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B. F. SCHWEIER,

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NIGHT AND MORNING.

I stood alone in the porch last night,
And watched the moon rise over the sea,
Till the shadows waded in the silver light,
And the night wind sighed to me.

And down in the garden paths I knew
That last year's leaves were lingering yet—
Leaves that had taken the sun and dew
Of days I would fain forget.

I found no peace in the summer night;
"Old joys," I said, "the leaves lie low
And I cannot rest in this tranquil light,
So I went, and turned to go."

I stood again in the porch at morn,
While the breezes shook down their sparkling
And the fields of scented hay,
And the fields of scented hay,

A wain went by with its fragrant load;
The wagner whistled loudly and clear,
But I heard a step on the quiet road,
And knew that my love was near.

Blow merrily wind, off the sun-lit slope,
And carry the daisies out of sight,
For my heart beats high with the new-found
hope—
Ah! why did I doubt last night?

Gormley's Adventure.

Old Hiram Gormley was an individual whom Fortune had not forgotten in her distribution of the good things of this world. He had a fine fortune, a magnificent dwelling, and a plump, good-tempered wife. Moreover, he had a great reputation for sanctity and upright-ness which was an elder of the church to which he belonged. A very good man and a thorough Christian, old Hiram considered himself, for he had family prayers every morning, went to church every Sunday, and allowed the cook to give all the uneatable scraps of bread which remained in the larder to any beggar who applied for them. A judicious parent he believed himself to be, and a just one, for when his only daughter had fallen in love with a poor fellow who had cast her off forever, and refused to see her when she stood weak and trembling at his door to tell him that her husband lay on the verge of death and starvation stared them in the face. "As she sowed so she must reap," he muttered, as he saw her turn away, hiding her griefed face in her shabby bonnet. "She might have had old Grimes and lived in clover, but she made her own choice and must abide by it." And in saying he went back to his account book and banished his daughter from his mind as soon as might be.

Old Hiram Gormley was, as I have said, very wealthy, but he yet clung to trade with the utmost pertinacity. Money getting was his life, and he was never so happy as while making a bargain. Among other things, he had speculated in flour, and had made money, perhaps, in that line of business than in any other. How old Hiram and his brothers in trade chuckled at the poor man's loaf decreased and the store in their own coffers augmented, is best known to themselves.

It was at such a season that Hiram Gormley sat before his parlour fire, basking in its blaze and sinking gently into an after-dinner nap. His portly form filled the huge velvet chair, and his portrait looked from the wall as if framed upon its drapery original with a bland smile entirely of the artist's own invention. Mrs. Gormley had gone out to dine, and the carriage was to be sent for her at an appointed hour, so that the old man and his portrait were alone together in the comfortable room.

They were alone, at least for many minutes. But as the silvery-toned time-piece rang out the hour of seven, the outer door was opened, and a small man, clad in faded green velveteen coat, entered the room with the soft tread of a stealthy cat. He was a queer-looking individual, so withered and wrinkled that he might have resembled an old goblin, and his white hair stood out, strangely enough, on either side of his brown forehead. Upon his meagre lower limbs he wore great, mud-stained boots, a world too wide for him, and in his hand he carried a cap of the same color and material as his coat. He looked first at old Hiram, then at his portrait, then back again to the original, and finally stepped forward and touched him on the shoulder.

Hiram Gormley awoke with a start, and, springing to his feet, regarded the visitor with astonishment.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" he asked, in a manner sufficiently imperative.

"Who I am is a matter of no importance," said the stranger; "but I am here on business. I believe you are buying up flour?"

"I am," said old Hiram, becoming interested and cautious at a moment.

"Take a seat, sir, and let me understand your business."

He pointed to a chair, and the visitor seated himself immediately, crossing his muddy boots, and folding his elfin arms upon his bosom, as he bent down his head and peered under his drooping brows straight into Hiram Gormley's face.

"We have flour to sell," he said.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" he asked, in a manner sufficiently imperative.

"Who I am is a matter of no importance," said the stranger; "but I am here on business. I believe you are buying up flour?"

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"When can I see it—when can I sign the contract? Be quick—tell me where the store is hidden!"

"In our office," said the little man.

"What office could contain such quantities?" asked Hiram.

