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## Who Are the Free?

Who are the free?  
They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,  
And bowed in worship unto none but God;  
They who have made the conqueror's glory dim,  
Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb;  
Unswayed by prejudice, unswayed by wrong—  
Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong;  
They who would change not with the changing hour,  
The selfsame men in peril and in power;  
True to the law of right—as warmly prone  
To grant another's as maintain their own—  
Foes of oppression wherever it lies—  
These are the proudly free!

Who are the great?  
They who have boldly ventured to explore  
Unsound seas, and lands unknown before;  
Scared on the wings of science, wide and far,  
Measured the sun and weighed each distant star;  
Pierced the dark depths of ocean and of earth,  
And brought uncounted wonders into birth;  
Repelled the pestilence, restrained the storm,  
And given new beauty to the human form;  
Wakened the voice of reason, and untamed  
The page of truthful knowledge to the world;  
They who have toiled and studied for mankind,  
Aroused each slumbering faculty of mind,  
Taught us a thousand blessings to create—  
These are the nobly great!

Who are the wise?  
They who have governed with self-control  
Each will and baneful passion of the soul;  
Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,  
But kept alive affection's purer fires;  
They who have passed the labyrinth of life,  
With serene one hour of weakness or of strife;  
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,  
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor;  
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart,  
Learned in that love which nature can impart;  
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud  
Which seems the "silver lining" of the cloud;  
Looking for good to all beneath the skies—  
These are the truly wise!

Who are the best?  
They who have kept their sympathies awake  
And scattered good for more than earthly sake;  
Steel and tender in the hour of need,  
Gentle in thought—benevolent in deed;  
Whose hearts have power to make discussion  
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words  
Are peace;  
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,  
Teachers of truth, and ministers of love;  
Love for all souls, power, all mental grace,  
Love for the humblest of the human race;  
Love for the triumph, joy, which virtue brings,  
Love for the giver of all goodly things;  
True followers of that soul-exalting plan  
Which God laid down to bless and govern man;  
They who can calmly linger at the best,  
Survey the future and recall the past;  
And with that hope which triumphs over pain  
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain.  
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest—  
These are the only best!

—J. C. C. Prince.

## THE COBRA

"We have in India," said a gentleman, "much of whose early life was passed in Hindostan. 'Snakes more venomous than are to be found in the Western hemisphere, or even in Africa. The most deadly serpent in this country is, I suppose, the rattlesnake, but hundreds of persons have been bitten by it, and have recovered. For the bite of a cobra in full vigor, however, there is no known cure. Immediately after the bite, the cobra is in his worst form. He lies dormant while torrents of rain that seem like the renewal of the flood are deluging the earth, rarely coming out of the deep hole in which he finds shelter, and all that time the poison is accumulating, until the bag at the root of the hollow fang is filled to bursting. The cobra has but one poisonous fang, and when he is undisturbed and not angry this lies flat on the jaw. But the moment an enemy appears the aspect of the cobra changes. He assumes an almost perpendicular position, which is the only one from which he can strike. His tail is thrown into the form of a ring, and on this he stands erect. His head is bent forward, and he makes a figure like that of an old-fashioned walking stick with a crook for a handle. A fleshy hood rises along the back of the neck, and expands into a fanlike shape behind the head, while around his flashing little eyes appear bright yellow rings, looking like spectacles. Seen thus, his tongue darting out and in, he is about as repulsive a creature as exists. When in a position for striking he can spring probably about ten feet; but he is easily killed. He never runs away, and though he will not move toward an enemy to get within springing distance, if the intruder approaches him he does not retreat, and it is only necessary to stand about twenty feet away and hurl a stick at him. A slight blow will break his back, and he is then powerless."

"Probably the greatest experimenter upon snakes that ever lived was Dr. Fayer, of Calcutta. He was particularly interested in the discovery of a cure for the bite of the cobra, for the number of lives lost by this cause every year in

India is incredible. After years of careful study, and after he had exhausted recipes sent to him from all parts of the world, he declared that there was no known remedy for the bite, and that a man impregnated with the poison of a vigorous cobra must die. In the course of his experiments he made a singular discovery, that the poison of one cobra could not kill another. A large cobra would destroy a smaller one, but only by ingesting it with its teeth, not by means of its venom.

