Albany Register.

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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

COMING.

Two fair ships are sailing,
Sailing over the sea.—
Willie's ship and my ship,—
Full as full can be:
Side by side, my Willie says—
Like as pin to pin,
Oh, the happy, happy days
When our ships come in!

While our ships are sailing,
Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship,—
Full as full can be,
Sailing on the sunny tide,
Grieving would be sin:
Soon or late, and side by side,
Shall our ships come in.
—*St. Nicholas for October.*

Jackson Delancy's Boil—A Funny Story for the Boys.

He had felt an irritation around there for two or three days. Some of the boys said that it might be a wood-tick, and others asked him to lift the curtain of the past and see if he couldn't remember of sitting down on a nail. He was a little worried for fear that he was to be attacked with cerebro spinal meningitis or a paralytic stroke, but Emory Pathfinder, the boy at the corner grocery, scouted the idea.

"No sir," he remarked, as he dusted out from behind the herring box, "it's my opinyun that yer goin' to have a *bile!*"

And he added that, if he only had time, he could sit down and tell Jackson a hundred stories about biles—which had afflicted Kings, Queens, Emperors, Congressmen, Aldermen, actors and policemen—big biles and small.

The next morning Jackson got out of bed feeling that he had a boil. There was no longer any doubt about it. He undertook to sit on the edge of the bed and draw his pants on, but he didn't sit there more than a second. He got up and kicked over a chair, and said that a woman as old as his mother ought to know more than to stick pins in his bed. In bending over to pull on his boot he struck against the washstand, and he made a clear jump of six feet seven inches, and turned around to see who struck him. He finally walked very carefully down stairs, sat down on the edge of the sofa until breakfast was ready, and then got a pillow to put on his chair. His stern old father elevated his eye-brows a yard or so, laid down his knife, and says he:

"Jackson Delancy, what in thunder do you mean?"

Jackson slid the pillow back and sat down on his hip and tried to smile. His father had told him months before that walnuts were productive of boils, and he had been stealing walnuts from the garret all summer. Prudence and discretion, therefore, warned him to say nothing about that boil.

"Jackson Delancy, why in the name of General Zachariah Taylor don't you sit up straight in your chair and eat your breakfast?" roared the Puritan father, as he saw his son's position, and Jackson sat over on the other hip and began telling about a cave in a sewer in order to occupy the old man's mind with other and nobler thoughts.

When breakfast was over he wandered out. He didn't feel like sporting around, and he lay down under an apple tree and tried to calculate whether it was seven days, seven weeks or seven months before boils came to a head. He was reposing there when the wind shook down an apple. It ought to have hit him on the head, if at all, but it didn't; it struck that boil. Jackson uttered a yell and leaped up, and as he tenderly rubbed the boil he said he'd be shot to death with peach stones if he didn't put a pound of powder under that tree before he slept.

Then he heard the fire-bell ring, and he dusted down to box sixteen, forgetting all about his boil until a fireman shoved him against a tree-box. He didn't care whether the house burned up or not. He went over and leaned against a store, but they threw water on him, and he wended his melancholy way to his father's house, crept up stairs, sat down on his leg and went to reading a dime novel. He wondered if Big Foot Wallace, or Buffalo Bill, or Capt. Jack ever had boils, and it made him shudder to think of crawling into a cave to escape the Indians and hitting his boil on a jugged rock as he went in.

When supper was ready he stood before his father and told him that all other boys of his age stood up to eat, and he'd like to try it for a week and see how it seemed.

"Stand up to eat!" thundered the old man, as he looked wildly around for a weapon—"sit down, sir, or I'll make you think Vesuvius is having another eruption!"

Little did they know that boy's feelings as he sat down, and no surveyor could have measured his relief as he got up from the table.

The next day was Sunday, and he was sent to Sunday-school. He knew he couldn't sit down, and he ran away and went to Windsor, but didn't take much comfort, as a hack ran against his boil and the Chief of Police threatened to lock him up for shouting "murder!" when there was no murder.

The boil hasn't headed yet. It won't for three days to come, and it will be tender for two weeks. There is no joy in this world for Jackson Delancy. His mother thinks he has chills and fever, and she has found him lying on his face so often that she is afraid they are going to lose him. The old man has got a thrashing laid up for him for running away from Sunday-school, and there were never so many fires and bass-ball matches as since that boil kept that sad boy in the house. He was down at the gate as our reporter passed last night, and when he was asked if a cent would be any inducement for him to turn a handspring he shivered all over and his hair stood up at the bare thought of turing a handspring with that boil on him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Paying Him Back.