"Hush!" whispered the little man; "there is an underground passage and a cellar or vault capable of containing ten times the amount I now hold. At the time, you may come with me to-night, if you want to; all hours are the same to my partner and me."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth ere Hiram Gormley had hurried on his overcoat, dashed his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes and seized his gold-headed cane with a nervous grasp of his right hand. "Lead the way," he said; "lead the way; I'd follow you if you were going to the moon."

The stranger only grinned and passed out of the door before him.

At the gate stood a small vehicle, black as ink, and capable of containing only two persons. A small, elf-like pony was fastened to its shafts, and a little black boy held the reins. Hiram glanced doubtfully at the shabby turnout, but in compliance to a nod from his fellow-traveler, stepped in and took his seat beside him. If the shaggy pony was small and unspry, to look at, he was nevertheless a fleet of foot as any racehorse, and the dingy vehicle spun along at a rate which made old Hiram cling to the sides with both hands and shut his eyes; he might not grow giddy, until passing from the village it turned down the broad country road and paused at the margin of a little piece of woodland.

"Your office seems to be in a strange locality," muttered old Hiram, suspiciously.

"Not at all," replied the little man in green; "only we are going by the underground way, so as not to attract attention."

"Ah!" said old Hiram; "well, this does seem to be an underground passage, sure enough!" for they were turning now into a sort of cave, and only one faint ray of light in the far distance saved them from being wrapped in utter darkness. "I shall be glad when I am safe home again," he said to himself. "How do I know where this fellow is taking me?"

But even as he spoke the distant light grew larger, and the carriage stopped at an iron-bound door with a grating on top, through which fell a red glare, like that from the flame of a chimney or a pottery on a dark night.

"This is our office," said the little man in green; and old Hiram followed him as he leaped from the crazy vehicle, which suddenly disappeared in a most mysterious manner.

A rap at the door summoned a dark-visaged man who admitted them without parley, and Hiram Gormley stood in a veritable counting room, the most spacious which had ever met his eyes. He glanced down the rows of diligent clerks, all dressed in black, and all engaged in making entries in immense iron-bound volumes; at the huge fire, which could be reflected on the roof through a wide grating in the distance, and which rendered everything in the way of lacae and candles unnecessary, and then turned towards a tall, dark man, whose trode towards him from the very centre of the glowing light. He was dressed in black, and his hair was bound together in an old-fashioned cue. There was a sort of supple, snake-like ease in his movements, and his feet were singularly wrapped, and that suggested the goat or bunions.

"Mr. Gormley," said the little man in green, "Mr. Gormley, partner. He has come to inspect our stock of flour; he'd like to buy it in."

"He would like to buy it in, would he?" said the tall man. "You are very welcome, Mr. Gormley. I have no doubt we shall come to terms. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Hiram Gormley, with whose name you are so well acquainted, and whom you have expected so long."

As he spoke, the long rows of black-clad clerks arose with an accord, and, bowing, turned upon him their hollow, blood-shot eyes, filled with light which must have been reflected from the fire beyond, it was so red and horrible.

Old Hiram Gormley shuddered involuntarily, as, addressing himself to his two companions, he said: "Can I see this flour of which you have been speaking?"

"Certainly, sir," said the taller of the two, as he flung open a narrow door to his right and beckoned Hiram to approach. "Light up, boys, light up!"

At these words a myriad of torches flashed down a seemingly interminable vista; and Hiram looked upon myriads and myriads of barrels, stretched away until they faded into mere specks in the distance.

"Full of flour, from the very first brand down to the poorest; not another barrel left in the market. You can have the upper hand of the whole of them, Hiram Gormley; when you can starve ten million if you like to do so. Do you close the bargain, or shall we send for some one else?"

"Hush! agree. Tell me your terms," gasped Hiram, nervously.

"They are very easy," replied the tall man in black. "Sit down if you please. Here are the pen, ink and paper, and the document."

Hiram seized the paper and coned it rapidly, growing white and cold as he read on. At last he flung it from him and screamed:

"My son! Promise to give you my soul! In the name of the fiend, who are you?"

"Your humble servant," said the black creature, bowing, and Hiram Gormley saw a cloven foot peeping from the queer boot, and distinguished the perfume of brimstone.

"Let me go!" he cried. "Let me go!"

"Softly," said the creature at his elbow. "Softly. Why do you care for that which you have already mortgaged? You are half mine already; do you know that?"

