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#### SUNSET.

Sweet star of summer's eventidal O'er youder sea of light, Where many a cloudlet crimson dyed Is cradled on the night. And back from many a purple isle The darkness rolleth for awhile, As sunset o'er that billowy sea Unveils her heart of hearts to thes,

I watched thy coming, long ago, When but a pensive child, Where Vincert's dark blue mountain's glow By Huron wide and wild, And softly, lovingly as now, The night dew kissed my throbbing brow; I felt with bird and breeze and bower The witchery of the sunset hour.

Oh, far off home of boyhood's dreams! Dear land remembered long! The magic of thy mountain streams,

The valleys filled with song; Through blighted hope, through pain an tears.

Through wandering and through burdened years, Denled, unsought and tempest driven,

Ye tell of rest and home in heaven. To-night!-and such a night as this-

His touch on yonder skies, Where clouds are bathed in Eden bliss, And stars in splendor rise; I bless Him, in the bonds He's cleft; The wealth of hope, of joy that's left; The shield and shelter ever nigh; The peace that cometh by and by,

I turn from these, Thy works, to Thee, A refuge of our race!

If earthly scenes be fair to see, What is Thy dwelling place! The glowing sunset's crimson light; The splendor of the starry night; The rainbow, arched from zone to zone, Are shadows only of Thy throne.

Thou stoopest with a tender heart To every little thing;

A rofuge and a rock Thou art, A father and a king! Did not life's darkness dim our sight;

It's sorrows hide Thine own sweet light, How much of goodness could we see? How much of love that tells of Thee? -American Monthly.

## SIDDY'S ADVICE.

#### I. WHEN IT WAS GIVEN.

"Where's Ned?" The girl's lips formed the question more than uttered it. You could not find a more notable woman in the fishermen's quarter of our pretty seaside town than the wife of ought to be !" and Siddy indicated the Joel Sims. He might work hard in his boats. "That's your doing !" boat, but he spent all his hours on shore in lounging about or sleeping, whereas Siddy Sims was never idle. The four fat little children who called street," moaned Liz, clutching at her friend for support; "he's not there.

her mother were as rosy and healthy as plenty of tubbing and wholesome food he's taken the shilling and gone for a solcould make them; and spiders avoided dier!" the queerly-built tenement on the cliffside, that might be known as Siddy

' by the whiteness of the rough stone the door and the redness of the pots

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fal-lals; it's waste o' money !"

to visit the fishermen's quarter.

in the way of the busy wife and mother.

and Liz either fled in another direction,

or when advised to keep her tongue

within her teeth in future, retorted with

the reproach that it was Siddy's fault;

she was always making miscelef between

"If it ain't enough to cut a body to the heart to be told that!" exclaimed the dis-comfited Siddy. "Don't you never marry

"I don't suppose she'll let me," replied Ned, with a heavy sigh. The varying

moods of the girl were perplexing him

sorely. It was not like her to be so petu-

Had he loved her too well?

His gloomy air fretted the woman who

"Ha' done with it, lad! You'd better

loved him with a mother's love, till at

make yourself miserable for a chit of a

made, but he lounged away, and was not

forthcoming when Joel, his supper eaten,

An hour afterward Siddy was watch-

ing the fishing fleet glide away toward the

setting sun, when she found Liz by her

"He's down town 'stead of where he

"No, no; I've been down the High

was seen at the railway station with the

He

its ugliness.

them

lant

her, Eddard.'

last she cried :

girl that ain't worth it."

went off to the beach.

side, ghastly with agitation.

# TIGNESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1884.

don't you let her wear no more o' them done all through being short-handed had IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER. exasperated him, and he growled at his wife, abused the missing Ned and looked "I don't believe her brown gown, "wa the angry retort, "cost more than that shawl of your'n, Siddy; and it's not half so black at the guest that she was fain to keep out of his way.

