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Poetry.

THE ANCIENT CLOCK.

Over the white, bleak, barren land,
Level and golden, has dropt the sun;
Down in the wild shore's icy sand
Boom the loud breakers, one by one.

Out from the blue cast, fierce and round,
The red moon greatens o'er jostling waves:
And now with impetuous, dreary sound
The voice of the sweeping night-blast raves;

And angrier, louder, the billows wake,
Whilder its mighty footstep shocks,
Tossed into surges that momently break,
Thundering on precipitous rocks.

There, in the empty, solemn house,
Sitteth a woman while shadows fall,
Hearkening intently, with bended brows,
To the clock that ticks from the lonesome hall.

A feeble monotone, vague to hear,
While turbulent waters clash below;
Yet every stroke to the listener's ear,
Is sweet with the music of long ago!

For the ancient clock from its corner dim
Can deal with time in marvellous ways,
And tick, when in mood so pleases him,
Through a thousand yesterdays!

And other who listens at hours like these,
'Tis the same if abroad be tumult or rest—
Thunderous battle of wintry seas,
Or boundless calm on ocean's breast,

How often perchance with dreams to weave
How the ancient clock in our lonesome halls)
The tempest and clamor of life we leave,
When memory's magic whisper calls!

Selected Miscellany.

THE "ELIASES."

(From the Youth's Companion.)

Mr. Grayton was sitting in his office, on the morning of the 25th of December, when he felt his elbow touched. Looking down, he saw standing there a ragged, dirty boy of ten years old just such a child as you may see by scores in a great city.

Nothing was more unusual than for any one to penetrate into Mr. Grayton's sanctum unannounced. Even business men found this room in business hours difficult of entrance, for Mr. Grayton was doing an immense business, and required the uninterrupted use of his time.

Here, however, now stood this boy, and the moment he saw he had attracted the merchant's attention, he held out his hand with the usual whine,—

"Please give me a penny, to keep Christmas with, sir."

"Who are you?" asked the merchant, looking at him with a kind smile.—

The boy took courage on the instant, and repeated his request,—"A penny to keep Christmas with, please, sir."

"Now, Johnny," and Mr. Grayton's smile grew even kinder as he put down his papers and gave his attention to the child, "I will make a bargain with you. I don't know how you came in here. How did you? Tell me that, first; and mind, no lies. Let you and I tell the truth to each other."

"I crept in behind the boxes through the stores; and then when the old feller with light turned his back, I cut and ran. I've watched you, sir, and (this voice falling into a whine again,) you'll give me a penny, 'cause it's Christmas?"

"I will make a bargain with you, Johnny, by and by. Listen to me, first. Your name is Johnny, I suppose."

The boy shook his head, without answering.

"O, then, if I am not to know what it is, then we can't trade. Good morning."

"Jus—

"Stop, Johnny. Remember, the first part of our bargain is, that you speak only the truth."

A faint color spread over the face, visible even through the dirt. Then the boy said, almost sulkily.—

"There be so many of them."

"So many? Why, that is the way they christen royal children. You're in luck."

"O, they are all Eliases."

"Elias? That's a good name."

"No: Eliases. Johnny elias Tom, elias Dan, elias Bill, elias Sam Jones, elias"—

"Yes, I understand. Well now, drop the Eliases, and tell me what your mother calls you."

"Little divil, sarse-box, imp of Satan, brat; and, when she is drunk, darling."

These words the boy said standing on one foot, swinging round on it as if it was a pivot.

Mr. Grayton looked down and saw the foot, bare, cracked open, and bleeding.

"And yet," he said, with a look of tender pity in his face, "not one of these is your real name."

"O, that's Ted.

"Ted? Better yet. I like Ted. Now, Master Ted," (no one had ever called him so before,) "we'll proceed with our bargain. If you will go out to the nearest place where you can find water, and wash yourself clean, mind, now, I say *clean*, no streak. I will give you a quarter, when you come back."

From under the shock of dark hair, two blue eyes smiled; but the mouth drew its corners down, and said, very plainly,

"No, sir, you don't catch *me* that way; when I come back you'll be gone. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

So, instead of moving, Ted said, holding out his hand, but without the whine, now,

"A penny to keep Christmas with, please, sir."

"For shame, Ted! Are you afraid to trust me? I will wait here until you come back, if you come any time before two."

Now, it may perhaps not seem so to my readers, but I hold it to be one of the greatest compliments ever paid to this good, rich man, that this little, wicked boy, born, I had almost said, to lie and steal; never spoken the truth to by others; cheated and abused by almost everybody with whom he had come in contact, after looking sharply in Mr. Grayton's face for a moment, should have simply said, "Very well, sir," and have gone out.

The merchant was deep in his business, and so long had he been away that he had almost forgotten him when he felt another touch on his elbow, and there was the boy again.

