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POETRY.

OF ALL THE YEAR.

BY MARY ELIZABETH DODOR.

Norn and I in the sunlight basked When the woods were in crimson drest, "Of all the times of the year," she asked, Which is the gladdest ! Which is the saddest ?

And which do you love the best ?" I looked in her face with a yearning pain

While I answered, as half in jest. Of all the seasons, in shine or rain This is the saddest, This is the gladdest.

And this do I love the hest." Stupid !" she cried, in her laughing voice ;

"Of spring, summer, winter, or fall, There surely is more than a single choice To me, one is saddest

Another is gladdest. And one is the dearest of all.

Still, I declared that, ask when she would. Though 'twere winter or spring or the rest, With her by my side, but one answer seemed good That would be gladdent.

That would be saddest, That season the sweetest and best

"Why, what could it have to be saddest about ?" She asked with a smile at it all. So I told her at once of my pain and doubt, And lo! both our secrets came creeping out In the glocy and shade of the fall. And, nevermore saddest, But hollest, gladdest, We found the best season of all !

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE SKELETON IN HIS CLOSET.

" Dear ! what long stairs to climb, af-ter my tramp all over town ! Why folks will persist in taking offices away up in the stars, I can't see. They must be un-commonly high-minded. I wish Aunt Jemima would get her own medicine, if she must have it, and not send me hunt-ing all over town to find her particular " Dear ! what long stairs to climb, af-

address Aunt Jemima gave her, when she started out after toothache drops for that estimable lady, and had visited all cheeks too! There wasn't any paint about them, I know! And such splendid the principal buildings on the street in which medical persons were apt to have hair ! all her own, too ! I'd give someoffices. At last she had happened to thing to know who she was." He flung his hat down in one corner. meet an acquaintance who knew where " Miss Doctor Studley's" room was, and had got on the right track, after all her blunders.

thinking all the while about the saucy black eyes, red, dimpled cheeks, and She got up the stairs at last, and found herself in a little hall, with rooms dancing curly hair of the young lady he on either side of it. had met.

of the female doctor, now that she had seen her, and knew that she was not un-Jem, I do believe I left it on that lawyer's table. You see I made a mistake the very last thing before I found Miss like other women, as she had somehow imagined her to be. "I've been all over half a dozen great buildings in search of you. My aunt, Miss Jemima Thayne Studley's room, and blundered into a lawyer's office. I was so tired that I dropped down into the only chair that

-you know her, don't you ?" "Oh, yes, suite well," answered Miss Studley. "A very fine woman, indeed." "Yes; well, she sent me out to find you, and get her something for the toothache. I've climbed as many as twenty flights of stairs, and found out where host of doctors, lawyers, insurance agents, and professional men generally, have their rooms, but couldn't find you, because I lost the address Aunt Jem gave me. I met a friend who happened to know where you were to be found, and know where you were to be found, and he wrote your address on a card. Even after I got into the right building, I had to wake a blander address of a Female to make a blunder, and get into a man's Doctor.' room-I know it's a man's room, by the looks. It is the one adjoining yours, and the horridest, dirtiest place you ever saw.

"It's Lawyer Dean's office," explained Miss Studley, laughing at Miss Susie Thayne's adventures of the afternoon. A very nice young man, too, though, perhaps, not very tidy, so far as keeping his room is concerned. Men are not apt to vie in that respect, you know." Susie got the drops for Aunt Jemima's toothache, and started home at last. As she went down the stairs, she met a young man going up ; a very fine-look-ing fellow, too, she decided, as she stole tion to dine at the Thayne's, and, as Miss a glance into his handsome blonde face. He had clear, laughing blue eyes, tawny beard and mustache, and curling brown hair-Susie's ideal of a handsome man-

kept himself in her good graces, he accepted. The evening before the day appointed by Miss Thayne for him to dine with her, Dick Lockwood called at his office. and, on mentioning that he was to dine at the Thayne's next day, Dick astonished

.

