

All are not taken! There are left behind
Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a blessed thing,
And tender voices to wake the world from
But if it were not so? If I could find
No love in all the world to answer me,
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,
Where "dust to dust," the love from life dis-
joined;
And if by parched lips, as in a dearth
Of water-springs, the very deserts claim,
I uttered to those sepulchres unmoving
The bitter cry, "Where are ye, O my loving?"
I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I AM!
Can I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"
—Elizabeth B. Browning.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

On a December evening, in the year 1870, a train, entering the depot with much noise and bustle, ejected Gottlieb Braun into the city streets.

There was nothing remarkable in the circumstance. He was small and insignificant in appearance, with an expression of patient suffering, and one arm gone. Such was Gottlieb Braun, one of those quiet natures capable of bravery, also capable of fighting in the last trench, as he had done in the war which had maimed, crippled and left him a pensioner. Had you asked him where the arm was lost, he would have replied, with military brevity, "Gettysburg." Or did you inquire as to the cause of an ugly scar across the brow and a wound in the thigh, rendering quick movement painful, he would have added, "Seven Oaks" and "Shenandoah." Despair had rendered him a hero for a brief moment; he had sought death in the ranks and had not found it, but hope had died within him long before, when his little daughter Gretchen was swept away by the fever; a lonely, quiet man, of whom war had made cruel sport, and left him alive. Humble as he was, Gottlieb still cherished ambition; in summer he was a peddler back among the hills; in winter he mended shoes. The ruin of large business houses cast a shadow abroad; the ruin of Gottlieb Braun, soldier-peddler, occasioned no comment in the mercantile world, and brought grief only to his own heart. The autumn mists of mountain lakes had claimed him as a victim of ague, and while he was ill, strong men robbed him of his little stock. Surely, among the crimes of earth that cry out to heaven, this robbery must be heard! Did Gottlieb weep and draw his pension of one hundred dollars, and in the spring would start life again?

Here he was in the city streets, gazing about him blankly, without a friend, and, still worse dilemma, with no money in his pocket. It would make no difference to any one how he went or came, he thought, and yet at that very moment Christine Carlen, with terror in her blue eyes, was saying to the shopman, "I never did it."

The chance of being left supperless and without shelter had a still worse aspect when it is remembered that it was Saturday night with Sunday coming, and Gottlieb would not receive his pension until the following Wednesday.

Up among the mountains the Sabbath meant nature-worship to Gottlieb; skies were then brighter, and sunshine rippled the silvery waters of cascades; and the breezes played among the leaves, and in all the voices of the woods and the air he heard only the laugh of his child Gretchen. Often at such times he took a pen and endeavored to write his thoughts of her on the day of days, when heaven kissed earth; but his great need would not flow in words on paper; he remained dumb, the purple mountains raising a prayer all about him.

In the town all was different. He paused on the curb-stone irresolutely, pierced by the miserable conviction that he was weary, hungry and cold. A carriage drove up, and a gentleman, whose bearing betrayed fussy importance, alighted.

"Bless my soul! I am late; actually late for a dinner party at my own house!" he exclaimed testily, his glances falling on Gottlieb Braun.

The gentleman, whose middle age was smooth, rosy and rotund, even as that of Gottlieb was sharp and meagre, ascended the broad steps of a house, and was met on the threshold by a trim servant.

"Have not arrived, eh?" he said, rubbing his hands. "Very good. Still, the fish may be spoiled, Maria." Again his preoccupied gaze fell upon Gottlieb, who, victim of circumstance, advanced and begged for assistance.

Mr. Gildwell listened with a certain exasperated composure. He was a person of weight in the world, wealthy and noted for being connected with many branches of charity, still he never gave at the door. A safe member of society, this, liable to be carried away by impulse; whose very heart must be divided into sections for distinct emotions, whose principles, measured by rule and compass, did not permit Gottlieb Braun to gather the crumbs which fell from the table spread for a foreign attaché and Mr. Thorn, the millionaire.

The trim servant still held the door open, permitting a glimpse of marble vestibule, a rim of crimson rug, the sweep of a velvet curtain, and a group of lovely children playing with a poodle.

"It is against my rule to give money. I dare say your story is true. Served in the war, eh? And did not run away?" "No," said Gottlieb, sharply.

Mr. Gildwell pursed up his lips sourly, and did not spare himself. At the risk of having his guests discover him without a dress coat, he searched in a corpulent pocket-book for a small red ticket.

"Take that to the poor bureau. A policeman will direct you. Now be off."

Gottlieb turned away. Curious freak of destiny! As Gottlieb, a poor German, was thus dismissed, the attaché, also a German, was received with excessive unbanity in the house he condescended to honor. The trim servant, Maria, ran out on the step after admitting the visi-

The Deaf-Blind Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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tors, fumbled in her pocket for pennies Gottlieb had disappeared.

Half an hour later he found the bureau, having twice blundered and missed his way. The place was closed for the night. He wandered on without purpose to the corner. The bitter wind had lulled; the sombre clouds, gathering in denser masses overhead, promised the first snow of the year.

Mr. Gildwell, adjusting his napkin and presiding over a table glittering with silver and gorgeous with flowers and light, was observing: "If trifles are not indigenous in the country, Count, they may be cultivated."

Gottlieb observed a church, massive and, with a slender shaft towering far above the surrounding roofs. The church meant cool darkness, silence and purity, after the reeking streets, if one could only gain an entrance. He tried the door mechanically; it was locked. What would you have? We cannot keep our churches-always open, even should a fainting soul perish by the way.

Next he was caught in an eddy of desperate humanity—the abject poor, the sodden, brutal poor, all seeking the station-house, eager to receive that last stamp of degeneration on the coinage of their own abasement, if sleep might only bring forgetfulness of misery. Gottlieb shuddered and drew back from the crowded entrance of a building which seemed to exhale a painful familiarity with crime from every stone. He could not throw himself into that stream of pollution.

Afterward he wandered on, without purpose, past rows of fine dwellings, past hurrying people all intent on reaching home. Sometimes he held out his hand for alms, but it was done in so awkwardly and hesitatingly that few noticed the movement. The way grew narrow and crooked; he had quitted the spacious thoroughfare unconsciously, and now tall houses, time-stained and dilapidated, lined the street. Gottlieb sat down on a wooden door-step to rest. Nobody disputed his right of possession. Laborers came and went, work-women trudged along, children played in the gutter.

Suddenly a light form darted around the corner, tripped and fell almost at Gottlieb's feet. Was it the gleam of golden hair escaping from a little scarlet hood, or the blue eyes, now anxious and terrified, that made Gottlieb start with the exclamation, "Gretchen." Color had dawned in his pale face; he knew his mistake even before the young girl rose, nursing a bruised wrist. Gretchen was in her grave. The girl regarded him silently, almost wildly, and when he laid a hand on her arm she darted away again as if fearing capture. Her rapid flight was impeded by an old woman carrying a basket of apples and oranges, which were spilled by the shock of contact.

"Ain't yer ashamed now, an' for an old body, too?" said the woman, whose name was Mother Bates. The girl hesitated, then stooped to gather up the fruit.

"Don't let her go," implored Gottlieb. The girl looked from one to the other suspiciously.

"He wants me to be taken," she cried with a sob.

"You are like my Gretchen, and I wish to help you," he returned quietly.

Mother Bates planted her cane before her indignantly.

"Where are you going?" to Gottlieb.

"I don't know," wearily.

"Where are you going?" to the girl.

"Away from the police," with a shudder and a fearful glance around.

"Come along, then."

They followed the old woman, these two waifs, scarcely knowing why, and the young girl whispered to Gottlieb: "I am Christine Carlen; I don't know Gretchen. And what makes you so pale?"

Mother Bates lived at the top of a tenement house, and she conducted her guests into a small room with cheerful hospitality. Already were five children gathered here, sharp-featured, shrill-voiced, and bearing that aspect of precocity peculiar to boys and girls of the city street. They might have been trained in a worse school, certainly, and the little room made a sort of democracy, of which Mother Bates was ruler with limited authority. The addition of two strangers to their circle was taken as a matter of course by these small citizens of the world; only the baby stared at Christine, attracted by the beauty of gold hair, blue eyes and red lips. With tact Mr. Gildwell could have imitated this ignorant old woman, taught by the goodness of her own heart—the only true instructor, indeed, in politeness—asked no questions while serving a frugal supper. Few manifestations of affections were exchanged in the household, although shrewd Mother Bates cherished a dry pride in the success of some of her charges.

"I used to live here alone, but I picked 'em up one by one a starving. I taught 'em their trades, too. Billy sells newspapers; Molly sweeps crossings, and Mike gets cinders from the barrels for our fire. They save my old bones lots of work."

Christine Carlen had grown quiet; she was ready to tell her story. Two years before she had come from Sweden with her mother. They were to join their

family in the west. Instead, the foreigners stranded in the city; the mother had sickened, been taken away to a hospital, and, alive or dead, Christine could never find her again. They told her the mother had gone to one of the islands, and there she had been put in a pauper's grave. That was all. Afterward a woman took the child, and placed her as cash-girl in the house of Dibbler & Co. What heaps of glittering finery, festoons of ribbons and lace, crowds of beautiful ladies, did Christine daily behold! What longing filled her heart to be free like these fortunate ones. Sometimes she touched furtively delicate fabrics, wondering how it would seem to own such splendor.

