VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1874.

NO. 13.

Victoria Grey.

A giddy young girl was Victoria Grey. One proud, and determined to have her ow

And rather than bend. She would lose her best friend-She was one upon whom one could never de-

That she thought herself charming was plain

to be seen By her confident manners and satisfied mien She was one of that kind That one often will find.

With a small, selfish heart and diminutive

Victoria Grey had a passion for dress, Tho' taste and good judgment she did not pos

On the street she would flirt, And sweep through the dirt, With thirty-six yards of light silk in her skirt.

She had many lovers, it may be a score-She had promised to marry a dozen or more : All felt happy and gay

At the confident way They were treated and loved by Victoria Grey. Augustus Van Quirk was her fortunate flame (Victoria loved his cuphonious name,)

A weak little fellow, Whose whiskers were vellow. With little white hands and a voice rather

He took her to operas, dances and plays, He courted and woodd her in various ways,-He whispered a store

Of affectionate lore That blighted the hopes of the dozen or more. They were married at last, 'twas a famous

Made brilliant by presents of real plated ware-'Twas a transient display, The talk of a day,

And this was the end of Victoria Grey Five years have passed by, and Augustus Van

Has never been guilty of going to work ; Just over the way

Is a small sign to-day, BOARDING-Mrs. Van Quirk," (new Victoria Grey.)

THE QUARREL.

They hung, heavy plumes of purple, over the little gateway in that bright afternoon—the 1st of June. A charitable breeze swept one scented bunch of bloom a bit aside, just out of the reach of a little brown hand that had a moment ago ruthlessly stripped off half

But the owner of the hand had already turned about, with a toss of her black curls and a flirt of her pink calico dress, that scared the butterflies, and before the branch swung back she was hastening up the trim garden path, and flinging back a sharp speech over oulder at a tall, su fellow who, with a vexed light in his eyes, stood in the gateway watching

"Oh, it don't matter what I think Indeed, I don't think at all. You may take whom you like to the next Maydance-you won't take me !"

It was such a pretty shoulder over which these words were cast, and there was such a rosy flush of anger on the round cheek half veiled in curls, that it is no wonder John Armitage took two or three steps in pursuit of the speaker; but he stopped, drew himself up with sudden pride, and said one reproachful word.

"Nancy !" The one addressed wavered a little in her retreat, then resumed it with in-

"Will you stop and listen to me?" the young man queried, his rising indignation somewhat modifying his tone of

appeal. "No!" and the pink calico swept the myrtles on either side of the walk fas-

as he who had pleaded turned toward the gate. "But mark my words: you'll be sorry for this before these bushes -brushing the low sprays sharply aside—" are out of bloom! Now good-by,"

Nancy, peeping from behind a curtain after his retreating figure, cried. Perhaps the soliloquy will tell why.

"Well, it's all over between us now, any way. It's his fault, too. He'd no business to take any one else to the May-dance when I couldn't go, shouldn't wonder if he's gone down to Sarah Anderson's now. They'll be en-gaged next thing, and she'll crow over me finely. He'll try to make me jealous "-here Nancy had a spasm of crying. "See if I won't make him jealous

The way she would do it became apparent the next afternoon, when, well her creamy complexion, dark curls, and tinted cheeks, she started for the village. The dainty blue silk parasol was lowered a little as she came to the sign, "Dr. Miles Gray. Office hours despairingly at the little gold circlet on from 8 to 10 a. M., from 3 to 5 p. M." her finger. But the face of the building was blank, and the office curtains lowered; so, with an impatient exclamation under her breath, Nancy went on to the postoffice, where, getting no letter, she

turned discontentedly toward home. before the light roll of wheels made her turn her head and start perceptibly. In a moment more young Dr. Gray, whose natty top-buggy was the envy of a laugh. all the men, and wnose fascinating smile had won the hearts of all the women, had drawn up his horse at her side, and leaped to the ground, and had asked, eagerly,

"Miss Evans, may I have the pleasure of driving you home?"