Jemima would get her own medicine, if she must have it, and not send me hunt-ing all over town to find her particular female doctor, making such blunders as I have this afternoon. I'm right now, for this card says, 'Room 17, Times Building, sure enough. If I only find Room 17, I'm all right." Miss Susie Thayne looked up the long flight of stairs, and tucked the parcel in brown paper, which she carried, closer under her arm, before attempting her ascent. She had climbed so many flights that afternoon in search of Miss Study, M. D., that stair-climbing had begun to room Susie had considered such an "aw-ful dirty place." " By Jove ! but didn't her eyes have a snap to them ? and her you'd find it easy work to win the day, likewise a wife."

"I don't know as I want a wife very much," answered Fred. "The truth is, Dick, I'm in love with that skeleton, and, when I find its owner, shall probably fall in love with her."

irt nome in broad daviight

and his gloves in another, and seated "Perhaps its owner is tall and lean, and very likely thirty-five, or thereabout, himself in the chair Susie had occupied. and the probability is, that she belongs to the strong-minded class, as most young ladies wouldn't be seen carrying

"And spiritual," suggested Dick.

happened to be empty, and put my package on the table. When I found

package on the table. When I found out my mistake, I was so provoked with myself for making it, that I forgot the crinoline completely, and haven't thought of it since, until this minute. What will that lawyer think, I wonder !" cried Miss Sue on helf learning helf mine and Susie, half laughing, half crying, and wondering to herself if the young gentle-man she had met was the lawyer who would find what she had left on his table. "I see through it now," said Dick, as soon as he could speak. "It was your skirt, was it, Susie? Do you remember what was it, Susie?

what you told me about finding its owner? You see, fate took the matter in hand for you. I shall expect to see

you trudging up here to-morrow with the aforesaid article under your arm, in One day Miss Jemima Thayne called on her friend, Miss Studley, M.D., and, having some legal business which she wished adjusted and being in the vicinity order that you may restore it to its owner. I'll tell you in confidence what he said about falling in love with the skirt, and the probability of his falling recommended some reliable person. Ac-cordingly, Miss Studley recommended Mr. Dean, whose room joined hers, and both ladies called on the young man. in love with its owner, if he ever found her," added Dick, in an aside to Susie, but loud enough for Fred to hear all he said.

The result was, that he was engaged by Miss Thayne to transact her business for her. Which he did in a very satisfactory Of course they blushed, and then Aunt em, who was as much of a tease as Dick, had something to say; and be-tween the two, they kept Fred and Susie pretty well flustrated for the remainder way, and won Miss Thayne's gratitude of the meal.

After dinner, there were duets in the parlor, and then chess for Susie and Fred, while Aunt Jem and Dick played

backgammon. When the young men took their de-parture, Fred voted that he had just parture, of the most delightful even-

"Whenever you choose to," said Aunt

And, of course, he did call. And the end of it was, as you have all foreseen, that he restored the "skeleton" to its former owner, and received her hand in

In a recent lecture on Nevada, deliv-

son streets every day, and I did envy them, though I was not much of a torseman. But I had soon learned to

ing with impatience to learn more. I was determined to have a horse and ride myself. While this thought was rankmyself. While this thought was rank-ling in my mind, the auctioneer came scouring through the place on a black high-road, rang at Baron Rothschild's

"where's my crinoline? I declare, Aunt cern in the matter, if it was not already How a Bullfinch Conquered Baron to sit on, water to wash the feet, and

Advocate.