"It is false!" cried old Hiram; "I

belong to no man; I belong to the church, and I subscribed \$50 to the missionaries a year ago."

The dark being smiled contemptuously. "Bring me Mr. Gormley's box," he said.

And he who had conveyed old Hiram to the spot where he now stood, set upon the table a box like that in which lawyers keep the papers of their clients, labelled "Hiram Gormley, Esq."

From the depth of this box he drew a pile of parchments, and read from thence: "A mortgage on the soul of Hiram Gormley, given from the day when he turned his daughter from the door. Another, when he seized old Widow Potter's fortune for rent. Another, when he took advantage of a flaw in the papers to evade the payment of a just debt of his own. Another, when he first began business, told fifty lies a day and gave false weight and measure. And a tremendous mortgage for passing through the world without loving, tender, sympathizing word for mankind."

"Your soul—bah! What is it worth now?"

"I'll take it all back. I'll have my daughter and her husband home. I'll pay."

"Too late!" said the dark creature.

"Too late," Hiram Gormley, too late! Hiram Gormley, too late!

But the old man stretched out his hands, screamed aloud in terror, and fell back into unconsciousness.

When Mrs. Gormley returned from the dinner-party, she found her husband stretched upon the hearth-rug, with a blue lump upon his forehead as large as a hen's egg.

When he related his adventure she considered it a dream, and laid the blame upon the old port in the decanter on the sideboard; but dream or reality, it had a strange influence upon old Hiram, for in a week he was reconciled to his lighter, had ignored the flaw and made the settlement, performed various unthought acts of charity, and was in fact an utterly changed and better man.

A Disappointed Case.

As he sat there, strapped to a three-legged stool and with an old barrel organ before him grinding out "Oh! Susannah," he was an object of great pity. Both limbs were off above the knees, the right arm was missing above the elbow, half of the left ear was gone and the right eye in gloom. He wore a blouse and a fatigue cap, besides a regulation pair of trousers, and as he sat there, he stopped right in the middle of "Oh! Susannah" to wipe the sweat from his scarred forehead, and in doing so showed that two fingers of the left hand were wanting.

In front of the organ was a weather-beaten placard with such names as "Chancellorville," "Lookout Mountain," "Fredericksburg," "Manassas," and a dozen other memorable places. As the crowd stared at him Peter Parker one of the oldest residents of the town remarked: "Well stranger, pears as though you'd seen service, eh?"

The veteran wiped his chin, took a piece of tobacco, and in opening his mouth to spit it in showed that twenty-seven out of his thirty-two teeth were gone somewhere or other. In fact, there wasn't much of the man left.

Italian Brigandage.

Brigands are liberal enough with their money when they have got it. Sometimes we fare well. We took possession of a deserted house or warehouse, and were very comfortable, but at other times a cellar would be our habitation, or a deserted sulphur mine. "And are the brigands honorable and just among themselves?" "Highly so; more civilized communities would do well to imitate them. They treated me with the utmost kindness. I declined sharing the booty on the ground that I did not want money, and managed to dissuade Leone from a marauding expedition from which he hoped for some profit." "Ah! you have been an unpleasant position." "Yes, indeed, if I had let a word or gesture betray me, I need not indeed have been horrible. How I slept I know not. I knelt at night with my eye at any opening I could find in my nocturnal habitation and my finger on the trigger of my gun." "And had you no feeling of compunction at the thought of betraying these poor people, your hosts, after having been with them for some time?" "None at all. What would become of us carabinieri if we were to be afflicted with any sickly sentimentality?" "But the plot was discovered?" "Yes, alas! just as it was ripe for the grand finale. The ship was in the harbor; Leone had agreed to embark, when some over-zealous carabinieri, ignorant of the plot, fell upon us—that is, a small party of us—and captured us, myself and my men, with a few of the brigands; the rest, with their leader, escaped and we were of course obliged to declare ourselves. I must confess to a feeling of tremor when circumstances obliged me to revisit Leone on the top; he was still at large and very powerful. He swore that if he captured me he would leave nothing of me but my finger nails, and it did so happen; that he had laid his plans to waylay the very coach in which I traveled, although he did not know that I was in it. It was by the merest accident that we took another road and so escaped. Now he is dead. All my brigands are dead." "Did any one of them die a natural death?" "No, not one; they all met with the fate they deserved."

