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## Ebb and Flow.

Life throbs with tides that ebb and flow,  
With things that come, and things that go,  
The mists that rise when morn is fair,  
That rise and float, then melt in air,  
Are not more transient in their stay  
Than are the hours that speed away.  
For often life seems like a dream—  
So quickly flash with glance and gleam,  
A thousand things that come and go,  
And cause the tides to ebb and flow.

A sad, sweet strain that's borne along  
By breath of wind; a bit of song,  
A few fond words when dear friends meet;  
The music of a laugh that's sweet;

The sympathy that prompts a sigh;  
A woman's face that glances by;  
Brief joys, that stay their little while,  
A kindly glance, a loving smile,  
These ebb and flow, and ebb and flow,  
And like the tides they ebb and flow.

A lovely landscape, fair and bright,  
One moment seen, then lost to sight,  
The gorgeous clouds at set of sun,  
That crown the day when it is done,  
That fade and come, and fade again;  
The curling smoke that floats away;  
A snow wreath on a winter's day;  
All these like waves that ebb and flow,  
With ceaseless throbs still come and go.

—J. L. Loyall.

## THAT AWKWARD GIRL.

Colonel Raleigh felt really indignant. The idea of any one's expecting him to dance with that gawky, ill-dressed girl, Julia Pinch!—it was as irritating as it was absurd. However, he had no choice in such a matter, his hostess' will was law.

So he found himself, with his feet in the first position, opposite the young lady, bowing as he requested the pleasure of the waltz, and in his heart anthematized both the music and his partner.

Julia Pinch was only seventeen, and had the angular, unformed appearance of a younger girl. Her dress was old-fashioned and unbecoming, and as she nervously accepted the flattering proposal of the handsome man in town, she pulled a torn glove over her red wrist, and stood up expectant, with a little grace certainly as well conceivable.

The first round of the dance was exquisite torture to the gallant colonel. Unaccountable, but so readily adaptable, delight to the girl. It was such an unexpected honor for her, poor little neglected wall-flower! Her invitation to this her first ball had been altogether irregular.

She knew no one, and her coming had been brought about by a singular concatenation of circumstances, which she afterwards called "fate." She was an orphan and lived with her old aunt, whose stunginess increased with her years.

Old Miss Deborah Brown was respected in Hillsborough, but her visiting days were over, and she had been greatly surprised a week before the officers' ball by a call from a far-away elderly cousin, who, in passing through the town, had remembered her existence. He was remaining for the ball, and as he took his farewell, his eyes rested carelessly upon the awkward girl who had retreated into the furthest corner of the room during his visit.

With a good-natured impulse he took a ball ticket from his pocket, and, throwing it down upon the table, said: "There, young lady; if you like to go I'll fetch you at 8 o'clock!"

And so, to Julia's intense surprise, she was to make one of the select company invited to the officers' ball.

Aunt Deborah had strange ideas of the fitness of things, and it is not, perhaps, very remarkable that Julia's appearance was scarcely creditable even to her position.

The best-chosen toilet would have scarcely redeemed her awkwardness; but with the old-fashioned garment her relative had "made over for her," and ill-fitting gloves and boots, she was as little beautiful as she was ever destined to be.

Colonel Raleigh's anger calmed down somewhat as, after the first round of the dance was over, his partner, more at her ease, proved to be an admirable waltzer. She was light as a feather, and her step was so springy and free that in his own mind he reflected that it covered a multitude of sins.

He was inclined to patronize her, and when he led her breathless to her seat, stood for a while beside her, and finally, with a sudden impulse of good nature at which he marveled himself, offered to take her to have some refreshment.

Silly little Julia! how her heart beat, to be snubbed. She felt ready to shrink into the smallest atom of herself as she walked through the beautiful rooms with her handsome partner.

When he left her at last her eyes followed him, and her foolish heart beat high with hope that such another treat might be in store for her; but this was not to be.

The colonel had done his duty—much more than done it, indeed, he considered—and her light waltzing could not even commend a second experience to him. So Julia sat, unnoticed and alone, until Miss Deborah's cousin was ready to leave. He had promised to see her home and when he came to fetch her, said, good-naturedly:

"Capital! I hope you enjoyed it?"

"Yes, indeed, thank you," was the shy response.

