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Chanticleer.

I wake! I feel the day is near:
I hear the red cock crowing!
He cries "The dawn!" How sweet and clear
His cheering call comes to my ear,
While light is slowly growing.
The white snow gatters, flake on flake;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Is anybody else awake
To see the winter morning break,
While thick and fast 'tis snowing?
I think the world is all asleep;
I hear the red cock crowing!
Out of the frosty pane I peep:
The drifts are piled so deep and deep,
And wild the wind is blowing!
Nothing I see has shape or form:
I hear the red cock crowing!
But that dear voice comes through the storm
To greet me in my nest so warm,
As if the sky were glowing!

DEBBY'S WEDDING.

"Rokhty! Rokhty! Wake up and
three how the thimble fall, can't thee?"
No need for little Tommy to call so
vigorously from his truckle-bed in the
room next the one occupied by his two
sisters, Deborah and Roxana. Roxana
had been roused some minutes by
Debbie's pleasant laughing and water
behind the screen. Now she leaned upon
her elbow in bed, gazing dolefully out
upon the snow, which had been falling
for the past two hours.

"O Debbie!" she cried, without
answering Tommy's summons. "What
will thee do if it keeps on snowing?"
"O, I guess it will clear before
ten, and then the folks will have a merr-
y time going to meeting in sleighs."
"But if it snows all day, thy new
bonnet and cloak will be ruined,
Debbie."
"Then Caleb will have to buy me a
new suit when we get to the city, if I
spoil one in his service," replied the
elder sister laughing.

Roxana removed her upholding arm
from beneath her round neck, and sank
back against the pillows. Those few
words, "When we get to the city,"
had brought as in a flash to her mind
the reflection that she was about to be
parted from this dear, kind elder sister.
The past few weeks had been so filled
with the bustle of preparation for the
great event of this day, that little time
had been given to thinking of the com-
ing separation.

A hard knot rose in Roxana's throat,
and a thick dim mist came over her eyes,
as the vision came to her of what the farm-
house would be without "our Debbie"
fitting round like a sweet gentle fairy,
restoring order with a touch and good
temper with a pleasant word.

Roxana almost forgot to breathe, as she
reflected that he was to gain all that
they must miss.
"Come, Roxana dear," said Debbie,
appearing from behind the screen, rub-
bing her pink cheeks into a brilliant
scarlet. "This almost breakfast time,
and thee shoo'st me, as if I were
this time. But what ails thee, dear
child? Thee's not crying for the snow,
I hope. Tut, tut! never mind."

Roxana tried to sob out an answer, but
it was not until Debbie had laid her
soft hand caressingly on her wrinkled
brow, that she managed to gasp, "It is
not that, Debbie, but—thou'st—thou'st
going to leave the valley—and home
and all, and thee'll forget all about
us, and only care for Caleb Dawson. I
wish I had never come to the valley,
and I do. Tommy and I will be filled
it fur to watch him fliget about till
thee came down stairs, and we used to
laugh to see you look so fond of each
other, and side so close together; but
now I only seem to think of thy going
away, and how we'll be left here
alone, O Debbie!" and Roxana seized her
sister's hand convulsively, "can't thee
stay with us? Just change thy mind
for once."

A cloud faintly shadowed Debbie's
sunny face, but she smiled, and she
replied, gently and firmly, "thee knows it is too
late for that now, Roxana, even if I
wanted to change. But Caleb and I
could not be happy unless we were to-
gether. We do not mean ever to forget
the valley, nor any of the dear folks.
We shall often run down to visit the
farm, and when we get nicely settled in
the city, thee shall come up to pay us a
good long visit, Roxana dear. Thee
will be glad to see us, and we'll be glad
to see thee, if it did not deepen the
love we have for thee instead of lessening it."

Debbie bent and kissed her little
sister's warm hand, gratified with the
affection, yet pained that Roxana should
think her capable of forgetting home
amidst her new ties.

"It is all nouthen, Rokhty," called
little Tommy from the next room, "thy
wanting Debbie to back down at this
time of day. Why, she's th' passing
meeting, don't thee know? Let me thee,
what with it thee thaid? O yeh, my
own inclination, new thituation, inten-
tion—Caleb Dawson th'."