time with small birds. The young bull-finches, when two months old, are strong enough to fly and leave their mother. that nowhere is this considerate grace so The Bullfinch sometimes mates with the needed as at home and alas ! so absent. Canary-bird, and bird children of such When Miss Smith, the visitor, trips up a perishable goblet with her fashionable families are highly prized as songsters. They wear in part their mother's sleeve, mamma says, " Pray don't mind,' and papa smiles blandly at the dripping They wear in part their mother's Canary-yellow gown, and they sing con-stantly. The Bullfinch prima-donnas made their *debut* in the piping times of peace and plenty, under Louis Philippe, in Paris, at Baron Rothschild's palace. They came into fashion in this way: In they came into fashion in this way: In table-cloth ; but when at their visitorles table little Mamy's insufficient hands let the glass slip, ten to one mamma boxes her ears, and papa calls her " a naughty, careless child." If Mr. Jones is staying in the house, mamma and the girls come the year 1850 or 1851, Baron Rothschild to breakfast in pretty collars and ribbons, and with the most fluffy and be-witching of heads. But if only papa and the boys are to see them, wrappers and crimping pins are almost as certain as the coffee. And on the other hand these lords of the household, who have much pleasant conversation for neighbors and friends, raise a ramhe heard this bullfinch warble the cachucha, and then several Tyrolese airs, without ever missing a note. "How

part of morning newspaper between them and their own womankind, and sit bers of the household think it too much

trouble to talk to each other, so the meals go by in grim, unoccupied, miserable si-lence, each feeder pushing his chair back and departing whenever his corn-crib is empty, so to speak. At such a table the cloth is apt to have seen better days,and the furnishing to be common and coarse, all the shining damask and china being he asked, smiling at the poor fel- safely stored with the " company man-

ners" for occasions of need. Moreover, the best room is similarly consecrated, "Sixty of them, sir; I am raising them all the while, to sell to travellers, but nobody pays me like you, sir, or I should now have a bird of my own to in consequence, and grows to have the shabby look of a poor relation. The members of these households are

The members of these households are worthy people as the world goes. They are honest and sober, intelligent and well read, perhaps; excellent neighbors, agreeable friends. But because their manners are veneer, they peel off every-where under the hard knocks and famil-iar usage of every day. The women are apt to be dictatorial to servants, and un-pleasantly direct of speech to each other. "Annie, that dress makes you look

"Annie, that dress makes you look hunch-backed." "Mary, I do believe your complexion gets worse every day." "Well, certainly, Jule, your feet are big

Facts and Figures.

Sir Francis Crossley, an English mil-lionaire member of Parliament, celebrated for his charities, is dead.

General Andrew Porter, formerly of the United States army, died at Paris recently

An Illinois girl made eighty flour bar-rels in six days, and thereby earned \$11.20.

In Manilla 25,000 women and girls make cigars at average wages of seven cents per day.

bers of the parish by the Unitarian Society of Springfield.

personal property in Spain. She has just offered for sale the magnificent Chateau of Artenga, one of the fiefs pos-sessed by her family for centuries.

Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames is to write the memoirs of Alice and Pheebe Cary. The letters and papers left by the two sisters will be entrusted to Mrs. Ames, who was one of their most intimate friends, by their executors.

For the past nine months there has been in operation in Philadelphia a "Women's Christian Association," which provides employment and homes for young women. Many young girls have been rescued from ruin by this association

A number of girls at a St. Louis theatre lately insisted upon going out to drink more potent potations they remained perfectly sober, while they were obliged to take their masculine companions home in a very inebriated condition. The St. Louis women evidently possess all the qualifications appertaining to the right of suffrage.

A singular death recently occurred from diptheritic poison contracted by a bite from a child suffering from diptheria. A little girl, daughter of a station-agent on the Boston and Maine Railroad, was very ill with diptheria. The father for some reason—perhaps to examine the throat—put his hand on her mouth, when the child seized it, and bit it just enough to break the skin. The virus from the teeth penetrated the wound

It is related that when the late Gover-

homestead in San Francisco, in which his last breath was drawn.

People who are willing to sleep shut up like a jack-knife will be delighted to

know of a new process of insuring lon-

gevity. A California scientist, whose

head like his back must be a trifle weak,

declares that he has prolonged his life by sleeping with his finger tips touching

his toes, and has invented a machine to

hold the body in that graceful and

pleasant position. He contends that the

"vital electric currents"-on the prin-

ciple we suppose of the smoke-consuming

stove-"are thus kept in even circumflow,

ised to call again. Jem.

payment for "services rendered." And they "lived happily ever after."

