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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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THE OLD FOLKS.

As I sit beside the fire, dear Jane,
And gaze upon your face,
And see the many furrows deep,
Where time has left his trace—
My mind goes back to old times, Jane,
When you were young and fair,
No wrinkles on your pure white brow,
No silver in your hair:
And I a fair and sturdy youth,
With all my heart did strive
To pop the fatal question, which
Should bind us all our lives.

You well remember how, dear Jane,
You had to help me through,
As you have helped me ever since,
To be both good and true;
And how the parson, dearest Jane,
Did make us man and wife.
Since that, we have gone arm in arm,
Along the path of life!
I never have regretted, dear,
The vow which I then took,
"To cherish until death did part,"
As taught in the good book.

Our boy is now a man, dear Jane,
And soon will choose a wife,
I hope he'll get as good a one,
As I have had through life.
Our race is nearly run now, Jane,
The parson said to-day,
To make our peace with God and man,
Before we reach'd the grave.
I hope we'll meet in heaven, Jane,
In that dear land of rest,
I know your record there, will stand
Among the very best.

LIFE OF A COUNTRY EDITOR,

A Story with a Powerful Moral. Let Everybody Read.

Once upon a time, about the beginning of the year 1881, there lived a lean and hungry country editor. All through the year 1880 he had worked hard, and had lived for the most part on turnips, dried apples and herrings. Thanksgiving day and Christmas day had come and gone, and on those occasions the editor had worked off the best jokes he could get up as to turkies and cranberry sauce. He got up these jokes mainly for the purpose of making the general public believe that he dined sumptuously on those occasions. But the fact of the matter is, the only change of diet the editor had on each of those days, was that he mixed his turnips and dried apples together, and called the mixture by a beautiful French name. It is true that the editor was not able to eat much of his new dish, even after he had given it a beautiful name. But this did not matter much. He calmly ate his herring and congratulated himself that this French delicacy of his was a dish that few of his acquaintances had ever sat down to.

But we must go on with our story. As we have remarked before, our narrative commences with the beginning of the year 1881. Of course, that is a long, long time ago, and of course the editor about whom we are now telling has long since died and gone to heaven. But perhaps some among our oldest readers may have heard their grandfathers speak of the winter of 1880 and 1881. How it snowed and blowed and froze, and then took a fresh start and frozed and blowed and snowed. How boats were frozen up in the rivers, and railroad trains blocked in the middle of forests by impenetrable banks of snow, and the cattle upon a thousand hills compelled to eat straw under the shed,—and yet it kept on snowing and blowing and freezing. There lived about this time a weather prophet by name Vennor. Many people, including the editor, believed that Vennor had much to do with creating the miserable state of the weather. Whether Vennor was responsible for the weather, or whether it might have more properly been ascribed to Herbert Spencer's "differentiations of definite, coherent heterogeneity," we are not able at this time to determine. Whatever may have been the cause of the winter, we will simply state that it was almost as bad as any that had ever occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

On the morning on which our story commences, the editor was sitting moodily in his sanctum. The devil was endeavoring to make the fire burn, just as a well regulated devil should. But the editor was meditating. He was thinking of the past, of the present and of the future. He had just finished making out a long list of bills, and he was thinking exactly of all those blessed subscribers who had paid him in advance, and against whom he had no bills. And he was thinking mournfully, regretfully, almost bitterly of those who hadn't yet squared up. And yet he was thinking hopefully of this latter class, for it was principally upon them that he depended for his future rations. He knew there were lots and lots of good fellows among them, who would not let him starve to death while they could raise one dollar and fifty cents. The editor had spent all his advance subscriptions keeping up his rent, in buying his dried apples, his turnips and his herrings, in paying for the material and other cost of running his paper and in feeding and clothing his devil. On this morning as the editor sat in his sanctum, he was completely bankrupted.—That is, he was not completely bankrupted,—he had fifteen cents left. But all his turnips were gone, and he only had four pounds of dried apples and nine herrings remaining in his larder. The editor took his pencil and made a calculation. These four pounds of apples he calculated, when boiled would amount to just four bushels. Allowing himself to eat a peck, these four bushels would last him just thirty-two days. But as it took him a herring a day, the nine herring would only last him nine days. This was a gloomy outlook. The editor glanced at his feet and saw that his toes were beginning to show, and as he thought of the cold weather, remembered that he ought to have a new pair of shoes, a shirt, another pair of stockings, and an ulster overcoat. As the editor thought upon these things, his mind grew desperate. He jumped up from his seat, struck a theatrical attitude, shut one eye and shook his fist at the devil. This scared the devil almost to death, for he thought the editor had discovered another typographical error in the last issue. But when he found that the editor was only about to make a speech, he stood and listened, just as a well conducted devil should.

