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Of any paper in this section, and subscribers are con-
stantly coming in. We shall aim, as heretofore, to
make it one of the best Advertising mediums in the
country, and believe that we give our patrons more
than "value received" by the following low
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
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JOBS WANTED.
We offer the most liberal inducements to agents
who would like to canvass for subscribers—made
known on application. The Advertiser goes postage
free in the County, and is but 3/4 cents per quarter
elsewhere. Address
A. O. BUNNELL, Danville, N. Y.

**A. O. BUNNELL'S
Excelsior Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISHMENT.**
Main Street, Danville, N. Y.

I am supplied with the largest and best assortment
of the latest and most approved styles of Type, Cuts,
Borders, Ornaments, etc., together with the celebra-
ted Washington Hand Press and
Franklin Fast Working Power Job Press
And therefore have unequalled facilities in this
section for printing in the neatest manner, on short
notice, and at the lowest cash price, every description of
Plain and Decorative Work!
INCLUDING
Drafts, Notes, Checks, Receipts,
Orders, and all other Blanks,
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Books, Pamphlets, Catalogues,
Wedding Cards, Hall Tickets,
Plans and Titled Cards,
Circulars, Programmes,
Labels, Handbills, Posters, &c.
Superior Execution of Work in Colors and Bronze.
Those wanting Job Printing done well, promptly,
and at living prices, will please send it to the Office
of THE DANVILLE ADVERTISER.

Advertisements.
F. H. MARSHALL,
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Book-Binder,
And Blank Book Manufacturer,
Burns' Block, Corner of Buffalo and State Streets,
Rochester, N. Y. A. O. BUNNELL,
Agents for Danville and vicinity.

S. P. WISNER & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Cut Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars.
Manufactory, Corner School & Tenth Sts.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

HUBBARD & FAULKNER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Office over C. G. Wetmore's Drug Store,
HOWARTH'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET
Danville, N. Y.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
MAIN STREET, DANVILLE, N. Y.
BY G. C. TAYLOR.

This Hotel is now fitted up to meet the wants of the
travelling community in a superior style, and with
single accommodation for a large number of guests.
The table is at all times supplied with the best of the
season. Particular attention paid to the pleasure and
comfort of those who stop at this Hotel. 817

KAULE HOTEL,
CORNER OF CANAL AND JEFFERSON STREETS,
M. L. STEEDMAN, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been fitted up and much improved
since it came into the hands of its present owner,
who feels confident that he can meet the wants of
the public in an entirely satisfactory manner. 817

DANVILLE HOUSE,
BY W. T. LOZIER.

The Danville House is now in better condition for
the accommodation of the public than ever before,
and is gaining a wide spread reputation for its superior
management. 817

C. F. ANDRUS,
SPRINGWATER, N. Y.
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Tailors' Trimmings, Hosiery,
Gloves, Shirts, Drawers, Rabbers, Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Millinery, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry,
Yankee Notions, &c., &c.

SCOTT'S CORNET BAND,
Danville, N. Y.

This celebrated Band, composed of fifteen excel-
lent musicians, is now better prepared than ever be-
fore, to execute all orders for music for Military and
Civil occasions. Anniversary Exercises, etc., etc.
Orders respectfully solicited.
Address CAPT. A. SCOTT, Danville, N. Y.

Beauty to Ladies
TRIMMED IN GOOD STYLE.
A large assortment now ready at the Emporium of
Fashion and First Premium Millinery Store of Mr
and Mrs. J. B. Prussia,
West side of Main Street, Danville, N. Y.

FRANK STEINLETT,
Barber and Hair Dresser, Danville, N. Y. Rooms
in Hedges Block, Main Street.

LAW OFFICES
Fit up in the best style, on short notice, and in the
style required by law, at the Advertiser's Office.
A. O. BUNNELL.

BUSINESS CARDS
Tinted, in Colors and Plain, gotten up in every style,
well printed, and furnished at the lowest rates, by
A. O. Bunnell, at the Advertiser's Office.

MRS. C. L. BOTTEN,
Manufacturer of Hair Jewelry, such as Ear-Rings,
Buns, Necklaces, Rings, Bracelets, Crosses, Charms,
Guard Chains, Vest Chains, &c., opposite the Ameri-
can Hotel, Main Street.

