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Miscellaneous Selections. A SPRING GROWL.

Would you think it? Spring has come.
Winter's paid his passage home;
Packed his ice-box, gone half way
To the Arctic pole, they say.
But I know the old ruffian still
Skulks about from hill to hill,
Where his freezing tootsteps cling,
Though 'tis Spring.

Heed not what the poets sing
In their rhymes about the Spring;
Spring was once a potent queen
Robed in blossoms and in green.
That, I think, was long ago;
Is she buried in the snow,
Deaf to all our caroling—
Poor old Spring?

Windows rattling in the night; Shatters that you thought were tight Sismming back against the wall; Ghosts of burglars in the hall; Boaring winds and groaning trees; Chimneys shuddering in the breeze; Doleful damps in everything— Such is Spring.

Sunshine trying hard awhile
On the bare brown fields to smile;
Frozen ruts and slippery walk;
Gray old crops of last year's stalks;
Shivering bens and moping cows;
Curdled sap in leafless boughs,
Nipped by winter's icy sting—
Such is Spring.

Yet the other day I heard Semething that I thought a bird. He was brave to come so soon, But his pipes were out of tune; And he chirped as if each note Came from flannels round his throat, And he had no heart to sing— Ah! poor thing.

If there comes a little thaw, Still the air is chill and raw. Here and there a patch of snow, Dirtier than the ground below, Dribbles down a marsby flood, Ankle-deep you stick in the mud fa the meadows—while you sing, "This is Spring."

Are there violets in the sod?
Crocuses beneath the clod?
When will Borens give us peace?
Or has Winter signed a lease
For another month of frost,
Leaving Spring to pay the cost?
For it seems he still is king—
Though 'tis Spring.
—C. P. Cranch, in N. Y. Independent.

LOST.

"Lost! lost! lost!"

How beautiful she was in her superb calmness, so graceful, so mild, and yet so majestic! Ah! I was a younger man then, of course, than I am now, and possibly more impressible; but I thought her then the most perfect creatare I had ever beheld. And even now, looking back through the gathering mists of time and the chilling frosts of advancing age, and recalling what she was, I indorse that earlier sentiment—she lives in my memory now, as she lived in my presence then, as the most perfect creature I ever beheld.

But, alas! I say it not in pride, not in exultation, but in very sadness of heart, hers was "the fatal gift of beauty;" and fatal, indeed, in her case it proved. It was a snare to her feet; it was her ruin fatal, indeed, in her case it proved. It was a snare to her feet; it was her ruin and her overthrow. I firmly believe it was her leanty which led to her destruction. Had she been less beautiful, less winning, she might still have been—But why do I anticipate? I will tell you the short sad story, and you may judge for yourselves. Poor thing! poor young thing! Perhaps you will think, as I have persuaded myself to do, that she was innocent—the victim and not the criminal—"more sinned against than sinning." But I will tell the sad story as impartially as I can, and you may judge but her own thick, glossy hair, always ar impartially as I can, and you may judge for yourselves; only remember she was but mortal, and so are you, and judge leniently, as you would wish to be judged. I shall never forget the first time I beheld her. I cannot tell you just how long ago it was; it does not seem so very long a time to me, for I am an old man now, and to the old time slips rapidly by. Yes, I am an old man now, and I vas not a young man then—at least I had begun to look upon myself as a confirmed old bachelor (I believe my young nephews, Frank and Charlie, had been looking in that way for some time; but young folks de not always know as much as they think they do)—when certain business matters compelled me to leave my own quiet, somewhat secluded, but beautiful residence in the country, to reside for six months in the, to me, distaste-

ful bustle of the city. Old bachelors are said to be particular. and proverbially hard to suit; and I dare say it is true-at least I know I found it very hard to suit myself in a city boardinghouse, even though it was to be (thank Heaven for that!) only a very temporary

I got a list of all the best boarding-houses in town, and I took them all in regular course like medical drugs; but (the fault might have been in me—I do not say it was not) I found objections at every place; some decidedly necessary element of com-fort was lamentably wanting, or some un-necessary element of discomfort was lamentably obtrusive, to suit the fastidious taste of a man who, in the luxury of his own home, had been pampered and petted and humored by an idolized only sister; it was not in the nature of things that I should be easy to suit.

At last, having nearly reached the close of my list, as well as the measure of my hopefulness, I went to Mrs. Honeywold's, and there, in her small, unpretending es-tablishment, I, General Leslie Anchester, having been subdued, I trust, to a proper and humble state of mind by my past experiences, agreed to take up my abode. The situation was an excellent one, central and easily accessible, but not too pub-lie; the house small, but neat, tasteful, and home like. My landlady, who had, she suid, no other boarders, was a quiet, well-meaning, kindly woman. I had been told she was what is termed "a decayed gentlewoman;" but there was certainly no appearance of decay in her bright, intelligent face, quick, light step, and erect fig-ure; so I conclude the term was figurative and financial. My chamber was a pleasant one, and faultlessly neat in all its appoint-ments; the table abundant, and well served; and if it was not home to me, it came nearer to it than my late explora-

tions had left me any hope of.

