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"Broken Links."

Tell me not the chain is broken, Golden links of kindred ties, While it ever binds us nearer, To our loved ones in the skies; For 'tis like the mystic cable, Slumbering 'neath the ocean's roar, Hid from sight, yet ever joining, Closely, strangely, softly to shore.

Down in a Coal Mine.

"Go down as fast as that!" the superintendent continued. "Oh, yes; there's no danger. The shaft is nine hundred feet deep, and we go down sometimes in fifteen seconds; sometimes, when we're in no hurry, we take thirty seconds, sometimes twenty. The engineer always knows when to stop it, and the only danger is at the top of the shaft. The cage stopped at our level with a jerk, and we stepped out on a little platform, about six feet one way by four the other, with a roof, and fitted into the shaft so nicely that a marble could hardly roll through. The superintendent seized a little iron ring and pulled it twice (mine language for "lower"); his hand hardly left the ring before a terrific rumbling began (the cages make a deafening noise), and the floor began to sink from under us like a flash of lightning. The bottom was dropping out of everything. The wheels rolling against the sides would have shamed a northeaster on the coast. This sinking lasted four or five seconds; then we seemed to stand still. Things had changed. We were not moving, but the sides of the shaft were going up, up, as if they had been shot up out of a volcano. I wondered for a second or two how long it would take at this rate for the shaft to tear itself out of the mine entirely. It began to go faster than ever. There must have been about 840 miles of that shaft fired out already and still it kept coming. It went up so fast, the shaft, that it began to perspire, and the spray flew over us. At this point (we had according to my calculation gone down about two thousand miles), I began to lose all interest in shafts and mines. We hadn't been moving for some time, but the sides of the shaft stopped all of a sudden. I suppose it had all gone out. There were dim, smoky lights moving about. There was a mule moving (happy reminder of the world above), complacently wagging his tail. We were in the mine. Time of leaving daylight, 10:40:15; time of arriving in gassy darkness, 10:40:33; time of trip, eighteen seconds; through express; no stops. The main tunnel runs through the mine from end to end. From this smaller tunnels branch off, and from these smaller tunnels the workings are struck. A working is a little black cave dug into the black rock and in it the miner spends his weary days. It begins with a single drilling into the rock, and keeps increasing every day and every hour until it is big enough for a man to stand in. Still it grows, till it is a big, dark cave, and at last, after months, or it may be years of silent labor, it turns into another tunnel, and other workings in turn branch out of it. What is dug out of this tunnel in making it is coal. From one to five men work in each of these mines, the other laborers shoveling it away. There were working in these solemn caves, in little groups, four hundred men, digging and delving, braving gas and falling rocks and kicking mules. One of the miners, handing me his pick, asked me whether I didn't want to save a piece that I'd mined out myself. The first stroke was a failure; the second brought out half a ton or so, all in one lump, but the third produced a shining little black diamond sparkling like a diamond of another sort, which I am saving till there's a rise. There comes while we stand a terrific shock. The bed of rock under our feet trembles; the wall of coal rising up by our side, so cold and black, seems to totter, a current of air flies through the tunnels and drifts so unexpected, so violent, so indescribably swift, that it feels as if it was pebbles and stones and rocks instead of air, and with this notion we put our arms up to shield our faces. I noticed that even the micks died. It was so quick that even long custom could not override instinct. Then, in a second or two, comes a tremendous crash—that is the noisy part, the shaking came before. Now comes the noise, and a deafening noise it is. The roof must inevitably fall in with such a shock, we think. But it doesn't; it is only a blast, such as there are hundreds of every day, and the next moment all is quiet as the grave again. Going through the dark tunnel four or five hundred yards, we came to a little underground depot, guarded by a man with a black face and a lamp in his hat.

A Winter in the Polar Region.

