THE BROKEN DOLLAR.

BY GEORGE BENTON.

The queenly moon rode majestically through the unclouded heavens, and flooded the Pequea valley with mellow rays. At Farmer Hoskin's gate stood Gerald Dean and Nellie Hoskins—her white hand clasped in his—bidding farewell to one another for on the morrow Gerald departs for the land of the setting sun, like thousands who had gone before him to seek he golden fortune anticipated by many and obtained by few. Gerald had come to the valley several years before and found employment with a neighboring farmer, Mr. Bell. Once a petted child of fortune he had reveled in its delights and experienced its advantages. He had been educated at the institutions of the commonwealth, and was fitted for any sphere his inclinations might have chosen, had his health been good. It generally so happens that with the brightest brightest minds is coupled ill health and vice versa.

Gerald's father met with a series of losses by unfortunate ventures which so wrecked his physical constitution that in a few short months he died, leaving his wife and Gerald in a penurious condition. Gerald at once procured a lucrative position in the wholesale house of a friend and managed by economy to support himself and widowed mother. She had been an invalid nearly all her life, and when the sudden reverse of fortune swept from her the luxurious home and kind, indulgent husband, her life's joys were gone, and in a short time Gerald was called upon to follow to the grave "his dearest friend on earth." Thus being left alone in the world, an orpban and without immediate relatives, he was obliged to seek, unaided, the common living she owes us all. For a while he continued in his occupation in the wholesale house, and rapidly won promotion.

He was obliged to relinquish it, however on account of his failing health, and resort, according to his physician's advice, to the pure, free air afforded by the occupation of a farmer. He did not have an estate over which he could roam at will, and work or play when he choose. Therefore he sought employment in the beautiful valley above mentioned with farmer Bell, who, being kind and of a good nature, assisted Gerald by employing him and teaching him the simplest rudiments of a farmer's occupation. Gerald devoted himself to the work, and in a short time, with renewed health became a practical hand. Unwilling to desert the farm for city life he remained with Mr. Bell

About this time Nellie Hosking returned from boarding school whither she had been for four years, an accomplished miss. She was a sensible girl and had not been led into the vanities so often found among the inmates of such institutions. Her father's farm lying next to Mr. Bell's, she often visited the latter's daughter and consequently met Gerald who occupied the position of an equal in farmer Bell's family. She very soon discerned far more in Gerald than the average farm hand, and learning his antecedent history, esteemed him for the noble purpose that actuated him to carve out for himself a noble future.

Gerald was a frequent visitor of the Hoskins farm, and quite an intimacy sprung up between himself and Nellie, which unconsciously, but unerringly, ripened into the deeper passion of love. So the days rolled into weeks and the weeks into months which soon formed two years.

The brightest and happiest days of their lives were fleeing away, the deep winter shades giving place to the warm rays of spring. Then it was that Gerald determined to crown his happiness by asking Nellie to share with him life's joys and sorrows, whatever his future fortune might have in store for him. Need we say that Nellie answered him in the affirmative, but like all her sex coyly referred him to papa Mr. Hoskins was absent on business and did not return for a week. However, upon his return Gerald sought an interview and made known his errand.

"What provisions have you made for the future? Do you think you would be able to furnish Nellie with all the conveniences of life and not discommode her any by taking her from the home she now possesses?" Mr. Hoskins asked.

"Mr. Hoskins, I am not wealthy," said Gerald. "I have a small bank account and good health, a willing heart and hands, with them I fear not the future."

"There, my friend, I admire you for your frankness, bnt by no means can I trust my daughter to such precarious circumstances. When you can produce the evidence of a fair competence—one that would place you beyond the day toil of a farm hand—you can address me for her hand, provided she is of the same mind as now. Trusting you will be successful, I extend you my best wishes," and calling Nellie to entertain our friend Mr. Hoskins betook himself to his library.