Forty years ago the Romagna was much infested by brigands, and it was as a little town called Formigoppo, which travelers sometimes pass in the railway, that the famous Passatori executed one of his most daring exploits. All the rank and fashion of the place were assembled at the theatre in eager expectation of the rising of the curtain. It rose and disclosed to view a company of brigands with their guns pointed at the audience. There was rapturous applause. The thing was so lifelike,

But a change came over the audience

when the foremost brigand stepped forward and made the following startling announcement:—"Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Passatori. The theatre is surrounded, the actors and actresses already secured. Seek not to escape or resist. The first who moves will be shot." Not a sound was heard. The terror-stricken audience seemed turned into stone. The ladies, who a minute before had been coquetishly fluttering their fans, all smiles, chatter and animation, now looked like so many waxwork figures, still as death with stupefied faces and staring eyes; the men not all scared, but pale and motionless, aware that there was nothing for it but to submit. "Now, then," said the bold brigand, "the Marquis of S. will just go home and fetch me 10,000 francs; the Count of R. will bring me \$500; their ladies will remain as hostages for their return." The orders were obeyed; and Passatori, when satisfied that he had obtained all there was to obtain from the aristocracy of this little town, thanked his victims with charming affability:—"Good night, ladies and gentlemen; I am charmed to have made your acquaintance. I leave my guards at the doors, and you will have the goodness to remain where you are, for the next twenty-four hours that I am safe off." That brigand must have had a strong sense of humor. Another prided himself on being a perfect gentleman, and when he kidnapped a proprietor kept him well supplied with cigars and pocket money, and on the arrival of the ransom, speeded the parting guest with a thousand francs for the journey and many regrets that he had been put to so much inconvenience.

The filial piety of brigands is proverbial. One old miserant being at last captured, after a long life of successful crime, his prison was besieged by a troop of children and grandchildren, all in the same line of life, who could not rest until they had obtained his blessing. The scene was touching; the old man blessed them and trusted they might bring credit on the glorious name which had become illustrious through him. They promised to follow faithfully in his footsteps, and tore themselves weeping from his embrace. The darker side of the picture is illustrated by the story of the brigandess, who, having conquered the heart of her jailor, fled from prison in company with his wife. They traveled together to the brigand camp, which she ruled, and where the jailor, thought he should be made the happiest of men, loaded with rewards and overwhelmed with gratitude. He was mistaken. Safe with her own people, the first order given by the chieftainess was that her deliverer should be shot.

Taste in the Selection of Colors.

Public taste in flowers, as in fruits, animals and dress, is undoubtedly generally in sympathy with strong colors. A bouquet strong in its blue, red and yellow gorgeousness will catch the eye and open the purse of the average man and woman, while the more lovely blending of subdued tints will be passed unnoticed. Animals of bright color will often find a purchaser, when those not so fashionable as to color, but far better in all that constitutes value, will be found to be composed almost entirely of blue, red and yellow. The more tender colors, the neutral ones, and especially white, are often kept entirely out, or very sparsely used. Even among such common flowers as candytuft, annual pinks, verbena and petunias, we seldom see beds of pure white. They are not only elegant to true taste, but indispensable for bouquets, especially in subdued lights, or for evening parties.

The Real Names of Actors, Actresses and other professional characters are

often very different from those by which they figure before the foot-lights. E. A. Sothern's right name is Douglas Stewart; John T. Raymond is John O'Brien; Barney Williams, Barney O'Flaherty; Adelaide Nelson is Mrs. Lee; Lydia Thomson, Mrs. Alexander Henderson; Mme. Janaschek Mrs. Frederick Elliot; Clara Morris, Mrs. Fred. Harriott; Lotte, Charlotte Crabtree; Mrs. Molljeska, Countess Bozenta; Adelaide Ristori, Marchionessa Capracchia Del Grillo. Mrs. Scott-Siddons' married name is Capter, but her husband took the name of Scott in deference to family prejudices, and the wife, unwilling to lose her maiden name, joined the two. Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim is Mrs. Abrens; Irma di Murska, Mrs. Hill (her fifth marriage); Blondin, the rope-walker, is Emile Gravelle; Ole Bull, Ole Bornhram Bull; Texas Jack is John Onoherman, and Mile Morlaiche, the dancer, is his wife, Josquin Miller; Charles Miller; Eli Perkins, Melville D. Landon; Josh Billings, William G. Shaw.

