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"For Love is Blind."

Fate counseled her, if she were wise,
To set a guard upon her eyes,
And thus to save her from surprise.
But youth, the hero, came ere long,
Came singing through a loveliness through
She listened, breathless, to his song.
"O fate," she murmured, "art thou wise?
I set a guard upon my eyes,
Yet must I yield to love's surprise!"

IN AN ELEVATOR.

"Mrs. James Aloop at home on the Thursdays of December from two to five P. M. Hotel Kellerman, West Royston street."

It was the last Thursday of December, and quite a little throng of fashionable people had assembled at the Hotel Kellerman in response to this card.

Estella Blodgett had always been called a beauty. Why, was not so easy to say, for, as she herself once candidly remarked, "When you come to look at me, I'm not so very pretty—in fact, no prettier than other people." This was quite true. Beauty often consists in a certain nameless charm; brightness, unexpectedness, tact, and sweetness combined, and these Estella had. For the rest, there were dark hair and eyes, a clear, brilliant skin, a dimple, a white slender hand; but, as I said, she was no prettier than American girls are apt to be, only people persisted in thinking her so. She wore these unmerited laurels gracefully enough; success did not spoil her; her list of friends numbered as many women as men, which is always a test to the qualities of a beauty. But never, people agreed, had Estella Blodgett been sweeter, more unaffectedly cordial and fascinating, than was Estella Aloop that afternoon as she glided about her pretty new rooms, welcoming, greeting, making every one feel at home.

"How happy she looks!" observed Mrs. Dalrymple.

"Well, who wouldn't be happy with the loveliest French touseau that ever was, and such a nice husband as hers?" asked Constance Ferris.

Two or three people laughed at the unconscious warmth of Constance's tone.

"For my part," put in Alice Ordway, "I never could quite see that James Aloop was so charming. He shuts me right up; I don't get on with him at all. Estella used to feel so too, and I never understood how she came to like him at the last."

"Ah, you never tried him in an elevator," said Mrs. Dalrymple, looking funny.

"In an elevator! What do you mean?"

"Oh, there hangs a tale; you know, of course, that James is a professor, and excessively wise and learned?"

"Yes; I know so much."

"I used to be dreadfully afraid of him," went on Estella, with a little laugh. "He isn't a society man at all, and doesn't know how to get on with young ladies. He used to talk to me sometimes at parties, but I was always stiff and silent. He made me feel shy and ignorant and light-minded somehow, the only man that ever did, and I quite thought that I disliked him. In fact, I used to say so. Several of the girls felt the same."

"The Peytons lived in these rooms last winter. They were lovely people, gay and kind, always giving the pleasant little parties. Well, they were going to have a little dinner on Mrs. Peyton's birthday, the 21st of December—just the Dalrymples and Sargeants; and Mrs. Peyton was to ask a gentleman to match me; eight of us there were to be. Harry Allen was to be the gentleman. He was a great ally of mine, and we all agreed that it would prove quite a perfect little affair."

"The very day before I had a note from Mrs. Peyton to say that Harry Allen's step-mother was dead, and she must get some one else. Who would I like? I wrote back that it didn't matter much; Leslie Clark would be nice, if he were disengaged. But though I said so, I did care quite a good deal. You know, it makes a difference who takes you at one of those little dinners. Your evening is pleasant or stupid according to whether the person next you is nice or not; so I hoped Leslie Clark would be available."

"Somehow I had a feeling that the evening was going to be important! Isn't it strange how such impressions seize upon you? I never took more pains with my toilette for any party, and my dress was lovely, though I say it—made up over pale yellow; and I had a splendid great velvet red rose, with all the smell of the summer in it, for the corsage, and a set of brown crystals. I really looked remarkably nice, and set out in the highest spirits. So you can imagine my feelings when, just as I was getting out of my carriage, another drop up, and James Aloop stepped out in dress-coat and gloves, evidently bound for the dinner. Leslie Clark had proved engaged, and Mrs. Peyton, casting about for a substitute, had lighted on James. She hadn't the least idea, of course, that I disliked him."