Gerald in a few words acquaints Nellie with her father's decision and prepares to take his departure. They passed out to the verandah, thence to the gate, where they linger a few moments over their farewell—Nellie thinking it the same as usual until Gerald, at the last moment, tells her that on the morning he will leave for California to delve among the gold fields for the "fair competence" which is so necessary to make two lives happy.

"Then, Gerald, it indeed you think you can better your circumstances by going, you carry with you my earnest desire for your success. You can be assured that my love accompanies you as well, and each missive from you treasured."

"Thanks, dear Nell, your love shall be the prize for which I am to struggle, and when fortune smiles upon me in the Occident, the goal of my ambition reached, I will return and claim you as my wife."

Nellie was unable to bear the sad words of parting, and had it not been for the strong arms of Gerald, would have sank to the earth.

With her shapely head resting on his bosom—for the last time perhaps—to him, there seemed no fairer picture. As they stood there in silence, the memory of happy days floated before them, not dimly, but in bright relief, tinged by the mellow light of the pure love that had lent its charm. It was as a beautiful dream reaching its conclusion. Each was too full for utterance. At last the spell was broken, it seemed by that determination which was the character of Gerald's impulsive nature. Stooping, he pressed a passionate kiss upon her brow, and said:

"Nellie, before I depart take this souvenir, that you may possess something upon which your anticipation of my return may rest. It is the half of a broken dollar, the counterpart of which I possess. Let it be a synonym of the cruel cause of our separation—the golden idol to which the world bows so affably and scorns the nobler passion of love. See, the edges, if placed together, fit perfectly and so unite the piece, as it was before broken. If the piece which I take with me comes to your presence save than by my hand, then Gerald Dean will never come. Farewell, love," and Gerald gave the little hand that laid within his own a somewhat harder pressure than usual.

Farewell was a hard word for Nellie to say, but it passed between her lips mechanically, and the next moment Gerald Dean's form had passed out the gate and onward to the meadow path. She watched him till he was hidden by a rise of ground, and then turned to go into the house. As she did so a slight rustle in the shrubbery caused her to turn. She saw nothing, and concluded it was but a freak of imagination.

The time passed slowly with Nellie, and for a year Gerald's letters came every two weeks with great regularity, and were as punctually answered. Then they came once a month, and so on till at the end of two years they ceased, with an occasional stray missive, inscribed in a scrawling hand, the opposite of Gerald's plain, bold character.

During this time business made it necessary for Mr. Hoskins to remove to L. He had altered his face and personal appearance very much in the past two years—a tinge of red on either side and across the nose, undoubtedly warned the wise. His clothing must now be of the most expensive materials and latest styles. His business prospered unusually for a year or two and then, by heavy drains, suffered a relapse, gradually sinking lower and lower till the panic cloud of 1857 hung upon the financial and commercial horizon.

Nellie seemed to take an unusual interest in her father's business. During her residence at L—she had made many acquaintances, among them being that of Leroy Fay, a wealthy young man, and withal the man whom her father desired her to marry.

The reason was obvious. Fay's wealth would be a powerful mainstay to the rapidly failing business of Mr. Hoskins.

Nellie did not care an iota for Leroy Fay, for to one the memory of seven long years had not obliterated, she had given her first pure love. Mr. Hoskins and Leroy both urged the latter's suit, but Nellie was firm and intimated that no argument or no consideration would induce her to marry Leroy Fay.

Here was an obstruction which Mr. Hoskins had not anticipated when he promised Leroy his daughter's hand in return for the golden eagles he had received from him.

Fay became importunate and insisted upon a speedy marriage, to which Mr. Hoskins assented, and the nuptial day was appointed without Nellie's consent.

Preparations were made on the most magnificent scale; guests invited from at home and among Leroy's friends and relatives abroad. It was a theme of conversation at the clubs and at all afternoon gatherings.

