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## The Footsteps of Decay.

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted, in the Spanish language, except the "Ode of Louis de Leon":  
Oh, let the soul its slumbers break—  
Arouse its senses and awake  
To see how soon  
Life, in its glories, glide away,  
And the firm footsteps of decay  
Come stealing on.  
And while we view the rolling tide  
Down which our precious minutes glide  
Away so fast,  
Let us the present hour employ,  
And deem its future dawn a joy  
Already past.  
Let no vain hope deceive the mind,  
No happier let us hope to find  
To-morrow than to-day;  
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,  
Like them the present shall delight—  
Like them decay.  
Our lives like hasting streams must be  
That into the engulfing sea  
Are doomed to fall—  
The son of death, whose waves roll on  
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallows all.  
Alike the river's lordly tide,  
Alike the rivulets glide  
To that sad wave;  
Death levels poverty and pride,  
The rich and poor sleep side by side  
Within the grave.  
Our birth is but a starting place;  
Life is the running of the race,  
And death the goal;  
There all our glittering toys are brought—  
That path alone of all unsought,  
Is found of all.  
See, then, how poor and little worth  
Are all those glittering toys of earth  
That lure us here—  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;  
Alas! before it bid us wake,  
We disappear.  
Long ere the damp of earth can blight,  
The cheek's pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away;  
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—  
Age came and laid his finger there—  
And where are they?  
Where is the strength that sprang edeem,  
That steps that roved so light and gay,  
The heart's blithe tone,  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows wearisome with woe  
When age comes on.

## TOM HALIFAX, M. D.

She had been resting her head upon her hand, full of thought, when suddenly she heard the sound of horse's hoofs clattering down the street. She looked up, wondering who the rider could be, and looking up half started. It was Dr. Halifax himself, and as he reached the gate he slackened his speed, and dismounting came up the garden walk with a hurried step. She did not wait for the servants, but stepping into the hall lunged open the shade blinds in response to his summons and stood before him.  
"He certainly did not expect to see her, but he did not wince, merely bowing, and coloring slightly.  
"I beg your pardon, Miss Ashby," he said; "but I come to solicit charity on the behalf of one of my patients. I am not a rich man myself," with the calm, handsome eyes on her face, "and your father told me that I might rely upon him in this terrible trouble."  
"I am very glad to be of service," said Bessie. "What is most needed, Dr. Halifax?"  
"He made a few suggestions, and he thought proper, and, under his directions, she filled a large basket with food and wine. It seemed as though he was at least ten years older, and Bessie's heart grew very full at the sight of his pale, grave face as she completed her task.  
"Can I do nothing more?" she asked, as she gave him the basket. "Oh, Dr. Halifax, if I only could!" And in spite of herself the thick gathering tears filled her eyes.  
He looked surprised, and then his face softened. "Thank you," he replied. "I will remember what you have said."  
When Tom Halifax mounted his horse again it was with a thrill of pleasurable pain and a backward glance at the slender figure on the piazza. He had looked down upon the pretty face beneath its veiling curls, the wet lashes and tremulous mouth, thinking a little sadly of the days when her eyes would have met his with a warmer glow. Yes, it all came to the same thing in the end. The old wound had not completely healed, and a soft glow from the girl's eyes had it throbbing again almost as fiercely as ever. That night he came upon Captain Houstead.  
"Cannot I help you, Halifax?" said the kind-hearted fellow. "You are killing yourself. Let me do something, if it is only to grind powders."  
"You must not run the risk of infection," said Tom. "You have something at home to take care of."  
"Yes," said Captain Fred. "But I don't think the little somebody cares much." His voice had stopped a tone or so, and he was tapping his boots with his whip, as though musingly.  
"Ask her," suggested Tom, with a short laugh that almost choked him. "I'm going to ask her to-night," said the captain, raising his head suddenly, with a half smile. "It's all a lottery, you know. It remains to be proven whether my prize is a blank or not."  
Three hours later Bessie stood with her cousin in the garden.  
"It is no use," she said, with impetuous tremor. "I don't love you, Cousin Fred—at least, not as I must love the man I marry. I thought I did, but lately she stopped, dropping her face, and then added, almost in a whisper: "I have been very wicked and foolish. Please forgive me!"  
The captain looked down a little gravely. "When did you change your mind, Bessie?"