Even crying Roxana had to laugh at
this version of her sister's "passing
meeting." What her sister really had
said in the preceding First Day in the
Friends' meeting-house at Exton was
"With Divine permission and Friends'
approbation, it is my intention to marry
Caleb Dawson." Caleb had previously
repeated the same formula, except that
of course he said, "Deborah Pan-
coston," where she said "Caleb Dawson."
Roxana's laugh at Tommy's mistake so
far restored her composure that she
jumped out of bed and hastily com-
menced her dressing operation.

Some time before the hour to start
for meeting came, an idea entered
Roxana's little head, which, instead of
being dutifully expelled, was allowed
to remain until it had grown so large
that it was impossible to rid herself of
it. Why could she not go up to the
city in the same train with her sister,
not discovering herself to the newly-
married pair until the end of the jour-
ney, when it would be too late to send
her back? She had a whole dollar of
her own, which would surely be enough

to pay her fare all the way, and twice
over for her box.
Roxana almost jumped for joy at the
happy thought, little knowing, foolish
child! what terror and misery this wild
idea was to bring upon herself and
friends.

At an o'clock precisely, all the
sleighs belonging to the Pancoston
family drove up to the meeting-house,
and a great stir they made to be sure.
In the first sat Friend Pancoston, his
wife, Roxana, and Tommy. Next drove
up Caleb and Debbie in a very small
cut, while a large sledge bore all the
workmen and maids belonging to the
farm.

Very pretty Debbie looked as she
alighted, but very pale and trembling
when she took her seat in the gallery,
with all the old Friends looking at her
through their spectacles, and the
younger ones peeping slyly at her from
under their close bonnets.

I doubt much whether any of the
bride party heard a word of the two
long sermons which preceded the mar-
riage ceremony—one from the text,
"The Lord gave and the Lord hath
taken away, blessed be the name of the
Lord;" the other, "My Beloved is
gone down into his garden, to the bed
of spices, to bring forth the anise and
garden lilies." At length the long pre-
liminary pause is over, and every eye
in the meeting-house is turned on the
young couple who stand so solemnly
together; he, strong, self-reliant, com-
municative, and she, so young, so sweet
in affection and power of him to whom
she promises in the presence of her
friends, with divine assistance, to be a
loving and obedient wife. Another
pause, and then a great bustle and con-
fusion, friends coming to congratulate
the company at the farm, pressing for-
ward to offer their hearty congratulations,
while Debbie's mother nervously
wonders whether Thomas and Caleb
mean to stay all the morning in the
meeting-house, and so lose the wed-
ding-breakfast, or miss the train.

Finally all are stowed away in the
sleighs, the bells tinkling merrily as
the impatient horses paw and scrape on
the freshly fallen snow, the last tuck
is given to the robes, and off they start
for the farm.
Merry was that ride, and merry the
breakfast at the end of it. Never had
Tommy laughed so sweet, nor devoured
so many cakes and sweetmeats. Friend
Pancoston was almost uproarious with
laughter, while many a quiet friend for-
got decorum to join in the merry mak-
ing.

But Roxana, poor, conscience-stricken
Roxana, could not enjoy the fun at all,
contemplating as she did such an en-
terprise as leaving home unknown to
all.

Many noticed her dejection, and, at-
tributing it to sorrow at the coming
separation from her sister, kindly
pressed her to return home with them
for a day or two after the bridal par-
ty, and when they were on their way
Roxana's mother answered to all invita-
tions, that the child must do as she
thought best about leaving home. It
would be dull for her, no doubt, with-
out Debbie, but she must get used to it
some time or other.

Roxana's head proudly up to
keep down the rising tears, and clasped
more tightly in the hand she held in her
pocket the gold dollar which seemed
such a fortune to her.

The time seemed very long until
they reached the house, where the com-
pany were to escort the bride party to
the town to see them safely in the cars,
and afterward to disperse to their several
homes.

Roxana rode in the neighbor's sleigh,
and she made no comment as she
over, and her mother on looking round
the depot did not see her, she made no
inquiry about her.

Roxana was supposed to have accepted
one of the many pressing invitations,
and she was to be discovered at the
depot were equally satisfied that she
had returned with her mother.

A crouching form sat in a corner of
the railway carriage, trembling like the
couple far ahead of her did but move to
raise or lower the sash. Fortunately,
or unfortunately for Roxana, Caleb and
Debbie, like most happy couples on
their wedding tours, were entirely un-
conscious of every object save the one
beside them.