"Have you been dancing much?"

"I danced with Colonel Raleigh," said Julia, in exultation.

"Ah, indeed?" said the elderly cousin, with what she thought scant consideration of her niece. "Well, come along. Your aunt will think you are lost."

And Julia's first ball ended, and the quiet monotony of her life was to recommence.

of the ballroom; for that one moment she endured much.

No persuasion of her aunt could induce her to dress for church, or move from a certain window, until after the event to which she looked forward throughout the six days of the week.

Old Aunt Deborah never imagined any deeper reason for this obstinacy, as she called it, than general admiration of the soldier's which, to her mind, was sufficiently foolish. Had she known the truth she would have considered that Julia had lost the little sense with which she credited her.

The colonel never saw her, never once glanced at the house, never even knew where she lived; and, alas! for her, had he known, would not have cared, for he had no time to spare.

He was a fast man; not had in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but of no particular principle or character. He was accustomed to the admiration of all his lady friends, and was in many respects a very spoiled man, as little likely to think twice of awkward Julia as to stop to pick a daisy at his feet.

As soon as he would have said, as it appeared, he knew nothing and cared nothing, and certainly, had any one pointed out the silly little girl watching for his passing, would have failed to recognize her as his partner for one dance, which was only remembered by him as an annoyance.

Time passed. The regiment was ordered abroad; its quarters filled by some succeeding corps, and Julia's object in life taken from her, she relapsed once more into the old languid conditions of her life.

Some weeks later, when spring had come and gone, and summer was at its height, Aunt Deborah died, leaving her little property to the lonely girl, whom she had suffered to live with her under a sort of protest. As soon as she was laid in the grave Julia surprised all those who heard of her sudden inheritance had interested, by declaring her intention of going to a finishing school.

"Aunt Deborah," she said, "would never pay for my education while she lived; but I know my own needs, and I intend to learn."

There was no one to gainsay her. She took her own way, and offered herself as pupil to the Misses Jones, who kept the finishing school in the town, and who were ready to receive her, promising her the comforts of home and every advantage from masters that her money could procure.

There were two other parlor boarders of her own age in the school, and each had her romance. Each had a lover, or a friend who was to become such, but Julia had none. Deep in her girlish heart she treasured the memory of the one man who had come, as it seemed to her, right into her life.

It was the thought of him that stimulated her to self-improvement. In her day-dreams she imagined meeting him again, when he should be to her what all the other girls claimed for themselves. She had been told so often that she was plain and awkward that she believed it; but still in her heart she hoped that in the future she might, at least, hold her own with others there.

It was a year since her memorable evening. A school friend of hers, Amy Chase by name, had invited her to her house, telling her that a dance was to celebrate her birthday.

"Not a grand affair, you know," she said—"just a carpet dance."

Julia felt very little excitement about it; she accepted because she had no reason for declining, and was about to ask some questions as to her dress, when to her intense surprise Amy continued:

"Colonel Raleigh is staying with us, and he is such a man for dancing that on his account we must have some."

"Colonel Raleigh!" exclaimed Julia, involuntarily. "I thought—I thought—"

"Do you know him?" asked Amy, inquisitively. "Isn't he handsome and delightful, a perfect dear?"

"I—I don't know," said Julia, hesitatingly.

"Don't know! Well, then of course you can't have seen him," laughed Amy.

"No one ever forgets him; but I'll introduce you to him. He's just sold out and come into a fine estate."

Julia's feelings at this unexpected disclosure can scarcely be conceived. To her this man had been the idealized hero of every day-dream.

Now all her languor was gone. Her interest in, in everything connected with the coming event, was intense.

She consulted the leading dressmaker in the town, and put herself into the hands of the hair-dresser whose exploits were renowned. After all she was to be congratulated in having secured the assistance of real artists, for their choice did credit to their taste.

Her dress was very simple—white tarlatan over white silk—and by the milliner's advice a bunch of field daisies for her hair and bosom were her only ornaments.

"So simple, miss," said the woman, "and simplicity is the best for a young lady."

Julia herself did not know how much she owed her for her suggestion. The awkward, ungainly girl did not realize the change that had transformed her into a sweet-faced and not ungraceful young woman.

