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NO. 19.

" Too Low, and Yet Too High!"

He came in velvet and in gold; He wood her with a careless grace; A confidence too rashly bold Breathed in his language and his face. While she-a simple maid-replied: "No more of love 'twixt thee and me ! These tricks of passion I deride, Nor trust thy boasted verity.

Thy suit, with artful smile and sigh, Resign, resign: No mate am I for thee or thine, Being too low, and yet too high!"

His spirit changed; his heart grew warm With genuine passion; morn by morn More perfect seemed the virgin charm That crowned her 'mid the ripening corn and now he wooed with fervent mien, With soul intense, and words of fire, But reverence-fraught, as if a queen Were hearkening to his heart's desire

Yet still the village maid replied (Though in sad accents, wearily): "Thy suit resign. Resign, resign ! Lord Hugh, I never can be thine :

She brightly blushed, she gently sighed,

Too low am I, and yet too high !"

JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me. "You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he replied.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's to suppress the yawn that I knew

would bring a troop rushing after it. He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his agewhich was the rather boyish period of twenty-two-and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; and when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mahe ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English Prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, "Besides, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind." The man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind. The man of nineteen doesn't know had become roused at last. He too had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received.

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a

woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is you-but my feelings toward you are more like those of a mother than a The boy's eyes flashed indignantly;

and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis. This was rather like the courtship of am of Normandy, and matters

d to be quite exciting. ou't do that again," said I, with ty, when I had recovered my dignity,

"Will you marry me?" asked John,

somewhat threateningly.
"Not just at present," I replied.
"The great, handsome fellow," thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, "wby couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and I won't have him!"

"As to your being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, you say it's down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; "And he made you promise this?" but no one would believe it; and I was the reply. "The selfish fellow! don't care if you're forty. You look But, Edna what am I to do without the like a girl of sixteen, and you are the

only woman I shall ever love. Oh, John, John! at least five mil-lions of men have said that same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, 1 relent—for 1 am disgrace-down fully soft-hearted—and weakly promise sofa. then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours. For love a very dog in the manger, and John looked radiant at this concession. It not gather the flower himself, no one

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years, with a half-invalid father, a large house and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford, and wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been

called hence in another state of being. Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with simpl dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of teen. Dante, only that he was handsome; and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however), that I land—that's where I've been visiting, was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and packets thing that a fellow couldn't land. tient with his sister- which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's of him; but I felt an elderly sister sort affairs with an equal indiscretion, and of interest in his happiness, and never treating the latter as though he were an liked him so well as at that moment. incapable infant.

a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—sprospect that I did not find at all allur-They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiary fitted to train John in the way he should Every thing, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched

me considerably.
"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy. Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are every thing that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cran-ford. Life with him would one of ease and luxury; but I decided I would

rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look you want you see, we look upon you quite as one of the family.

"That is very good of you," I re-plied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it." Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke. "Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a dif-

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off not to John, but to John's father, sitting onely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all my duty to marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved

into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should.
But I will wait for you seven years, if the too had reflected in the watchers of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acabsurd; you are a nice boy, and I like quaintance, and I began to breathe with nore freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If ne would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or 1emain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father. He looked very grave; and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness. "John is well?" I gasped, finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong. What it was I cared not, but poured

forth my feelings to my astonished visi-"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford ! tell that I

he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford

little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up. I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming around—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit

down, and was carried tenderly to the "Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John." "Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling was a comfort to know that if he could that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentle-I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shakhis son, and sister, who had just been my seeked themselves by the death of the and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I really felt sorry for him.