The color brightened in Nancy's cheeks, the light in her eyes, as she assented with a charming smile; and in a moment they were slowly bowling along the road, and the blue ribbons were blown against the doctor's broad-

Dr. Gray was young, handsome, not deficient in brains, with pocket money enough to prevent him from being

bit of womanhood by his side. As for Nancy, she was a little afraid of the gray eyes that could be quizzical as well as admiring, and of the smile that sometimes curled the corners of the black mustache. But Nancy was minus a lover just then, the doctor was a "catch," and so she laughed and chattered as the bay horse trotted along. The farm-house came in sight too

oon, and the doctor stopped midway in a speech to inquire,
"Won't you take a longer ride! It's such a beautiful afternoon!"

Nancy demurred, as in duty bound.
"I—don't know. I guess it must be

'most tea-time.' The doctor laughed, and held his watch before her. It was precisely

"Oh, well, then—" began Nancy, somewhat confused, "But aren't these your office hours ?"

"Confound my office hours!" commented the doctor to himself. Aloud he said, "I'm sometimes obliged to break through my hours. I'm going now to see a—a patient on the outskirts of the town." So they drove on.

The "patient" could hardly have been in a critical state. The doctor, leaving back in the corrigon let the

leaning back in the carriage, let the lines lie loosely on the horse's back as they paced slowly through shady wood roads smelling of pines, while the warm breeze fluttered light curls across Nancy's arch black eyes, and the blue silk parasol had to be held up to keep the sun from her rose bud of a face. The doctor had a lurking fear that

Nancy was rustic and ignorant, but ah! she was so pretty!

How far they rode in this lazy way, wholly rapt in conversation, is not known. How far they would have ridden is uncertain, if Nancy had not sent a mischievous glance straight into the gray eyes, and inquired.

gray eyes, and inquired, "Why, where does that patient of yours live?" The doctor laughed frankly, coloring

"I see you understand the 'ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain' pretty well, Miss Nancy. And now I don't dare to tell you what I was going to before you spoke."
"What was it?" queried Nancy, curi-

ous and conscious. "It was," said the doctor, bending his own face closer to the curl-shaded one at his side, "that I wish I had the right to keep you with me always. Miss Nancy, will you look at me—will

you let me ?" It was well that the doctor did not guess why, amidst Nancy's bright blushes, her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. She had made up her mind to accept the doctor, but in this decisive moment the thought of John Armitage sent a pang, cruel in intensity, through her heart. Then came the memory of their yesterday's quar-rel, and Nancy faltered, with a strug-

"I-I don't know. She did know when, in the late twilight, she and the doctor walked together into the dusky sitting-room at home, where her father was dozing and her mother knitting, to ask their consent

and their blessing. "Dear me!" said the good farmer, rubbing his eyes. "Two sech pieces of news in one day's cur'us hereabouts. heerd on'y an hoursence that Johnnie Armitage is a-goin' to Texas to kinder arm on his own account. I sorter thought, too, that he an' Nancy fancied each other, but here she's wantin' to marry another man. It's cur'us !"

Nancy had taken her hand from the doctor's arm and had sat down in the window. She heard, mistily, com-ments and congratulations; she answered questions, laughed at jokes. She walked down to the gate with the doctor when he left, and stood there under the lilacs, his arm about her, replying to his tender talk; but when he was gone, leaving a farewell kiss on her lips, she rushed up stairs and threw nerself on the bed in a perfect agony of sobbing that she could hardly stifle in the pillow.

The story of the next week is hackneyed. Such happenings are too common. Nancy came and went like the ghost of herself, but the whole village was gossiping over her engagement, and her evidences of trouble were ascribed to the "queerness of a girl just engaged." Little tired Mrs. Armitage ran over across lots one afternoon to tell the Evanses that John was going Monday, and she guessed he would manage to get over and bid them goodby; and cried because her pet son was oing away, and was cool and sharp to Nancy, evidently suspecting that she

was the cause.