"Once I stood with Dr. Fayer in his studio when he was about to make an experiment to determine the rapidity with which a cobra's poison would do its work. In the middle of the room was a wooden box containing a four-foot cobra, which had been confined there without food for three days, and was in a horriestate of rage, and stocked with venom. Not far from the door of the box was a large dog, of greater strength and vitality than an average man. He was chained, and nearly all the hair had been shaved off from one of his hind legs. At a signal from the doctor an assistant pulled a string, the door of the box rose, and the cobra, with a cord tied around his tail, glided out like a streak of light. The unfortunate dog had been watching the box for some minutes, and giving vent to his uneasiness by a low whining noise. The moment he saw the snake coming out he was thrown into an agony of terror, as if he were every animal when he sees a cobra, albeit he has never set eyes upon one before. Everybody in the room stood as far away from the snake as possible, the assistant holding the string that was attached to the reptile's tail; in a second the cobra had fastened its eyes upon the dog, which was the object nearest to it, and rising upon its tail it assumed its horrible position of attack. Then, launching its body like lightning through the intervening space, it fastened its fangs fairly in the center of the bare, conspicuous spot upon the dog's flank. Instantly the assistant pulled the string and dragged the writhing reptile from its hold, and Dr. Fayer seized the injured part of the dog's leg between the thumb and first finger of his left hand, and with a clean, swift sweep of his scalpel cut it out to the bone. Remedies were at once applied to stop the bleeding and stimulants were given, but in a few minutes the dog began to exhibit those symptoms of drowsiness that always precede death from the bite of a cobra. Every effort was made to arouse him, but within a little more than twenty minutes from the time the snake bit him the dog lay dead on the floor. In this instance I do not think more than two seconds elapsed after the bite was given before the injured flesh was swept out. The result conveys some idea of the rapidity with which the poison acts. The dog exhibited no indications of suffering. And in this respect the poison of the cobra is different from that of all other venomous reptiles, and especially from that of the rattlesnake. The bite of the latter serpent convulses the victim with pain, but the wound inflicted by the cobra causes a perfectly painless death. The doomed persons sink gradually into a calm, deep sleep, against which no resistance can be made, and from which there is no awakening.

"I remember once being called by my servant to look at his wife, who, he said, had died in the night. That the woman was really dead there was no doubt; but what she had died of was a problem. She had been a large, strong woman, apparently in perfect health, and when she returned home the preceding night she made no complaint of feeling ill. She was very drowsy, however, and as soon as she lay down she fell asleep. This gave a clue as to the cause of her death, and a subsequent examination discovered two small punctures close together on the calf of the leg. She had been bitten by a cobra in the night, while walking carelessly through the long grass, and, probably supposing that a bumblebee had stung her, she went home without dreaming that she had received a fatal wound.

"But though the vigorous cobras, when they bite, always inflict fatal wounds, there is certainly some means by which they can be rendered harmless. I do not mean by pulling out the poisonous fangs, for that would probably kill the cobra, or in any event, if done by jugglers, it would be likely to be detected. I should think, however, that they might enrage the cobra, and force it to strike three or four times at a dog or some other animal. This would exhaust the poison, and until it was renewed the reptile would be harmless. It is entirely wild state, however, the cobra always seems to have a supply of venom in reserve. At least I have never heard of any one being bitten by one of these creatures in the field and recovering. But once, while I and two of my friends were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow, in Allahabad, a juggler was announced. He was a harsh-featured old man, and his sole stock in trade consisted of a heavy canvas bag, which seemed to be empty. At all events he turned it inside out, and shook it and allowed us to examine it. Then he threw it upon the ground and did not touch it any more

until the exhibition was over. We, however, looked into it again, and walked over it, and satisfied ourselves generally that there was nothing inside of it. Then the juggler, squatting down half a dozen yards away, began to wave his wand at the bag, and mutter spells and incantations. Soon we were startled by seeing the canvas quiver, and then undulate in a more decided manner. Then the mouth was pushed open, and an immense cobra glided out. It had the appearance of a wild snake, excited to the utmost pitch of ferocity, and as it worked its way rapidly along the veranda, its hood erect, the spectacles encircling its eyes, and its tongue darting quickly in and out, we all thought we should obtain a better view of the reptile by climbing upon the table. We got up there as quickly as possible, and the juggler seized the snake around the neck and held it close to his face. In another moment the cobra's fangs were buried in the man's forehead. But this did not seem to disturb the man in the least. With the blood streaming down his face, he grasped the snake tightly, forced open its mouth with a slender piece of stick, and showed us that the poisonous fang was there, for he raised it up and pushed it down with the little stick. Then he put the serpent back into the bag, where it writhed for a few minutes and then lay still. When we looked in, it was not there, and we rubbed our eyes, and thought we had taken more brandy and soda than was good for us. But there on the man's forehead were the two little holes, the unmistakable marks of a cobra's bite. They were already changing from a red to a livid hue, and there seemed to be but little time to be lost if the juggler's life was to be saved. Taking a little pod, like a coffee bean, from his pocket, he placed it upon the wound on his forehead, where it stuck fast. The flow of blood soon stopped, and the man having received his reward, made his salaam, and walked away with what seemed to be an empty bag under his arm. Since that time I have seen many jugglers bitten by cobras apparently without evil result.