The conductor glanced curiously at
Roxana, but made no comment as he
handed back ten cent pieces in ex-
change for her dollar. Children daily
went up to the city alone, and it was no
affair of his if the little girl only paid
her fare through.

That was a tedious ride to the little
country city, especially when the roads were
blocked up with snow; and she felt stiff
and tired, when, at length, after many
stoppings at way-stations, the train
steamed into a long, cold, dark depot,
unmistakably belonging to the city.

Roxana kept a sharp lookout for her
sister, and when the train stopped, ran
towards the part of the car where Deb-
bie sat, intending to discover herself.
Half way down the car she missed her
nuff, and turned back to recover it. It
lay snugly on the seat where she had
been sitting, but when Roxana turned to
look for her sister and new brother,
both had left the car.

In vain Roxana quickened her steps,
and jumped hurriedly from the car.
Caleb's black hat and Debbie's new vel-
vet bonnet were not to be discovered
among the mass of heads thronging the
depot.

the distance between her and her sister.
In vain she looked and called.
"Caleb! Debbie! O, Debbie, do not
leave me!"
Faster and faster rolled the carriage
away, turning corner after corner, till
at length Roxana could see it no longer,
nor did she even know the way back to
the depot.

Cold, tired, and fairly frightened, she
sat down upon a doorstep and burst
into tears. It was now nearly dark.
Men were lighting the street lamps,
and people were closing their parlor
shutters, as the hospitable custom of
the City of Brotherly Love. Roxana did
not know what in the world she should
do.

Presently the door of the house
opened, and a woman with a basket
came out, saying in a whispering voice:
"Blessings on you for your kindness,
to a poor woman who has a sick man at
home and six poor little children. It's
nicely warmed I've got at yer kitchen
fire, and these nice pieces to boot.
Bless you forever, I say."

"Blessings on you for your kindness,
to a poor woman who has a sick man at
home and six poor little children. It's
nicely warmed I've got at yer kitchen
fire, and these nice pieces to boot.
Bless you forever, I say."
"Changing her tone, exclaimed angrily,
throwing away some pieces of bread as
she spoke:
"Drat the stingy miser. Does she
give me dry bread, when it's money I
want!"

Here she perceived Roxana sitting on
the step, and instantly resuming her
wining, said:
"Ah, pretty miss, have you not a
penny to give a poor woman?"
"I will give thee ten cents," replied
Roxana, quickly, if she will take me
to where my sister is staying to-night."

"And where is that?" asked the
woman, scarcely repressing a smile.
"How can I take you where your sister
is, when you don't know the name of
the hotel where she has put up at the
depot before in the depot—Roxana's
parents having all the while supposed she
had gone home with him."

Still there was hope that she had gone
home with friend Jones, or Thomas, or
some other neighbor. By when noon
came, all had been questioned, and
none had seen Roxana after parting with
Caleb and Debbie.
"Perhaps, mother, Rokhty hath gone
to the city with Debbie," suggested
Tommy, after every possible supposition
of her whereabouts had been
broached. "She was taking an awful
hard in the morning, because of Deb-
bie's going away."

"Impossible!" replied his mother.
"Debbie would not have allowed it."
However, the conductor who was
sent to find Roxana, and did remember
something of having taken fare from a
plainly dressed little girl, who went up
alone. But she was not with Caleb and
Debbie, for he is giving them a drive off
together from the depot, and he was
there was no child of any description
with them.

This slight clew was seized at once,
policemen set upon the track, and every
measure taken which could possibly
bring Roxana to the depot, and he was
nearly "there."
"Is that it?" asked Roxana, doubtfully,
as the woman led her up a narrow court
to a low, dirty house, standing quite
alone.

"Yes, this is my hotel, Sis, and I
think you will soon find your sister."
Roxana sighed, thinking the woman was
mistaken, but, too tired to resist, pre-
ceded the woman, who closed and
locked the door, and entered a room of
the entry they found that a
dozen, or more ragged children sitting
crouched over a low fire, each with a
basket before her.

"What have you brought to-night,
Sukky?" asked the woman of the eldest.
"Ah! that is nice,—chicken and pie.
We're rich if we go on. And money?
Humph! twenty pennes ain't a fortune,
either."