Here comes a letter giving a true incident that happened the other day in New Jersey:

MONTCLAIR, Aug. 8, 1874.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I would like to tell you of something that occurred under my own eyes to one of those creatures who, as you say, "are wise and keep silent." To us, who have not always lived in the country, the incident was very interesting. A day or two ago, after a severe thunder-storm, James, the coachman, found that several birds had sheltered themselves in a small tool-house near our cottage. Among them was an owl. He put it into an old canary-bird cage, and brought it to us to look at. It is not often that one gets so near a view of one of these curious creatures. The cage was then placed just back of the house on a frame made to hold milk-pans. There he sat all day, not moving from the perch, occasionally rolling his eyes, but not seeing much, as those organs are more useful to him at night than in the daylight.

The day passed on, and we had almost forgotten that our owl was there, when we heard such a clattering while we were at supper that we ran to the door to see what it could mean. There we found Mr. Owl surrounded by a great company of sparrows, bluebirds, wrens, robins, all excited and noisy, flying about, sitting on the trees close by, hovering over the cage, and all showing signs of rage. It seemed as if they felt their enemy was in their power and they would like to tear him to pieces. They could not very well attack him, as he was in the cage, and the small door, which was open, was scarcely large enough to allow them to make a combined assault. Soon, when it began to get dusky, he came out of the cage in the midst of the commotion and started for the woods near the house, the small birds in full pursuit, screaming and scolding. As we saw no more of them, we suppose that he reached his shelter in safety.

I would like to know if small birds ever are able to destroy this devourer of themselves and their little ones. Celia Thaxter speaks of a large white owl that she saw sitting high on a rock, surrounded by snow-birds.

"The snow-birds swept in a whirling crowd
About him gleefully,
And piped and whistled long and loud,
But never a plume stirred he."

I remain, dear Mr. Jack, yours truly,
J. E. D.

Jack never heard of a case where small birds succeeded in killing an owl. It is quite common in Great Britain, I'm told, to use owls as a kind of bird-snare. The sleepy bird is secured and exposed in open sight during the day-time. Very soon numbers of small birds collect, and, thinking at last that they have their enemy in their power, they hover about and taunt him in every possible way. But the owl only blinks at them in the most tantalizing manner. He knows, wise bird! what it all means, and that the birds are caught in their trap; for thus congregated, they fall easy victims to the hunters, while he is left unharmed.—*From "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for October.*

Trade Prospects.

The New York *Tribune*, in an editorial article on the future prospects of trade, closes as follows:

So far as the progress of events and available statistical information enable us to make a comparison with the state of trade which prevailed in this country for two or three years after the panics of 1837 and 1857, and in England after 1837, 1847, 1857 and 1866, the result is remarkably favorable to the present period. To begin with, very little commercial rottenness has been developed in Great Britain, our great customer and creditor. The same remark may also be made of the state of affairs here. On the whole our banking system has been more prudently handled than it was in the years previous to 1837 and 1857. There have been some great abuses, as some recent failures show, and as indeed is apparent from the official statistics, but after all the banks bid fair to come out of their difficulties in better shape than they did twenty and forty years ago. The above observations apply with still greater force to banking in Great Britain. While, therefore, we do not shut our eyes to the features which are common to the present depression and those which have preceded it on each side of the Atlantic, and would earnestly recommend the history and philosophy of such depressions to the careful study of our merchants, manufacturers and bankers, we think the country will escape from the consequences of 1873, having suffered less distress than our ancestors did in atoning for their excesses. So far as panics are concerned, there is nothing new under the sun.

A Thirty-seven Days' Fast.

A man named Van der Veken was discovered, on the 11th instant, stretched insensible on a bed in a garret in this city. He was taken to the hospital and then gave signs of life; but it was not till the next day that he had strength to speak. Then he asked what day it was and on being informed that it was the 12th of August, said: "I have been there these thirty-seven days." A little latter he became better able to speak, and in reply to questions, he informed the doctor that early in July he had been suffering from a spitting of blood. He was alone in his garret, but expecting that he would be better, and not wishing to trouble any one, he lay down on the bed. Here, however, he found himself becoming so weak that he could not rise, and though he tapped on the wall, no one appeared to have heard him. Near his bed was a pitcher of water, and he was able, by means of a small can, to get some out of it from time to time. Little by little he lost his remaining strength, until he found himself unable to move. He could not speak and his sight became dim from time to time, until all power of vision faded. Still his sense of hearing continued most acute, and he says he could detect the smallest sound, though utterly powerless to articulate a syllable. He is now recovering, and it is expected will, with care, be thoroughly restored. —*Antwerp (Holland) Precurseur.*

Evils of High Heels.