This state of things continued until the day before the wedding when the city of L—was astonished by the revelation that Nellie Hoskins was miseing. Search was immediately instituted, and the most experienced detectives tried in vain to discover her whereabouts.

Leroy Fay believed Mr. Hoskins was tricking him and was in full sympathy with his daughter, and therefore Leroy Fay informed Mr. Hoskins that the return of the money he loaned him was necessary. If the money was not forthcoming in five days he would institute proceedings which would have thrown Mr. Hoskins in the abysss of financial ruin. Every resource was looked into carefully and nowhere could Mr. Hoskins see a loophole of safety. His last hope was the bank.

On the morning of the last day he called there to negotiate a loan, and was handed a packet by the cashier. Mr. Hoskins opened it and discovered more than fifty crisp, new bank notes of a hundred dollars. Across the face of the uppermost was written in large, bold characters, the following legend:

"This is but a small part of a fair competence you demanded that I should possess seven years ago. In this, your dilemma, use it.

GERALD DEAN."

Gerald Dean had returned, and sending one half of the souvnir to Nellie, she joyfully appointed a place of meeting, and informed him of her father's circumstances. Gerald immediately deposited the money, and coming back to Nellie, they went to the nearest clergyman and were married. They then immediately left for a wedding tour, determined to ask repentance when they returned.

Mr. Hoskins was much delighted

The Old Texas State House Burned.

AUSTIN, Nov. 10.—Yesterday the old State House was discovered on fire, and in an hour and a half the building was completely gutted, the walls standing apparently uninjured The fire originated in the basement back, used for storing reports of the Supreme Court, on the north side of the building. The fire, when discovered, had been eating its way above and through the Speaker's room. The smoke from the burning books had been observed pouring out of the chimneys in dense volumes long before it was supposed the duilding was on fire. The records of the different offices were generally saved but much scattered and damaged by the rain falling at the time, The building was worth perhaps $100,000. The total loss aggregates $220,000.

Railroad Freight Smash-up.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 10.—Last night about 9 o'clock a freight train on the C., L, St. L, & C. R. R. became detached about eight miles north of the city, and by some means the rear part of the train collided with the front pert, starting the engine and two cars without engineer or fireman at a rapid rate for the city. When near the Union Depot it collided with an engine on the Indianapolis and Vicennes Railroad, demolishing both engines and two cars. The rear part of the freight train, which was loaded with cattle, was also wrecked and a number of cattle killed. The loss is estimated at $25,000. No one was injured.

For nervousness and chronic catarrh take Peruna. I tried it. L. K. Mysler, Allegheny City, Pa.

Jerry McAuley's Conversion, as told by Gough.

In my experience I found among some of the hardest characters a tenderness that was surprising, Jerry McAuley, once a river-thief and a "hard case," now a tender hearted Christain, the love of Jesus melting the heart once so callous. One day this man noticed a poor woman with two or three children, whose husband was drinking in his shop, looking anxiously in at the door. The thought of the meanness of selling beer and making money out of the poverty of this family struck him quite forcibly, and the impulse to get out of the miserable business came on him with such power that he said to his wife, "See here, lass, I'll work my fingers to the very stumps before I'll keep a box like this; and I'll get out of it." When it was known that he purposed giving up the business, he was advised to advertise and sell it. What was his reply? "Na; no; I give it up because it's bad; and I'll put no one in a bad business for money. If any man goes into this box he goes in on his own bottom for all me." To a brewer, who offered to put him into a large and more profitable house, he said, "Na, I would not do it for all the world. I would die first." At that time he saw no evil in drinking itself, only in its abuse. He therefore secured a house, and took to it several barrels of ale and porter for moderate use. One day he saw a notice in the street of a temperance meeting to be held. He yielded to the impulse, and decided to go. Under the influence of lecture, which was delivered by Mr. Jabez Inwards, of London, he went home hastened to the cellar, and turned the tap of every barrel. His wife being told by one of children, what was going on, rushed into the cellar.