And it was there I first met her! indulgent reader must bear with me if in this little narritive I forbear to give any other name than the personal pronoun I have used already. When you reach the close of my story you will, I think, unclose of my story you will, I think, understand and appreciate my reticence upon
this point. Perhaps she had no legal
right to the name we called her by. I
question if she had; and even if she had,
why should I, at this late date, give pain
by a needless disclosure? Why drag forth
into light events which the slow ashes of
time have drifted over and partially obliterated? Perhaps

"There are to whom that name was dear
For love and memory's sake;
When these the voice of Rumor hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake.
How will they hope, despair, and grieveBelieve, and long to disbelieve—
But never cease to ache: But never cease to ache; still doomed in sad suspense to bear The hope that keeps alive despair!

She was sitting in the drawing-room when I went in-sitting near the window, but not at it-near enough to see, but not to be seen by the passers-by; and as my eye first rested upon her I was struck with her remarkable beauty and the per-

feet symmetry of her lithe and graceful very "poetry of motion," and the seem-

I have always been an enthusiastic admirer of female loveliness (in the abstract), and I was wonderfully struck in the present instance. Possibly my looks expressed more than I was myself aware of, for I remember that as I involuntarily took a bein was the assessment of the construction. of, for I remember that as I involuntarily took a chair near the one she occupied she silently drew herself up with quiet grace and dignity, and leaving her seat, walked to the door with slow, gliding, noiseless step, and left the room. Perhaps it was well she did so, for I will frankly own she was distracting my attention from my future landlady. But the preliminaries were easily settled; I became a boarder, and had no cause to regret the chance which led me there.

And thus it was that I became an in-

And thus it was that I became an inmate with that lovely being; and day by day I saw her come gliding into the room. taking her place among us, affable still, but with a calm-I had almost said haughty—reserve which nothing could break through, and which effectually checked all familiarity; for though she did not repel notice, she never courted it, and it seemed to me she grew daily more winning and beautiful.

I have said I was a confirmed old bach-

I have said I was a confirmed old bachelor even then, and this is to be no sheool-boy's tale of youthful love. I was long past all the enthusiasm of my youth. Certainly I did admire her, possibly I was learning to love her, but it was the calm, unimpassioned love one bears to a beautiful and innocent child, or to some unprotected dumb thing here. I cannot question her, and love one bears to a beautiful and innocent child, or to some unprotected dumb thing here. I cannot question her, and love love leaves here were heldes not be willing to part with here.

be, as her grandfather, if she had one. But yet she was not young—I mean she was not a girl, not in the first bloom of youth, and her beauty was not of the rosy, pink and white, blushing type that poets sing and lover-like boys rave about. No;

What those important services might be hers was the early maturity of loveliness, perfect in repose, with mild, thoughtful perfect in repose, with mild, thoughtful eyes, intelligent and tender, a trifle sad at times, but lighting up with quick brilliancy as some new object met her view, or some vivid thought darted its light through her brain—for she was wonderfully quick of perception—with an exquisite figure, splendidly full and symmetrical, yet swaying and supple as a young willow, and with unstudied grace in every quick, sinewy motion.

She spent little upon dress (I was sure she was not wealthy); but though there was utile variety, her dress was always exquisitely neat and in perfect good taste, of some soft glossy fabric, smooth as silk and lustrous as satin, and of the softest shade of silver-gray, that color so beautiful in itself and so becoming to beautiful wearers; simply made, but fitting with a nicety more like the work of nature than of art to every curve and outline of that full and stately figure and finished off round her white

but her own thick, glossy hair, always ar ranged with scrupulous exactness—no meretricious additions, no false braids, no water-falls, no ringlets, no crimpings she wore her hair au naturet, conforming as closely as possible to the shape of her graceful head. Was not that the style in which Grecian beauty was wont to adorn itself in the days when Grecian art gave to mankind the peerless statues destined through future ages to "enchant the world?" But I have spoken of the absence of a wedning-ring, and that re-minds me that I have not yet told you that she was a mother. She had twins—two beautiful little rolly-poly blueeyed things wonderfully like her-self—little shy, graceful creatures, always together, always playful. I used to see them trotting through the passages, or climbing up and down the stairs, but they always avoided me, and it was a long time before I could get near them. They would stand peeping out at me from behind a half-open door, with shy, startled glances of furtive curi-osity; but if I called to them, or reached out my hand, or took a step toward them, hey would dart away, and I would hear their little footsteps scampering down the passages as if fear lent them wings. But at last, by slow degrees, I won their con-fidence, and then they would come to me uncalled, and climb upon my knees, and rest fondly in my arms, or lay their bright heads upon my shoulder in fearless content. Ay, they liked to have the old man toss them in the air, and rumple their glossy hair, or admire the pliant grace of their young supple limbs; but never from their lips, or from their mother's did I

