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The Singing Bird.

Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the swallow sung,
From the nest he builded high;
And the robin's rapturous echo rang
From his leafy perch close by.

"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," rang the joyous thrush,
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet is the world in June."

"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the maiden said,
As she twined her hair with flowers;
From bird and blossom the echo sped
Through the long and blissful hours.

"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," rang the joyful tune,
"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet is the world in June."

"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," the swallow sung,
On the summer's dying night;
And "sweet, sweet, sweet," the echo rung,
As the robin plumed for flight;

"Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet," when her life is done,
And sweet, sweet, sweet, when her life is done,

But the maiden, never a word she said,
As she donned her weeds of woe;
The bird that sang in her heart was dead,
With the summer of long ago;

The sweet, sweet, sweet, of the bloom and bird
As idle mocking her dull ear heard.

Oh, sweet, sweet, sweet is the whole glad earth,
When the summer days are here;
And sweet, sweet, sweet is the time of death,
Though the autumn days are drear;
If only deep in the heart is heard
The glad song of the "singing bird."

HANNAH AND I.

My father had moved into a new place. Prospectively, I enjoyed much in the dethronement of our household gods, and the reduction of all our worldly goods to a state of chaos. I foresaw the delicious suspense, anxiety and final dismay or rejoicing that would attend the transit of our looking-glasses and parlor chairs. I looked forward to a kind of nomadic existence about the house during the days wherein we were getting settled, to the exploration of unknown depths under the closet stairs, and of mysterious recesses behind the chimney. I expected to sit and sing in the best rocking-chair, to roll my tired limbs on the best mattress, and to take my dinner with a large spoon from out a fruit-jar.

When, therefore, I rode up from the depot on top of the box containing my mother's best china and glassware, I felt that every one who beheld, also beheld the short ends of my husband fluttered spiritedly in the March breeze, and the anticipatory tremors in my breast cracked the starched shirt-front beneath my jacket.

At a very tender age we realize that this is a world of disappointments. For the next few days my life consisted mainly in hunting up the hammer, running for nails, trotting up to the store and down to the tinner's and after the carpenter, pushing stove-legs into place, holding up footboards of family bedsteads, lifting the corners of bureaus, waiting upon the painter and the white-wash man, getting my fingers pinched, getting scolded, getting a cold, losing my handkerchief, having nothing in particular to eat save a little baker's bread, and now and then a bit of beef, steak cooked sometimes by my mother sometimes by my father, sometimes by Mary Sullivan, and occasionally by all three.

By the third day I began to see that the anarchic style of housekeeping has its disadvantages and to feel that the springs of a naturally good constitution were wearing out in the family service. On the morning of that day I left my mother and Mary Sullivan stretching a carpet fitted for a room 15x15 to cover a new dining-room, 15x16, and walked out in the back yard to take the air.

As I sauntered down to the front gate my eyes were greeted by a vision of youth—I cannot say of beauty—swinging upon the gate over the way.

The "vision" wore a large bombazine hood, such as was at this time in high repute among grandmothers, but was never calculated to enhance the charms of the young. A little plaid shawl was pinned askew about her shoulders. One of a species of embroidered pantaloons, which, like the dodo of Mauritius, has since become extinct, had slipped down and lay like a wrinkled bandage around the top of her shoe.

"Hallo!" said I.

"Hallo!" responded she; "you're a mean, nasty boy!"

I should have promptly returned his compliment but for the consideration that I had just moved into the community, and everything depended upon my acquiring a good reputation. Without replying, therefore, I began reflectively digging a hole in the gatepost with my jack-knife. The "vision" swung back and forth, and hummed "I want to be an angel." In giving an unusually vigorous furch outward an apple flew from her hand and fell into the middle of the muddy street.

I digress here to state that, though a popular street, that portion of it in front of my father's house generally was muddy. During the spring and fall months we had a large, swashy pool there—one that appeared to flow from a secret perennial source of muddiness. In the winter months it froze over and made capital skating. During the summer it gradually dried away, until, at the "pollywog" season, when alone a boy can take the highest rational enjoyment in a mud-puddle, only a damp spot in the center of the street indicated the place from which the water had subsided. It was now at high tide and the apple fell into the ooze just below it.