Said the editor—"Have I not worked faithfully during the past year, to collect all the news of the county, and to condense into brief form the principal news of the country, for the benefit of our readers?"

The devil said, "To the best of my knowledge and belief, you have."

"Have I not," said the editor; "when locals were scarce, have I not sat down upon this venerable chair and invented accidents, and created locals out of misty nothing?"

The devil said that he would bet his chewing gum that the editor told the truth.

"Have I not," continued the editor, "used my utmost exertions to keep patent medicine advertisement out of our paper, and have I not always refused to put in personal puffs unless they were paid for in advance?"

The devil said, that he was not sure upon this last point that the editor had made. He thought the statement sounded very beautiful and very eloquent, and he had no doubt but that it was poetically correct,—but only poetically so.

"Have I not," said the editor, "hunted up tit-bits of scandal? Have I not pried as much as possible into people's private affairs for the benefit of the general public?"

The devil grinned, and winked knowingly at the editor, and said that all this was too true to be denied.

"And finally," said the editor; "have I not during this cold and sleety weather, stood upon the street corner, with my pencil in one hand and note-book in the other; and have I not watched the beautiful, beautiful damsels, the airy, dainty damsels, the rollicking, jovial damsels, as they jauntily tripped over the icy pavements. And when the dainty heels of these jovial damsels had flown up into the air, and these beautiful damsels have come down hard upon the pavement, have I not given a picturesque and minute account of the scene?"

The devil was so much impressed with this part of the speech that he called the journeymen, and got the editor to say it over again. The editor said it over again word for word, and the devil and the journeymen said it was the finest piece of eloquence they had ever listened to. They furthermore said that they would swear before a court and jury that it was every word true.

This served to calm down the editor very considerably, and he again took his seat and engaged in contemplation of his subscription bills. There were a great many for only one year, and these were $1.50. There were a large number for two years, and these were $3.00, and there were some that had even run for three years, and they amounted to $4.50—that is supposing that in all of these cases, only advance rates were charged. Then he cast his eye over his books, and noted those blessed subscribers who had paid in advance. These he found to be more than twice as many as all the others together; but, as we have before remarked, the editor had already spent these. Though he gave them the best affections of his heart, he fully appreciated that he could not look to them for his supply of dried apples and turnips through the coming year.

Now comes the tragic part of our story. The editor after working over his bills all day, went home to supper. It was nine o'clock when he sat down to his evening's meal. This was his usual time for supping. As we have said before, his turnips were all gone, and he had eaten his day's herring for dinner, so that he only had three quarts of dried apples left for his supper. These he peacefully and serenely ate.

[Some may be inclined to think the quantity of food the editor consumed is overstated—that three quarts of dried apples was too much for his supper. In reply to this, we simply state, that editors have to eat a great deal more than other people in order to supply their brain power.]

Having finished his supper he pulled his chair up to the fire. He had borrowed two bushels of coal that day, and therefore had an uncommonly good fire. Having pulled his chair to the fire, he turned his lamp low down to save oil. The turned-down lamp cast a twilight shadow over the room, and the well filled fire cast out a comforting glow of heat. These two conditions, together with the fact that the editor had eaten a hearty supper, made him feel a little drowsy. Soon he lapsed into that state which may be described as not asleep, and not awake—a kind of half-and-half condition.

The clock struck ten and eleven, and still the editor sat in the darkened room and enjoyed the comforting glow of the fire. The clock struck twelve—and as the last chime died away, there was a mysterious change that came over the editor's surroundings. His lamp went out and he was left in total darkness. His stove expanded and spread until it became a mighty furnace of glowing fire. The flames roared and blazed and flashed until the editor trembled in dread. Suddenly there sprang from the fire a mysterious personage. It was the devil. Not the editor's own devil,—not the individual who did all the dirty work in the office, and who had to bear all the blame for bad spelling and other mistakes that occurred in the paper,—no, no, not this devil, but the real, simon pure, bona fide devil,—the same that held intercourse with Dr. Faust, some three hundred years ago. [The printer's devil, it will be understood, is only an imitator of the real devil.] The editor glanced at his cloven foot, and immediately recognized him.

"What may it please you to want?" asked the editor.

"You are poor," said the devil.

"I am," said the editor.

"You have subscribers what won't pay up," said the devil.

"I have, said the editor.

"Some owe you $1.50, some owe you $3.00 and some owe you $4.50," said the devil.

"You state the case correctly," said the editor.

"You would like to have all these subscriptions," said the devil.

"I would," said the editor.

"You would like to be rich," said the devil.

"I would," said the editor.

"My friend," said the devil, "I will make you as rich as Jim Gordon Bennett, on one condition."

"And what is the condition?" asked the editor.