ever hear any mention of their othe parent. I think she was evidently fond of her beautiful little ones, and proud of them too. She would often lead them out into the garden, where, seated on a bench, in the shade of its one tree, she would watch their untiring frolics with a calm maternal tenderness and sometimes, sheltered behind my window blind, I have seen her, when she thought herself wholly unobserved, join in their sports with a graceful abandon, and a zest apparently as unaffected as their own; but if a chance step or sound betrayed an observer, ther she was in one moment calm, dignified and reserved again; and if either of the little ones, led on by the eagerness of play and the exuberance of spirits, became in the least rude or boisterous, she knew in a moment how to check and subdue the little offender, and never let them go beyond the bounds of

propriety. Often, as I watched this pretty by-play, or saw her moving about the house in quiet dignity, I had puzzled myself with vague conjectures about her. I had made up my mind that she was not a woman of wealth, and it seemed to me that she stood very much alone in the world. No person eve came to see her; no letters were brought to her. I did not think she had a husband; but-was she a widow? I did not know that she was, and I could not inquire. She never spoke of her own affairs; and affable as she was, and gentle in manner, there was something her which repelled intrusion. I h deed, no right to inquire, and I think no man living would have had the folly to ask her such a question, expecting to obtain an answer. At least I had not. Sometimes I flattered myself I had almost won her confidence, as if she wanted to make a friend of me. Once in particular, when I had addressed to her some few words of simple kindness, I fancied she was moved, She half turned in her chair, fixed her great lustrous eyes upon my face. I saw her full, white chest heave; her lips half opened, but no words came; she only merry as grigs. Such little things have no fighed deanly and heavily rising walked. sighed deeply, and hastily rising, walked out of the room, with that slow-gliding, undulating step, which was in her the they do," I said.

ng opportunity was lost.
Oh, if she could but have told me, how what was it stopped the flow of her confidence? Why were words denied her? Did she fear me, or herself or others? Poor thing! she could not speak; it was

my not, I think, unnatural curiosity; but I found, to my surprise, she knew but little more than I did myself.

"She came to me," she said, "just at the edge of the evening, one cold rainy night, and I could not refuse to give her belief. shelter, at least for the night, or till she could do better. I did not think of her remaining; but she is so pretty and gen tle and innocent-looking, I could not turn her out of my house—could I, now? I know I am silly in such ways; but what could I do?" could I do ?"

"But is it possible," I said, "that she

whose very helplessness is a constant appeal to our kindly nature.

her; and I would not turn her and her little ones out of my house for the world!" But let me describe her as she was when I first saw her. I have said that I was old then—ay, old, no doubt, as her father might have been, or even it may be, as her grandfather, if she had one. But yet she was not young—I mean she woman. It is the consequence of the world. Farther conversation elicited the fact that she was not a boarder, but that she and her little ones out of my nouse for the world. Farther conversation elicited the fact that she was not a boarder, but that she was not a boarder, but that she was not a boarder. But yet she was not young—I mean she woman. I am sure she more than earns a she was not a boarder, but that she and her little ones were the dependants upon Mrs. Honeywold's charity. "But I don't call it charity," said the kind little ones out of my nouse for the world.

> which were accepted as equivalent to the board of three I did not feel justified in board of three I did not feel justified in asking; but I am sure it was no servile labor she performed, and no menial station she held; for, though I sometimes met her coming out of the chambers, or saw her going down the basement stairs, her dress was always the perfection of neatness, and in perfect order, while my good landlady herself, though always clean and respectable, was apt sometimes, poor woman! to look a little—just a little heated, and tumbled, and en deshabille.
>
> But why do I linger over the trifling

> But why do I linger over the trifling details? Only, I believe, because I have a natural shrinking from reaching the trigical denouement of my story. But it must be reached, and it is useless to loiter

thus on the way.

One fine summer day I had made an appointment with a friend to drive out to his place in the environs of the city and dine with him, returning in the evening. When I came down in the afternoon, dressed for my excursion. I went into the dining-room to tell Mrs. Honeywold she need not wait tea for me. As I came back through the parlor she was there alone. She was sitting on the sofa. A book lay near her, but I do not think she had been reading. She was sitting per-fectly still, as if lost in reverie, and her eyes looked heavy with sleep or thought, But as I passed out of the room I looked back. I saw she had risen to her feet, and standing with her graceful figure drawn up to its full height, she was looking after me, with a look which I flattered myself

remember that look! The day had been a beautiful one, though sultry; but in the early evening we had a heavy thunder shower, the violence of the summer rain delaying my re turn to the city for an hour or two; and when the rain ceased, the evening was still starless, cloudy, and damp; and as I drove back to town I remember that the night air, although somewhat freshened by the rain, was warm, and heavy with

was a look of interest.

the scent of unseen flowers.