"What are thee doing, lad?"

"Don't thee see what I be doing?"

"Eh! but wilful waste makes woful want, and thee art wasting the good stuff."

Seeing that she produced no effect by her appeal, she said:

"Art thee crazy, lad?"

"Na, I'm not crazy; I'm coming to my senses."

"But how dost thee think I can care for the children without a drop of ale?"

"Thee must try porridge, for I'll have no more of the stuff in the house."

He soon signed the pledge of total abstinence, and it was to him the dawn of a new life. It was rolling away the stone from the door of the sepulchre. His next good impulse was to go to a place of worship, having never been inside one before. The only religious exercise he remembered was part of a prayer by a street preacher. He went with his own accord, with no invitation, to hear the gospel preached for the first time in his life. If I was preacher, I would prefer an audience of men and women who had never heard the sound of the gospel, than an audience of those who had heard the message for forty years and been unmoved by it. The first service he heard was from the passage in Timothy: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come." The preacher was not a learned man, or a refined or elegant speaker; but his homely phrases were thoroughly understood, and the effect produced was shown by the remark, after the discourse: "If it's true what the chap says, it will just suit me. Only think! good for this life, and good for t'other. All right now, and all right then. Safe here, and safe there. That's just what I want and I'll have it."

This led to his seeking and finding, and the commencing of a constant Christian life. His fifty years' recklessness had left him in debt; so he did what every Christain should do—began to pay his debts. He had seven little children and was owing one hundred fifty pounds, without a penny to meet his obligations. He went to his principal creditor, to whom he was indebted seventy-five pounds, and engaged to pay five shillings per week, which he did, never missing a week for more than five years. To another creditor, who had never even mentioned the debt to him, he went, three years after he became a Christian, and said:

"I believe I owe thee seven pounds. Now, I've a pig that I've fed instead of feeding the publican, and thou canst have the pig."

"Well, lad," was the reply, "I'll take the pig; and if there's aught over, I'll pay the balance."

The pig was killed, weighed, and the balance of three pounds ten shillings was paid over.

One one occasion an old companion, who did not understand the great change wrought in him, called at his shop to obtain some sporting information, and wished to know who was going to win the race in Hyde Park.

"I do not know anything at all about it."

"Nay, thee canst tell us something about it; thou knowest what they've done afore."

"Nay, lad; I've nobbut another race to run, and then I've done."

"Another race art thee going to run? Another race? Who is it with? Hast thee made another match?"

"Ay; I've made a match with the Devil for eternal life and my own soul, and it will take me all the days of my life to beat him."

His old companion was quite taken aback. A cannon-shot would scarcely have surprised him more than such a reply from one who had been so famous as a sporting character and so frequently applauded in "Bell's Life."

When I shook hands with him, last year, he was sixty-four years of age, and had been an earnest worker for temperance and a consistent Christian for twenty-nine years, with a family of six sons and two daughters walking with him in the right road, one of his sons being a successful Christian minister. He occupies a respectable position; has never been forsaken; has been blessed in "basket and store," body and soul, and has been the means of great blessing to others. The beginning of all this was the yielding to a good impulse and giving up what he believed to be wrong. Such a lesson needs no comment.—*John B. Gough.*

Explosion of Powder in a Mine.

DETROIT, Nov. 8.—A Hancock, L. C., special to the *Evening News* says that 400 pounds of blasting powder exploded last night in the Quincy mine. Wm. Jarvela, Oley Olesenn and a boy, George Meyers, were instantly killed. A vast amount of damage was done in the interior of the mine.

Crops for Manure.

