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FRIDAY.....NOVEMBER 21, 1879.

That Boy.

A new York paper, in a recent local Rem, tells a touching story of female destitution, in which it says:

"Mrs. Harwood paused and tears stood in her eyes as she pointed to a neat-looking boy about sixteen years old. 'I want to save him and my eleven-year old girl. I have pawned or sold every article of furniture and clothing I could, but I am at last penniless."

This little remark is a sermon for the boys. Stand up, boy, and listen to your catechism. "What is your name?" "John." "Who gave you that name?" "My mother." Yes, my good boy. There is where your good name comes from. She may have switched you for eating green apples; but she served you right. If she ever gave you a gentle, little five-minutes' admonition with a hickory limb for telling her "I won't do it," when she asked you to do something, she conferred a blessing on you. You ought to be flogged for refusing one moment's happiness to the good old woman who risked her life for yours, when you were born, and whose constant care of you has been a labor of love ever since.

The point of the aforesaid remark is that we don't think much of that sixteen-year-old boy, that she wanted to save. You boys know that when you are sixteen years old, you are "big enough and old enough, and ought to know better," than to allow your mother to "save" you. The boy of that age who allows her to stand with tears in her eyes and hunger in her mouth, and sorrow in her heart, trying to save him will never make a man.

A son of sixteen should, in case of necessity, help his parents, rather than ask them to help him. This country of ours crowded with commerce, has many an opening for a young man who is willing to be useful. A dollar here and there, the result of honest labor, is easily laid away. And the daily labor asked of these good lads is not severe, nor does it take all their time. They can enjoy recreation and still have time for evening schools. George Stephenson's son found time to work, and play, and study, and help to educate his father into the invention of the locomotive engine. It ought to make you shudder, young man, to think of that lad's honest work, and then think what this world might be to day, without a railway in it.

There is not, in all our country, a boy of sixteen who cannot help his parents as much as they can help him. If they have money and worldly station enough to enable him to spend time in cultivating his mind, he is blessed. If they have not, and he uses his hands and wits to help them, then are they blessed, indeed. If your father or mother looks for this world's goods don't touch a penny of their earnings, but seek to add to them. They will be indeed treasure laid up in heaven.

The largest cathedral in the world, that of Cologne, is fast approaching completion. Its first stone was laid on August 15, 1248. The six hundred and thirty-first year of its building was completed on the 15th of August last, and it is hoped that the next anniversary will really see the finishing of the great monster. The two towers have now reached their last stage, and have only to be fitted with their massive caps of solid stone work. For this purpose two great scaffoldings have been erected at a dizzy height; one of them, however, approaches completion. When the caps have been finished, then a still higher story will have to be added to the scaffolding, in order to go on the tops of the caps of the gigantic foliated crosses, almost thirty feet high, which are to crown the towers. This operation will, it is expected, be performed next spring.

The state valuation of Massachusetts is completed, and shows a shrinkage of less than $40,000,000 as compared with last year, against one of $100,000,000 the previous year. The total of state, county and municipal taxes has fallen from $26,700,000 in 1874 to $21,000,000 in 1877, or more than one-fourth.

A NEW WAY TO TREAT DIPHTHERIA.

Quite a discovery in the treatment of diptheria has been made. A young man whose arm had been amputated was attacked by diptheria before healing took place, and instead of the matter incident to that disease being deposited in the throat, the greater portion appeared on the wounded arm, and the diptheria was very light and easily managed. Dr. Davis, of Mankato, profited by this, and in his next case of diptheria blistered his patient's chest and on this blistered part the chief deposits appeared. This was also an easy case of the disease. The theory of Dr. Davis is that diptheria usually appears in the throat because of the thinner lining of the throat. Hence, when the blister breaks the skin upon any part of the body the disease appears there.—Minnesota letter.

New Kind of Oats.

A Washington Territory paper reports that a new variety of oats has been raised in Satsop, Chehalis county, where they have been grown for three or four years, and are called the "Little White Fellow." The seed came from the Agricultural Department. A measured bushel weighed 49½ pounds, and was not a selected lot. They grow very high, and have a large and strong stem, which prevents them from falling down. They mature earlier than the common oats, and yield as abundantly, different fields in that vicinity having produced at the rate of eighty bushels to the acre. Several farmers of the lower Chehalis sowed them the past season, and all pronounce them the best variety they can raise, and they appear to be particularly adapted to that climate.

Farming that Don't Pay.

It don't pay to be caught in the spring without a wood pile large enough to last twelve months; or to open the gates and let your stock into the fields as soon as a few bare spots appear, or to keep it on short rations, so that when it does go to grass it will take half the summer to get thrifty and strong.

It don't pay to sow or plant poor seed because you happen to have it on hand.

It don't pay to plant more ground than you can manure and take good care of.

It don't pay to neglect cows, ewes or sows when they are dropping their young.

It don't pay to let the spring rains wash the value out of the manure that has accumulated in the barn-yard in the winter.