Heels upon boots, shoes and other foot gear have been in use about three hundred years. In these three centuries the height of them has varied from a single ply to nearly three inches, pendulating as it were from one extreme to the other, at irregular periods of time. High heels are open to general objections, and perhaps all heels are open to some. In addition to the ordinary ill effects of medium to high heels, especially when too short—a tiptoe gait, jammed toes, soft and hard corns, bunions, ingrowing nails and flat footedness—there is one mischief not usually taken into account. That is, a loss of calf. A comparison of ancient and mediæval art will show this. The loss is both in volume and elasticity of gait. The cause is in fact that a high heel relieves the calf of its full tension, and thereby deprives it of its due exercise, upon which muscular as well as other development depends. In women the effect is more marked than in men, but not so general, the use of high heels being less steady and less extensive among the gentler sex than among the sterner; but, wherever high heels have long prevailed, whatever be the circles of society, the slender calf registers the effect, and the pad follows the high heel as an effect does a cause.

THE SMALL BOY.—One of the saddest things about the small boy of the present day, says the New York *Tribune*, is the uncertainty which seems to attend him as he bounds along through life. You can't always tell what he is going to say. At a Sunday school service held not long ago, an amiable clergyman, endeavoring to illustrate the necessity of the Christian profession in order rightly to enjoy the benefactions of Providence, spoke as follows: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house; I have it pumped. The pipes and faucets are in good order, but I get no water. Now, why do I get no water?" The reason, he wished the young people to see, was that he had made no communication with the main in the street. But the boys were too intent on plumbing and water rates. "Now, why do I get no water?" "*I* know," shrieked a little one; "you don't pay."

ACCORDING to Dr. Maginn, no cigar-smoker ever committed suicide.

The English Wheat Market.

Two months ago, in the first of a series of articles on the probable effects on prices of an abundant crop of wheat throughout the world, we gave it as our opinion that if the English yield was large the average English prices might be expected to fall about 20 per cent., thus bringing the original quotation down to 50 shillings the quarter, and perhaps still lower. As a fall of the English price implies an equivalent reduction in the American, the importance of so great a change in the value of breadstuffs justifies the prominence we give the subject. The course of prices in both countries has been in accordance with our conjectures, which, indeed, had no better and no worse foundation than the anticipation that what had happened in former years, under similar circumstances would probably happen again. The decline has been somewhat more rapid than we expected, but judging from the quantities sold there is little reason to expect a reaction. The following shows the average prices, as officially ascertained from the returns of the officers of the excise, of the sales at 150 designated market towns for the ten weeks from July 4 to Sept. 5, inclusive:

Week ended—	Average.	Week ended—	Average.
July 4.....	60s. 8d.	August 8.....	58s. 6d.
July 11.....	60s. 9d.	August 15...	58s.
July 18.....	60s. 10d.	August 22...	57s. 2d.
July 25.....	60s. 5d.	August 29...	54s. 6d.
Aug. 1.....	59s. 8d.	Sept. 5...	49s. 9d.

The quantities sold at these 150 towns increased from 43,901 quarters for the week ended August 29 to 64,693 quarters for the week ended September 5, against 41,050 quarters for the corresponding week of last year. In the same week over 290,000 quarters of foreign wheat and wheat flour were imported into the United Kingdom—an unusually large amount. From these facts it may be seen that the fall in the price of wheat is not due to the unwarranted operations of speculators.—*New York Tribune, Sept. 23.*

The Black Hills Gold Hoax.

The facts in regard to the Black Hills region, gleaned here and there, from officer, soldier and civilian of the late expedition are coming to light, about as follow: First, there appears to have been found, extracted and brought away from the Black Hills by the entire expedition, about $3 worth of gold. Second, it is pretty conclusively understood by some that the ore from which the said gold was obtained was *imported*—that is, the hills were "salted!" Third, the area of land valuable for cultivation is so very small that it is lost in the great lengths of only moderately good soil. Fourth, the timberland is composed of spruce, yellow-pine, and cottonwood of stunted growth, such as is usually found in the stretch of land between the Missouri river and the Rocky mountains. Fifth, that the Black Hills region is not particularly rich, either in soil, timber or mineral wealth, and is in every respect just such a neighbor as one might expect to find of that mysterious country lying to the north of it, known by the natives as "The Bad Lands." Why not, then, let Red Cloud and Spotted Tail and their followers enjoy their possession of that region undisturbed? —*Chicago Journal.*

A Peculiar Conveyance.