It was late when I reached the quie steet where I had taken up my abode, and as I mounted the steps I involuntarily felt for my night-key, but, to my surprise, I found the hall door not only unfastened,

but a little way opened.
"Why, how, is this, Mrs. Honeywold?" said, as my landlady met me in the hall. Do you know that your street-door was

"Not waiting for me, I hope!" said I;
"that was surely unnecessary."
"Ne, not for you," she answered. "I
presume you can take care of yourself;
but," she added, in a low tone, "she is

out, she added, in a low tone, "she is out, and I was waiting to let her in." "Out at this time of night! that seems strange! Where has she gone?"

"I do not know."
"And how long has she been gone?" asked, as I hung up my hat.
"I cannot tell just what time she went
out," she said; "I know she was in the garden with the little ones, and came in just before tea. After they had had their supper and yone to bed I saw her in the parlor alone, and when I came into the room again she was gone, and she has not re turned, and I—"

'Oh, then she went out before the rain did she?" Yes, Sir; some time before the rain."

"Oh, then that explains it; she was probably caught out by the rain, and took shelter at some friend's, and has been persuaded to stay. There is nothing to be alarmed at; you had better not wait up another moment."

"But I don't like to shut her out, general: I should not sleep a wink."
"Nonsense! nonsense!" I said. "Go
to hed, you silly woman; you will hear her when she comes, of course, and can come down and let her in." And so saying, I retired to my own room.

The next morning, at breakfast. I noticed that my landlady was looking pale and troubled, and I felt sure she had spent

and troubled, and I left sure she had spent a sleepless night.

"Well, Mrs. Honeywold," I said, with assumed cheerfulness, as she handed my coffee to me, "how long did you have to sit up? What time did she come in?"

"She did not come all night, general," said my landlady, in a troubled voice.
"She has not come home yet, and I am

"She has not come home yet, and I am very anxious about it." "No need of that, I trust," I said, reassuringly; "she will come this morning, no doubt."

"I don't know. I wish I was sure of that. I don't know what to make of it. I don't understand it; she never did so before. How she could have staid out, and left those two blessed little things all night—and she always seemed such a tender, loving mother too-I don't under stand it."

"Where are they now?" I asked. "Do they seem to miss her much?"

"I can't; I do not believe she will ever

come back."
"Never come back? never! Why, what
do you mean? Do you think she has run
off?" "No; not of her own accord. But I

"No; not of her own accord. But I think she has been spirited away. She was too handsome to be out in the streets alone in the evening. And Barbara has been telling me such shocking things—of murder and everything. Barbara says she knows there are men in the city who would not hesitate to carry her off and kill her. She says she knows there are."

"Good gracious! Barbara must have a choice circle of acquaintance certainly. It choice circle of acquaintance, certainly. It is all nonsense. Barbara is a goose, and you shouldn't listen to her; she has made you fairly nervous. It is absurd. Just think! kidnaping and murder in a quiet Christian city like this! Why, the idea is too preposterous?" Yet, as I walked down the street after breakfast, I could not help my thoughts reverting to the sad story of those two young and beautiful married women in New York, who, It was said, left their hanny homes.

ever came from them, the most vigilant search failed to discover them, and conecture itself could form no clew to their When I returned at dinner-time I found matters still worse. She had not returned My poor landiady was almost in hysterics, though she tried hard to control herself; and Barbara, who had no self-control, was audible in her grief, and I began to feel myself that the chances of her safe return were growing less and less.

"What is there I can do, Mrs. Honeywold?" I said. "You may command my

left their happy homes, where they were loving and beloved, and in full daylight

went out into the streets to shop or pay visits, and never returned; no tidings

services, if you will only tell me what you think I had better do."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, General Anchester! I have been all round the an round the meighborhood myself this morning; but if you would be willing to see the policemen, and go to the city-hall and speak to the town-crier (for such folks never mind what a woman says), and if you would the immensity of the coming wheat crop not think it too much trouble, just write in California, when it is known that the an advertisement for the papers, and offer a reward for me."

a reward for me."
"Of course I will," I said, and I set off.
I did not spare myself; I visited all the
purlicus of the city; I posted up notices
in various directions; I wrote advertisements to appear in several of the local papers, doubling the reward Mrs. Honey-wold had named; I interviewed the city crier, and was interviewed by the policemen. One of the latter, I fancied, seemed to take more interest than the rest. He followed me down stairs, and indicated a wish for a private interview, without the

wish for a private interview, without the knowledge of his chief.

"I think, general," he began, confidentially, "you said as how the party was han'some!"

"Yes," I said, "very handsome."

"And young, sir?—did you say young? No offense, I hope?"

