

THE ADVERTISER.

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THE FARMER'S LAMENT.

Yer right, I rather reckon, though I sometimes kinder wince When I tell how it came about, an' I became a prince. Yer see it were in sixty, when this 'ere town were new. That I came 'ere to settle, an' my riches were but few. I do 'a farm, 'twant on the belt, an' then began to toil. But, do my best, I could not get a single show or oil. My gals were eight in number, an' each one had to be fed. So I 'sented to lighten up a bit, I'd try to get 'em wed. I knew to catch a hurban yer mus' hunt the book with 'em. But bein' poor, I cast about to see what could be done. I bribed the village parson to put it in the public prints. That old Ben Tan had struck it rich, an' now was an oil prince. The paper did the business, an' it pays to advertise. Whether publishing the facts, or the stewart-est of lies. He did the thing up nicely, as reporters always do. An' made it fit as neatly as a pretty school marm's shoes. He said I was a miser, an' that in my cellar's mold I had hidden 'bout three millions in solid chunks of gold. I 'sented yer to seven molasses—how it gathers in the bins? That's how the moon came tumblin' arter Han-nah, Jane and Liz. An' it wasn't thirty days when my lip did kinder curl. As I saw a broker 'lopin' with my eighth and final girl. I thought I'd got it all arranged, but trouble soon began. I had the girls to feed again, an' they each fed a man!

—George A. Clarke.

THE DARK DAY OF 1881.

New England experienced Tuesday (September 6) the same atmospheric phenomena which distinguished the famous "Dark Day" of 1780; in lesser degree its characteristics were repeated, and over very nearly the same extent of country. In this city the day began with a slow gathering of fog from all the water-courses in the early hours, the thin clouds that covered the sky at midnight seemed to crowd together and descend upon the earth, and by sunrise the atmosphere was dense with vapor, which limited vision to very short distances, and made those distances illusory; and as the sun rose invisibly behind, the vapors became a thick, brassy canopy through which a strange yellow light pervaded the air and produced the most peculiar effects on the surface of the earth. This color and darkness lasted until about three o'clock in the afternoon, once in a while lightning, and then again deepening, so that during a large part of the time nothing could be done conveniently in-doors without artificial light. The unusual complexion of the air wearied and pained the eyes. The grass assumed a singular bluish brightness, as if every blade were tipped with light. Yellow blossoms turned pale and gray, a row of sunflowers looking ghastly; orange nasturtiums lightened; pink roses flamed. Blue-hued phlox grew pink, and blue flowers were transformed into red. Luxuriant morning-glories that had been blossoming in deep blue during the season now were dressed in splendid magenta; rich blue clematis donned an equally rich maroon; fringed gentians were crimson in the fields. There was a singular luminousness on every fence and roof-ridge, and the trees seemed ready to fly into fire. The light was mysteriously devoid of refraction. One sitting with his back to a window could not read the newspaper if his shadow fell upon it—he was obliged to turn the paper aside to the light. Gas was lighted all over the city, and it burned with a sparkling pallor, like the electric light. The electric lights themselves burned blue, and were perfectly useless, giving a more unearthly look to everything around. The darkness was not at all like that of night, nor were animals affected by it to any remarkable extent. The birds kept still, it is true, the pigeons roosting on ridge-poles instead of flying about, but generally the chickens were abroad. A singular uncertainty of distance prevailed and commonly the distances seemed shorter than reality. When in the afternoon the sun began to be visible through the strange mists, it was like a pink ball amidst yellow cushions—just the color of one of those mysterious balls of rouge which we see at the drug stores and which no woman ever buys. It was not till between five and six o'clock that the sun had sufficiently dissipated the mists to resume its usual clear gold, and the earth returned to its every-day aspect; the grass resigning its unnatural brilliancy and the purple daisies no longer fainting into pink. The temperature throughout the day was very close and oppressive, and the physical effect was one of heaviness and depression.