A seed-looking tramp called at Horton's Hotel, at Jericho, L. I., last Christmas, registered his name and was warmed and fed. The host was amused when he asked for his bill, protesting that he might have money some time, had it he did he would certainly pay. Mr. Horton was surprised a few days ago by the reception of the following note, dated at Plainfield, N. J., and enclosing a twenty-five cent stamp: Mr. Horton.

DEAR SIR:—As true as living, this is the first twenty-five cent bill I have been able to get a hold of since I owed it to you last Christmas. Please excuse my neglect and accept an apology. You will find my name on your book.

F. A. FRIZZER, 45 years old.

Lost in the Panthecon.

The London Times, in giving a resume of the losses by the fire which destroyed the Panthecon, says: "A gentleman from Nice informs the proprietors that he has most unfortunately, as it happens, left his jewel-case in a large black leather box in the room which he had hired at the Panthecon. The case contained, among other things, a most valuable diamond necklace, a diamond Prince of Wales plume; a diamond, emerald, and opal bandeau; several diamond brooches and earrings; a three-row pearl necklace, with a large cluster of diamonds in the centre; rings, cameos, snuff-boxes, all of great value to him. All these are believed to be lost. Mr. Arthur Westmacott, a son of the late Sir Richard Westmacott, had in the building some small, but valuable, bronzes of a date long before the Christian Era, a large marble statuette of the Venus de Medici, some splendid copies of Virgil on vellum, and a large quantity of valuable books. The bronzes and the statuette, though somewhat damaged, have been recovered, but the rest of the property is destroyed. For many years past the proprietors have had on their premises a large painting, 20 feet high by 15 feet wide, by a painter named Day, representing the slaughter of the Holy Innocents, and the Flight of Joseph and Mary, estimated to be worth 4,900 guineas. This, also, was among the things destroyed."

The British Climate.

The climate of the greater part of England is never seriously cold nor uncomfortably hot—barely cold enough in winter to be thoroughly disagreeable, and not warm enough in summer to give a good variety of vegetable production. Snow seldom falls to a depth of more than two or three inches, and rarely lies upon the ground twenty-four hours after it has fallen. Ice, thick enough for skating is a luxury that may be enjoyed once or twice in the course of a whole winter, and even then it must be promptly made use of, for it never tarries long. The sound of the merry sleigh bells is quite unknown, and juvenile English fiddlers and skates not very useful properties.

In the fall, frosts come early, and deciduous trees soon drop their leaves, yet the English landscape never looks dreary in winter. The meadows look green and fresh, even in January and February, and holly, English ivy, box, and other evergreens are so abundant, that midwinter is anything but a dull and cheerless season. The English ivy seems almost omnipresent. Old churches and walls are covered with it; the hedge rows are alive with it, and even the trees are often green to their very tops with dense masses of the clinging ivy. The average daily temperature of the month of January for fifty years past, at Greenwich, has been about 37 deg., and the thermometer rarely sinks as low as 20 deg. A temperature, in the locality of London, of zero, or even ten degrees above that point, is something that is known only to the "oldest inhabitant." During the whole of last winter no ice formed of sufficient thickness to bear the weight of a boy of 12 years, and snow at no time fell to the depth of as much as two inches. There was an unusually moderate winter, however.

When spring approaches, the trees begin to bud early, but their advancement is very slow, and, though the new leaves give the landscape a more green, even in March, it is fully as late as in our own climate before they are in full leaf. This slow growth of vegetation is one of the remarkable circumstances connected with this peculiar climate. Wheat looks green and thrifty in March, and in the early part of July still shows no signs of ripening. The wheat harvest in the south and central parts of England rarely begins before the first week of August, in the north, September finds them taking in their grain, and in Scotland a large part of the wheat is not harvested until the early part of October. Potatoes, which, in the United States come up in three weeks after planting, here take seven or eight weeks in getting above the ground. There is a wonderful difference in the approach of spring in the United States and in England. In the former, when the cold weather is over, the forces of nature, which have been chained for a season, burst forth almost impetuously, and everything rapidly takes on a new life. Vegetation advances by leaps, as it were. In England, plant life creeps toward maturity. Winter is a protracted season of our March weather, and when March really comes the change is not a great one. April is raw and disagreeable; May is cool, but pleasant; and June is merely warm, no more. In every summer—there are numerous days in July, the warmest month in Great Britain—when over-casts are positively comfortable, and there are very few days when fires are not needed at morning and evening.