"Yes," I said; "yet no, not very young. I do not know her age, but she is the mother of twins."

"Ah!" said the policeman, speaking slowly and deliberately; "I see. I guess it is an awkward fix, rather. But I'm with you, general; I'll do what I ean for you, seeing as how you look like a gentleyou, seeing as how you look like a gentle-man as wouldn't hesi'ate to do the gener-ous thing." Here he paused, but he looked at me so significantly that I invol-untarily handed him a small bank-note as

a retainer. "Thank ye, sir; thank your honor," he said, as the re bribe. "That's han'some of you, general, that is and I'll do my best for you; that's so. But still, at the same time, I must say it looks kind of blue."

"Blue! how do you mean?"
"Blue! how do you mean?"
"Well, I mean just this. If she is any wheres round about here, and is 'O K," as we say, in course she'll come back to them young ones of hern; and if she don't (I'll do my very bounden best for them; in course I will)—but I doubt if she ever turns up in this beat again. I've knowed something of such things in my time, and I guess if she turns up at all, you'll find

I guess if she turns up at all, you'll find she has gone to a distant market. But I'll do my best."

And so, sad, weary, and discouraged, I returned home at night, only to learn there were no tidings of the missing one.

"I give her up now," said my weeping landlady; "I shall never see her again! She is lost forever! and those two poor pretty little creatures."

"Yes," she said, quietly, "I know it."
"But is it safe?" I said, as I turned to lock the door; "and so late too!"
"I do not think there was any danger," she said. "I was on the watch; I was in the watch; I was in the said. "I was on the watch; I was in the said. "I was on the watch; I was in the watch; I

"Keep them," said the generous and impulsive little woman.

"I wanted to say, if she does not return, I will, if you like, relieve you of one of them. My sister, who lives with me, and keep my house is a very kind, ten and keeps my house, is a very kind, ten-der-hearted woman. There are no chil-dren in the house, and she would, I am

sure, be very kind to the poor little thing. What do you say?"
"No, no!" sobbed the poor woman; "I cannot part them. I am a poor woman, it is true, but not too poor to give them a home; and while I have a bit and a sup for myself they shall have one too. Their poor mother left them here, and if she ever does return she shall find them here. And if she never returns, then—"

And she never did return, and no tid

ings of her fate ever reached us. If she was enticed away by artful blandishments or kidnapped by cruel violence, we knew not. But I honestly believe the latter. Either way, it was her fatal beauty that led to her destruction; for, as I have said before, she was the most perfect creature, the most beautiful Maltese cat that I ever beheld in my life! I am sure she never deserted her two pretty little kittens of her own accord. And if—poor dumb thing—she was stolen and killed for her beautiful fur, still I say, as I said at first she was "more sinned against than sin

"Requies-cat in pace."-Harper's Maga sine for May.

The Position of a House,

Houses on streets running nearly north and south are far preferable to those lecated on those going east and west, in a sanitary estimate. In the first, here at the north of the equator, the sun shines brilliantly in the forenoon on the front, and with nearly equal force in the after-noon on the rear. Thus dampness is expelled, and the whole edifice is dry and the air far purer for its solar exposure. If a house is on an east and west street, those fronting north are decidedly the best for a residence, because the sun's action on the yard, the kitchen, and usual regions of neglected accumulations, purities and modifies the humid atmosphere that it was to readominate in a superior to the street of the street o that is sure to predominate in yards and the backside of houses whose rear is north of the street. Thus circumstanced, the back rooms are never so pleasant, cheerful, or economically warmed in winter or ventilated in summer, as when on the south side. Opening on the street, the front of such gets both light and air by reason of the frequent swing of the front door.—Ex.

Nor a moment flies but puts its siekle in the field of life, and mows down its thousands with their joys and cares.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A TRYING business-Rendering lard THE child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

IF a miss is as good as a mile, how much better is a Mrs. ? Women can now be elected school offiers in Illinois.

A TRUE American is too proud to beg and too honest to steal. He gets trusted. Why is it necessary to mention that the victims of suspended animation were "well brought up?"

A LOCAL paper in Iowa records the ac-cidental shooting of a doctor, and has strong fears of his recovery." THE Memphis Avalanche says this year's cotton planting in the Southern States will be the most extensive since the

A TERRE HAUTE man has a fine collection of walking canes, which have been thrown at an ill-natured dog in his front

ENGLISHMEN look upon all other people as foreigners, and firmly believe that they will meet none of them in the other world -which is good for the foreigners. Young lady (who is tired of his com-any): "You ain't a bit nervous are you,

pany): "You ain't a bit nervous are you, Mr. Poet? All my gentlemen acquaint-ances start when it strikes twelve." "I'm so thirsty," said a boy at work in the corn field. "Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says: 'Hoe, every one that thirst-

"MURDER is a very serious thing, sir, said a judge to a convicted prisoner. "It is next to stealing a horse or a mule, sir, and I shall send you to the State prison for six years, sir."