The Rev. Charles E. Heisen, captain of the Arctic exploring vessel *Discovery*, has written an account of the voyage, from which the following is an extract: "When the sea was completely frozen over the sleighing parties set out on their expeditions, but not much was done this way during the autumn by our ship. The harbor was, however, surveyed by some officers in dog sledges. I may say that of all the dogs we had, but one remains alive with us at present. As soon as the ice could bear it we commenced building houses upon it. We also built a magnificent observatory and an ice theatre, but first of all a smithy was built on the 15th of November, 1875. It had a roof made of coal bags cemented with ice, and our stoker, who worked as a blacksmith, had a very nice piece of it; but he made a good many holes in the wall, as when he wanted to cool the iron he had only to thrust it through the ice. "The theatre was sixty feet long by twenty-seven broad. It had a green room and a stage. We called it the Alexandra Theatre, in honor of the Princess of Wales, and it was opened on the 1st of December, her birthday. When we produced the farce 'My Turn Next.' Some songs were after the usual custom. Mr. Miller, one of the umatilla, was one of our best actors and a great support to our theatre. From time to time during the winter plays were produced by officers and men alternately. The entertainments were varied by songs and recitations, not a few of these being original. On the 5th day of November we had a bonfire on the ice, and burnt the 'Gay' according to the usual custom. We had rockets, blue lights and different other things, and stayed ourselves in every possible way. "I forgot to say that we saw the last sun about the 17th of October. There were splendid effects in the sky about that time, and the hills were tinged with purple and gold. While the sun disappeared the men had an extra glass of grog served out to them. As soon as the sun was sufficiently far, a walk of a mile in length was constructed by shovelling away the snow. This place was generally used as an exercise ground. During the winter we also constructed a skating rink. We made it in this way: We cleared away the snow in a circle of six or seven feet in diameter, and made a hole in the ice, through which we drew the water in buckets and poured it on the ice near by. We always kept a fire hole in the ice near the ship. From time to time this gradually closed, and it had then to be sawn with ice saws or blasted with gunpowder. The dogs lived on the open sea all the winter. The changes in the temperature are very rapid and remarkable. I have known it to vary sixty degrees in a few hours. The coldest weather was in March, when one night the glass showed minus 20-2 degrees Fahrenheit; that is, over one hundred degrees below freezing point—the greatest cold ever reached by any expedition. We were very thick warm clothing, and never was it more needed. "And now a few words as to the manner in which we kept Christmas. First of all, we had in the morning the 'Christmas waits' in the usual manner. A sergeant of marines, a mate, and three others, went around the ship singing carols suited to the occasion, and made a special stay outside the captain's cabin, or the lower deck. In the forenoon there were prayers, and after that the captain and officers visited the mess in the lower deck, tasted the pudding, inspected the decorations which had been made, and so on. Then the boxes of presents given by friends in England were brought out, the names of those for whom each box was intended having been previously affixed to each box by the presents, and distributed by the captain. Ringing cheers, which sounded strange enough in that lone place, were given for the donors, some of them very dear to the men who were far away from their homes. Cheers were also given for the captain and absent comrades. In the *Ariet* a choir was formed, and the 'roast beef of old England' had its virtues praised again. The men had their presents, that is, over the officers dined together at five. "With regard to absent comrades I may explain that when the *Ariet* left us an officer, Mr. Rawson, with seven of our men, went in her with sledges in order to bring us back news of her whereabouts, if possible, but they were prevented from doing so by the ice not being in a fit state for traveling. We had a sumptuous dinner, for once, Christmas. We had brought fish, beef and mutton from England, which we hung up on one of the masts, and it was soon as hard as a brick and perfectly preserved. We also brought some sheep from England, and they were killed from time to time. When we arrived in Discovery Bay, as we called it, six of them were alive, but on being landed they were worried by the dogs and had to be slaughtered. During the winter the men had to fetch ice from a bay, about half a mile distant from the ship, in order to melt it for fresh water. This used to be brought in sledges. "The sun returned on the last day in February. From November till February, with the exception of the sunlight, and occasionally moonlight, we were in darkness. It used not to be dense, by any means, but at the same time you could easily pass a friend without knowing him. On the day the sun was to rise we calculated that it would be about twelve o'clock, and all hands ascended the hills to see him rising. This sight was, however, prevented by the mists and fog. We did not see the sun for several days after. Near the end of March a sledge, with two officers and two men, arrived from the *Ariet*, the mercury standing at minus forty degrees Fahrenheit, after having had a journey of six days. They had started to come to us some time before, but were obliged to return on account of Andersen, the Dan, being severely frost-bitten. They took him back to the ship with a tightened grip until he reached his destination, the corner of Summer street, when, reaching the sidewalk and meeting an acquaintance, he exclaimed: "Too much she!"—Hartford Times.

Kitchen Vegetables.