To my great surprise, John laughed. "Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. 'And I'm not a villain, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?" He produced an ivorytype in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpleton; she looked like wtat seven-

"Rose," he continued-"Rose Darl ling : the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland-that's where I've been visiting, help falling in love with her. And she

thinks no end of me, you see—says she's quite afraid of me, and all that." John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid And this was the dreadful news that

So I kept my promise to John, after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

Farming in Italy. Anna Brewster, writing from Rome to the Philadelphia Bulletin, says: "A friend described to me the other evening the type of a veritable Mercante di Campagna dell' Agro Romano, or a Campagna merchant, as they call these remarkable farmers. He took for this t pe a certain Signor Mazzoleni. This gentleman works three farms which lie on the border of the sea between Auc-tium and Terraciua. These farms contain about 50,000 acres of land. this vast space are pastured 14,000 sheep and lambs, 3,000 oxen and cows, 700 horses and mules. Signor Mazzoleni has 9,000 acres sown with wheat, oats, corn, and beans. Yearly he gathers in from his great fields 52,000 sacks of grain; he sell 45,000 pounds of wool, 190,000 pounds of cheese, and furnishes to the prevision or meat markets 5,000 sheep and lambs, 1,500 calves and 2,000 fatted beef. This immense undertaking brings him in a rental of from 450,000 to 500,000 francs. Now comes the most singular part of this veritable history. Twenty years ago Signor Mazzoleni was nothing but a petty tailor. For fifteen centuries these gigantic farming undertakings have existed on the Campagna of Rome, or Argo Romuno. About 113 families have owned the whole tract, and their agents have worked the best lands. The proprietors and their agents never live on these farms. The only buildings are the casale, a very modest house, which is sometimes the ruins of an ancient Middle Age fortification, where the agent or master lodges at need; some very modest out-buildings for servants, small stables and granary, or barns. There are also some straw huts for the workmen and laborers. The cattle of all kinds live in the open air. Some of the very largest farms, such as the farms of the Campo Morto or Conca, have not as many buildings on them as as we would see on one of the smallest of our farms. The mercanti di campagna are not people of the country, but of the city; they are really agricul-tural merchants. Their busines con-sists in establishing a vast fabric of natural products on a given piece of land; they must unceasingly watch so as to make the produce proportionate to the demand; watch sales, and be ready to profit by the raise, and lose as little as possible by the fall of prices, throughout the whole perimeter of the Mediterranean. Thus the mercante di campagna, you see, must be at once agriculturist, dealer and banker, and ship owner also; directing at one and fortune.

Colt Breaking. In Kentucky we saw a two-year old colt broke-dead broke-in a half-hour, so that ke worked as amiably as a trained horse. The colt had never been bridled. He was attached to a curricle called a "break-dray," and put began to expose their loves and hates, through astonishingly quick. The and private hates and squabbles. Anthrough astonishingly quick. The break-dray is nothing more than a strong, broad-tread dray, with long shafts, the tail omitted, and a spring seat between the wheels. The harness was strong, and so arranged over the hips as to prevent the possibility of high kicking, and the colt was hitched days left to him. so far from the dray that his heels could not possibly reach the driver. The process of hitching was, of course, very delicate, as a colt is excessively ticklish, and is apt to let his heels fly awkwardly. All being ready, one man held the colt and another took the seat and reins. The colt was then let go to plunge as he pleased. The break-dray -which was so broad that upsetting seemed out of the question-was pushed had rather remain Edna Carrington, as upon the colt, and the colt pushed side ways until he started. A few plunges dana Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?"
was the reply. "The selfish fellow! finsily struck a sober trot, and was thoroughly broke. The confused and bewilde.ed look of that colt was pitibuted by the cold was pitibuted giving directions, and upon one of the breakers raising his hand to slap the colt to urge him, Mr. Strader said : "Don't do that. Never strike a colt when you are breaking him. Push him sideways, or any way. Let him go just where he will, and how he will. Let him fall down if he will, but don't strike him." When the colt was taken out of the shafts he was as wet as if he had been in water, and a child could have handled him. He had not been struck a blow. The dray, we believe, was invented by Mr. Strader.