Her fair hair hung in curls about her neck, the expression of her blue eyes was like childlike and her whole appearance so modest and retiring that she was the pure white dress, relieved only by the daisies in her hair and bosom, she looked like some lovely child, and might have stood for a representation of Innocence itself.

The finishing touches had been put to her dress by her admiring companions, and she proceeded with a beating heart to her friend's house.

Dancing had already commenced, and Julia, who depended upon her friend's mother as chaperon, waited in an ante-room till Amy should come to her.

"How lovely you look, Julia!" exclaimed the latter, as she ran in. "You will be the belle of the ball, I declare!" She turned to her mother, and introducing her, continued: "Now, mamma, be sure and introduce Colonel Raleigh to Julia. He's just splendid! But I hope you can dance, for he will

only take good dancers as his partners; but come along."

The dancing-room was full as they entered, but Julia saw only one figure. The handsome colonel of her memorable ball, the hero of every day-dream, was leaning against the mantel-shelf, in earnest conversation with a lady.

To Julia's eyes he was handsomer than ever. She had no desire to join in the dancing; she felt as if the mere sight of her hero was enough. She took a seat, by her friend's desire, on the sofa, and was soon to realize that her wall-flower days were over.

She did not think what a pretty picture she made as she sat there, all the admiration in her innocent heart shining in her eyes, as without any idea of attracting notice, she enjoyed the realization of her longing to see him once more.

She accepted one partner after another, always hoping that fate would at last bring her old friend, as she considered him, to her side. What fate might not have accomplished her own attractions brought about.

"Deuced pretty girl, that," said the colonel to the lady with whom he conversed. "Dances well, too. Introduce me, won't you?"

"I've a great mind not to," said his friend, laughing. "I haven't forgotten your last year at your own ball, when I asked you to dance with that friend of old Lane's."

"Well, I might scowl!" said the colonel, laughing—"that awkward girl! You certainly ought to make every amends in your power, by giving me a better chance to-night. And he followed her across the room to Julia, whose partner had just released her.

"Miss Pinch—Colonel Raleigh," she heard, and trembling at the realization of her dream, she held out her hand almost mechanically. She scarcely heard his first words. When she recovered from her nervousness, he was saying:

"Mrs. White threatened to punish me for an old offense by not introducing me, Miss Pinch. It would have been too cruel—don't you think so?"

"I do not know what the offense was," said Julia, in her childlike voice. "But she hesitated—I don't think it could have been very bad."

And the great blue eyes were raised to his face.

"I will tell you," he said, "only your kind heart would be hurt if you had to blame me."

"Perhaps I shouldn't have to blame you," said Julia, smilingly; but the music was tempting, and his reply was merged in the first steps of a waltz.

"How divinely you dance, Miss Pinch," said the handsome colonel, as he bent over her at the conclusion of the waltz. "You are as light as a feather. I never danced with any one so light before, except—yes, by Jove! except the time I was going to tell you about, when I shocked Mrs. White. Why, it was in this very town—so it was—at our own ball. She would introduce me to a gawky girl whom nobody knew, and I scowled over it, I can tell you! But she danced well, I must give her that credit—uncommonly well, she did! Lightest waltzer I ever knew except yourself!"

"Poor little Julia! How her heart beat! She took courage."

"Who was she?" she asked.

"I don't know; never saw her before nor since—she was all angles! I remember I was surprised to find that she could dance at all. I wonder how she learned. Strange—it's no compliment to you, but do you know, Miss Pinch, you rather remind me of her? Please forgive me," he added, hastily, thinking her deepening color arose from annoyance. "She had beautiful eyes, I remember, and might have been good-looking, only she was so awkward and oh! so ill-dressed!"

"Can't you remember her name?" asked Julia. Then she added: "I was at that ball."

"You said the colonel. 'Impossible! He couldn't have forgotten you if I had once seen you!'"

"Oh, yes, I was!" stilled Julia. "I remember it because it was my first ball." And she looked down and blushed.

The colonel considered.

"I thought I knew every pretty girl in the room that night," he said. "You must be mistaken. But sure I should have danced with you if you were there—if you would have permitted me, that is."

"You did dance with me," said Julia, in a low voice—then suddenly becoming very bold, she added: "You didn't want to, but you did, and—I enjoyed it very much."