"A few weeks ago, since this dreadful plague. It made me think, and I saw that—I had not been doing rightly."  
It was fully three minutes before Fred Houstead spoke again.  
"See here, Bessie," he said, at last. "I am learning something, too. I never believed the gossip before now—a moment's pause, and his smothered doubt burst forth. "Bessie, why did you quarrel with Tom Halifax?"  
"Oh, Fred, don't!" she said.  
"Don't cry," said Fred. "I want to know the truth."  
I have said Bessie Ashby never did anything by halves. In her grief and excitement she forgot she had flirted with her cousin; forgot about the "position;" forgot everything but that she was frightened and miserable and tired of acting.  
"I have been so horribly selfish," she sobbed. "I didn't think I cared so much, and he was poor, and we quarreled, and I thought I could like you well enough. I don't think I should have been so wicked, but he was so proud, and things got worse every day; but lately it has all come back, and I can't help it."  
"You have not treated me well, Bessie," said the honest young captain, after a short silence. "Men don't want women to marry them because they think they can like them well enough; but I think you see how well I have wronged me. It is all over now, so we will say no more about it."  
I have said before that hearts do not break. They may stretch and perhaps suffer a little in the rebound, but really breaking is out of the question; and warm and true though our brave captain's might be it was not likely to disgrace the general India rubber reputation by snapping, even in this painful strain; so pray do not blame poor, penitent Bessie for any misfortunes which may hereafter befall him.  
The next morning Dr. Halifax met his rival on the street.  
"I prophesied rightly, old fellow," said the gentleman, quietly. "The affirmative proves to be a negative, after all."  
"Mademoiselle is changeable," said Tom. "I hope I am not going to have to pay for a patient, Houstead. You are as pale as a ghost."  
"Broken heart," laughed the captain. "No, I don't think you will. The warmth gives me a slight headache; that is all."  
But there was something more. As the day grew the slight headache became a severe one, throbbing and pulsing, the pale face flushed and the strong limbs trembled and at last they had never done before.  
At about 6 o'clock, as Tom sat in his office writing out some prescriptions, Captain Houstead entered the room and staggered into a chair.  
"I am afraid you are going to have a patient, Halifax," he said, smiling feebly. "I feel rather faint." And as he said this he dropped his deathly face upon the table and lay there without moving.  
He had craved it a long time, but the dreadfully had come upon him at last. Tom sent for Colonel Ashby, and the sick man was carried home. At the door Bessie met them with a pale face but steady eyes.  
"She ought to have been sent away," said Tom.  
"But I am not afraid," she answered, firmly. "Please let me stay."  
I dare say you will decide that Dr. Halifax was shockingly unstable when I tell you that from that time his mind began to waver as regarded Bessie Ashby. Meeting her every day in her cousin's sick-room it was not easy to feel cold and stern. She was so sweet and girlish in her new humility, now the old capricious coquetry was thrown aside, and in all her appealing obedience to his orders he could not fail to see a little sensitive fear which sometimes troubled, but always stirred his heart. He must take care of her, too; every shadow that crossed the pretty face must be inquired into. He was not going to fall in love again, of course; he was merely doing his duty, as a medical man. Still, it was rather interesting.  
Captain Houstead was the last serious case of sickness, but it was a very severe one. For weeks the poor fellow's life lay trembling in the balance—one day fevered and delirious, the next seemingly sinking into death. But in time he began to struggle through it, and, thanks to Tom's skill and patience, the shadowy face began to light with a faint glimmer of returning strength.  
Gradually the fearful scourge weakened, and little by little seemed passing away. There were still patients to be visited, and work to be done, but the awful rage of the pestilence had swept by. Then it was that Tom Halifax began to reap his reward. People who had never heard his name six months before sent for him in all critical cases. Men of wealth and high standing courted his acquaintance as the brave young doctor who did his work so nobly throughout the sickness at Dorning. Men and women pointed him out to each other on the street, saying: "But for him I should have been laid in my grave." "When my old mother died he was the last man she knew." "When we were in trouble he worked for us day and night. God bless him!" Had there been nothing else, the warm, loyal young heart would have thrilled with tender thankfulness at the simple gratitude of the humble sufferers to whom he seemed almost a Saviour, but, apart from this, reality came to him.  
There was no lack of practice now, and the name and fortune that had seemed so far away a year ago became a promise of truth. Of course as yet they were not quite perfected, but still each day brought them nearer, and showed something of solid advancement in life and prospect. The Cha-