Siddy had much to cope with while his ill humor lasted, but she bore it as as flaring." After hurling this shaft Ned made his escape, for he knew Siddy would not the richly deserved punishment of her find it easy to fargive a slighting remark hasty advice.

on the huge-patterned plaid which she In other respects the world went had hitherto worn in happy ignorance of smoothly. The doctor called on Liz and

predicted her speedy recovery. But nothing would lift the load that lay on Siddy's heart, and as she went But ere long she had forgiven the speech, and the cause of it, welcoming pretty Liz whenever she could find time home down the cliff side with her empty basket she felt weak and spiritless, The season had not commenced yet, and the huge, half-empty hotel was the sight of Lizzie's pale face and the sound of the heavy sighs the girl breathed as she sat in the old arm-chair so inexpressibly dreary that Liz preferred Siddy's homely kitchen, even though it with her sewing were continual rewas inconviently crowded when the proaches to her hostess. children came in from play; Joel's burly

Mechanically the sorrowing woman looked toward the pretty land-locked frame filled up the end nearest the fire, and Ned took a boyish delight in getting bay lying below the rocky ledge on which she was resting. The smack of old Aaron Jones, who had sailed away far beyond Not that Liz was always a grateful recipient of her lover's attentions. She where the other fishermen cast their nets, had her fits of willfulness, sometimes had just come to an anchor, and, borne shoreward by the flowing tide, came the evincing an irritability that would lead to a quarrel. Then Ned would stalk out smack's boat with the first installment of of the house, refusing to hear the refinny treasures. morseful voice that entreated his return;

One of the rowers, catching sight of Siddy, greeted her with a lusty cheer. She recognized him in a moment. It was Ned! The report of his having enlisted was a false one, invented by a halftipsy idler. He had sailed in the Wonder, because in treaty with the owner for a share in his ventures, and the opportunity of talking over and clinching the bargain was too good to be missed. How Siddy laughed and cried in her

joy no one ever knew. She kept out of sight till the lovers met and were reconciled, and her first words to Ned were a reproach for not wiping his boots cleaner.

"If you two'll be said by me," she told the young couple, "you'll get married as soon as you can. And that's the last bit of advice I ever mean to give!"

take the shillin' and be a soldier than But whether Siddy will keep this resolve remains to be seen .- Cassell's Mag-"Think sol" was all the response he azine.

### Churchyard Poetry.

That the following, near Leamington, is genuine, there is no reason to doubt. The lines are touching. They are in memory of a man named John Trees:

Poorly lived, And poorly died, Poorly buried, And no one cried.

Equally melancholy, though with a different kind of sadness, are the rhymes on John Hill. They come from a "churchyard at Manchester :"

Here lies John Hill, a man of skill; His age was five times ten. He ne'er did good, nor ever would Had he lived as long again.

Very likely not, for if in half a century a man does no good he will hardly turn over a new leaf at fifty years of age. Is the following to be considered as an ITALY'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS IN NEW YORK.

How the Residents Dress, Act, Live and Work-Sidewalk Hucksters-

Nowhere else in the cosmopolitan life of New York city, can such grotesque realities and picturesque, if sometimes The colony comprises only the most igbe drawn, and left that section in their do so. possession. And the district is a faith-ful reproduction of uncultured Italian life. Within the territory virile vice they do not go to the theatres, nor do keeps abreast of virtue, thick-lined pov-

the Italian.