"O, so you are back," he said, looking at him from head to foot; "and you have done your work well. Now go to the register and warm yourself, you look cold."

The boy literally grabbed—I know no other word that so well expresses the motion—the money, and the merchant, looking up only now and then from his paper, went on until he had finished reading it; then, putting it away, he said, pleasantly:

"Are you warm, Ted?"

"Yes, sir."

The kindly warmth and the unusual application of water had so changed the boy, I think even his mother would hardly have known him. As Mr. Grayton drew up his chair and sat down beside him he saw a pale, old face—how could it have been otherwise!—a cunning, wicked expression, which use had made natural to small, somewhat delicate features; large, blue eyes, and lashes so long that they gave a peculiar, softened look, utterly at variance with every other story which the face told.

Every particle of dirt has been removed, and in some places the skin with it. The feet tied up in bits of old play-bills and some of the rags on the clothes were tied together, also, with ends of colored twine. Altogether, the boy was, if anything, more pitiable-looking than before; for now the wear and tear of his life of sin and shame was distinctly visible.

"Ted," said Mr. Grayton, after looking at him a few minutes in silence, "would you like to be a rich man?"

"Kinder guess I would," said Ted, quite readily.

"Would you like to own a large store, filled up to the top of the sixth story with goods, as I do to-day?"

"Guess I would," again answered the boy.

Mr. Grayton took out a well-filled purse and laid it on the table near him. Ted watched him narrowly, his eyes opening wider and wider every moment.

"Now, suppose I left my purse there, and went out into the next room, shutting the door between us, could you help taking one of those bills?"

It was enough to make the tears come into anybody's eyes to see the wild, longing look that dashed into the boy's face, and to watch the almost convulsive twitching of his long, supple fingers.

"You couldn't, could you? Well, I'm not going to tempt you, poor little Ted."

"Poor little Ted! Poor little Ted!" The boy kept repeating these words over and over again, as he sat there, looking from the open pocket-book to the merchant, and from the merchant back to the open pocket-book. Nobody had ever said *poor* to him before. Did this great man, with his gentle, kindly face looking down into his, pity him?—him, with only his Eliases and his mother's profanities for his names.

"You have stolen, Ted?" asked Mr. G., at last.

Ted nodded his head.

"Often?"

He nodded his head again, and then added in a whisper, "but they didn't catch me, though."

Mr. Grayton put up his money, walked two or three times up and down the room, then came back to the spot where Ted still sat, intently watching him.

"*Must* you steal, and lie, and swear? Don't you think you could get along without them, if you had something else to do?"

Ted only opened his eyes the wider, dropping his mouth, open now, also.

"Listen, Ted," and Mr. Grayton put his hand gently on the boy's rough, dishevelled hair. "You asked me for a penny to keep Christmas with. Do you know what Christmas is?"

"Dress 'em up pretty in green; have lots of slick things to buy and sell; bouncing big turkeys, and my eyes!"—the old, wicked look settling down again—"don't they go it?"

"But what made Christmas? What does it mean?"

"Guess it growed," replied Ted, with a leer.

"Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ, who came to love and save just such boys as you are?"

"Guess I have. "I've been to mission school. Give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song I learnt there," beginging a vulgar street song. "Now, that ain't it. Now here goes!" and he broke out, in a rich contralto voice, into

"Come to Jesus."

"Yes," said Mr. Grayton, after having listened to the tune and words, given perfectly to the end, "that is the same Jesus whose birthday Christmas is."

"Birthday? What is that?"

"The day upon which He was born. When is your birthday?"

"Guess I never had one. Dun know."

"To-day," went on Mr. Grayton, without taking any notice of this answer, "Jesus Christ came into the world to be the friend and Savior of just such little boys as you are. Do you understand me?"

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Ted, making an evident effort to do so.

"But He can't be your friend so long as you sin—lie, steal, swear, and the like.—He don't love boys that have Eliases. He wants them good, honest and true Teds; and nothing else."

"They would catch me, then."

"You must not do anything for which they would want to catch you. Now, Ted, I begin by asking you if you would like to be a rich man and own a big store like this. Do you know I never did any of those wicked things when I was a little boy like you. If I had I should have been in jail, or dead, and not here to-day. My name was always John Grayton, and never anything else; and when Christmas, this very Christmas came, I used to go to church and hear what Christ had done for me—how He was a baby, and laid in a manger, with the great, brown-eyed cattle round Him, and how angels sang his birthhymn."

Mr. Grayton stopped abruptly. Ted evidently was not interested in a word he was saying.

"Ted," he said, after a moment's pause, "I will make another bargain with you."

Ted was again all attention. Was there another quarter coming? What a lucky Christmas this was!