teaux en Espagne were beginning to stand on a substantial foundation. Perhaps this might have made him happy. Naturally he felt thankful, but being a very warm-hearted and (in some things) a very unscientific M. D., he could not feel quite restful. The trust of all truths is that whatever we love we can forgive, and whatever we forgive it is not difficult to love. Bessie Ashby had refused Captain Houstead. Why had she done it? Could it be that her foolish little heart was subdued at last? It is easy to be magnanimous when one is injured, and it is hard not to be magnanimous when the injurer is a pretty girl whom one has loved. If this were more than a simple record I should certainly decide that my hero could not forgive my heroine under any circumstances, and consequently should doom them both to misery and despair. But, as it is, I am compelled to say that Tom Halifax, M. D., forgive Bessie Ashby, for the simple reason that, in spite of her faults, he loved her.

And Bessie? During her cousin's illness she had learned the extent of the M. D.'s power. She had found out that she could look up to him and rely on his strength, that she could trust him implicitly. She began to discover that he had a higher object in view than the regard for self, which had been the one ruling power of her life, and his example taught her the true nobility of generous sacrifice. Still, in spite of the change in the hearts of both, they had not advanced much toward the old coldness. But in the second month of Captain Houstead's illness the denouement came, as a denouement always comes, unexpectedly. One evening there had been a slight return of the fever, and after a heavy sleep the patient awakened, restless and wandering. Bessie was standing at one side of the bed and Dr. Halifax at the other, holding the captain's hand as he opened his eyes.  
"It was you she loved, after all," said Halifax, he said, smiling faintly. "I am 'only' Cousin Fred."  
The blood rushed into Bessie's face. The handsome eyes told her they understood—told her with one glance that burnt her cheeks and set her heart beating swiftly. The next moment she brushed by him and left the room. Half an hour after Dr. Halifax came downstairs and walked straight into the parlor, as though he had some object in view. A very pretty figure stood revealed in the dusky light by the window—a pretty head, with long, shining curls, resting upon an equally pretty hand making an exclamation on the site of an ancient corner-crib, and while so doing unearthing a rust-eaten, iron teakettle of the pattern which found favor with those of a half-generation ago. The kettle contained copper, silver and gold coins, principally from the American mints, with a few Canadian pieces, amounting in all to something over \$800. None of the coins bore date later than 1859. The farm was formerly owned by a man named Wilson, who sold out and moved West early in the '60's. It is possible that Wilson or some other tenant, becoming fearful of Southern invasion, made a plant of his available capital.

The tithing house is still in active use in Salt Lake City, and through it \$500,000 a year is collected by the Mormon officials. This comes mostly from the poor, according to a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and nobody knows to what use it is put, although many had their surmises when they found that Brigham Young, although not entitled to any salary, died worth several millions. The rich evade their tithes in a variety of ways; the poor must pay them, or they are subjected to trouble and annoyance. When they have paid their tithes they are not out of debt to the church. They must contribute when called upon to the erection of new buildings, or do anything else which the priesthood may demand. "Better starve your body than your soul," and away goes the last bushel of corn, or the last sheep, or the last steer.