Hydrophobia. A French physician, Mr. Buisson, of Lyons, claims to have prevented or His preventive was a Russian bath, at 134 and 144 degrees Fehrenheit, for seven days in succession, before the disease declared itself. After the symptoms had developed, a single bath was sufficient. Buisson discovered the remedy by accident, when en-deavoring to suffocate himself in heated vapor, to escape the horrors of hydrophobia, contracted in the pursuit of his profession. When his bath had reached an extreme high temperature, all the dread symptoms disappeared as if patient has organic disease of the heart, and it certainly is worthy of trial here.

THE HUCKSTER .- "Is that an esculent?" inquired Professor Hotchkiss, the other day, of a huckster who displayed in the market a mammoth and very odd-looking vegetable. The man's say there is little or no encouragement face assumed a scornful smile, and after he had studied the professor's form Crosby's pattern. It is only old gentle-They staid with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persected about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me bud by my revelations, and the inter-

Hans Andersen.

When the cable dispatch came to the ffect that Hans Andersen, the Danish poet, lay dying, all literary journalists to see Miss Jones one night. He never is in the everlasting frying of meat, in would have been guilty of such an act, had she not met him coming out of gloom passed into every household in which there had been children to teach which there had been children to teach the steps where all the girls could see him —that is, ease with which it is done. We are told by the apostles of the Antigloom passed into every household in which there had been children to teach the older people to love him. However, the obituaries were unwritten and the tears unshed, for the next steamer brought word that the immediate danger was over, and the old poet, although an invalid, had, it was hoped, several years of life yet before him. Laster another story was told, which we have reason to believe to be true, that Andersen and the six steps at one leap and the door. Nobody there, Old Jones told that frying is easy work, and it so the enormous sale of his books in foreign countries, these sales or his widespread reputation had never been of
one dollar's pecuniary value to him,
except in a single instance when an
American publisher, unsolicited, lately
sent him a convright percentage on the sent him a copyright percentage on the sale of one edition of his works. Audersen is now an old and feeble man, and although not in want, lacks many comforts to make his few remaining years easy and pleasant. It has been sent the process of the breech, dear friends," was Charlie's soliloquy, as he slowly retraced his steps. With glad and although not in want, lacks many comforts to make his few remaining years easy and pleasant. It has been sent the process of the breech, dear friends," was Charlie's soliloquy, as he slowly retraced his steps. With glad we weations but they are not extremely old women than extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old women than extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old women than extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old women than extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women than extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. Women have many cares and uniformly is there are more extremely old men. proposed, that instead of waiting until steps and swiftly disappear up the what is fried. Fried apples and fried the affection and homage of his friends street, reaching the quarter post in potatoes are unobjectionable, But fried in this country could evaporate the forty seconds.

funeral notices and private sighs and Bridget at the door; same result as funeral notices and private sighs and lamentations, they should send him some solid, practical testimony in token | old Jones vowed he'd fix that infernal of gratitude for the pleasure he has whelp; so he got a piece of stont given them.

does, that title of the children's friend, steps, about a foot higher than the top the more because he will never, in all probability, be dead to them. Like all the filigree work on the other side of joyous, child-like natures, there is an the steps at the same heighth; brought immortal quality of life in all he says | the end of the string through the blind and does; morbid, melancholic men return to the charmel-house and mold as to their native place; but the Danish ened the string so as to have it lay flat knee. There is, too, a something oddly contagious, so to speak, is Andersen's Bridget not aware that the old gent had genius and character; to the man who once has heard his story there is a slight fixed up herself. She repaired to the change in the tone and color of all the kitchen; took the boiling tea-kettle

to his genuis. Andersen spent his over the front door; and waited, too, childish days in the kitchen and shoe-

the evening sun. Roman country house. It is a perilous fered as a human being. When the lad as a sort of a coldness, as business, but has built many a family was old enough to tell the stories of sprung u between them.