"I am going to trust you for a little while, and see whether it is possible to make a good honest boy of you. I want you to begin this very Christmas day, because to-day it seems as if Christ was a little nearer to His children than at any other time, and even more ready and willing to help them. Now, if I give you work and pay you well, will you undertake to do it faithfully and honestly?"

All the vagabond blood in the boy rushed, for a moment, tumultuously into his face. He be honest? He stop all his wicked ways and turn good, like the children the mission hymns told him about?—He, Ted, with all his Eliases, and his profane words, and his sly tricks, with his artful dodges, and his cunning lies? He, Ted?

Mr. Grayton did not speak to him as he sat there with this train of thought pushing and jostling itself through his mind. He still walked up and down his office, only stopping now and then to watch the changing, expressive face.

"Well?" he said, at last.

"I don't think I can help it," burst out Ted. "You see, sir, I've got the hang of 'em, and they will come."

These were the first honest words the boy had ever knowingly spoken in his whole life.

"I am going to trust you, though, Ted," Mr. Grayton said: "trust you until you deceive me. Here, now, to begin, is ten dollars. Go out, buy yourself a good, new suit of clothes. Get warm stockings and soft, easy shoes for those sore feet. Have your hair cut and cleaned. Put away the old life with these old clothes, little Ted, and on this beautiful Christmas come to Christ and come to me, and be our new-born boy."

Ted could not understand these words fully; he understood far better the expression of the noble face that beamed down into the dark night of his neglected boyhood, bringing with it the glad light of the risen star of Bethleham.

"Put away the old clothes, and with them the old life, Ted. Put it away! *Put it away!*"

Before an hour had passed, there stood Ted in Mr. Grayton's office once more, clad from head to foot in new dress. What of the new life?"

Five years from this day Mr. Grayton is sitting again in his office, and his door opens softly after a slight tap.

"I have come," said a tall; fine-looking boy, "to bring you a little picture I have drawn for a Christmas present to you. It's not done well sir, but it tells a story."

The picture was of a ragged, dirty boy, standing by an office-table, a gentleman looking kindly down upon him, with his hand on the boy's head. Under it was simply written "Eliases."

With this picture was a photograph of the giver, under it written, "Edward Bates."

"O, Ted," said Mr. Grayton, his eyes dim with tears as he looked at them, "you are my Christmas present, the costliest and the dearest God ever gave me;" and he stretched his hand out to the boy. "We will never either of us for get that happy Christmas day."

LEDGESIDE.

What the Features indicate.

We are told that the extremes of both largeness and smallness of statue are not favorable to the strength of intellect. Giants and dwarfs are generally deficient in this respect, and excessive corpulency or meagreness is seldom associated with mental activity. Aristotle and Bonaparte, however, were very short, Charles James Fox was exceedingly fat, Daniel Webster both broad and tall, and Lord Nelson a living skeleton.

A large head is generally the accompaniment of a great intellect; but a small one with a comparatively extensive forehead is quite consistent with mental capacity. Raphael, Charles XXI., Frederick the Great, and Lord Brougham were illustrations of the latest fact.

It is said that any nose which is less than the height of the forehead is an indication of the defective intellectual power.

The eyes indicate character rather by color than form. The dark blue are found most commonly in persons of a gentle and refined character. Light blue and gray in the rude and energetic. Lavater says: "Hazel eyes are the more usual indications of a mind masculine, vigorous and profound; just as genius, so called, is almost always associated with eyes of a yellowish cast bordering on hazel."

The higher the brows rise the more their possessor is supposed to be under the influence of feeling, and the lower the better controlled by his reason.

A very small eyebrow is an indication of want of force of character.

A tolerably large mouth is essential to vigor and energy, and a very small mouth is indicative of weakness and indolence.

In a manly face, the upper lip should extend beyond and dominate the lower. Fleshy lips are oftener found associated with voluptuous, and meagre ones with a passionate nature.

The retreating chin indicates weakness, the perpendicular strength, and the sharp, acuteness of mind.

Flying Foxes.