When Gottlieb Braun emerged from the depot the usual throng surged through the premises of Dibbler & Co., and the shopman had pulled a bundle of lace from Christine's pocket. Yes, there was conviction of robbery, although Christine had not stolen the lace. She affirmed hotly, "I never did it!"

The shopman merely said, "Come to the desk."

As she prepared to obey, trembling, confused and astonished, the pretty girl in the corner, who wore pink bows in her hair, and who had grown deadly pale; grasped her arm.

"Get your things and run away, Christine, before the police catch you. Quick."

Christine had snatched the little red hood, and fled in blind, panic and fear until she fell at Gottlieb's feet.

The old soldier now listened attentively to the story.

"She came to me like Gretchen," he said, with a smile Mother Bates could not understand.

In the night snow fell. The geranium in the window, pride of all the children, shrank from the frosty pane; the meagre fire died to a single coal. The old woman had insisted upon giving Gottlieb a spare pallet in the corner, the children were huddled together on her side of the room, Christine sat before the fire, regarding her bruised wrist piteously. At midnight Gottlieb rose, and silently motioned the girl to take his place. She obeyed wonderingly, and sank into dreamless sleep. In the cold dawn Mother Bates discovered that the man had fainted on the hearth.

Life may become infused with unexpected interest, which stimulates to fresh exertion rather than hope. All through the night Gottlieb Braun, thinking of the lost Gretchen, gazed at the sleeping child, and when darkness screened the soft cheek, rose-flushed, swept by silky lashes, he listened to her quiet breathing, forming a new resolution, until exhaustion overpowered him in the patient vigil. The advent of Christine Carlen in his life was not such a great event, only Gottlieb's portion was such a very little one. God sent this humble man for you, Christine, slumbering among the shadows, within reach of the talons of that great bird of prey—want.

Gottlieb counted the days with haggard restlessness, a low fever consuming his veins, pain knowing at the very sources of life. While daylight lasted he dragged himself about the streets in search of food, at least for Mother Bates' little brood. When he returned at night Christine was romping with the children. The old woman, whose wrinkled, brown face, framed in a black hood, was a landmark on the thoroughfare where she vended fruit, recklessly dispensed apples at the evening meal, observing Gottlieb sharply the while. Little Mollie, bright-eyed and saucy, with a ragged shawl pinned over her head, was making money in the slush and mire. Fear of the police kept Christine from joining her in her street-sweeping. Sleep refused to visit Gottlieb's weary senses. What visions came to him in the night? On Tuesday morning Mother Bates said: "You come to the dispensary, my man."

"What's the use? It's all the old wounds and the fever." Then he added, with sudden tears in his eyes, "God bless you, good woman, for taking us in! Tomorrow I draw the pension." Thus did he identify himself already with the Swedish maiden.

Mother Bates scoffed loudly at the sentiment, then paused at the foot of the staircase to wipe her own eyes on her gingham apron. Gottlieb was out all day. When he came back he gave his hostess a fifty-cent bill, with no other explanation than that he obtained a job in a warehouse, despite his one arm. Excitement robbed him of all appetite for food. He spent a second night with wide eyes fixed on the ceiling, counting the hours, delirium creeping over his senses. If he could only last until tomorrow! He would last, even if he crept to the goal on his hands and knees. Desperate resolution made him face a day; desperate energy took him, pallid and trembling, to his post, and brought him back at dusk to sink down speechless on Mother Bates' pallet. The fire of life only burned in the sunken eyes. When Christine sat beside the bed he was quiet; when she moved away a spasm of anxiety distorted his features. Billy ran for the doctor; Molly ushered the other children, the baby hid his head in Mother Bates' lap. The doctor was out.

"So I went for him," said Billy, glancing curiously around and half nervously at the sick man.

The noise of the street reached this quiet room only in a distant murmur. A step was heard on the stair. Mother Bates moved uneasily. Billy, failing to find one kind of a doctor, had chosen another, and the difference was not clear to his own mind. Mother Bates had never received city missionaries with favor, and now one was at her door. Her creed was a crooked yet self-hopeful one. "Every one must get along the best they can."

He was on the threshold—a grave, slender man, with dark, calm eyes. Terrible indeed if he proved a broken reed! How did he divine the very depths of human need at a glance? With unerring tenderness he sought in Gottlieb's pocket for the package of money, guided by a look, and gave a ten-dollar bill, to the old woman. Then he bent his ear to the faltering lips.

"Use—the money—to—send—the child—to her friends—in the West. She knows—the town."

Thus the old soldier made his last bequest, and so, utterly spent in the battle, died. Evening merged into night, and darkness again yielded to the morning, when Christine Carlen was laid away by the good missionary. Mr. Gildwell knew nothing of the event, and Mother Bates said, grimly, to the good missionary: "If you take the baby, sir, we'll just stay as we are."

Gottlieb Braun, the soldier, laid away in a nameless grave, had done what he could in saving the bloom of a young life.

That Kaliker Dress.

One day not long ago an old chap from the interior, accompanied by his wife, entered a Vicksburg dry goods store, and after looking around for a moment he said to the clerk:

"Pile yer best kaliker down here afore me, for Mirandy's wants a dress."

As the pieces were tumbled down he continued:

"Mirandy's been purty good this summer and she can have her pick of the best kaliker in the store."

The old man felt of the different pieces, and his wife tossed them over, and finally they settled on a particular piece and he said:

"Cut her off nine yards of that."

"What! nine yards?" asked the wife.

"That's what I said, Mirandy."

"I can't get a kaliker dress with a loop-up behind to it out'n nine yards," she exclaimed, turning pale with dismay.

"Who said anything about hoods?" he inquired.

"Haven't you always got a kaliker dress out'n nine yards?"

"Yes, but the fashion has changed. I've got to have fourteen yards now."

"Ha! eh! I'd like to see myself buying any fourteen yards now."

"Then you won't?"

"Not if I die for it!"

"You are an old miser!" she hotly exclaimed.

"Don't fool with the aligator, Mirandy!" he warned.

"Oh, I guess you'd better buy her the dress," put in the clerk, hoping to make peace.

"Dam' if do!" growled the man.

The woman walked down the store, looked into the back yard, and turned and called out:

"Come here a minute, William."

"What yer want?" he inquired.

"Come here, darling, I want to whisper to you," she continued.

He followed her out among the boxes. Her face wore a smile, and he suspected nothing. When he was clear of the door she turned and seizing him by the windpipe, rushed him backwards and flopped him over a pile of boxes.

"Mirandy, I'll pound blazes out'n you for this!" hoarsely whispered the man.

"William, it don't lay in your backbone!" she replied.

"Take that!" he gasped, trying to kick her.

He made a heavy struggle, but she clung to his throat and flopped him as often as he partially rose. After realizing that he was foul, he faintly inquired: "Mirandy, what's yer object?"

"A kaliker dress!" she promptly responded.

"Nine yards?" he asked.

"Plump fourteen," she responded.

"Say twelve, Mirandy."

"Straight fourteen, and no gouging," she answered.

He made a grand effort to throw her off, but she banged him down and landed a blow on his nose in addition.

"Mirandy," he gasped.

"Well, William."

"Tell that young man to cut off that kaliker."

"That's right, William; that's purty," she said, loosening her grasp and extending her hand.

"You won't say anything, Mirandy?"

"Not a whoop."

He scrambled over the back fence, and she went in and had the full number of yards cut off. When ready to go the old man was at the door with the mules, a shade of sadness upon his brow, but still willing to admit to the clerk—

"Mirandy took me by surprise, but it's all right; charge that kaliker to my account."

Sad, but Salutory.

We find in the *Maroa* (Ill.) News an account of the resignation of Elder J. V. Beekman as pastor of the Christian (Unitarian-Baptist) church of that village. For some time past the reverend gentleman's griefs have been such as to cause great heart to his friends and bring reproach upon the church. At the close of the sermon, which was preached by a neighboring pastor, Elder Beekman made the following address, which we give as a warning to all men both young and old to avoid the sin and shame which have come upon this man:

"As a man I have the highest conception as to what the life and character of a minister of the Gospel should be. I know that he should lead a consistent and an upright life, that can be looked to by the community as an example of purity and righteousness. Knowing that my life has not been such in all respects, I desire to tender to this church, for which I have labored so long, my resignation."

"You are aware that I refer to my sin of intemperance. This may be my last opportunity of addressing you, and I want to ask you that you will not charge this great shame to the religion of Christ. It teaches better things. Charge it to my own depravity and sinful nature. To you who have not the habit, it is strange that I should thus yield to temptation. I well remember the time when I thought it strange that others drank and ruined themselves with alcohol. I am glad there are so many young men hear this morning, that I may lift my voice in warning, and beg them to profit by my example. You think now that you are strong, and in no danger. I well remember the time when I believed the same. Twelve years ago, when I reached forth my inexperienced hand and took the intoxicating cup, I thought I was strong; but I developed a habit that now holds me in chains, and in the most awful slavery that humanity was ever subjected to. It holds me in its embrace when I seek my bed for repose; it disturbs my dreams during the weary hours of night, and seizes me as its prey when I rise in the morning to enter upon the duties of the day."