modes of living. Some of them are slat-tern, coarse in their homeliness and clown-Sometimes they jest, but their wit never prove themselves each hour that passes lives. But all are picturesque. Every rest of the brood toddle along as best

they may. But the male population must be from the very dregs of Italian civilization. All are inelegant. Some are disfigured, oth- cal passage of fish through the Bosphoers grisly and many cadaverous. Every one of them wears a stiff Derby hat. "The wind continuing for This is the only article of dress in which they are alike. Their habits are not cleanly. To wash their faces once a week is the greatest punctilio the majority of them observe. Their dress is fantastic, too. Some of them wear clothes that once may have decked the persons of European royalty; others add to their appearance by wearing the cast-off garments of American dudes, and none of them is the possessor of a brand new suit of clothes. When not working or engaged in games they stand in groups and jabber. Each one of them carries at his waist a hook that aids him to dive into barrels and ash heaps for many things of value to nobody until made so by Italian ingenuity. Some of these fellows are intensely jealous, some are good-humored, and some are habitually churlish. But the most familiar feature of the many to be observed in the colony are the sidewalk hucksters. From Worth to Broome street booths litter the curbstones. Behind them women and children are ensconced, but rarely, if ever men. What do they sell? Everything that he or she of the Italian colony may need in everyday life. Old clothes and hats are ped dled from three or four booths, but the traffic is mostly confined to articles of food dear to the palate of the Italian. They live simply and find on the curbstone stands the food which comprises their daily meals. What do they eat? Stale bread, decayed fruit, beans and old vegetables of every variety. The beans are the only sound commodity sold. The bread is several days old and is purchased in the wee sma' hours for a mere pittance from the bakeries. The oranges are unripe and the bananas decayed. The cabbages are rotten and the potatoes worm-caten. The hucksters buy the miscellany for almost nothing, and all day long they sell their wares to their compatriots. A loaf or two of this stale bread, a rancid orange, two bananas and a gill of the prepared beans can be purchased for five cents, and a whole family can subsist on ten cents' worth. If the Italian has made a lucky strike or is feeling jubilant, he repairs to one of the four restaurants in the colony, and there he can purchase from the following bill of fare which is displayed conspicuously on the outside:

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

tious is the Banca de Italiana in Mulberry street. The men put their savings in this, and their pile is augmented by driblets from their wives and children. But surely the reader may ask if

these men are able to save money on Dissipation and Pleasure.

their small wages, they would be con-tent to live better. No; they are willing to drudge and starve, willing to subsist on a crust, so that their ambition, the great one of their lives, may be realized. sorrowful, incidents be observed as those The poor Italian has but one object in which exist in the Italian colony. It view and that is to get back to his naembraces the district lengthwise, from tive land. It is to compass that object Worth street to Spring, and crosswise it that he slaves and starves. Every day extends from the cast side of Mott street that goes by sees him nearer to the goal to the rear of the west side of Mulberry. of his ambition. If he feels the chill air on a winter's night because of the lack norant and the poorest of the children of of an overcoat he consoles himself with Italy, and within the territory named the knowledge that soon he will have there are not two dozen families of other | money to bring him to sunny Italy, where, nationalities. Not many years ago a with his modest fortune, he can become handful of Americans, and a sprinkling of Europeans might have been found in the district, but the steady influx of the Neapolitans with their peculiar mode of children are then old enough to take living, caused a line of demarcation to care of themselves and they are left to