After hobbling our horses with a stirrup-leather on some good grass on the top of Black's mountains, we proceeded down its rather precipitous sides, and soon our eyes were as much astonished as they were gladdened by the sight of many acres of trees literally black with foxes. More than half of our company commenced operations; bur after about a quarter of an hour's tremendous slaughter we had the mortification to see that nearly every one of the flying foxes was on the wing, and a wonderful sight it was. The bush was about a mile and a half long, and the whole length and breadth of it was nothing but a vast cloud of foxes, wheeling and hobbling, and "bobbing round" and round. At the lowest calculation there could not have been less than fifty thousand, and I believe if that number were doubled it would be nearer the truth. Our party had by this time got pretty well spread all over the ground, and for some time, wherever two or three of the foxes tried to fasten on a tree, they quietly came to grief, and some of the party brought them down on the wing. This exciting state of affairs lasted until a little past noon, when the call sounded of "come to camp." The call was quickly complied with, and ample justice was done to the eatables provided. After half an hour's rest, away we started, and now "the fun grew fast and furious." The foxes were completely tired with their unusual exertions of the morning, and would only fly from tree to tree, and in many instances from one side of the tree to the other, and all that the sportsmen had to do was to load and fire, which they did as fast as their guns would allow them, many of them having to apply wet handkerchiefs, to their guns, which they rubbed to keep cool, being afraid that they would blow the powder off while they were loading; but it would be impossible to give you any idea of the shooting done for the next few hours, or of the wild enthusiasm which was felt by nearly all the party; but like every other enjoyment and excitement, even that must come to an end; and shortly before five o'clock, knowing the distance we had to return home, and the darkness of the night, with one accord we turned homeward.—*Australian Haunts.*

A Family Drowned.

We learn of a distressing accident having occurred in Pre-Emption township on Saturday, the 12th instant. A Swede family, consisting of man and wife and two children, reside about four miles east of Mr. H. Boone's, near Edwards. The man left home in the morning for work, and on returning at night found no one at home, and made search for them. Knowing that his wife intended to go to a neighbor's during the day, living on the opposite side of the creek, he proceeded to the place they were in the habit of crossing. We are informed that the family were in the habit of crossing the stream on a raft made for the purpose. Nothing was to be seen of wife or children, but a small bundle found at the water's edge was convincing proof that they had went there for the purpose of crossing, and forced the unwelcome thought upon the mind of the husbend and father, that his loved ones had, perhaps, met a watery grave. The neighbors knew nothing of their whereabouts, and under the circumstances were forced to the conclusion that they were drowned. The next day the citizens of the neighborhood turned out and dragged the creek for the purpose of finding them. The day was spent in the search, and one of the children found in a pile of driftwood. On Monday the search was renewed, and the mother and other child found.

It is supposed that in attempting to cross the stream, (which was considerably swollen) that the raft became unmanageable and that the mother and children perished together, almost in sight of their home.—*Aledo (Ill.) Record.*

WOMAN ANALYZED.—A Philadelphia paper says that a young woman of that city, who had acquired the habit of whitening herself with cosmetics from head to foot, recently took a medical bath, and, on emerging from it, was horrified at finding herself as black as an Ethiopian. The transformation was complete. Not a vestige of the supreme Caucasian race was left. Her physician was sent for in alarm and haste. On his arrival he laughed immoderately, and said: "Madam, you are not ill; you are no longer a woman, but a sulphuret. It is not now a question of medical treatment, but of simple chemical action. I shall amaze you. Come, I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor of combining with you; it will take up the sulphur—the metal will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipitate a very pretty woman." The good-natured physician went through with his analysis, and the belle was restored to her membership with the white race. Young ladies who are ambitious of snowy complexions should remember this, and be careful what powder and cosmetics they use—if they use any at all.

—An entire car load of calves and sheep were found to be dead from suffocation, occasioned by close packing, on the Morris and Essex Road, at Newark, on Tuesday.

THE COMING GIRL.

"A Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever."

(From the Church Union.)

She will vote, will she of some use in the world, will cook her own food, will earn her own living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian Bend, dance the German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work; will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men; will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French; will preside with equal grace at the piano or washboard; will spin more yarn for the house than for the street; will not despise her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker; will wear a bonnet; speak good, plain, unlisping English; will darn her own stockings; will know how to bake doughnuts, and will not read the Ledger oftener than she does her Bible.

The coming girl will walk five miles a day, if need be, to keep her cheeks in a glow; will mind her health, her physical development, and her mother; will adopt a costume which is sensible and conducive to comfort and health; will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not place lying to please above frankness; will have courage to cut an unwelcome acquaintance; will not think refinement is French duplicity; that assumed hospitality, where hate dwells in the heart is better than condemnation; will not confound grace of movement with silly affectation; will not regard the end of her being to have a beau. The coming-girl will not look to Paris, but to reason for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dressmakers decreed it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities, or ruin it with wine or pleasures. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally His works. Duty will be her aim, and life a living reality.

A Girl Murdered for Fifteen Shillings.