"Simply that you will serve me here, and hereafter," said the devil.

"Can't do it," said the editor.

The devil frowned at him for throwing away such a good chance, but came forward with another proposition.

"Give me the influence of your paper during your lifetime," said the devil "and I will guarantee you ten thousand subscribers who shall pay you up promptly the first Saturday in every January.

The editor revolved the proposition in his mind. He wondered whether the devil might desire to go to Congress, or to the State legislature or whether he might desire to run for Clerk of the County or Sheriff. For one of these positions he concluded that he would not be willing to support him. He therefore respectfully declined his offer.

"Well," said the devil I see you do not know when you are well off. But I will make you a third and final proposition."

"Go ahead with your proposition," said the editor.

"I will collect all these subscription bills on this condition," said the devil.

"You are to put them in a bag, shake them thoroughly, and draw out one at a time. Every tenth bill is to be mine and the other nine I will collect for you. You transfers one tenth of your bills to me,—I collect the other nine tenths for you. Do you understand?" asked the devil.

"I do," said the editor.

"Do you accept the proposition?" asked the devil.

The editor reflected. "What do you propose to do with your tenth of the subscribers?" he asked.

"Ah, what," replied the devil,—"that's the question. But that's none of your business."

"I can't accept," said the editor.

"You're a fool," said the devil with which he disappeared in the furnace.

The furnace faded away. The editor rubbed his eyes and there was his own stove, glowing with a white heat. The clock struck one. He turned the heat off his stove, relit his lamp, and went to bed.

MORAL.

Of course all this occured a long, long time ago—in the beginning of the year 1881, but editors are pretty much the same set of dish-rags now that they were then, and the above story therefore teaches several things.

It teaches firstly—that an editor would not sell his soul to the devil for $20,000,000. It teaches secondly—that he would not sell his influence to the devil for ten thousand cash subscribers a year. It teaches thirdly—that he would not transfer one tenth of his back subscription bills to the devil, even though the devil should collect the other nine-tenths. Should such a man as this be allowed to live on dried apples and herrings, and to go all winter without a new pair of shoes, a new shirt, and a new ulster overcoat? Can any subscriber who owes a newspaper man one year's subscription or three years' subscriptions have the hardness of heart to withhold the amount?

Take the Pork.

A Quaker, having been disturbed by footsteps around his dwelling one night, arose from his bed and cautiously opened the back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrel from another in the cellar.

The Quaker approached, and the man on the outside fled. He stepped up to the cellar window and received the pork from the thief within, who after a little time asked his supposed accomplice in a whisper—

"Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said, softly:

"Yes, take it all;" and the thief handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself.—Imagine his consternation when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he confronted the Quaker.

Both were astonished, for the thief proved to be a near neighbor, of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged him not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully not to steal again.

"If thou hadst asked me for meat, it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the Quaker said:

"Take the pork, neighbor."

"No, no," said the thief, "I don't want the pork."

"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal. One-half of the pork thou must take with thee."

The thief insisted that he could not eat a morsel of it. The thought of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the Quaker was inflexible, and furnished the man with a bag, put half the pork therein and laying it upon his back, sent him home with it.

He met his neighbor daily for several years afterward, their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret, and though in after years the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never made known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It probably was his first—it was certainly his last—attempt to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result—his family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined and his spirit broken.

A Haytian Princess.

The face of the Princess Soulouque was a dead jet black, but the features were softly moulded, and with a fine set of laughing teeth made her appearance prepossessing. She wore a jaunty white hat, with an immense cardinal red feather floating away behind like a ship's pennon. Her riding dress was of sky blue, very long, and trailing in the dust. Around her waist was a broad gold sash, and in her bosom she wore a sapphire brooche almost as large as a saucer. She mounted on a Venezuelan horse about sixteen hands high, which was made a present to her father by the President of Venezuela. The horse was as remarkable as the woman on his back. He was a clear cream color all over his body, with a long, snow-white mane and tail, and most admirable shape. The lady's riding whip had a gold handle studded with precious stones, and the bridal chain was of solid silver. She wore yellow leather gloves, with gauntlets extended as far as the elbow. Her voice had a tendency to falsetto, and its tones were peculiarly entertaining to hear. The Princess, though no longer a princess by the laws of the land, was educated in Europe, and spoke our language.

—The number of vertebrated animals is estimated at 22,000.

Carpet and Matting.