A Florida correspondent says: "I wonder if a description would serve an artist as a model for a sketch of equipage much in favor in Florida. Imagine a small, short cart, perched high on two wheels drawn by a cow—than which the 'lean kine' in Pharaoh's dream were never leaner—so miserable that all hair stands up the wrong way (the representative cow has generally lost one horn and the most of her tail), and then curled up on the floor of the cart an old colored woman, extremely dilapidated as to cosume, smoking the stump of a pipe, and one or two younger women in front, with a man, whose attire is more picturesque than serviceable, sitting on the shafts driving. This conveyance, animal and all, appears to be peculiar to Florida; certainly I have never seen anything like it elsewhere, and it would be quite as striking in a picture as the group of gypsies painters are so fond of."

Jeff.'s Album.

When Jeff. Davis was confined in Fortress Monroe a photographic album, containing family photographs and those of his staff and distinguished Confederates with him, was stolen from him. Some time in August last one D. E. Moore, who was an Iowa soldier, and one of the guard at the time of the theft, mailed a letter from Waterloo, Iowa, to some person at Erie, Pa., offering the album for sale, fixing the price at $45. The Erie man, instead of responding to Moore, sent the letter to Jefferson Davis. Davis wrote to ex-Senator George W. Jones, of Iowa, at Dubuque, sending him the letter, and asking him to get the album, if possible. Moore was found in Iowa county, and the album seized from him under a writ of replevin by an officer. The trial as to the right of the property was postponed to the 15th inst., in order to give Mr. Davis time to furnish the evidence of his right and title to it.

The Danger of Wet Coal.

People who prefer wetting the winter's store of coal to lay the dust on putting it in the cellars, do not, we believe, generally know that they are laying up for themselves a store of sore throats and other evils consequent upon the practice. But so it is said to be. Even the fire damp which escapes from coal mines arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure. By wetting a mass of freshly-broken coal and putting it in a warm cellar, the mass is heated to such a degree that carbureted and sulphureted hydrogen are given off for long periods of time and pervade the whole house. The liability of wet coal to mischievous results under such circumstances may be appreciated from the circumstance that there are several instances on record of spontaneous combustion of wet coal when stowed into the bunkers or holds of vessels. And from this cause, doubtless, many missing coal vessels have perished.—*London Medical Record.*

THERE is a young woman in Marshall county, Kan., said to be heiress to an estate of $15,000,000 in England. The yarn runs that she was brought to this country by a gypsy, having been stolen from her parents—that she is a member of one of the noblest families in Great Britain—that the old hag who brought her here confessed to these facts upon the bed of death. The young woman has received a letter from an English lawyer who asks her to come over and take possession. And she is going over, to the great grief of all the marriageable young men of Kansas.

IF a man passes off a counterfeit $10 bill on you, don't keep it all to yourself, but circulate it around among your friends.

Horsewhipping a Prince.

We have had several instances of late of the democratic tendencies of what we have been pleased to regard as the aristocratic and "effete monarchies" of the old world. The summary punishment of the nephew of the Czar of Russia for squandering his mother's jewels upon a wandering actress is a case in point. A recent incident which occurred at Dresden, and which hitherto has appeared only in the German papers, furnishes a still more striking illustration of the general fact. A son of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg recently arrived at a railway station in Dresden, to which a restaurant is attached. His Highness entered the room to get his lunch with the crowd, and the idea of placing himself upon a level with the common herd not comporting with his princely dignity, he vaulted upon the lunch-counter and sat down upon it, much to the disgust of the common herd, who were standing up. A waiter requested him to sit down, but his Serene Highness refused, and ordered his lunch served. The waiter thereupon informed the proprietor of the antics of this extraordinary customer, who was sitting upon the place intended for the provisions. The proprietor came round in front and remonstrated with his Highness, but in vain. He then ordered him to get down or he would take him down. His Highness notified the proprietor if he gave him any more of his jaw he would slap his face. The latter, not having the fear of princes before his eyes, used his jaw all the more vigorously, and his Highness, true to his word, did rebuke the vulgar Boniface by slapping him. This was all that Boniface had been waiting for. He quietly removed his coat, and proceeded to disturb his Highness in his enjoyment of *gemuetlichkeit*—(a free-and-easy time), and did it in a manner which was at once *frisch, frei, und froh* —(fresh, free, and happy). He seized him by the coat-collar, and down came the House of Oldenburg pell-mell to the floor. Then he went for the scion of the ducal house, and gave him a first-class, old-fashioned, democratic pummeling, without regard to pedigree, or previous condition, or possible consequences. After the drubbing had proceeded far enough for immediate purposes of improvement, the police were called in, who with some difficulty rescued what was left of his Highness in a condition, which, to say the least, was not favorable to his sitting down upon lunch-counters. The punishment was sufficiently stern to prevent the repetition of the indecorum. Time was when the action of Boniface would have been sacrilegious, and to have laid a hand upon the Lord's anointed, even if he persisted in dancing a horn-pipe in the krout-barrel, would have been high treason. That time has passed. The Berlin papers took the matter up and discussed it, and all arrived at the verdict, "served him right." The paternal Grand Duke took the matter up and discussed it. He had the good sense not to make any complaints about the chastisement which had been inflicted upon his hopeful, or to write any diplomatic letters about it. On the other hand, he dispatched the Prince to a distant castle, a sort of family summer resort, where he is to remain until he learns good manners.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Richard Himself Again.