Mark Twain as an Equestrian.

red in Chicago, Mark Twain told of a ' horse trade" that he made there. He pent considerable time at Carson City. Everybody rode horseback in that

town. I never saw such magnificent horsemanship as that displayed in Car-

tell a horse from a cow, and was burn-

was travelling in the Tyrol. While they were changing his carriage-horses, a handsome young mountaineer offered him a shabby cage inhabited by a sober-

looking bullfinch. Birds can not be al-ways in full-dress or in song, and Baron Rothschild waved a "No, I do not want A bird is not, indeed, the most con-venient fellow-traveller in a carriage; but the Baron changed his mind when

"A florin, sir," replied the youth. "It is worth more," quoth the banker, and suiting the gesture to the words, he put three or four gold pieces into the bird-trainer's hand, which made him oran his even were wide."

open his eyes very wide. "Have you any more birds that sing as well as this oner

low's delight.

pet, and not to sell. See Gretchen,

yonder, sir; these two years we have been of one heart, but her father will not listen to our plans, for I own nothing

but my cabin and my birds." "In a month's time," said Rothschild, "I shall be back in Paris. Come and see me there. This is my address," and handing the Tyrolese a card, he was driven off at a brisk trot.

A month after this meeting, to the very day, our bird-keeper, with sixty cages and their inmates on his shoulders,

Women have been admitted as mem-

Joe Jefferson's Orange Island promises a yield of nearly two hundred barrels of oranges this season. The crop is being taken to St. Louis.

In Swizerland, editors who advocate woman's rights are prosecuted according to law, and one narrowly escaped conviction recently in the Canton of Uri.

Mr. Spurgeon has been compelled within the past year to receive ten warm offers of marriage, all of which the reverend gentleman has been obliged to

Eugenia is selling out all her real and

every time their escorts did, and invari-ably took brandy, although the latter drank lager-beer. Notwithstanding their

"Here's No. 18. This one opposite must be 17," said Miss Thayne, to herself, as she inspected the door-plates. "I don't see the number, but it stands to roason, as they are numbered across the hall, and not one after another, that 17 is opposite 18. I must be right, and I'll go in

The door stood partially open, and she swung it back and entered. It was not a very attractive room. Papers and and quiver inside the paper, as though books and MSS, were scattered about, in something alive was inside of it, and the acme of confusion. A pair of slipsomething white and airy sprung into pers lay on the table, and a bouquet of graceful shape and symmetry. "A hoopskirt! by all that's good!" cried Fred Dean, holding the flexile, oddflowers occupied a position in the spit-toon, which was placed on the mantelpiece. The carpet was dusty and unlooking thing out at arm's length. "It's The windows were far from the funniest thing ! Who'd have imagined swept. clean. The books in the cases were in a hoopskirt inside that flat parcel ? I the greatest state of confusion-some on wonder how it came here in my office end, some flat, and some sideways, con-It must be some woman left it by mis-take. I have it !" he exclaimed. "It beveying the idea that they had been having a jolly time of it, and hadn't got straightened out yet. "Dear me !" ejac-ulated little Miss Thayne, taking a look longs to that girl I met on the stairs. Of course it does. It's just about large enough for her, I should judge. Such a funny thing." and he turned it round about the premises, as she seated herself and round, surveying it critically and wonderingly, and, perhaps, a little adin the one empty chair. "I never saw such a looking place before. . I don't believe Miss Doctor Studley is a very miringly. tidy person, or she'd pick up things a lit-"What are you doing with that article

writers."

corner where he had "hung up" his hat.