In England, kitchen vegetables were very scarce until the end of the sixteenth century. No salads, carrots, turnips, or other succulent roots were cultivated by the inhabitants of Great Britain till the close of the reign of Henry VIII. Potatoes and yams were introduced later. Up to that time the little they had was imported from Flanders and Holland. Our ancestors in the old country had winter-cresses and water-cresses, and used a variety of the *Syntrichum* instead of celery, together with the rampion and the rocket. Goose-foot or pig-weed, and sprout-kales were used instead of greens, and they put the young leaves and the pretty blue flowers of the borage into their tankards. They had very few fruits, and those not very good—gooseberries, currants, strawberries, apples, pears and cherries. The latter were had, though they were introduced from Italy, and planted as early as the year 800. A. D. They resembled our wild cherry, though they were larger and more tart. Several of our familiar kitchen vegetables seem to have been unknown to the ancients. Indeed, it is probable that they did not then exist except in a wild state, and that they are the result of subsequent cultivation and improvement. Broccoli, asparagus, and the variety of cabbage forming solid heads, which we now possess, are never mentioned in the Classics, although they were acquainted with broccoli and curly greens. The cabbage cultivated by the Emperor Diocletian after his abdication of the throne, and those carried to the city of Diocletian, were probably only varieties of sea-kale. Broccoli was brought from Italy to France about the end of the sixteenth century. The cauliflower was brought from the Levant into Italy about the same time, and did not reach Germany till the close of the next century. The culture of the turnip was well known to the Romans, and they probably carried it into England. The carrot was known to the Greeks and Romans, but was not much used by them as food, either for a man or a beast. The Egyptians had a variety of radishes, with leeks, garlic, onions, and aromatic herbs used in cooking; and it was for these things that the souls of the Israelites longed in the wilderness. The more delicate vegetables used for food are not mentioned in the history of the nation of the Hebrews. We have, it is true, the story of Jacob's portage and Leah's misdeeds, but it is not quite certain what these dishes were. That they were both food and relishes is indicated from the history. A Rhinoceros and His Neighbors. The rhinoceros was an ugly and enormous creature. His body is nearly as big as that of an elephant, though he is so tall, for his legs are very short. He is of a muddy mouse-color, and his skin seems as thick as a board floor. He has very small eyes, a big head and nose, and one of the most dreadful mouths you ever looked into. I happened to look into it, for he pawed just as I stopped in front of him, and I assure you that that mouth would hold a bushel of potatoes. I may slightly overstate its capacity, but I will not take back more than two or three of the largest potatoes. There is an enclosure for camels, where these ugly creatures can wander about all day and never feel obliged to kneel down to have a load packed on their backs. By the way, a camel is never so ugly as he is when he is very young. One of the ugliest infants on earth is a baby camel. The kangaroo have several long yards, with a little house at one end and plenty of room in front to skip and play. I never thought the kangaroo was a funny animal until I saw these fellows. In a cage they have no chance to show what a comical way they have of getting over the ground. Of course I know that when they are pursued they bound away with great leaps, but I did not know how queerly they bounce themselves along when they are not in a hurry. One big fellow, who was sitting near his house on his hind-legs and his tail (you know they use their tails to prop themselves up with), took it into his head to come down to the front fence where a group of visitors were standing. So he straightened himself up, with his head high in the air; held up his little fore-paws under his chin, and came down the yard in a series of funny hops that made everybody roar at laughing. I never saw an animal act so comically—though he did not intend it—and I am sure that there is not a church in the world where all the congregations—even the oldest bald-headed members and the Sunday-school teachers—would not burst out laughing if a big kangaroo came graying hopping down the middle aisle.—St. Nicholas. AMONG THE ARMENIAN WOMEN.—A war correspondent, describing his journey from Trebizond to Erzerum, says: "Thousands of small yellow ferrets dart to and fro across the road and run to shelter in their burrows as we tramp by. Strange-looking war-fowl rise screaming from the marshes, and the kingfisher and maiden bird perch on the single telegraph wire that flanks the way. Scattered villages appear at intervals. There are no separate farmhouses, as in other countries. For mutual protection the inhabitants have grouped their houses together. You see Armenian women sitting by the roadside, wrapped in their long white robes, covering their heads and feet. The black veil gives them a hideous unearthly appearance. The yasmak of the Turkish women might, by stretching a point, be considered as an article of dress; but here there is no compromise. The veil and the mantle have no pretense to elegance or beauty, they are merely means of concealing figure and face. As the tramp of horses draws near, the women fly furtively across the road to their respective houses or huts. It reminded me forcibly of rabbits on a country road scurrying hastily to their burrows on the approach of a wayfarer. The seclusion of Armenian women, even of the humblest class, is much more severe than among the Turks. I suppose a sad experience has taught them caution."

Robert Dale Owen's Marriage.