The irrepressible Detroit *Free Press* man writes: "It has never been definitely settled to the satisfaction of the public who the Man in the Iron Mask was, but generations to come will know all about Dick Palmer, who got inside of something worse than a mask. His mother sent him after a brass kettle, which one of the neighbors had borrowed, and on the way home the boy turned the kettle upside down and put it on his head. Another boy struck it a blow, and it shut down over Dick's face as close as a clam in his shell, one of the ears digging into his head behind, and the other pressing on his nose. The victim jumped and shouted and clawed at the kettle, but he couldn't budge it. A man came along and lifted at it, but Dick's nose began to come out by the roots, and the man had to stop. A crowd ran out of the corner grocery, Dick's mother was sent for, and the boys jumped up and down and cried 'Oh golly!' without ceasing. One boy said they would have to take a cold chisel and drill Dick out of the kettle, and another said they'd have to melt the kettle off, while everybody tapped on it to see how solidly it was on. Then they tried to lift it off, but Dick roared 'murder' until they stopped. Some said grease his head, some said grease the kettle, while the boy's mother sat down on the curb-stone and cried out, 'O Richard, why did you do this?' The crowd took it coolly; it wasn't their funeral, and a boy with a brass kettle on his head isn't to be seen every day. Tears fell from the kettle, and a hollow voice kept repeating, 'I'll never do it again.' Finally they had Richard on the walk, and while one man sat on his legs and another on his stomach, a third compressed the kettle between his hands, and the boy crawled out, his nose all scratched and twisted out of shape, a hole in his head, and a bump on his forehead. His mother wildly embraced him, all the boys cried 'Hip la!' and little Richard was led home to loaf around on the lounge and have toast and fried eggs for a week."

Interesting Statistics.

A contributor to the columns of the Cincinnati *Trade List* shows, by a series of interesting statistics, "the proportions between labor, material, capital and products," in the several great industries of the country. Food and its preparations represent a capital of $198,874,861; wages, $25,780,682; material, $482,462,947; products, $600,365,501. Iron and manufactures of iron have a capital of $198,365,115; wages, $73,027,976; material, $103,208,218; products, $322,138,698. Textile fabrics call for the employment of more capital and a greater number of hands than any other nine industries enumerated, while iron and its manufactures yield a larger amount of money in earnings to their employes than any other employment, the relative pay being higher. Food, having a productive value of $600,000,000, employs relatively but few hands, and pays them relatively the least. The manufacture of common clothing employs the largest number of hands, and pays the largest wages. The highest paid labor is the iron industry, because it calls for the most skilled laborers in its several trades, producing many varieties of curious and peculiar work. In the manufacture of textile fabrics, an immense number of hands are employed; but comparatively a small number of them are able bodied laborers, great numbers being women and children, and a vast amount of work, in proportion, is done by machinery.

ILLINOIS contains nearly four times as many residents as the city of Philadelphia.

The Wrong House.

In Philadelphia there are numbers of houses exactly alike, and sometimes there is such a quantity of them in a square that a man who lives near the middle has to begin counting at the corner in order to ascertain which s his house. Mr. Bradbury, a few nights ago, came home late, and, as he was thinking of something else, he forgot to count.

When about two doors from home he ran up the front steps of Mr. Petty's residence, with a conviction that it was his own. His dead latch-key opened the door readily, and Bradbury, after groping around in the dark for the hat-rack, knocked against it and upset it.

Mr. Petty was up-stairs, just about to go to bed. When he heard the noise he went to the head of the staircase and listened. He discovered that there was a man in the hall below, and he knew at once it was a burglar. So he went back to his room and got his revolver. Then he shut his eyes and fired at random.

The noise waked Mrs. Petty, and she began to scream violently. Then Bradbury felt certain that there was a band of robbers up-stairs engaged in butchering Mrs. Bradbury and the children.