And thus she went the rounds, until
Roxana found to her horror that she had
been brought into a nest of professional
beggars, a class of whom she had heard
whispers, but had never before formed
any idea of. Timidly she approached
her conductor and begged to be taken
to her sister's.

"You must be a little gumpus!"
exclaimed the woman, laughing heartily.
"How can I tell?"
"Then why did thee bring me here?"
asked Roxana, crying.

"To rest you, poor child, to be sure,"
said the woman, "and to get thee
with us till morn, and I'll try to find
you folks, or at least return you to the
step I found you on. Eat some of this
cake, dearie, and then I'll show you the
way to bed."

Roxana could not eat the cake for terror
and fatigue. How grieved and fright-
ened would her parents be! Oh, why
had she ever been so naughty! Seeing
that it was better to remain here for
the night than to return to the street,
she made no resistance when the woman
conducted her to her bed, which was
not so dirty as might have been ex-
pected, though bearing no comparison
to the whiteness of her own couch.

Here poor Roxana sobbed out a penit-
ent prayer for protection, with promises
never to be so naughty again if only
she might be brought safely home.
Then jumping into bed, having laid her
clothes across the foot, she soon cried
herself to sleep.

It was late in the morning before she
was roused by the warm sun shining on
her face. It was so much like a home
awaking, that she was quite bewildered
not to find herself in her own bed. A
moment's thought, however, recalled
yesterday's events to her mind, and
springing out of bed, she determined
to dress immediately, and make her
way to the depot at which she had ar-
rived yesterday, for she was sure of
meeting some one there who knew her
and could take her home.

Her clothes, however, were not to be
found, but in their stead were laid a
dirty torn dress and an old plaid shawl,
with a ragged hood beside them. The
nice merino dress, quilted cloak,
and bonnet, tippet and muff, had all dis-
appeared, and poor Roxana was left
with not a single decent article of wear-
ing apparel, but the little chemise in which
she slept, and a flannel petticoat which
she had wrapped round her shoulders.
Even her shoes and stockings were re-
placed with a worn pair of heavy boots
and a thin pair of stockings.

The room was entirely bare, so she
could not be discovered in it. Poor Roxana
was fain to don the disgusting habil-
iments of a beggar in order to be able to
search for her own clothes. What was
her amazement to find, on leaving her
room, that the house was evidently de-
serted, not a single one of the four
rooms containing a solitary inmate.
The rooms were empty of everything
but two beds, a table, and a few chairs,
every article of value being probably
looked up in the closets, of which there
were three.

Roxana saw she probably had been left
for the day, and wisely concluded her
best plan would be to quit this house;
she let herself out of the front door,
which she was only latched, and
wandered, hungry, cold, frightened,
and not a little ashamed of her strange
dress, into the street.

She had not walked very far when
she reached a crowded thoroughfare,
and, determined to ask the first nice-
looking lady she met for advice, she
moved slowly along. Suddenly a hand
was laid roughly on her shoulder, and,
looking up, behind her she saw her
condemner of yesterday. Fear lent her
strength, and tearing herself away, she
rushed across the street, but not in
time to escape being thrown down on
the stones by a pair of horses, whose
driver had not noticed the little girl,
in his hurry to get his carriage ahead
of another driver's.

Poor Roxana was taken up for dead,
but some signs of life being discovered,
she was taken to the hospital, where
she lay unconscious of everything, save
the keenest agony, for many a weary
week.

At just about the time when Roxana
was run over in the street, Roxana's
mother began to be uneasy about her,
for neighbor Lloyd had stopped, in pas-
sing, to inquire how all felt after the
wedding, and on being informed of con-
ductor Skye's death he had left her the
day before in the depot—Roxana's
parents having all the while supposed she
had gone home with him.

Still there was hope that she had gone
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"How can I tell?"
"Then why did thee bring me here?"
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"To rest you, poor child, to be sure,"
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you folks, or at least return you to the
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Dog Delusions.

