

Knowledgeable Contrivance

VOL. I.

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NO. 5.

A FANTASY.

He lies in a dreamless sleep
White shadows over me creep;
I am thrilled with a rapture deep
As the drifting clouds pass by.

He came—the day was dull and dead,
The skies were cold and gray;
The steaming mist on the pane /
And blurred the teasing bay.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

He came—the day is fresh and fair,
The skies are warm and bright,
The robin sings; the bithe bow wings
Or fragrant fills his flight.

THE DOCTOR'S WARD.

"Marry Kistie!" Dr. Grealy cried,
pushing back his chair and staring at his
sister in amazement. "What in the
world should any one want to marry Kistie
for?"

"For a multitude of reasons," Miss
Dora replied, with a pleasant little laugh.
"You seem to forget, Jack, that she's not a
child any longer, and that she has the
eligible young men in Ballycoyle are in
love with her alone."

"That's not saying much," the doctor
replied, grimly. "There are only three
men in the place that can afford to keep a
wife; but what you say about Captain
Challoner fairly amazes me. Why, he's
very near as old as I am!"

"Then you're a conceited old goose,
that's all I can say," Miss Dora replied,
"angling heartily at her brother's evident
impatience. "Frank Challoner comes
to see Kistie."

"What do you know about love's
young dream, miss?" the doctor said, as
she entered the room.
"Nothing at all," she replied, looking
at him with a pair of the bluest eyes,
shaded by the longest and most defini-
tive black, curly lashes. "Nothing in the
world; but, sure, I may be wiser some
day."

"Hum!" the doctor growled, throwing
a triumphant glance at his sister. "I'll
take care you learn none of that nonsense
yet a while."

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Red hose are worn with dresses of al-
most any color.
Married ladies frequently wear black
lace over shot silks of light colors.

Between the ages of fifteen and forty-
five a woman can grow about seven crops
of hair.

White and colored milk pokes, with
Valenciennes lace ruffles, are pretty for
girls' hats.

Some new silk stockings have stripes
running up and down; these in black
and white are most fashionable.

Bows of rosette shape now figure on
many of the French models as decoration
for killed and flocked petticoats.

General Wallace says that although he
lived in Turkey three years he never
spoke to a Turkish woman during that
time.

When the woman who was with him
at the time he was in Turkey, she said
that she had never seen a Turkish woman
during that time.

Small circular capes are again revived,
but meet with little popularity, as they
are ugly, notwithstanding their unpre-
tentiousness.

Patent leather low-cut shoes are worn
with light-colored silk stockings, but
they have not a very lady-like air for out-
door wear.

Scarlet crepe sun bonnets trimmed
with green crepe and with bearded wheat
and green velvet frogs are worn at French
watering places.

Wraps are lined with surah or louisine
silks in blue and white and brown and
white, and these often form the trimming
of the dress with which the wraps are
worn.

MONACO'S GAMBLING DEN.

A VIVIDLY DRAWN PICTURE OF A
GRAND EVIL.

Other invalids, better off, send again
and again for money, sell, mort-
gage, borrow, and finally neglect their
health, spend the days and evenings
in the close, badly ventilated rooms, and
die before the end of the season. It is
very hard that people going to the south
for health should be exposed to such
temptation. In every hotel there is a
band of gamblers who talk of nothing
but rouge and noir, of numbers, of sys-
tems of play. These votaries of gambling
are not necessarily the young and the
unexperienced. They are often middle-
aged or aged men and women, and nobles-

men, gentry, generals, colonels, barri-
sters, physicians. The demon of gam-
bling has got hold of them. They come
from the four corners of the earth; and
the ruin that follows—bankruptcy, pov-
erty, dishonor, suicide—usually falls
upon them at home at New York, Rio
Janeiro, Batavia, Calcutta, anywhere. It
is said that during the winter about a
million of dollars are lost at Monte Carlo.

Now that there is some speculation on
what name to give the Northern portion
of Dakota in case the States which
should be admitted to the Union in that
territory, it may be interesting to
note that just one hundred years ago, in
1784, an ordinance was drawn up in re-
gard to the territory ceded or to be
ceded by individual States to the United
States. The original draft read:

"The territory northward of the forty-
fifth degree, that is to say, of the com-
pletion of forty-five degrees from the
equator and extending to the north to
the Woods, shall be called Sylvania."

"Of the territory under the forty-fifth
and forty-fourth degrees, that which lies
westward of Lake Michigan, shall be called
Michigan; and that which is eastward
thereof, within the peninsula formed
by the lakes and waters of Michigan,
Huron, St. Clair and Erie, shall be called
Choronensis, and shall include any part
of the peninsula which may extend above
the forty-fifth degree."