The handsome colonel looked annoyed. The idea of his forgetting it, if, as she said, he had danced with her! "What dance was it?" he asked, after a pause.

"A waltz," said Julia, softly, as the delicious memory of that evening came over her.

"A waltz," she repeated, with a blush, and again she looked up at him with those lovely, innocent eyes of hers.

"Miss Pinch," he said, "you are laughing at me. Do you want to make me believe that I met you, waltzed with you and forgot you?"

"Yes," said Julia; "but after a pause she half whispered: 'Then I didn't forget.'"

The colonel pulled his whiskers. He was very much put out.

This girl was so pretty—how hateful she must think him! Well, there was no danger of his forgetting her again. What lovely eyes she had! What a sweet, innocent baby face it was! He felt annoyed as another partner coming for her whirled her off in the dance.

He stood watching her. How graceful the light, girlish figure looked! Yet, as he gazed, some vague remembrance came back to him, rendering him uneasy and annoyed.

"It can't be," he muttered—"impossible!—that awkward girl—"

Just at this moment Amy came up.

"Have you been introduced to Julia Pinch?" she asked. "Isn't she pretty?"

"Very!" he said. "Who is she? She declares I have met her. I am sure I never have."

"Oh, yes, by the way!" said Amy—"I remember, she did say something about knowing you. Where can it have been? Heedless comes again; let's ask her," and going up to her friend, Amy put the question, to receive the same reply.

An unpleasant idea still remained in the colonel's mind—so unpleasant that he persistently refused to pay any regard to it.

He was so charmed with this pretty Julia he danced again and again with her—trotted himself to her whenever her numerous partners left her free for a moment, and was as completely her slave as if he had known her for weeks.

He could not divest himself of that shadowy, undefined resemblance to some one.

Quite late in the evening she was sitting down after a dance; and as he stood beside her, in admiration of the sweet face down into which he was gazing, a sudden movement of her hand arrested his attention. Her glove had come unbuttoned, and as she pulled it up her wrist, she suddenly tore it asunder, and, annoyed by the accident, blushed deeply as she involuntarily put her hand behind her.

Her sudden movement supplied the missing link in his memory. He remembered the torn glove on the red wrist of that awkward girl, and at the same moment she did Julia.

She looked up, half-laughing, half-annoyed, and said:

"When we met before, I had a torn glove, I remember."

"Impossible," said he, in his surprise, "that you can be—"

"That awkward girl?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I am. Are you sorry?"

The colonel never knew what answer he made; I doubt if she did, either. But it is suggestive fact that years afterward I found in his wife's drawers a little packet labeled "That awkward girl." It contained a torn glove, and a solitary glove, soiled and roughly torn about the wrist.

**Florida Oranges and Alligators.**

"For three hundred miles south from Jacksonville, along the St. John's River, and still further north and east," said J. Gould to a New York reporter, "the country is dotted over with orange groves of from twenty to twenty-five acres in extent. It takes about five years for an orange grove to mature so as to produce fruit for the market, but nevertheless new groves are constantly planted, and are looked to as a sure source of revenue. When an orange grove begins to bear fruit it apparently never wears out. I heard of one tree which bears annually from six to eight thousand oranges, but that is above the average."

"What is the cost of an orange grove?"

"As I said," replied Mr. Gould, "they vary in extent from twenty to twenty-five acres, and are worth from \$50,000 to \$100,000. But they yield a handsome percentage. For instance, Mr. Hart, who lives just above me here, owns a grove of about twenty-five acres, and he informs me that it yields him a net income of from \$15,000 to \$20,000."

"Decidedly so, and I think that within the next five years Florida ought to be able to supply the entire demand of the United States for oranges. I believe that the sweet orange is not a native of Florida, but has to be grafted upon the tree which bears the sour orange. On one tree you sometimes see oranges, lemons and limes growing together. Of course the several fruits have been grafted, but it is interesting and peculiar to a Northerner to see these fruits growing in a happy family on one tree. It suggests a horticultural paradise."

"Is orange growing the chief industry of Florida?"

"By no means. Not to speak of cotton and live oak and the like, you must not forget the alligator," said Mr. Gould, smiling, and evidently thinking of his alleged "alligator farm."