There are twenty-one railway corporations in the United States having each a capital above \$25,000,000, and gross earnings from \$4,044,576 on the incomplete Northern Pacific to \$75,182,973 on the Pennsylvania Central, as follows:

Roads.	Capital.	Gross earnings.
Northern Pacific.....	\$91,212,258	\$4,044,576
New York Central.....	89,428,000	32,248,335
Erie.....	86,539,800	20,715,602
Pennsylvania.....	83,385,000	75,182,973
Delaware and Maryland.....	79,500,000	22,584,729
Chicago and North Western.....	62,308,196	21,284,839
Union Pacific.....	70,968,500	24,228,817
Central Pacific.....	52,275,500	24,094,100
Lake Shore.....	49,466,500	17,971,391
Penn. and Ohio.....	45,000,000	5,494,112
Chicago and Rock Is.....	41,980,000	11,968,907
Southern Railway.....	36,783,000	14,467,789
Wabash.....	40,000,000	14,467,789
Chicago and North Western.....	47,323,400	19,383,072
Chicago and Milwaukee.....	34,845,745	17,025,461
Reading.....	34,578,750	35,282,423
Missouri Pacific.....	30,000,000	6,722,417
Illinois Central.....	29,000,000	8,598,337
Chesapeake and Ohio.....	27,747,535	2,705,443
Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago.....	27,485,185	10,461,911
Totals.....	\$1,064,488,120	\$173,989,383

Edwin H. Flood, a Philadelphia builder, is engaged upon probably the most extensive building operation ever attempted in that city. It is the erection of eight hundred houses upon the vacant land between Seventeenth street and Islington lane and Diamond and York streets, comprising in all about forty acres. All the woodwork in the buildings will be prepared and fitted at a large saw and planing mill specially erected. A brick yard capable of making 50,000 bricks a day has also been erected. All the clay used in the manufacture of bricks is procured from the excavations for the cellars of the new buildings. The lumber is purchased by the million feet at a

time. All the hardware used in the buildings is bought in quantities at a time sufficient to cover the entire building operation. The paints, glass and other necessities entering into the construction are also secured in large quantities. There is now under way the first installment of 104 houses. They are all ten-room houses, and alike in finish. The fronts are of the Queen Anne style, and are of Philadelphia pressed brick, ornamented with black and buff cove brick. Over the window and door heads runs a broad course of Tennessee marble and a paneled base of the same material reaches to the window-sill. The floor of the vestibules will be laid in marble and woodwork will be of the same material. This is one of the ways by which city continues to have cheap houses.

The story of the poisoning of 100 Hungarian husbands is one of the most extraordinary on record. Thekla Popoy, a gypsy woman of seventy years, invented or discovered a poison, acting slowly but surely, and in its effects imitating the symptoms of disease. This poison she sold by the bottle to those women whose husbands obstinately refused to die to suit their spouse's plans. For two years she piled her trade, selling her poison at the rate of \$25 to \$50 a bottle. About two months since, however, a rich peasant died under suspicious circumstances, which led to ugly rumors resulting in the disinterment of his body. But no traces of foul play could be discovered, and people were forgetting the sensation when the daughter of the old gypsy suddenly horrified the community by coming before the court, testifying that she gave the wife of the dead man a bottle of poison prepared by her mother. She saw the wife pour the poison into the husband's coffee and told her mother what she had seen. Her mother answered that she would poison her if she did not hold her tongue. Subsequently she quarreled with her mother about some property, and in revenge determined to betray her. The gypsy and the widow were both arrested, but stoutly denied the crime, and it was left to the jury to talk in the jail, when the widow said to the gypsy: "Well, I am young and pretty. He was old and ugly. Why should he die?" It was found that the crime had extended through the entire community, and dead husbands in the region are being disinterred and examined by the score.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The frozen bodies of De Long and his ten companions of the lost Jeannette are to be brought home in cast iron coffins especially made for them in New York. The coffins are lined with felt, ground cork, etc., by which the bodies will be kept from the outward air. Being frozen they are expected to change into adipose or wax tissue, the features always preserving their natural expression. The caskets have been shipped to St. Petersburg.

