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Self-Revealed.

"Dip deep thy pen into my heart,
O angel scribble, and write that I
May know myself; I will not cry
Nor weep—dip deep; I will not start."
The angel dipped deep in her heart,
And drew his dripping pen and wrote;
And though her knees together smote,
She did not cry, nor weep, nor start.
He wrote one word in many ways,
All quaint, but beautiful, until
His fair white roll was full; and still
Her modest eyes she did not raise.
"Is it all written?" "Even so,
Behold." She saw not for her sight
We dim with pain; and in despite
Her woman's tears began to flow.
Then through her tears she looked again,
And saw the word all written fair:
And smiled and sighed, and with her hair
Tossed, crying: "'Love' but love is pain;
"Yet Thou, dear Christ, hast shown me how
To die for love; let others wear
Life's roses in their waving hair,
I twine Thy thorns about my brow."
The angel bent his stately head,
And bade her bless him as she bowed;
"For thou my name and state be proud
I am no peer to thee," he said.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A Story for the Holidays.

"A merry Christmas!" It echoed through the wide streets in a thousand different voices; it rang out in the clear, bright bells; it was shouted through the house by childish voices; it was whispered in loving tones by the invalid's couch; it was sighed forth, with bitter emphasis, in the prison cells; it was muttered, in hard voices, in the dark, dirty alleys, where merriment was a mockery, or the despairing wail of over-wrought misery. "A merry Christmas!" "Anna!" said a low, feeble voice, from a poor, lard-pallet—"Anna!" "Yes, mother; I am here."
The child—for she had not more than twelve—sat on the floor, hid aside her sewing, and bent over the invalid. The room was a garret, poorly protected from the cold, snowy winds without. A small fire hardly served to take the bitter chill from the air. The furniture consisted of two wooden chairs upon the floor, and a low, wooden chest.
"Anna, dear child, put aside your work. It is Christmas day. Where is Charley?"
"Gone to the store. Mr. Perkins promised him a new jacket for a Christmas gift, and he has the order."
"And you, my poor child, will have no gift."
"I am as fortunate as you," said Anna, with assumed gaiety; but, in spite of her efforts to restrain them, a large tear rolled down each cheek.
"It is very cold," said the invalid, shivering.
"Mother! dear mother!"—and now the tears flowed freely—"you are sick, shivering with cold on Christmas day! and I cannot warm you! Others have the gifts, large houses, warm fires, and plenty to eat; while I am starving and freezing. It is unjust. O Heaven! hast thou no pity for my mother?"
"Anna, it is just. Listen, my child, and you shall hear my story. Long years ago, I was the petted child of wealthy parents. I had brothers and sisters, but of all, I was the favorite. I was beautiful and talented, and my father's idol. With every indulgence, every care, my path through life was strewn. And how did I repay it? With bitter, gross ingratitude. I was spoiled, willful child; but my parents were blind to all my defects, seeing only my fair face, and heeding only the praises of my various teachers.
"Among the visitors at my father's house, there was a Frenchman, a man who called himself Count de la Posta. He was handsome and graceful. I loved him. My father, who saw his real worthlessness, tried by gentleness and love, to win me from him. This was impossible. I fancied him a persecuted saint, and clung to him still more closely. At last, my father exacted from me a promise to separate, and hold no communication with each other for a year. He hoped I was in that time he could convince me of his unworthiness. Anna, you will despise your mother when she tells you that in six months she broke her promise, and eloped with Count de la Posta. I trusted to my father's great love for forgiveness. I was wrong. My ingratitude, disobedience, and failure to keep just punishment; my father refused to see his erring child; it was a bitter disappointment. I had so counted on his love; but I turned to my husband for comfort. Now came the hardest blow of all. My husband coolly informed me with my poverty, and a failure to bring pardon from my father. At last, he died. In all these long years I had heard no word of love from his lips; but on his deathbed he spoke to me tenderly and gently. Anna, I have long forgiven him all his unkindness; do you the same. After he died, I again sought my father. In vain; he refused to see me. For three years more I supported my children; then came this sickness. Two years have I lived in abject poverty, supported by charity and the little you could earn. Anna, my child, I will soon cease to be a burden upon your young hands."
"Mother, do not speak so. You break my heart."
"Anna, my dear child, who will care for you when I am gone? God bless and pity my orphan children! It is Christmas day. This very day, fifteen