At a spirit meeting the other night a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusements were most popular in the spirit world. The reply was, "Reading of obituary notices. One can give an approximate guess at

producers are negotiating for fifteen mil-lion sacks to hold it.

An Alabama paper says of a recently elected member of the Legislature, that he has already shown his devotion to the State by nine years' gratuitous service in the State penitentiary. Just now that we are getting ready for our new postal plaything, from which we expect so much, it is instructive to come

across in the English papers so often an item headed "The Postal-Card Nuisance." A MAN who has a red-headed sweetheart addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, loveliest of the plain." Sweet Auburn got mad about it. She objected to being classed among the "plain," even though called the loveliest of them.

PUNCH thinks that if a young lady wants to keep her hands free from chaps, all she has to do is to dress in the present fashion, and let it be known that she has no money. Chaps, especially if they be sensible chaps, will then let her hand alone very severely. WHILE the civilized world was

the full shock of the wreck of the At lantic, and the bodies of the dead still lay frozen on the beach, a man in Toronto sent the following unique dispatch to Capt. Williams: "This is the best market for sale of damaged goods. Let me hear from you."

An attempt is shortly to be made to cross the Pacific, from San Francisco to Japan, in a small sloop thirty feet long. She is named the Dolphin, and will carry a crew of three men, in addition to her captain. The object is to hunt sea etter, which are stated to be very plentiful or the Japanese coast.

Going up and down in hotel elevators is considered by physicians to be a bene-ficial exercise in some nervous disorders. An old lady, whose physician pre-scribed the elevator for her without any special explanation, has taken the advice literally, and now makes herself frantic every day with brandy and soda water.

Ir illy becomes the Pacific slope to try to claim all the rare and delightful fruits of the earth, and the equally pleasant pro-ductions of the sea and yet we see tha without hesitancy it claims to dig up on its beaches clams that weigh from one pound to a pound and a half. Of course they are not good, anyhow, and think ungainly chowder they would make!

INSUFFICIENT REASON.-In an English church, recently, after the publication of the bans of marriage by the minister, a grave elder, in a stentorian voice, forbade the bans between a certain couple. On peing called upon for an explanation, "I nad," he said, pointing to the intended wride—"I had intended Hannah for myself." His reason was not considered suf-

There is a good opening for carpenters desirous of high wages in the Island of Tahiti, most of the houses of which are made of wood, which, because of the scarcity of carpenters, is hewn in and imported from California, ready to be set up. The island abounds in valuable woods for the utilization of which only workmen are required; so if anybody wishes to strike for more work here is his chance.

A CANNY Scot, who had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday and a boll of meal on New-Year's Day, officially carried around the ladle each Sunday after ser-vice. When the year had elapsed he claimed the meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be wi' the meal," he replied, coolly, "but I took care o' the sax-pence mysel'."

## Iowa Progress.

Iowa is one of the most vigorous and prosperous of that powerful group of great States of the Upper Mississippi Val-ley which used to be called "the Northwest," until Washington and Oregon coolly planted them fourteen hun-dred miles east of their name. But they can have a better one: they are, for the present at least, in reality, what the Chinese vainly call their half-alive realm,—The Middle Kingdom, the center of the political and material forces of America. Iowa is as large as all New England, except a third part of Maine. Her white population in 1838 (as part of Wisconsis) was tion in 1836 (as part of Wisconsin) was 10,531; in 1870, 1,191,727; in this year

(1873), nearly a million and a half. She has 3,200 miles of railway, no barren land at all, a bountiful supply of water and water-power, abundance of building-stone, three and a half million acres of wood-and 20,000 square miles of coal lands —almost four times as much as all those of Great Britain. She produces already a sur-plus of a thousand million bushels of farm

discovered that "in almost every statement they make they are guilty of the grossest exaggeration," and from this he argues that they have no love of truth in their souls, but are utterly and almost irredeemably bad. We are half tempted to print the article entire, for the same reason that Mark Twain published a serious English review of the Innocents, because it was the funniest thing he could possibly t was the funniest thing he could possibly

salways and necessarily an exaggeration, and that our American writers in this branch of literature are by no means peculiar in this regard. Leigh Hunt's dictum was true, that humor is an ebullition of buoyant animal spirits, and buoyant animal spirits express themselves always in exaggeration, because they themselves are interview on the subject with in exaggeration, because they themselves are an exaggeration. Your bright, en-thusiastic boy, fairly running over with energy and life, is sure to see a thousand energy and life, is sure to see a thousand blackbirds in a peach tree on any bright June morning, and yet we never think him a liar because his young eyes see more of joyousness in life than our older ones possibly can. And it is something of this same exaggerated appreciation of pleasural le ideas which makes the humorist "slop over," to our great delight. His animal spirits enable him to see more in men and things than there really is in them, and he jubilantly tells us, with pen or pencil, the things which he sees—not to deceive us, but to let us share in the fun he has in the sight. Our enjoyment of humor is of the keenest and heartiest kind, chiefly because the buoyant spirit of which humor is born is irresistibly contagious.

tagious.