"These men have a wonderful influence over snakes. They tame them to an amazing extent, and very often come to a European bungalow, and offer to clear all the serpents out of the compound, or inclosed ground for a small consideration. If the proposition is accepted they squat down upon the ground and play a quick, horrible, jangling tune on a reed pipe. Very soon the owner of the compound is astounded to see snakes of all kinds and sizes coming out of holes which he fondly hoped were tenanted only by toads or rats. They move with a soft measured motion toward the musician, who quickly grasps them and places them in his bag until twenty or more are there; then, having, as he says, cleared the compound of snakes, he receives his money and carries off his prey, to let them loose on another man's property, and whistle them up again for a new reward, for they are all his own tame snakes, and come to him when he blows his flute.

"I once had what I believe was a marvelous escape from being bitten by a cobra. I and Tom Norris, an old friend of mine, were riding along the road one moonlight night. It occurred to us that a horse race would be an agreeable variation to the routine of our somewhat monotonous horseback excursions. We were soon tearing along at breakneck speed, but the race was quickly ended. Before we had galloped a hundred yards my horse struck his foot against something, rolled over, and I came a cropper. I was a good deal shocked, and when I recovered myself my horse was out of sight. Neither I nor Tom Norris had the least idea in what direction he had gone, and while my friend galloped along one road I started on foot on another. I had walked about a mile, and was just passing the little postoffice, when I saw something nearly four feet high directly in front of me. It was like an upraised stick, and when in my haste I had nearly walked over it, it shot straight toward me. Mechanically, I raised the short stick I carried in my hand and struck at it. I took no aim whatever, and I am not at all sure that I did not shut my eyes, like a young cricket, as I delivered the blow. But it hit its mark, and, as I afterward found, saved my life; for a cooie, who came up a few seconds later with a torch, held his light to the ground, where a full-grown cobra lay writhing helplessly with its back broken. I was startled on that occasion; but I was far more disturbed at another time when, as I afterward turned out, there was no snake there. It was the worst season of the year for venomous creatures when Tom Norris and myself were occupying a small bungalow in Jubbulpur. We slept in the same room, each of us having a lounge, and it was about two o'clock in the morning and pitch dark when I was awakened by something striking me on the back and falling, as the sound seemed to indicate, in a coil upon the floor. 'What's that?' exclaimed my friend, who awoke at the same instant; and I made no reply, for I had the strongest possible dislike to say what I believed it to be. 'What's that?'

he asked again; and then I answered, 'I think it's a snake, and he has bitten me; will you get up and go for a light?' Tom Norris lay still for a while; then he said: 'Now, look here, old fellow, if a cobra has bitten you he won't do you the least additional harm if he bites you again; but what is the use of my being bitten too? Hadn't you better get up and go for the light yourself?' Could any logic have been more reasonable? I at once got up, and after some trouble procured a light, and we began our search for the snake. But first Tom Norris examined the place where I had been bitten, and his face grew very grave, for there were two punctures, and it seemed clear that a snake had injured me. We hunted about the house for ten minutes, and although I felt myself growing drowsy I began to hope that it was not a cobra, but some less venomous reptile, that had bitten me. At last the mystery was solved. As we entered the bath-room a wild cat that for some incomprehensible reason had taken refuge in the bungalow went flying, half mad with fright, out of the window, carrying half a dozen panes of glass with her in her exit. In her confusion she had evidently jumped upon the bed and her claws had penetrated my back, making two little holes precisely like the bite of a cobra. To say that I was relieved would give you a very poor idea of my sentiments as I sat up through the window. All my drowsiness vanished, and I slept no more that night.

The chief food of the cobra is the frog. After the rainy season these creatures fill the air with a loud, steady croaking all night. Occasionally, however, a shrill shriek is heard above the ordinary noise, and the practiced ear discerns the cry of the unfortunate frog when a snake has seized it. Early one morning, by the roadside, I found a cobra in the act of making his meal. He was slowly sucking the frog down his throat, tail first. I killed the snake and released the frog, but for a long time the latter lay unable to move. Its eyes were bright, and its head was lively enough, but the rear part of its body seemed to be paralyzed; the hind legs, which had been down the snake's throat, were helpless. Finally it contrived to drag itself away into the long grass.