Remarks about a paterfamilies who was putting down matting on his floors for the summer, and what a time he had "wrestling" with it to make it fit into the corners I wish I had been there to tell him not to try to make it fit into the corners. Why, dear heart, you should never cut matting, except on the straight, as you unwrap it from the roll. I have just had matting put down in my dining-room, and I watched the men all the time they did it. They were A 1 workmen, and the matting was bought at "The Bungalow," and came straight from India. They put oil-cloth all around the outer edge of the floor (an oil-cloth with the matting pattern closely imitated), fitting it neatly around the doorjambs and so forth; then the matting was simply a big square piece, or rather longer one way than the other, such being the lay of the room; in other words, there were four breadths of matting joined together, and the two raw edges were bound nearly with scarlet leather. The oil-cloth shows about a foot all around beyond. You've no idea how fresh and handsome it looks. In this country the matting only costs 37½ cents a yard, but I suppose it is dearer in the United States, on account of the duty. A capital substitute for carpets is matting, and may be used with perfect propriety anywhere, even in a drawing-room, and even in winter. All you've got to do to give a nice warm effect in cold weather is to lay down plenty of bright-colored rugs over it. It is such a comfort to feel the sweet cleanliness of it, too. It can be washed like a pine floor, and if, after a period of time, you fear the dust has sifted through it, it is the easiest thing in the world to lift up a matting floor-cloth, made as I have described; for, as the workman said to me. "The fewer tacks you put in it the better." The one thing to be avoided is having puckers or "rucks up" anywhere, for the feet wear matting out at these inequalities. Both for floor-coverings and for decorative purposes matting is becoming every day more and more popular. Many people use it for dados, both in rooms and in hallways fastening it on the walls with gilt nails. The Queen will not sleep in a room with a carpet on the floor, and Her Majesty's bedrooms at all the palaces are covered with matting. In the new cottage on Dee Side, on the border of Ballochbuie Forest, in Scotland, which has just been erected for the Queen's use, there are no carpets whatever, every floor being covered with Indian matting.

He Got It.

One of the most touching things we have read in a long time is that story of a robber and a poor lone woman near Franklin, Ohio. The robber came to her house at night and demanded her money or her life. She hadn't much money or life either, but she preferred giving up the former rather than the latter; so she brought her little store and placed it in his hand. He looked it over carefully, to see that she didn't palm off any twenty cent pieces for quarters, and facetiously told her that he could credit her for only ninety-four cents on the trade dollars, chiding her for taking them at their face value. "Haven't you anything else of value?" inquired the bold bad burglar, looking about the scantily furnished apartment: "a child's bracelet, ring, anything will be thankfully received. She had nothing more, she replied with a sigh. A thought struck him. "Your husband was a soldier, was he not?" She acknowledged that he was, and was killed in the war. "Then he must have had a revolver," he continued, searching her countenance. "Ah, you grow confused, you stammer; your manner betrays you. Get that revolver at once, and give it to me." In vain the woman implored him to spare that harmless trinket, almost the sole memorial of the husband she had lost. She had pawned many things when in distress, but had always hung on to that. But the robber was unrelenting. Sobbing bitterly she went to a bureau drawer and removed the precious relic, around which clustered so many tender recollections. "Must you have it?" said she, as she advanced with trembling steps towards him. "Yes, I must," said the robber, extending his hand. "Well, then, take it," said she, gently pressing the trigger for the last time. There was a loud report, and the robber tumbled over dead. The community ought to pension that woman.

A Tidy House.

As a general rule for living neatly and saving time, it is better to keep clean than make clean. If you are careful not to drop crumbs of bread and cake on the carpet, and take similar precautions, you will escape an untidy room and the trouble of cleaning it. In working, if you make a practice of putting all the ends of your thread into a division of the work-box made for the purpose, and never let one fall on the floor, the room will look very differently at the end of a morning from what it does when not attended to. A house is kept far cleaner when the members of the family are taught to wipe their feet thoroughly on coming from out of doors than it can be where this is neglected. There are a thousand ways of keeping clean and saving labor and time which it is well worth while to practice.

New Method of Extracting Teeth.

A travelling dentist in Australia advertises a new method of extracting teeth, without the aid of chloroform or laughing gas. When a patient calls upon him for treatment, he places him in a chair and makes a fixture of him with straps and bands. Then he puts the forceps to the bad tooth and gives it a terrific jerk inward. "That," he says "is the way Dr. Smith does it." He gives it another yank in the opposite direction, remarking: And that is the way that Dr. Jones goes to work." By this time the tooth is quite loose. With a gentle pull he forces it out, saying: "But this is the way I do. Send your friends to me and I'll convince them of the superiority of my method."

In A Cellar.

It was dark without and the wind blew in fitful gusts. The old oak in front of the house groaned dismally. The gates were bursted open, and slammed to and fro incessantly.

Flora and I cowered together in the parlor, more and more frightened as the hours went by. Our house was a lone, county mansion, several miles from the county town, and we were quite alone, all the family, including even the servants, having gone to the annual fair, and intending to stay till morning.