"It makes me laugh to recollect how cross I felt. And he looked equally dissatisfied. He confesses now that he was a good deal put out. My shyness and avoidance had rebuffed him, and he had made up his mind that I was 'frivolous,' and that he would let me alone in future."

"With a vague hope that he might be bound for the first story or the second, I remarked, 'Good-evening, Mr. Aloop. Are we en route for Mrs. Peyton's?'"

"For Mrs. Peyton's," he replied, with a stiff little bow. Then we took our place in the elevator as gloomily as though we were going to a funeral instead of a dinner party. Dear me, how funny it was! The man below started us, and up we went. There wasn't any 'elevator boy' then. That's an improvement put in since our accident."

"An accident! Did you have one?"

"Oh dear, yes—the most ridiculous possible. Half-way between the second floor and the third the elevator stuck. What was the matter exactly I have never been able to understand; though James has explained it several times; but I think the chain was clogged in some way, and wouldn't work either up or down. When it first stopped we thought it some mistake, and waited patiently, but after a minute James grew uneasy. He switched the rope, but all to no purpose; then he began to call, hoping somebody below would hear us."

"We were so near the Peytons' floor that we could see the lights shining through the glazed door at top. The elevator had an open-work roof—criss-cross, you know, with large holes between the criss-crossings. It was not dark; we could see each other plainly. By-and-by we heard belling below in a distracted way, feet running up the stairs, and voices; then the door at top shot back, and some one called out:—"

"Miss Blodgett, are you there?"

"Yes," I said; "I wish I wasn't."

"What is the matter with the pulleys?" called out James.

"Oh, Aloop, you too? It isn't the pulleys, they say; it's something else. But it's sure to be all right in a few minutes; they've sent for a man to come and fix it."

"Was there ever anything so provoking since the world began?" chimed in Mrs. Peyton. (I could just dimly see her profile through the open-work.) "Don't catch cold, Estella, whatever you do. Keep your cloak tightly around you. You'll see that she's wrapped up, won't you, Mr. Aloop? It's such a comfort that you are there to take care of her."

"Are you warm enough?" asked James, in a formal voice.

"Yes, indeed; and I showed him that my wrap was lined with fur."

"That is well," he said; "there is always a draught in a shaft like this."

"Well—of course nobody could keep on being stiff under such circumstances—we got to talking. The dinner party arrived, the Dalrymples and Sargeants. One by one they came to the glazed door to look down and pity us, and what between sympathy and the ludicrous nature of our fix, they laughed and we laughed, till we were in the merriest of moods. All this time confused sounds of scraping and sawing came from below, but we remained immovable."

"Do go to dinner," I called out, for I knew Mrs. Peyton's cook must be on tenter-hooks. "We don't care for soup; do we, Mr. Aloop? We will come in for the fish."

"No, neither of us eats soup," echoed James. "Pray begin without us, Mrs. Peyton. We'll make our appearance when you get to something we like."

"There were all sorts of polite demurs, of course, but at last they went away and left us *te-te-te*."

"This is absurd enough," said James.

"Yes," I said; "but, after all, it might be worse. Let's make believe, as the children say, that we are at a party, and that this is a cozy little boudoir into which we have come on purpose to rest and entertain each other, and it will be quite nice."

"I had no idea you were such a philosopher," said James. "I could see that he was smiling behind his mustache. 'A boudoir be it, by all means, and we will entertain each other.'"

"We did. What we talked about I couldn't pretend to say—everything in heaven and earth, I think—poetry, science, religion, gossip. James says it was the pleasantest evening he ever spent. He says I never looked so pretty in my life—I was only half visible, you know—and that the rose in my dress kept darting out delicious sudden smells which affected his head and cast him into a glimmer. It is all nonsense, of course; but do you know, Ernest, I do really and truly think that he fell a little in love with me then and there, and I with him!"

"Every little while somebody would leave the table to condescend with us, and report just how far the dinner had progressed. Now it was the game, now the salad, then the *blanc glacé*. I began to grow hungry, and James became ravenous."

"I say," he called to Mrs. Peyton. "If some sandwiches were cut very long and narrow, and judiciously lowered, I think we could entice them in through this net-work."