years ago, I left my father's house. We were having a gay party, for Christmas day is also my birthday; and I was on that evening seventeen years old. I left my home in a rich dress, glittering with jewels, and my hair docketed with flowers; and now I die in a garret, on a hard mattress, shivering with cold. Then there were soft furs to envelop my thin, clad form, and cover my bare neck and arms; now, rags cover me, and I perish with the cold. Father in heaven, my punishment is just, but it is bitter! Anna, what o'clock is it?"
"It is after dark, mother. The fire light, Ah, here comes Charley!"
A lad, a year or two younger than Anna, came bounding into the room.
"Mother! Anna! a merry Christmas! I have a new jacket and five dollars' money; but I have better news than that. The old gentleman, who was in Mr. Perkins' store; and, when he heard my mother was sick, he told me to come to his house, and he would give me some fruit—fruit, dear mother, at Christmas!—and some wine and jelly. Anna, get your bonnet and the basket, and come. I will go with you, he led me past it; it is not far from here."
"Shall I go, mother?" said Anna.
"Yes, dear; but come back soon; I feel very weak and ill to-night; and I long for jelly or wine; it will give me new strength. Good-night, my children."
They started on their errand. Anna, oppressed by the sad story her mother had related, and filled with dark forebodings, could scarcely keep pace with her merry-hearted brother, who, filled with joy at his Christmas presents, and longing to carry the promised dainties to his mother, bounded along, unheeding the falling snow and the cold wind, which blew open his poor jacket, and nipped his fingers and toes. His precious new jacket and the five dollars had been left in his mother's hands.

"A merry Christmas!" was shouted in clear voices by all the children in Mr. Leclere's rich mansion. Toys lay scattered in careless profusion upon the velvet carpet; books were on the handsome table; every luxury was in the arms around her, as she sat in the room. The child, looking at the pictures and little Nellie and Harry played about the room. Aunt Jenny, Mr. Leclere's sister, petted the only boy, encouraging him in his noisy glee, while Chloe came from the front door; every few moments, bearing some new gift; now it was a doll, now a book, now a covered with white frosting, for all, now a drum for Harry; now a book for Miss Lola. There was joy and gladness, and truly a merry Christmas, in that house. The day flew by with joy and feasting; and in the evening the house stood dark and lonely. A large party was at Lola's father's. The family, children and all, were to assemble; and thither this happy household had gone.

Now, reader, you and I are privileged persons, and will stop in before the other guests arrive. We find only two persons left in the room, one an old gentleman, the other a lady between thirty and forty years of age, but still beautiful, with a sweet face and a low, sweet voice. The gentleman is pacing up and down the rooms, while the lady arranges some music upon the grand piano. He is a gentleman of a noble, more superb appearance. It is long, very long, and wide velvet carpets, rich furniture, gilded frames containing costly pictures, velvet curtains, whose rich crimson is subdued by fine lace coverings, everything speaks of large wealth.

"What a beautiful girl!" said the old gentleman, as he gazed at the lady, who was gazing at him. "I had killed a young girl as she was gathering peas in a garden, and the third day he had killed and eaten four different children. The wretched maniacs were punished for their crimes by burning at the stake."
In 1690, numbers of those werewolves infested the Java, and, by their depredations, made themselves a public scourge. Six hundred were executed on their own confession of child-murder; and yet the most terrible punishment visited upon the lycanthropes scarcely sufficed to bring the epidemic under control.

Mr. Letouche, a late writer on Portugal, mentions that, among the peasantry of that country, the superstition of the werewolf still prevails almost universally. When sitting at the fireside of the small land owners in rural districts, he was often regaled with stories of the craft with which these children of the evil one ingratiated themselves into the confidence of simple, trusting folks, only to betray them at last by stealing infants from the cradle and devouring them in desert places.