With the vast resources of green crops for manure that the farmer has at his command it is strange that there should be such a demand for high-priced fertilizers. The profits of these takes a wide margin from the net profits of grain raising, and leaves the land in no better condition, for the stimulus it affords is all taken off by the crop, and nothing is left to better the soil, for the smallest quantity that will benefit a crop is generally used, and as a consequence the texture or quality of the soil is not raised as it would be if four times the quantity was used, and an attempt made to enrich the land as well as benefit the crop. In the use of green crops for manure they have all the elements of plant food, and in right proportions, and will benefit the land, aside from the consideration, more than any fertilizer, save well-cared-for barn manure. The grains, especially corn, find their most perfect food in soils full of organic matter, the remains of plants in a decaying state.

In this connection we may mention the making of a sod as a work that plays an important part in the true economy of the farm, for a genuine sod comes about as near being a perfect manure as anything yet used to aid in the growing of crops. In another method, that of enriching the soil by turning under successive green crops without attempting for one season to gather any product, a very satisfactory result will be obtained, for in addition to the increased fertility which will result, the soil will be made lighter and more porous, which will allow more perfect working and admit light and air, which are so necessary to the development of the plant, besides, this addition of vegetable matter to the soil will in itself bring out new elements of plant food.

Of those summer crops that can be turned under with good results, we may mention rye, the clovers, peas, buckwheat (which is a good weed exterminator), and if wheat is not to follow, a growth of corn yields a vast amount of plant matter to turn under, and in decomposing makes the soil exceedingly light and friable for a crop the following spring. If the field is "adapted to weeds" they may be allowed to stand until the blossoming stage, and then turned under with benefits, and by repeated turnings under at this stage, the dreaded white daisy may be subdued and its roots become food for other and more useful plants.

If the majority of the farms were examined—those in the daisy regions of Northern Ohio especially—it would be found that one of the causes of decreasing productiveness comes not so much from a lack of fertility as from the land becoming compact, and the elements which it contains becoming unavailable as plant food, and what is needed more than anything else is to plow them up, sow to some heavy crop and plow it under, and loosen up the soil so that the roots and fibers of the grasses can readily penetrate and draw their nourishment without hindrance. That this is true is demonstrated on farms that have remained unplowed for years; but now in the new order of things the raising of grain has loosened up the soil, and where they have been stocked down with sufficient fertility, the grass shows a luxuriant yield, and when again replowed in the rotation of crops, this sod, rich in organic matter, brings abundant crops, proving that a rich soil is the most valuable of manures and is obtained at an expense considerably less than $40 per ton, and of fertility, not measured at 200 pounds per acre, or in teaspoonful doses.

While manure of all kind should be carefully saved and applied to the plow lands it will be found that we have no fertilizer that in its final results so improves the soil and adds to its texture as vegetable manure, and all soils except the swamps whose soil is itself decayed vegetable matter, are benefitted by it. For hard, unyielding clay lands, the repeated action of masses of decaying vegetable matter is to render it mellow, to change its color to a dark, rich shade, and change the character to that of a fine loam, and the land, as grain growers well know, is benefited by a crop of clover to a greater extent than by any other dressing you can give it.

As has been indicated, the use of commercial fertilizers, unless applied to an extent equal to the value of the crop, cannot raise the texture and quality of the soil. As usually applied, the simple and the exactions of the crop are equal, or the latter exceeds the former. Land can only be raised in fertility by using it in connection with other manures, and then the farmer often mistaking the actual wants of his soil purchases just the wrong fertilizer, and the benefit is not at the time apparent. But the cultivating of the sod for manure, and the frequent use of it in conjunction with the accumulation of the barnyard, can be attended with none but satisfactory results.

Soot for Fertilizing.

I have long had great faith in soot as manure, and have here a covered box placed near the castle, into which the sweep puts all the soot from the chimneys and flues, from time to time. This in the course of time amounts to an incredible quantity of manure, and very handy and useful we find it. When a piece of ground is dug we give it a dressing with soot, and then (in garden phrase) "break it down" for the crop. This really means running a rough rake over it, and it mixes the soot with the soil nicely and the result is always satisfactory in the crop. Last year our onion crop showed unmistakable signs of the maggot. I immediately had the piece dressed with soot. Heavy rain set in just after, and soon the onions were on their legs and the maggots gone.—*Gardners Chronicle.*

Fatal Quarrel About a Girl.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Ill., Nov. 1.—Albert Nichols shot and killed John Lenahan at a farm five miles from here last night. The men quarreled and fought about about a girl to whom both were paying attention. Lenahan was worsted and tried to run, when Nichols shot him in the back.