"This network we did look like chickens in a coop. Never was anything so absurd seen as Mr. Peyton and Mr. Dalrymple dangling morsels of bread and butter and chicken tied to long strings toward us, and James spearing them with the hook of his umbrella. They sent down fried oysters one by one, wrapped in paper. They sent down macarons and lady-biscuits. A good many things lodged on top of the elevator, but some came in, and we were very glad of them. What with the singularity of our adventure, and all the fun we had made, I was quite enjoying myself."

"All this time I was lost in wonder that he should be so agreeable. I can't tell you, Ernest, how nice he was that night. He was easy, merry, friendly, and oh, so kind! I found myself talking to him about all sorts of trifles, which this day before I should as soon have thought of confiding to the observatory. I even told him what I was going to wear to the charity ball. Think of that!"

"It was ten o'clock before the elevator stirred. Then it gave a jerk, and, before we could speak, down it fell with a dreadful, smashing rapidity. The stupid people, in trying to mend matters, had let the chain slip off the wheel! Oh—drawing a long breath—it makes me shudder now to think of it. The sensation was sickening."

"Were you hurt?"

"No; never was such a miraculous escape. Do you know, in the middle of our descent I recollected having read somewhere that to rise on your tiptoes and come down again on the soles of your feet at the moment of touching would break such a fall. And I rose on mine."

"Wonderful! And were you really not hurt?"

"Hardly at all. I was jarred and bruised a little, and James a good deal more, for I hadn't time to let him about the tiptoes, and he was intent on holding me firm. Our friends from above rushed down, expecting to find us in little pieces, and were beside themselves with joy when we were drawn out almost unharmed. We all vowed that we should never venture again into an elevator, but, bless you, we have all broken the vow since. Such a house as this would be unhabitable without one."

"I really don't think I shall," said Ernestine, looking quite pale. "It terrifies me to remember that only to-day I came up in this of yours."

"Oh, ours is the safest in the city now. You know the superstition about the *annon bills* never entering twice at the same place. We have had our accident, and it is over. Besides, Mr. Kellerman had the apparatus entirely changed, and they say now that such a thing could not happen."

"So then and there your romance began," remarked her friend.

"Then and there. Of course James came to see me afterward, and kept coming, and I had quite got over being afraid of him, and so—and so—Ah, there he is at last," as the door opened.

"James, dear, how late you are! Come here and be introduced to my Ernest."

"The Health of Towns."

The recent report of the Massachusetts State board of health for 1874 presents, in one of its supplementary papers, some facts which are interesting because of their significant bearing upon the important question of the health of towns.

The death rate for 1872 in Massachusetts was 2,272-1000 per cent., or one to every forty-four persons. Although Massachusetts possesses a most healthy climate, the death rate is considered as very high. The report gives some interesting figures, which go to show that the death rate in closely populated cities is greater than in those of smaller population is true. For instance, in 1872 the death rate in the city of New York was 32.6 per thousand, while in Newark it was almost the same—31.6—only one in a thousand less. Now, the difference in density of population between New York and Newark is almost as great as it can be between two large towns. The same remark applies to Hoboken, where the death rate was even somewhat greater than it was in New York, 32.9 per thousand. In New Orleans, which is densely populated, and which is subject to yellow fever, the death rate was just that of New York—30.6 per thousand; while in Memphis, which is not densely populated, and where yellow fever is not endemic, the rate reached the exceptionally high figure of 46.6 per thousand.

These facts would seem to show that we are not yet sufficiently advanced in sanitary science to form a well-founded conclusion as to the effect of density—mere density—of population upon the health of the human race. But as to one point, all facts, all reason, all probability, point to one conclusion; and that is that sickness and death—and in particular, typhoid disease and diseases of the zymotic type—are connected directly with the presence of the gases of decomposition. Pure water is health, but it has been found that its introduction into cities has not diminished the death rate in any very striking degree. But the removal of masses of decomposing matter is always followed by a diminished death rate. Dr. Derby, in his report on typhoid fever, says, "The single continuous thread of probability which we have been able to follow in this inquiry leads uniformly to the decomposition of organic and chiefly vegetable substances as the cause of typhoid fever." This is the one great sanitary point to be kept before the public and the health authorities; the removal of decomposing matter, whether it is such as produces ordinary malaria, that is, such as comes from stagnant water of low water-courses, or such as produces typhoid fever. This attended to, the inhabitants of cities would seem to have as good a chance of health and long life as if they were dwellers in Arcadia.