they study the rhythm of the waves upon erty rears its gaunt head with infinite the seashore. But they find surcease of ease above the modicum of moderate toil and sorrow in their liquor saloons. wealth, and whichever way the eye may These abound. They are vile places, glance characteristics startling, customs fanciful, scenes outlandish may be ob-served. The people live within themselves. They revel in their peculiar and pation only spend ten cents. The beer riotous fun, breathe the uncloistered at-mosphere of friendly fellowship, and earn a livelihood in a manner peculiar to pound called whisky may be purchased The women of the colony are fantastic for three cents. The men play cards for and diverse. They are fantastic as to the drinks, and only the victors quaff dress and diverse as to their habits and the stuff. Sometimes they quarrel and Sometimes they jest, but their wit never ish in their rusticity. Others avoid the ground-swell of vice. They are cleanly in their habits even if ignorant, and im-pudding comes along they entertain him while he gets off his gasconade, but in the gradation and continuity of their oaths are far more frequent than laughter. And this is how they live. A hundred woman wears jewelry. Long pieces of families occupy a building and at least gold of antique make hang from their one a room. In it they eat and live and ears. No matter how poor the woman sleep and sometimes die. The funerals may be the pendants are there. Some of are inexpensive but affecting. The cofthem have bands of gold or silver on fin is as rude and cheap as pine can be. their wrists, and here and there one may The hearse is simple also. When the be seen with a glittering carcanet around | time for the funeral arrives the windows her neck. The women wear low shoes in the vicinity are black with Italian huin every case, and heavy garments made, manity. The coffin is enclosed in the as a rule, out of fustian cloth. Generally hearse, a male member of the family sits the upper portion of the costumes is worn beside the driver, and the solitary promantilla-wise over their heads. The ef- cession is ready to start. Then two or fect is never somber, for their dress is al- three native musicians play a dirge upon their violin and harp, and when they ways garnished with some flimsey gew-gaw. Nearly every woman carries a baby have concluded the funeral starts. This strapped to her back and never seems is the actual everyday life of these strange to be conscious of its existence. The people, and they number over 5,000 now. -New York Mail and Express.

#### Fish in the Bosphorus.

Dr. Neale, who witnessed the periodi-"The wind continuing for two or five dollar spring bonnet. "Do you think three days from the north, we were sur- it becoming, dear?" she asked of her prised at beholding a singular rippling appearance in the midst of the waters of the Bosphorus, forming a dark serpentine line about a mile and a half in length. Over and all around this rippling were assembled a prodigious concourse of aquatic fowls, swans, cormorants, pelicans, penguins, solan geese, ducks, quails, divers, etc., which shrieked in hoarse concert as they dived upon the myriads of pelamydes (for such they were) which floated down in mid-chan-nel. While we were beholding this singular phenomenon from the windows of the palace, the boats from Constantinople and the adjoining villages began to arrive, and then commenced that ancient fishery which has been so much celebrated in the golden verses of Oppian. "But to return; this shoal proved only the advanced guard of the grand army of pelamydes, which were coming down from the Palus Mæotis, terrified by the first approach of the bleak northern blasts and equinoctial gales. "Before mid-day, some hundred boats having arrived, the numbers of fish captured were prodigious. The boats were navigated by Turks, Albanians, and Greeks, habited in the diversified and richly colored costumes of their respective nations, throwing their seines, and pulling against the rapid current; bawling, shouting, and wrangling for the prize, which they were even forced to contest with the fowls of the air, who intrepidly descended to seize the fish when struggling amidst the meshes of their nets. They gave a life and animation to the picture, which, surrounded by the sublime scenery of the Bosphorus, constituted, as a whole, one of the most superb and impressive spectacles 1 had ever beheld. This occupation continued, without ceasing, day and night, till the fourth morning, when the last of the shoal passed Terapia. Palamys is the term given by the ancients to the young tunny when under a year old. The tunny is the same with the Spanish mackerel, a large fish of the scomber kind, the scomber thynnus of Linneus, the arcynus limosa, and pelamys, of other writers. It has eight or nine fins in the hinder part of the back, which, as well as the abdominal fins, rise from a deep furrow. The tail is of a semi-lunar shape. "The tunny was a fish well-known and highly prized by the ancients, hav-ing constituted from the earliest ages, a great source of riches and commerce to nations inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean, and, in fact, being the principal food of the people of Bithynia. The periods of its arrival in the Mediterranean sea were observed and stations for taking the fish were established on the capes and inlets most favorable to

#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	12	00
One Square, one inch, one month		00
One Square, one inch, three months	.4	04
One Square, one Inch, one year	10	174
Two Squares, one year	18	- 90
Quarter Celumn, one year	99	
Haif Column, one year	2	2
One Column, one year	19	

Marriage and death notices grain. All bils for yearly advertisements collected gran terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work-mak on delivery.

TRANSCRIPTS FROM NATURE.