"But is the alligator a sufficiently valuable animal to make his cultivation remunerative?"

"No; his hide is the valuable portion of him, and even that is worth comparatively little, though I believe they make it into boots in England."

"But does Florida cultivate these reptiles?"

"That is not necessary. The alligator cultivates himself and produces quickly and numerously. The whole swampland river country is filled with them."

"And are they dangerous?"

"Well," said Mr. Gould, "it is as well not to get in the way of their tails. I think they strike their victims chiefly with their tails. Nevertheless, the eleven-foot jaws of some of them are not at all inactive. My son killed one which resembled a whale on four legs. Our party killed over thirty of them. Whether I killed any or not myself is a difficult question for me to answer. I saw some live ones just before I fired, and some dead ones just afterward; but as several rifles went off at the same time, I cannot assume that it was my gun that killed an alligator. But alligator shooting was not what interested me in the South; the blossoms, our wedding blossoms of the North, you know, were on the trees, and yet the ripe, golden fruit was there too."

**Population of the West.**

At the beginning of the century the population of the great West, which is now about 20,000,000, was a little more than 50,000. The following interesting table shows the growth of that population:

Year.	Population.	Per cent. of Inc.
1790.	51,066	—
1800.	1,352,413	2648
1810.	2,913,109	475
1820.	8,597,473	193
1830.	16,104,473	87
1840.	32,581,542	120
1850.	62,822,413	186
1860.	97,719,922	75
1870.	139,721,621	45
1880.	191,121,810	37

That table is a very interesting one. It is one of the most remarkable features in this remarkable age.

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### Sentences in Women.

A woman may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways; but if she is not personally neat she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended from a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or a drunken ruffian. The bringing up of daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial rank there is imposed also the prime obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future.

### New Turban Bonnet.

The new turban bonnet is of a low-crowned shape, setting close to the head and covered with old gold colored satin. It is trimmed with a scarf and yard and a half long of black Chantilly net, upon which are embroidered tiny crescents in gold thread. It is finished by a half-made fringe of mixed black silk and gold thread two inches wide. What distinguishes this bonnet from other styles is the disposition of the scarf, which is confined in the exact center above the forehead by a small and very finely-wrought crescent in gold filigree, having a plume-like ornament in crimped gold thread, which is placed upright. It is two inches high and so set as to be able to serve to give a turban-like look to the loose folds of the scarf. At the back the folds of lace and the fall simulate the arrangement of the turban ends in Oriental style.

### Weddings.

The present style of church weddings says a New York letter, does not admit of bridemaids and groomsmen entering the church arm and arm. The groom chooses his best man and his ushers, generally six in number. The ushers are in attendance early and sent the guests. When the hour for the service arrives the clergyman takes his place at the altar, followed by the groom and his best man. The organist starts the "Wedding March," and the ushers, two and two, enter the church door and walk up the aisle followed by the bridemaids. Then comes the bride on the arm of her father or whoever is to give her away. Upon reaching the altar the ushers take places at the right and left of the bridemaids also move to the right and left, standing next to the altar rail and a little forward of the ushers. The central place is occupied by the bride and groom, who meet at the altar. The service over, the newly-married couple turn from the altar and leave the church by the middle aisle, bridemaids and ushers following in reverse order.

### Fashion Fancies.

The new plush gaiter comes in the lightest and softest tints, and has a silvery luster that is very becoming.

Old Pink striped basques are brought out, furnished up and worn as new striped garments, superseding the old brocade.

Collars of white linen embroidered with small dots to match the color in the dress are to be worn with gingham suits.

The shirrings at the upper part of dress sleeves sometimes run around the arm and sometimes from the shoulder to the elbow.

The black spun silk originally made for Jersey is used for making draperies, and is combined with plain and brocade grenadines.

Colored sweepers are not to be worn with long dresses this summer, and even with short dresses creamy lace will be preferred to any other border.

Six or seven two-inch tucks set above a side-plaited flounce are used to trim the skirts of white dresses, and the back draperies are also occasionally tucked.

