachelor in the further end of the car croaked out, in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers, "They're married!"

"Young man," said a lugubrious individual in a white choker to a profane youth on a Western train the other day—"Young man do you know that you are on the road to hell?" "Just my blasted luck," replied the ungrateful person; "I bought a ticket for Chicago!"

The drouth in some parts of California is so severe that the people have raised several thousand dollars for the purpose of cannonading to produce rain.

Sketches from the Skies.

At about four o'clock on the morning of the 7th of January, an immense body, glowing with intense brilliancy, came rushing across the face of the heavens, illuminating the earth with the light of day. It travelled in an oblique direction, from the southwest to the northwest, and instantaneously a shock was felt that almost threw the few spectators at that early hour from their feet.

About ten days ago Mr. Wheeler, who cultivates a ranche in Diamond valley, and who is also in the stock business, came into town and left a remarkable substance with an assayer. Mr Wheeler had a smattering of metallurgical knowledge, and, it seems, had tested the compound with a blow-pipe and other means within his reach, and detected the presence of the precious metals, but was unable to determine the value.

The piece submitted to the assayer was about as large as a hen's egg, and immediately attracted his attention by its unusual weight and peculiar color, it being of a purplish black shade, and where it had been broken off the main body presenting a laminated stratification that he failed to recognize. Mr. Wacke expended the whole night in a series of experiments, applying every known test to the article, and detecting the presence of iron, nickel, cadmium, lead, silver, gold, zinc, cobalt, silica and phosphorus. There was also a residuum to each assay, of which Prof. Wacke was unable to determine the properties, but he hopes by the use of the spectroscope to classify it.

A surprising feature of the ore is excessive malleability and ductility, a small portion of it being reduced by hammering to a film not exceeding one-hundredth of an inch in thickness. He has sent a portion of it to the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, and also to Prof. Silliman of New Haven, and in the meantime is prosecuting his researches. Prof. Wacke has found that the substance will reach $387 in silver and $42 in gold per ton.

The strangest part of the story remains to be told; and now, that Mr. Wheeler has duly recorded his claim and perfected his title, we feel at liberty to disclose the facts. On the morning of the 7th of January, Mr. Wheeler was almost thrown from his bed by a violent shock. Getting up and looking out of the window, he observed at the foot of the mountain an immense mass glowing at a white heat and of intense brightness. Hastily dressing, he approached as near as possible, and found that the object lay just at the foot of the Diamond mountain range, but the heat was so great that he could not go within 1 000 yards of the spot.

He kept his own counsel, and made repeated attempts to reach it, but did not succeed until the 14th inst., when it had cooled sufficiently to allow him to break off the portion brought to town. The main body will measure about 60 feet in height, 87 feet in width, and is 313 feet in length. These are the proportions of the body visible and it is probable that as much more is imbedded in the earth. Mr. Wheeler calculates that there are at least 2 000 000 feet in sight, and if it will work anywhere near the assay he will extract an immense sum from the mass.

An Historic Room.

HOW THE RED PARLOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE HAS BEEN DCORATED AND FURNISHED.

The red parlor is a room on the west side of the ground floor of the White House, 30 by 40 feet, used as Mrs. Hayes' private reception room and as the family parlor. Visitors to the White House are not generally admitted to this room. It is situated immediately between the state dining-room and the noted blue room, both of which it connects. The room has recently been newly furnished in the style known as the English version of Queen Anne There are many ornaments about the room which suggest interesting historical reminiscences. On the mantle piece there is a large gilt clock, with an illustration of the residence of Franklin at the suburban retreat of Passy near Paris. Beside it are two rare Mondon vases, and a notable feature of the room is an electrotype copy of the famous Milton shield, modeled by Morel, the original of which is in iron and silver. It was purchased by Mrs. Grant at the Centennial. There is a curious, large gilt, Austrian fire screen, with a worsted centre piece, and two small Japanese cabinets, the gift of the Japanese Minister. At the time of administering the oath the room was profusely decorated with flowers, and the table in the centre, holding the Goethe and Schiller gallery, was so covered by flowers that it was scarcely possible to find room to sign the oath. The carpet, like all the other carpets in the public rooms of the White House, was made expressly for the room The principal wall decoration is the life-size group of General Grant and his family, painted by Cogswell in 1867.—*Boston Journal*

Farmers and Merchants.