Formerly the government gave a rupee for every dead cobra delivered to its agents, but I think this custom has been abandoned, for it was discovered that breeding yards had been established in various parts of the country, and numerous natives were making a comfortable living by rearing young snakes.

—New York Sun.

## The Missouri River.

To be appreciated the Missouri river must be seen and heard during the April or June rise, when its waters are red and thick with the powdered silt they have brought from the mountains and stolen from the farms in the valleys. Then it pours and swirls and eddies along with a treacherous sound between a chuckle and a half-suppressed whisper that repels while it fascinates the listener. It made millions of acres of rich black deposits, on which it still holds a mortgage, the foreclosure of which no man can foresee. Hundreds of farmers, after clearing away the heavy timber and raising fine crops year after year on their eighty or more acres of deep, inexhaustible river bottom, have seen their entire possessions swept away in a few days by a sudden and unexpected "cleanse of channel" during an April or June rise. Those changes of channel have different causes. Sometimes a giant cottonwood tree that has been uprooted where the river lies risen upon the forest above is borne down by the current and lodged in the mud, where it will gradually become embedded in the yielding bottom, and perhaps lie in wait for months, or even years, without giving any particular sign of existence. At last an unusual rise takes place, and then this hidden "snag" creates a diversion in the strong current, which begins to circle round the spot, and which culminates in a boiling eddy. The eddy increases in depth and force, gradually diverting the water from its former course until a new pathway is formed in the river bed.

If the eddy is located near the shore at the upper edge of a promontory and the water is sufficiently high to overflow the flats, a new channel is sometimes carved straight across some fine farm or timber strip, and a river town, where steamboats took freight and passengers last year, may be from two to six miles distant from navigable water next year. A few years ago Forest City, Mo., was kissed day and night by the dirty lips of this Western flirt. To-day the river sports miles away, out of sight of the old love, and is whispering soft things to White Cloud, on the Kansas side, which has gained a river, while the State has lost several thousand acres of productive cotton land that now supports cattle and hogs in Missouri. Missouri river towns are never safe except when located on bluffs or table lands, like Omaha, White Cloud, St. Joseph and Kansas City.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

People call you dear when they would fawn upon you.—Boston Transcript.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, whose fifteen hours' ride to Landman's Drift, South Africa, after the battle of Ulundi, and in advance of the official dispatches with reference to that action, has been recognized as an unusual feat of journalistic courage and energy, rendered a similar service on the occasion of the capture of Ali Musjid near the Kyber Pass. He was mentioned in one of the dispatches for his gallantry and devotion under fire in saving the life of a wounded soldier, but that dispatch seems to have shared the fate of some others during the Afghan campaign. It is said to have been lost or laid away in an official pigeon-hole.

A novelty in the matter of railroad inventions is at the depot of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio railroad in Petersburg, Va. It is what may be very properly termed a railroad velocipede. Its weight is about 100 pounds, and it is destined solely for the use of the supervisor of the road, to enable him to travel from point to point for inspection or other purposes. The vehicle has three wheels, two of which run on one rail of the track and one on the other. It has a seat for one man, though it might well carry two. It is very easily operated, and is run on almost the exact principle of the ordinary velocipede. With a strong, muscular man to move it, it will make a speed of fifteen or eighteen miles an hour.

The Philadelphia "Permanent Exhibition" is doomed. For some time it struggled with impending bankruptcy, but it is said that the exhibition company is now out of debt and in receipt of an income that exceeds its expenses. The exhibition, however, fails to serve the purpose originally contemplated—that of a grand educator of the people in arts and sciences—but has degenerated into a place of mere amusement. This consideration, it is said, has prompted the park commission to pass a resolution unanimously ordering the exhibition company to remove their building and its contents from Fairmount Park within two years from the date of notice, the 19th of July.

Silk is successfully made in climates like our own, both in Asia and Europe. All that the silk worm requires is a proper temperature, suitable food, quiet and cleanly quarters. Almost everywhere, where the mulberry tree can be grown, the silk industry can be pursued. Success can only be guaranteed, however, by the strict observance of the rules necessary to the healthy nurture of the silkworm. It is an industry that may be introduced into every house, and which will give profitable employment to the idle members of the family. At Vineland, N. J., a colony of silk growers from Italy have planted great numbers of mulberry trees for the purpose of raising silk on a large scale. Their injudicious efforts encourage them to look for permanent success.