MARTIN BOP,
Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser. Rooms ad-
joining American Hotel, Main St., Danville, N. Y.

T. HEWLETT-JONES,
Manufacturer of Buggies and Cutters, corner of Pine
and Spruce streets, Danville. He manufactures the
best and highest finished Carriages, Buggies and Cut-
ters in Western New York. Carriage Trimmings for
sale. Sign Painting done to order. 12

CATILOGUES
For Schools, Nurserymen, Merchants, Mechanics
and others, printed at low rates. Call at the Ad-
vertiser's Office, Danville, N. Y. A. O. BUNNELL.

WILSON & McCOLLUM,
Blacksmiths, Proprietors of the Star Blacksmith
Shop, Easton Street, near Main. Everything in their
line done on short notice and in a workmanlike
manner.

Webster's New Pictorial Dictionary
For \$6.50, at No. 1 American Hotel Block.
WM. H. LIBBY,

Poetry.

For the Advertiser
This Dead.
BY JAMES F. WYDER.

They slumber now
Beneath the cold, gray clouds of death,
Which, from the sky, doth o'er them
Upon which flowers do bloom, and plants
have birth.
And willows grow;
The stormy wind,
The gentle zephyr, or the evening breeze,
That sigheth thro' the lofty, verdant trees,
Leaves them confined.

The earth may quake,
The rooted mountain rock upon its bed,
The lofty hills may bend their giant head,
They shall not wake.

The surging tide,
The mighty billows of the stormy deep,
May seek in vain to rouse their last long
Yet they have died. [sleep,
But spare thy tears,
They only slumber in a dreamless bed;
One hath the power above to raise the dead,
And calm thy fears.

'Tis Christ the Lord
The mighty one who bursts the bars of death
And spake when life He crown'd with victo-
ry's wreath.
The potent word—
"Lazarus come forth!"
Then from the sepulchre where death em-
brac'd
His powerless victim, came one uneffaced,
Yet claimed by Earth.

Thus shall we rise
When death shall seal account with us in life,
Shall end our trials, sorrows, toils and strife,
And close our eyes.

SPRINGWATER, March 16, 1861.

Madmen, Spare that Flag!
MADMEN, spare that flag,
Touch not a single star;
From sea to mountain crag
Its stripes have gleamed afar;
'Twas our forefather's hand
That gave it as our lot;
There, madmen, let it stand,
Your rage shall harm it not!
That flag of liberty,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And would ye strike it down?
Madmen, suspend your will,
Cut not its heaven-born ties;
Our country's ensign still
Streaked with celestial dyes!
On ocean's wave and hoath,
In battle and in blast,
Our fathers cheered beneath,
Or nailed it to the mast;
A tear for those who fall,
For those who live, renown,
It caught their last farewell—
Oh! do not hew it down.
Our heart-strings round thee cling,
And memories o'er thee crowd;
On field and deck thy wing
Has been a freeman's shroud!
Old flag, the storm still brave,
And traitors leave the spot;
While we've an arm to save
Thy rage shall harm it not.

The Story Teller.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.
BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"What do you want now, Mary? It's
nothing but mother, mother, from morning
'till night. I declare, I am tired of the
name!" And the mother tossed her sewing
into her work basket impatiently, and turned
with no amiable face, to her child.
"Oh mother," said Mary, in a pleading
tone, "won't you please to let me take your
little scissors to cut some dresses for my doll.
I'll bring them back again."
"No, I shall do no such thing; you are
always bothering me for something when I
get a moment to sew; you will want some-
thing else before I can take a stitch. Run
right away now, and don't tease me."
The child turned away with a disappoint-
ed face, and the mother bent over her needle.
Presently a shrill cry came from an ad-
joining room announcing that the baby had
finished his nap, and was by no means pleas-
ed with his quarters. Down went the sew-
ing again, with the exclamation, "that
babe must needs wake up with only half a
nap, and there'll be no peace, with him all
the afternoon."
The hasty manner in which Charley was
snatched up from his cradle, and the impatient
"hush will you," that greeted him, was in
no way calculated to quiet his nerves, and
called forth still louder screams. After a
wearisome hour of alternate scolding, the
young gentleman concluded to sit upon the
floor and amuse himself with his playthings,
while his mother made preparations for
supper.
When the work was about half completed,
the door was thrown open, and two red
checked children rushed noisily into the
room.
"O, mother!" shouted the eldest, "we are
going to have a pic-nic—all the scholars—
down by the grove, and take our dinners,
and have some big swings, and—"
The boy stopped, fairly out of breath, and
his younger brother chimed in—
"And the teacher is going to take me and
Willie with him in his big market wagon,
and he says you must bake us a cake, won't
you mother, and put raisins in it, and sugar
on the top?"
"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, "I do