"Profit, Oh! profit by my example; see what it has done for me. There was a time when I stood as fair as any minister of the Church of Illinois; there was a time when I had as bright prospects and as cheering hopes for the future as any of my classmates. But now they are all gone because of intemperance. O! that I could bring the whole to hear my warning voice. Young ladies, you can do much to remove this curse from the world by not countenancing its use among your companion."

"Brethren! I sever my connections with you as pastor with a sad heart. It would be sad under the most favorable circumstances, but more so as it is. But I shall remain with you in the church, and labor in the community for a livelihood; I will come to your social meetings, and work with you in the Sunday school, and will do what I can to atone for the great sin I have committed."

"God knows I do not wish to injure His cause. Pray for me that I may yet overcome this besetting sin. I trust I shall be able to conquer. But, should I go down under the withering influence, I ask that you remember me kindly. Whenever you meet me, and under what circumstances, remember there was a time when you were proud of me. But treat me as you may, act towards me as you choose, I beg that you will remember my wife kindly. Do not give her pain and sorrow because of my wrong doing. Poor woman, she has always suffered enough. I married her a sweet and innocent girl. She has been a patient and faithful wife. Again, I ask that you will kindly remember my wife and children."

When the Rev. Frank Burges, the late Rector of Winterbourne, was once taken to task for hunting by his Diocesan, Bishop Wilberforce, he responded by reminding his lordship that hunting was not more unclerical than dancing, having observed that the bishop had attended Her Majesty's State Balls. The bishop excused himself by saying that he was never in the room with the dancers; upon which the witty parson said, "The same here, my lord; for, although I join the hunt, unfortunately I ride such inferior cattle that I am never by any chance in the same field with the hounds."

Old Winston was a negro preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original.

A gentleman thus accosted the old preacher one Sunday:

"Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. How can you prove it?"

"Well, sah, did you never read in the Bible how seven devils were cast out 'er Mary Magalin?"

"Oh, yes! I've read that."

"Did you ever hear of 'em bein' cast out of any odder woman, sah?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

An Odd Way of Popping the Question.

A recent novel contains a mode of "popping the question," singular in its way. Miss George answers a tap at the front door, and her lover, Mr. Fleetwood, proves to be the visitor. "Miss George, I've come on an errand that makes me nervous. I've walked up to your door three times to-night before I dared knock, and now I've got in I've hardly courage to say what I want to say. The fact is, when a man has got a favor to ask, he doesn't know well how to begin, especially if he is a man of few words." Here Mr. Fleetwood stopped, and an awkward pause ensued.

"I'm sure if there's any favor we can do for you we shall only be too glad to— to oblige so kind a friend." I began, "I can never feel grateful enough for all—" "Stop, or you'll be saying more than you wish." "There is something you can do—something that will repay me a thousand times over and make me the happiest man alive. You'll think me very abrupt, I am afraid, but I want to know if you'll marry me? I'll make you a good and faithful husband, by God's help, if you'll have me, Dorothy. There I've done it now, and a pretty mess I've made of it." For I had sat down and covered my face with my hands, and I'm afraid I was beginning to sob. It had come upon me so suddenly. "I oughtn't to have blurted it out like that," said Mr. Fleetwood, in an uneasy tone. "I hope you're not offended with me?" I was still silent, but it was from emotion, not anger or indifference. "If you wish me to go, sit as you sit now, with your face turned from me, but if you only find it hard to say the word I want to hear, just lift up the bit of seaweed there on the table by your side, and I'll know what you mean, Dorothy." The words were uttered in a voice full of feeling. I looked up into the manly, modest face bending over me, and—really I can't say whether I lifted up the seaweed or not.

The Power of Music.

The self-same melody may be repeated a hundred times, and inspire each time a train of thought different from the last. Sometimes it will call forth all the hidden stores of memory; absent friends, voices long silent in the tomb, lovely scenes, pleasant walks, and happy hours, come back to us in all their freshness and reality. Then the future opens its dreary prospect, gilded by hope, and chastened by a mournful tenderness. The exile is restored in glad anticipation to his country; the prodigal sobs out his penitence on his father's bosom; the child of affliction is safely lodged in that mansion where sorrow and crying are unknown. Sometimes the past is forgotten, the future unheeded, the mind wrapped up in the present consciousness of sublimity or beauty. Forms of delicate loveliness float before the mental vision. Thoughts too glorious to be lasting, high and holy resolves, gustings of tenderness alternately possess our minds with emotions all equally different and equally delightful. The poetical inspirations of Alfieri seldom came upon him but when he was under the influence of music. Haydn's symphonies were all composed so as to shadow forth some simple and affecting story by which the author excited and raised his own feelings, and wrought them up to that pitch of solemn pathos, or animated joyousness, which to this day inspires all who hear his music with corresponding emotions. The expression of sacred music comprehends every emotion that can agitate the human heart, and must be felt rather than described. The subdued tones of awful adoration; the impassioned fervor of desire; the humility of prayer; the wailing of penitential sorrow; the glad note of thanksgiving; the loud chorus of praise; all these have their own peculiar utterances, and must be pervaded by a depth and solemnity which shall distinguish them from the meaner affections of humanity.

—*Life of Mary Jane Graham.*

Little Willie having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last appears to give them up, and climbing up on a chair betakes himself to a big book on a side table. Mothersays to him: "What is darling doing with the book?" "It ich the dictionary; papa lookth in the dictionary for things, and I'm looking in it to see if I can find my shoes."

A young lady went to the photograph artist recently and wished him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

The Rev. Isaac Hanks, for many years minister of an independent chapel in Malmesbury, England, fell down dead in his pulpit just as he had given out his text, which was: "But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

The most steadfast followers of our fortunes—our creditors.

Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest.

A Yankee who was traveling through Kentucky had a fine horse and money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveler saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do at the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down.

"There are some rabbits here," said the rider; "I know by his ears."

The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, started around, and sure enough, searched three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, \$300 being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he were a hippopotamus.

"How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible.

The Yankee who was mounted on the hunter's horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied coolly:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits!"

Coaches of Former Days.

A coachman of to-day has little notion of what a coach-load was in the old times. We may get some idea of what it was like from prints of the period, but not a complete one. First there were the passengers, four inside and twelve out, besides the coachman and guard. Both the front and the hind boot were filled with small packages; the roof was piled up so high as barely to admit of the coach's passing beneath the archway of the inn; trunks and carpet-bags, hampers, hat-boxes and gun-cases—the whole luggage of the sixteen passengers heaped up and overhanging the sides of the vehicle. A tarpaulin was drawn over all, and securely fastened with a broad leather strap. Underneath the coach, a "cradle" was often swung, into which were placed any et ceteras for which no room could be found elsewhere. In addition to all this, game-baskets, hares and pheasants might frequently be seen hung from the lamp irons. Thus loaded a stage-coach presented a really wonderful appearance, and the packing of one demanded no small skill and ing

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All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Important Correction.

Bishop Huntington will hold confirmation services at Grace church, in this village, Sunday, the 19th of December next, and will not be here on the 29th, as advertised in our deaf-mute Festival notice. He cannot possibly be present at that time. All deaf-mutes desirous of receiving the rite of confirmation will therefore notice the change and be present at the Sunday evening service, on the 19th of December next.

The Centennial at Philadelphia.

The question has been asked and a reply requested through the columns of this paper as to whether we shall have a deaf-mute gathering at the Philadelphia Centennial during the coming summer. In reply we can only say that we have not yet received any information in regard to the subject that will warrant us in giving a definite answer to the question. But we hope to learn more in relation to the matter before long, and as soon as we do, we will make it known through our editorial columns. If we are to have a national convention of deaf-mutes in that city, it is now high time to set about the work of preparing for it—the sooner the better—and for organizing a committee in the city to get everything in readiness before the time arrives for the gathering.

The Exposition will well repay all who can possibly be there for the time spent in visiting it, as there will be on exhibit a great variety of articles from all parts of the world, and it will not occur again in one hundred years, if ever. There will be a fair display of articles pertaining to the instruction and literature of the deaf and dumb, such as are voted in the circular of Messrs. E. M. Gallaudet and E. A. Fay, (a copy of which was published in a recent number of the JOURNAL.) The sight seeing will occupy one's attention for a couple of weeks or so, which time, if spent in the city, will, of course, be at the least, quite expensive. For this reason we feel a little delicate on our part to push the subject, although personally we are inclined to favor the idea of a national convention on the occasion of that great event. We doubt not the Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution would be very willing to have it occupied by the deaf-mutes from abroad during their visit in the city as it will be about the time of the vacation of the institution. But perhaps he has not the authority without permission from the Board of Directors of the Institution, each of whom would doubtless feel hospitable toward all, but still might decline on account of the expense which would be added to that which they have already undergone in enlarging the institution buildings. If we can procure occupancy of the institution it would be a most favorable opportunity for holding the convention, and also a great banquet on one of the closing days of the convention, which would be one of the grandest things ever experienced by the deaf-mutes assembled in a national convention. We would say that our columns are open to any suggestions that may be presented, which will forward the movement.

New Advertisement.

The attention of our readers is called to the New York Tribune advertisement on the third page. The Tribune is an old and familiar paper and never fails to give entire satisfaction to its readers. All new subscribers to that paper for 1876, will receive it free from now till the first of January, 1876. It is, indeed, an excellent family paper, and the liberal offer of the proprietors will doubtless add many new names to their subscription lists.

Personal.