A Builder's Testimony.

Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., of 9 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass., after relating his surprising recovery from rheumatism by St. Jacob's Oil, says: I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this liniment.—*Grand Rapids Times.*

The author of "The Wide, Wide World" has written another novel.

An Indian Captive.

General John R. Baylor furnishes the San Antonia *Express* with the following incident connected with his late visit to Corpus Christi, where he met a Spaniard by the name of Tito Rivera, whom he rescued from the Comanches a quarter of a century ago:

"In 1856 I was United States Indian Agent at the Comanch Reservation on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, then Throckmorton county. One day I found a note on my table from a boy, who asked that he be taken from the Indians. Soon afterwards the boy walked into my office with a bunch of turkey feathers fastened to the top of his head, and his face painted, and dressed in the Indian costume, and said he was the boy who left the note on my table. I asked him where he came from, and he said that his father was a Spaniard, and lived in the mining town of Tapio, in the state of Durango, Mexico. He spoke Spanish and also Comanche. I didn't believe that he had written the note, and to try him asked him to sit down at my desk and show me how he could write. He wrote a beautiful hand for a boy. Questioning him as to how he came to fall into the hands of the Indians, he said that his father owned a pack train, and one day he went out with the mules and the men in charge of the mules and camped. The Indians came on them and took him into captivity. After hearing his story, I sent for the Indian who claimed to own the boy and when he came I told him I must have Tito. He replied that I could not, and I told him I would or we would fight. He said that fight it would be then; the boy could not go. I went to see Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was then Lieutenant-Colonel of the second United States cavalry, at Camp Cooper, and who had been stationed there to protect the Comanche camp. While there, Chief Catemase, of the Comanches, who had heard of the object of my visit, came to me and said that he wanted no trouble between myself and the Indians, and that if I would give up $100 worth of goods I could have the boy. I gave him an order on the sutler and he was given the goods, and the boy was turned over to me. I sent the little fellow to my house and he lived with my children for about two years, being treated as one of the family. Afterwards I met Major Neighbors, who then lived near San Antonio, on the Salado. Major Neighbors said he wanted him, and if I would give him to him he would send him back to his mother. I turned him over to the Major, but he didn't send him back to his mother, and the confederate war came on and he went into the conferate army. The boy was twelve years old when I took him, and the Indians had captured him when nine. Hespoke the Comanche language perfectly and I used him as interpreter. Major Neighbors left the boy on his ranch on the Salado, near San Antonio, and the boy entered the confederate army when about sixteen. Upon returning from the war he stopped with Captain Albert Wallace on the Cibolo, fifteen miles noth of San Antonio, and from there went to Galveston and thence to Corpus Christo. While with Captain Wallace he earned his living as a cowboy. I went to Corpus Christi to see the boy, Tito Rivera, now cashier of the bank of Davis and Doddridge in Corpus Christi, and one of the most respectable gentlemen of Corpus. He married a Miss Mollie Woodward, and now has one boy and two little girls, and the best of my visit was that the little children came about me, threw their arms around my neck and called me grandpa. Rivera is a man now about thirty-six years of age and is a magnificent looking man."

The Names of the States.