As he started to creep softly up the staircase to reconnoiter, Petty began to steal quietly down the staircase to look after the burglar he had killed. They met on the first landing, and, although both were terribly frightened, they grappled, for both knew it would be a struggle to the death. After fighting desperately, the combatants rolled down the stairs to the floor beneath, while Mrs. Petty sprung the rattle for a policeman.

Just as Petty got the upper hand of Bradbury and was mutilating his nose with his fist, the police burst the front door open and struck a light. Then an explanation ensued, and Bradbury went home.

You have, perhaps, seen a prize egg-plant at an agricultural fair. Well, Bradbury's nose resembled that in size of color and shape; and now he not only counts from the corner when he comes home, but he has the front of his house painted white, with a locomotive headlight over the front door.

"Bridging" Type.

A feature of London is its bridges, and, while eminently practical in their special service of promoting travel and traffic, each has its library of tragedies and romances. Of all this, history and legend are full, while each day's police record adds its quota. Quite out of the range of ordinary use, or misuse, of bridges is a practice connected with the Blackfriars, and one which I never saw mentioned in print.

As I was one time talking with the night editor of the leading London daily, the foreman of the typographical department reported to him that they were half a dozen hands short.

"How's that?" asked the editor.

"Discharged for 'bridging,'" was response.

After the foreman had gone, my Yankee curiosity caused me to inquire what this strange offense might be.

"Bridging type is one of our principal sources of annoyance and loss," said he. "When a compositor is throwing in his case, if he happens to 'pi' a handful, instead of carefully sorting and distributing the type, he shoves it into his pocket; or, if a printer is transferring a stickful of matter to a galley and accidentally 'pi's' it, he also secretly thrusts the mass into his pocket and resets the whole; and the type these printers have secreted they quietly dump into the Thames on their way home at night, while crossing the Blackfriars Bridge, over which a majority of them pass. So extensively is this dishonest and lazy habit practiced, that there are tons upon tons of type in the bed of the Thames, and hardly ever is a body dragged for without the hauling up of quantities of type metal."

This same habit prevails in the large cities of the United States, although not so extensively as in England, perhaps; and New York printers, who sink their "pi" in the East or North rivers, while crossing on the ferry boats to their homes in Brooklyn or Jersey City, are also described by the London phrase as having "bridged" their type.—*Fireside Friend.*

A Lady Seventy-one Years Old Blows Out Her Brains.

One of the most lamentable suicides that we have ever been called upon to chronicle, took place in Jones county, at a late hour on Monday night. Mrs. Jonathan Holmes, an old lady 71 years of age, deliberately blew out her own brains with a shot-gun, producing instantaneous death. About midnight the family were alarmed by the report of a gun in her room, and upon going thither found the old lady lying dead upon the floor, with nearly the whole of the upper portion of her head blown off. She seems to have placed the muzzle of the gun against her forehead and pulled the trigger with her foot.

Mrs. Holmes, for the greater portion of her life, lived in comfortable circumstances. She raised a family of children and a number of grandchildren. She had a great deal of trouble during the latter part of her life, and there is hardly any doubt that her troubles preyed upon her mind, until her reason became impaired, and that it was in this mental condition that she committed the awful act. In addition to her troubles she has, for some time, been in bad health.—*Macon (Ga) Telegraph.*

Botanical Photography.

Leaves of any kind may be beautifully photographed by the following simple process: Place five cents' worth of bichromate of potash in a two-ounce bottle of plain soda water, and when most of it has been dissolved pour off some of the clear liquid into a plate and thoroughly saturate a piece of ordinary writing paper in it. Then lift out the paper and allow it to become almost entirely dry in a dark room. Thus your "plate" is prepared. The leaf should then be placed upon the now bright yellow paper, a piece of soft black cloth and several thicknesses of newspaper under the latter, and the whole inclosed between pieces of glass of the same size and held together by clothes-pins. Expose to the sun so that the light will strike full upon the leaf until the paper has turned a deep brown; then take the paper from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes until the yellow part becomes perfectly white—and the photograph remains.

DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.—Naturalists say that the elephant, like the whale, is being driven into extinction by the persecution of mankind. In India the hunters have pursued him so far inland that he is scarcely more common now in the habitable part of that country than is the red deer in England; and in Burmah and Ceylon only has the huge and docile animal a refuge from extermination.

The Revival of Trade.