Perhaps light natures suffer most overwhelmingly. Often in those beau-tiful June days Nancy, all alone in some shadowy, grassy place, with sunbeams dressed in a jaunty blue suit that set off shimmering above, would wonder in a well her creamy complexion, dark curls, dim, childish way if she should not "die when John went." hope was left: John was coming to say good-by. Oh, if she could only let him know how it really was! But how pretentions block of buildings opposite him know how it really was! But how the hotel, upon one of which hung the could she? and she would look down

Sunday afternoon John finally came. Nancy, sitting in the parlor with the doctor, caught a glimpse of the wellknown figure at the gate under the lilacs again. For a moment the room whirled around, and she was deathly The Fates forbade her. She had not accomplished a quarter of the distance ing that she must bid Mr. Armitage good-by, and went out to the doorway, where John was greeting her parents, and warding off the Newfoundland with

"Yes," he was replying, as Nancy came up, "they say there's a pretty good chance out there for a young fellow with health and energy-How do you do, Miss Nancy ?—and I've always

been enterprising; so I mean to try it."

Nancy stood pulling the rose vines in pieces while for half an hour the others talked crops, politics, and prospects. She could not have spoken for her life, though she longed to speak as a condemned criminal longs to ask mercy. Not once did John turn his obstinate auburn head to look at or speak to her, and at last he rose to go. He inter-rupted himself, while detailing particuenough to prevent him from being tragically earnest in his profession, and very much in love with the coquettish If he had looked at her, the miserable on the lighthouse gallery.

pathetic look of appeal on her childish face would have gone straight to his heart; but he did not dare to look, and turning away abruptly, walked down the garden path with the garrulous old farmer hobbling by his side. Nancy had just time to escape her mother's eye by running up the stairs. She did not faint; but God forbid that girls should often know such misery as she should often know such misery as she should often know such misery as she four-cent morning journal should have four-cent morning journal should have

alarmed queries.

It was Nancy who proposed that they

"I don't want any of your sorrow!"
was the sharp response. "It's fine to
talk; but you and I know well enough who's the cause of all. One word from you would stop it now if you were

'sorry' enough!"
Poor Nancy! The clock was on the stroke of eleven that night when her lover finally took his leave, and she was free to pace the moon-lit sitting room from end to end with set lips and wide, glittering eyes. She did not cry. She felt as if she were going crazy, and in her desperation she did not care if she did. Hour after hour passed, and still she paced there, till her rigid face showed whitely in the first faint gray of morning. "Oh, would he go? could he go? would nothing happen to stop him? Scarcely knowing what she was doing. Nancy slipped through the was doing, Nancy slipped through the door, and hatless, trailing her dainty blue skirt through the dewy grass, ran across lots to the Armitages'.

It was all still and dark and dewy. She heard the village clock strike three as she paused on the outskirts of the old-fashioned flower garden behind the house, and shrunk behind a hedge of blossomy lilacs, whese potent odor sick-oned her. Her mind was in a whirl. She did not know why she was there, or what she should do. She was in deadly fear lest some one should discover her, yet she could not go away. For half an hour she crouched there shiveringly, never taking her eyes off John's window, but starting every time the curtain blew. Suddenly a step on the garden path startled her so violently that she scarcely could suppress a scream. It was probably some of the work-people—oh, if they should see her! A hasty peep through the bushes showed her that it was worse than that; toward the gap in the hedge, and wearin blind terror of discovery, crawled on her hands and knees close under the lilacs. He had passed, he was almost by, when a bird that Nancy had disturbed flew out with loud chirpings, One end of the loosened blue sash had caught on a stiff bough, and the color arrested his eye. Two strides brought him to the spot, and he stood with folded arms looking down at her a moment pefore his amazement found vent in the exclamation,

"Nancy ! He had never seen such utter abaudon and agony of shame as that with which the poor little maiden hid her face and cowered in the wet grass, with

the cry. to me! Go away!" and burst into a

soon as she found strength to speak at

"I shall do no such thing," was the decided answer, as John's disengaged hand lifted her face so that he could see it, "till you tell me why you came. Naucy, I couldn't help hoping a little when I saw you here. Don't make me give it up! I thought my pride would support me through any thing, but I'm even in that nest of iniquity, Hong

Nancy, in tones of heart-felt relief. "But somebody 'll see us. Take me home, John, and I'll tell you all about

How different seemed the way home with John at her side. But Nancy was in no burry to "tell all about it." only said, nerviously, holding John's hand in both hers.