Feeding a Crowd.
Philadelphia is getting ready to lodge and feed all creation, and it is estimated that at least 125,000 people can be comfortably lodged—that is, 35,000 in the hotels and 90,000 in private houses. As to feeding, one restaurant promises 50,000 meals a day, and others carry up the total to 200,000. A company has invested \$200,000 in preparing, packed frozen in a White Mountain storehouse, and to be sent on in detachments by refrigerators next summer. Another firm has 150,000 hams in store for the summer raid. The way the Philadelphians figure it is this: 20,000 fresh arrivals every day during the show; each one to stay ten days and spend \$5 a day—this makes a million a day, or two hundred millions for the whole season! This is wild talk, though seriously put out.

An Earnest Woman.
The Churchman tells the story of a woman, but without giving her name, who became tired of a life mainly employed in eating and drinking, and resolved to devote herself and her money to a nobler purpose. At the close of the rebellion she went to a sandy island off the Atlantic coast, where about two hundred persons were living in poverty and ignorance, and established her home there with the intention of benefiting the inhabitants. She began with teaching, by example, how to cultivate the land lucratively, and was soon imitated. Next she established a school for the children, and afterward a church. Now the island is a thrifty region with an industrious and moral population, the change being the work of one woman.

A handsome man now came from the parlor and spoke to Charley.
"Your name, my man?"
"Charles Pomeroy Dugard," said Charley.
"What! my name! Why?"
"It is Harriet's child, Charley," said Anna Pomeroy. "Father! ah! you weep. Father, may we go and bring Harriet here?"
"Yes, go, take the carriage and bring her here," said Mr. Pomeroy.
"She can't come," said Charley; "she's got no bonnet and shawl; she sold them for medicine, ever so long ago."

In a carriage piled with soft furs and on him, Charley and Anna went for his sister, while their little namesakes were taken by Lola and dressed—Anna in a white dress, to Charley's great delight, and the young man himself in a warm suit of his cousin's.
Harriet lay on the hard mattress, watching for the cold creep through her, almost out, the room bitter cold, and the invalid longing, with intense desire, for the return of her children. The time passed slowly, the fire went out, and in the dark, cold room, went up a prayer for aid and comfort for her children. She thought of her father and her limbs, and she fancied she should die without again seeing Anna or Charley.

"This way," said a voice on the stairs; and a moment later her landlady entered, bearing aloft a candle, and followed by a girl in a gingham jacket with furs and shawls. The lady dropped her pet, and sprang to the bedside.
"Harriet! Oh, my sister! to find you in this place!"
"Anna! it is indeed you! Is my father dead, that you can come to me?"
"Not dead, Harriet, but forgiving. Come, sister, you must come with us. Gentle hands wrapped her in warm clothes, and her brother's strong arms bore her to the carriage. A large, soft bed, a warm room, and, long, loving voices around her, seemed like a dream of paradise; but when her father, laying his hand upon her head, called down Heaven's blessing on her head, then was the cup of joy full.
"The day that closed that night at Mr. Pomeroy's, was, indeed, a 'merry Christmas.'"

A Singular Set.

It is not an uncommon thing for lunatics to be possessed of the idea that they have been changed into some animal, as the dog or the wolf. Out of this insane notion there was developed, in the early and middle ages, a popular superstition that men were often transformed into wolves, and, like them, roamed the forest impelled by the fiercest instincts. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, this hallucination became a domestic, and large numbers of persons in France and Germany were affected by it. The sufferers cry on all fours like quadrupeds, and barked, leaped, and howled, after the manner of wolves. They barked together in the mountain districts, and were as destructive as the brutes they simulated. They were called were-wolves, and, uniting the cunning of men with the ferocity of wild beasts, were greatly to be dreaded.

The chief atrocity of which they were guilty was the murder of little children, on whose flesh they feasted. In 1521, three of these were-wolves were tried at Besancon, and confessed that they had sold themselves to the devil. One of them admitted that he had killed a boy with his teeth and claws, and was deterred from eating him by fear of the country people. Another acknowledged that he had killed a young girl as she was gathering peas in a garden, and the third that he had killed and eaten four different children. The wretched maniacs were punished for their crimes by burning at the stake.

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HOME STUDIES.

Something About the New Boston Society.

