John W. Funso
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THE WILLIAMSPORT LEADER.

LONG & McCARDELL, Publishers. TERMS: $1.00 per Year in Advance.

VOL. I. WILLIAMSPORT, WASHINGTON COUNTY, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1885. NO. 26.

BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR.

Oh! never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer.
And front her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's "Better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year!

The damsel fortune still denies
The plea that yet delights her ear;
Tis but our manhood that she tries,
She's coy to those who doubt and fear,
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

Here's "Better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize;
But spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
In better luck another year.
Another year!

—*W. Gilmore Simms.*

Kentil Cobham's Ride.

BY BILLY BRANSCOMBE.

Dear, quaint old Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson! A railroad runs through it, and they get their mail I don't know how many times a day, and it boasts of boys' and girls' boarding schools, but stray away a short distance from the main street, out of sight of the postoffice, out of hearing distance of the boarding-schools, and the town immediately takes on a very sleepy, dull, drowsy look that makes one loll along in the warm sunshine or rest and smoke cigarettes under the apple trees along the roadside. About half a mile to the north of the postoffice one comes to the Pocantico, famed in connection with the Pedagogic Ichabod Crane, and just beyond lies the old Dutch church. There commences Sleepy Hollow, the Arcadia of New York, a place within a radius of thirty miles of the great city, as quiet as New York is noisy, as kind as the city is cruel, as generous as the city is selfish, as sleepy as the city is quick. Sleepy Hollow, the land of clear, babbling brooks and trout and partridge, of chestnuts and apples, of hickory nuts and pears, of sheep and cider mills. No barbed-wire fences or "No Trespassing" sign-boards there. Years come and go, but "The Hollow" is as pleasant and the roads are as cool and inviting as when Kentil Cobham took her ride a hundred and odd years ago.

She wasn't Kentil Cobham then. She was Kentil Requa, and lived near to where the Croton aqueduct now crosses the little Pocantico. There were a few stones left from the foundation of her house when I was there last, but I suppose they have all disappeared by this time. The house lay some distance away from the road, and the tall trees which grew around it on all sides hid it from view. The "cowboys" passed it unmolested, and while the land all around it suffered from the repeated raids and forays, the old Requa house was undisturbed. The rebels never thought of disturbing the home of young Major Requa of General Washington's staff, and any English officer who would dare to molest the Requas would have had to offer an account of his conduct to Captain Cobham of his majesty's forces. The captain, of course, had some reason for his interest in the family, and pretty Dentil Requa was a sufficient reason for any man. Kentil was not enough of a rebel to stay away from her relatives in New York merely because the English held possession of that city, and the captain had met her there often enough to have become completely captured. He was an attentive and handsome cavalier, and Kentil Requa was certainly not displeased with his attention.

Occasionally the captain ventured up to Tarrytown and visited the Requas, until the capture of Andre, when his visits ceased, at Kentil's request. She would rather not see him for awhile than be constantly dreading his capture. In vain the gallant captain argued and reasoned. He was obliged to obey.

After a week had passed Kentil began to find the place very lonely. She wandered about the house and became, if the truth must be told, a trifle snappish and cross to her mother and the children. She tried every means to spend her time happily, but she soon tired of the brook and the harpsichord and her books, and strayed up to the garret and through the clothes' chest and fondled the laces and the silks and inhaled the fragrant sandalwood. Then she spied one of her brother's boxes in the corner and rummaged through that until she came across an old faded rebel uniform that George Requa had worn (when he first entered the rebel army as a drummer, then a boy of sixteen) and then Kentil walked to the garret door, bolted it and deliberately put on the suit and admired herself in the dusty old mirror in the corner and imitated the captain's attitudes and threw her shoulders back and pretended to twirl an invisible moustache and played at being soldier to her heart's content, and then wandered to the little window and stared out at the fast reddening evening sky, and at the swaying tree tops, around which the hulking crows were circling, and then her gaze wandered down to the bend in the path below and she saw her brother dashing up the house on a horse which was flecked with foam, and whose jaded air showed hard riding. Forgetting everything else in her fright, she rushed down stairs and out to the gate. Her brother started when he saw her, but immediately recognized her.

"Let me have a fresh horse, Kentil," gasped the young major. "The red coats are after me, and Black's given out."

He looked pale and the blood trickled down his arm. Evidently he had had a close shave already from being captured. Kentil turned pale.