The story of Mr. Owen's marriage is a remarkable one. His wife's maiden name was Mary Jane Robinson. They were married in New York, April 12, 1852. No one performed any ceremony, simply a contract was drawn up by Mr. Owen, which Miss Robinson and he both signed in the presence of friends and witnesses. It said: "We contract a legal marriage, not because we deem the ceremony necessary to us, or useful in a rational state of public opinion to society, but because if we become companions without a legal ceremony, we should either be compelled to a series of dissimulations which we both dislike, or be perpetually exposed to annoyances originating in a public opinion which is powerful, though unenlightened, and whose power, though we do not fear or respect it, we do not perceive the utility of unnecessarily heaving. We desire a tranquil life, in so far as it can be obtained without any principle. The ceremony, too, involves at the necessity of making promises regarding that over which we have no control—the state of human affection in the distant future; nor of repeating forms we deem offensive, in so much as they outrage the principles of human liberty and equality by conferring rights and imposing duties unequally on the sexes. Of the unjust rights which, in virtue of the ceremony, an iniquitous law tacitly gives over the person and property of another, I cannot legally, but I can morally, and emphatically declare that I consider myself, and earnestly desire to be considered by others, as utterly divested, now and during the rest of my life, of any such rights, the barbarous relics of a feudal and despotic system, soon destined, in the onward course of improvement, to be wholly swept away, and the existence of which is a tacit insult to the good sense and good feeling of the present comparatively civilized age. This covenant was kept with religious fidelity until the last. Mrs. Owen died in August, 1871. "All grief which conveys the features," says Hoskin, "is ignominious." Robert Dale Owen, who had deeply loved his wife for forty years, had the heart to conduct the funeral services at her grave. He said on that occasion: "I do not believe—and here I speak for her whose departure from among us we mourn to-day—I do not believe more firmly in those trees that spread their shade over us, in this hill on which we stand, in those sepulchral monuments which we see around us here,—than I do that human life, once granted, perishes nevermore. * * * She believed, as I believe, that the one life succeeds the other without interval, save a brief transitional slumber, it may be of a few hours only. * * * Again I believe, as she did, in the meeting and recognition of friends in heaven. While we mourn here she is in heaven, and there are joyful reunions above."—N. Y. Tribune. HOW TO GET ALONG.—We have some suggestions to offer, which will enable our readers to get through life in the most easy and comfortable manner. If a bee has the audacity and folly to sheathe his sting in your cuticle, justice demands that you should instantly upset the hive where in the offender has his headquarters, and exterminate every bee therein. If a dog bites you in the calf of the leg, stern justice demands that you should bite the dog in the calf of his leg. On the same principle, if an irate donkey elevates his hinder legs against you, the true way is to kick back. If a horse falls upon you, the sublime principles of the *lex talionis* require that you should fall upon the horse. If Jiggs calls you a liar, the treatment is to call him a liar and a thief into the bargain. If you are a farmer, and into neighbor's cow happens to get your young corn, your instant mode of satisfaction is to turn all your cows, hogs, etc., into his corn. By following out these sublime ideas of justice and self-respect, your daily life will be full of sweet peace, and you will eventually become as docile and playful as a kitten. THE MEDICINE OF SUNSHINE.—The world wants more sunshine in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fellow traveler's gown more of this than wine and oil. Florence Nightingale used it on Crimean battle-field. Take it into the valleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a vital full, nor a cupful, nor a decanter full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuritis, for falling fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine. AN AWFUL STRUGGLE.—A stranger with a weak back walked into a drug store the other day, and said he wanted the strongest kind of a mustard plaster. With a friendly grin the clerk built up a terrible mixture and passed it out. That night the inmates of the hotel were startled from their slumbers by loud cries in room fifty-seven. When the door was burst open they found the stranger wrestling with that mustard plaster in Greek-Roman style. But the plaster had done its work, and was now thumping him against the wall preparatory to drawing him through the transom. It took two policemen to separate the two.—Oil City Call. A WOMAN MAY GET INTELLIGENCE, genius and virtue to a profession and fail to find patronage; but if the same woman were to put on tights and sing a comic song, the citizens of our great Republic would fill the house, and applaud until they were hoarse.—Danbury News. FLATTERY IS A SAFE CONDUCT which our own vanity has made current, and which will never be out of credit as long as there are knaves to offer it and fools to receive it.

A Remarkable Automaton.