It don't pay to let the hens lay under the barn, steal their nests and be eaten up by skunks.

It don't pay to put off any kind of spring work until the last moment, nor does it pay to work land when it is too wet.

It don't pay to leave turnips, cabbage, parsnips, beets or even apples in the cellar to rot and breed disease, for it you have more than you can eat or sell the stock will be profited by them.

It don't pay to summer a very poor cow simply because no one wants to buy her.

It don't pay to leave the banking around the house until it rots your sills.

It don't pay to be stingy in sowing grass seed, or try to live without a garden.

Finally, it don't pay to provoke the women by leaving them to cut stove wood or carry it from the dooryard, or to remind you every morning in haying or hoeing that you must saw enough before you go to work to last through the day.

General Harrison and Social Drinking.

It is related by a Chester, Penn., lady that when General William Harrison was running for the Presidency, he stopped at the old Washington House for dinner. After dinner wine was served. It was noticed that the General pledged his toast in water, and one of the gentlemen from New York, in offering another, said: "General, will you favor me by drinking a glass of wine?" The General declined in a very gentlemanly manner. Again he was urged to join them in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from the table, his tall form erect and in the most dignified manner replied: "Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine cup—that should have been sufficient; though you press the cup to my lips not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen fill drunkards' graves all through the pernicious habit of wine drinking. I owe all my health, happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"

John Billings on Marriage.

Sum marry because they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at and neither win.

Sum marry for love, without a cent in their pockets nor a friend in the world nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game.

Sum marry in haste and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it carefully fust and then sit down and marry.

No man kin tell exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico.

No man kin tell exactly what calico has made up her mind to dew. Calico don't know herself. Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circumstancis.

Marriage is a safe way to gamble; if you win you win a pile, and if you lose, you don't lose anything.

Jeff Davis' Capture.

F. Lane, an old United States soldier, is the conductor of car No. 17, Pitsburg and Alleghany railway. He served his country four years and ten months, and has three honorable discharges. In fact, he has more. He will carry with him to his last day the remembrance of numerous incidents of that terrible strife, chief among which is the meeting and capture in petticoats, under the most trying circumstances, of Jefferson Davis, the president of the confederacy. Mr. Lane is about thirty years of age, married, and has a family residing on Pennsylvania avenue, Alleghany. He has been in the employ of the railway company nearly two years.

This morning the writer introduced himself to Mr. Lane, and mentioning the subject of Davis's capture, the following facts were related by the gentleman: He was a member of Company M, Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, commanded by Col. Pritchard, which, with the Fourth Michigan cavalry, was ordered to proceed after and capture Jeff Davis and his party. The Michigan cavalry went on the trail directly, while the seventh Pennsylvania cavalry went round about. A report reached Col. Pritchard, while on the march, that Davis would cross the river at the forks of the road early on the morning of a certain day. The Seventh set out to head him off, and arrived near the road about 4 o'clock, when the morning light was just appearing. Back of the road they noticed a camp fire, and almost instantly a volley of guns rang out on the still air from the camp. Thinking that they had surprised Davis and his men, the Seventh returned the fire, a brisk skirmish followed, and the scene was intensely exciting.

Suddenly the soldier noticed a rather youngish woman leading an apparently old woman, with several children and one or two other persons following. The woman asked the guard of the 4th Michigan camp if she could take the old woman to the spring-house for a drink, and was answered in the affirmative The supposed old woman wore an old sun-bonnet and a dressing gown, the latter looped together in front. Day was dawning, and light was clearer, and on the way to the spring-house the old lady slipped, the front of the dress, which was not looped all the way down, was blown open, disclosing a pair of long cavalry boots. The guard saw the boots, leveled his gun and cried "Davis, halt!" He did so, and tearing open his dress, Davis said, "Shoot me; kill me." In the meantime the firing had been going on without interruption, and fully thirty saddles had been emptied of brave soldiers by the unfortunate mistake of the commanders in their hasty firing.

Davis turning to the guard and Lane, said: "Your men are killing each other; stop the firing. I have no soldiers with me—only the persons you see here." Lane placed his hand on the shoulder of Davis and said: "You shall not be harmed. There is no one here who will hurt you." In a little while the firing ceased, and there was great sorrow over the loss of the brave companions of the two union regiments, by the unfortunate meeting in the dark, but considerable joy at the unexpected capture. Mr. Lane was assigned to accompany Davis to Murfreesboro, and sat beside and chatted with him all the way there. He is positive as to the dress of the confederate chief. As the writer was about to leave Mr. Lane, he said: "We made one mistake that morning. When Davis bared his breast we should have shot him."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A San Francisco telegram of the 13th says: District Attorney Murphy, this afternoon, will submit a case to the supreme court for decision on the point raised that the late grand jury was not a legal body on account of being formed of only 18 members, the foreman, Cunningham, dying while the grand jury was in session. It will be a leading case, as nothing like it has ever before arose in California.

A Despairing Organ.