"Get mother to fix your arm, and I'll get the horse ready. You can't ride much longer with an arm bleeding like that, that's certain."

It was certain, indeed. Poor Harry Requa was about fainting from loss of blood already. He went into the house while Kentil hurriedly led out her own strong horse and put the saddle on him, and led him out into the road, and then called out: "The horse is ready, mother. Hurry!"

No response came, and she looked down the path. No wonder that she gave a shriek, for there, through the pines at the bend of the road, she saw a bright red spot, and knew the dragoons were almost upon her. One moment she staggered with fright, and the next she was in the saddle, to all appearances the young Major Requa, thundering along the straight, level road. A yell from behind told her that she was seen, so with a determined smile on her face she set her horse forward at a tearing gallop. The trees and bushes lining the road flew past her like whirling leaves in the wind, and the wind struck her face like a needle.

Suddenly she reined in her horse to a more gentle trot and looked over her shoulder as they went thundering past the house and not a man turned aside, and she laughed a happy little laugh and set about throwing her pursuers out of the way of her brother. She went whirling around the bend at she next cross-roads and started at a brisk gallop toward Rye. She was playing with her pursuers now and had no fear of not distancing them when she chose to. The poor tired horses of the dragoons had good blood in them, however, and they kept on behind her. Still they rode steadily on, the pursuers and the pursued, till the grey mists began to float along the shore of the pond and the distant tree tops began to grow indistinct and faint to the sight. As Kentil rode on and on, the same stars that began to twinkle overhead saw Harry Requa riding up toward Newburgh, safe within the "American ground."

As Kentil rode on and on, thinking she had distanced her pursuers, three dragoons were riding across fields, taking a short cut, to get in front of her. As Kentil rode on and on, the dragoons behind her were urging their exhausted horses into a last gallop. When the night had spread over everything Kentil stopped her horse and listened. Yes, she still heard them a half mile away, coming up as fast as their tired horses would carry them, those provoking dragoons! Kentil urged her horse into a steady gallop and soon reached the bend in the road, where three dragoons were standing, their horses in the road, and held their pistols in readiness to fire. But Kentil saw them and like a flash turned her horse's head, took the low fence by the roadside gallantly and was flying over the fields with the three dragoons after her. The horses of two soon gave out, but she still heard the other dragoon coming up and—could it be?—he was gaining on her! She was tired and stiff from her novel mode of riding and he was a thorough horseman. Her horse was the fresher, but he managed his so much the better that he kept gaining on her.

So they rode on through the night like two grim, silent spectres, for it was grimly earnest now! A single misstep of the horse might mean a broken neck. Slowly the moon rose from a band of clouds that lay on the horizon. The night grew brighter, and the horseman was closer, still he did not fire. Kentil shuddered and grew nervous. They reached a swampy meadow and went splashing through it, but as the horess plunged deeper and deep into the slime the pace grew slower and slower. When Kentil reached the next fence she shuddered. It seemed higher than usual, that fence, and she plunged her horse at it desperately, and the next minute Kentil Requa lay on the ground, and the pursuer sprang from his horse with cocked pistol and stood over her. The moon shone down on her sweet, pure face, half averted from the dragoon as she waited for him to fire. The suspense was so terrible that her heart almost stopped beating. She looked up and saw Captain Cobham, the magnificent, staring incredulously, with his arms dangling nervelessly at his sides, amused, frightened, wondering, and a little angry. The girl, so unprepared for this denouement, lost her self control and buried her blushing face in her hands and sobbed piteously, and the gallant captain felt like a murderer. 1

"Upon my word of honor, Kentil, didn't know it was you," he gasped penitently.

Then he went and got her horse, who was hardly any the worse for the fall, and lead it up to her.

"Can't I assist you to mount?" he asked, rather maliciously.

Alas for the captain! Kentil looked out from her fingers for one moment and caught him smiling. That sealed his death warrant. She turned on him majestically.

"Captain Cobham, will you please to go!"

"But, Kentil, with the country in this condition—" expostulated he.

"Will you leave me instantly, sir!" she interrupted, with blazing eyes.

The crestfallen dragoon sullenly mounted his horse, and with a "Good-night, Kentil," he rode slowly away.