Hon. Hamilton B. Staples read a paper at the annual meeting of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, on the 21st inst., in which he discussed the origin of the names of several of the States. His conclusions were as follows: New Hampshire gets its name from Hampshire, England. Massachusetts is derived from an Indian name, first given to the bay, signifying "near the great hills." Rhode Island has an obscure origin, the Island of Rhodes, the "Island of Roads," and a Dutch origin, "Red Island," were mentioned, the first seeming to have the best historical support. Connecticut is an Indian name, signifying "land on a long tidal river." New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland were passed over. Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia have a royal origin. Maine was named from the fact that it was supposed to contain the "mayne portion" of New England. Vermont has no especial question, except that it is claimed to have first been an alias—New Connecticut, alias Vermont. Kentucky popularly signifies either "dark and bloody ground," or "a bloody river," but its origin signifies "the head of a river," or "the long river." Tennesse comes from its river, the name being derived from the name of an Indian village on the river—"Tanassee." Ohio is named after an Indian name, signifying "something great," with the accent of admiration. Indiana comes from the name of an early land company. Illinois comes from the Indian—the name of a tribe. Michigan is claimed to mean "lake country;" it probably came from the name of the lake, "Great Lake," which bore this name before the land adjacent was named. Louisiana is from the French. Arkansas and Missouri are Indian, the former being doubtful, the latter is claimed to mean in its original "muddy waters," which describes the river. Iowa is also Indian, with doubtful meaning. Texas is popularly supposed to be Indian, but may be Spanish. Florida is Spanish, "a flowery land." Oregon has a conjectural origin. It is probably Indian, but a Spanish origin is claimed. California comes from a Spanish romance of 1510. Nevada takes its name from the mountains, who get theirs from a resemblance of the Nevadas of South America. Minnesota is Indian, "sky-tinted water." Nebraska is variously rendered "shallow water" and "flat country." Kansas is from an Indian root, Kaw, corrupted by the French. Mississippi is "great water" or "whole river." Alabama is Indian, the name of a fortress and a tribe, signifying, as is claimed, "here we rest."

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high seasoned food, rich pies, cake &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps death. No familp is safe without them in the house.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our special correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1881.

For the next four weeks, Washington will devote herself almost entirely to "fixing" for the session. The President has gone to New York; some say to vote; others say for a purpose romantic and matrimonial. One thing is certain, he cannot vote, for he has failed to register, but who will say he cannot get married? Of course the elaborate "fixing" that is going on at the White House—new carpets, frescoing, furniture upholstered in old gold, regilding, and other exquisite details of beautification—may have nothing to do with a permanent female occupant. But the personal interest taken by the President in the new installation of the old mansion would seem, at least, to indicate that he knows something about mural decoration, and the æsthetic befitments of the home of—of—well, let us say the Executive of a great Nation. Perhaps he will live alone for three years and four months in these splendid halls and luxurious boudoirs, but it is the most inappropriate cave for an anchorite that Satan ever invented. Furniture has been ordered from New York, and it is expected that everything will be completed, and the mansion ready for occupancy, by the 20th inst. The East Room, with which visitors to the Capital are most familiar, will be returnished throughout, and the wood work will be carved in modern and elegant designs.

All the Government Departments are being repainted and placed in proper condition for the winter. But it is not the Government alone that is laboring to improve the National seat of government, and prepare it for the thousands of visitors who come every winter to spend a few days or a few months in Washington, to engage in its fashionable gayeties; to view its historic and architectural monuments; to see its art collections, and, especially, to hear, in the two legislative halls of the Capitol, some men who, though living, are historic. Such are the power and facilities of the press that men and history are given, as it were, by instantaneous photography, to dwellers in hamlets, and our public men may see the judgment of posterity in the criticism or the praise reflected from the factory, the farm house and the miner's camp. To return from this disgression—I began to write something about the private improvements and of the growth of the city. Real estate agents say that such activity has not been known here for several years. There are at this time fewer houses vacant than ever before, and all houses situated in desirable localities are readily rented at prices ranging from five to ten per cent. in advance of the prices current last year. The class of houses sought, too, are of a higher order than those in demand last season. The northwest section of the city seems to lead, though in Georgetown and on Capitol Hill the demand is steady and the prices a little in advance of last year. So great is the demand for residences in the northwestern section that many still uncompleted, are already rented. During the past year a larger number of substantial dwellings have been erected than in any season for years. The outlook for building next season is bright, and argues well for the advancement of the Capital of the country. C. A. S.