"Of the territory under the 43d and
42d degrees, that to the westward
through which the Assinipi or Rock
River runs, shall be called Assenipiia;
and that to the eastward, including the
foundations of the Muskingum, the two
Miamis of the Ohio, the Washash, the
Illinois, the Miamis of the Lake, and
the Sandusky Rivers, shall be called
Metropotamia."

"Of the territory which lies under the
37th and 36th degrees, that which
shall be added so much of the portion
of land within the fort of the Ohio and
Mississippi as lies under the 37th degree,
that to the westward, within and ad-
jacent to which are the confluences of
the rivers Washash, Shawnee, Tanasee,
Ohio, Illinois, Mississippi, and Mis-
souri, shall be called Polyopotamia, and
that to the eastward, further up the
Ohio, otherwise called the Pelisipi, shall
be called Pelisipiia."

Each reader can judge for himself
how much was gained and how much
was lost by the fact that, under the
ordinance finally agreed upon, these
names were not put on, but that upon
the Western territory and perpetuated
in history.

In a recent paper read before the
Boston Society for Medical Improvement,
Dr. R. M. Hodges said: "It is a common
impression that to take food immediately
before going to bed and to sleep is un-
wise. Such a suggestion is answered by
the fact that the instinct of animals
promptly leads them to sleep as soon as
they have eaten; and in summer an after-dinner
nap, especially when that meal is taken
at midday, is a luxury indulged in by
many, and that the darkness nor season of
the year alters the condition of the
ordinary hour of the evening meal is six
or seven o'clock, and the first morning
meal seven or eight o'clock, an interval
of twelve hours or more elapses without
food, and for the persons whose nutrition
is at fault this is altogether too long
a period for fasting. That such an interval
without food is permitted explains many
a restless night, and much of the
head and headache, and the languid,
half-rested condition on rising which is
accompanied by no appetite for breakfast.
This meal itself often dissipates these
sensations. It is, therefore, desirable, if
not essential, when nutriment is to be
crowded, that the last thing before going
to bed should be the taking of food.
Sleeplessness is often caused by starvation,
and a tumbler of milk, if drunk in the
middle of the night, will often put people
to sleep when hypochondria would fail of
their purpose. Food before rising is an
equally important expedient. It supplies
strength for bathing and dressing,
laborious and wearisome tasks for the
underfoot, and is a better morning 'pick-
me-up' than any unacknowledged tonic."

Street Cars Without Rails.
An Alexandria (Egypt) letter to the San
Francisco Examiner says: "Here in Alex-
andria, for the first time in my life, I have
seen street cars running without the aid
of rails of any kind. These are like
our ordinary open summer cars, though
a little shorter and are drawn by two
horses. The wheels are about twice the
usual diameter, projecting up through
the floor quite conspicuously. They are
of wood, with iron tires. As the streets
of Alexandria are paved with smooth
blocks of stone, about two feet long and
one foot wide, in such a way that the
lines of continuity cross the street half
way diagonally and then reverse, they are
specially adapted to the locomotion of
these cars. The cars must be light-built,
and I judge that there are regularly ap-
pointed routes for them. They move
along at a decent speed, and are not al-
together uncomfortable."

NATURAS NATURANS.

Where'er my eyes may turn or seases range,
Inspiring nature points to life beyond;
And when the soul, with rays of light that dim
The stars, dispels the haze that floats and falls
At hither the rising dream of future life,
As tranquil seas enfold the tranquil air,
Lo, from the depths of premonitions wise,
Peace her glory sheds upon the heart that
says:

If life were not good for man, man would not
live;
If death were not good for man, man would
not die;
'Tis life's fulfillment that all things should
fade,
Again to live. Nature can ne'er destroy.
Naught perishes, and all that's dust is life,
Still with care shall we await the certain
change,
Like fear marked by her good behavior.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hanson seems to have discovered the
row to wealth.—Whitell Times.
Talk about babies; but then, we
never indulge in small talk.—Chicago
Sun.
"Out on the fly" is now the cry of the
infuriated bald-headed citizen.—Lowell
Observer.

A man will put his best foot forward
if he has a sore toe on the other foot.—
Plymouth.
The rising of the fire.—Turning out to
build the fire and cook the breakfast.—
Waterloo Observer.

Stooping over to pick up a fair lady's
handkerchief loses its joy when it sacri-
fices a superior button.
Since pantalons have been selling for
ten cents a pair Detroiters have begun to
look quite dresy.—Courier-Journal.