"Here are your drops, Aunt Jemima," said Miss Thayne, on her arrival home, as

tle, and put her room to rights. It's aw-Dean ?" called out a laughing voice at ful dirty here, and looks like my idea of the door. a bachelor's lodgings. What slippers My ! big enough for a man ! I do wonder if Miss Doctor Studley has feet large enough to fill them ? And a spittoon, made into a flower-vase ! Dear me ! it's so comical !" And the amused lady began to laugh. " Like enough, she smokes."

Just then a book, which had been ly ing in close proximity to the edge of the table, tilted and fell to the floor. Susie

sprang to pick it up. "'Coke upon Lyttleton,'" she read upon the back. "It's a law book. I wonder if she studies law as well as medicine. It can't be that I've made another mistake, can it, and got into a lawyer's office ? I declare, I believe I have, for a woman wouldn't endure a room looking like this, I'm sure. I'll go out thing he expected would bite. "Quite and take a look at the numbers again."

Accordingly Miss Susie went out to examine the doors again, and found out that she had made a mistake. She had supposed 17 was opposite 18, when, if she had taken notice, she would have found that it was opposite 16, the rooms prove an exception to the rule. at the head of the stairs commencing with that number, and numbering across the hall.

"How provoking !" said Miss Susie, as she rapped at 17. "I'm right, now, any way, because here's the doctor's name on the door." A voice said, "Come in," and Susie

entered the room where Miss Elizabeth Studley, M. D., had located herself.

It was quite different in aspect from the room she had left. The carpet was nicely swept, and the books arranged properly in their cases. The windows were clear and polished, and there was no sign of a spittoon, although a vase of flowers occupied a position in the cen-tre of the little table between the windows

Good afternoon," said a pleasant-"Good atternoon, said a pleasant-looking little lady, not larger than Su-sie, nor looking a day older. "Sit down and rest yourself, please; you look tired." "I am tired," said Susie, taking the chair the lady offered, not at all in awe

delightful dream concerning the fair unknown-for, of course, young lawyers, like other young men, are not exempt from such waking dreams-as his eye "Well, yes: if you want it so," answered Fred, laughing at the idea of alighted on a flat parcel, in brown paper, lying on his table. "It isn't anything left here for me, is it ?" applying such a term to a skeleton-skirt. He took it up, and as he did so, the string slipped off, and there was a rustle "At any rate, it's a neat little affair, and

"What is this?" he exclaimed, after a

I'll warrant it belongs to a neat little lady. "You evidently believe in the 'external fitness of things,'" laughed Dick, "How-ever, if you don't fall in love with Susie Thayne to-morrow, you're a hard-hard-hearted man, and deserve to die a

bachelor.' "Since there is a 'Susie' in your own case, I suppose you think there ought to be one in mine," said Fred, as he gave the fire a poke. "Wait till after to-morrow, and then I'll tell you what I think of Miss Susie Thayne."

When Fred Dean and his friend entered the parlor at Miss Jemima Thayne's, the next day, he was conscious of a very decided flutter under his vest, for there before him, beside Miss Jemima, was the identical young lady he had met on the landing, and whose handkerchief he had restored

As she looked at their visitors, on their The young man dropped the article entrance, a swift, rosy flush dyed her face, and she dropped her eyes immedi-ately; for in that brief glance she recogsuddenly, and grew very red in the face, as he confronted his visitor. "Oh! it's you, is it?" he said, as a nized her Aunt Jem's lawyer as the young young fellow entered the office. "I didn't man whom she had met, and in whose room, probably, she had left her "skeleknow but some slient had called in, and I didn't fancy being caught examining a hoopskirt. Hardly the kind of study ton. Still there was a possibility that she might be mistaken, and the only aluitable for a lawyer, you know," he ad-

ternative, whether mistaken or not, was ded, laughingly, as he pushed the chair to put the best face on the matter. he had occupied toward the visitor. "Mr. Dean, my niece, Miss Thayne," introduced Miss Jemima, and they bowed found this thing," touching the crinoline with his foot as he spoke, "on my table. How it came there I don't know. Some to each other in "regulation style," murmuring something about being "so happy lady left it, probably." "Fearfully and wonderfully made, isn't