"Boy, come over and pick up my apple," commanded my neighbor.

Conscious of setting that young pagan an example of good manners, I returned

the apple with a bow my mother had taught me. She gave it two or three cleansing dashes on her dress skirt and then said:

"Lend me your knife and I'll give you half."

She set the apple upon top of the gatepost, savagely jammed the knife through it, wiped the blade on her shawl and returned the knife with the larger part of the apple.

"Thank you," said I.

"What is your name, boy?"

"George Harriman. What is yours?"

"Hannah Ann Farley. You going to live in that house?"

"I expect to."

"I'm glad of it. There's been a disagreeable, stuck-up little girl living over there. I thought when first I saw you, you were going to be just like her."

This I took as Hannah's apology for her reception. It was satisfactory, and we might then and there have become friends, but at that moment Mary Sullivan came to our front door and called me home. She said the brass-headed tacks were all gone, and I must go to the store for more. When I returned Hannah Ann was nowhere to be seen.

The next morning I was fortunate enough to find a five-cent piece in a crack of a bureau drawer, and promptly started for a store wherein to spend it. The streets were so muddy I thought I would go across and leap the neighbor's fences. I was in neighbor Farley's yard when I was sharply hailed from a little window high up in the end of the house.

"Boy, come up here!"

"How am I going to get up?"

"Go around to the kitchen, and ask my mother to show you the way."

I hunted up the kitchen, and found Hannah's mother. Prior to this time when I wished to represent a female figure upon my slate I had a triangle surmounted by an eclipse, and this in turn finished by a small circle; hereafter, with Mrs. Farley in mind, I drew a cylindrical figure with a small circle on the upper end, and a slight depression representing the waist-line. After once seeing Mrs. Farley I could never wonder that Hannah was forever borrowing a pin to fasten something on with. There could never be a more delightful garret than Mrs. Farley's, for never could there be a woman who could excel her in the celerity with which she would use up furniture. Such a collection of mirrors with shattered glasses, bottomless chairs, dismantled bureaus, and tables standing upon three legs is seldom met!

"What do you want to play?" asked Hannah.

"Pirate."

"What's a pirate?"

I explained, and Hannah forthwith became the most bloodthirsty of pirates. It was in my heart to spare the women and children, but she refused to listen to such a proposition, and felled her victims left and right without regard to age or sex. Once she pierced me through the heart, and I fell bleeding, dying, hitting my head against the chimney, and yelling out in unfeigned agony.

Afterward, we were riding peacefully along over the green fields, and beneath the calm blue sky, on a two-legged and very dusty sofa, when a party of brigands swooped down upon us, and bore us off to a loathsome dungeon behind a dismantled bureau. We flattened ourselves and crawled out, beheaded the brigands, appropriated their spoils, and returned triumphant to our own homes. We were very dusty and covered with cobwebs when I remembered my five-cent piece and said I must go.

"Give me half of what you're going to buy, and I'll go with you," said Hannah.

I couldn't very well refuse this generous offer; so she put on her hood and shawl, at my suggestion tied up her shoe-strings, and we started. She expressed a preference for black licorice, and I expended my money upon that luxury; and shared it liberally. We came home hand in hand, and though Hannah went over-shoe in mud and water three times, she bore it with immitable good-nature.

From that morning our friendship matured rapidly. Sometimes Hannah was at our house; sometimes I played in the Farley garret; and sometimes when she had a sore throat, and wore a preparation of lard and camphor-gum around it, we had permission to play in Mrs. Farley's parlor. Whenever Hannah stole cookies and ginger-snaps for herself, she always laid in for me; when Mary Sullivan made tea-saucer pies for me, I carried them red-hot from the oven to neighbor Farley's, and Hannah and I watched them cool with hearts that beat as one. Then while one-half the juice drizzled over my jacket the corresponding half dripped on Hannah's apron. Hannah was passionately fond of "jooce!"

When school opened, Hannah and I went hand in hand, and stood by one another in days of adversity as well as days of prosperity. Hannah being a miserable scholar, her days were mostly of adversity.