"I never heard such strange sounds," I said. "Surely that was somebody on the stoop just now."

"Non-sense," cried Flora looking around nerveously, however.

"It was only two nights ago," I replyed "that Mr. Brown's house was robbed. They do say," and here my voice fell to a whisper, "that an organized gang of thieves is going round the country."

"Mercy!" cried Flora, turning deadly pale, "suppose they come here. What's to be done? Had'nt we better go over to cousin Bell's?"

"What! at this time of night? Nothing would tempt me."

"This is a punishment for refusing Cousin Sam," said Flora. "If you had only behaved rationally, we would have had one of the servants from Elwood to stay with us. But I suppose Cousin Bell is so angry at the way in which you have treated her son that she will never speak to us again."

I had no reply to make. I already, in my heart regretted the coquetry which had made me refuse Cousin Sam, but was too proud to admit it to anybody but myself.

To turn the conversation, and, endeavor to inspire Flora as myself with courage, I went to the piano. But before I could strike a note my attention was arrested by a grating sound that seemed to come from under the floor. I glanced at Flora. She was trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, Rose!" she whispered, "some one is getting into the cellar. We shall all be murdered," and she rung her hands helplessly.

We both listened. But I heard nothing but the beating of my heart. I was naturally a coward, and my resolution was taken at once.

"Flora," I whispered, "you bang away on the piano, so that if there is any one below stairs he will not suspect that we heard him. I will go and listen at the cellar door."

I went through the long, dark entry, to all outward appearances bravely enough, but expecting at every step to be knocked on the head. At last I reached the kitchen. Putting one ear to the trap door that led to the cellar, I listened. But I heard only Flora playing on the piano, the gates banging and slamming, and the old oak creaking in the gale and knocking with its branches against the house.

"What cowards we are, after all," I said to myself, boldly raising the trap-door and peering down into the cellar.

I could see nothing, but the air smelt of rain.

"One of the windows must be opened," I said. "I heard the rain dashing in. That explains the queer noise."

I descended the stairs, intending to shut the window. Gradually my eyes became more and more accustomed to the darkness. When I reached the bottom of the steps I turned around to look for the window. Great heavens it was not there.

My heart stopped beating. I clung to the cellar steps. As I looked the window reappeared, now plainly wide open. I stood staring at the patch of faint, gray light for a full minute, then laughing silently at my fears, and persuading myself that the shutters had blown to, and now had blown open again, I advanced, intending to fasten the shutters securely. I had not gone more than half way across the cellar, following the wall, when the window was obscured again, and a gruff voice cried: "Here lend a fellow a hand." At that moment I saw a burly form creep through the window. My knees absolutely gave away under me, as another voice behind me answered: We had better wait till the family go to bed. In a moment however, I recovered myself, and turned to fly up stairs even at the risk of being caught by the ruffians behind me. But, before I could move a step, the trap-door fell with a bang, and I knew that I was shut in hopelessly with two, if not more, burglars.

There was a horrible silence. But for the support the wall gave me I would have sunk to the ground. Directly one of the ruffians tried to light a match. I heard the scrape on his boot, and saw the flame for a moment; but fortunately the wind blew it out. The imminent peril gave me sudden strength. To attempt to raise the trap-door from below was impossible for me, I knew. My only hope of escape was through the window, and toward it I fled as swiftly and noiselessly as possible. I remembered that an empty vinegar barrel stood almost directly under it. On this I sprang, and, clutching the sill above, was about to draw myself up, when the nearest burglar discovering me, darted at me with an oath. He was, luckily, just one instant too late. Quick as a flash I was up on the sill and out of the window, and had run around the house to the front enterance. As I turned the corner of the house I saw a man approach from the opposite direction, and at this moment Flora came to the door with a light, when we discovered that the man was cousin Sam.

I did not have the hysterics. I did not faint. But forgetting every thing except my happiness and sense of relief in Cousin Sam's presence, I flung myself into his arms, saying, "Sam, dear Sam!" and know not what else besides.

My story you see is told. In a minute or two, Cousin Sam started for the cellar, but the burglars had taken the alarm and flown. Then he explained his presence. He was returning from the fair, and seeing lights in the house, and knowing that robbers were about, he had stopped. Then he turned to me with a sly smile, and with his arm around my waist.

"Rose," he said "I take it, you proposed to me, just now. I think I'll accept you, which is treating you better than you treated a certain suitor a few days ago."

I was covered with blushes. But what could I do! I did what a great many women under similar circumstances would have done—burst into tears.

Cousin Sam soothed me, and kissed me and told me again and again how much he loved me. But he tells everybody to this day that I proposed to him, and not he to me

How to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant: When the bill comes pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though he may be.

You should then rise saying to him. "I have made an excellent dinner, you manage the establishment much better than the preceeding proprietor did."