Captain Seth Barney.

During the war of 1812 Captain Seth Barney, resided at Erie, Pennsylvania. He volunteered and was in the service, and while the British had command of the lake, before Perry's battle, September 10, 1813, he would sail his little craft from port to port, and evade the vigilant British cruisers, and had several narrow escapes of being taken prisoner. He made, however, in safety many trips to Buffalo, and brought supplies for the American fleet then building at Erie. One shareholder of the Diligence having no home of his own, spent much of his time on the vessel, and was always exceedingly anxious to stand his watch at the helm; but while the Captain was willing to indulge him he was afraid to trust him. One night after reaching Detroit River, with a head wind, it was found that no head-wind could be made, Barney went to the bows and dropped anchor, deciding to lay by until the wind should be propitious and told the watch to "turn in." Then he approached his proprietor and told him he could stand trick if he wished, as the boys were very tired.

The new wheelsman was soon dressed and stationed at the helm, and was told by the captain to steer by a certain star in full view, and keep a sharp lookout for lights, and if any were seen, to call him. Barney then turned in and took a good nap until he heard the breeze rattling among the sails and rigging when he got up and going on deck, asked the steersman how he got along.

"We must be near Detroit," was the reply. "Oh, never mind," said the captain. "Call the boys, says the captain; let them sleep; they are very tired, and I can do anything you want done." "Very well, then," says Barney. "Go to the bows and raise the anchor." This was too much and the would be sailor after that never wanted to hear of his standing trick at the helm for four hours, while the schooner lay at anchor, and never liked the skipper after that. Barney boarded several vessels with one of the owners of the schooner and was always in debt to him before winter was half over. The landlord was a good horseman and as a judge of horse flesh had few equals but he knew very little about oxen. Finding it necessary to buy a pair for his own use, he employed Israel Miller, a cattle dealer and customer of his, to secure him a good yoke. A few days after that Miller drove into the yard, and called the landlord out to examine his purchase. The landlord was highly pleased and paid for the oxen, and Miller took his money and went down street while this was being done Barney went to look at the cattle of which he was no judge; came back to the bar-room and asked the owner what he paid for them and how old they were? Being told they were six years old, he asserted that they are a great deal older than that for they had not a single hair in their eyes jaws." The landlord in great haste went to the barn, made the examination, and found the Captain had told him the truth, and in a great rage started after Miller, and gave his opinion of him in words harsh and severe. Miller, who had been posted by Barney told him an ox never had single teeth in their upper jaw. The other said that was a lie and he could prove it by Captain Barney; when he called upon him they do say he discovered that he had been sold. Barney's habits were not good, and sailor-like; he ever lived up with his income, and after drifting through the lakes many years, drew a land warrant from the government for his services, and located his days there as he has not heard from for some time, but he was in his day known to almost every resident of Erie and vicinity.

Wood Cutting.

The English are not a singularly inventive people, but when a new idea does strike them it is painfully elaborated. A portable steam saw which requires four men to lift, and several minutes to adjust it to the tree, has recently been tried near London. It is said to be capable of cutting down an elm of three feet thick in eight minutes, and some sapient gentlemen pronounced their opinion that it was a perfect success, and would be of great service, particularly in clearing American, Indian and Colonial forests. We wonder whether these judges have any idea of the short time that it takes four Canadian axmen to drop a 3-foot birch or maple, and of the accuracy with which it is made to fall wherever the choppers may please? Even a couple of expert axmen could, we imagine, fell a "3-foot elm" in less time than it would take to get this new machine into position. Yet the sage of Hawarden chops away with an implement something like a cross between a bill hook and a meat axe, and has only very recently heard of the "American chopping ax," which, he is graciously pleased to remark, "seems well adapted to its purpose." What the lumberman who knows the "points" of an axe, and the trainer does those of a horse, and who keeps its edges as keen as a razor, would say to such a dilettante member of the craft might be amusing to us and instructive to him.

Don't Judge.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one, and the tailor or the other.

Don't judge him by his family connection, for Cain belonged to a very good family.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

Don't judge him for his activity in church, for that is not infrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives.