An article called fertilizing moss is offered in New York to take the place of soil in raising plants. The discoverer is a Frenchman, Alfred Dussens, a scientific horticulturist. It is claimed that "this wonderful discovery by which plants may be cultivated without earth, or with earth in combination with the moss, bids fair to completely revolutionize present methods in the house culture of flowers." A great variety of plants, it is said, have been experimented upon in this way, and even vegetables raised from the seed to maturity.

In France it frequently happens that a murderer is not only sentenced to death, but required to pay a heavy fine to the relations of his victim. These fines are inflicted by the judges. A few years ago a man named Armand, of Bordeaux, was tried for attempting to murder his servant. The jury acquitted him, but the bench, having their doubts about the matter, sentenced him to pay \$4,000 to the servant, and the court of Cassation upheld the curious decision. Prince Pierre Bonaparte, when acquitted of the murder of Victor Noir, the journalist, in 1870, was sentenced to pay \$4,000 to the victim's mother. Only a few months ago a man who killed another in a duel was obliged to pay his antagonist's widow \$4,000, beside undergoing a year's imprisonment.

A farmer who has irritated the hills of South Euclid, O., for some years in pursuit of a living, dug from the earth a crop which pans out more to the square inch than any of his previous agricultural efforts. He was engaged in making an excavation on the site of an ancient corner-crib, and while so doing unearthing a rust-eaten, iron teakettle of the pattern which found favor with those of a half-generation ago. The kettle contained copper, silver and gold coins, principally from the American mints, with a few Canadian pieces, amounting in all to something over \$800. None of the coins bore date later than 1859. The farm was formerly owned by a man named Wilson, who sold out and moved West early in the '60's. It is possible that Wilson or some other tenant, becoming fearful of Southern invasion, made a plant of his available capital.

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## HEALTH HINTS.

LAY A FAINTING PERSON DOWN.—It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into the recumbent position death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady fainting was held upright. I found her pulseless, cold and apparently dying, and I believe that if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would really have died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said: Always remember this fact—namely: fainting is caused by want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fall to receive blood, while if you lay him down with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity; and, in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage the fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.—Medical Journal.

VALUABLE LINIMENT.—"Scarcely a week passes," says a physician, "that there is not a report of some one who has died of tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, brought on by some sharp instrument being stuck in the body—usually a nail in the foot. Such wounds will generally prove harmless if the following liniment be properly applied: Two ounces alcohol, two ounces oil of origanum, one-half ounce tincture of camphor. It was once called to be a boy twenty-four hours after he had stuck a rusty nail in his foot. He appeared to be in intense agony, and his foot was considerably swollen. I opened the wound so that serum flowed a little from it, and then folded a piece of soft cotton cloth, eight-ply, and thoroughly saturated it with the liniment and bound it on the wound, giving instructions to renew the application every two hours until relief be given. In six hours I called to see the boy; and he was out in the yard playing, and suffered no more from the wound. The liniment is good for any fresh wound on man or beast and every family ought to keep a bottle of it. I do not affirm that in every case it will prevent lockjaw, but I do believe that, if properly used, lockjaw would seldom occur."

Naturalists say that a single swal low will devour 6,000 flies in a day.

## Some Good Bear Stories.

I rise for a few remarks on the bear. I have known bruiser for the past forty years. I have met him on the trail in Northern Michigan, Pennsylvania and the North Woods. I have seen him in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Ordinarily bruiser is about as dangerous as a raccoon or the festive woodchuck. But it does happen that the mother of any mammal will ignore danger to herself in defense of her young. Almost any animal will go wild and reckless of danger in defense of her young, and the bear is wonderful on muscle. Consequently, when a she bear turns on her tormentors it is well to keep back about eighty-five and a half feet. She doesn't want to hurt anybody. She only wants to get her babies away from that fearful biped with the Derby hat and a dead rabbit cut on his hair.

If you humor her you are safe enough. If you want to put your hands on her, making the escape of her cubs doubtful; well, you take your choice. If you drive her to desperation and she has the grit to stand by her cubs, "better you stand a leadle back."