Scandinavian Hospitality.

The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweeden, and the far North the author was heartily received by every one, from the king in his palace to the Laplander in his tent. During five years of almost incessant travel in the course of which every part of the peninsula was visited, Mr. Du Chaillu was coolly treated only once. The Sweedes and Norwegians have the reputation of being reserved and cold, but this is true of them only when they meet strangers of the class best suggested by the word "tourist." To any one whose interest in them cannot be measured by a stare or two and a few impertinent questions they are unsuspicious and communicative, as well as cordial to the verge of affection. Mr. De Chaillu went among them freely, conversed with them in their language, wore garments like their own and took part in their labors, sports, and ceremonies. The treatment he received in return causes him to speak most enthusiastically in praise of their sociability and kindness.

As in all other countries that retain primative habits, hospitality in Scandinavia always implies eating and drinking. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight. The author mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting any one's feelings, he ate thirty times in two days, and drank thirty-four cups of coffee. Often strong cheese is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the cities a formal dinner is preceded by a *smorgas* table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, smoked salmon with poached eggs, raw salmon freshly salted, hard-boiled eggs, cavaire, fried sausage, anchovy, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheeese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled meat, potatoes, eggs' beets, and onions There were also three kinds of spirits on the table, and from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully, and then did justice to an excellent dinner.—JOHN HABBERTON, in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

The Man in the Moon.

The face, or disk, of the moon is brighter in some places than at others. The dark spots are so arranged as to represent the eyes, nose and mouth of a man, and the whole disk represents the face of a human being. So the moon appears to us, but people in other countries claim that they see other things in the moon. The Tartars behold a "woodcutter, bearing on his back a huge bundle of wood, and supporting himself with a staff." The Japanese say they see a rabbit, in a sitting posture. His long ears stand erect, and before him a large mortar. In his forepaws he holds a pestle, and is generally busy grinding rice. But the telescope shows that the dark spots are really huge mountain craters, for the surface of the moon is about as uneven as that of the earth.

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SOUTHWARD

	Johnstown Depart.	Somerset Arrive.	Stoneboro Arrive.
Mail	10:55 a. m.	12:25 p. m	[illegible]
Local	1:00 p. m.	4:25 p. m	[illegible]

NORTHWARD

	Arrive.	Depart.	Depart.
Mail	8:50 p. m.	6:00 p. m	[illegible]
Local	10:35 a. m.	7:45 a. m.	[illegible]

The Mail, north and south, runs daily; the Local Train daily except Sunday.

On the Pittsburgh Division, P. & O. Railroad through passenger trains, east bound, will leave Rockwood at 1:41 p. m., and 11:56 p. m., arriving respectively at Washington at 3:35 p. m., same day, and 6:30 next morning, and at Baltimore at 10:50 p. m., same day, and at 7:40 next morning.

Westward-bound through trains leave Baltimore at 9:30 a. m., and 8 p. m., and Washington at 10:40 a. m., and 9:15 p. m., arriving respectively at Rockwood at 6:04 p. m., and 4:25 a. m.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Leave.	278 Miles to Pittsburgh.	Arrive.
Johnstown Ex. §	5:45 a. m.	Departs	[illegible]
Pacific Ex. §	6:37 a. m.	stops	[illegible]
Chicago Day Ex.	10:28 a. m.	Sag	[illegible]
St. Louis Day Ex.	10:48 a. m.	"	[illegible]
Mail §	12:12 p. m.	stops	4:40 p. m.
Huntingdon Acc. §	3:29 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Cincinnati Ex.	7:13 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Johnstown Acc. §	6:52 p