The dull times of the last few years have discouraged many farmers and induced them to seek other employment. Farming, as a rule, is a slow way of making money, but it is much more certain than mercantile business. Of 1,112 bankrupts in Massachusetts last year only fourteen were farmers, and in New York, of 2,550 bankrupts, but 46 were farmers, though farmers constitute fully half the population. According to the report of the New Hampshire board of Agriculture there are in that State over 200 deserted farms so completely worn out and impoverished that no one can be found to work them for the crop. The immediate gains in mercantile pursuits seem large in comparison with those of farming, but when we consider the risk all who buy and sell must continually take, it would seem to dictate the wise forethought to stick to the farm.

A benevolent-looking old lady went into a Detroit dry goods store, and, taking hold of a piece of the goods lying on the counter, said to the clerk, a sweet young man of the sad seawave type:

"Young man! what is this goods called?"

"That ma'am, is mozambique!" he answered in a low tone, like sea-foam on the beach.

"Mose Sam who?" she asked, looking surprised.

"Mozambique," sighed the seafoam

"Lud! Ah so they've got to naming women's dresses after men, have they? Wall! wall!" and sighing heavily, she adjusted her "specks" and paddled out.

A startling tale—a dog with a tin can tied to it.

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Axes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and complete, very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kindss

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES.

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.,

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

REMOVAL of Wholesale Jewelry House,

Our large and increasing business demands more room, and we will, after April 1, 1877, occupy 2d and 3d floors of "McCallum Building" 77 Fifth Avenue (nearly opposite our present location), and will offer to the trade one of the largest and best stock of goods in the United States, consisting of

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, BRONZES, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware, &c., &c.

Close Cash Buyers Invited. WHOLESALE EXCLUSIVELY.

C. B. BARRETT & CO., 77 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Feb. 27.

New Firm.

SHOE STORE,

SOLOMON UHL,

Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by

H. C. Beerits,

We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect to keep constantly on hand as complete an assortment of

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture

as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER,

MOROCCO,

CALF SKINS,

KIPS,

AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.

Whose reputation for making

Good Work and Good Fits

is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.

SOLOMON UHL.

BIG

$5. The largest stock and must be sold! "The Rocks Gaslaw," speaks very highly of both advertiser and goods as being reliable in its dealings and reliable in its goods, as a concern to be heartily endorsed.—St. Louis Dispatch, December 7, 1876.

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN AS CASH.

S. BRUCKMAN, 17 BOND STREET, New York.

WALL PAPER.

De Zouche & Co. show rooms as seen in the Centennial, show a collection of designs by Eastlake, Owen Jones, Morris, and Dr. Dresser. They claim better facility and taste; larger quantity and better quality. Their customers select from new goods from the best factories; goods that justly pretend to novelty and merit. De Zouche & Co. claim to take first rank in the art decorative, and guarantee all work by their hands. Their prices are modest. Special inducements to the trade.

De ZOUCHE & CO.

101 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG.

Next to P. O. March 14.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. mar8

HOMES FOR ALL.

I have for sale, on terms within the reach of every sober, industrious individual, houses, lots, farm, timber lands, mineral lands, building lots, &c., in different parts of the county, in parcels of from one-fourth of an acre up to 1,000 acres. Titles warranted. Terms—one fifth in hand and the balance in ten equal annual payments, properly secured. None need apply who is not of sober and indust rious habits. Call soon, as some of the properties will be for rent if not sold soon.

D. WEYAND.

Ayer's Catnartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be conquered. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression**, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous, where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,

LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

THOROUGHLY CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CUTICLE AND COUNTERACTS CONTAGION.

This Standard External Remedy for Eruptions, Sores and Injuries of the Skin, not only REMOVES FROM THE COMPLEXION ALL BLEMISHES arising from local impurities of the blood and obstruction of the pores, but also those produced by the sun and wind,