THE GIANT BEACH. A million little beech leaves sway In the warm wind above me here: A speckled marvis sings quite near, The cuckoo calls from far away, But only beech leaves can I see, Trembling and tossing carelessly-

A world of green lost in the fair Surrounding space of azure air.

OLD FISHER-BOAT. Bright as a burnished shield, the sea

In calm, in moveless peace doth sleep, Only the tide's faint ripples creep Along the brown sands hushfully,

Till now they lap the old worn boat That never more on them will float

A year ago a wild storm made The sands a grave where it was laid.

A HERRING SHOAL, WEST HIGHLANDS. Between dark hills on either side The salt sea-loch runs for a mile;

And now, sun-charmed to a smile Gleams bright its flowing, frothing tide. But, lo! each wave to silver turns, In dazzling fire the whole loch burns.

Millions of herring dart and splash, Each one a living lightning-flash. -William Sharp, in Harper's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man who has the floor-The father of twins at midnight.-New York Journal.

A scientist asserts that a bee can only sting once in two minutes. We would respectfully submit that this is often enough .- Chicago Times.

Do boys or girls make the most noise? is the latest conundrum. Turn a mousinto a school-room and it will be settled so quick it will make your head swim .--Chicago Eyr.

A correspondent asks: "What shall I get for moths?" There is nothing that gives a moth or a lady greater pleasure than a seal skin sack. Suppose you try it. -Peck's Sun.

Umbrellas look tired. They have become faded and worn, although carried every day. Its been a bad season for the crop and they are hardly worth taking .--Cambridge Tribune.

A Cincinnati man claims to have a wife so hot-tempered that he can light his cigar from the flash of her eyes. He made a good match when he married her.-Lowell Citizen.

A compositor with a great prophetic soul, while putting into type a wedding notice, instead of "the high contracting parties," made it read "the high contra-dicting parties."-Derrick.

"Is snoring bad for the health?" asks a correspondent. That depends largely upon the size and temper of the parties disturbed by it. There are cases on record where it has produced serious contusions. - Cleveland Leader.

She was admiring herself and a twenty-



of flowers that filled the windows.

Yet, with all her occupations at home, Siddy was sure to be one of the first on the beach in the early morning, when the boats came in; first to help sort the fish; first to take her place in the market, where her bright smiling face and civility attracted many a customer. And who, when business was over there, tramped away more undauntedly with her basket, to sell her whiting and soles at the doors of the smart villas on the outskirts of the town; coming home not unfrequently to mend nets or make creels; and if help in the sick-room were needed, to take her turn at sitting up as readily as if it were a pleasure instead of a toil.

Siddy was the best of mothers, after the rough fashion that thinks love may be as truly expressed by a slap or shake as a caress; but it is doubtful whether her children were nearer to her heart than a younger brother of Joel's, who occupied her spare bed-room, and had called her mother ever since she nursed him through a dangerous illness.

That Ned Sims had recovered at all had been due-so said everybody-to her untiring care; and now that he had developed into a great, broad-chested, handsome young fellow, half a foot taller than Joel, and endowed with three times his industry and energy, Siddy was rather apt to take all the credit to herself, and to be proud of him accordingly. She very often planned his future as she sat making his new shirts or mending his He was no drinker, thank jacket. heaven! and so his savings were mounting up, and he would soon beable to buy himself a share in one of the boats. And then, he must marry. "It would be more 'spectable-like to have a wife than to be sauntering about with first one lass and then another."

Yet it gave her a smart shock when, instead of "keeping company" with some girl "to the manner born," some fisherman's daughter like herself, she met Edward, flushed with pride and happiness, by the side of one of the best looking and best dressed of the chambermaids at the huge hotel lately erected at the top of the cliff.

It was Sunday morning, and Siddy, coming out of the tiny fishermen's church with her baby in her arms, stopped short and frowned disapproval. Yet it would be hard to say what fault could be found with the pretty little creature who listened to the young fisherman.