"Promise me you won't go away!" "Ah, but I want another promise

Nancy looked back at the plumy the streets hedge whose shelter they had left, and said, with a half smile, "You see the in China. lines are'nt out of bloom yet,

time of lilacs.

On the Southwest coast of England far out in the Atlantic ocean, are the Scilly Islands, a group of rocks and reefs, with habitable isles interspersed, to abide, and the loneliness was more fearful on the morning of April 14, when the violence of a prevailing gale The keepers state that although the from the bottom was found heaped up

lars a day, it would be demanded of the publishers that they should daily fill about twenty columns, or about three pages of the paper, with advertising. When they had done that they might begin to expect profits. How easy it is to lose or to make money in metropolitan journalism is evident from the fact | ly expostulating with a gentleman. On it was John himself, striding straight that one column at the average rate of advertising is worth nearly ten thou- sound came, Margaret Oaks testified ing a most unpropitious face. Nancy, sand dollars a year. It must be rememthat she heard the lady exclaim: in blind terror of discovery, crawled on bered, too, that the rate of expense per "Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me!" sheet decreases with an increase of circulation. For instance, after the type ran away from the spot. As she was is set, the composition for sixty thou-sand papers costs no more than if only arms. On this combination of circumten thousand were printed. The same may be said of editorial expenses, of rent, of interest; the additional expense | was tried, convicted of murder, and for an increase of circulation always being for ink, paper and presswork. There

are journals that make a profit on circulation alone. Weekly editions of daily journals are usually inexpensive, and advertisements in them are very profitable. Profits from weekly advertising would go to decrease the deficiency between expenses and receipts spoken of above. They can hardly be estimated.

In all places in China you may see

string of coolies rushing through the

is not a policeman to be seen, except

consisting of chair-bearers, coolies, cooks and servants, all looking on.

There does not seem to be even the sus-

Kong, you may see at that most com-

a lot of Chinamen counting and exam-

Money and valuables are exposed in a

Wisconsin Railroads.

o the railroad war in that State says that telegrams from various sources in-

dicate that there is not much bad feel

ing on either side. The legal fare, three cents a mile, is tendered in some

cases, and the company refuses to ac-

cept it. The conductors do not attempt

to eject the passengers, for that would be very foolish, but carry them to their

destination for nothing. They temporarily ride as "dead heads." Their

ames are taken by the conductors, and

the attorneys of the company will prob-

ably commence suit against the indi-

viduals who refuse to pay the fare de-manded. This, of course, will subject

the individuals to some annoyance and

expense, inasmuch as in this way the

State will have in no form to bear the

expense of the judicial proceedings, as

it would should the Railway Commis-

CHANGING .- I met says "John" of

the Sun, an old New Yorker day before

side, turn over on the other side?" Says I, "Good day sir."

sioners commence the suit.

"Oh, what shall I do? Don't speak

storm of tears.

For answer he gathered the little wet figure in his arms, smoothed the tumbled curls, tried to warm the icy hands, and did not dare to question, while he soothed her in his tenderest way.

"Take me home," said Nancy, as

afraid it won't," he ended sadly.
"I'm so glad it won't," br

first.'

and I am-sorry, as you said I'd be!"
"And the doctor?" asks the critical reader. Ah, Nancy is no model of Christian maidenhood. She is only a faulty young girl, erring and loving and suffering, playing her part in one of the tragedies that are played every where in the springs and autumns, in the time of snow-drifts as well as in the

A Terrible Situation.