What was observed here was the experience of all New England, so far as heard from, of Albany and New York City, and also in Central and Northern New York. We have dispatches and letters from Portland, Me., from Boston, Providence, Norwich, New Haven, New York, Utica and all over Southern Vermont, Connecticut and Western Massachusetts. Schools were dismissed in various places, as, indeed, study was performed suspended in those which kept up their sessions; and many factories also let out their hands when their facilities for lighting were insufficient. The Bachelier Shoe Factory at North Brookfield was one of them, and the Hartford Carpet Company at Thompsonville—where it is said the operatives were afraid the final trump was going to sound. If there was any danger of this it was a very proper thing to do; for no one could possibly

hear the trump while the mills were running. There were traces of superstition in various quarters. Naturally many associated the strange darkness with the removal of President Garfield, and some felt as if it signified his death. Others thought of the end of the world, as so many did on the celebrated dark day of 101 years ago.

That "Dark Day" par excellence was May 19, 1780, when, after several days of close, hot weather, characterized by a thick, smoky atmosphere, between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon the skies thickened, and a fearful darkness set in which lasted until the following midnight, or from twelve to fifteen hours. This darkness covered all New England, extending west as far as Albany, southward along the coast, and to the east and north as far as white settlements extended. Birds stopped singing, and fowls went to roost, the cocks crowed at midday as if it were midnight, animals showed terror, and the superstitious howled. Then it was that Abraham Davenport, in the Connecticut Legislature, said that he proposed to be found at his duty if the day of judgment did come, and moved that candles be brought in. Prof. Williams, of Harvard College, made record that day of a steady fall in the barometer, and noted many of the phenomena of color we have described as occurring yesterday. The darkness of the following night was tremendous, so that there was literally no light, and though the full moon rose early in the evening, the heavens and the earth were indistinguishable. The explanation which has received most credence since then is that the peculiar state of the atmosphere was due to the coincidence of heavy clouds of smoke from forest fires with an extraordinary moisture, which combined to shut out all but the yellow light. This explanation applies very well also to the dark day of October, 1816, when a similar, though less severe and extensive darkness, was known in New England, and another day of the sort which was experienced in Michigan in 1862. When Miramichi was burned over in 1825, a great district in Canada and Maine was visited with similar obscurity. There have been forest fires of considerable extent recently in various parts of the country, whose smoke has been heavy in our air, and the combination with an unusual precipitation of vapor probably caused the phenomena of yesterday. Charles Mayr, of this city, a man of known scientific attainments, offers the following extremely interesting explanation:

"To produce a weather like the one Tuesday several conditions are absolutely necessary: first an almost absolute calmness of the atmosphere; second, a high degree of saturation of the atmosphere with moisture, and third, a cloudless sky; probably it might only occur in the fall or spring, that with those conditions still a fourth is supplied, a relative colder temperature in the upper regions of the atmosphere. It seems to me exceedingly probable that the peculiar state was brought about in this way: During the foregoing days the air was very moist and warm; almost no wind was blowing; during the night from the 5th to the 6th the upper regions of the atmosphere cooled so far as to form a little fog high up, which slowly grew until about ten o'clock the 6th it had its greatest depth, perhaps several thousand feet; no wind blowing, the formed fog was not carried away or upwards, and thus a layer of very fine but very deep fog formed over probably an immense extent of country. Certain temperatures are necessary, too high temperature below or too low ones above would create currents that would drive the fog away; the difference in temperature between above—say several thousand feet—and below, was perhaps not more than ten degrees. The light, when analyzed by the spectroscope, was very peculiar. The spectrum on ordinary days, about, say, three inches long, had only a length of about one inch; blue and violet were almost wanting, while red, yellow and green were well represented. The mixture of these colors, red, yellow and green, produced the peculiar yellow tinge. The moisture line in yellow was very strong. More blue and violet would have "killed" the prevailing yellow and produced our common daily light to which we are used. Very peculiar was the effect of this light on grass; it had a dark bluish tinge, which was nothing but a subjective contrast appearance. The rays to which the green grass owes its color were all present in this peculiar light, but the surrounding objects had lost some of their blue and violet color elements; they appeared too yellow and by "contrast" the dark grass appeared to our eye with a more bluish tinge, because blue is the contrast color of yellow. Water-vapor at a certain stage of condensation lets only the red, yellow and green through. The light has nothing to do with comets, northern lights, or the end of the world—all of which theories found their believers during the remarkable forenoon.