Rosser, who now lies in the Hereford Police Station, England, is a puddler from the Forest of Dean. He says that on the 16th of June, 1867, he was on a tramp, and met by accident, in the town of Usk, a young woman, with whom he went to the Bridge Inn to have some drink. She asked him if he intended to call at Monmouth, and he replied that he should go on the morrow. She then asked him if he was going to ride or walk, and he answered that he must walk, as he had no money.—The girl told him that her name was Jane Edwards, and that as he was going to stay in Usk that night he might as well stay with her, as she had sufficient money to pay for what they wanted. He then went to the rear of the house, where he saw an old fire grate, when the idea of getting one of the loose bars in it and murdering the girl for her money was suggested to his mind. He took out one of the bars, secreted it under his coat, entered the house, and invited her to go with him for a walk. The girl consented, and they started, but just after they had passed the bridge he took the iron bar from beneath his coat and struck her on the back of the head, by which she was rendered senseless. He then searched her pockets and took 15s., and having torn a riband from her bonnet, threw the body into the river and left Usk, ever since which time he had been tramping the country in search of work, and enduring the greatest misery, which he regarded as a judgment of Heaven. In fact he felt he could no longer resist the power that impelled him to confess.

No. 28.

Nervous Debility with its gloomy attendants, low spirits, depression, involuntary emissions, loss of semen, spermatorrhœa, loss of power, dizzy head, loss of memory, and threatened impotence and imbecility, find a sovereign cure in Humphrey's Homeopathic Specific, No. twenty-eight. Composed of the most valuable mild and potent Curatives, they strike at once at the root of the matter, tone up the system, arrest the discharges, and impart vigor and energy, life and vitality to the entire man. They have cured thousands of cases. Price $5.00 per package of six boxes and vial, which is very important in obstinate and old cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all druggists, and sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Humphrey's Specific Homeopathic Medicine Co., 562 Broadway, New York.

TWO YEARS ago we called attention to the excellent qualities of G. A. Prince & Co.'s Organs and Melodeons, manufactured in their extensive establishment in Buffalo, N. Y. Since that time the resources of these enterprising manufacturers have been vigorously developed, that with the facilities now at their command, they have improved even upon those superior qualities of their Instrument to which we then bore witness. This improvement is particularly discernible in the *appearance* of the articles they now offer to the public—their splendid finish, their elegance, and that exquisite symmetry and beauty that render them desirable as parlor ornaments. For the use of small churches, Sunday schools, Academies and for private residences, where the attributes most valuable in such instruments can be appreciated, the Organs and Melodeons of Prince & Co. are unequaled, as the extraordinary demand for them attest. Mr. M. A. Stowell, of Indianapolis, is the agent, and can always exhibit a fine assortment.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. If you would be beautiful, use Hagan's Magnolia Balm.

It gives a pure Blooming Complexion and restores Youthful Beauty.

Its effects are gradual, natural and perfect.

It Removes, Redness, Blotches and Pimples, cures Tan, Sunburn and Freckles, and makes a Lady of thirty appear but twenty.

The Magnolia Balm makes the Skin Smooth and Pearly, the Eye bright and clear; the Cheek glow with the Bloom of Youth, and imparts a fresh, plump appearance to the countenance. No Lady need complain of her Complexion when 75 cents will purchase this delightful article.

The best thing to dress the Hair with is Lyon's Kathairon.

GLASS WORKS.—The O'Hara Glass Works, James B. Lyon & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., make the finest pressed, blown, cut and engraved Table Glassware, and the best, clearest and most reliable flint glass Lamp Chimneys, of all patterns—Round, Sun, and Bulb. Always ask for Jas. B. Lyon & Co.'s glassware and chimneys.

A GOOD medicine is a welcome friend in every housenold, for it not only relieves the sick but it brings with it the assurance of a speedy cure. Such a medicine is FOUGERA'S Compound Iodinized Cod Liver Oil. Being five times as strong as the best Cod Liver Oils sold, it will cure affections of the lungs, &c., by arresting the disease, while others only give temporary relief. Every one suffering should give it a trial. It is sold everywhere.

FRANK MILLER & Co., of New York, have perfected a Lubricating Oil especially adapted to farm machinery. It will fill a place in the line of Farm Supplies, that as long needed a standard article, that could be relied on for use on Thrashing Machines, Mowers, Reapers, &c., also Engines and Mill Machinery.

This Oil, is manufactured by an old reliable House, their Leather Preservative, and Harness Oil, having been the standard in their line, for the past thirty-years.

All parties selling these Oils here are instructed to return the money if not found to be as represented, to do more Lubricating for the money than any other Oil in the market, and *never Gum* under any circumstances.

We are using it on our presses.

A THOUSAND PRELATES BEFORE POPE PIUS IX.

The Œcumenical Council—Priests of all Nations to Act as Official Phonographers—The Alleged Objects of the Convention.

The Bishops of the Catholic Church in this country are actively preparing to attend the great Œcumenical Council, which will soon assemble in Rome. Assurances have been given that every prelate in this country will attend, and their sacred offices will then devolve on the Vicars-General of each diocese. The whole number of prelates expected to take part in the Council will be about 1,000. A dignitary of the Church informed a reporter of the Sun that the proceedings of this great Convention of ecclesiastics from all parts of the world would be fully reported with accuracy and speed. He says that priests of all nations are to be selected at the opening of the Council to take short-hand notes. By this arrangement every speaker will be correctly reported by a priest who is familiar with his language.