Our Associate Editor, Mr. Seliney, made a brief visit to Mexico last week. He reports everything lovely at Rome, the attendance at the institution being fifty-four. The maximum number of pupils receivable for the present term is sixty, at which figure admissions must necessarily cease. Kittie, the horse, is distinguishing herself in all sorts of ways; and, admonished by the sudden fall of a foot of snow, Principal Johnson has purchased an elegant cutter, and the Roman streets will soon be lively with the merry peal of his sleigh bells. The latest arrival is a girl of thirteen, a semi-mute, losing her hearing two years ago. She is from Onondaga county, and is an agreeable addition.

Base Slander.

Two or three weeks ago the Deaf-Mute Advance published an account of an assault upon an old man in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., by a deaf-mute named James E. Doran. We saw the article at the time in that paper, but took no notice of it from the fact that we suspected it to be a malicious attack upon the character of a well-doing and quiet young man. Such suspicions are now fully confirmed. Some malicious person with the intention of defaming his character, invented the falsehood and sent it to the editor of the Advance for publication. Who the author was we are not aware, but whoever he may be we sincerely hope that he may be discovered and punished to the full extent of the law in such case provided. Statements, published in another column, that come from reliable and trustworthy sources, fully exculpate Mr. Doran from the flagrant outrage charged against him by the Advance. But that does not exonerate its editor from publishing such defamatory articles until he knows more of the responsibility of their authors. We are very glad that Mr. Doran is able to prove by unquestioned evidence the utter falsity of the charges and the diabolical meanness of the person who sought through the columns of a deaf-mute paper to destroy his reputation. It now remains for the editor of the Advance to use his columns to undo the mischief in this case which it has already accomplished.

The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerizer*.

Miss NELLIE FRANKLIN is now in Philadelphia visiting her only sister, but she will return to New York in a week or two to spend the winter.

Miss ABBIE J. DANIELS, a graduate of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., has been making a long visit in Flatbush, L. I.

Mrs. HARRINGTON nee HART, of Boston, with her little five-year-old daughter, her only child, recently made a short stay in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss ANNIE ISHAM, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has gone to New Haven, Conn., to assist in the celebration of the birthday of her twin cousins.

Miss ELLIE D. CLAPP, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has just returned from a pleasant visit in Troy, N. Y., and will spend the winter at home.

Miss SATTIE HOWARD, formerly a teacher in the Michigan Institution, will spend the winter at her home in New York.

It is reported that HARRY MOORE, with his Spanish bride, has lately arrived in New York. He has been abroad some ten years, devoting himself to his special art—that of painting. His old friends are impatiently waiting to give him a welcome. We hear that he is at present somewhere in New Jersey, visiting a brother.

Mrs. THOS. H. GALLAUDET, the mother of Dr. Gallaudet of St. Ann's Church, is at present visiting her son, Wallace Gallaudet, Esq., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss AMANDA WEAVER, a colored deaf and dumb girl, took the first premium at the recent state fair for the best practical penmanship. Amanda is a pupil in the colored department of the institution for the deaf and dumb and blind.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Sentinel*.

The Mute's Chronicle which has had its title heretofore symbolized by the words represented in the manual characters, has come to us with the headlines of its second, third and fourth pages beautifully embellished in the manual alphabet. All these were elegantly executed by Mr. JOHN BARRICK, the well known artist of Cincinnati, Ohio.

We have also received from Mr. Barrick a complimentary card of the manual alphabet, which bears an exquisite specimen of his handiwork. In the centre of the card is a figure of the hand, around which is a ring representing the shooting rays of the sun, and also the following words in print: "The gift of Nature in the light of the mind, is a power to express thought by means of signs and to develop this instrumentality into a useful institution." The name of each manual letter is accompanied by its corresponding English letter.

Mr. THOMAS BROWN, of West Henriker, N. H., is, as announced in our last week's number, stopping for a month

or so at Chilmark on the island of Martha's Vineyard, visiting his deceased wife's relatives and enjoying the sea air for the benefit of his health. Our friend, "Uncle Thomas," describes the island as being a very romantic and delightful place and much resorted to in the summer months by persons in pursuit of health and pleasure. The island is twenty-one miles in length from east to west and eight in width from north to south, and the four towns of Edgartown, Tisbury, Chilmark, and Gayhead are situated upon it. There are about twenty deaf-mutes residing on the island, all of whom, with one exception, were educated at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn. Many of them are engaged in the fishing and clamming business. We judge that Martha's Vineyard is a fine place for spending the hot summer months, and, although it is a rather barren country, the inhabitants enjoy themselves quite well; and many of them find ample remuneration for their labor in the fishery and clam business.

Our thanks are tendered to Mr. M. LEARY, (a deaf-mute) of North Tarrytown, N. Y., for a copy of "The Husband's and Wife's Commandments," which is published elsewhere in this paper. If all will keep these commandments there will be less occasion for "family jars."

Elmira has a new club for the deaf-mutes which calls itself—"THE SOUTHERN TIER CLUB." The officers are not elected yet.

A bald-headed man was in town Saturday, inquiring if he could get his wife into the Institution for Deaf-mutes, and how long it would probably take to teach her to be dumb. When matters had been explained to him, he bought three yards of clothes line and started for the woods.—*Oswego Paper*.

From Michigan.

We are happy to announce that we have secured the services of a valued correspondent, who will hereafter keep us in news from different parts of Michigan. This week he sends us the following:

Jackson, Michigan, with a population of only 16,000, has a larger number of deaf-mutes residing within her limits than many other cities of the same size. Five families live within easy reach of each other, and the social gatherings, which are frequent, are made larger by those who come in from the country. The unmarried ones in the city ought not to be unmentioned. There are several of them, all of whom have good occupations. Several live within easy access to the city by rail, and come as often as there is a religious service or some social gathering.

The mutes of the city have arranged to have a good time on next Thanksgiving day, and invitations have been sent out to many living at a distance.

Of papers for the deaf and dumb, he gives us this intelligence: "In my travels and visits, I have noticed the general absence among them of papers devoted to their interests. I have observed the results of this absence, and felt it to be their duty to subscribe for some well managed and well edited paper like the JOURNAL. I think that your paper ought to have a more general circulation. The demise of several preceding journals like the Guide, Friend and others surely ought to carry a lesson for the future. They died simply because they had not sufficient support; hardly because they were not well edited and managed, for the general opinion seems to be that talent was well represented in their respective editorial corps."

Unless a better sense of duty in the matter of their support arises in the minds of the deaf and dumb, the papers and periodicals devoted to their interests must drag out a very precarious existence.

To which we would add that we mean to do our best to firmly establish a paper for the deaf and dumb and shall not hesitate to throw into the work whatever of energy, foresight and skill we may possess, and, if backed by liberal co-operation, there is no question of the success of the effort.

From Indiana.

Our Indiana correspondent writing under date, the 10th of Nov., says:

There are nearly three hundred pupils in attendance at the present writing. There have been three hundred and thirty-nine admitted since November 1st, 1874, which is an increase, with the discharge of an equal number at the close of the term, of about thirty. The classes have more pupils now than any previous year, the average being twenty to a class. Fifteen teachers are employed, six of whom are ladies (three are deaf-mutes). Of the gentlemen teachers, four are mutes.

Little Bertie, baby boy of Prof. H. C. Hammond died last month. He left a loving father, mother and little brother to mourn his loss.

Mr. McKim father-in-law of Mr. Vail, is improving. Mrs. Vail's beautiful vineyard. He is laying a street through the central part of it, from Washington St. to William St., and putting up ten nice frame dwellings on each side of the street. It will be quite a little village when they are up. Mr. McKim, does an immense business in Pittsburgh coal at Madison, Indiana. His son John is one of the partners of the firm, and is competent to manage the business. He is a constant subscriber of the JOURNAL, and likes it much. His deaf sister Belle was at Mr. Vail's home a whole week last fall, and saw the Grand Indiana Parade.

The great astronomer of Paris, Leverrier, who discovered the planet Neptune, has made a prediction which is noteworthy. It is that the winter of 1875-6 will be uncommonly severe. Enormous quantities of snow to fall in December and January.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Dear Sir: By rumor and by letter I have heard that it is reported in the Advance as follows: "That James E. Doran, a deaf-mute, about twenty-two years of age, living in Syracuse, assaulted and knocked down an old man in a shocking manner. He was arrested and fined \$20."

As the above is exactly my description, I think some deaf-mute has done it to injure me. The statement being untrue you will oblige me by refuting it.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES E. DORAN.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Syracuse, do affirm that the above accusation is utterly false, and we consider James E. Doran a young man of excellent qualities.

H. A. RUMRILL,
EDWARD E. MILES,
A. F. LEWIS, Treasurer Syracuse Savings Bank.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 15th, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Dear Sir: Understanding that the Advance published an article purporting to be the account of an assault on an old man, in Syracuse, N. Y., by one James E. Doran, a deaf-mute, who is of the same place, and aged about twenty-two years, and the subsequent arrest of Doran, who, it says, was fined \$20.00.

As this is about the age of one James E. Doran, a deaf-mute, who is a member of our family, and he having resided with us since leaving school, we, knowing it to be utterly false, request that you will not allow any such article to appear in your paper as it was doubtless intended by the author to malign the character of the said James E. Doran, who is known by all to be a young man of quiet, inoffensive habits. Trusting this will meet with your approval and that you will stop the further publication, I am

Respectfully yours,
JNO. O. LEWIS.