The way they manage it in England is to dismiss any person in the employ of the civil service who may give the newspapers an item.

A CHAPTER ON MULES.

They Die Hard—Their Tricks and Characteristics.

The mule is certainly a hard animal to kill, especially if he makes up his mind that he will not die. On the mountain-side, burdened with a heavy pack, his foothold is as firm and sure as the earth on which it rests; but when the earth gives way, as it sometimes does, pack and mule go rolling over and over down the steep hill or precipice; the animal may be killed, apparently, two or three times before he gets to the bottom, but he has generally lives enough left to secure him a good old age and a natural death. I have seen, says a correspondent, a wheel mule fall and become buried under a heavily loaded wagon so completely that not a hint of the animal was visible. Yet when the wagon and load were removed, the mule got up and grazed as though nothing had happened, and seemed to be the only party there that was not surprised. I did hear of one mule in the West which died from violence. He fell into a quartz mill and was stamped to a jelly; then passed into the furnace, and was roasted to a white heat, which made him perspire freely. On coming out of the furnace, a foolish man declared he was dead. But it is said that when a curious skeptic poked up some of the furnace quartz with a pestle, shortly after, the Bray of the mule in the mortar was distinctly heard.

The mule is not the stupid animal he is represented to be. His powers of observation and memory are sometimes wonderful. Old teamsters say that a mule always knows a man who has fed him once. Take a train of two hundred and eighty army wagons all alike, and when it gets into camp let the train be driven off together a mile or two away from the train. When it is time to give them their corn, if the animals are herded back to the train, with a strange instinct every mule will go right to his own wagon. I have heard old teamsters say that a good mule is a great deal more teachable than a horse, more knowing, and more affectionate. But I know of no animal whose moral education is so much neglected. He is a victim of his associates. When thoroughly corrupted, there is no wickedness to which he is not equal. His hypocrisy then greatly helps him to succeed. I have seen him when he looked the perfect picture of meekness and humility; when it seemed that even Moses himself must defer to him in those crowning virtues. Yet if Moses or any other patriarch had ventured to approach him without a tribute of corn, the mule would have kicked him to the remotest antiquity. I have seen him deceive a wagonmaster himself, pretending that he could not go a step farther, but the moment he was released from harness, bounding off as fresh and lively as a colt.

The depraved mule rejoices in his heart if he can make some one miserable. It is a trait for which in the West they have a specific term. They call it "pure cussedness." When a mule defies his whole life to illustrating this idea, he finds a thousand opportunities, and achieves a remarkable success. It is this instinct which prompts him to encourage the attentions of his driver for a year or two, just for the sake of getting a good chance to kick his brains out. It is this which leads him to stand still when other people would be better pleased if he would go. It is this which often decides him, when he really does start, to send his rider on ahead of him. Perhaps, too, it is this spirit that gives the mule his strange idea of justice, which seems to be to visit upon others the afflictions which he suffers himself. Thus it is said that if a bad lot of mules are in line, and you kick one of them violently, instead of retaliating on the one who kicked him, he simply kicks the mule behind him. The second mule passes the kick to the third, he to the fourth, and so on till the primary vengeance has gone the whole length of the line, leaving the last mule unjustified. Perhaps it is only an illustration of the principle that misery loves company.

Singular Escape.

If some scientific man were to come out and declare it to be necessary for every railroad man to carry two jack-knives in his pocket, the world would look scornfully at him. Nevertheless, Mr. Averill, Vermont conductor, who had that many there, fell on a railroad track last week, and the wheels of the forward train of a freight car, weighing 15,000 pounds, ran over his legs, without breaking any of his bones or even tearing his skin badly. The two jack-knives were, however, bent nearly double, the sharp blades struck them first and prevented the shearing effect which would have been disastrous to the prostrate Averill.