A Boston correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: Much inquiry having been made concerning the new association here called the "Society to Encourage Studies at Home," it may be well to give some information concerning it to your readers. It was formed last year, I believe, and its only organization seems to be a committee, of which Dr. Samuel Eliot (44 Brimmer street) is chairman, and Mrs. Tekon (9 Park street) is secretary. Among the other members are Mrs. Agassiz and Miss Hagen, of Cambridge, Miss Cleveland and Miss Cora Clarke (daughter of Dr. J. F. Clarke), of Jamaica Plain, Miss F. E. Appleton, of Brookline, and Mr. George Tekon, of Boston. The purpose of the society is "to induce young ladies to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind." To effect this, courses of reading and plans of scientific study are arranged, one of which lies before me. It includes six courses: 1, general history (1500 to 1600); 2, natural science (zoology, botany, physical geography and geology); 3, art, with exercises in drawing and painting; 4, German; 5, French; 6, English literature, including portions of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton's prose and poetry, of Addison, Goldsmith, Thackeray, etc. Other courses have no doubt been arranged, but this is all the list I have seen. The rules of the society are as follows:

1. Ladies joining the society as student members must be at least seventeen years old.
2. Each member will pay \$2 a year, at the beginning of each term, to meet expenses of printing, postage, etc.
3. Members will be expected to try to devote a certain amount of time each day, or each week, to their work as members.
4. The term for study will be from October 1 to June 1. In June a meeting will be held in some private house in Boston, where all may assemble to receive and distribute certificates of diploma.
5. A lady wishing to join the society as a student can procure a programme of studies from the secretary. When she has selected the branch or branches she wishes to pursue, she will inform the secretary of her choice, and will receive further lists and directions which have been prepared for the course she has selected. She will at the same time be informed to which member of the committee, and at what stated times, she is expected to report her progress; and at those times she will be supplied with further lists and directions.

6. Pains will be taken to select for the programme works that can be easily obtained, as students will procure them for themselves. Book clubs and public libraries will make the more expensive volumes accessible, and some of these further lists and directions are invited to bring books. Advice about the purchase of books on the list will be given when asked, if the books are to be bought in Boston.
At the end of the term of eight months the students who have taken any or all of the prescribed courses are invited to send in essays in English, French or German, on subjects of their own choice, to show the results of their diligence.

The Bootblack's Story.

When a dozen newsboys and bootblacks had collected in the gutter on horse stairs, and when each one had grown tired of jaw-breaking and popcorn balls, "Little Englander" remarked:
"Sposen Jim Cocoonant tells us a story."

"Is the Chinaman to be the domestic servant of the future?" asks a writer in Scribner. Will another census show him stealthily supplanting the European in our households, and setting up his gods on the kitchen mantels of this Christian land? I stoutly believe not. The Chinese, whether missionaries or merchants, are hardly more numerous in the United States than they were five years ago. "Forty centuries" have been too much for Mr. Koopmanschoop and his immigrant comes to the States, he leaves his wife and child behind him; he comes here with no thought of resting until he can rest at home; his supreme wish is ever to return to his native land, and if he be so unhappy as to die in exile, his bones at least must be borne back to sacred soil. Surely, a great element among us is not to be built up by immigration of this kind. Masses of foreign population thus unaturally introduced into the body politic, must sooner or later disappear like the icebergs that drift upon the currents of our temperate seas, chilling the water all around them, yet themselves slowly wasting away under the influence of our cold wind, leaving in themselves no source of sympathy, no spring of energy, no power of self-protection; helpless and inert amid hostile and active forces; their only part, endurance; their only possible end, extinction.

A Japanese Legend.

A certain white fox of high degree, and without a black spot upon him, sought and obtained the hand of a young female fox who was renowned for her personal beauty and her noble connections. The wedding was to be a grand affair; but, unhappily, the families of the betrothed pair could not agree upon the kind of food to be ordered for the occasion. The parents of the bride thought it good luck that a shower should fall on a bridal procession. The bridegroom and his friends objected to having their good clothes spoiled thus, and to the damper which a rain would put upon their merriment. There was danger that the match should be broken off, when a very estate old fox suggested a compromise. They might have sunshine and rain together. This happy thought was received with acclamations, and the order was given accordingly; the bride's palanquin or norimon was borne to the house of her future husband with blissful satisfaction on all sides. In Japan, a sun-shower is called "The Foxes' Wedding." In New England, the natives mysteriously remark: "The devil is whipping his wife with a codfish tail."

What he Said.