Deaf-Mute Service at Wheeling, W. Va.

An exceedingly interesting service was held at Saint Matthew's Church yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The occasion was the reading of the service, and remarks to deaf-mutes of the city and vicinity, by Mr. Mann, of Flint, Mich., himself a deaf-mute, and a licensed lay reader of the church. At the hour designated, quite a congregation, among which were many of the unfortunates for whose special benefit the service was to be held, were present. The rector of the church, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, delivered a few remarks, and Mr. Mann then proceeded with the regular evening services of the Prayer Book, in the sign language. It was a very peculiar and novel sight to see him conveying thoughts and offering up prayer entirely by signs, and in perfect silence. Those present were all very much interested, and it is a matter of great credit to the Episcopal Church that she has taken such interest in this direction, and done so much towards advancing the spiritual welfare of persons so grievously afflicted.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) Register*, Nov. 1, 1875.

Henry E. Lawrence, Esq.

(From the New Jersey Courier, Aug. 26, 1875.)

It was with saddened heart that we learned of the decease of our esteemed friend, whose name heads this article. The event occurred this wise: Mr. Lawrence resided with his family but a half mile easterly from the Bayville post office, his business keeping him in Louisiana, where he was largely interested, most of the time. His business there was at Brahear city, of which he is said to have been the founder. Some three or four weeks since, while at Brahear, his brother or discovered that he was rapidly failing, and upon consulting eminent medical authority, it was ascertained that our friend was afflicted with an internal malignant tumor, so situated that it could not be treated, and of necessity must prove mortal.

Under such circumstances, it was a natural desire of Mr. L. to die amid his family, whom he fondly loved. Under the fraternal care of his brother, Hon. Effingham Lawrence, he started on Saturday, the 14th, for home. Telegrams were sent ahead of them, apprising his family of his progress and condition. On arriving at Jersey City, at 12 m. on Tuesday, the 17th inst., his wife and brother, Cornelius Lawrence, with other members of his family, met their beloved relative at Taylor's hotel, as he was borne from the cars on a stretcher. He was speechless, but recognized his friends, and then his desire being gratified, his strong nerves gave way, and he dropped away, as quietly as an infant goes to sleep. Within two hours of his arrival he was dead.

Mr. L. was a native of Flushing, Long Island, brought up as a farmer, and at the age of 22, went to New Orleans, some forty years ago, and was a prominent merchant in that city. During Mr. Webster's administration of the State Department, Mr. Lawrence was charged with a special mission to Mexico, to look after the Santa Fe prisoners. He accomplished his mission, found many prominent American citizens in chains, sweeping the streets of Mexico. His mission was successful, and he speedily returned.

He was noted for the energy of character with which he carried out the different enterprises with which he connected himself. With him, "success was a duty." He introduced Fowler's celebrated steam plows into this country, his brother having two sets of these plows on his plantation in Louisiana, costing some \$28,000. This, too, proved a success. Shrewd investments have left his family in comfortable circumstances.

The remains were buried at Bayside, Long Island, on Thursday last. Henry E. Lawrence was noted for his kindness

of heart, urbanity of manners, and integrity. He was universally beloved wherever he was known; his portly form and humorous tongue will be missed. We tender the bereaved and sorrow-stricken family our sympathy. His age was 65.

[The gentleman above referred to was the father of Miss Maggie B. and Messrs Robert T. and Townsend Lawrence, all three of whom are deaf-mutes, and were educated at the New York Institution. Mr. Lawrence was a gentleman of strict integrity, and ever a kind father and husband, he improved all opportunities that contributed to the happiness of his family. We trust that he has gone to a better land, and that his family will all meet him there.—En.]

The Husband's Commandments.

1. I am thy husband; thou shalt have no other husband but me, whom thou didst vow to love, honor, and obey, for I saved thee from old maidism, and saved thee from the terror of single-blessedness.
2. Thou shalt not look upon any other man to love or admire him; for I, thy husband, am a jealous husband, who will visit the sins of the wife upon her followers; therefore keep thou faithfully to thy marriage vow.
3. Thou shalt not backbite thy husband, nor speak lightly of him; neither shalt thou expose his faults to thy neighbor, least he should hear of it, and punish thy perfidy by a deprivation of sundry items, such as bonnets, dresses, &c.
4. Remember the seventh day to keep it free from all unnecessary labor; for there are six days in which to do thy work. Thou shalt have thine house clean and tidy by four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and there shall be no washing of children or baking after that hour.—Thou shalt do thy marketing alone, lest in the company of other women, thou buyest ribbons for thyself, instead of cigars for thy husband.
5. Honor thy husband's father and mother, and let not thy thoughts wander selfishly towards their cupboards and pockets whilst doing so.
6. Thou shalt not box thy children's ears, nor thump them for plundering the sugar-pot, or running away with the pastry or jam, for a hungry stomach knows no law, save cut and run.
7. Thou shalt not listen to flattery, nor accept gifts or trinkets from any man, save thy husband, who esteems woman's purity her greatest ornament.
8. Thou shalt not rifle thy husband's pockets for money when he is asleep; neither shalt thou read any letters thou mayest find therein; for it is his business to look after his own affairs, and thy business to let him alone, ask no questions, but believe.
9. Thou shalt conceal nothing from thy husband, always speak the truth and make no false representation of the state of thy pantry and purse, for thy husband abhorreth petty larceny in the domestic department, which shall be punished by closing the exchequer until such financial affairs are abolished.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's furniture, nor her dress, nor her caps, nor anything that is her's; and when thou goest out with thy husband, thou shalt not wear a crinoline, nor any other dangerous machine, likely to come in contact with his shins.
11. Look for no jewelry from thy husband on the anniversary of thy wedding for it is written, "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

THE WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me.
2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image to bow down to her, to serve her, for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.
4. Remember her to keep her respectable.
5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.
6. Thou shalt not scold.
7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinners.
8. Thou shalt smoke tobacco and drink tea with me.
9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbors.
10. Thou shalt not visit the rum-tavern, thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his whiskey, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum-seller.
11. Thou shalt not visit the billiard saloon, nor covet the heaps of money that lie on the table; and the twelfth commandment is:
12. Thou shalt not stay out later than ten o'clock at night.

A Deaf and Dumb Post Office Clerk.

The man who patted an iron hitching-post on the head, and gave it a cent for running against it, was half drunk. This poor girl was only ignorant, and less to be pitied than he, because, unlike him (we fear), she will not make her foolish blunder again.

A young woman, evidently "from the country," was seen standing the other day, with a perplexed air, at one of the lamp-post boxes. She was observed to knock several times on the top of the iron box, but obtaining no response, she passed round to the opposite side, and raising the cover of the slit in which the letters are placed, she applied her mouth to the aperture, and called out (or in), "Can ye let me have a postage stamp, if ye please?"—*Youth's Companion*.

A close observer is responsible for the statement that, when a mouse makes his appearance in a ladies' sewing circle, the women with striped stockings always jump the highest.

The Official Canvass.

Following is the vote in this county at the election on the 2d inst., as declared by the Board of County Canvassers:

SECRETARY OF STATE.

Seward 7,095, Bigelow 5,930, Dunsinberre 565; Seward's majority 1,165.

COMPTROLLER.

Spinner 7,153, Robinson 5,881, Hopkins 559; Spinner's majority 1,272.

STATE TREASURER.

Merritt 7,088, Ross 5,922, Ayers 566; Merritt's majority 1,166.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Danforth 7,126, Fairchild 5,893, Marsh 566; Danforth's majority 1,233.

STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

Cornell 7,113, Van Buren 5,904, Dudley 566; Cornell's majority 1,209.

CANAL COMMISSIONER.

Tinsley 6,963, Walrath 6,059, Bell 562; Tinsley's majority 904.

STATE PRISON INSPECTOR.

Ives 7,104, Crowley 5,907, Gibbs 551; Ives's majority 1,197.

SHERIFF.

Hulett 6,153, Lowe 6,873, Lockwood 501; Lowe's majority 720.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Lamores 6,947, Parkhurst 5,978, Jones 532; Lamores's majority 969.

COUNTY TREASURER.

Conklin 7,056, Card 5,908, Stone 560; Conklin's majority 1,148.

SUPERINTENDENT OF POOR.

Edick 6,803, Newell 6,217, J. Parsons 513; Edick's majority 586.

SPECIAL COUNTY JUDGE.

Brainard 6,935, Shea 5,936, McCarthy 539; Brainard's majority 999.

SPECIAL SHERIFF.

Smith 6,891, Piper 5,983, Sherwood, 531; Smith's majority 903.

JUSTICE OF SESSIONS.

Cole 7,068, Edick 5,867, I. B. Parsons 565; Cole's majority 1,201.

SENATOR.

Doolittle 6,882, Jenkins 6,050, Crawford 521; Doolittle's majority 832.

SUPREME COURT JUDGE.

Noxon 6,451, Perry 6,456; Perry's majority 5.

MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY.

First District—Sloan 2,519, Judson 2,179, Mattison 67; Sloan's majority 340.

Second District—Green 2,096, Howard 1,981, Cox 137; Green's majority 215.

Third District—Preston 2,257, Woodbury 1,974, Potter 297; Preston's majority 283.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.

First District—Simpson 2,135, Bulger 1,372; Simpson's majority 763.