to meet you," etc.; and henceforth Mr. Dean and Miss Thayne were supposed to it?" said Lockwood, taking up the skirt and depositing it on the table in much be acquainted with each other. After the introduction, the conversa-Fred felt quite well acquainted with Miss Thayne, and mentally concluded the same way a body would handle somean adventure, I declare, and romantic

that she was a charming young lady, and that he was on the brink of doing withal. If you can only find out the fair being whose property this is, and restore it to her, you will perhaps be able to claim her as your reward. That's the as his friend had reccommended him to -falling in love with her. Indeed, he way in romances, and I hope this won't rather thought he had been in love with that face, with its saucy, bright eyes and "I'll put it in this closet," said Dean red cheeks, since the first glimpse he had had of it.

hanging the crinoline on a nail in a small room in one corner of the office Dinner was announced, and he had the pleasure—the very great pleasure— of taking out Miss Susie Thayne. "I'm inclined to think, however, that finding a hoopskirt wouldn't be considered very romantic by romance-"I think you are looking better than

when I first saw you," remarked Miss Jemima, as she did the honors. "You "Hereafter, it can't be said that you've no skeleton in your closet," laughed Lockwood, as Dean closed the door on ooked quite pale then, Mr. Dean.' Fred answered that he never felt bethis new article of apparel and took a seat opposite, with his feet on the table, er in his life, and looked at Miss Susie, who sat opposite, and who blushed deafter emptying the chair of a pile of papers, and tossing the slippers into the lightfully under his very earnest gaze. "He does look remarkably well for a

man who has a 'skeleton in his closet,'" said Lockwood, very demurely, yet with quired. a mischievous look at Dean. Fred's face turned red. Susie, who couldn't help thinking of her lost crino-

she handed Miss Thayne, senior, the vial she had received from "Miss Doctor Studselves for fear she should betray her con- | seen.

cast, that was humped and "Not a bit of it !" declared Fred. "It's a dromedary, and fearfully homely. He too short for a tall woman's wear, and was going at "twenty, twenty-two-two dollars, for horse, saddle and bridle." it isn't the kind a strong-minded woman would choose. It's too-too-delicate---A man standing near me-whom I

didn't know, but who turned out to be the auctioneer's brother-noticed the wistful look in my eye, and observed that that was a remarkable horse to be going at such a price, let alone the sad-

dle and bridle. I said I had half a no-tion to bid. "Now," he says, "I know that horse. I know him well. You are a stranger, I take it. You might think he is an American horse, but he is not anything of the kind. He is a Mexican plug-that's what he is-a genuine Mexican plug," but there was something else

about that man's way of saying it, that made me just determine that I would own a genuine Mexican plug-if it took every cent I had. And I said, " Has he any other advantages ?" He hooked his finger in the pocket of his army shirt, and led me to one side and uttered, "Sh! don't say a word! He can outbuck any horse in America ; he can outbuck any horse in the world." Just then

the auctioneer came along. "Twentyfour, twenty-four dollars for the horse, saddle and bridle." I said, "Twenty-seven !" "Sold !" I took the genuine Mexican plug,paid

for him, put him in a livery stable him get something to eat and get rested, and then in the afternoon I brought aim out in the plaza, and some of the citizens held him by the head, and others held him down to the earth by the tail. and I got on him. And as soon as those people let go he put all his feet in a bunch together, let his back sag down, and then he arched it up suddenly, and shot me one hundred and eighty yards and I came down again, straight down, and lighted in the saddle, and went up again. And when I came down th next time I lit on his neck, and seized him, and slid back into the saddle, and