There is considerable speculation in relation to the objects to be discussed by the Caunci, but the specific objects for which it was called, have not been officially made known. The assertion that the personal infallibility of the Pope is likely to be made a dogma of faith by the Council, is generally contradicted. It is believed that one of the leading objects of the Pope in convening the representatives of the church, is to have them take such action as will give a practical rebuke to the vice and immorality of the age, as they are developed in infanticide and infidelity, to settle various questions in relation to the re-ordination of a number of Anglican clergymen who are anxious to be admitted to the Catholic fold, but who allege that they have conscientious scruples against repeating their sacerdotal vows. They hold, in a word, that second ordination is as unnecessary as second baptism; and that as the Catholic Church recognizes the baptism of the Episcopal Church, it should also recognize the validity of ordinations in the latter.

A proposition has been made that Dr. Tyng and other clergymen of the Protestant denominations, should go to Rome and reply in the Council, to the invitation extended by the Pope to all persons outside the Catholic Church to come into the fold. But while the leading divines of the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches can, and probably will, publish an address in which they will defend the doctrines comprehended in Protestantism, as distinguished from and contrary to Catholicity, they will have an opportunity to make their replies to the Papal invitation in the Council, as it is to be, like all ecclesiastical conventions, including those of the Episcopal House of Bishops of the United States, held in secret.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PATENT BUTTER.

Another Invention for Swindling the Farmer.

The last dodge of the scoundrels who plunder farmers is thus commented on by the Journal of Chemistry. We do not see how papers like the New England Farmer can reconcile the publication of advertisements from these scamps with their duty to the farming community, upon which they rely for support. And yet we find this very swindle circulated without warning in the Farmer's advertising columns. The Journal of Chemistry says:

"The need of diffusion of more practical scientific information among all classes is clearly shown in the readiness with which people become victims to some of the most absurd tricks and schemes which the fertile brains of cunning men can invent—The most recent of these tricks surpasses in audacity all others which we have heard of. A patent butter company have opened offices in this and in other cities, to show people how to make a pound of good butter out of a pint of milk, and to sell them rights to make, and also a little white powder, which is the agent used to perform the magic work. At the office of the company they do not ask the eager purchaser to believe their statements; but they churn the butter before his eyes. A pint of milk, with half a pound of good butter is put into a little tin churn, with a spoonful of the powder; the whole is warmed, and then five minutes' churning brings out one and a half pounds of good butter! Here is demonstration! What can be more convincing? No one suggests to the enterprising company that nearly nine-tenths of the milk used is water, and, if they perform what they allege, they are changing water into butter. This would, indeed, be a miracle equal to that of our Saviour, who changed water into wine. We have been asked many times by intelligent gentlemen how this thing can be explained. Very easily. By the process, the whole of the pint of milk (mostly composed of water) is driven into or blended with the half pound of melted butter put into the churn. There is no important increase of real butter in the churn, although the watery mass, which looks like inferior butter, weighs more. Put the mass into a dish, and beat it, and the true butter will separate from the milk or water with which it is blended. This is the method by which butter and lard are greatly adulterated. Nearly all the lard sold by grocers contains from 25 to 40 per cent. of water. The adulterators have not been able until within the past year or two to combine with genuine lard more than twenty-five per cent. of water, but recently, by the use of alkaline carbonates partly saponifying the lard, they force into association more than 40 per cent.

The Baby Woman.

A New York paper has the following account of Sophia Gantz, the Baby Woman, as she was exhibited in that city recently. She is not quite four years old.

The mother nowled her daughter around through the spectators, and, of course, her appearance excited a great deal of wonder. The girl wore a red silk dress, which being cut low, showed the breast to be fully developed. She has a tottering step, which Dr. Newton said arose from the weight upon the legs and the unusual development of the body being beyond their strength. She had, in fact, become quite bow-legged. She has a face of very pleasing appearance, showing the full expression of the child. She had long dark curls which flowed upon her shoulders. The skin was dark but of child-like softness. The eyes are jet black. Her height is thirty eight inches and she weighs thirty-eight pounds. She measures twenty-three and a half inches around the hips, and ten and one-half inches from the anterior superior spurious proces of one illum to that of its fellow. The caniemia occurs regularly, and has done so since she was three years old. It is a strange freak of nature, and the medical gentleman took much interest in the case. It may be mentioned that the child was born in Cincinnati, and is the youngest of a family of six children, four of whom are boys about whom there is nothing unusual. The mother is of the medium size.

THE BEST AND ORIGINAL TONIC of Iron Phosphorus, and Calisaya, known as Ferro Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The Iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural healthfulness to the digestive organs, thereby curing dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., successors to Caswell, Mack & Co., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

GREAT RAIN STORM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Mills Swept Away—Railroad Travel Impeded.