And this is the reason that so small a number of writers, comparatively, achieve

contest between Shanghae and Bantam—
between the barn yard heavy and light
weights.

Of animal spirits to make us keen relishers of humor. Now and then we meet
with an exception, but these are so rare
that the man who "cannot understand a dan, "are you there and ready?" "Yes," gyman, submitted to us for publication a year or two ago, in which he in all seriousness wrote something to this effect: "A writer has wisely remarked that an ugly young woman will become a pretty old one, if she lives long enough; in saying which he doubtless meant that the culti-vation of moral beauty will in time atone for the want of its physical counterpart.' The man was not stupid by any means but his lack of buoyancy was so utter that the bon mot he quoted never presented itself to him as a bon mot at all.

Lord Morpeth used to tell of a Scotch friend of his, who, when Lord Morpeth

remarked that some people could not feel a jest unless it were fired at them with a cannon, replied, "Weel, but hoo can ye fire a jest oot of a cannon, mon?" A lady friend once put a conundrum to her rheumatic old nurse, asking her "Why are you like a church window, Sally?" and gave the answer, "Because you are full of pains;" whereupon the old colored woman pityingly replied, "Oh! dear, somebody has been a foolin of ye, honey. Dem's anudder sort o' panes. Dey's been foolin ye, chile."—Hearth and Home.

## A Glaring Deficiency.

Among the sufficiently numerous deficiencies of our beloved country is, the want of an Education for the Children of the Rich. Physiological results of ignorance and of consequent mistakes in the use of life—or perhaps instead of mistakes the term should be wrong conditions of society,-in our great business centers, make them often a sort of whirlpools into which good strains of blood are incessant ly diving and disappearing. A strong cager resolute worker comes into the city, intent on wealth. He plunges into a career of furious unrelaxing vacationless struggling for money, marries, and he and his wife go straight on in the same road. Even while a young man, even though upright and pure in life, the freshness and cleanly gigen of his youth are ness and cleanly vigor of his youth are soiled, dried, stagnated, enfeebled, by the hot fury of his money-making, the dead air of the city streets, a life without exercise, vacation, or any health-giving con-stituent; and the children born to him are by a necessary result the physiologi-cel embodiments of mistake, unbalance, imperfection. They are born ill-constructet: their very marrow and pith has weak streaks in it; they are ships whose tim-bers had dry rot in them when they were framed.

Now, of all the distinctions of man, the highest is, his infinite power of amend-ment, of reparation, of recovery, of improvement. Even for the strengthless sprouts of these unlucky city stocks, neither physiologist nor educator—scientific as we pretend to be-knows how great a measure of redemption might be secured by a proper education of mind and body. For our poor, our schools and our life afford it. In other countries, much is accomplished by the air of wise and just sentiments as to the responsibility of inheritors of wealth. But with us. physiological ignorance prevents any remedy for the congenital weaknesses of money-makers' children, and social and moral ignorance prevents any remedy for the peculiar temptations around the helpless little fools as they grow up. So the impartial self-limitations of nature are left to do their cold unerring work, and in the second or third generation the abused race is extinct, by a vital reductio surdum.—Old and New, for May.

A pop-ular beverage-Ginger pop.

NUMBER 11. How Sheridan Paid His Debts.

Sheridan was peculiarly sharp in evasions of dues and sheriffs. The charm of his manner alone was irresistible. Taylor of the Opera House, used to say of him that he could not pull off his hat to him in the street without it costing him fifty data britain. She produces already a surplus of a thousand million bushels of farm crops (the book says "agriculural products;" but we haven't time), and having just made a beginning in manufactures, is turning out as yet only \$22,000,000 worth in a year. Her climate is an invigorating temperate one, just fit for farming, fruit-growing, and stock-raising.

—From Old and New for May.

The Source of Humor.

A BECENT writer lashes himself into a fury over the iniquities of our American humorists, and denounces them, one and all, as "liars and lovers of lies." He has discovered that "in almost every statement they make they are guilty of the grossest exaggeration," and from this he street without it costing him fifty pounds, and if he stopped to speak to him in the street without it costing him fifty pounds, and if he stopped to speak to him it was a hundred. Once when a creditor brought him a bill for payment which had often been presented to him before, and the man complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was quite ashamed to see it—"I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan; take it home and write it upon parchment!" He once mounted a horse which a horse dealer was showing off near a coffee-house at the bottom of St. James' street, rode it to Tattersall's and sold it, and wa'ked quietly back to the spot from which he set out. The owner was furious, swore that he would be the death of him, and in a quarter of an hour afterward they were seen sitting together over a bottle of wine in the costice holm.

shown into the several rooms on each side think of.