Kentil resumed her seat on the horse's back, but resumed a more feminine way of riding. She did not reach home till late, as no one can make very much speed riding "side saddle" in masculine attire on a man's saddle. After the family were entirely satisfied that she had not been captured, and that she was safe and after she had eaten her supper, she went upstairs to bed. But Kentil Requa slept very little that night. A letter came from the captain the next day, and she sent it back, unopened, with a little note from herself, forbidding the captain in the future to address her in any way. The captain tried in vain to alter her resolution. That little smile had cost him dear enough, and Kentil never saw him until after the evacuation.

When the British left the city, among other articles of war they left behind them, dangerously ill of a fever, was Captain Cobham, and Kentil Requa, when she heard of it, went to his bedside and offered herself as his nurse. Her resentment had died away, and another feeling had taken its place. A sweet, tender feeling that creeps into our hearts at some time or other during our lives, and which, after Captain Cobham sold his commission and announced his attention of staying on this side of the water, led Kentil Requa to become Kentil Cobham.—*Hatchet.*

Funeral Rites.

From the very earliest times, the necessary act of disposing of a dead body has always been attended by ceremonies of some kind expressive of affection and grief, and also of the popular religious sentiment among those taking part therein. Funeral rites among the most primitive people always involved extravagant expressions of grief, as tearing the hair, beating and sometimes cutting the body. Funeral feasts have prevailed almost universally, from the most barbarous ages down to the present time. These had their origin, no doubt, not simply in a desire to do honor to the dead, but in a belief that the departed spirit also took part in the good cheer. The rude music which usually formed a part of the funeral ceremony among uncivilized races, was undoubtedly intended to ward off the evil spirits which were supposed to be in the vicinity of a corpse. Funeral dirges were adopted as an expression of poignant grief. These were an important part of funeral rites among the Greeks. The Egyptians held a tribunal over the dead. Any one was allowed to bring to this tribunal accusation against the corpse, and if it was shown that he had lived an evil life burial was refused. If no accusation was brought, the relatives ceased lamenting, and pronounced encomiums on the dead, enlarging upon his many virtues. The laudations of the dead, to which we may trace the funeral sermon of the present day, probably originated with the Jews. The Greeks had funeral orations in which they gave a full history, not only of the deceased, but of all his ancestors. The Romans took this custom from the Greeks. The funeral customs of the early Christians were partly adapted from the Romans, and modified so as to express the belief in resurrection. They adapted the custom of vigils also, in which the survivors were expected to ponder upon the shortness and uncertainty of life and "the narrow house appointed for all living." A service also took place at the grave, the object of which was originally to declare the belief of the survivors in the future rising of the body This service was abolished in Scotland at the Reformation, and a service and exhortation in the church substituted. A part of the services is still performed at the grave by all using the form of burial adopted by the English Church or that of the Roman Catholics, but many Protestants omit it.—*Inter-Ocean.*

A Marine Monster.

The whaling bark Alaska, which arrived in this port a few days ago from the Arctic ocean, brings a strange story of the narrow escape from death of six of her crew. The first officer, George Johnson, stated the circumstances to a *Chronicle* reporter, as follows: When the vessel was forty-six miles south of Alaska, an object was perceived in the distance whose proportions and shape indicated it to be a monster sea lion. A boat was immediately lowered and placed in charge of First Officer Johnson and five of the crew, named Andrew Nelson, William Wilson, Antone Nagai, George Marshfield and Hans Stuten. As the distance was being decreased between the boat and the huge animal they became convinced that it was the famed sea serpent. When they came within a few hundred yards the monster made a dash for the boat, striking out its immense tail against the craft. Several of the occupants were precipitated into the water, but were rescued with difficulty. A harpoon and lance were fired into the body of the beast and it disappeared beneath the surface. Half an hour later it reappeared, floating on the water, dead.

It was secured with ropes and towed to the vessel and hoisted on the deck. There the capture was seen to be a villainous-looking thing. Its head closely resembled that of an alligator, while the body resembled that of a lizard. It measured thirty-three feet in length, the tail alone being nine feet long. The tail was cut off and brought to this city and is now on exhibition in a water-front saloon.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Life at Key West.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says: At Key West, Fla., summer is perpetual, and at noon to-day every soul is asleep. The cocaanut trees nod drowsily, and the great banana leaves droop under the heavy air. The flushed sun gilds the smooth trunks of the palms, the hum of insects is hushed, and the cigar-maker, who sings at his work while the morning mist lies upon the island, seeks the shelter of low-browed roofs, smokes his cigarette, sips his coffee and lies down to a siesta. The people share their slumber between the day and the night. They work in the early morning and evening hours, give their nights to pleasure and the noonday to rest.