Don't judge him by his like of display, for the long eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold.

Don't take for granted that because he carries his contribution box he is liberal—he often pays the Lord in that way and keeps the currency.

Calculations For Whist Playing.

The chances against holding seven trumps are 199 to 1; against 6 it is 26 to 1; against 5, 6 to 1, and against four, nearly 2 to 1. It is 8 to 1 against holding any two particular cards. The chance is equal in dealing cards that every hand will have seven trumps in two deals, or seven trumps between two parties, and also four courts in every deal. This is so certain on an average of hands that nothing can be more superstitious and absurd than the prevailing notions about luck or ill-luck. The chance of having a particular card out of thirteen is 13-33, or 1 to 2.5, and the chance of holding any two cards is 1-4 of 1-4, or 1-16. The chances of a game are generally inversely as the number got by each or as the number to be got to complete the game. And to the above it may be added that the chances are about 2 to 1 that the four fair partners will put the thirteenth trump on your ace.

Wished, as the boys were very tired. The new wheelsman was soon dressed and stationed at the helm, and was told by the captain to steer by a certain star in full view, and keep a sharp lookout for lights, and if any were seen, to call him. Barney then turned in and took a good nap until he heard the breeze rattling among the sails and rigging when he got up and going on deck, asked the steersman how he got along.

"We must be near Detroit," was the reply. "Oh, never mind," said the captain. "Call the boys, says the captain; let them sleep; they are very tired, and I can do anything you want done." "Very well, then," says Barney. "Go to the bows and raise the anchor." This was too much and the would be sailor after that never wanted to hear of his standing trick at the helm for four hours, while the schooner lay at anchor, and never liked the skipper after that. Barney boarded several vessels with one of the owners of the schooner and was always in debt to him before winter was half over. The landlord was a good horseman and as a judge of horse flesh had few equals but he knew very little about oxen. Finding it necessary to buy a pair for his own use, he employed Israel Miller, a cattle dealer and customer of his, to secure him a good yoke. A few days after that Miller drove into the yard, and called the landlord out to examine his purchase. The landlord was highly pleased and paid for the oxen, and Miller took his money and went down street while this was being done Barney went to look at the cattle of which he was no judge; came back to the bar-room and asked the owner what he paid for them and how old they were? Being told they were six years old, he asserted that they are a great deal older than that for they had not a single hair in their eyes jaws." The landlord in great haste went to the barn, made the examination, and found the Captain had told him the truth, and in a great rage started after Miller, and gave his opinion of him in words harsh and severe. Miller, who had been posted by Barney told him an ox never had single teeth in their upper jaw. The other said that was a lie and he could prove it by Captain Barney; when he called upon him they do say he discovered that he had been sold. Barney's habits were not good, and sailor-like; he ever lived up with his income, and after drifting through the lakes many years, drew a land warrant from the government for his services, and located his days there as he has not heard from for some time, but he was in his day known to almost every resident of Erie and vicinity.

The English are not a singularly inventive people, but when a new idea does strike them it is painfully elaborated. A portable steam saw which requires four men to lift, and several minutes to adjust it to the tree, has recently been tried near London. It is said to be capable of cutting down an elm of three feet thick in eight minutes, and some sapient gentlemen pronounced their opinion that it was a perfect success, and would be of great service, particularly in clearing American, Indian and Colonial forests. We wonder whether these judges have any idea of the short time that it takes four Canadian axmen to drop a 3-foot birch or maple, and of the accuracy with which it is made to fall wherever the choppers may please? Even a couple of expert axmen could, we imagine, fell a "3-foot elm" in less time than it would take to get this new machine into position. Yet the sage of Hawarden chops away with an implement something like a cross between a bill hook and a meat axe, and has only very recently heard of the "American chopping ax," which, he is graciously pleased to remark, "seems well adapted to its purpose." What the lumberman who knows the "points" of an axe, and the trainer does those of a horse, and who keeps its edges as keen as a razor, would say to such a dilettante member of the craft might be amusing to us and instructive to him.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one, and the tailor or the other.

Don't judge him by his family connection, for Cain belonged to a very good family.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

Don't judge him for his activity in church, for that is not infrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives.

Don't judge him by his like of display, for the long eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold.

Don't take for granted that because he carries his contribution box he is liberal—he often pays the Lord in that way and keeps the currency.

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