—The art of calico printing was first attempted in England in 1763.

—The Royal Observatory at Greenwich was built in 1675.

Some Dreadful Scotch Ghosts.

George Sinclair, professor of moral philosophy in the university of Glasgow, and afterward minister of East wood, Renfrewshire, by the publication in 1685, of his work. "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," did much to add to the terror of Mary King's close, by his account of apparitions seen therein, and recorded "by witnesses of undoubted veracity"—a work long hawked about the streets by the intinerate sellers of ginger-bread. The last, or northern portion of the close, with its massive vaulted lower stories, was in open ruin in 1845; the south, or upper, had fallen into ruin after a fire in 1750, and was in that condition when a portion of the site was required for the west side of the royal exchange, three years after. It would appear from the professor's narrative that Thomas Coltheart, a respectable law agent, whose legal business had begun to flourish, took a better style of house in Mary King's close. Their maid servant was, of course, duly warned by obliging neighbors that the house was haunted, and in terror she gave up her situation and fled, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Coltheart to face whatever they might see alone. Accordingly it came to pass that, when the lady had seated herself by the bedside of her gudeman, who, being slightly indisposed on the Sunday afternoon, had laid down to rest, while she read the scriptures, chancing to look up, she saw to her intense dismay a human head, apparently that of an old man, with a gray floating beard, suspended in mid-air, at a little distance, and gazing intently at her with elfish eyes. She swooned at this terrible sight, and remained insensible till the neighbors returned from church. Her husband strove to reason her out of her credulity, and the evening passed without further trouble; but they had not been long in bed when he himself espied the same phantom head by the firelight, floating in mid-air, and eyeing him with ghostly eyes. He lighted a candle, and betook him to prayer, but with little effect, for in about an hour the bodiless phantom was joined by that of a child, also suspended in mid-air, and this was followed by an arm naked from the elbow, which in defiance of all Coltheart's prayers and pious interjections, seemed bent on shaking hand with him and his wife! In the most solemn way the luckless lawyer conjured these phantoms to intrust him with the story of any wrongs they wished righted; but all to no purpose. The old tenants evidently regarded the new as intruders, and others came to their aid, for the naked arm was joined by a spectral dog, which curled itself up on a chair and went to sleep: and then came a cat and many other creatures, but of grotesque and monstrous forms, till the whole room swarmed with them, so that the honess couple were compelled to kneel on their bed, there being no standing room on the floor; till, suddenly, with a deep and awful groan, as of a strong man dying in agony, the whole vanished, and Mr. and Mrs. Coltheart found themselves alone.

In those days of supersition, Mr. Coltheart—if we are to belief Prof. Sinclair—must have been a man of more than ordinary courage, for he continued to reside in this terrible house till the day of his death, without further molestation; but when that day came, it would seem not to have been accompanied by the supernatural. At the moment he expired, a gentleman, whose friend and law he was, while asleep in bed beside his wife, at Tranent, 10 miles distant, was aroused by the nurse, who had been terrified "by something like a cloud moving about the room." Starting up with the first instinct of a Scot, in those days, he seized his sword to defend himself, when "the something" gradually assumed the form and face of a man, who looked at him pale and ghastly, and in whom he recognized his friend Thomas Coltheart. "Are you dead, and if so, what is your errand?" he demanded, despite his fears, on which the apparition shook his head twice and melted away. Proceeding at once to Edinburgh the ghosteer went direct to the house of his friends in Mary King's close and found the wife of the former in tears for the recent death of her husband.

Eruption of Mount Lapwai, Idaho.

The recent report of a volcanic eruption in Idaho Territory is confirmed by a correspondent, who visited the volcano about the middle of August in company with a representative of a Walla Walla newspaper. As seen from Camas Prairie the column of smoke rising from Mount Lapwai was like that of a steamer beyond the horizon at sea. The mountain is two days' ride from Camas Prairie. Omitting unimportant personal details, the correspondent's account runs as follows:

"About 500 feet below the cone a large column of smoke sprang into the air hundreds of feet and then folded over to the east. Flames shot up to a great height, and a seething flow of lava was at that time rushing down into a small valley to the west and emitting a strong, sickening sulphuric odor, which made it impossible to remain by it any length of time. The lava had moved a distance of one mile from the mountain and was gradually making its way toward the Salmon. The neighboring hills were covered with ashes."