I have bagged a good deal of bear meat. I have been twice on a lone cruise in the North Woods. I saw several bears there—all intent on their own affairs. So slight was the danger from wild animals there, and so childish seemed the immense armaments of the average tourist, that I came to leave, not only my rifle, but my revolver behind. And I found the eight-ounce rod and the pocket hatchet all sufficient for defense against wild beasts. All the same, a she bear with cubs may be dangerous. I will give three instances that I can vouch for:

Forty years ago "Jim Steele," with a record of seven panthers, twenty-one bears, and 1,300 deer, resided at the mouth of "Asoph Run." He sent his son, aged fourteen, up the creek for the cows one evening. The boy came back frightened and crying, saying that a big bear had chased and nearly caught him. Old Jim was disgusted at the boy's cowardice. Leaving his rifle he went back with the boy, and at the mouth of the Kenney Run the boy commenced to say: "It was just here, when an immense bear jumped from under the bank, reared on her hind legs, and showing all the teeth she had, growling, snarling and threatening, made at the party. Old Jim took it in at once. 'Jump on my back,' he yelled to the youngster, which the boy did at once; and yelling, backing and holding on to the neck of the woman he had, old Jim and the boy got away. Then they saw the mother bear cross the 'fiddle' on the creek and scatter up the mountain side, to be seen no more of men forever.

Thirty-two years ago "Harry Ellis," born and bred on Pine Creek, guided a party to the huckleberry hills of the Barrens. While prospecting for the best herrying grounds he was suddenly confronted by an immense bear, which arose from behind a large fallen trunk, and rearing on her hind legs, made directly at him, roaring, growling, snarling and showing her best array of teeth. Harry seized and flourished a pine knot, whooping and yelling at the top of his voice, as he ran backward at his best pace for a few rods only, when the bear turned and quickly conveyed her two cubs out of danger.

On the same range of hills I once went huckleberrying with Farmer T. his wife and daughter, on invitation. Our rig was a two-horse farm wagon, the bottom of the wagon packed with inverted tubs and buckets. Distance to the ground, twenty-five miles. By dint of starting at 3 A. M., and abusing the horses to unenvied speed, we were on the ground at 11 A. M., among berries so plenty that the ground was absolutely hidden. It was a short job to pick a bushel of berries on such ground; but I had been there before, and I thought I knew of a place, about three-quarters of a mile westward, where the berries were especially plenty, but larger. So I took a large tin pail and started. Half way to the ground there is a gulch to be crossed, and this gulch was badly blocked with fallen timber. When near the bottom I halted to select the best routes for getting by or over some fallen trees that lay in my path, when a very large, dingy-looking, "brown-nosed" bear sprang on a pine, sprang off again directly at me, got on her hind legs and began to play the usual game of scare—showing all her teeth, making the savage, roaring, barking, growling noise common to enraged bears. On the instant I commenced a lively retrograde movement. Once I caught my heels and tumbled over backward, but got up suddenly. It was a Chinese fight. Growling, snarling, teeth and claws on one side; whooping, yelling and pounding tinware on the other. Nobly hurt, Bear badly scared. As for myself, I wasn't scared a bit! As for the bear; it goes without saying that when she had played me off a few rods, she got down on all fours and took herself out with her cubs for all she was worth.—Forest and Stream.

Captain Mayne Reid, the novelist, who now has his home in Frognore, England, has had his claim for pension allowed, and the United States will hereafter pay to him \$15 a month while he lives. He was a second lieutenant in the First New York volunteers, and went through the stirring scenes of the Mexican war, getting bullets at Chapultepec and other important positions for future utilization in story books. His claim was filed about two years ago. He sets forth in his affidavit that he is quite poor, living on a small hired farm, and that the \$15 a month will help out his meager income and make him comfortable. He is sixty-three years old.