believe there never was such a noisy set of
children. You are enough to drive any one
distracted with your mother! mother! Do
sit down and be quiet while I get supper."
"Won't you be ready pretty soon?"
asked Willie, following his mother into the
kitchen; "I am so hungry."
"I'll risk your starving. Go away and
don't bother me—go and play marbles with
Fred in the other room."
For a few minutes there was a compara-
tively quiet, and the two boys rolled their
marbles and discussed their merits; but their
voices grow louder and louder, and finally
Willie made a quick step forward, and
brought his foot down on the baby's fingers.
Then there was music in earnest, and as the
mother caught up Charley and tried to still
his screams, scolded poor Willie for his
carelessness, pushed both the boys into chairs,
and took her work basket away from Mary,
giving her a hasty blow that added her voice
to the chorus, there came a quick step in the
hall, and the husband came in.
He was one of those genial, happily con-
stituted men who always see the sunny side
of everything, and on whom life and its
cares press lightly.
As he entered the room the loud angry
screams of the children sunk almost instan-
taneously into half-subdued sobs, and their faces
brightened in sympathy with his.
Catching the baby from his mother's arms,
he commenced a merry play with him that
soon brought smiles instead of tears to the
little fellow's face, and Mary dried her eyes
to join in his shouts of delight at being toss-
ed to the ceiling by the strong arms that he
trusted so perfectly. In a few moments Mr.
Hall was seated with Charley in his lap, and
the other children about him, each one ear-
ner to relate something of the day's occur-
rences, sure of finding ready sympathy from
their father. The pic-nic was discussed
with all its anticipated delights, and even
Mary's new doll came in for a share of the
attention, as her story of "dreadful headache
dolly has got," was gravely listened to.
When all were in good humor again, Mr.
Hall quietly asked them what they were all
crying about when he came in. They looked
sober for a moment, and then Willie hostil-
tantly answered:
"I stepped on Charley's fingers and that
made him cry, and then mother shook me
and I cried too."
"Did you mean to hurt your little brother?"
"No, father, but Fred and I were rolling
our marbles, and I wanted to get a good
aim, and I forgot all about baby and went
backward right on to him."
"You must remember another time to be
more careful when Charley is near you. I
knew a boy once who put his little brother's
eye out, by hitting him accidentally with a
play-thing. You would feel very badly if
you should spoil one of these bright eyes
would you not?"
"Yes, indeed, father," said Willie, throw-
ing his little arms about Charley, "Willie
wouldn't hurt you for all the world, little
brother."
"Well, Mary, did you cry because the
rod did?"
"I—got my mamma's little scissors."
"I am sorry if my little Mary has been
naughty and disobeyed her mother."
"She didn't say Mary musn't touch,"
sobbed the child, "she says, not trouble
mamma."
The tears were not easily checked this
time, and with all the father's ingenuity,
they burst forth at every slight provocation
during the evening. When the last little
head was left dreaming upon its pillow, Mrs.
Hall drew her sewing chair to the light with
a sigh of relief, saying:
"Thank fortune for the prospect of a few
hours of peace and quiet."
"You look very tired to-night; have you
had a hard day," inquired her husband.
"Hard! I should think so. Charlie has
not slept fifteen minutes to-day, and I never
saw Mary so fretful and peevish."
"I do not think Mary is well; she seemed
very feverish this evening. Mr. Marsh has
two children sick with scarlet fever."
"O there is nothing the matter with her,"
replied Mrs. Hall, but in spite of her words
her heart beat a little anxiously at the thought.
"I sometimes think she likes to bother me,
and to-day it has been nothing but mother!
mother! till I am so tired of it I almost
wish I might never hear the name again."
"Do not say so my dear, it makes me
tremble to think of what it might be. This
would be a sad home if even one of those
merry voices should never say mother
again."