The visitors were informed by a Lapwai Indian that the lava flow is intermittent. With the wind at their backs they climbed the cone when the crater was quiet, though greatly disturbed and sickened by the sulphurous odors. The crater was about 500 feet below the rim of the cone, and appeared to be about an acre in extent. When the flow ceased the visitors went down to the edge of the crater, after covering their faces with rubber folds and their eyes with glasses. The heat was great. On one side it was possible to descend twenty feet into the crater without being nauseated, thanks to a favorable wind. The lava poured into the crater from the sides, and, when it was full, bubbled over and ran into the valley. The surrounding country is volcanic, and the Indians reported a recent eruption of Mount Idaho, a large peak a few miles from Mount Lapwai. The visitors spent twenty minutes in the crater. At 5.45 P. M. the flow began again, and they hastily retreated. Scientific parties were fitting out at Portland, Oregon, toward the end of August, to visit the volcano. Mount Lapwai is one of the Blue Mountains, a low range crossed by the Snake River.

Eider Down.

Eider duck farming, which is one of the sources of Iceland's wealth, is about the only thing that is protected, and the worst of crimes that can be committed is to discharge firearms within hearing distance of the farms. By a long and rigid enforcement of the ordinance it would to-day be no more outrageous for a New-Yorker to go to the opera in his shirt sleeves than for an Icelander to shoot within hearing of the ducks. In consequence the farms are maintained, and year by year the ducks seek out the island, where they are protected against their natural enemies and furnished with abundance of food. The owners of most of these duck farms are engaged in fishing, and all the refuse of the codfish dressed on the islands is thrown out on the water for the ducks to eat. Some of the farmers have lately retired from the codfishing, which, in the vicinity of Reykjavik, is no longer good; but still the ducks come and build their nests, but not in such great numbers as before.

When one sees the treatment the bird gets, their annual return is strange and unaccountable, for they are systematically robbed by the island owners. In the spring, when the ducks swarm here to search out places between the rocks to build their nests in, they, having selected a suitable site, pluck the down from their breasts—that soft, silky down, famous the world over as the warmest and softest of coverings. Felt between the fingers it resembles floss silk, it is so soft, and it is as springy as rubber. A great bulk of it can be compressed into an incredibly small space, and when released after a long time it resumes its original size. The first plucking is very abundant, for the bird is preparing for warm weather and is prodigal of its thick under plumage. The first nest is stolen by the farmers, and the bird finding it gone, finds still enough down on its breast to construct another, which in turn is taken like the first. The supply of down on the female is now exhausted, and she calls upon the drake, and from his down the nest in which the eggs are hatched is made. In case this nest should be taken the bird seeks another nest hiding place.

When taken from the nest the down is full of straw, chips, bits of moss and wads of lichen, and must be cleaned before it is fit for use. The machine used in the process of cleaning is of the most primitive kind, and consists of a sort of harp made of coarse strings of raw seal hide, over which the nest is rubbed. In this operation the dust is driven out, and the room in which it is performed is as cloudy as the carding room of an old oakum walk. The chips of straw, moss and lichen fall through, and only the down remains under the rubbing hand of the operator. Even in the matter of eider down there is a discrepancy between the real thing and the received notions about it. We have seen eider down presented for sale in New-York which was pure white, while the real article is a dark slate color, and, when viewed at a distance, looks not unlike the fur of the blue fox. There is eider down and eider down. There is eider down taken from birds that have been killed in the far north, there is eider down half from killed birds and half from robbed nests, and there is eider (?) taken from geese in Long Island and New Jersey, and sold to other members of the family in New York.

The down from dead birds or even the mixed down is without the virtue of the nest-robbed article, and there is so much adulteration practiced in the business that, even in Iceland, you are liable to be imposed on if you don't purchase from the farmer direct. Iceland down is a special grade in the market, and brings better prices than any other at the annual auction held for its sale at Copenhagen. The supply from Iceland is very limited, and only amounts to 7000 pounds per year. There is a peculiar virtue in eider down as a bed, aside from its great warmth. It may be that the decided contrast between it and the hard mattress of the narrow bunk aboard ship made those I slept on on shore in Iceland particularly agreeable, but, from whatever cause, I always awakened in the morning quite revived and freshened from those downy beds. After long rides inland on native ponies, drenched with rain and with brook water up to the hips, from crossing deep fords, a six-hour rest on an eider down bed took all the stiffness out of the joints, and left one fresh for another day's ride.

American Birds.

Several specimens of native American birds are finding friends and purchasers across the Atlantic—in Germany, France, and even England. The nonpareil, for instance, one of our very handsome birds, was sent over to Europe last year to the number of three thousand five hundred by one single house. The cardinal, or Virginia nightingale, or Virginia red bird, is likewise making the grand tour. Over five thousand of these cardinals were exported last year from the city of New York. The indigo, or American blue bird, is likewise on his travels abroad, while an American bobolink took the first prize in a world's fair in England. Even the Irish, a proverbially hard people to convince, have practically confessed that "taitherin the Irish thrush is the best, the American brown thrush is just as good."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—In 1526 roses were placed over confessionals as symbols of secrecy.