Richard Henry Dana, in his centennial address at Lexington, said that while the battle took place on the 19th, the news of it spread rapidly. Patriotic citizens from New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut were on their march by noon of the 20th. One force from New Hampshire marched fifty miles in twenty-four hours, and numbered on Cambridge common at sunrise of the 21st. Putnam rode one hundred miles in eighteen hours, and reached Cambridge early on the 21st. Greene, from Rhode Island, was at Cambridge, and Stark's force, from New Hampshire, was at Chelsea on the 22d. As the news spread to the Middle and Southern colonies, they accepted it as war, and mustered in arms.

Madame Jerome Bonaparte.

In Scribner's for May there is an interesting account of "The Baltimore Bonapartes," by E. L. Didier, accompanied by striking portraits of Jerome and Madame Bonaparte, their son and grandson. We quote as follows: Madame Bonaparte is still living in Baltimore, at the age of ninety years. She says she has no intention of dying until she is a hundred. She has been to Europe sixteen times, and contemplates another trip this summer. This old lady has more vivacity and certainly more intelligence than many of the leading women of fashion of the present day. She expresses her opinion upon all subjects with great freedom, and sometimes with bitterness. She has little or no confidence in men; and a very poor opinion of women; the young ladies of the present day, she says, all have the "homo mania." All sentiment she thinks a weakness. She professes that her ambition has always been—not the throne, but near the throne. Mr. Peterson, her father, died in 1836, at an advanced age, in possession of a large fortune. In his will, which is one of the most remarkable documents that has ever been deposited in the orphan's court of Baltimore, he says: "The conduct of my daughter, Betsy, nas, through life, been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinion or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together; her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of experience that, first to last, has cost me much money"—in this, he means the marriage of his daughter to Jerome Bonaparte. The old gentleman left her, out of his great wealth, only three or four small houses, and the wines in his cellar—worth in all about ten thousand dollars.

Madame Bonaparte is very rich; she has made her money by successful speculations and by her life-long habit of saving. For years she has lived at a boarding-house in Baltimore, seeing very little company. Her costume is ancient, and there is nothing about her appearance that suggests the marvelous beauty that led captive the heart of Jerome Bonaparte. Her eyes alone retain some of the brightness of former days.

For forty years Madame Bonaparte kept a diary, in which she recorded her views and observations of European and American society. Some of her remarks are severely sarcastic. A well-known Boston publishing house, it is said, recently offered ten thousand dollars for the manuscript volumes, but Madame refused to sell them at any price, and has committed them to the custody of her younger grandson, Charles Joseph, recently a law student of Harvard, now a rising member of the Baltimore bar. They will probably be published after the writer's death.

A Sad Home.

A London paper tells of it in a report of the proceedings at the Hammersmith police court. One Eliza Welsh, an ironer, who lived at Boltingmans, Nottingham (how charming and how characteristic those old names are! there the old country has a superiority not to be questioned), was charged with being drunk and assaulting her father and mother. A policeman testified that he saw her "knock her mother over," and then her father came up, and she "knocked him over." He separated them, but she "beat her mother again." Then she "kicked two squares of glass out of a window, and threatened her mother." The policeman said, not too rashly, "she was drunk." Her father, who was a deaf old man, said that his daughter "tore his clothes and knocked him down. He was sober." Whereat the prisoner exclaimed, "He was drunk all day." The mother, a hard-working woman, said she was going home, when her daughter "knocked her down twice in the street." When she got home the young woman "saw at her like a cat, and seized her by her hair." The prisoner's defense was that "her sister was married on Sunday, and they—the whole family—had been drunk ever since." The judge did not admit the validity of the plea, and committed her to prison for fourteen days, with hard labor; when, on being removed, she fell upon her knees and swore to do one of the witnesses an injury.

Proverbs of Truth.

A man may buy gold too dear.
A light purse is a heavy cup.
A little leak will sink a big ship.
All lay loads on the willing horse.
A fault confessed is half redressed.
A wise layer-up is a wise layer-out.
All are not friends that speak us fair.
A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.
A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
An oak tree is not felled with one blow.
A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
A good name keeps its luster in the dark.
A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.
Always put your saddle on the right horse.
An unlawful oath is better broken than kept.
An honest man's word is as good as his bond.
A man may hold his tongue at the wrong time.
An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.
An ounce of morning wit is worth a pound of book learning.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Some Interesting Statistics of the Amount of Liquor Consumed in the United States.