The Toronto *Globe*, speaking in a recent issue of the revival of trade in the United States, remarks that the fact that a few days since $3,000,000 worth of New York Central railway bonds were sold in London at 105 is sufficient proof of itself of a return of confidence in American securities, and of the plethora of money in the European exchanges waiting for investment. This is but one straw which points to better times. Business men in New York predict a sound and healthy fall and winter traffic. Orders from the interior multiply, and collections are made with ease. The export trade in grain has been stimulated by the recent advance of wheat in the Liverpool market. It is known that the last year's grain crop has been pretty exhaustively depleted by the unintermitted orders for export, and the domestic as well as the foreign demand for the grain of the current year must keep accumulation down and transportation active. The consequence is, that the feeling in the great business centers is excellent, nor are any apprehensions felt of a change for the worse. The reports from the Internal Revenue Office are—as we have already pointed out—of a highly favorable nature, as compared with those for the same time in 1873. In short, the general tone of the talk is hopeful and assured, and the confidence in a revival of trade gains rapidly in strength as the season advances.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Failures in Business.

Peter Cooper failed in making hats, failed as a cabinet-maker, locomotive builder and grocer, but as often as he failed he "tried again," until he could stand upon his feet alone; then crowned his victory by giving $1,000,000 to help poor boys in time to come.

Horace Greeley tried three or four lines of business before he founded the *Tribune*, and made it worth $1,000,000.

Patrick Henry failed at everything he undertook until he made himself the ornament of his age and nation.

The founder of the New York *Herald* kept on failing and sinking his money for ten years, and then made one of the most profitable newspapers on earth.

Stephen A. Douglas made dinner tables and bedsteads and bureaus many a long year before he made himself a giant on the floor of Congress.

Abraham Lincoln failed to make both ends meet by chopping wood; failed to earn his salt in the galley-slave life of a Mississippi flat-boatman; he had not even wit enough to run a grocery, and yet he made himself a grand character of the nineteenth century.

Gen. Grant failed at everything except smoking a cigar; he learned to tan hides, but couldn't sell leather enough to purchase a pair of breeches. A dozen years ago he "brought up" on top of a wood-pile "teaming it" to town for $40 a month, and yet he is at the head of a great nation.

Russian Horses.

An English writer says: A specialty of renown in Russia are the little horses of the Mushik. They are hardy in the first instance, as everything is in Russia, and they are quick and strong. Two of these little horses, hardly large enough to be called ponies, will draw a plow all day with a pause at noon. They are now largely exported (under the name of Litthauers) to Prussia, and in some places have altogether dispossessed the oxen of their old privileges. I worked with them on one of the estates of Baron Pfuce, where they were fed upon chaff of any description, even of lupines, very successfully, condimented with some potato refuse from the distillery. In harvest time, when the little mice had to work like brewers' horses, I administered to them some bran, and they grew fat even under so unfavorable circumstances. We soon had some twenty more sent down, and so we would spare them a little, and send them into the inclosure with the foals now and then. Two of them were able to draw the Champion reaper all day long, and got two pecks of oats each as an encouragement. They, too, laid on flesh during the time. I mean to say that they are the most useful animals for easy agriculture existing, as we used to work them.

Miss Dickinson.

Anna E. Dickinson has been confined to her bed or room for the greater part of the last six months. It is only within three weeks that she has been able to walk more than a few minutes at a time. During the last two years she has been given over by her physicians repeatedly; and, as they said, nothing but her indomitable will carried her through. It is the old story—overwork by a highly nervous organization, resulting in vital exhaustion, and threatening to end in paralysis. She was obliged last winter to cancel over fifty engagements, owing to her failing health. She is now rapidly recovering, but is afraid to make engagements for next winter. She will probably go to England, but is not yet strong enough to venture on the voyage. Her innumerable friends will be surprised at these statements, for she has carefully kept the true condition of her health concealed, but they will be glad to know that there is now no further cause for fear.

Destitution in Nebraska.

There are at least 5,000 people living in eleven counties on the Western border of Nebraska who will require to be fed the coming winter. This is the estimate of Gen. James S. Brisbin, who was commissioned by Gen. Ord to visit the people of these counties and ascertain their numbers and needs. It is in the presence of such a fact, and the near approach of what may be a severe winter, that, notwithstanding the efforts making for relief by State and local organizations, we earnestly urge an immediate appeal to the Secretary of War to authorize Gen. Ord to issue 400,000 rations, more or less, according to their actual necessities, to these distressed people, just as was done in the case of the people of the South in the season of the recent floods.—*Omaha Herald.*

CORN BURNING—NOT IN 1874.—It appears probable that the West will never get rid of the reputation of being compelled to burn corn for fuel. Because, two years ago, freights were so high and corn was so plentiful that it would not bear transportation, and was the cheapest fuel obtainable, Eastern papers, which know no better, fancy that corn burning is going on now. A Washington city paper laments over the fact that "Western farmers are actually burning their grain for fuel, while Eastern laborers are starving for the necessaries of life that are thus wasted, the high prices of transportation rendering it impossible to put the grain in market."—*Western Rural.*

IT is only thirty years since the first electric telegraph line was established, and at this time there are many more than a million miles of telegraph wires in use.