As he came out of Woodward avenue gate the other night and walked slowly up the street, the boys heard him saying to himself: "I know she loves me, and I know I can never love any one else. Let's see—if it's November now. On the 1st of January I'll walk into the office and tell Old Skinfitt that I must have \$25 per week or I'll quit. He'll say quit and be darned, and I'll go and see Tom, and have him see Jim and get me into a bank at a hundred per week, and then I'll buy a house and lot, and get Jennie to marry me, stick up my nose at the old hunk of a father, all the yard with vases and statuary, have silver stair-rod and French mirrors, I'll show this town what is what.—Detroit Free Press.

A Glimpse of Gabriel Conroy.

From Bret Harte's new serial story in Scribner, we clip the following extract: It was raining. Not in the usual direct, honest, perpendicular fashion of the mountain region, but only suggestively, and in a vague, uncertain sort of way, as if it might at any time prove to be fog or mist, and any money wagered upon it would be hazardous. It was raining as much from below as above, and the lower limbs of the loungers who gathered around the square box stove that stood in Briggs' warehouse, exhaled a cloud of steam. The loungers in Briggs' were those who from deficiency of taste or the requisite capital avoided the gambling and drinking saloons, and quietly appropriated crackers from the convenient barrel of the generous Briggs, or filled their pipes from his open tobacco canisters, with the general suggestion in their manner that their company fully compensated for any waste of his material.

They had been smoking silently—a silence only broken by the occasional hiss of expectation against the hot stove, when the door of a back room opened softly, and Gabriel Conroy entered.
"How is he gettin' on, Gabe?" asked one of the loungers.
"So, so," said Gabriel. "You'll want to shift those bandages agin," he said, turning to Briggs, "afore the doctor comes. I'd come back in an hour, but I've got to drop in and see how Steve's gettin' on, and it's a matter of two lines for me."
"But he says he won't let anybody teach him but you," said Mr. Briggs.
"I know he says so," said Gabriel, soothingly, "but he'll get over that. That's what Stinson sed when he was took worse, but he got over that, and I never got to see him except in time to lay him out."
"The justice of this was admitted, even by Briggs, although evidently disappointed. Gabriel was walking to the door, when another voice from the stove stopped him.
"Oh, Gabe! you mind that immigrant family with the sick baby camped down the gulch? Well, the baby up and died last night."
"I want to know," said Gabriel, with thoughtful gravity.
"Yes, and that woman's in a heap of trouble. Can't you let her drop in in passing and look after things?"
"I will," said Gabriel, thoughtfully.
"I thought you'd like to know it, and I thought she'd like to tell you," said the speaker, settling himself back again over the stove with the air of a man who had just fulfilled, at great personal sacrifice and labor, a work of supererogation.
"You're always thoughtful of other folks, Johnson," said Briggs, admiringly.
"Well, yes," said Johnson, with a modest shrug. "I guess I'll allow that men in California ought to think of others besides themselves. A little keener and a little sabb on my part, and there's that family in the gulch made comfortable with Gabe around 'em."

Meanwhile this homely inciter of the trouble, who had just allowed that men in California ought to think of others besides themselves. A little keener and a little sabb on my part, and there's that family in the gulch made comfortable with Gabe around 'em."
The only pipe smoke in that of the neighborhood was that of the pipe which the gypsying French Canadians, as they wander northward, tipsy by whole families, in their rickety open buggies, led the sole bacchanal charm to the prospect that it knows. These are of a race whose indomitable light-heartedness is but a slight improvement on nature. The same spirit clambered unrestrainedly over the back thatched roof; the birds occupied the crevices of the walls, the squirrel ate his acorns on the ridgepole without fear and without reproach.

As Sin as a Domestic.

Is the Chinaman to be the domestic servant of the future? asks a writer in Scribner. Will another census show him stealthily supplanting the European in our households, and setting up his gods on the kitchen mantels of this Christian land? I stoutly believe not. The Chinese, whether missionaries or merchants, are hardly more numerous in the United States than they were five years ago. "Forty centuries" have been too much for Mr. Koopmanschoop and his immigrant comes to the States, he leaves his wife and child behind him; he comes here with no thought of resting until he can rest at home; his supreme wish is ever to return to his native land, and if he be so unhappy as to die in exile, his bones at least must be borne back to sacred soil. Surely, a great element among us is not to be built up by immigration of this kind. Masses of foreign population thus unaturally introduced into the body politic, must sooner or later disappear like the icebergs that drift upon the currents of our temperate seas, chilling the water all around them, yet themselves slowly wasting away under the influence of our cold wind, leaving in themselves no source of sympathy, no spring of energy, no power of self-protection; helpless and inert amid hostile and active forces; their only part, endurance; their only possible end, extinction.