The months slipped away, and the years grew apace. My father petitioned the town authorities to fill up that mud puddle in front of our house. The town authorities gave every encouragement that the "whole board" would be on the spot at an early day, but we looked for them in vain. My father made a second and third impotency wish like results. Then he pressed his grievance upon their attention as gentlemen and men of honor. As gentlemen and men of honor they gave their word that the matter should be neglected no longer. We lived upon that promise six months. Then my father,

grown irate, threatened to sue. The board, becoming defiant, just wished he would sue; they should like to see him sue. At this retort my father's feelings rose to the summit of moral indignation; he wouldn't sue; he scorned to lower himself to a quarrel with such men; but he would pay no more taxes in that town; and energetic preparations for our removal began.

Hannah and I were sitting upon the edge of Mr. Farley's coal-bin when I communicated to her my father's decision. As soon as she saw I was in earnest she dropped over upon the anthracite, and gave vent to a flow of tears. She declared that she couldn't and wouldn't have me go. She should die with loneliness, and she wished she was dead. A few tears of mine drizzled over into the bin and mingled with Hannah's. Afterward she appeared reconciled, and manifested intense interest in our preparations, obtruding her services at her house until my mother declared she should never be ready to go if that Farley girl couldn't be kept at home.

The morning of our departure dawned at last. My father and mother went to the depot, leaving me to follow, as I had come, on the last load of goods.

It was an April morning, succeeding a heavy rain-storm, and the waves of my father's mud-puddle ran high. Hannah sat upon the old petunia mound by the gate, sobbing. I raised her drooping form to bid her farewell, pushed the hair from her face and gave her my last kiss. She clutched frantically at my jacket, but, realizing that delays are dangerous, I sprang upon a dry-goods box in the wagon. The horse, most severely afflicted with spring-halt, started off at a fearful gallop, and we disappeared around the corner forever.

As soon as circumstances would permit I addressed a letter to Hannah, and soon received a reply, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

My Dear George:—

I now set down to let you know how I am. I have had a soar throat nearly all the time since you left. Somebody has shot our Cat. School commences next week. I dread it. A new family has moved into your house, there is too boys, Eddy and Willy. If we never see each other again on earth I hope we may meet in heaven.

Yours Truly,
HANNAH A. FARLEY.

The letter also contained two blots and a grease spot and was directed by Hannah's mother, wrong side up with care. I wrote her once more, but received no answer a failure which I attributed to her aversion to all literary labor rather than to any diminution in the ardor of her affections.

I attended school for the next three or four years, and then entered the whole-sale mercantile business in the service of an uncle. I became a rising young man. Some of the time I rose rapidly, as gaseous matter and young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five are in the habit of doing. Our family also prospered. From three-ply in our parlor we passed by easy stages through body Brussels to English Wilton, and we numbered the successors of Mary Sullivan by twos and by threes.

Presently I arrived at that age whereat extremely witty people begin pointing at a young man peculiarly sharp and original jests concerning the subject of matrimony. At first the implication therein conveyed that I had only to choose was gratifying to my vanity; but by the time I began to direct any serious thoughts that way myself, so much solid wit had become an insufferable bore. There were girls in large quantities and excellent qualities all around me, but the thought of advancing to anything serious with any one of them always suggested Hannah.

My reminiscences of Hannah were not such that I could create an ideal feminine character of her; but when a fellow has sat in a coal-bin with a girl and taken alternate snuffs on as many Jack-son-balls as I had with Hannah, no subsequent experience can ever entirely efface the impression. I had a curiosity to know what Hannah had become. The surest way to satisfy this curiosity seemed to be to go and see her. I accordingly went.

The girl was pretty. She had color and frankness; she had grace and repose of manner. Her finger-nails were scrupulously kept, root and crown, and her hair was glossy, as well as fashionably dressed.

The year we left town Hannah's mother died; and after the billows of affliction had surged over his soul for about six months, Mr. Farley again beheld the sun and took a new wife. The new wife had taken infinite pains with her step-daughter. The step-daughter's present appearance, as compared with her former condition, bore favorable testimony for the lady's system. Hannah said that when we were children I had seemed like a brother to her, and I at once placed myself upon a fraternal standing. I interrogated her in regard to the occupants of my old home, and she finally confided to me that she was engaged to the younger Wetherbee, the "willy" of her letter.