Nowad vs when Char these tin soldiers or old street-lamps, the world would stop to listen, as it aiago believed that mermaids and birds at the touch of this boy the mirrors and as much fun and not near so far to go. tables in the drawing-room, the toys in the nursery, even the cook's darningneedle and the matches in their box, began to expose their loves and hates, dersen has been emphatically the Enchanter of Home, and the work of his youth made childhood for most of us purer and happier. Let our children, then, return the gift to him in comfort and cheer for his home during the few

The Stage Horse Kitty.

The following is one of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's spirited little picture sketches from life during one of his

stage-coach journeys: May I never forget the spirited little iade, the off-leader in the third stage, the petted belle of the route, the nerous, coquettish, mincing mare of Marshy Hope. A spoiled beauty she was; you could see that as she took the road with dancing step, tossing her pretty head about, and conscious of her shining black coat, and her tail done up "in any simple knot," like the back hair of Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. How she ambled, and sidled, and plumed herself, and now and then let fly her little heels high in air, in mere excess

of larkish feeling.
"So, girl! so, Kitty!" murmurs the driver, in the softest tones of admira-tion; "she don't mean anything by it; she's just like a kitten.

But the heels kept flying above the traces, and by-and-by the driver is obliged to "speak harsh" to the beauty. The reproof of the displeased tone is evidently felt, for she settles at once to her work, showing perhaps a little impatience, jerking her head up and down, and protesting by her nimble movements against the more deliberate trot of her companion. I believe that a blow from the cruel lash would have broken her heart; or esle it would cured hydrophobiain every one of more have made a little fiend of the spirited than eighty cases which came to his creature. The lash is hardly ever good

for the sex. The Women for Wives.

The N. Y. Star commends the advice of Chancellor Crosby to the graduates, with reference to marri-ge, to avoid the fashionable and frivolous, and seek those who will adora their lives with domestic virtue; and yet, says the editor, how strange it is that nine men out of ten will pick a stylish, frivolous girl for a wife if she be pretty, in preference to one with all the virtues by magic, never to return. So simple a homely visage. Men admire all the a remedy can do no harm, unless the good qualities in woman, but they rarely take one to wife if she be possessed of the spirit of an angel, if she is not also blessed with a comely visage. * And the girls know this as well as we do. Catch them in the kitchen cooking when they can find a beau and have a good time in the parlor. Hence we

men who have "had their day" and wish to settle down quietly, that seem to appreciate this kind of woman,

and

A Bashful Man.

Charlie Johnson is a first-rate fellow, only he's terribly bashful. He called

before. Bridget waxed wroth. And Andersen deserves, as no other man iron railing on the further side of the out-door world thereafter.

His early years gave a strange bent with it; sat down by a window right

maker's shop where his father and mother worked. Outside were the narrow, sloping streets of the town of lie—Well, it didn't hurt Charlie much. Odense, smelling strongly of leather and fish, and opening into the waters of the Skager Rack, which shone red in made; and inside of a month he could the evening sun.

The boy knew nothing of dwarfs or crutches. To be sure, six of his eye genii to people this scene, but his teeth were never found and his left eye imagination was no less a potent and looked as if he'd run a knot-hole into the same time the ra sing of cattle, the life-giving flame; every paltry object it. But he didn't mind such a little culture of land, thousands of laborers; about him lived for him with a soul of thing as that still, he never seemed small maritime expeditions, and his its own, talked, fought, boasted, suf- to care to go down to Jones' afterwards, When the lad as a sort of a coldness, as it were, had

Nowad ys when Charlie wishes to experience the estatic delight of a call ways does to a true thing. People long on Miss Jones, he goes out and lays down in the road in front of his house or faries might have adventures; but and lets a hack run over him; it's just He thinks that by the time he can let a full grown omnibus drive over the bridge of his nose, without making him wink, he'll be able to stand another

A Well-Merited Rebuke.

whirl down at Jones'.