"Take my advice," said Siddy the following day, "and break with her. She's too fit i a lady for you."

"She don't think so," Ned retorted. "She didn't show no airs nor graces, did she, when she walked home with you from the church, but praised your cold pie, and talked to Joel as nice as nice ? And didn't you see how the children

rough bench in the porch, and for a few minutes she was too giddy to know what else the equally unhappy Liz was saying,

"And it was my advice that done it!"

As she spoke Siddy dropped on the

II. THE RESULT,

Siddy shut her door against the wellmeaning neighbors who would have condoled with her, and all the next day she sought by working harder than ever to forget the violence of the reproaches with which she had driven the weeping Liz from her presence. Ned a soldier! sent abroad not to

wrestle with the elements-that was man's work-but to be cut and hacked by savages! And her eyes would turn, against their will, to a wretched daub upon the cottage wall-a picture of a battle with the Zulus, in which half a dozen hideous savages were hewing down a young Englishman, who, to her excited fancy looked like Ned.

When the children had been put to bed this horrid picture kept her company, till, unable to bear it any longer, she tore it down and thrust it into the fire. "Siddy!" It was Liz who had stolen

upon her, and with extended hands was esecching her forbearance.

"Oh! bid me good-by kindly," moaned the girl, "for I am going away." "What's that for?" asked Siddy,

harshly.

"I was HI after I went back to my place last night, and they sent for a doc-tor, and-and-I haven't felt well ever since I slipped off the ladder when we were cleaning the paint."

"Go on," said Siddy, beginning to diine the reason of those fits of irritability that had often surprised her.

"The doctor says I have strained the muscles of my side, and must have a long rest, and so I am no use here and must make room for some one else."

"And you have no friends in London. I've heard you say so. Where'll you gol

"The doctor has given me a letter for a hospital. Oh, Siddy! say a kind word to lighten my troubles, for they seem more than I can bear!"

The strong arms of Siddy were thrown and there was silence, till, round her, ashamed of her own emotion, the elder woman began making up the fire and putting on the kettle.

"I cannot stay," cried Liz. "I shall lose the train, and they will not keep me at the hotel another night."

"We'll not ask them. You'll bide here, You'll have Ned's room, and I'm going to nurse you well again."

So Liz, her heart heavy, her limbs aching, submitted to be put to bed, and there wept herself into resignation. When Ned wrote-oh! surely he would write, and tell them where he was !-- she could let him know how penitent she was; and though unequal to hard work, she was clever with her needle, and could find plenty who would be willing to employ her.

"An' kep' me in a fidge to my fingers' ends that they'd spoil her fine clothes. If ahe's going to walk with you, Eddard, sulky. To lose good chances as he had

eulogium on the person commemmorated? Provost Peter Patterson was Provost of Dun-

dee, Provost Peter Patterson, here lies he, Hallelujah, hallelujeet

And what is the meaning of this aingular inscription in Cusop churchyard, Herefordshire† Has it any meaning at all?

> If earth be all. If earth be all, Why o'er and o'er a beaton path You walk, and draw up nothing new Not so our martyred seraph did When from the Verge of Wales he fled.

The martyred seraph was William Seward, of Badsey, Worcester,, who died October 22, 1742. How a man could be a seraph, and how a seraph could be martyred, are unexplained mysteries.

It is somewhat curious to find a person not only writing his own epitaph, but doing it in the following manner. Mr. Thompson speaks of himself as dead and buried; and yet he survived himself for the space of sixteen years. At Kirk Braddan, in the Isle of Man, we read :

Here underlyeth the body of the Reverend Mr. Patrick Thompson, Minister of God's Word forty years, At present vicar of Kirk Braddan,

Aged 67, Anno 1673, Deceased ye 24th April, Anno 1689,

This vicar apparently looked forward with calm equanimity to his death. "A calm despair" is indicated by these melancholy lines:

At threescore winter's end I died, A cheerless being, lone and sad; The nuptial knot I never tied, And wished my father never had. -London Society.