Second District—Coon 1,366, Berry 1,583; Berry's majority 217.

Third District—Ladd 2,188, Goodell, 1,366; Ladd's majority 822.

Mothers, save the Lives of your daughters when afflicted with consumptive coughs or violent colds, by administering to them without delay, the Standard Specific, HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Meteorology.

The mean temperature of the month of October, 1875, was 43.89°. This was 5.24° below the average of the past 21 years.

Average temperature at 7 a. m., 40.25°, at 2 p. m., 50.12°, and at 9 p. m., 42.61°.

Amount of rain-fall was 3.1 inches. The greatest amount of rain that fell in October, during the past 20 years, was 7.9 inches, in 1869. The lowest amount was 1 inch, in 1867.

The autumn has been colder than usual, with much cloudiness, high winds and occasional heavy rain storms, which have prepared the soil in fine order for fall plowing.

If the weather be against us, let us rouse up and overcome its ill effects, and not fold our arms and say it is too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold. If these things do come upon us, still be a good cheer; for the light of experience which to-day furnishes us ought to forbid an outcry against unfavorable weather.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, Nov. 15, 1875.

The question arises, "What is Indian summer?" and probably not one person in twenty thousand knows. Most every warm day in fall is spoken of as being it, and incorrectly, too. The Rev. John Lydon has expressed himself upon the subject as follows: "The leaves generally begin to fall in October, after the first frost, and continue to do so during the month. Then, very generally, when all the leaves have fallen, there comes a cold rain and a bitter frost, fermentation and decomposition of vegetation. Great heat is produced by decomposition, which adds warmth to the earth, causing that warm, misty atmosphere which continues until nearly the end of November. And it is during the warm spell so the tradition says, in this latitude, the Indians laid up their corn for the winter."

The Fall Term of Mexico Academy closes Friday of this week. Examinations Thursday and Friday, to which all are cordially invited. There is an apparent lack of interest in these examinations, evinced by so few of the patrons attending them. We would urge all, who can conveniently do so, to attend them, and manifest some interest in our Academy and its capable and worthy instructors.

Letter from Royal King.

[The following are extracts from a letter written by Royal King, who was formerly in this office, to his friends in this village, giving a description of a journey from Brainerd, Minnesota, to Ft. Berthold, Dakota Territory.]

FR. BERTHOLD, Oct. 26th, 1875.

I will write only a short letter this evening, simply to let you know of our safe arrival at this place. We left Brainerd Thursday noon, Oct. 21st. The evening before it was rumored that Ft. Berthold had been taken by the Sioux and burned to the ground, but not believing the report we continued to pack up, and, as I said before, left Thursday noon, and arrived at Fargo that evening. Staid there over night, and in the morning started for Bismarck, arriving there at 7:30 p. m., and at about 10 a. m., we started with teams for the Fort. One team contained C. W. Darling and family and Miss H. E. Briggs, besides a few sachels. The other team had the trunk, two mattresses, a tub of flowers and my self. The first day wagon No. 1 broke down twice, which caused a delay of about two hours. At about 8 o'clock p. m., team No. 1 stopped at a ranche, 35 miles north of Bismarck, and about one and a half hours later I and the team I was with, stopped at the same place. The wagon that Mrs. Darling was in being covered with canvas, she, the babies and Miss Briggs slept in that, and Mr. Darling and myself slept in a log house, with a good roof but no doors, floor, or mud in the cracks between the logs. I took my overcoat and one pair of blankets, and laid down on one of the mattresses we had with us; he did the same. I started out Sunday morning in a cold drizzly rain. As I had a rubber overcoat and rubbers, I got along very well. It stopped raining about twelve. At 1:15 p. m. we camped beside the road and took dinner. As Mrs. Darling and the lunch baskets had passed me on the road, the teamster furnished "grub" for both of us. After turning the horses loose to graze, we built a fire of wood picked up along the road. Harry (the teamster

California Notes.

BERKELEY, Nov. 1st, 1875.

The California Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind was re-opened on the twenty-first instant, under the charge of Prof. Warring Wilkinson, our accomplished principal. At present it contains about ninety-five pupils. Most of the pupils returned after the fire with a loss of not more than two weeks' time, and vigorously resumed their studies.

I regret that the older boys have not a large workshop. A small shoe-shop, where five of them are working under the charge of Mr. William Phillips, the deaf-mute foreman, being the only one which they have. In the afternoons, some of the larger boys work at moving stones from the ruins, grading the ground in the rear, and digging ditches for the purpose of letting the rain water run off in the wet season.

Our principal is a good agriculturalist, and keeps our field well cultivated. For this reason, our table has been well supplied with fruits and vegetables grown upon the tract of land given by the State to this institution for its use.

The school has been divided into four classes, and the rooms nicely furnished with—desks, blackboards and maps. They are of the best description and will be useful in the new building.

Principal Wilkinson will go to the Legislature as soon as the next session commences to look after the interests of the institution.

Hon. Mr. Sargent and his wife, escorted by sub-Treasurer, William Sherman, visited us and took lunch with the principal and teachers. He seemed much interested in the education of the deaf and dumb and the blind.

The members-elect of the Legislature and the Board of Trustees had a meeting to consider the feasibility of building a new institution at a cost of \$300,000. A fire drill was held to accustom the pupils and employees to their work in case of an emergency.

On the 29th of last September, the deaf and dumb pupils under the supervision of our principal and teachers, went by the horse-cars and the splendid steamer, "Oakland," to San Francisco, where we got into the Woodward horse-cars for Mechanics Fair. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and returned in safety to the institution in the evening.

The wedding of Miss Eloise Kelly, a totally blind girl, was celebrated at this institution on the 21st of September last. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, who is one of our present trustees. It took place in the large recitation-room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, in the presence of all the pupils and a few invited guests.

The bride is short in stature and appeared more like a daughter than the wife of the Benedict, Mr. John Jeffery. She has a fair complexion, and golden-brown hair which was worn short, and has a natural inclination to curl. She moves about with so much ease and confidence that at a short distance, one would scarcely think her blind. After the wedding ceremony and receiving the congratulations of her teachers and school-mates, some excellent vocal and instrumental music was furnished by a number of the blind pupils, who are under the instruction of Prof. George B. Goodall. Then all were invited into the large dining-hall to lunch. The several tables were covered with sandwiches, cake, fruit, coffee, etc. In the center of the room was the bridal cake, which was large and handsome. For all the arrangements and the pleasant way in which the whole affair passed off, Principal Wilkinson and the teachers deserve much praise.

"Quite a comical scene transpired just as the newly wedded pair were being driven away from the institution. A large bevy of the deaf and dumb girls appeared with their aprons filled with old shoes and threw them after the departing couple. This they did that the bride and groom might have good luck, and the rapid way in which they capered about and talked with their fingers and hands, indicated that they enjoyed it immensely, although they all seemed to regret the parting with their schoolmate and companion."—The San Francisco Alta.

Days, weeks fly by, and the months are passing so rapidly that the teachers and pupils find it hard to keep track of them, and are working with might and main in the school department, although for nearly six months they have been doing so. We expect to have a vacation during the December holidays. Our principal may let us have two or three weeks' recreation.

The following persons were elected as the officers of the Excelsior Literary Association: Charles T. Smith, President; Douglas Tilden, First Vice President; Mary E. Wright, Second Vice President; Annie Warren, Secretary; Theo. d'Estralla, Treasurer; Lara Bartels, Teller, and Theo. Grady, Sergeant-at-Arms. After the election, some comical stories were told, and a few short dramatic plays acted in such a manner as to greatly delight the audience. The last poem, "Hiawatha," was recited by Mr. Theophilus in his easy and sublime pantomime.

I think your readers would like to know something about their mute friends in San Francisco. And therefore I will send the following items:

About two months ago, on one Saturday afternoon, a Mr. Delavan, a deaf-mute, took a boat from Long Bridge, and by the aid of a kite, 5½ feet, went to Alameda Wharf. The boat was rigged with a large drag, some 150 pounds in weight, attached to the stern so that it could be shifted from side to side at will. The kite line was fastened to the bow so that, with the guy lines, the straight line could be shifted to either quarter, this was done to enable him to steer the boat by both the kite and the drag. After many unsuccessful attempts, the kite was raised and the voyage began. There was some little difficulty in clearing the

vessels in the stream, but once past them, the very acme of aquatic enjoyment was experienced, as the boat was drawn fast enough and lifted so as to ride the swells with the most cradle-like motion. He observed that there were three different currents of air within a perpendicular distance of about 125 feet; the surface current was due east all the time, and when he neared the Alameda shore the current at the kite was due south."

Henry B. Crandall, who lives at 73 Clementia St., San Francisco, is the lay-reader for the deaf-mute attendants of the Union Baptist Church. His trade is that of a boiler-maker. He has twice rendered a pantomime at the New England kitchen entertainments, held for the benefit of the Marine Hospital. His wife keeps a few mute boarders and they have splendid time evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams still live at 67 Clementia St. Some of our readers will remember Mrs. Williams as Miss A. Harrison of the New York Institution.

Alonzo C. Doe, who was in this institution for about three years, is now a clerk in the Post Office Department of San Francisco. His capacity for accurately understanding what persons say from the movements of their lips is wonderful.