—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

—The grasses of the plains are mainly of three kinds, the gramma grass, growing about ten inches high, in a single round stock, with two oblong heads at the top of it; then comes the buffalo grass, growing about four inches high, which is curly in its character and lies close to the ground; then there is what is called bunch grass, which keeps green at the roots nearly all winter. On these the cattle and sheep subsist the year round, and grow fat.

—The hangman would make a good journalist, because he handles the noose.—Waterloo Observer. And always has something ready for the next tweak.—Jacob Strauss.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The sum of \$42,000 was recently secured in New York City for the aid of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Toward this two ladies each contributed \$10,000.

—The Rev. David Burt, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Minnesota, disabled by disease, has resigned, and Prof. D. L. Kiehle, Principal of the State Normal School at St. Cloud, Minn., is appointed his successor.

—A number of teachers' institutes have lately been held in West Virginia, and teachers and citizens alike showed an enthusiastic desire to learn new methods. High schools are increasing in the State.

—In the German Reformed Church a movement prevails to some extent for the restoration of the order of deaconesses as it is believed to have existed in apostolic times. There are conflicting opinions as to the details, but the majority in favor of the movement is said to be powerful.

—Moody continues his opposition to church fairs. When asked how to secure a genuine revival of religion, he answers, "Put aside all those distracting church fairs." When asked as to the best manner of training new converts, he says, "First keep them out of fairs."

—Complaint is made in Philadelphia that the salaries of the public school teachers are inadequate, and it is said that the most competent teachers are resigning. Last year in the public schools of that city there were 1,988 women teachers and but 77 men, the average annual salary amounting to \$486.14.

—Any clergyman suitably recommended to the St. John's Clergy House, in the Diocese of Albany, N. Y., may be received on payment of \$300, and by a payment of \$5,000 any diocese may establish a foundation on which to maintain a clergyman for life. Connected with the institution is a chapel and several acres of land. The library will hold 10,000 volumes, which, however, are yet to be given.

—Rev. J. D. Miller, a Methodist clergyman of New York, says that he knows a dozen Methodist ministers who have been unfortunate enough to marry wealthy women, and it has destroyed their usefulness in the church they represent. Brethren who are on the lookout for acceptable ladies suitable for ministers' wives should remember this and give the poor girls a chance. Rich ones are not to be despised, but perhaps it will be well to let some of the laymen have these.

Destructive Cloud-Bursts in Utah.

Captain R. R. Hopkins came in from Cottonwood Springs, Castle Valley, on Friday afternoon, where he had been carrying on a general mercantile business. We learned from him as he was about to take the train for Salt Lake, that at four o'clock on Sunday last he heard the ominous sound of a cloud-burst, and on rushing out of his tent the water struck him up to the waist. He was able to keep his feet, however, but everything around him—tent, stores and all their valuable contents—was carried off with the flood. He stood there without a coat, hat or vest, all these articles, together with a valuable gold watch, which were in the store, being swept away along with the rest of his property. For some time he searched around to see what could be saved, but nothing was left but a few bars of steel and some other things of trifling value. He found a sack of flour lodged in the top of a tree some distance off. The loss to himself will probably amount to about \$5,000. The railway grade and culverts in many places were washed away.

During Sunday and Monday there were cloud-bursts also at the head of Soldier's Canyon, leading into Carson Valley (which is the main road of travel from the north into Castle Valley), and washed everything before them into the canyon, so that it is impossible now to travel by that route. Wagons, loaded with goods and supplies of all kinds, had to return to Clear Creek to await the making of a new road before supplies can be furnished the hundreds of graders working in Castle Valley. Efforts are now being made to build a new road down White River Canyon, from Horse Creek, following the line of railroad grade already constructed, by which road it is anticipated the hundreds of teams now camped at Clear Creek will be able to proceed in a few days. We learn also of cloud-bursts at Castle Dale, the county seat of Emery County, through which considerable damage was done to property.—Provo City (U. T.) Enquirer.

The Close of the Revolution.