I afterward saw him, and could not but inwardly applaud the discrimination that led her, even in childhood, to begin his name with a small letter. He was an individual of from 110 to 115 pounds weight, though what there was of him was drawn out and judiciously distributed with a view to making the most of straitened circumstances. There may be no more ink in an exclamation point than a vowel, but it is better adapted to attract attention. As to color, energy and vivacity, Hannah had enough to supply three just like him.

Hannah's, I soon perceived, was the philosophical form of engaged life. One evening when we went to walk, she said to me:

"Mr. Wetherbee has his faults; no one knows them better than I. But where you added she, touchingly, "where will you find a man who hasn't faults?"

"Where, surely!" responded I.

"I don't look for perfect happiness here below," continued Hannah, pensively; "I've seen too much of life for that!"—Hannah is some years my junior and must at this period have arrived at the mature age of nineteen years.

I returned home and two years slipped away. I was still halting between two opinions and looking inquiringly at a third, and the "opinions" had begun to manifest lively symptoms of taking care of themselves, when one day in a neighboring city, strolling through a paper-box factory whose proprietor was my friend, I came across Hannah.

"How in the world came you here?" bluntly ejaculated I.

"By the fortunes of life and the railway."

I didn't know whether she was to be addressed as Farley or Wetherbee, and observing that she was dressed in deep mourning, avoided anything that might suggest explanations. She presently told me that her father was dead. Then as I sought her confidence—on the fraternal basis—she told me that her father had left his estate incumbered.

"Those disagreeable Wetherbees hold a mortgage on the house," said she, "and they are just the exacting, unaccommodating kind of people who wouldn't hesitate in foreclosing the day the time expires!"

She had set herself about earning money to pay the indebtedness.

"You see," said she "the property is left by will to mamma and myself conjointly. If it is disposed of at a forced sale it must be at a great sacrifice, and then poor mamma will be left without a home. She has done everything for me"—here Hannah's large eyes filled with tears—"and it is a small thing for me to try to save the home for her."

I said I wondered she hadn't sought a different kind of employment and suggested teaching.

"Oh, I've tried applying for schools. Two or three times I've received invitations to examinations; and they've given me perfectly dreadful lists of questions—asked reasons why we performed operations that I never before knew we did perform."

"Music, then."

"I love music; but there are three teachers to every pupil. This is pleasant work, and I am happy in feeling I shall save the home for mamma!"

When I reached home that evening I sold an opera ticket I had purchased in the morning, and, whereas I had always smoked fifteen-cent cigars, now purchased a box at ten cents (I gave them away before the close of the week and went back to fifteen's) and asked mother if there wasn't a place somewhere in the city where they cleaned and dressed over-soiled kid gloves to look as well as new.

For the next few weeks I had considerable business in a neighboring city, and I used to transit it in season for the three-o'clock train, and then conclude to wait for the express. Hannah was always in fine spirits, buoyed up by the belief that she was making sure progress in paying that debt. I should as soon thought of discharging the national obligation by peddling matches.

One warm Saturday afternoon, when I stood by her side, and she leaned back fatigued, but distractingly pretty with the loose hair curling around her temples, she inadvertently laid her hand on the corner of the table next me. It was growing thin and the H formed by the blue veins on the back, and which, in the days of youthful simplicity she had told me stood for Harriman, stood out with great distinctness.

I suggested being allowed to make an arrangement removing her from the necessity of liquidating those debts. She refused to listen. I pressed the matter unavailingly.

I then went to the proprietor, told him Miss Farley was an old schoolmate and a friend of mine, who was heroically trying to save the family residence for her stepmother, and asked him if he could not furnish her a better position; but Frank is the most obtuse of creatures. He finally asked me if she could keep books. Remembering the splurges in that useful epistle of hers, I felt by no means confident, but said I:

"Give her the books, any way, and look to me for damages."

He found that she wrote a neat hand, and had a slight inkling of double entry; but when it came to the subject of remuneration, and she asked him how much he had paid his last book-keeper, he had the stupidity to reply: "He had \$800, but I shall allow you \$1,200."