On one of the rocks farthest out in the ocean is situated the Bishops Rock lighthouse. It is a lonely place for men made the keepers tremble for their Struck by enormous waves in quick succession, the massive stone building swayed to and fro so violently that every article within fell from its yesterday; he had just left one party to join another. Says I, "What made you change?" Says he, "It's perfectly natural I should 'do so." Says I, "Why so?" Says he, "Don't a man always, when gets tired of tying on one side ways, when gets the dot tying on one One wave reached the lantern with such force as to break a great lens in several pieces, and another caused other damage to the lighting appratus. water is 180 feet deep by the rock, sand

Appearances Against Him. The history of English law contains

should often know such misery as she suffered then! When she at last joined the doctor, as in duty bound, the stunned four-cent morning journal should have a circulation of 35,000, with an additionlook in her face was pitiful. She "was al weekly circulation of 60,000. It not well," she said, in answer to his alarmed queries. apt to disregard the fortunes of every-body else in the world, it may be re-called appropriately for modern read-It was Nancy who proposed that they should go to church that evening. In the corner of the high old pew, with her veil hiding her face, she could at circulation of the old strawberry-seedthe corner of the high old pew, with her veil hiding her face, she could at least be quiet, and one hour more of effort would have been insupportable. Mrs. Armitage was alone in her pew, and cried silently all through the serkins, a widower of considerable prop-erty in London, it was found that his will appointed a brother of his, living near Epping Forest, the sole guardian of his only daughter, and directed that said guardian should inherit the whole poor woman that, when they met in the aisle, she pressed her hand impulsively, saying in a quick whisper, "Mrs. Armitage, I'm sorry for you!"

"I don't want any of your sorry."

worth of the Associated Press franchise (about \$100,000,) and presses and type, would be about \$600,000. In the days of Raymond and Greeley the Times and Tribune were estimated at that price. Shares of the present Times. fortune devised in case his young ward should die either unmarried or without children. Implicit confidence in his brother, who was a middle-aged bach-Shares of the present Times and Tri-bune have, however, sold for \$11,000. The last purchase on the World was of of limited means, had, of course, inspired the dying man to make such a will; but a number of family relatives one-fourth the whole establishment for \$100,000. With such circulations as we pronounced the document an extrahave mentioned a paper should have from sales and subscriptions a yearly inordinary piece of servile fatuity, and darkly hinted that harm would ensue come of \$500,000. Its expenses would from it. This feeling caused an alienbe about as follows: Printing paper at 10 cents a pound, \$250,000; presswork, ation between the occupants of the Epping Forest residence and the afore-Bullock, etc., \$30,000; composition and stereotyping, \$100,000; publication salasaid prophets, and made the latter the bitterest prosecutors of the dead man's ries, \$20,000; ink, etc., \$10,000; editors and reporters, \$80,000; brother in the strange and tragic succeeding events, which have been described as follows: telegrams, \$50,000; correspondence, \$50,000; advertising, \$10,000; gas, \$5,000; rent, \$12,000; interest, \$42,000; effice sundries of all kinds, \$25,000: day walking together in the forest, but the young lady suddenly disappeared, and the uncle declared that he had making a sum total for a year of \$684,-000. The expenses would be more likesought her as soon as he missed her, and knew not whither she had gone or ly to be above than below this esti-mate; but at these figures they are what had become of her. This account greater than the income from sales, by was considered improbable, and ap-\$184,000. This sum must be made up by receipts from advertising. The usual rice for transient advertising is 20 cents a line. Railroads, steamship companies and theatres pay low prices; so that after deducting agents' commissions, the rate is reduced to an average of about 12 cents a line. An ordinary newspaper column, say the length of one in the Times, contains, after deduc-ting for spaces, about 250 ratable lines, the value of which at 12 cents each would be \$30. As even at our low estimate, it would be necessary to make up a deficiency of about six hundred dol-

pearances being clearly suspicious, he was arrested and taken before a magis-Other circumstances, hourly coming to light, rendered his position serious. A young gentleman in the neighborhood had been paying his addresses to Miss Perkins. It was stated, and generally believed, that he had gone, a few days before she was missed, on a journey to the North, and that she had declared that she would marry him on his return. The uncle had re-peatedly expressed his disapprobation of the match, and Miss Perkins had loudly reproached him with his unkindness and abuse of his authority over her as his ward. A woman named Margaret Oaks was produced, who swore that about 11 o'clock on the day on which Miss Perkins was missed she was passing through the forest and heard the voice of a young lady earnestdrawing nearer the spot whence the The woman was greatly terrified, and