From the Statesville (N. C.) American, June 23.

The heaviest rains that were ever known in this section, perhaps, fell last Sunday night and the following day, and have caused much damage to mills, bridges, railroads, and to a portion of the growing crops, by washing the hill sides and overflooding the bottoms. The extent of the fury of the storm was about ten miles around this place. The saw and grist mills of Captain Haynes Davis were swept away, the mill house, stones, etc., lodging some seventy feet down the stream. Rumple's mill (late Stirewalt), which was of brick, is demolished; Roseman's mill was taken off. Baymer's mill, which was upon Buffalo Creek, that empties into the Catawba river, was swept away, and, its course upon the angry flood, carried away the railroad bridge east of Lewis, and it is said, so strong was the current that it shot across the Catawba river and invaded the land of Capt. Pitts to a considerable extent by washing. We learn that the dams of a few other mills were more or less injured. The railroad track between Statesville and the river sustained heavy damage by washing and slides, which will require ten or fifteen days to repair and replace the bridge at Buffalo creek. No train has passed to Morganton since last Saturday, and cannot till the road is repaired. Several fields of fine wheat were overthrown and ruined within the bounds of the flood, and considerable damage done to corn, fences, etc.

The Baby Show Award of Prizes.

From the Boston Herald.

The exhibition of babies, which was commenced on the 14th instant at the Tremont Temple, and terminated on Monday evening last, proved a complete and gratifying success. On Saturday there was an unexpected influx of chubby, lean, handsome and homely infants to the show, and the exhibition was really interesting.

Triplets.—A set of triplets born at North Brookfield, Mass., was exhibited on the closing days. They were of Celtic parentage, fourteen monts old, and weighed when ushered into existence twenty-three pounds The family name of their father was Coughlan, and they were christened Nellie Hope, Norah Faith and Hannah Charity. They were awarded the first premium.

Twins.—There were eight sets on exhibition, and James L. Duval and George W. Duval, a pretty and promising "double team," aged three years, and sons of George W. and Mary E. Duval, of Chelsea, carried off the palm and the principal premium.

Handsomest Children. About one-hundred and fifty-six little ones, eighty of whom were girls and the remainder boys, were placed on exhibition, and although the maternal predecessors of a great many of the children considered their own the "sweetest, loveliest, prettiest dears under the sun," only one representative of each sex received premiums. These were Alice E. Stratton, a charming female infant twenty months old, whose father A. E. Stratton of this city, lost both arms at the battle of Pittsburg landing in June, 1862, and a three year old boy named Clarence F. McGuire, son of Rebecca McGuire of this city.

Smallest Girl. The first premium in the department for small children was awarded to a diminutive specimen of femininity named Alice Hillock, of Charlestown, aged two months and five days, who weighed, upon making her debut upon the world's stage, but one pound. She now weighs four and a quarter pounds.

Fattest Children.—The first premium for fat children was awarded a female infant nine months old, named N. R. Ashe, of Somerville.

In addition to these premiums each child on exhibition received a silver plated goblet or mug.

Mr. St. John, the manager of the show will offer premiums for colored babies in a few days, and the exhibition will take place at Horticultural Hall, probably on Independence Day.

That Mysterious Disappearance The Man Turns up but the Mystery is not Solved.

From the New York Sun, June 23.

On June 11, the Sun gave an account of the mysterious disappearance of H. Percival Stebbing, a member of the Dry Salters' Guild of London, and a companion of Sir John Barrington of Dublin. They left Liverpool for New York about the 20th of May. On their arrival here they registered their names at the Brevoort House, and made that hotel their headquarters. For several days they visited various places of interest in the city, drove in the Central Park, dashed through Harlem lane, and attended several places of amusement.

On Sunday morning, June 6, Mr. Stebbing was shaved, and seemed to pay particular attention to the neatness of his attire. He called the waiters and had his clothes brushed very carefully, after which he took his hat and cane, and said that he thought he would take a little walk, as he found the American air agreed with his health. In a few seconds he returned, remarking that the air was chilly, and called for his spring overcoat. He then drew on his gloves, and sauntered up Fifth avenue. From that time to the present the detectives have been searching for him, but without success. His friends in England were much alarmed, and offered large rewards for information concerning his whereabouts. This stimulated a thorough search by the police and private detectives. But all in vain. No clue was discovered. Just as everybody finally became satisfied that he had been murdered and either buried in a sewer or become food for fishes, the gentleman turns up alive. He had been in the city all the time, though where is a mystery. Yesterday Messrs. Clark & Waite, of the Brevoort House, received the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 26, 1869.