"Ah!" said she, "he was an old and experienced book-keeper, while I know little about it. Why under such circumstances do you increase the salary?"

Frank wouldn't have scrupled at an entire series of equivocations in his own behalf, but since only my interests were at stake, his conscience became as tender as George Washington's. He finally acknowledged that the increase was provided for by a friend.

"I shall accept the position at \$800," said she, with dignity.

I went up and held a conversation with Hannah. I "reasoned" with her; I "set things in their true light;" I "made matters clear." It did seem as if she might see, but she wouldn't.

Upon the urgent and repeated invitations of my mother she consented to spend her Sabbaths at our place. She

was in the frequent receipt of letters from her stepmother, in which the most affectionate sentiments were couched in the most beautiful language, and on Sunday evenings she used to read me extracts from these letters with tears in her eyes.

The pay-day came at length whereon I was morally certain she would receive enough to complete her payments. I went to see her at her boarding-place that evening, and broached the deferred subject. She attempted evasion, but I had decided that if ever I was to have my own way in this connection it was time I began. The result was I went home with her the next day.

We found Mrs. Farley had just decided to marry the former chairman of that board of road commissioners who wouldn't fill up my father's mud-puddle.

"I think, Hannah," said she, reflectively, "that perhaps we'd better dispose of the property, and take our respective portions to purchase our trousseaux with."

They did accordingly, and one "respective portion" was made up as quickly as I could spur on an able and experienced corps of dressmakers.

During the years that have elapsed since that eventful period, our domestic life has been sometimes critical, and often peculiar, but always jolly. I've never seen the hour when in the inmost recesses of my heart I've regretted that my father's family once resided opposite that mud-puddle and Hannah Ann.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Animal World.

A cattle drover near Chicago owns a collier that is said to be a marvel. One day a bet was made that he would take charge of thirty cattle, then in a car, all being unknown to the dog, as soon as unloaded; that he would drive them to his owner's place, which was distant two miles; that although it would be necessary to drive the animals among other cattle on the way the dog would neither permit one of the strange cattle to join his drove nor would he allow one of his thirty to stray from his companions. The dog won.

In the court-house tower of Norris-town, Pa., a flock of snow birds has lived for over five years, yet with every stroke of the bell announcing the hours as they passed the birds have never ceased to leave the tower in the greatest consternation, but maintain their position in the air until the last stroke has fallen, when they at once returned to the tower. Thus every hour has their rest been disturbed during the entire period without, however, causing them to seek another lodging. The bell weighs nearly 4,000 pounds.

Otters are used in fishing at Pondicherry on the banks of the Matta Colly. Bishop Heber relates that they drive the shoals into the nets and sometimes bring out the larger fish with their teeth. He saw at Pondicherry a row of nine or ten very large and beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill, whistling noise, as if in play.

Murdoch McKenzie, of San Francisco had a young bull that betrayed him by making a headlong dash for him as he turned to leave after feeding him. A favorite mare and a pet colt of Mr. McKenzie were quietly feeding some 100 yards distant, and no sooner was the worthy gentleman struck by the vicious animal than both mare and colt were observed flying to his rescue with the speed of the wind, and, charging upon the bull, drove him away with hoof and teeth, thus enabling Mr. McKenzie, who had recovered his senses in the meantime, to stagger to the fence and climb out of danger.

A Moorish Coffee Stand.

Leaving the market-place we passed through a crumbling old archway into a shady lane shut in by high walls. Here a Moorish coffee stand was established in a shanty run up against the inside of the arch, and benches were placed along the walls of the lane for customers. It was an amusing study to watch the keeper of that coffee stand at work preparing the cup of coffee ordered for me by Simon. He was a little, gray, wrinkled man with bent figure, clad in a complete suit of flame-color, which gave him a semi-diabolical aspect to eyes familiar with the opera make-up of Goethe's Mephistopheles. His oddly-shaped kettle, too, placed on a very small stove level with his chin, had something alchemical about it. Seen in the gloom of the shanty, the fancy easily transmuted it from a kettle into an alembic for the distillation of uncanny liquors; and the patient, keenly watchful face of the old Moor as he ground the portion of coffee for the cup and fanned the flame under this alembic kettle, would have made a very fair model for a Paracelsus. Men might come and men might go in the quiet lane, passing from dust and strife of the market, but this true artist went on intently grinding the berries and fanning the fire as if his earthly horizon had been bounded by the wall of his rickety workshop, and the whole duty of man had been the brewing of good coffee. After five minutes waiting the powerful portion was put into my hand. It was worth waiting for. Black and thick and strong, the sip of liquor in the tiny cup half filled with grounds was more refreshing than a quart of the mawkish mixture hurriedly slashed into one's cup by the breathless waiter of a Parisian cafe.—*Temple Bar.*

Sea-Way.