## We Are Not Old.

We are not old, though years have rolled like shadows from our path away. Since first to me they did unfold— Thy love—oh! happy, happy day!— We are not old!  
Thy cheeks are fairer than the rose, Thy lips are sweeter than the snow. Thy hand is whiter than the snow. And as the heavens thine eyes are blue: We are not old!  
Time deneth gently with us here, No change our hearts have ever known; Our joy increases year by year, For sweet contentment is our own: We are not old!  
As in the past may we glide on, All gently down the stream of life, And when we reach our journey's end, May we together rest—my wife: We are not old!  
—N. S. Spencer.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A pretty girl of eighteen is a boot-black in Galveston. She takes the shine out of the fellows.—New York Commercial.  
"They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."—Boston Transcript.

The average life of a locomotive is only thirty years, but the average life of a locomotive engineer is sixty. The engineer can jump.—Philadelphia News.  
At Norwich, Miss Maria Baker was married to Mr. Butcher. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Brewer, and the clergyman who married them was Mr. Painter.—Quiz.

"I can marry any girl I please," he said, with a self-satisfied-I-you-loved-a-girl-would-you-marry-her expression of contentment upon his languid face. "No doubt," she responded; "but what girl do you please?" "They don't speak now.  
Old gentleman (looking at a very bob-tailed horse): "Bless me! how short they have cut his tail." Attendant: "His master is a member of the Society for the Protection of Animals, sir. In this fashion he will not annoy the poor folks."  
A correspondent asks: "What time of year do the days begin to shorten?" When you have a note in bank. A note in bank is the great annihilator of time. The days are crowded together in thin layers, and the nights are like a smear from a blacking brush.—Arkansas Traveler.

The title of the lesson was, The Rich Young Man, and the golden text was "One thing thou lackest." A teacher in the primary class asked a little tot to repeat the two, and looking earnestly into the young lady's face the child said: "One thing thou lackest—a rich young man."—Congregationalist.

A boy paid his first visit to one of the public schools the other day as a scholar, and as he came home at night his mother inquired: "Well, Henry, how do you like going to school?" "Bully," he replied in an excited voice. "I saw four boys licked, one girl get her ear pulled, and a big scholar burned his elbow on the stove. I don't want to miss a day!"  
They were talking about dogs—the habits, comparative intelligence, etc., of those sagacious animals—when young Rutherford said: "Well, sir, my dog's dandy, he is. You ought to just see him sometimes. Honestly, I believe he has more sense than I have."  
"That's a very doubtful compliment for the dog," said old Mr. Gloomy, who sat over in a corner.

"Those people," said the pastor, solemnly, after giving out his text, "who are either too poor or too stingy to afford fly screens at home, are perfectly welcome to sleep in this church every Sunday morning." And then he went on with his sermon, but he preached to the wide-awake congregation a good man ever looked down upon.—Huckeye.

Did you ever see a woman drop it letter? She will undertake to do it into the box; then she draws it back and scans the directions; scrutinizes the stamp to see it is on fast; scribbles the gummed side and runs her finger over it once or twice; then gives it one or two sudden jerks, which send it rapidly into the box. Oh, those people in to see if it went through.  
"What a man your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun, looking up from the letter she held in her hand. "He says he has bought a French clock, and shall bring it home with him. What will it be good for except as an ornament? None of us can tell the time by it, unless you can, Edith. You know something about French, don't you?"—Boston Transcript.

A man in Iowa has invented a new fastener for horse collars. It is lucky that the horse's collar does not fasten to a button in the back of his shirt, because if it did, judging from human experience, when it flew off after he had broken his thumb nail trying to crowd it into a new button hole, he would just kick the stuffing out of anything he was hitched to, even if it was a freight car.—Boston Bulletin.

## The First American Circus.

The first circus in the United States started out of Putnam county, N. Y., in 1827 or 1828. It had eight or ten performers, as many horses, neither tent nor seats, and advertised only by marching through the village invited, with a man ahead calling out the place of exhibition, etc. The programme included feats of strength, leaping, etc., and riding without saddle, and the ring was pitched in yards wherever convenient. After a time an elephant was added, and from this grew the menagerie addition. In 1832 the first tent was used in New York city.