James C. Harlan, who was a promising pupil of this institution, but who left last winter, is now pursuing his studies in book-keeping at Heald's Pacific Business College, in San Francisco. We wish his success, and hope that when he finishes his course there he will obtain a good situation in the country.

William Neely, a graduate from the Pennsylvania Institution is canvassing through this State.

Martin Rodosino, who is a graduate of the Paris Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and who is now a resident of San Andreas, Calaveras Co., was married to Miss Mary Finnegan at the Catholic church, on the 16th of September last. She was at the Missouri Institution for four years. He is a miner.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Berkeley, Nov. 1, 1875.

Troy Notes.

The Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club is gradually progressing in improvements. It has a library of about twenty volumes, to which the committee will make additions from time to time by the purchase of new books. They have already subscribed for quite a number of weekly periodicals, among which are *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, *The Hearth and Home*, *The Christian at Work*, and several others.

Saturday evening, Oct. 30th, Dr. Gallaudet lectured before the club upon the subject, "The importance of cultivating integrity of character." The doctor received a warm greeting from the club and delivered a very able and interesting lecture, which was duly appreciated, and we hope will always be remembered by his hearers, and his wise counsel put in practice. Owing to its being a rainy evening, the attendance was not large, but all who were present felt abundantly paid for attending. He also addressed a few cheerful and encouraging words to the members of the club, and expressed his intention of meeting them again during the last week of January next, at which time he also expected to conduct a deaf-mute service in Albany.

A few days ago the club was highly gratified to have a call from Miss E. D. Clapp, who received a hearty welcome. She has been spending a few days visiting her friends in Troy.

Mr. F. L. Solney was also in town for a couple of days at the same time. He was also heartily welcomed by all his friends, especially his old chums.

The Troy Times gives an account of what it calls Dr. Von Moschizker's most remarkable case of surgical treatment—that of James Witbeck, a deaf-mute, who has so far improved as to be able to hear the tones of a piano at a considerable distance, and the Dr. expects to be able, in a few months, to restore to him his hearing faculties.

Mr. H. Brown, the recording secretary of the club, is still in New York, but is expected to return to this city every week.

Mr. Harrison A. Burt, of Concord, N. Y., who was married the twenty-third of last September, to Miss Maxwell, has been dangerously ill. His friends will be pleased to learn that he has now recovered from his sickness.

From the Troy Times the following is taken: "On the evening of the 27th ult., the estimable wife of Mr. Thomas Collins met with quite a serious accident, at her residence, corner of Highland and Bleeker avenues, by walking into an open trap door and falling into the cellar, a distance of about nine feet. She was picked up in an insensible condition and Dr. Ward was sent for. The shock to her nervous system was very great and she sustained some severe bruises, but fortunately no bones were broken."

OLD TUB.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1875.

Mrs. Collins, the lady spoken of above, is the mother of Mr. W. T. Collins, a deaf-mute of Troy. We are sorry to hear that this kind and estimable lady has had such an accident befall her, but are thankful that it was no worse. We hope that she will soon recover from her bruises, and be able to mingle with her friends again.—Ed.]

New York Institution Notes.

After having had quite a spell of cold, windy weather, we are once more enjoying pleasant sunny days and bright moonlight evenings. Saturday we had a touch of frost, though it was not the first visit Jack Frost had paid us this season, as he had already marked the fallen leaves with beautiful white lace work, which is very handsome in the early morning before the sun is up.

The lady whom Mr. Westervelt married was Miss Mary Nodine, not Hodine

as printed in the JOURNAL of Oct. 28th. She was formerly teacher of articulation in the Maryland Institution, but more recently governess in the family of Mr. Perkins at Rochester.

On Monday, Oct. 14th, the pupils of this institution, under the charge of the principal and teachers, attended the American Institute Fair, where they spent several hours very pleasantly. There is always something new to be seen at the fair. Among the most beautiful pieces of handiwork was a Chinese villa, carved in ivory. Although the figures of the little men were not more than two inches in height, yet the faces were most life-like, and the little slippers were perfect, though so small that a common, house fly could have hid them. They were all apparently busy. Some were walking up the tiny steps, while others were riding in state, their chairs being carried by other little men. Even the trees were carved so that their shapes were most natural. Seeing how perfect the various parts of this most wonderful and beautiful piece of work are, the wonder is how it was possible to do it all by hand in the short space of three years. Such an example of pains-taking industry deserves to be rewarded.

Among the visitors at this institution in October, were Mr. Walter Nelson, brother of E. B. Nelson, one of the teachers of this institution; and Mr. and Mrs. Siegman, graduates of this institution. Mr. Siegman's charming young wife had just returned from visiting some of her friends and relations in Tennessee. While attending school she was considered one of the handsomest young ladies in the class. Their old friends were all glad to see them once more at this institution. The next week, Misses Ellie Clapp and Satie Howard also visited their Alma Mater. Miss Merwin, a former teacher of this institution, made us a short call, and Miss Bessie Fitzgugh also paid us a flying visit.

On Saturday, Oct. 6th, the distinguished deaf-mute traveler, Wm. Snow Smith, attended the meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, and upon the request of the members, gave a short sketch of his life in the South. He gave some quite humorous incidents.

The new road in front of the institution is being completed as fast as possible. There are three other new roads the contractors talk about making, one back of the institution, dividing the grounds of the mansion house and hospital from those of the institution proper, and another back of the shop, and a third on the left side of the institution. When all are completed they will almost form a square around the institution building and will greatly alter the general appearance of the grounds of Fanwood, so that the old graduates will scarcely recognize the place. But the one in front is the only one that has fairly started; the others may not be touched for a dozen years yet, so that the noble old trees will be allowed to remain with us a little longer before they fall to make room for the march of progress, which stops at nothing but removes all obstacles that come in the way. D.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. EDITOR:—The mellowness of the autumn, the harmonious notes of warblers and the variegated hues of the forest trees, have all passed. The trees are once more bare, the doors of our houses are closed, and warm fires have been started within our cheerful stoves. Colds are quite frequent now. One of our new pupils is quite sick with one. Only a week since we lost one pupil—a bright boy—by death. He had been quite sick with a cold, but was thought to be out of danger. One day he asked the attending physician if he might get up and dress. The doctor would not give his consent, but the boy, however, got up and dressed, and we all thought he would soon be well. He sat up, or rather stood feebly. The matron noticed the paleness of his face, felt of his hands, and, behold, they were cold. She bade him go to bed, and meantime sent for medical aid, but he died in a few minutes. Heart disease was the cause of his sudden demise.

About the middle of Oct. Prof. R. S. Storrs, who has been quite ill, made his appearance. And he put new life into his pupils, so they hoped that by his aid they might still make considerable progress. He was with his class only a few days. He went home as usual one Friday night. When he came back Monday, he was quite lame, and by inquiry it was found that he had been thrown out of his carriage as he was going to the depot. The two ladies, who were with him, also suffered more or less injuries. His head was considerably bruised, and it will probably be a week or more before he can resume his duties here.

The latter part of last month, Mrs. Dr. H. P. Peet came here on a flying visit, accompanied by her daughter and grandchild. Theodore Peet accompanied them from New Haven, where he is at college. He bears a strong resemblance to his mother.

As the cold weather comes on, the pupils begin to receive boxes from home. How pleasant it is to be thus remembered while far from parents and friends! What happy faces they present! I hope they will ever endeavor to please and partly repay their parents and friends by well-doing.

Thanksgiving day having been appointed, there is quite a stir among the pupils. Those who can afford to do so, will go home to spend the day, and therefore do not care for the turkey festival and the social gathering which is expected to take place here. Their hearts are homeward bound, notwithstanding the plain food that some of them may expect to receive there.

When the morning of the first of November came, the face of nature was found covered with a mantle of beautiful snow. It had fallen just as the

lovely month of October was about to expire. We may expect, according to the wisdom of weather-prophets, thirty-one snow storms during the winter season commencing this month.

Those who own or rent houses dread the frequent falls of snow, as the Chief of Police has ordered that all occupants of buildings in this city, must clear the snow from the pavement opposite their premises, under a fine. Accompanying a heavy fall of snow, came lame backs. Yours truly, OLD HICKORY.

American Asylum, Hartford, Nov. 10.

Retirement of Judge Morgan.

At the adjournment of the Special term of the Supreme Court held at the Court House in the City of Oswego, Nov. 9, 1875, a meeting of the members of the bar of Oswego County was held in the Special Term room to give such expression as the occasion might suggest on the retirement of His Honor, Judge Morgan, from his duties on the bench by the expiration of his official term.

On motion, Hon. Sylvanus C. Huntington, of Pulaski, was elected Chairman, and S. N. Dada and E. S. Pardee, Esqrs., of Fulton, were elected as Secretaries.

On motion the chairman was authorized to appoint a committee to draft and present to the meeting resolutions for its consideration.

The chair appointed the following as such committee: J. B. Higgins, John C. Churchill, W. A. Poucher, Chas. W. Avery, C. T. Richardson, C. Whitney. The committee on resolutions, reported the following, which were adopted as the sense of the meeting:

Whereas, The period nearly approaches for the close of the official term of the Hon. Leroy Morgan, as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and the present is the last Court at which he will preside in Oswego county, the members of the bar in this county regard this as a fitting occasion to make appropriate mention of their sentiments on the subject of his judicial career.