The tide slips up the silver sand
Dark night and rosy day;
It brings sea treasures to the land,
It waits and gropes and cannot rest,
Then bears them all away.
On mighty shores, from east to west,
It walls and gropes and cannot rest.

Oh, tide! that still doth ebb and flow
Through night to golden day;
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go—
Thou giv'st, thou take'st away,
But sometime, on some gracious shore,
Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A down-East girl who is engaged to a lumberman says she has caught a feller.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The Bay of Naples and the Bay of Biscay—what horseman has a finer pair of bays.—*Stevensville Herald.*

There is nothing on earth so lowly but that duty giveth it importance—except sitting ashes on the high side of a healthy wind.

Boers are not by any means confined to South Africa. It is astonishing how many are to be met with on a single day's travel in the United States.

A Rhinebeck lady calls her husband a fire-escape, because he lies abed just long enough to hear the wood crackle in the cook stove.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

Some enterprising searcher after painful realities tells us that the cucumber was cultivated 3,000 years ago. The inference is probably drawn from the fact that many bodies at that early date were interred in a sitting posture, as if doubled up with the cramps.—*Modern Argosy.*

"I'm sitting on the style, Mary," he warbled, as he unconsciously planked himself on her new white bonnet. "Oh, whisper what thou feelest," she murmured, as she promptly introduced an inch and a half of shawl pin through his epidermis.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

There is in Baltimore a boy named "Ollie," who is just out of dresses. A friend of the family asked Ollie "Whose boy he was?" "I'm mammy's boy," "Why, Ollie!" said his father, reproachfully. "Yes," continued Ollie, "and I'm papa's boy." "How can that be?" asked the friend. "Why, my gracious!" was the reply, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

Words of Wisdom.

Nature is content with little, grace with less, but lust with nothing.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty.

Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but strikes with hands of iron.

He who bears much from others, finds that they, after a while, bear much from him.

The habit of saving is hard in the acquiring; but, sometimes, too easy in the retaining.

The envious man sees no means of equaling the person above him, save by pulling him down.

God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

Agriculture is the foundation of manufactures, since the productions of nature are the materials of art.

God's laws were never designed to be like cobwebs, which catch the little flies and suffer the large ones to break through.

Length of days is wisdom's right-hand blessing, typical of eternal life; but it is in her left hand that are riches and honor.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead.

Events are not determined by the wheel of fortune, which is blind, but by the wheels of Providence, which are full of eyes.

Make a good beginning of living in youth; for your after life will be too busy about its own concerns to return to rudiments.

A slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortune.

No one puts to sea in a storm; neither should you rebuke a man in the midst of anger. When the waves are at rest is the time to begin a voyage; and when the man's passions are calmed is the opportunity to remonstrate with him.

Platinum Working.

The only platinum worker in the United States is Joaquin Bishop, of Sugartown, Chester county, Pa. The Association of Mining Engineers recently made an excursion to the works of Mr. Bishop, to see his working of the intractable metal. Mr. Bishop, who gets most of his supply of metal from the Ural mountains, in Russia, has been working platinum for forty years. In 1845 he took a premium, but at that time the demand for platinum was so small that it only occupied him one day in the month, using the metal principally for rivets to fasten artificial teeth. Before the engineers Mr. Bishop melted a piece of platinum with the ease that a plumber melts lead. The intense heat used may be imagined when it is known that a steel file held in the blast burned like a piece of wood. The Russian government used platinum in its coinage until 1864, when about \$2,500,000 worth of platinum coins had been struck.

No less than six lines of railway are under construction in Africa.