To-day (September 3) makes ninety-eight years since the signing of the definite treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States of America, by which the war for our independence was terminated. It was on September 3, 1783, that the work was done, eight years four months and fifteen days after the battle of Lexington. The American signers were Dr. Franklin, John Adams and John Jay, and David Hartley signed for Great Britain. The provisional treaty had been signed in November, 1782, and the definite treaty was the same thing; yet the English did not evacuate New York City till the beginning of the last week of November, 1783. The close of the contest dates from September 3, 1783, as all the nations that had taken part in the contest then returned to a state of peace.—Boston Traveller.

—One may ride through twenty continuous miles of orange orchards in Los Angeles, Cal.

Youths' Department.

THE HERB-SELLERS.

Two little maids trucked through the town, With feet and ankles bare an' t'brown, And baskets poised for half the day, Crying: "Fresh herbs to sell! Hay! hay!"

And one was vexed and did complain: "This basket's weight will crush my brain. The careless housewife's heavy past, While sage and parsley wither fast."

"The sun it burns, the dust it blinds, And many folks of many minds Toss'er my herbs And will not buy, Though, hoarse and faint, I ever cry."

The other smiled, with face serene, "I hear," she said, "an evergreen, A little plant, atop the load, That helps me o'er the weary road."

"And what may be this magic plant, Whose virtues you so praise and vaunt? Can mint or thyme the heavier bliss, Or marjoram or water-cress?"

"Nay," said her mate, "'Tis but a weed— A poor and humble thing, indeed! A growth proud folk but seldom wear, For it is neither ray nor fair."

"But tell me where the weed is found, And I will go and search the ground, I'll tend it better than a rose, If it will bring my back repose."

"We call it Patience! Simple thing! For it the whole round year is spring, Scant in its bloom, nor bright of eye, Still it can frost and heat defy."

"It grows on any road of soil, Where men must suffer, wait and toil; It grows for all who serve and heal, And find in love life's precious meal." —Annetta Larned, in N. Y. Independent.

PHIL'S BURGLAR.

I am Phil Morris, fourteen years old, and the youngest clerk in Covert Savings-Bank. The cashier is my uncle Jack, and he began at the bottom, where I am, when he was a boy. He says that a boy had better grow up with a country bank than go West and grow up with the country. He thinks there's more money in it.

"If there's anything in you," he said one day, "you'll work your way up to be bank President at some time." Uncle Jack says and does such queer things sometimes that people say he's odd. They talk about his being so wrapped up in our bank that he never had time to hunt up a wife. I notice, though, that when father and mother died and left me a wee little baby, Uncle Jack found time to bring me up, and give me a good education, to boot. Oh, he's as good as gold or Government bonds, Uncle Jack is.

We live in rooms over the bank, where old Mrs. Halstead keeps house for us. Underneath, we do the business. There's heaps of money in our two big vaults. Last summer—and, mind you, this was while I was away on vacation—two men broke into the building. They came up stairs and into Uncle Jack's room. One had a bull's-eye lantern that he flashed in Uncle Jack's face as he sat up in bed, and the other pointed a big pistol right at his head.

"Tell us where the vault keys are, or I'll shoot you," he said. "Oh, Uncle Jack," I broke in, when he was telling me about it, "what did you do?" "What would you have done?" he asked, in his odd way. "I know what I wouldn't have done," I answered him, straightening up a bit—"I wouldn't have given 'em the keys."

"Ah!" Uncle Jack says, kind of half doubtful, and then went on: "Well, I told them to shoot away. And they knew as well as I did that shooting wouldn't bring them the keys. So when they found they couldn't frighten me, the scoundrels tied me, and went off in a rage, with my watch and pocket-book."

That was last summer. One night along in the fall Uncle Jack started off down town. 'Tis a lodge night, and I may not be back until late," he said. "You won't mind staying alone—a great boy like you." And of course I said "No."

enough, but I'd like to see any one except Uncle Jack or I find them. I suppose you have of such things as secret panels.

The store-room floor is lower than the chamber floor. Many a time, when I haven't been thinking, I've stepped down with a jar that almost sent my backbone up through the top of my head.