stantial and positive evidence, coupled with the suspicion of interest, the uncle almost immediately afterward-according to the customs of those days-was hanged. About ten days after the execution of the sentence upon the uncle, the niece reappeared, and, stranger still, showed by the history she related, that all the testimony given on the trial was strictly true. Miss Perkins said that,

having resolved to elope with her lover, they had given out that he had gone on a journey to the North, whereas he had merely waited near the skirts of the forest until 'the time appointed for the elopement, which was the very day on streets carrying loads of money. There on which she had disappeared. lover had horses ready saddled for occasionally at the gates or in time of them both, and two servants in attrouble. You may see a shroff with a tendance on horseback. While walk-lot of dollars in a flat tray, examining ing with her uncle, he reproached her ing with her uncle, he reproached her them intently as they pass, click, over his thumb; sometimes a posse of idlers, with her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved, and after some

remonstrances, she passionately ex-"I have set my heart upon him. picion that anyone might attempt to I don't marry him it will be death to

kick the tray over and bolt with what me ; and don't kill me uncle, don't kill he could get in the scramble. Why, Just as she proclaimed those words she heard a gun fired, at which she fortable of bailding, the Oriental Bank, started, and she afterwards saw a man come from among the trees with a ining, perhaps, thousands of dollars wood-pigeon in his hand, which he had that are being paid to them, and some of the greatest scoundrels unhanged shot. On approaching the spot appointed for a meeting with her lover, passing constantly : perhaps they think she formed a pretence to induce her the men in the streets would most likeuncle to go on before her. She then ly be honest enough to eatch them, but fled to the arms of her lover, who had it is rather doubtful if they dare. been waiting for her, and they both mounted their horses and immediately way that would never be dreamed of in rode off. Instead, however, of England; and the similarity of dress, going to the North, they re-tired to Windsor, and about a week afterwards went on on a tour of the narrowness and crowded state of the streets in China, all would aid in the escape of a robber .- Twelve Years pleasure to France. There they passed some months so happily that in those days, when newspapers were scarce, when there was no regular postal com-The Milwaukee Wisconsin referring munication and no telegraphs, they never heard of their uncle's sad fate

until their return to England. Ascent of Sap in the Bark of Trees.

M. Faivre has recently performed a eries of experiments on the mulberry, hazel nut, and cherry laurel, which he considers goes far to prove the fact that the substances which supply the food of plants have an ascending motion in the bark. For the purpose, he made perfect or imperfect annular incisions through the bark, or detached pieces of the bark, to which buds were attached, or removed entire cylinders of bark from the trunk. The result of the experiments was that the buds always continued to develop when the com-munication remained uninterrupted with the lower portion of the trunk; while when this communication was completely destroyed, the buds invariably withered away. If the bud was separated by a perfect annular incision, withered the more slowly the greater its distance from the incision; and in these cases the starch disappeared entirely from the portions of the wood above the incision between it and the When entire cylinders of bark with buds on them were removed, the buds continued to develop, and even produced branches bearing leaves.

A BARON IN DISGUISE.

The Florida Hotel Keeper who was very

few more startling judicial tragedies than that to which the statute against The people of Jacksonville, Florida, murder owed so much humane amendment as to make the finding and posi-tive identification of the slain person are having their fun over one of their hotel keepers. The story is told as follows: A rough-looking man entered essential to the conviction of the murthe hotel and wrote his name upon the dererer; and as the same remarkable register. His face and hands were suncase had a peculiar moral and social significance for the young lovers of all times, who, in their passionate devoburned, and his eyes looked bloodshot. The watchman thought that he detected a smell of whisky about his clothes. to each other, are altogether too A gray flannel shirt, torn coat, dirty breeches, and scaly brogans were all that the visitor wore. The watchman gazed at him a few seconds, as if un-decided whether to kick him out or al-Upon the death of Mr. George Perlow him to remain.