The Richmond (Va.) *State*, a stanch organ of the Southern Democracy, which has, until quite recently, manifested much hopefulness in regard to the political prospects for 1880, is greatly cast down by the result of the Ohio election, and makes no attempt to conceal its dismal forebodings It speaks of the defeat in Ohio as the "Appomattox of the Democracy," declares that the condition of things in New York forecasts an equally disastrous result in that State, and sees "no future" for the Democracy. "Never until now," it wails, "did the fortunes of the party appear to be at so low an ebb. The North may be called as solid in Republicanism as the South is solid in Democracy, if not more so." This, however, is a gross exaggeration, in every Northern State there is a large and active Democratic party. In all of them there is perfect freedom of political opinion and action. The "solidity" of the South is quite another sort of thing. If there is a single Southern State that is doubtful, under the present condition of things, we are at a loss to name it. Of course we all know very well that there are several which would be either doubtful, or certainly Republican, if every citizen to whom the Constitution and laws give the right of suffrage were permitted to exercise it. But unfortunately that freedom does not exist in a number of the Southern States. And the fact that it does not exist goes far to account for the overwhelming reaction in the North which the Virginia paper so mournfully deplores.

A Desperate Ruffian.

A Calabrian assassin was lately liberated from the galleys, where he had been for nineteen years undergoing punishment for various murders. His first visit was to his native village, Santomena, the inhabitants of which were far from desiring the pleasure of his company. His first meeting in the village was with an old friend, whom he clubbed to death at a single blow; a little further on he fell in with two other compatriots, presenting them each with a mortal stab, still another compatriot in an adjoining thoroughfare was met by him and killed. He then went home in search of his unfaithful wife, but, not finding her, he vented his spite by killing a baby that she had given birth to during the last three months of his imprisonment, besides slaughtering a good many sheep in the back yard. After this he went into the country, stole a fourteen-year-old boy, imposed a ransom on his head, and, on being attacked by the police killed the boy in order to make a freer fight with his assailants, two of whom he wounded, and was himself then captured.

Mr. Tilden's Stock.

For once, at least, the astute statesman of Gramercy Park has made a blunder. It now appears that if he had not been in such a hurry to get rid of that Elevated Railway stock which benevolent Cyrus W. Field let him into he would have cleared over a quarter of a million out of the transaction. Moreover, he would not have incurred the deadly hostility of the Field family, which, with all its clientage and clansmen, is now out on the warpath against him. The sudden and general upward movement of stocks in the New York market has lifted the Elevated Railway shares to a figure far higher than that at which Mr. Tilden sold out in alleged violation of his pledge to Cyrus W. Field. This has been an unlucky year for Mr. Tilden, and his cup of sorrows seems fairly running over. The disaster in Ohio, the schism in New York, the general defection from his standard in the South, the revival of the income tax suits, in connection with the declaration of war by the Fields and the unfortunate result of his sharp practice in the matter of prematurely throwing his Elevated Railway stock on the market, constitutes such a series of afflictions as few mortals are called upon to encounter in the space of a twelvemonth.

Brevities.

An eccentric English gentleman, a candidate for Parliament, at a recent meeting of his constituents, was asked by a man in the crowd, "What about the Liquor bill?" "Well," said the candidate, "mine was uncommonly high last year. How was yours?"

The summer is passed and the season nearly ended, and yet not more than two-thirds of the young ladies have learned to carry their parasols gracefully upon their left arms as they used to their "dollies" when they were flaxen-haired fairies.

Many a rural maid finds felicity in sitting on a three-legged stool on the off side of a mulcy cow dreaming of love.

Forget not thine own importance, is an old peoverb. It is about the only thing that some men don't forget.

A tombstone with a simple cucumber carved upon it is oftentimes more expressive than one with 10,000 lines of obituary poetry.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asks a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

Eve never wanted a hired girl because Adam never loafed around the corner grocery nor at the village tavern.

A religious exchange says poetically that Adam and Eve began in spring and ended with early summer. We always thought they had a fall trade.

A lady at Fall River while on her way to church last Sunday trod on another lady's trail, fell and dislocated her lip. Another argument in favor of shorts skirts.

A lady in Wilmington, N. C., won a bet of ten dollars by rolling in a wheelbarrow her first baby down town to her husband's store, a distance of four blocks.

Tilden, the other day, hobbling out from Gramercy Park, stepped upon and tore a lady's skirt. "Train wrecker!" she hissed, hitting the old man in his tenderest spot.

He promised to cleave to her; and when they went to the theater and he came back between acts with a piece of cork in his whiskers she knew from the fragrance he exhaled he had clove.

A man named Babbitt, who lived at Niagara Falls, went to a neighboring village to drown himself. Some people do not appreciate home comforts and facilities.

Even the death angel has not wings broad enough to engulf in gloom the youngster who is one of the mourners, and is to take his first hack ride on the occasion of the funeral.

"How shall we train our girls?" asked an exchange. Train 'em with about twenty-two yards of black silk if you want to please your girls. A silk velvet train would also make them happy.

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