A LEPER LAZARETTO.

Visit to a Hawaiian Hospital—A Mysterious Disease.

Of the thousands who visit the Sandwich Islands every year, writes a Hawaiian correspondent to the San Francisco *Alta Californian*, not one in five has ever been admitted to the Kakaao lazaretto—the Oahu leper hospital. Few desire that privilege, because they fear to encounter a horrible and disgusting spectacle, and also through a vague dread of infection, therefore they go without having seen a leper, for the Molokai settlement is so far away that none but those who have business connected with the settlement ever approach that melancholy island.

Having expressed a wish to see the unfortunate inmates of Kakaao, the doctor in charge of the lazaretto called at my house one pleasant morning in August last, and, accepting a seat in his buggy, we drove toward the seashore.

"I hope, doctor," I said, "you have provided the necessary disinfectants. 'Twould be an awful thing if I got a dose of leprosy in return for my curiosity."

The doctor laughed. "There is a lot of humbug about leprosy in the mouths of everyone, not only in these islands, but elsewhere," he said, "wherever the disease is discussed. Now, the first day I met you was at the races at Waikiki, and a minute before you shook hands with me I saw you shake hands with a leper. Don't be nervous. I shook hands with him myself, and I assure you that I have as great an aversion to being shipped off to Molokai as you have."

"But it is not possible that lepers are allowed to mingle with the people?" I asked.

"That all depends upon the rank and influence of the leper. Among the common people the lepers when detected are at once parted out and sent to Molokai or Kakaao—good-day to you, good-day," and the doctor bowed to a fine-looking man who, in a spotless linen suit, lounged on the gate of a handsome residence."

"That is a member of the legislature," he said, "and quite prominent on the side of the opposition, yet the lady who keeps house for him—for he is not married—is a leper."

By this time we had arrived at the Lazaretto of Oahu. It stands on the seashore and consists of several rows of whitewashed houses, inclosed by a fence. At the southern entrance is a division some fifteen feet in length, protected only by a large wooden grating, through which, on certain days of the week, the lepers inside are allowed to converse with their friends. When we came up, some dozen or so natives were seated on the long bench outside the grating, chatting merrily with the prisoners. Where were the tears and lamentations I expected—the agonized meeting of mother and child, of husband and wife? Certainly not apparent at this portion of my visit, for the lepers inside seemed like a lot of school boys and girls, exchanging jokes and gossips through the playground gate with their friends outside. The porter admitted us. The square was traversed by numerous walks, trees were planted here and there, flower-beds laid out, and benches placed throughout the grounds. A tall, well-proportioned native, neatly dressed, a gold chain spanning his white waistcoat and a newspaper in his hand, approached the doctor. He greeted him cordially in English, bowed to me, and, in reply to the doctor stated that he was feeling much better.

"Surely that is not a leper," I said. "He seems in perfect health, and shows no limb distortion, ulceration, or any of those signs which are associated in my mind with the disease."

"Ah, yes; he's a leper," was the reply, "everyone you meet here is a leper, with the exception of the Sisters of Mercy and Dr. Van Arnim, who has been sent hither by the German government to make an exhaustive study of the disease; and now before we look around the hospitals, we shall visit the the sisters."

We found the sisters decorating the little chapel with red hibiscus and the graceful mimosa blossoms. This chapel is so arranged that the outer portion is used for Episcopal services and the inner for the Catholic mass. As we entered, a native preacher, a leper, of course, was holding forth in Hawaiian to a dozen or so of his brethern. The sisters, both of whom were quite comely, volunteered to accompany us through the wards.

And now we rested under a broad veranda, where groups of merry, laughing children were gathered, romping and sporting in the full enjoyment of life. It appeared to me incredible that those pretty, rosy-cheeked youngsters could be infected with the horrible taint of leprosy. They were as active and graceful as a lot of young fawns: their faces were clear, their eyes bright, their figures straight and exquisitely molded. Some of the girls of twelve and thirteen, just on the threshold of womanhood, were positively beautiful. "Yes," said the sister sadly, "they are all lepers, all doomed to die within the next five, or at the most, seven years;" and the doctor, calling a pretty little maiden to him opened her frock and showed me on the shoulder-blade a dark spot, not larger than a half dollar piece.