Poor Paul Morphy.

Paul Morphy, the famous chess player, is in a New Orleans asylum, hopelessly insane. He was born in that city in 1840 of wealthy Creole parents, and his adoption of the game of chess as a business, involved a walk on Canal street every morning, where his dapper little figure—always scrupulously well-dressed—was as well known and as regularly looked for as the noonday bell. After his daily promenade he retired from public gaze until evening, when he appeared in his box at the opera. It is said, he never missed a night. It is further related that during these years he permitted no friendly acquaintance; he was never known to associate with anybody but his mother, and persistently repelled advances from those who, having been friends of his early youth, desired to renew their associations. He lived a strange life, a strange, moody and peculiarly mournful man. About a year ago he began to lose his mental control, and several months ago was put in a private asylum. Some of his friends hold the theory that his malady had its start in the strain upon his mind in playing many and difficult games of chess.

There are now about 1,000 decked vessels and 17,000 open boats, with 42,000 men, engaged in the Canadian fishery.

Indian Jugglers.

Everywhere in India one meets with the jugglers and serpent charmers, whose feats are famous the world over. Mathran, a locality in the table land of the Ghats, 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the sea level, where the English have established a sanator for both the soldiers and the residents, is naturally one of the leading rendezvous for these jugglers. They assemble during the season on this tableland and perform their tricks from one bungalow to another. Some of them are very skillful. Almost entirely naked, and in the middle of your room, they will make a serpent disappear, a tree grow and bring forth fruit, or water flow from an apparently empty vase. Others will swallow a saber, or play tricks with sharp knives. Each has his special accomplishments. One of their most curious tricks is that of the basket and child. A child, seven or eight years old, standing upright in the basket, writhes in convulsions under the influence of music, and disappears slowly into the interior, which is barely large enough to contain it. Scarcely is it inside when the musicians throw themselves upon it, close the lid, and pierce the basket in every direction with their long knives. They strike with all their might until the bamboo giving way, the basket is almost completely flattened, and is no longer capable of containing anything. They then reform the circle and resume their chant, to which a voice now responds from the forest. The sound gradually approaches, and at last seems to come from the basket, which becomes more and more distended; the lid is moved, and the child springs out. This trick is very ably performed, and, though capable of being explained to Europeans, excites lively astonishment in the Indian spectators.

The juggler gives a vigorous impulse to the top, which he places on the top of a small stick balanced on his nose; then, according to the request of the spectator, the top suddenly stops, or again goes on spinning. This last part of the operation Mr. Rousselet thought by far the most extraordinary; that the top should stop is intelligible; but that it should afterward continue to revolve, without any new impetus, and perform these alternate maneuvers for several seconds, is the inexplicable point. Our traveler actively examined with the stick and the top, but could discover no trace of mechanical contrivance.

The Yankee Farmer and his Wife.

But if they are silent, they are not surly; give them time and they are amiable enough, and they are first and last kind. They do not ask too much for board, and they show some slow willingness to act upon a boarder's suggestions for his greater comfort. But otherwise they remain unaffected by the contact of a more graceful, more polished, or livelier of mind, or grace of manner; if their city guests bring with them the vices of wine or beer at dinner and tobacco after it, the farmers keep themselves uncontaminated. The only pipe smoke in that of the neighborhood was that of the pipe which the gypsying French Canadians, as they wander northward, tipsy by whole families, in their rickety open buggies, led the sole bacchanal charm to the prospect that it knows. These are of a race whose indomitable light-heartedness is but a slight improvement on nature. The same spirit clambered unrestrainedly over the back thatched roof; the birds occupied the crevices of the walls, the squirrel ate his acorns on the ridgepole without fear and without reproach.

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Items of Interest.