Watchman hesitated. He eyed the applicant very closely and smelled of him. There was a taint of liquor in the "Oh, you wants a room, do you, fellow?" the watchman said. Well, just step here a moment, and keep your hands in your pockets while in up stairs and see if the landlord will assign you one. "There's a man down stairs wants a

oom," the watchman said.
"Who is he?" inquired the Deacon.
"A drunken old Irishman," was the

reply. "What does he look like?" was the interrogatory. "Look like?" repeated the watch-"He's the worst looking Irishman that I ever saw, and he's drunk."

"Well, slap him in No. 40. I guess that's good enough for him. Uncle and niece were both seen one "I guess that it's better than he ever had before," answered the watchman as he closed the door.

Down stairs he dashed. The baggage was all safe. The Irishman stood ing the register with his hands in his

"This way, old fellow," the watch-man exclaimed, again mounting the steps. The old Celt followed him. No. 40 was a cramped apartment in the top of a wing of the hotel immediately over the kitchen. The carpet was dusty, the nose of the wash pitcher was broken, and the furniture generally was not calculated to please a fastidious

"Is this my room?" the Irishman asked. "Yes, this is your room," replied the

"Well, then," said the Celt,

must tell you that this won't do. want a larger apartment, one that is well furnished and with sooparier accommodations." "Oh, you do, eh? I suppose you

would like the ladies' parlor. You can consider yourself mighty lucky to get this room. If I was the proprietor I would hoist you into the hay mow." The old Irishman stared at the watchman in perfect surprise. It was some seconds before he could catch his

breath. "I'm greatly obloiged to ye for your impertinence," he said, "but if I cawn't find accommodations here I must go where I can find them. "That's right, old fellow, you better go to the Grand National. That's the

place for such slouchy old roosters as down three flights of stairs followed by the equally indignant watchman. the old man was about to pass out the pose has been imported from Europe, front doors he met a half dozen hard-

fisted companions about to enter. "Hold on, boys," he said, "This too aristocratic for oos." The National is the place for such slouchy ould

roosthers as oos.' And they went to the other hotel Two large express wagons loaded with trunks traveled in in their wake. The whippoorwills laughed at them as they passed under the water oaks shading the public square, and the stars shone brightly as they disappeared under the

portico. What the sun arose the landlord came down stairs with a fine appetite. "Good morning, Kingsbury," said. "How's your drunken Irishman

this morning. Is he up yet?"
"No sir," replied the watchman. "No. 40 wasn't good enough for him. He wanted the bridal chamber, and I

made him dust." Here the Deacon stepped to the register, and began to read the list of arrivals. Suddenly his eyes dilated. flush overspread his countenance. Putting his forefinger upon the book he shouted, "Here, here, What's this? Look here. here, Kingsbury.

The watchman looked at the finger. It pointed to the name of

SIR GEORGE GORE, England.

"Oh, good Lord," he exclaimed that was the drunken Irishman !" Sir George is a western hunter who visited Florida with troops of retainers, dogs, guns, etc., and scattered his money briskly.

On Shares.

A good story, and all the better in being true, is told of one of our citizens, who let a piece of ground to a ting any money of the tenant, proposed to let it upon the promise of receiving half the products. Occasionally du-ring the summer he passed the spot, of his honors and his profits, and the and was pleased with the cultivation it name of another given to his discoverwas receiving, and with its goodly ies, time has written his name "with show of vegetables. Hervest time came | iron and lead in the rock forever." His and passed, and he heard nothing from | jealous and triumphant enemies, as well and three shriveled cucumbers. Indignant at this shabby treatment, he called upon the man, and asked him ways in the midst of them, and before what it meant. "Why, you see, them, the great Genoese with a glory what it meant. "Why, you squire," replied the tenant, "the pesky boys stole all of your half, but the melon and cucumbers.'

A man in Maine has discovered the when he made arrangements for moving from one school district to another, thus transferring his school tax, his him free of expense, and so prevailed. I monwealth of freedom and mutuality.

Items of Interest,

Amateur entomologists have found 71 different species of butterflies in the

Swinging is said by the doctors to be good exercise for health, but many a boor wretch has come to his death by

It is stated that over 500,000 Circassians have emigrated to Turkey since the conquest of their territory by Rus-

sia was completed. A large coal merchant in England, who is a tectotaller, declines all orders from brewers or distillers, for fuel to be used in their business.