"That tells the story," he said; "but see how happy they are." And he ran after one of them, who fled with shrieks of laughter, while her companions hung on to the doctor's coat-tails to their heart's content. It was a scene in the school play-ground, and not in the confines of a lazaretto. In the women's wards we found a lot of smiling, good-natured creatures, glad to see the doctor, and with a hearty aloha for the visitor. There was not a melancholy face in the group; there was not one who might not be in the full enjoyment of all life's pleasures, so great and expressive of perfect contentment were their features.

"Here," said the doctor, indicating a tall, pretty girl, "is a young lady who has given us a deal of trouble." The girl laughed, and hid her face in her shawl. "Yes," continued the doctor, "she has a lover, and nothing would do my lady but she must give him a signal the other night that he might climb over the fence and come to see her. The fellow did, and when the guard came around they found my gay cavalier busily engaged in helping this wild creature up the fence. Why, sir, they were going to elope, and then we should have had a nice hunt for them. But now when he wants to talk to his sweetheart he comes, like a well-behaved young man, to the grating, and there they can chat just as long as the law allows." I inquired further into this romance of the lazaretto, and found that the leper beauty had been engaged and the wedding day set, but a week before the nuptials the fatal taint made its appearance only by a slight and almost unnoticeable deformation of one of the finger joints, and the bride bade adieu to her lover and friends and was consigned to Kakaao, an exile forever from the outer world.

The men were quite as cheerful and contented-looking as the women, and thummed their guitars and sang as gayly as if they were miles away under the cocoas eating po and watching the hulas. In those wards where the far-advanced patients were placed—those whose days were literally numbered—there are still nothing revolting to the eye. The apex of the disease was indicated by extreme emaciation—men worn to a skeleton crouched upon their matting, but had a faint smile for the doctor when he entered. In one of these wards was a white man.

A desperate fellow, upon whose soul rested the stain of every vice in the calendar, and who had not been beyond doing a few murders in his lawless career. His limbs were swollen and the sight of one eye was gone, but the aged sinner cackled cheerfully to the doctor and protested that he was feeling better than he had done for weeks. His appetite was good and he could yet read his newspaper. He inquired eagerly about American politics, for even on the brink of the grave this old leper was a fierce and implacable partisan. As we were leaving the inclosure, the doctor called my attention to a good-looking woman of about seven and twenty. "She has had no less than three husbands," he said, "and the last one is is so devoted to her that he never allows a day to pass without calling. His marrying a leper does not mean infection. Curious, isn't it? but I have on my books not less than fifty cases of leper wives, whose husbands show no traces of the disease, and leper husbands whose wives are as free from infection as you are. The children of these unions, however, are invariably leprous. There are men living in Molokai to-day who are married to lepers, and who, as soon as one dies, marry another, and thus become partakers in the support allowed by the government. It is a mysterious disease, and so far has resisted all the efforts of science, either to discover its origin or its cure."

Juvenile Jesters.

Lottie was invited with her mamma to a dinner party. A gentleman gravely asked her, "Are you a vegeterian?" "No," promply said Lottie, "I'm a Presbyterian."

One morning Freddie arose, looking very much out of sorts, and soon showed that he was in a very ill humor.

"What is the matter with my Freddie this morning?" said mamma. "Are you sick?"

"No, ma'am," he said, with a sigh: "but I got up wrong side out."

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple in the dish; "I was going to take that myself."

A mite of a boy standing at the outside door was asked if it rained. "No," he replied, "but it leaks a little."

A gentleman was giving a little baby boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said, "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" With childish simplicity, the little fellow looked up in the gentleman's face and replied, "More!"

A Herring Feast.

Talking of whales, Deacon Green tells that a party of fishermen lately witnessed a strange sight at Cape Flattery, which, as you all undoubtedly know, juts into the Pacific from Washington Territory. A school of about thirty or forty large whales, says the Deacon, some of them 100 feet long, were having a herring feast. The little herring, which were there in great numbers, became easy victims to the whales. The huge creatures, after plunging deep into the sea, would come up under the herrings, open-mouthed, swallowing their victims by the hundreds.—*St. Nicholas.*

Enthusiasm is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing, do it with a will, do it with your might, put your whole soul into it, stamp it with your own responsibility. Be active, be energetic, be enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

A clock seven feet high has been made by a Leesville (Ohio) blacksmith with the aid of nothing but the tools of his trade. It is made principally of steel, gives the time in eleven cities, strikes the hours and quarters, and is exhibited in a glass case, where the movements can be seen.