When a man gets tired of himself he generally tires other people.
It is an extraordinary fact that when people come to what is commonly called light words, they generally use low language.
A petrified forest has been discovered in the desert of northwestern Humboldt, about thirty miles west of the Black Rock range of mountains in Nevada.
A cynical man insists that the fewer relations or friends the happier we are. "In your poverty they never help you, in your prosperity they always help themselves."
It is stated that a convict of New England, after twenty years service in the penitentiary, has dug up the money hoard from the bank, and will begin life anew, as it were.
The Cherokee government has abolished the use of the whipping-post, and delinquents will hereafter be sent to the calabos instead of barring their backs to the crepitant lash.
Next season landlords instead of announcing "magnificent views," "excellent table" and "beautiful drives," will substitute "the best of sewerage," "excellent ventilation" and "pure water drawn from a well two hundred feet from the loonse."

A Western debating society has been organized with the question: "Do boys or girls make the most noise?" It was finally decided that "they do," after an elaborate argument, showing that half of the noise boys made was caused by girls.
The Icelandic colonists have found their "best hole" on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, in Canada, where they have taken up a tract of 1,000 miles, fifty miles along the shore and twenty miles inland. Three or four hundred are domiciled and more are expected.
A drunkard who was to have a finger amputated in the presence of Albany Medical College students, by Dr. Armbrust, died under the influence of chloroform; and the surgeon says that in nearly every recorded instance of death from an anesthetic the patient was addicted to intoxication.
All Polish landed proprietors in four provinces have been ordered by the Russian government to sell their present holders any farms rented by peasants, upon conditions regulated at St. Petersburg. This, it is said, will complete the impoverishment of the local Polish nobility.
It is the mind's wealth that makes the lover's body rich. Two bosoms with a single thought discharged themselves of that thought as follows: "Araminta, pet! What, Charles, dear?" "What dreadful eyes, lovely!" "Oh, sweetie!" "I said 'What dreadful eyes' darling!" "Oh, did you, my own?" "Yes, ducky!"
The grape harvest in France is said to have been unprecedented the present season. The owners of large vineyards have been obliged to fill their vats twice, and now no doubt the usual quantity on hand. "Kiss for Kumbus," mutters the head of the family, as he started after the wood-inspector to cord it up, "why didn't she order a car-load to be done with it. Must be she is going to have the sewing society this week."

In the pocket of a man who was killed while drunk in a Cincinnati gambling house was found the following memorandum: "Took my last spree May 18, 1875. Five rules from this date. First—Is to never eat but three meals a day. Second—Is never to eat anything between meals. Third—Is to eat as little as I can every meal. Fourth—Is never to drink any intoxicating drinks. Fifth—Is never to use any tobacco."
The Man who was Not Elected.
The candidate who didn't get enough votes to elect him the other day is out on the street now, wearing the look of an injured man. As he turns a corner he meets Jones, and Jones says: "Ah! Well, I'm sorry for you; I'd have bet money that you would go in by 500 majority."
"My majority would have been twice that if some dastard hadn't started the rumor that I was opposed to education," replies Unsuccessful.
"They lied about you, eh?"
"Lied! Why, they told the most outrageous falsehoods the human mind could conceive! I've got a clew, and you look out for three or four suits for damages!"
Turning the next corner he meets Davis, and Davis yells out: "Hello! I see you aren't dead yet! Well, I'm sorry for you; I wanted to see you go in."
"And I should have been elected straight as a string if my name on the ticket hadn't been spelled wrong. That, and that alone, floored me."
"One block more and Smith rushes at me!"
"Hang it! but I thought you would have waxed that fellow by three thousand votes!"
"I'd have done it like a shot," replied Unsuccessful, "but the inspectors received hundreds of illegal votes and I was laid out. This thing isn't through with, however; I propose to carry it to the supreme court."
As he reaches the city hall the fourth man holds out his hand and says: "Well, you couldn't both be elected; but you did just run like a quarter horse."
"Can you tell me something," whispers Unsuccessful.
"I believe the ballot boxes were stuffed against me."
"No!"
"Strive as you live! I think I can put my hand on a man who will swear to it, and I tell you I'll make it red-hot for those inspectors!"
And the unsuccessful candidate is certain in his own mind that he is a great martyr.