This censor of the genial humorists clearly has no conception of what humor is, else he would have discovered that it is always and necessarily an exaggeration, tween them, to the astonishment of his self-wind the several rooms of action and of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and being assured they is always and necessarily an exaggeration, tween them, to the astonishment of his self-winded and the several rooms of action and the several rooms of the same into th even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He haunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theater, months at his own house, at the theater, at his usual resorts, but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage door, rushed in in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen whom he had invited to show them the theater. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter. "Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most apropos. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we have met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must settle an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, heart addressed her as "Sweet Auburn, lovellest of the plain." Sweet Auburn got mad about it. She objected to being classed among the "plain," even though called the lovellest of them.

A KING'S fool who was condemned to death, and chose old age. An lowa girl, being asked what form of death she preferred to be smothered—with kisses.

A WORGETER, Mass., gentleman, who locked his combination safe on the word "bean," was surprised when he gave his employer habitually spelled it "bene."

The Massachusetts Solons purpose to regulate the sale of "hen fruit" by legislation—that is, to have eggs sold by weight in the same to mumber of writers, comparatively, achieve anything like a genuine success in humorist, comparatively, achieve anything like a genuine success in humorist, comparatively, achieve anything like a genuine success in humorist, comparatively, achieve in your beautiful theater—that, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and this is the reason that so small a number of writers, comparatively, achieve in that the transmission of sound is defective in tyour beautiful, and this is the reason which and theater—that, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and this is the reason why they have become so noisy of interes, remarked that if she must die she preferred to be smothered—with kisses.

A Workerer, mass., gentleman, who locked his combination safe on the word works of art as manifestations of nature, and there is no branch of literation—that is, to have eggs sold by weight in your beautiful, achieve, in that the transmission of sound is defective in that the transmission of sound is defective in wy our beautiful, and this is the reason who the product of interest on the pr me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theater—that, in fact, joke" is commonly regarded as himself the best of all possible jokes. We never laughed more immoderately than we did over the manuscript of an excellent elergood morning." So saying, Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again. I believe there was but one debt paid by Sheridan—the debt of nature.—Kate A

## Sanborn, in Galaxy for May. Invidious Criticism.

THERE is constantly a great deal of invidious remark going the rounds of the press, and, for the matter of that, the rounds of society as well, lect of feminine dress and all its annurten

ance of frills and furbelows. In a season of dull politics one would suppose that the chief end of man was to attend censorially to the costume of the weaker sex, and to spare no slur or fling, ill-natured or good-natured gibe, that can be made concerning it, and we imagine that now that the Presidential campaign is over, we shall be called upon to undergo

new exhibition of the thing. Endeavor to conciliate these evil-minded critics seems to be useless, for no fashion pleases them, let it be what it may: they have no patience with the pure antique; they laugh to scorn the ruff and fardingale; they pronounce the dress of the First Empire indecent, the dress of the Second Empire senseless; nothing is more frivolous than the dress that Worth designs, nothing more barbarous than the dress of an Englishwoman, nothing more rag-baby-like than the dress of the harem.

nothing more wasteful than the dress of the American woman. When, a few years since, hoops ap-peared, these critics compared a lady to the planet Saturn within his rings; when hoops began to go out, and paniers and ruffles and sashes to come in, they com-pared her to a scarecrow, with her rags fluttering round her. When bonnets were large, they flung their pellets at the were large, they flung their pellets at the faces that were seen down the vista of "a Leghorn lane;" when hats were adopted, they wondered how soon the rest of the masculine garb would follow; when the face was hidden in a calash, they were gay over mock-modesty; when bonnets became a mere rose and ribbon, they had their sneer for the brazen face of the wearer; when youth and beauty went should er; when youth and beauty went about in prunella, there was not enough praise to be accorded to the sensible high heels of our ancestresses; as soon as high heels were accepted, it was discovered that they produced incurable diseases of the spinal cord. The Puritans found it necessary to cord. The Puritans found it necessary to enact a law against puff-combs; the present generation halled with delight the vermin in the jute. In short, there is not a fashion from fig leaves to crinoline that has not been the subject of their ani-madversions; and the only particles of feminine attire that go scot-free at present are, for some unaccountable reason, the two-buttoned glove and the thick-soled

shoe .- Harper's Basar. A GENTLEMAN having been invited to a public dinner for the benefit of the poor, accepted, saying that if, by eating himself, he could keep other people from starving, he thought it was a very pleasant way of doing it.

Some young men marry for dimples, some for ears, some for noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and hair. The mouth too, is occaionally married, the chin not so often.

A CORRESPONDENT thinks that the winter of '73 was peculiarly adapted to poets, because it was so rimy.