Of domestic spirits for the fiscal year ending January 30, 1874, 65,000,000 gallons—in round numbers—were distilled and withdrawn from warehouses, of which only 4,000,000 gallons were exported, leaving 61,000,000 gallons consumed in the United States, besides 5,000,000 gallons of foreign spirits imported, making the total consumption 66,000,000 gallons. It is estimated that thirty-five per cent. of this supply is used for medicinal, mechanical and domestic purposes. Assuming forty per cent. as having been thus applied, there remains 40,000,000 gallons to go down the throats of the American people in bar-room beverages, or one gallon of clear spirits for every man, woman and child in the nation. The greater part of this drinking is done, however, by not more than one-sixth of the community—say 6,000,000 persons—among whom the share would exceed six gallons to each individual.

To the retail consumers the cost of these liquors is \$25,000,000 for imported spirits and \$150,000,000 for domestic, making \$175,000,000, which is a low estimate of the annual expenditures.

In fermented liquors—beer, ale, and porter—there were produced in the country the last fiscal year 8,880,830 barrels, of thirty-one gallons each, or 275,000,000 gallons, and the whole consumed at home. At the same time a little over two millions of gallons of foreign porter and ale were imported, making the full consumption 277,000,000 gallons. For one-fifth of the population this furnishes an average of thirty-five gallons a year to each drinker of beer.

The cost of these fermented liquors to consumers is \$5,000,000 for imported and \$142,000,000 for domestic—\$147,000,000. Adding this to the retail cost of the spirituous liquors consumed there is a total of \$322,000,000. And wines, foreign and domestic, are not included in these statistics. France and Germany send a large part of their surplus vinous products to the United States, and \$50,000,000 a year are expended among us for wines. Putting the figures together, we spend—

For spirituous liquors	\$175,000,000
" fermented liquors	147,000,000
" wines	50,000,000
Total	\$372,000,000

representing the productive value of labor of 475,000 men working steadily through the year, at \$2.50 a day. This would build and equip not less than 8,000 miles of railroad, and more than support all the schools, asylums, and reformatory institutions in the United States.

Hair Whitened in a Night.

The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle of a recent date says: Father Leckner visited Ike Hooper, the condemned murderer, early yesterday morning, and informed him of the refusal of Governor Smith to grant executive clemency. Hooper was at first much agitated, and trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind, but soon became more composed, and during the day seemed to have become more reconciled to his fate. A remarkable fact in connection with this case is an exemplification of the oft told story that men's hair sometimes turns gray in a single night. When Hooper was sentenced by Judge Potte last month his hair was perfectly black. The morning after the sentence was imposed Mr. Bridges, keeper of the jail, noticed on entering the condemned man's cell that a portion of his head was perfectly white. He immediately asked him where he had obtained flour to put on his head. Hooper was surprised and said he knew nothing about it. Mr. Bridges then went up to him and discovered that a large part of his hair immediately on the crown of his head had actually changed from a deep black to a snowy white during the night. The agony of a few hours had done what years generally accomplish.

The Question of Polygamy.

Perhaps, after all, we shall have to rely on the fashionable dressmakers to lead the death blow to polygamy. A Salt Lake City correspondent says that one of the chief causes of disaffection in Mormonism is the introduction of fashionable dressmaking and the consequent creation of a taste among the Mormon women for finery. They have discovered that where a man has half a dozen wives it is impossible for him to foot all the millinery and dress-making bills, and consequently a number of the ambitious have become warm advocates of monogamy, as they perceive such a state enables them to gratify the dress propensity. Very few of the Mormons are able to pay for the fashionable costuming of five or ten wives. Before bustles and other paraphernalia were introduced the saints had an easy time, as their wives dressed in the coarsest material. Let Utah be colonized by fashionable dressmakers by all means.

The Black Hills.

The restless border population are still in a ferment with the prospect of becoming suddenly rich in the new El Dorado of the Black Hills. People going there under the existing conditions of things are more in danger of finding Indian bullets than gold nuggets. These rash adventurers will, in all probability, provoke an Indian war, which will cost the country millions to terminate.