There are fashions in dogs as in every-
thing else. Just at present fashion,
with better taste than we had a right to
expect, has decreed that the Skye ter-
rier is the dog which everybody there
anybody ought to possess. This is a
wise decree, for there is no more intel-
ligent and sprightly dog than your Skye
terrier. In fact he overflows with
sweetness and light, and at the same time
a lamentable confusion prevades the
public mind as to what constitutes a
true Skye terrier, and a brief discussion
of the matter may not prove uninter-
esting. There are three principal closely
allied varieties of the rough-haired
terrier—the Skye, the Scotch and the
Dandy Dinmont dogs. Of subordinate
varieties it is not necessary to speak,
and of the Dandy Dinmont breed, the
main feature of which is the pepper-
and-salt color of the coat, it need only
be said that it has now become very
rare—a true Dandy Dinmont being
worth from fifty to seventy-five guineas.

The Scotch-terrier is a short-legged dog,
with long silver-gray hair. The Skye
terrier is still shorter in point of legs
and wilder in luxuriant hair, which is
of a steel-blue tint. The Skye's coat
ought nearly to touch the ground, and
it should be a matter of difficulty to
distinguish the end on which the head
is placed from the other extremity.

The Skye's value is worth
from \$100 to \$150 in this country, and
seldom are seen here.

What are called Skye terriers by de-
signing dog-fanciers, and accepted as
such by easily persuaded purchasers,
are simply Scotch-terriers with just
enough of Skye blood to give them a
slight bluish tint along the upper part
of their coats. Not only are Scotch
terriers thus wrongfully permitted to
assume the rank and station of the Skye,
but pure Scotch terriers are about as
rare here as pure Skyes. The smooth-
coated black-and-tan has been so fre-
quently crossed with the Scotch that
he has given to the latter his long legs,
and has materially reduced the length
and roughness of his hair. The con-
sequence is that the analysis of most
so-called Skye terriers sold here would
show one-half Scotch, one-quarter
black-and-tan, and one-quarter Skye as
their constituent elements. A long-
legged Scotch or Skye cannot be a fine
specimen of either breed, and dog-fanciers
may tell you. The long legs point in-
exorably to a black-and-tan or some-
times to a poodle ancestry. The prices
of these compound animals vary, of
course, according to the degree to which
they they approach each quality. A Skye
with enough Skye to color his back
nicely is worth about fifty dollars. A
Scotch-terrier with moderately short
legs—which is the best that a man can
reasonably hope for—brings about forty
dollars. Probably in the present con-
fused state of the dog market the best
plan for an admirer of rough terriers to
pursue is to procure a good specimen of
a female Scotch terrier as he can
find, and breed down to quality.

As for pure Skyes they are nearly hope-
less, and every one who sets his hopes
upon them will be sure to be bitterly
disappointed.

Burning Her Own House.
Dorcas, Acres of Turner, Me., a tailor-
ess by trade, had, by long and patient
labor, accumulated money enough to
purchase a small house and lot, when
she took to herself a husband—Lazarus
and she—'to rule over her.' The home
was purchased after her marriage with
the money Dorcas had earned with her
needle. The husband was in feeble
health and could earn nothing for their
support so Dorcas worked on at her
trade, and supported herself and her
husband also, and working, and when
sick, paid his bills, and buried him re-
spectably when he died, asked no help
from his relatives. He left no children
and made no will, and Dorcas, being
ignorant of law as it affects married
women and widows, supposed that the
home was hers because she had paid for
it with her own earnings. So she kept
right on making coats and garments
like Dorcas of old; happy, no doubt, in
the good work and "alms-deeds" which
she did. But this state of things could
not last long. The two brothers of her
dead husband soon began to exercise
their control over her, as in duty bound.
The woman must be protected (?) if not
by her husband then by her nearest
male relative. So Dorcas received no-
tice that she could only have her "right
of dower" in the little house. The use
of one-third—"the widow's encum-
brance!" Now Dorcas was only a
ignorant woman and could not under-
stand the justice of law which would
take two-thirds of her earnings from
her and give them to relatives of her
husband. So she refused to take any
legal advice in the matter, but as time
passed on, the brothers made it so un-
comfortable for her that she dared not
live in the house. But still declining
to recognize the law which men had
made to suit themselves, she set fire to
her home and burned it down. She
said, "If I cannot have it, they shall
not." For which crime she was sen-
tenced to the State prison, and served
out the time of her sentence, which I
believe was two years.