RAMON.

[The following spirited poem we clip from the *Atlantic* for October. It is by Bret Harte, in his very best vein; the scene being laid at El Refugio Mine, Northern Mexico.]

Drunk and senseless in his place,
Prone and sprawling on his face,
More like brute than any man
Alive or dead—
By his great pump out of gear,
Lay the peon engineer,
Waking only just to hear,
Overhead,
Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame—
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred pesos down.
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine;
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Belt vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath—
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well—
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine—
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with Death shall cope,
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whoe'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skillful hand from below
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained—
He the hero and the last,
He whose skillful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
At the feet of Harry Lee—
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine;
"I have come," he gasped, "to claim
Both rewards. Senor, my name
Is Ramon!
I'm the drunken engineer—
I'm the coward, Senor"—Here
He fell over, by that sign
Dead as stone!

Pith and Point.

MEN of color—Painters.

EYE servants—Spectacles.

LETTERS of credit—I O U.

A COMMON cant—A mendicant.

THE Emerald Isle—Greenland.

CAST iron—Spent cannon balls.

THE end of the world—Money-making.

A STAMP act—Treading on people's toes.

SOUNDINGS on a bar—Rapping for drinks.

THE Houston (Tex.) *Chronicle* gayly exclaims: "Glory to God! Two dollars received at this office yesterday! Bring in your wash bill."

A GOOD way to restore a man apparently drowned is to first dry him thoroughly inside and out, and then clap a speaking-trumpet to his ear and inform him that his mother-in-law is dead.

NEW version:

Mother, may I go out to swim?
No, my darling daughter.
Wear your clothes, my cherubim,
For there isn't any water.

A SPREAD EAGLE barber announces that he is "Professor of Crinicultura, Abscision and Craniological Tripsis." It is not often that four such high-priced words get into a single sentence.

A POLITICIAN, wishing to compliment a well-to-do farmer, said: "You must have begun life early to accumulate such an estate as this?" "Yes," replied the farmer, "I begin life when I was a mere baby."

A GENTLEMAN of mechanical turn of mind took off the gas meter to repair it himself, and put it up again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with mathematical correctness that the gas company owed him $8.50.

"DON'T cry, my little fellow, don't cry," said a kind-hearted stranger to a ten-year old, who was busy churning his tears with both fists as hard as he could. "I ain't a-cryin'," snappishly retorted the urchin, "I'm only washin' the dirt out of my eyes."

THAT was shrewd advice of a learned lawyer to a pupil: "When the facts are in your favor, but the law opposed to you, come out strong on the facts; and when the law is in your favor, and the facts opposed to you, come out strong on the law." "But," inquired the student, "when the law and the facts are both against me, what shall I do?" "Why, then," said the lawyer, "talk around it."

FOUR doctors tickled Johnny Smith,
They blistered and they bled him;
With squills and anti-bilious pills
And ipecac they fed him.

They stirred him up with calomel,
And tried to move his liver,
But all in vain! his little soul
Was wafted o'er the river.

The Luxury of New York Hotels and Their Tables.

It is a matter of much interest to those who visit New York to keep posted about the hotels. Recently there has been quite a rivalry among the first-class hotels about their bills of fare, each striving to set the best table for its guests. We speak more particularly of the hotels on Broadway and Fifth avenue—the Grand Central being the largest and most centrally located, and elegantly furnished. Of these four or five leading hotels, the bills of fare are covered with the names of the most luxuriant viands of the season. The bill of the Grand Central, especially, deserves setting apart as a notable specimen of modern culinary skill in the number, variety, and richness of its dishes. It contains no less than eleven courses for dinner, and gives the hours for no less than six meals every day, for the moderate sum of from $3 to $4 per day, including, of course, an elegantly furnished room for each guest. It would seem from this that the tours of our travelers and the visits of our business men become rounds of pleasure as well as of business.

"Waifs from Ararat."

Under this name, and the shadow of the storied mount, a newspaper flourishes, edited by Americans (of course). The paper contains some curious and interesting local topics, quotes the price of girls as wives in the Armenian villages, varying from two to sixteen pounds, and discusses the peasant notion that the world rests on a large ox, which, being irritated by a fly tosses its head and causes earthquakes, and the belief of the natives in the neighborhood of the mount that impassable barriers surround Ararat to prevent its being desecrated by mortal feet, while angels keep guard on the summit lest one piece of the indestructible wood of the ark should be borne away.