#### Japan's Lacquer Industry.

Japanese papers are crying out at the extinction of the lacquer industry of the country. The tree from which the varnish is obtained is disappearing. Formerly, like the mulberry tree on which the silk worm feeds, it was protected by law. Each family of the upper classes was obliged to rear 100 trees, the middle classes seventy, and the lower classes Since the law fell into disuse the forty. cultivation of the lacquer tree has rapidly declined. The trees were cut down with out care and none were planted to re place them, so that they have become exceedingly rare while the price of lacquer has enormously increased. Similar complaints, too, are heard of the process of disafforestation going on in Japan since the ancient law, which required every one who cut down a tree to plant two in its place, was abolished.

#### The Freshness of Youth.

Old gentleman :- "I am delighted to have met you, Miss Bonniface; I knew your grandmother, a charming woman! You can form no conception of her grace and beauty."

Miss Bonniface:-"Oh, yes, I can? People constantly tell me I am her living image.

Utter collapse of old gentleman.

Coffee 2	cents
Coffee and bread	
	44
Mution chop and coffee	44
Maccaroni	16.
Puddings	- 1847

Most of the sidewalk hucksters have husbands working elsewhere, and consequently they save all the profits of their sales. These people comprise the aristocracy of the colony, because they comprise the major portion of the modicum of wealth.

But living in this style and paying rent that occupation." only for one room for an entire family, the Italian must save money. And so he does. There are no less than three banks in the Italian colony. The most preten- | Spanish efficial.

In Cuba the money is worth so little that it takes a cart load of it to ; bribe a

young husband. "Yes, I do," was his response, "I think it is becoming very decidedly dear."-Saturday Night.

There is comfort for the child who swallows a two-cent piece, as one child or another is in the habit of doing almost daily; an eminent French physician says that the copper absorbed into the system is a sure preventative of cholera .--Burdette.

HE DOESN'T ADVERTISE I feel like one Who treads alone Some market hall deserted, Whose cash is fied, Whose trade is dead, And all but he departed. -- Wilmington Star.

In the beautiful metaphor of the Orient, a Chinese girl's foot is called a golden lily." There is nothing so fragile about the old man's hoof, however. It can indicate the way to the front gate just as pointedly and effec-tively as the regular orthodox American pedal.—Lowell Citizen.

#### The Briarwood Pipe Industry.

"The short clay pipe tormerly used by smokers has of late years been to a great extent supplanted by the wooden pipe, the manufacture of which is now an important industry," says the St. James' Gazette. "Some interesting information respecting these pipes is given in Consul Inglis' trade report on Leghorn, whence the material for making wooden pipes is now largely exported. Similar works are also to be found at Siena and Grosseto. Selected roots of the heath-preference being given to the male varietyare collected on the hills of the Maremma, where the plant grows luxuriantly, and attains a great size. When brought to the factory the roots are cleared of earth, and any decayed parts are cut They are then shaped into away. blocks of various dimensions with a circular saw set in motion by a small steamengine. Great dexterity is necessary at this stage in cutting the wood to the best advantage, and it is only after a long ap-prenticeship that a workman is thoroughly efficient. The blocks are then placed in a vat, and subjected to a gentle simmering for a space of twelve hours. During this process they acquire the rich yellowishbrown hue for which the best pipes are noted, and are then in a condition to receive the final turning; but this is done elsewhere. The rough blocks are packed in sacks containing forty to one hundred dozen each, and sent abroad, principally to France (St. Cloud), where they are finished into the famous G. B. D., or pipes de bruyere,' known to smokers in England under the name of 'briarwood' pines. The production of this article is considerable, four hands turning out about sixty sacks per month. Consignments are also made to England and Germany; but the Anti-Tobacco association be glad to hear at present Fie dewill mand is said to be rather slack."