The mother's heart smote her as she looked
at the little helpless form before her, and she
bent down and softly kissed the dimpled
cheek, where she fancied she could still see
the traces of her hasty blow. As she did so
she started at his burning touch, and uttered
a cry of fear that brought her husband in-
stantly to her side. It was easy to see that
Mary was in a high fever, and after a few
soothing words to his wife, Mr. Hall hast-
ened to call the family physician, who de-
cided at once it was a case of scarlet fever.
"Have your other children never had the
fever, Mrs. Hall," he inquired.
"Not one of them," was the despairing
reply.
"Then I would advise you to send the
older ones immediately away; they may
possibly escape the infection, and it may be
better to have the house quiet."
The next morning Fred and Willie were
sent away several miles to the house of a
relative, and the house seemed strangely,
awfully still to their sad mother, who bent
anxiously over the unconscious Mary, list-
ening to the delirious ravings when the fe-
ver was high, or shivering sobs and moans
when it abated. Little Charley was closely
watched to see if the fever had tainted his
blood, and for several days they hoped he
would escape, but he awoke one morning
with the crimson staining his pure cheek,
and before night the fever rapt and glowed
in every vein. It is very pitiful to see a
child suffer, especially an infant that knows
nothing of the nature of pain, and see looks
so pleadingly to those in trust for relief,
wondering much that the mother's love,
which never failed before, should be so pow-
erless now.
There was a love that was stronger yet,
that did not fail, and after many days and
nights of painful watching, both children
were pronounced out of danger. On the
night that Mary's fever turned, Mrs. Hall
sat by the bedside, almost holding her
breath lest she should disturb the deep sleep
into which she had fallen, and looked on the
pale, wasted face of her child, she thought
of all the course of sickness. She thought
too, of her own impatient words but a few
weeks before, and remembered that during
her delirium Mary had not once spoken her
name.
There was a silent movement in the bed,
and a child's voice cried very faintly, "mam-
ma!"
Was there ever such music to the mother's
ears, over such blessed tears as filled her
eyes, as she murmured, "Thank God! I
have heard the name once more!"
The sighs and sounds of the sick room
slowly passed away, and the house rang
again with childish voices; but the mother
had learned a solemn lesson, and the hasty
wish that had been so nearly granted was a
warning memory whenever she was tempted
to impatient words or thoughts.

RAIL ROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.
The U. S. Economist says—"Within a peri-
od of thirty years we have invested nearly
1,200 millions of dollars in tracking our
country with rail roads, and add—"This
is an astounding achievement, especially
considering the fact that capital has been
pressingly demanded by the rapid develop-
ment of a new and fertile country." A table
in the Railroad Journal shows that in 1832
there were only 131 miles in operation. Ten
years later, in 1842, there were 3,887 miles.
Another decade, 1852, and we find the ag-
gregate has become 10,878 miles; and here
we are at the dawn of 1861, with 31,170
miles of railroad in operation—more by
over 5,000 miles than the aggregate mileage
of Great Britain, France, Austria and Prussia
combined.

HEADS AND HANDS.—Such men as Frank-
lin, Fulton, or Morse, with great thoughts
gushing up like sunrise in the soul, have
accomplished more for the benefit of the
race than if they had labored with their
hands for a million of years.
It is not the multitude of applause, but
the good sense of the applauders, which gives
value to reputation.
As riches aid favor forsake a man who
discovers him to be a fool; but nobody can
find it out in his prosperity.

DO SOMETHING.—Pick your teeth, whittle
a stick, fish, wash tub, churn butter-
milk, or jump at the moon; only do it. "A
lazy man! I'd rather have the fever and
ague in my bones and shake like Belshazzar
than have a lazy man within a mile of me.
Oh, do something, and not let it be said of
you that,
You have no part in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun."