A Fight in the House.

Ben: Perley Poore, in his reminiscences of Congress, says: William B. Campbell and Abraham P. Maury, two Whig representatives from Tennessee, had a lively fight in the House, behind the Speaker's chair, just before the final adjournment of the second session of the Twenty-fifth Congress, on Sunday morning, July 9, 1838. It grew out of the irritation consequent on the process of compelling the attendance of members at the session of the preceding night. Mr. Maury was brought in by the sergeant-at-arms, arraigned and excused on the payment of fees. He thought, however, that his colleague had directed the sergeant-at-arms where to find him, and they had some words which ended in blows. Mr. Campbell had the best of the encounter, and he would have knocked Mr. Maury out of one of the large windows, which opened to the floor and which was then open, had he not, to make the blows more effectual, clutched his antagonist by the hair with his left hand, while he struck him in the face, blow after blow, with his right fist. Mr. Maury was a pitiable spectacle when Mr. Campbell was dragged from him, and his best friends could not recognize his features, so blackened, bleeding and swollen were they. The difficulty was subsequently arranged without a resort to the code of honor.

A Return to Doublet and Hose.

For some time past the gilded youth of France and England have mingled their laments with those of the tailors that their lot has been cast in an age given over to so complete a prosiness of costume. They sigh for fashions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; they yearn after slashed doublets and bran-stuffed trunk hose, or for the more graceful array of the Stuarts, or for the variegated dress of the Georges, with its gold and silver embroidered coats and waistcoats, its hip-pockets of huge dimensions, its wigs, its knee-breeches and silk-stockings, and, later, its Hessian boots. And it is said that in France some of these aspiring youths have actually revolutionized the male evening costume by discarding the "customary suit of solemn black," and induing themselves with gay and parti-colored raiment, all of the olden time. The use of velvets, satins and silks for men's coats is to be revived, and thus the wealthy are to gain opportunities for indicating the plethoric condition of their purses by the expense and gorgeousness of their external decorations.—*New York Tribune.*

At the Top of Mount Washington.

A visitor to the top of Mount Washington concludes that in winter the weather is really cold up there. He was convinced by a walk along the railroad with the wind blowing seventy miles an hour and the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. The temperature does not get lower than in many other places, but the wind blows with greater velocity, it is said, than at any known spot in the world, and this makes the cold unbearable. A velocity of 180 miles an hour has been attained, while at Pike's Peak, Col., 8,000 feet higher, the greatest is 100 miles, and in New York forty-five miles is a heavy gale. Of course, the air has less power as the density increases, but even with this reduction the cold is so intense that if one covers every part of the body, leaving only the eyes exposed, these are soon coated with frost, which closes the lids and often makes it almost impossible to see. The moisture of the breath freezes under the coverings of the face and a frost bite is the consequence.

Strawberries in Barrels.

Mrs. S. C. Sanford is engaged in strawberry culture on her place, two miles south of Livermore, on quite an extensive scale, when the method is taken into consideration. She has bored holes in the sides of boxes, barrels, casks, hogsheads and other available vessels, and filling the same with fine, rich earth, has set out strawberry plants, the leaves and crowns projecting through the perforations. In the center of each barrel or box is a very leaky bucket, which is filled with fertilizer, and into which is poured the water for the plants. They are thus easily irrigated and fertilized at the same time. She has 1,000 plants thus placed—the largest scale upon which we have ever known this plan of raising strawberries to be tried. It has proven successful with a single barrel, and there is no reason why with proper care it should not with twenty.—*Livermore (Cal.) Herald.*

There are three friendships which are advantages, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright, friendship with the sincere, and friendship with the man of much information are advantageous. Friendship with a man of spacious airs, friendship with the insinuatingly soft, friendship with the glib-tongued—these are injurious.

Eight hundred dollars' worth of strawberries have been raised on two and a half acres of ground by a farmer of Delaware township, Camden county, New Jersey, and he accordingly has received a premium from the State board of agriculture.

While there are in China hundreds of thousands of professional native beggars, it is pointed out as a singular but significant fact that not in California or any of the Pacific states can there be found a Chinese beggar.

An English architect asserts that houses can be made of timber which will last longer than brick or stone. In many English towns houses of oak and plaster are standing and in daily use that were built 500 years ago.

Roller skates were invented by Gabriel Gavel, the pantomimist.