"Ah, how do you vote this year,
Smith?" "Same as I did last—at the
polls." And they passed on.—Boston
Post.

"That was a clothes haul," said the
burglar as he tumbled over the fence,
leaving a part of his pantaloons with the
bulldog.—Lifo.
In Cincinnati there is a soda fountain
called "Blizzard." It is probably so
called because so many men have been
ruined by it.—Boston Post.

"No," said Amy, "I'll have the whole
hog or none." "Please don't say 'whole
hog,'" remonstrated the high school girl,
"say 'undivided porcine.'"—Derrick.
Young physician—No, it is not in
good taste for a young physician when
called because so many men have been
ruined by it.—Somerville Journal.

A bit of poetry floating around in the
papers is headed: "Thee, Thee, Only
Thee." It is probably Jay Gould's ode
to the mighty dollar.—Philadelphia
Chronicle.

Brown—Ah, Fogg! Quite a stranger!
How do you like your new residence?
Fine landscape, I suppose? Fogg—No,
there's no landscape to speak of, but
there's two fire 'scapes.—Boston Trans-
cript.

QUEEN COW.

A few years ago many people stood
ready to claim that cotton was king. In-
deed there are many gasping slaves who
day who claim the same thing. Statistics
are abundant by means of which a
man can be, in a part substantiated,
that a very few people have been
claiming that king cotton ever did
much to improve society, education, or
condemned to fight, such a vulgar thing
as a mortgage. Cotton may be king or
not just as people care to think. We
don't believe he is, but we do believe
that the good old cow is queen, and that
with a gentle and royal purpose she is
seeking to build up the lands that she
treads under her feet. There is very little
style about the old cow. She steps
slowly and clumsily about her business,
but she makes the business pay well.
She plods along in heat or
cold, wet or dry, eating what is given
her, feeling her oats in the
family to look after the dairy interests
under circumstances that would dis-
courage any other living creature; and
when she is fed and cared for as she should
be, she responds to a new milk-
ing pail and an extra feed of meal. The
good old cow has paid off more mort-
gages, and paid for more farms than any
other known production. She is mother
of all our beef. In many a household
she catches the wolf on her horns and
tosses it far from the door. She has
turned the tide of agricultural prosperity
in many parts of the country from a
downward course in raising grain or
cotton to an upper and prosperous one
in raising stock, grass and hay. Flowers
and grass spring from beneath her feet
on the moist barrow soil. The old cow
don't stop to enshure over them, but con-
verts them into good, solid, hard cash.
King Cotton may well tremble when he
sees good old Queen Cow, marching in
his direction. She comes marching along
in advance of better schools, better
mills, better farms, better men and
women. The dead old cotton fields will
burst forth into grass at her touch, and
contentment and happiness will leap out
of her milking pail. We take off our
hats to Queen Cow. May her shadows
never grow less.—Southern Live Stock
Journal.

INCIDENTS AT A FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

We saw a young woman brought out
of a burning house with copper kettle
in her hand. She was screaming wildly:
"My baby! Oh, my baby!" The woman
had been engaged in the kitchen, with
her infant in her arms, and had been
busily occupied leaving her cooking uten-
sils by throwing them into the eastern,
quite unconscious that her dwelling was
already on fire. The flames, having dis-
covered her in that perilous place, had
rushed into the kitchen and forced her
to hasten on. On her way she had es-
pied a copper kettle, and had instinctively
seized it; but in her fright and bewilderment, she had thrown her baby into
the eastern instead of the kettle.
Fortunately a sturdy fellow succeeded in
rescuing the baby, and restoring it to
the distracted mother.

A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

The circumstances were very pathetic.
The ruined gentleman continued to main-
tain the wife and child in a life of pen-
ury by presenting himself as one-legged
beggars on a crowded city crossing. Not-
withstanding the conviction that it would
one day bring him to grief, he was finally
run over by his own wife's
brougham. She had never suspected
what his business was till she saw the
victim of the accident.—Notes and
Queries.

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A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Harry Williams and a party of friends
were cruising around off Cape May, when
they came on the masts of a vessel pro-
ceeding about the waves. They rowed
over to inspect the wreck when Harry
Williams cried out: "My God! boys,
that's the schooner. I know her by
the crosses that we fixed with the
block to reef the haliards through before
she started on her last voyage. God help
them, they are all lost! And the young
man floating in it is something new to
me. The schooner was the Deborah Dwyer,
commanded by Captain Frank Williams,
with him his wife, two sons, John and
Frank, a steward and his wife, and two
deckhands whose first names I don't
know. The vessel left Boston a month previous
and all on board were lost.—Detroit Free
Press.