ARRANGEMENTS OF GARDEN FLOWERS.
The point to be observed in the selection
and disposition of shrubs in the garden, is to
produce an agreeable variety of flowers and
foliage throughout the whole space, and dur-
ing every month in the year. For this pur-
pose certain evergreens, such as the Lauristin-
us, and certain flowering shrubs, such as the
China rose, are to be distributed throughout,
the same variety of the species not being re-
peated, but different varieties. There are
also shrubs for flowering at every season of
the year, where the locality is favorable; and
if judgement be exercised in their selection,
there need not be a dozen duplicates in the
garden—different varieties of each species
being chosen.

CHOICE OF PLANTS.—To select the most
desirable plants for the garden, and to ar-
range them with good taste, requires consid-
erable knowledge of the floral kingdom.—
The time of flowering must be known, the
height, hardness, habit, etc.; also the ef-
fect of the combination of different colors,
so that the plants may be arranged in such
a manner as to produce the happiest effect.
Some persons, anxious for a great variety,
crowd too many plants into a small space,
consequently have nothing in perfection.—
It is much better to be confined to a few va-
rieties, and cultivate them well, than to pur-
sue the capricious step so frequently seen in
the flower garden.

CULTURE OF VIOLETS.—The cultivation
of the violet is very simple. It may easily
be increased by dividing the roots in the
spring or fall, and also by layers and pip-
ings. To obtain new varieties, the seeds
from the best sorts should be gathered as they
become ripe, and sown directly. The plants
will appear in about fourteen days. Those
of the spring sowing will bloom in autumn,
and autumn plants in the spring; and if they
are protected from the summer's sun after
ten o'clock in the forenoon, they will contin-
ue to bloom until the frost becomes severe.
Indeed, this lovely little flower, possesses the
quality of blooming while the coming frost
of later autumn have put most other plants
to sleep for the winter, and it is sometimes
seen in a moderate winter, partially covered
with snow, with its buds ready formed to
usher in young spring.

MYRTLES.—Myrtles should be grown in
a soil composed of a mixture of peat and
loam, in which the former should predomi-
nate; they should be regularly watered and
frequently syringed. Some persons nip off
the tips of the young shoots, to make the
plant grow bushy; and though it has that
effect, it is a bad practice with the flowering
kinds, as it prevents them from producing
flowers. A better plan is to make cuttings,
and as the plant increases in growth, change
to a larger pot, till the plants have acquired
a bushy habit of growth.

PROTECTING SEEDS.—The shoots of annu-
als are very apt when they first appear above
ground, to be scorched and withered by the
hot sun, and the plants thus destroyed. As
a remedy against this, pieces of moss or thin
matting may be laid over the ground where
they are planted, staked down, and there al-
lowed to remain until the seeds have been
sprouted some days, or a week, and when
removed, let it be at night or early in the
morning; the morning is the best time.

CLIMBING ROSES.—When climbing roses
fall to run, which is often the case, the re-
medy is to cut away all but three or four of
the strongest shoots and permit none but
those to grow the first season. Give the
plant plenty of manure—liquid manure—
manure of almost any kind or description.
By this means you can cause your climbing
roses to grow to almost any extent desired.

WOODEN BOILERS are in operation in sev-
eral parts of the United States. The boiler,
which is morticed, is 8 feet long, 2 feet wide
and 2 feet deep. A piece of iron piping,
about 4 inches in diameter, is inserted in the
box at one extremity, about 1 1/2 inches from
the base; this, by means of an elbow, is con-
tinued within 1 1/2 inches of the side, so that
the interior circuit of the box is made; on
the protruding end of the pipe an elbow is
fixed, from which the chimney appears some-
what above the top of the box. Corn cobs,
placed in the entrance of the pipe, are used
as fuel; and from the great draught, the wa-
ter is soon brought to a boiling heat, having
free access to the pipes, which are placed on
small supports of wood. It has been used
for farming purposes for some time, and has
been found to combine, at the same time,
considerable utility with economy.

There elm tree has been known to live
more than 350 years; the chestnut 600; the
cedar 800; oaks from 1,000 to 1,600; and
some of the woods of the tropical climes for
three, four, and five thousand years.