held on. Then be raised himself straight up in the air on his hind feet and just stepped round like a member of Congress, and then he came down and went up the other way and just walked around on his hands just as a schoolboy would. Then he came down on all fours again wilh the same old process of shooting me up in the air, and the third time went up I heard a man say, " Oh, don't he buck !" So that was " bucking." I was very glad to know it. Not that I was enjoying it, but then I had been taking a general sort of interest in it and had naturally desired to know what the name of it was. And while I was up somebody hit the horse a whack with a strap, and when I got down again the

genuine bucker was gone. At this point of the interesting scene a kind-hearted stranger came to the rider, told him that he had been taken in, explained the mysterious terms, and gave him the comforting information that anybody in town could have told him all about the horse if he had in-

couldn't help thinking of her lost crino-line, heard the remark, and saw Dean's face color up, and was not at a loss to understand Lockwood's meaning. And so her face grew ruddy, and her eyes sought her plate, not daring to lift them-

hotel, and asked to speak with master, showing his card. While the Swiss porter was hesitating whether to admit this strange visitor, the Baron see." fortunately came to the window. He knew the Tyrolese bird-keeper at once, by his stack of cages, and sent word for

him to come in. "Mr. Rothschild," said the mountain lad, in German, "you told me to come. Here I am. Allow me to offer you this builfinch. He knows more tunes than the bird you bought in our mountains. He will sing you a dozen airs." And thereupon he set to bobbing his head like a Chinese doll, before the bird. Bully presently puffed out his throat, moved his head gently, half-opened his wings, and then, half-closing his eyes, as if trying to remember, began to warble German and Tyrolese songs without words, air after air, to the end of the twelve. The Baron, amazed at this feat, which showed so much perseverance in the trainer as well as talent in the bird, ordered his steward to give the lad a hundred dollars and to lodge him at a small hotel near by, adding that his friend from the Tyrol should be his guest while in Paris. The *Figaro* and other papers, that week, had a few neat

paragraphs about the plumed musicians. The bullfinches were seen, listened to, and admired at the famous banker's, and no price was thought too high for such well-educated birds. The Tyrolese youth returned home, still afoot, but with no cages swinging on his shoulder, and with seven thousand frances folded away in his belt. Seven thousand frances -fourteen hundred dollars! This is quite a fortune in the Tyrol. The birdkeeper married his Gretchen, who was sixteen years old upon her wedding day, about ten years ago. Her cheeks still wear their mountain roses; she speaks French as well as German, and accompanies her husband and the birds to their great city market.

Trained bullfinches sing all the summer, then are silent from the end of autumn to the early spring-time. As the sun kisses the brown earth's cheek until she smiles back on him in flowers, you hear the birds recalling in soft undertones the airs they had forgotten under the reign of the frost-king. Now they repeat them, note by note, begin again whenever they strike a false note. never tire of this exercise, but persevere, like true artists as they are, until have recovered all that they had learned. Then they sing all day long-they sing even to the moon and stars, like nightingales and mocking-birds, drunkweeks before they sober down, and be-come respectable family birds, singing occasionally to the bright sky overhead or the sweet flowers below, or to all to-

gether .- Hearth and Home.

" Company Manners."

The current phrases of the day are the key to the social life of the people, and the very common expression " company manners" utters a disagreeable hint of difference between the public and pri-vate behavior of the average household. "Manners," says Emerson, " are the hap-py ways of doing things." "Handsome is that handsome does," good Mrs. Prim-rose assures her daughters. And the Hindoo Menu wrote : "Grass and earth

enough for the whole family. Where you inherited such deformities I can't and was diffused through the system. His body became much swollen, and af-Yet these sisters and mothers would not deliberately stick pins into ter a week's illness he died. each other, and pins do not hurt half so There is a rich girl in Louisville, Kentucky, who is as much troubled with suitors as was Penclope. She, however, much. We have even known families, by no means boors, to interrupt each other constantly, and without compunegets rid of them in a way the wife of Ulysses never dreamed of. When one offers himself whose affection she has tion. A stranger would have been allowed to finish his sentence ; but they