Signs of Spring—The lightning-rod men are on the road.

Items of Interest.

Scotland expended last year fully \$7,000,000 on whisky for her own consumption.

Those who make the most noise about their wives have generally the best things to sell.

James quotes, "Time is money," and wants somebody to give him small bills for three months.

A chimney burning out frightened Mrs. Carver, of Maine, so much that her own vital spark went out.

If evil communications were allowed to corrupt good manners there might be some excuse for an editor.

"I am afraid I might be biased by the evidence," was the objection a gentleman made to serving on a jury.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "If the whole world were burned up, fortunes would be made from the trade in potash."

The plan of the fortifications of Paris is a ring of forts seven-seventy miles around, and costing \$12,000,000, to be finished in three years.

Dan Bryant, Niles Boynton, Unsworth, and Bullworth were once members of the same minstrel organization, and died within sixty days of each other.

A lady the other day meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired: "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live 'nowhere now,'" rejoined the girl: "I'm married!"

A writer on dress says: Short and podgy women ought not to wear belts. What's the use of giving advice in that way. There isn't a woman in the world who would admit, even to herself, that she was "short and podgy."

At a recent sale of a menagerie of Lebanon, Ohio, three lions were sold for \$2,200, six monkeys for \$540, an elephant for \$5,600, two camels for \$800, a zebra for \$1,000, two kangaroos for \$250, and a grizzly bear for \$170.

Adah Isaacs Menken has buried in Pere-Lachaise, Paris. Her remains will soon be ejected from that burial ground if the temporary lease for interment is not extended. The five years' lease has nearly expired, and must be renewed.

Here's a Yale college ditty: And if it is a girl, sir, we'll dress her up in blue, and send her out to Saltenshall to coach the Freshman crew; and if it is a boy, sir, we'll put him on the crew, and let him wax the Harvard, as his daddy used to do.

A half century ago an old gentleman in southern Massachusetts owned every shingle with which he covered his roof to be first dipped in boiling whale oil. The other day his grandchildren replaced the shingles on the old mansion for the first time, and found many of them in a perfect state of preservation.

There is a telegrapher's palsy. The operators kept very busy find that after some years they are unable to signal certain signs distinctly. They change their fingers and get rid of the trouble for a time; but those fingers fail, and, if the labor is persisted in, the whole arm gives out and the brain becomes affected.

At the Brighton (England) Aquarium a remarkable circumstance connected with the breeding of the octopus has taken place in tank twenty-five. A female had deposited a quantity of eggs, but died, as these animals often do, in spawning. The male has taken charge of the whole, and may be seen constantly guarding them.

A carpenter who was repairing a barn in Plymouth county, Mass., away from any human habitation, was so unfortunate as to throw his ladder to the ground. Being a stout man and not young, he dared not jump; so he sat on the ragged edge of that barn the rest of the day and all the night, until he was rescued by a tramp, who for once in his life was made useful.

Better Than Silver.

Gen. Van Vleet, of the United States army, writes to Thurlow Weed as follows: "Over twenty years ago my house was on the prairie. I passed several years between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains, and it was while tenting that life I became acquainted with Father De Smet. I only refer to this in connection with the precious metals in the Black Hills. One day in 1851, at the dinner table of our friend Colonel Robert Campbell, of St. Louis, the conversation turned on our wanderings in the mountains, when Father De Smet related the following incident which occurred in the Black Hills beyond Cheyenne: One day while among the Indians a chief came to him and showed him some pieces of metal which he had in his bullet pouch. As soon as the father saw it he recognized it as platinum. In company with the chief he visited the place and discovered a large mine of this metal. He said it was of great extent and of untold value. He made the Indian promise never to divulge the secret, for if he did the white people would clear the Indians out of the country. He also promised to keep the secret. He told us that he had carefully described the location of this mine, and that when he died the secret would be with his church."

Father De Smet could not have been deceived, and I firmly believe that there is a valuable platinum mine between the Yellowstone and the Cheyenne. As this metal is worth one hundred and fifteen dollars per pound avoirdupois and silver only forty-eight dollars, you can well understand the fortune that awaits some lucky man.