Henry Keep's widow has recently
married Judge Shelley, of Georgia.
Henry Keep will be remembered as the
author of the New York Central Rail-
road. Mr. Keep died some four years
ago. Mrs. Keep ordered a \$100,000 mon-
ument from Italy for her husband's grave
in the Watervton, N. Y., cemetery. A
remarkable feature of the monument is
thus described: "At its base is a room
several feet square, enclosed by glass,
and within the room, bending over the
tomb, are the life-size figures of Mrs.
Keep and daughter, carved in the mar-
ble, each being an exact likeness of the
original. Mrs. Keep was the daughter
of the late Norris M. Woodruff, of
Watervton. Mr. W., whom the usual
beginning of the war, peddler, came to
be a very rich man. He designed his
own rural cemetery and it stands in the
same rural cemetery with his son-in-law
Keep's. Mr. Woodruff's monument is
a very expensive one, and is surmounted
with a full length statue of Christ."

Curious English Games.

"Post" is an old active game entail-
ing plenty of healthful exercise. All
the players save one are seated, and
take the name of an English or foreign
post town, say Paris, Liverpool, Lon-
don. The only player who is standing
calls out, "The post is going between
Liverpool and London," or any other
two places, when the two players so
named exchange seats, the postman try-
ing to reach one before the journey is
effected; if he does this, the unsated
player becomes postman. And when the
general post is declared to be going
out, everybody changes seats.

"Petit Paquet" is another old favor-
ite that is always amusing. The play-
ers stand in a double circle one before
the other, with the exception of one,
who, with a handkerchief in hand,
makes a tour of the circle, dropping the
handkerchief where he pleases; and
whoever he touches with it must leave
his place, and do his best not to be
caught, by running in and out of the
other players, and making good his es-
cape as best he can. If, however, he is
caught, he must take the handkerchief
and repeat as before.

"Their Siamese Majesties" is another
good trick. Place two chairs in a row,
sufficiently far apart for another to be
between them, and cover all over with a
rug and shawl. Seat two people on the
chairs, dressed up as a prince and a
queen of Siam, bring the children in
one by one to be introduced to their
majesties, and politely request each to
take the seat between them; whereupon
the king and queen rise suddenly, and
the guest falls between the two chairs
to the ground.

"The Babes in the Tower" is another
trick. Let two children lie on a sofa or
table, the legs of which can be so hid-
den by drapery that some one can lie
beneath it, and, being supplied with a
large pin, apply it unawares to the legs
of the visitors who are brought up to
see the poor babes.

"The Recumbent Prince" is another
very amusing game. The performer
lies on the ground, and the hair is
drawn away from the head so as to give
the appearance of a beard. A cap or
hat is placed on the chin, and a body
formed of shawls, etc., is attached to
the chin, the real figure hidden in the
same way, so that the face is shown up-
side down, and a very curious effect is
produced.

"Neighbor, neighbor, I come to tor-
ment you," is an amusing game played
as follows: The players sit in a circle,
and one begins by saying "Neighbor,
I come to torment you." A reply is
made, "To do with two as I do," when
both hands are moved; and the thing
continues until the hands, legs, head,
and body of each player are in motion,
which presents a comical effect.

"I am and I am not" is played by one,
the judge, asking any question he
pleases of the others, who are the jury;
and they in their replies must not make
use of the words "black," "white,"
"yes," or "no," whoever does so at
once becomes judge.

"Schoolmaster and Pupil" is another
former asks the name of a river, or
place, or mountain, or whatever he may
choose, beginning with any letter he
may fix upon, and if the person ad-
dressed does not reply correctly before
ten is counted, they change places.—
Exchange.

A New Theory of Dreams.
A novel and interesting theory as to
the nature of dreams was lately pro-
pounded before the Royal Medical In-
stitution by Professor Humphrey, of
Cambridge, England, defining dreams
as not a normal accompaniment of
sleep, but rather a result of the abnor-
mal or imperfect condition of the organ
of mental action. In the natural state,
he says, we should pass from wakeful-
ness to complete unconsciousness, and
vice versa, almost instantaneously, and
this is the case with many persons.
More frequently, however, the transi-
tion is protracted, and stages are ob-
served in which the sleep is but partial.
In this case, according to Professor
Humphrey, the cerebral organ being
in an imperfect state, its action is im-
perfect, and the first effect of the
lessening of its vital vigor is the loss of