There are said to be about 1,500 miles

low him to remain.
"Could I have rooms placed at my service?" inquired the hard-looking in process of construction. A pugulistic Irishman, being bound

over to keep the peace on all British subjects, remarked: "The saints help the first foreigner I meet.' Worse than gunpowder. During the last ten years, \$20,000,000 of property har been destroyed, and 30,000 persons

killed or injured, by the use of unsafe Bobbs complains that his wife is an inflationist. She blows him up every day, and makes him circulate until he

actually feels that he is beyond redemption. A girl in Liverpool wants to know who has got her young man. She hasn't seen him since the evening she told

him there had been poetry in her family for several generations. It is estimated that it takes a domesticated fly a two-billionth part of a second to wink, while an industrious

mosquito can do it in one tenth of that time. Corrections sclicited. The instructions to the police force of Alexandria are: "Don't arrest the Mayor or any member of the Common Council for intoxication, but assist them home and say nothing about it."

A Boston servant girl, who thought she heard a burglar in the house, jumped from a window across an alley more than ten feet wide into a window of another building, the other night, and there was no burglar round, after

A bill has been introduced in the Canadian Parliament to make each newspaper writer responsible to the law for his articles, so that if an editor could prove that he had not written a particular article he would not be liable to punishment for it. Joseph Harrod, formerly of Portland, Maine, but now of New York State,

claims that he introduced the tomato in this country, raising the first plant in 1816 from seeds given him by a friend who brought them from Cuba. He expected nothing more than an ornamen-The Massachusetts Anglers' Associathe result of their investigations that

smelt during the spawning season are not healthy food, since they then are full of parasities, have procured the passage of a law to prevent taking them at that time. San Francisco is shortly to witness an exhibition on a grand scale of the And the indignant old Celt walked electric light, which, it is said, will be so intense as to be visible at a distance

of 200 miles. The machine for the purand will be run by a steam engine of four-horse-power. A well-known and respectable Bosten man, who wanted to be funny, ran up to a lady at the Parker House whom he mistook for one of his friends, on Sunday evening, and pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket. He was

arrested instantly and taken to the lock

up, but on explaining matters was released. Three hundred barrels of wine, ready for exportation, were recently contis-cated in Paris. The contents of the barrels on examination were found to be a small quantity of alcohol or wine, which was even wanting in some of the barrels, water, carmine, cochineal, tineture of logwood, sulphate of alumina,

Birth-Place of Columbus.

potass, aniline, fuchsine, &c.

Tradition makes Cogoletto, a small town a few miles from Genoa, the birth-place of Columbus, and there is an inscription which marks the house of his reputed birth. It may be true, and it may be false-for, in this land of tradition and superstition, it is as easy to fabricate a tradition as an inscription, and credulity is ready to believe that it is as old as Adam. The house of his father was in the suburbs of Genoa, as is shown by the deed. He, himself, says he was born in Genoa, an expression which may well mean the territory, and not the city, of Genoa. There is, therefore, some color for the tradition, and it is not worth while to dig deeper to find doubts. He was a Ligurian, and nothing could be more likely to sharpen his curiosity, and suggest a life of adventure, than to look out from these rocky highlands, upon the Mediterranean, washing the fields at its base, and covered with the little, but man on shares. The man would hire daring and enterprising corsairs of the the lot, but the owner, doubtful of get- Levant, the Grecian Archipelago, and the African coast.

How time sets things right! Brought home in chains, robbed in his lifetime tenant, till, in response to a hint, as his royal patrons and enterprising latter sent to him one water melon | followers in the path of discovery, are remembered; but when we call them up from the land of shadows, there is alabout him, in the light of which they shine with a pale ray. So it will be

He went on, when every other would have given up in despair. He gave a advantage of a large family. He has twenty-two children, and recently, and Aragon. But Castile and Aragon. and all the progeny of their descendant commonwealths, are dwindling and fading away, and a race, nearer akin to old neighbors offered to pay him some-thing to remain among them. His new neighbors, however, offered to remove voting the New World to the great com-