The scoop hats are the best of the small shapes for summer wear. They are neatly finished with the electric current. At the last Paris exhibition M. Mouchot roasted mutton in condensed sunshine, and literally turned his spit on the hearth of the sun; but an enthusiastic admirer might say that Mr. Salignac had far surpassed this in broiling steaks by lightning and warming coffee with the aurora borealis. As a matter of fact the electric current is as well fitted to produce heat as it is to produce light, and just as electricity will, in all probability, be made to yield the principal artificial light of the future, so will doubtless it be applied to household heating. The same machines which light the house by night will heat and cook by day, besides performing other duties, such as driving a coffee mill or a sewing machine.

Giovanni Betteccio, a master saddler of Turin, having been summoned to Nice by business engagements, took with him his only daughter, an intelligent child of seven, whose fondness for music prompted her father to purchase seats in the theater for the performance which terminated so tragically.

He secured places in the front row of the gallery, and was occupying them with his little girl when the alarm of fire rang through the house. Snatching the child up in his arms, he endeavored, and successfully, to break through the panic-stricken crowd to the gallery door; but during the struggle the girl was torn from his grasp. By an almost superhuman effort he contrived to re-enter the gallery, by that time plunged in all but total darkness, and while groping about among the overthrown seats, caught hold of a little girl inseparable from fright whom he carried out into the street, fully believing her to be his own daughter. She proved, however, to be a strange child. Hastily setting her down upon the pavement he desperately fought his way for the second time into the burning theater, from which he never again emerged alive. His charred corpse was found two days later among the ruins of the gallery stairs.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The advantage of living in a country so vast that no crop can be a failure in all parts of it is illustrated by late reports from the wheat fields. Cool-headed men in Minnesota are predicting a large yield of the best quality, owing to the reserves of moisture stored in the soil at an unusual depth, while from Ohio word comes that the crop of 1881, contrary to premature reports, is likely to be above the average and may be the largest ever harvested in the State. So far as Kansas is concerned the Leavenworth Times frankly admits that the wheat crop of that State will undoubtedly fall very much below the average. According to that journal there has been no little unwarranted boasting of an enormous yield, but it is more honest and a better policy to face a disagreeable fact.

The American inventor always manages to come to time when he is needed. The laws passed within the last few years to prevent body-snatching have failed to accomplish the desired end, and a number of patents have been issued recently that will operate much more effectively than any laws on this subject. One of the patents is for a clock that gives a loud alarm if any attempt is made to open the grave in which it is deposited. Another provides for the sudden explosion of a dynamite bomb whenever the burglars move the coffin. The last patent, remarks an exchange, should be generally applied. The friends of deceased persons could slumber in much greater security if they knew that the first body snatcher who attempted to disturb the remains of a loved one would be blown to atoms.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter publishes from a medical contributor a very interesting and suggestive account of a man who was an habitual periodical drinker, accustomed to get upon two or three weeks' drinking spree every six or eight weeks, and who insisted upon being bled freely from the arm at the end of his spree as a means of "sobering up." At one of these bleedings an attendant holding the vessel to receive the blood was struck by the odor of the blood, and so strongly alcoholic, and concluding to see for himself if it was alcohol in the blood, he set the vessel containing the blood aside for a couple of hours, when there was found floating upon the coagulated blood a liquid resembling alcohol, and which burned with the characteristic flame of alcohol. "This is additional and significant evidence," says the *National Hygienic Advocate*, "as to the utility of alcohol as food. Not only has alcohol no food value, but it is so foreign to the human body as to work therein serious derangement of its normal functions."

Colonel Roberts, the inventor of the nitro-glycerine torpedo named after him, who died in Western Pennsylvania recently, left an estate valued at about \$2,000,000, to be divided among his nephews and nieces, to the exclusion of his own children, whose mother had sued for a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. All the personal estate was devised to Owen M. Roberts, a nephew. The colonel had been urged by his brother and legal adviser to modify his will and had expressed an intention to do so, but the consummation was prevented by his death. Here was a chance for some costly litigation, and it would have been improved had not the dictates of common sense prevailed. The parties interested got together, and in view of Colonel Roberts' declaration previous to his death among themselves, it was a decidedly wise conclusion.

Of the many curious things certain to be seen at the forthcoming exhibition of electricity in Paris, not the least remarkable will be the electrical cooking range of M. Salignac. That ingenious gentleman is going to fit up his apparatus in the grill room of the restaurant, and intends to furnish a great variety of meats which have