"In there, eh?" said my bold burglar, quite cheerful like, and pushed by me to the open door. I set the lamp down, and my heart began to beat so that I was almost afraid he could hear it. "Now or never," I whispered.

It was all done quicker than you could say "knife." I put my head down like a billy-goat, and ran for the small of his back. "Butted" isn't a nice word, but that's just how I sent him flying headlong into the closet. I heard him go down with a crash that shook Mrs. Halstead's biggest jar of raspberry jam off the shelf.

I didn't stop to take breath until I'd locked the door and barricaded it with Uncle Jack's big mahogany bureau—just as the lady did in the story. Then I breathed—and listened. What I heard made my eyes stick out a bit. First I almost felt like crying. Then I laughed until I did cry. I suppose the excitement made me hystericky. It was ten minutes before I roused up Mr. Simms, the Constable, and Jared Peters, who lives next door. Mr. Simms brought along an old pepper-box revolver and a pair of handcuffs. Jared Peters had his double-barreled gun, but, in his hurry, he forgot to load it.

Up stairs we hurried. The two men pulled away the bureau, and Mr. Simms, who was in the army, stationed us in our places. "Look a-here, you feller," Mr. Simms called out, "the strong arm of the law is a-cov'rin' of you with deadly weapons. Surrender without resistance—Phil, yank open the door."

I flung open the door. Jared Peters covered the prisoner with his gun. He was covered with something else, too—Mrs. Halstead's raspberry jam, that he'd been wallowing round in. He didn't look proud, though, for all he was so stuck up. Before he could open his mouth, Mr. Simms had him handcuffed and dragged out into the chamber.

"There," he said, with a long breath, "I guess you won't burgle no more right away." "For goodness' sake, Simms—Peters—don't you know me—Mr. John Morris, cashier of the savings-bank?" That was what the prisoner said just as soon as he could speak. "Well, I didn't wait any longer. I just bolted for my own room, where I could lie down on the floor. And there I lay laughing until I was purple clear round to my shoulder-blades. Then I went to bed."

"Philip," said Uncle Jack, solemnly, while we were at breakfast next morning, "I should beg your pardon for trying to test your courage in the—consummately idiotic way I took to do it last night, but"—and he looked pretty sheepish—"I—I think I got the worst of it."

"I think you did, sir," I answered him, choking a bit. "The disguise was a good one, though," he went on, with a sort of feeble chuckle, "and leaving my false teeth out changed my voice completely—eh, Phil?"

"Yes, sir—until you hollered out in the closet that it was all a joke, and wanted me to let you out," I answered him, as I got up and edged toward the door. "Why didn't you let me out then?" roared Uncle Jack, who is rather quick-tempered. "I hope I wasn't imprudent. Truly, I didn't intend to be. 'Cause, Uncle Jack," I said, as I turned the door knob, "I have heard you say more than once that he who cannot take a joke should not make one." And as I dodged through the door I heard Uncle Jack groan.—Frank H. Converse, in Harper's Young People.

The Indian Prospector.

The Pueblo Indians at Taos are beginning to learn the ways of prospectors, and some of them exhibit considerable shrewdness in their knowledge of the gullibility of "the tenderfoot." They frequently borrow without leave, or have given to them a piece of good ore by some prospector. They then go out of town and return from the direction of the mountains and show the ore to some man who hopes to find a mine, and with many expressive gestures and mysterious grunts indicate that they know where there are quantities of such ore, and will tell upon the payment of "an peso," or if that is deemed too, for a drink of whisky. The man who is not up to the trick frequently spends much time and cursing trying to find the mine. Two young men from the East agreed to pay an Indian \$5 to find the mine from which he had taken his specimen. They hired horses and rode through the mountains until they were tired and thoroughly convinced that there was no mine in the mountains. The Indian came at length to a river about ten feet deep, and said he got the specimen "in there." They paid the Indian three dollars to take them home.—New Mexico Paper.

—There are at the present time nearly four hundred female physicians in active practice in twenty-six States, the majority of them being residents of New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. —A two-year-old son of James Faust, of Allentown, Pa., has made a pet of a large black snake, which he fed for weeks unknown to the family, and was discovered by accident.