It is estimated that the poor, in buying coal by the scuttle and palful, pay at the rate of about \$10 a ton for it. A capitalist of New York city took advantage of the reduced summer rates and purchased 500 tons of Scranton and Lackawanna screened coal for distribution in small quantities during December, January and February at the rate of five dollars a ton. This is expected to cover simply first cost and expenses, without profit to himself. The coal will be sold only in sacks of 100 pounds each, and delivered at the homes of purchasers. Payment is to be made solely in tickets; no money will be received. The tickets represent five cents, ten cents and twenty-five cents, and have been engraved by the American Bank Note Company to avoid fraudulent imitation. The signature of a well-known and wealthy banker has been photographed upon them as a security for their value. It is thought that the purchase of tickets will foster a habit of foresight and economy. If the experiment should prove successful, it will be conducted on a very large scale during the winter of 1880-81, and perhaps be extended to other articles of general consumption.

## To Attain Long Life.

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear, yes, excess of joy, become deadly. Those who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

## What Though Ill Betide Us.

Oh, what though ill betide us,  
Oh, what though ill betide us,  
If those we love are nigh,  
To smooth the brow of sorrow  
And calm the beating sigh!  
One loving smile will banish  
The clouds of care and pain;  
One loving word will bring us  
Joy's sunshine back again.  
The darkest storm that aches  
E'er east upon the heart,  
Was but a fleeting shadow,  
Which love could bid depart.  
No weight of woe can thrill us  
If those we love are near,  
To soothe the drooping spirit  
And dry the falling tear.  
Our best and brightest treasure,  
Our balm for every pain,  
Is in the hearts that love us—  
A linked and golden chain;  
And with that chain to guard us—  
A charmed and shining mail—  
Oh, what though ill betide us,  
It cannot harm prevail!  
—C. D. Stuart.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

All serfs should be literary, because they are bound in Russia.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The most stunning thing of the season in New York is said to be the police man's club.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Fifty-seven persons are recorded as "having disappeared mysteriously" from New York city during the last year.

More than 20,000 objects were found during the French exhibition at the Champs de Mars and in the Trocadero Palace. Very few of them have been claimed.

Queen Victoria, as she placed a wreath upon the late Louis Napoleon's coffin, is said to have exclaimed, "Poor boy! Here, at last, is a crown they cannot take away."

In Louisville, Ky., recently, a whisky trademark was sold at auction. The first bid was \$5,000; the buyer finally gave \$51,050. There were 1,000 bids altogether, and the sale took three hours. A congress of Italian physicians which met at Pisa some time ago came to the very probable conclusion that suicide was much promoted by the reports of cases which appear in the public newspapers.

When "antelope steak" is placed on the table of a far Western hotel the man who has traveled at once realizes the fact that the landlord is trying to get rid of some old beef.—*Free Press.*

A German physician recommends the inhalation of oil of turpentine in cases of distressing whooping cough. A few drops on a handkerchief held before the face of the child is the proper way to administer it.

Eight thousand beavers, on an average, are slaughtered in the vicinity of New York, each week, for the market in that city. At forty-five pounds of tallow each, the total product per week would be 360,000 pounds.

The wool clip of Michigan for the present year is said to be 9,752,895 pounds from 1,982,114 sheep. At an average price of twenty-eight cents this will give the farmers of that State for their wool the sum of \$2,722,810.60.

The Japanese are now, for the first time, utilizing their petroleum in refining works established at Miogo. The province of Potomi supplies the raw material from a point about a hundred miles to the north, whence the petroleum is brought by sea.

The American self-binder for wheat was first used in 1874, and in that year consumed fifty tons of wire. In 1875 it consumed 300 tons; in 1876, 8,800 tons; in 1877, 6,500 tons; and in 1878, 14,000 tons—or more than the total amount of wire made in this country in 1890.

"Dearest," said a sick wife, fondly, to her husband, "if I should die I wonder if you wouldn't marry again?" "No, indeed," was the prompt reply; "I have tried it once, and that's enough for me." She was so mad that she recovered almost immediately.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate the thieves?" Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.—*Norristown Herald.*

Any man will acknowledge that he does not know everything, just after he has emerged from a dry goods store, where he went in to buy some thread, and, after peeping around for the best-looking lady clerk, in a spirit of confidence walks boldly up to her and inquires if they have a "ball" of thread. The young lady smiles sweetly at his greenness, and says, "Do you mean a 'spool' of thread?" He says yes, pays for the thread, and wanders forth into the sunlight again, mentally wondering how he could be so green as to ask for a "ball" of thread, and the young lady was entertaining the same thought.—*Modern Argosy.*