INDIANS may be considered the "copper-
faced" type of mankind.

The lady who fell back on her dignity
came very near breaking it.

COSMETIC SENSE is only a modification of tal-
ent; genius is an exaltation of it.

A JUDGE, ignorant of grammar, is very
apt to pronounce incorrect sentences.

It does not follow that Rome was built in
the night because it wasn't built in a day.

AN ERROR IN DISCOURSE.—Wm. H. H.
Clark, the editor of the Kendall (Ill.) Cler-
ic, loves a good joke, and never lets an op-
portunity slip that promises a dish of fun.
Here is his latest joke, which he has
"discussed." We have lately got a new
suit of clothes, and no man could be more
effectually disgusted. Upon first putting
them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret,
and for a long time thought we were awap-
ped off. "We went to the house," and scared
the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we
wanted to see Mr. Clarke, and told us that
we would find him at the office; we went
there, and pretty soon one of our business
men came in, with a strip of paper in his
hand; He asked if the editor was in; told
him we thought not; asked him if he wished
to see him particularly; said he wanted him
to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe
he would be in; business man left. Started
to the house again; met a couple of young
ladies; one of them asked the other, "What
handsome stranger is that?" In this atten-
tion; we met a friend and told him who we
were, and got him to introduce us to our
wife; who is now as proud of us as can be.
The next time we get a new suit, we shall
let her know beforehand.

SUCCESS A MATTER OF WILL.—Success
has no more eccentricity, than the gingham
and muslin we weave in our mills. I know
no more affecting lesson to our boys, plotting
New England Brains than to go into one of
the factories, with which we have lined all
the water-courses in the States; A man
hardly knows how much he is machining until
he begins to make telegraph, loom, press,
and locomotive, in his own image. But in
these, he is forced to leave out his follies and
hindrances, so that when he goes to the mill,
the machine is more moral than we. Let a man
dare go to a loom, and see if he is equal
to it. Let machine confront machine, and
see how they come out. The world-mill is
more complex than the calico-mill, and the
architect stooped less. In the gingham-mill,
a broken thread or a shred spoils the web
through a piece of a hundred yards, and is
traced back to the girl that wove it and leas-
ons her wages. The stockholder, on being
shown this, rubs his hands with delight.—
Are you cunning, Mr. Profitless, and do you
expect to swindle your master and employer,
in the web you weave? A day is a more
magnificent cloth than any muslin, the
mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunning-
er, and you shall not conceal the sleazy,
fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped in-
to the piece, nor fear that any honest thread,
or straighter steel, or more inflexible shaft,
will not testify in the web.—Emerson.

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.—We know of
nothing more contemptible, unmanly or un-
womanly, and craven, than the everlasting
sighing for "happiness." Those who have
the most of it think the least about it. But
in the thinking about and doing their duty,
happiness comes—because the heart and mind
are occupied with earnest thought that touch-
es at a thousand points the beautiful and sub-
lime realities of the universe: the heart and
mind are brought (and reverently it is said)
in contact with the Creator and Ruler and
Father of all—the PERFECT BLISS.

INDIAN LITERATURE.—A new paper in
the Chippewa language has been issued at
Sarnia, Canada; by the Rev. Thomas Hur-
lbert. It bears the romantic name of Potau-
ber or Peep of Day. For the benefit of our
readers, we present a single extract from its
columns:
Tautonishishin chitpanjimuk auw kau uwi
utong co uki antuznim goshkaidox keizhik-
ewad dush ishiphim zhanwad ikw shaw-
and augozhichik.
We don't believe a word of it.

A QUAKER, intending to drink a glass of
water, took up a small tumbler of gin. He
did not discover his mistake until he got be-
hind the door and swallowed the dose, when
he lifted both hands, and exclaimed, "Ver-
ily, I have taken inwardly the balm of the
world's people! What will Dorothy say
when she smells my breath!"

If an engine fitted with a surface-condens-
er, were placed 70 ft. above its boiler, the
condensed water would return to the boiler,
by its own gravity against a pressure of 90 lbs.
of steam per square inch.

A MUSICIAN, a while ago, informed the
public in his bills that a variety of other
songs might be expected; too tedious to men-
tion.