—The probe was invented by Esculapius.

—Amethysts were found in Kerry, Ireland, in 1755.

—St. Petersburg was founded by Peter the Great in 1703.

—Cherries were first planted in Britain 100 years B. C.

—The Apaches who are on the war path number 750.

—The Spaniards discovered cochineal in Mexico in 1518.

—The use of the name Puritan began, according to Fuller, in 1564.

—The steam hammer was patented by James Watts, April 23, 1764.

—The excavations of the ancient city of Herculaneum were begun in 1711.

—The canary bird was introduced into Europe early in the sixteenth century.

—The Italian Government has ordered the Mont Cenis forts to be armed.

—Advices from Honolulu indicate that the lava flow has ceased to be dangerous.

—It is denied that any dynamite was found among the freight of the steamer Adriatic.

—Iron can be made so thin that it takes 4,800 sheets to make an inch in thickness.

—One hundred Jews who escaped from Russia are on their way to the United States.

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts refuses to permit women to practice law in that State.

—Cincinnati has eighteen Methodist churches. The highest salary is $2,500, the lowest $385.

—The great grain elevators and warehouses of New York provide storage for 22,800,000 bushels

—The marble quarries of Vermont have become enormous excavations, several being 350 feet deep.

—One hundred and fifty thousand cocoanuts have been planted in Monroe County, Fla., this season.

—Several of the New Zealand sheep kings keep each from 48,000 to 500,000 head of these profitable animals.

—It is estimated that during the "strawberry month" Chicago receives 10,000 bushels of this fruit per day.

—The New Orleans exports this year showed an increase of $9,814,750, or nearly 11 per cent. over those of last.

—Augusta, Ga., has now in operation 175,000 spindles in her cotton mills representing an investment of $5,000,000.

—M. Roustan, the French Minister in Tunis, recommends that the army of occupation there be increased to 120,000 men.

—It is quite clear that in October the Treasury Department will have a surplus of $140,000,000 with which to purchase bonds.

—In 1880 Iowa expended for school purposes $5,621,248, more in proportion to its population than any State in the Union.

—It is calculated that the world contains 1,455,923,000 inhabitants, or 16,778,000 more than it did twenty-five years ago.

—At a recent wedding reception at St. Petersburg over 300 "artistic" dresses were ordered for the ladies of the Court.

—Ex-Governor Bullock, of Georgia, is making a tour of the North, and has left his daughter to be educated in Utica, New York.

—The London papers state that, according to present arrangements, Princess Louise will return to Canada on Oct. 20.

—That little unpleasantness between England and Afghanistan will have cost, when all the bills are paid, the snug little sum of $117,000,000.

—Sir Thomas L. Seecombe, Financial Secretary of the India Office, has just retired on a pension, after a term of service of fifty-one years.

—The value of the unoccupied land at the east end of the Thames embankment, London, has risen from $200,000 to $420,000 an acre in ten years.

—The latest return to Parliament shows the total National Debt of England to be £736,168,420, in American money about $13,500,000,000

—Mr. Christian Moerlein, the well-known Cincinnati brewer, made last week a handsome gift to each of his children, amounting to $250,000

—Ernest Renan will publish in 1885 the secret correspondence of Napoleon III with his foster-sister, Mme. Cornu, the manuscript of which is in the strong room of the National Library.

—The Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts numbers 17,981 communicants. The population of the State is 1,783,012. Thus the Episcopalians are about one per cent. of all the people in the State.

—Numerous fires occured during August in Sardinia. They are supposed to have been occasioned by the shepherds as a vendetta against the proprietors of the woods, who have prohibited shooting this year.

—Lord Rawton is in London, preparing to commence his editorial labors in connection with the papers bequeathed to him by Beaconsfield. Certain legal formalities prevented their being given up before.

—There is no abatement in the tide of immigration, the arrivals in Castle Garden, New York, in August numbering 33,840. The number since January is 310,475, against 228,066 for the same time last year.

—Diphtheria is raging with unexampled violence in some parts of Russia. Nearly 12,000 persons have died of this dread disease in a single province, and whole communes have been left absolutely childless.

—By order of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Oxford street, London, has recently been renumbered. It has been calculated that this will cost the inhabitants at least £10,000 for alterations to shop fronts, stationery &c.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie is said to have never recovered from the loss of her son. She lives quietly and almost alone, taking no interest in external events or persons. She passes most of her time in a darkened room, and of French politics she never speaks.

—A draft horse belonging to the estate of the late John Marshall was sold for $500 cash at auction in Charleston, S. C., a few days ago. The horse does not boast of any distinguished pedigree, but being valued for the associations connected with him, was bought in by one of the family.