did not remember that to snip off each reason to think is centred upon her cofother's observations but half-made, was fers and not upon herself, she begins to as if they should slam the door in that fire at him with a six-shooter, telling him other's face when he was half within the that if he is a true lover he will prefer to room. They did not for a moment condie by her hand than live to offer his to sider that they owed perfect hospitality to the home-bred thoughts as to the tra-velled ones. Nor was that all; for this some one else. So far, no one has "preferred." carelessness of delicacy and decorum ofnor Bigler, of California, was Minister, to Chili, he procured a situation for Harry ten goes a step further, and ends in the "nagging" of each member by all for various right-hand fallings-off, and left-Meigs, the great defaulter, in a mercantile house, the latter being then under ban and an exile from California. The hand defections. Every foible comes in for detection and publication, and though the process is not necessarily ill-natured, it is always indelicate and useless, and friendly act was remembered by the now South American Railroad King and millionaire, and less than a year ago the easily degenerates into what Shakespears calls " the mischievous foul sin of chid-Governor received a check by which he was enabled to purchase the comfortable ing sin."

But conscience is a sharper searcher than the nib of any pen. We all know, we offenders, wherein it is our habit to put off our company manners with our best clothes. Pray Heaven the best of us may not remember frowzy hair, and an unsocial breakfast, and a sharp snub to the children, among the sins of our past ! It is not easy to write a formula of home etiquette. And, after all, if we are only well-bred enough to understand it, there is one already printed in a very old book, and which runs in this wise : "Be kindly affectioned one to an-other in brotherly love ; in honor preferring one another."-Hearth and Ho

Pipes Introduced in Cabinet Organs.

Mr. Carl Fogelberg, a Swedish Organ builder, has succeded in combining pipe with reeds ; rendering it possible to use both in Cabinet Organs, and has secured patents for his inventions in the United States. The importance of doing this has long been appreciated, but heretofore it has been found impracticable, the difficulty arising from the fact that pipes vary in pitch with every change of temperature, while reeds do not, so that a change of ten or fifteen degrees made it Pipe Cabinet Organs have contained no real speaking pipes, but only imitations of some sort. Mr. Fogelberg uses genen with melody. It is a month or six uine wood pipes of the best quality. The substance of his inventions is an arrangement by which the pipes, when out of tune from a change of temperature, can be simultaneously and instantly re-

stored to the same pitch with the reeds, by the turning of a single screw. The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have

been thoroughly testing Mr. Fogelberg's inventions, and it is understood, are satisfied of their value, and will soon offer made in Cabinet Organs.

the despotism exercised by legal tribu-nals over those unhappy creatures, the married woman.

instead of being thrown off at the extremities and wasted." There is no patent upon the great discovery, and any one with a sufficiently supple back is of course free to try the experiment.

Friend Hazard, of San Francisco, did not get a wife as cheaply as he thought. He happens to be an itinerant vender of potatoes. Meeting a Mrs. Parrott who was impecunious, but who wanted some potatoes, she proposed to exchange her daughter Clara for "a bag of peraties. Hazard agreed to the bargain and went into the house to secure his bride. But Clara thought the price too small by far, impossible to use them together. In-struments which have been advertised as to find a sack of potatoes missing and and Hazard returned to his wagon, only Mrs. Parrott with them. Nothing could be proved against the lady, however, and so Hazard did the only thing left for him

to do-he went on a jolly "drunk."

Can a woman legally inform against her husband, and claim her share of the damages for giving such information? Judge Lowell in the U. S. District Court, in Boston, has decided that she cannot, unless when she has been divorced. In the case at bar, the divorced wife of a tobacco dealer gave such information and evidence that her late husband's stock was seized and confiscated. She them to the public. If pipes are suc-cessfully combined with reeds, it will be had her claim allowed. Judge Lowell, the most important improvement ever in rendering his decision, said that he should not have sanctioned the claim if the parties had been living together as husband and wife. Another instance of What are we coming to? A citizen of Philadelphia has been arrested and held in six hundred dollars-for taking two