Messrs. Maskeleyne & Cook, of London, have invented a new automaton, which bids fair to rival the reputation acquired by their celebrated Psycho, the mystery of whose operation has not yet been discovered. Mr. Maskeleyne submits to the examination of his audience a small stand or table, having an oblong base or plinth of wood, resting on five small knob feet, also of solid wood, and a single wood pillar supports the thin table top, which, on its upper surface, is of silk stuffed like a cushion. This light stand is then placed on the stage, and is isolated from the carpet on the floor by flat squares of clear plate glass, first inspected by the audience, and then, without possibility of substitution, laid one under each foot of the table. The automaton, "Zoë," the model of a young lady in Greek costume, is fashioned in a sitting attitude, and if she could stand up would be about four and a half feet in stature. She is carried round so that all may test by her weight the fact that she is certainly a hollow doll fitted with light mechanism, and cannot possibly be an outside shell holding a diminutive human being within. She is then placed sitting upon the stuffed top of the little table with her back to the audience; an easel supported by a bracket from the table top holds upright before her, and of nearly arm's length, a drawing board with a sheet of paper about twenty-one inches long by eighteen broad, and a crayon is held between her feet finger and thumb by means of a sliding pencil arrangement, with a small weight which, when the crayon is applied to the paper, maintains a uniform pressure sufficient for distinct marking. Thus prepared, "Zoë" is ready for work. In some mysterious manner she imitates the motions of an artist's arm with facility, holds her crayon in professional fashion, strikes a true line across her easel in a masterly manner, promptly carries her hand from one point of the drawing-board to another, carefully, yet instantaneously, raises her pencil from the paper and transfers it to another spot, returns to add touches and insert omissions, and finally lowers her arm and hand when the sketch is completed. She does not execute merely the particular specimens of writing, drawing, and drawing which she might be instructed and set to do. She executes anything she has a mind to, or, in other words, she can write any letters or numbers called for by the audience, and designs, forms and pictures imprudently, according to the ability of the secret operator, who must carefully govern her movements. The figure is absolutely detached and isolated; hence the multifarious and complicated movements it is capable of producing borders on the marvelous. A Grouse Filtration. In the breeding season, the cocks select some hollow fallen tree, and uttering up and down, beat it with their wings, making a muffled, drumming sound, that can be heard for half a mile. The beat is at irregular intervals, beginning slowly and measuredly, and gradually increasing in quickness, until it ends in a roll. If the bird succeeds in finding a dry log, perfectly hollow and well placed, his tattoo of welcome can be heard a mile away; it is one of the pleasures of woodland sounds. It has the same cadenced pace, and is about the same duration as the call of the raccoon, and is only heard in the day-time, as the raccoon's is only heard at night. When its mate hears the drumming, she slowly approaches, and, coquetically picking at seeds she does not want, comes within sight of the drumming-log. No maiden is seemingly more uncomely of the male than the cock grouse, and he, too, makes a ruse of her palatial mansion. A snail is on the May-apple plant right before her; she pecks at it three times before hitting it, and then scratches negligently at imaginary seeds. The cock raises his ruff till it looks like Queen Elizabeth's; the yellow skin beneath flashes with pride; he spreads his tail like a fan, and thrashes his gait, clucks an introductory welcome, and then launches himself out and dies to his bride. If, however, another cock hears the drumming, he feels insulted at the sound on what he considers his own dominion. He flies to the drumming-log and dashes at the brave drummer, and the one who is inferior in courage and strength yields his place to the bolder, and retires discomfited.—Scribner's.

Burning Lepers Alive.

One of our India correspondents writes to us: "Among the woe-penetrating peculiarities of Leprosy, leper-burial is entitled to notice. When a leper is past all hope of living more than a few days or weeks his nearest relations arrange, with his approval, for his immediate interment. Self-destruction by burial is called *amand*, and is regarded as so highly meritorious that the disease is sure to die out in the family of the victim. So lately as 1875 a leper named Oomah, living and lingering at Serohi, entreated his wife to put an end to his misery. A Bannia, or trader, was accordingly engaged to make the necessary arrangements, which simply consisted in hiring a couple of laborers to dig a hole, into which they thrust Oomah, consenting to his own death. The durbar, coerced by the British Government, at length took cognizance of this incident, and fined the widow 100 rupees. The Bannia was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, and the grave-diggers to two years, but it is very unlikely that they will undergo half that punishment. THE INFUX OF STRANGERS has been greater in Paris this season than for several years past, and the good effects of their arrival have already been felt by the Paris tradesmen, who long for the great Exhibition, which will certainly set them all at again. From the 15th to the 28th of February, 18,740 travelers were registered at the different Paris hotels. THE GRAVE-DIGGER is the king of spades.

There are hundreds of every day, and the next moment all is quiet as the grave again. Going through the dark tunnel four or five hundred yards, we came to a little underground depot, guarded by a man with a black face and a lamp in his hat.