Resolved, That by the retirement of Judge Morgan the bench of the Supreme Court in this district is compelled to realize the loss of an eminent Judge, whose accurate legal learning and liberal legal views, clear conception of legal questions and entire purity of judicial character, served to dignify and adorn a high judicial station which he has for so many years occupied, having all this time retained the respect of the profession and the confidence of the community.

Resolved, That during the numerous terms of court at which he has been called upon to preside, in this county, we bear testimony to his patient, laborious efforts to attain just results in all cases before him for trial and adjudication, bearing the labors of his office with patient dignity, always accompanied by a courteous demeanor—working out justice by mingling the conclusions of a clear head with the suggestions of a kind heart. And we say: Judge Morgan, you have in this work of many years done well, and by all these things have won a reputation and fame which you may highly prize, and to which you are fairly and honestly entitled, and which gives you a name and your children a heritage, which few can be so fortunate as to possess, and the most favored among men may envy—the exalted reputation of a just judge.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the papers of Oswego county and a copy of them transmitted to Judge Morgan.

S. C. HUNTINGTON,
Chairman.

S. N. DADA,
E. S. PARDEE,
Secretaries.

Temperance Meetings.

A well attended temperance meeting was held at Empire Hall, in this village, on last Saturday evening.

Rev. Mr. Hutchins was chosen chairman. The opening exercises consisted of singing, reading a portion of the scriptures by Rev. W. L. Parker; singing again by the audience, led by Mr. L. Miller, Mrs. A. M. Parker presiding at the organ; Rev. Mr. Hutchins followed with prayer.

Rev. W. L. Parker then introduced Mrs. A. C. Swanson, of Brooklyn, a representative of The Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Brooklyn, and of the New York State Union, who gave a sketch of the origin and progress of the women's temperance work in this country, especially in Brooklyn. She thought from what had already been accomplished, that the prospect was very cheering. Her address was principally for the ladies, who were very much pleased with it. It was a plain, earnest appeal, both to men and women, to be up and doing, and not to retire from the contest as long as there is one place in their midst where alcoholic drinks are sold as a beverage.

The meeting was largely attended in spite of the inclemency of the weather, and will, we think, do much good.

On Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, by the request of Mrs. Swanson, a very interesting ladies' prayer and conference meeting was held in the Baptist church.

—We understand that the law for the protection of game is being frequently violated in this and surrounding towns, especially in the snaring of partridges. This unlawful-slaughter should be immediately stopped. Where is our game constable, and what is he doing to prevent this flagrant violation of law?

—Fifty-six convicts will be discharged from Auburn prison in the month of January, and fifty in February.

—On Sunday last we were visited with snow to the depth of several inches, and Monday we had snow and rain.

—At a recent mass meeting, the citizens of Sand Bank took measures to secure the incorporation of that village.

—Christmas and New Years occur on Saturday this year.

CENTRAL SQUARE.

MR. EDITOR:—The Oswego Co. Teachers' Institute has come and gone. Adding as it did one half to our population, the streets seem a little quiet since its departure. Having some knowledge of the work of the institutes for a dozen years past, we consider this one of the best in its methods and results that has ever been held in Oswego county. The commissioners were diligent in everything that conducted to the prosperity of the gathering; the instructors did their work earnestly and well, and the teachers as a class seemed to make it more a season of work and less of pastime than has sometimes been the case. It has been said that the methods and instruction given at institutes cannot be made practical in the unguarded country schools. This is in a measure true and will remain so until the trustees and patrons of our schools come upon a higher and broader plane of view. In a great degree this advance in sentiment must be brought about by the teachers. In no department of life does one rise above his ideal, and the higher the ideal the nearer to perfection will the work be brought. The teacher cannot aim too high, but he must hope to reach his aim only by a steady, persistent, onward march.

A Good Templars Lodge was organized here a few weeks since, with Mr. Oscar Beebe as W. C. T. There are now thirty members, and these are determined to increase the number and do some work in a good cause, in spite of the temperance people who stand afar off and say "It won't amount to anything. The lodge will soon die down." Well, we are alive yet, and while we live we mean to show life.

A union prayer-meeting has also been inaugurated for the promotion of temperance and other reforms.

B. G. Lewis has completed and taken possession of his new building. The first floor is fitted up for a store, and he has filled it with a stock of dry goods and groceries. The upper story he will use for his law office and also the office of the Central Square Union.

Mr. Oakes, of Watertown, will deliver a lecture at the close of this term of school, which occurs on Friday evening of this week.

Contrary to rumor and published statement, there is no small pox here and there has been none within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant; neither do we intend to have it if we can help it.

M.
Central Square, Nov. 15, 1875.

Sunday School Convention.

A Sunday School Convention will be held at Denton's Corners, Nov. 22d and 23d, 1875. Rev. B. F. Barker, Conductor.

Monday evening, Address by Rev. W. F. Brown.

Tuesday, 9:00 a. m. Business meeting. 9:30 a. m. Discussions:

How may we secure a general attendance in our Sunday Schools? Led by E. J. Clemens.

Necessity of Teachers' meetings. S. P. Gray.

How to conduct a Teachers' meeting. S. M. Coon.

Qualifications for teaching. F. A. O'Farrell.

How to win and hold attention. Yates Wilcox.

11:30 Question Drawer. Answers by S. P. Gray.

1:30 p. m. How can pastors best interest the children in public worship? W. F. Brown.

Which shall have the preference, the Sunday School or the Class Meeting? C. Manson.

Obstacles to conversion, and how to overcome them. C. H. Harris.

3:00 Children's meeting. Short addresses by any one present. All pastors and Sunday School workers are invited to take part in the discussions.

7:00 Discourse by Rev. S. P. Gray.

B. F. BARKER,

W. F. BROWN,

C. H. HARRIS,

Committee.

FOR CLERK OF THE ASSEMBLY.—Among the candidates for Clerk of the Assembly none of them, in our opinion, are as well qualified for the position as Charles R. Skinner, of Watertown. He is a young man of fine abilities, prompt, energetic and methodical, and has the unbounded confidence of all who know him. He has the hearty support of the press of Central and Northern New York. Should he succeed in being elected to the office (and we trust he will), he will perform his duties in a manner creditable to himself and advantageous to the State.

—We are glad to know that our citizens, instead of going to Oswego or Syracuse for Furniture, are buying it at A. S. Gibson's. They find that they can trade very advantageously with him, for he has a very fine stock, and his prices are quite low.

—Mrs. Livermore says that marriage and a home are not all that a woman wants. She's just right. They'd want a new bonnet.—Boston Post.

A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock p. m., at which time candidates will be received for baptism. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments of the festival which will extend through the night. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and, none, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far, and also to their speaking friends.

News of the Week.

Nine men were injured, three fatally, by an explosion in the Pullman car works, Cincinnati, on Wednesday.

The son, daughter and wife of Charles Massey, sr., Fordsville, Ky., were poisoned to death, the other day, by drinking water from a poisoned well.

James H. Cole was murdered in a Cincinnati gambling house, Wednesday night.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows receipts during the past fiscal year of \$110,545,554.23, an increase of over \$8,000,000 on the year preceding.

Ten persons were killed and 100 wounded by an explosion of fire damp in the Mariabaya colliery, Belgium, on Friday.

Three hundred cases of petroleum were illegally shipped on the ill-fated Waco.

At St. Mary, Mo., a colored girl, while being married, was shot and killed by a jilted lover.

Three children were killed in Philadelphia, on Friday, by a house falling on Twenty-ninth street.

The faculty of Dartmouth will punish ten students engaged in the recent assault which are not attended to by the grand jury.

Senator Dawsey was severely kicked by a horse at Pittsfield, Mass., Friday.

The Methodist Board of Missions appropriate an additional \$350 for northern New York, and \$400 for central New York.

Ex-Judge Metcalf, formerly of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, died in Boston, Saturday, aged 91.

There was a \$90,000 fire at Charleston, Saturday.

The schooner Olive Branch went ashore below Toronto, Sunday, and was totally wrecked; the crew were saved.

There were shocks of earthquake at Cairo, Ill., Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Mr. Wade, British Minister to China, has been knighted.

The President has begun his message to Congress.

The schooner Fearless, from Oswego to Toronto, went ashore in Ashbridges Bay, Sunday; the captain was drowned.

The amount realized to the government on bank taxation, since the organization of national banks is \$64,989,374.

The Union Pacific is blocked with snow in some places.

The net earnings of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad for the past fiscal year were \$4,490,008, the surplus fund exceeds the mortgage indebtedness by \$5,307,232.

The ship Astrida, from London for the United States, has been lost off the coast of France, and nine of her crew drowned.

Fourteen stores and a hotel at Amherstburg, Ontario, were burned Sunday. The Washington Chronicle is out in favor of a third term.

It has been officially ascertained that additional calls by the Treasury Department for the redemption of old outstanding bonds depend on the sale of the new ones abroad.

The Washington Chronicle says that Secretary Bristow remarked to a gentleman of that city, last Friday, that "the revenues of the country must and shall be collected and properly applied to the payment of the national debt, it matters not who falls by the wayside."

Mrs. James Fagan was bitten to death by dogs near her residence in the vicinity of Natchez, Miss., on Sunday morning. Her face and body were terribly lacerated by the ferocious animals.

—The Board of Health of Oswego has passed a resolution ordering that a system of thorough vaccination be put in practical operation.

New-York Tribune.

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