Messrs. Clark & Waite:

GENTLEMEN:—Please oblige me by forwarding at once to P. O., New York, and letters you may have waiting for me. I will call on Wednesday and relieve you of my baggage which I regret my sudden and prolonged absence has left with you so long.

I am, yours truly,
H. PERCIVAL STEBBING.

A HARTZ TRAGEDY.—Travelers in the Hartz Mountains will all remember the romantic stories told by guides and peasants about the many lovesick maidens who have cast themselves in despair from the top of the far-famed Rosstreppe, 540 feet, to the bottom. The guides will now have a true incident to relate, and a sad one, too. On the morning of Sunday, the 30th of May, Shoemaker-master Heine started out from Thale, along with the Workmen's Improvement Society, intending to ascend to the Rosstreppe. Arriving there, he placed himself upon the so-called Teufelskanzel, just on the edge of the frightful precipice, and began to address his fellows. Whether he was seized by dizziness, or incantiously approached too near the edge, is not known; he had scarcely uttered 20 words before he fell back into that awful deep, from one granite needle to another, mashing head and limbs, until he reached the valley of the Bode, close by the Zigzag road. Not a bone was whole, and he was almost unrecognizable. The story will need no further romance to interest all travelers who gaze down from the projecting rock into the beautiful wild Bode valley.

Brevities.

Miscellaneous Items.

Boot and shoe making is a great business in Philadelphia—employing to five millions a year.

—Mrs. Dursout, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has become heir to a $2,000,000 in England.

There were 2,171 letters advertised at the Chicago postoffice on Saturday, as uncalled for.

—Harvest hands are receiving from $2 to $3 per day in the wheat fields of Southern Illinois.

A girl of 14 summers is about to become the fourth wife of a Muscatine (Iowa) septuagenarian.

—Two Canadian Presbyteries have voted that revivals are at variance with the Westminster Catechism.

A Mrs. Mansfield and her husband have been admitted to the bar as practicing attorneys, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

—A Boston landlord raised the rent of a tenant $100 because he voted against him on a local question.

English house-sparrows have been imported into Buffalo. One gentleman received sixteen pair a few days ago.

It is stated that Henry J. Raymond's maternal grandfather and grandmother, and one of his uncles, died of apoplexy.

Cincinnati, on Saturday, by 15,438 to 1,500 (ten to one), voted to issue $10,000,000 in city bonds to build the Southern railroad.

—A citizen of Shelburne Falls, Vt., claims to be the "champion horse swapper." He is 40 years of age, and has traded horses over 600 times.

Tom Sayers, son of the pugilist, has come out as a comic singer in London, and sports his father's fighting costume in the music halls.

—A St. Louis paper says that there are about 3,000 opium eaters in that city, and that they consume 13,320 grains of morphine daily.

—The officers of the Northwestern railroad deny the story that the Galena Division has been leased to the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

—The New York Sun thinks four American girls belittle themselves by bestowing their hands upon played out and starved out Bourbon princes.

—It is said that a stock company, with a considerable capital, is now forming to carry on the National Intelligencer in connection with the Express.

—Hiram Miller was hanged, last Friday, in Woodstock, Vt., for the murder of J. G. and Abigail Going, a farmer and his wife, in Vermont, July 14, 1867.

—The entire line of the Dubuque & Sioux City Road, from river to river has been leased to the Illinois Central. It is to be completed in seven months.

The New York Evening Mail says that President Grant tendered his services as one of the pall bearers at the Raymond funeral, and they were declined.

California produced last year nearly fifteen million pounds of wool, which was larger by almost two million pounds than the production of any other state.

Mrs. Daniel Beals and 262 other ladies of the town of Warner, N. H., have sent a protest to the legislature against the extension of the right of suffrage to women.

Eating peanuts in court at Petersburg, Va., has been prohibited by a judicial order, and the Index says that "the order is justified by the experience of the last criminal term."

Present prospects are that the Delaware fruit crop will be so large that even the special arrangements made by the railroads will be insufficient to move it to the market.

The new territorial seal of Wyoming bears an elk's head, a shield, a train of cars, and agricultural implements, artistically arranged, and the device, "Let us have peace."

At an auction sale of velocipedes in New York, Saturday, the prices for machines ranged from $5 to $30. About forty were sold, and twenty were withdrawn for want of bidders.

California wheat is so dry, that in coming east through and into a humid atmosphere it gains greatly in weight by absorption. This is quite an element of profit to the shippers.

—The largest shipment of wool ever made from Quincy, Ill., was made Wednesday last. Six car loads were started for Boston. The cars each contained 50 large sacks of the fibrous material.

It is stated that a respectable congregation of the believers in the doctrine of Joseph Smith, the great Mormon disciple, hold meetings in the West Belleville (Ill.) school house every Sabbath.

The new City Directory of Buffalo contains about 30,000