For a place where the varied bumors, characteristics, and moods of human nature are developed and exhibited commend me to a crowded horse-car in a large city. All the petty, mean, and manly traits are shown forth by men and women in these conveyances to their fullest extent. A few evenings ago a lady entered, and by dint of persistent crowding, made her way through the car to the front end. Here a gen-tleman arose and proffered her his seat. Just as she turned to take it, without so much as thanking him, she concentrated all the venom of a hateful disposition in the remark: "If there were any gentlemen in the car they would not allow a lady to go the length of it before giving her a seat." She had not time to get seated before the insolent remark escaped her, when the gentleman who had offered her his seat quickly slid back into it again and quietly remarked: "I think the ladies are all seated." The rebuke was so deserved, and withal so capitally administered that a murmur of applause escaped from nearly every one in the car, and the crestfallen woman soon rung the

The Berlin Museum is about to come into possession of a Torso, a headless and armless Torso, but one of great antique worth. It is a female figure, small, life-size. The position of the body indicates a dancer or bacchantin, even if the castinets on the right leg did not positively prove it. The characteristic form, the fall of the light drapery, the execution of parts, particularly a well-preserved foot, all show the finest and most exquisite workmanship. The artist selected for his work the best, finest-grained Parian marble. If it be real Grecian work, and out of which period, has not been decided. No similar statue is known to exist in any of the museums of the present day. The Torso was brought secretly in Rome and no mention of the matter was allowed to be made until it was beyond the clutches of the Italian Government. If it proves to be, as supposed, an original, the museum has secured a cheap prize for the outlay of 4,000 thalers. The agents of France were treating for it at the same time, but the German agent was fortunate in not deliberating over the matter.

FATE OF KINGS.—Somebody has been summing up the fate of Kings and as follows: Out of 2,540 Emperors or Kings, over sixty-four nations, 299 were dethroned, 64 abdicated 20 committ d suicide, eleven went mad, 100 died on the battle field, 123 were made prisoners, 25 were pronounced martyrs and saints, 151 were assassinasentenced to death. Total, 963.

The Frying-Pan-

The Anti-Frying-Pan League is the latest movement, and the need for it told that frying is easy work, and it so happens that it is not true that farmers live longer than their wives. Take the country through, and quite as many old women will be found as old men, and the probability is there are more salt pork the year in and out is un-doubtedly injurious, and it does not make much odds whether it is boiled or fried. Indeed, our people eat too much meat, and they would find it to their advantage to use more fruit, more sugar, and even more cake. The cry against lard is constant, but the article does not differ much from olive oil, which has been in use from the earliest ages, and the human stomach seems absolutely to need fat in some form to carry on digestion. There are instances where pies made with extremely short poet and his gay, happy kinsfolk never can cease to be to us. He will go out of sight some day, but, long after he is dust, the little chap who reads the "Hardy Tin Soldier" will know quite all that the man who tells it to him is above somewhere, telling stories as the standard of the string so as to have it lay flat crust have proved specifically medicinal. It is tolerably refrigerating for city people and literary people who think more about their victuals than their manners to lecture farmers on their habits, while if they should come above somewhere, telling stories as the string so as to have it lay flat crust have proved specifically medicinal. It is tolerably refrigerating for city people and literary people who think more about their victuals than their manners to lecture farmers on their habits, while if they should come all that the man who tells it to him is above somewhere, telling stories as in a hurry. Then Mr. Jones sat down the wonderful to other children about his knee. There is, too, a something oddly string and waited for the bell to ring. of being retained.

-A Neat Revenge.

follows:

other day on one of the trains from Boston to this city. The cars were very crowded. An elegantly dressed woman occupied an entire seat. Her bundles, bandbox, and bag were piled artisti-cally. She was oblivous to the fact that passengers were rushing back and forth to obtain sittings. More than one gentleman drew himself up in front e imperious dame, ar herself leisurely, lolled in the seat, and evidently thought that things were very comfortable as they were. seat occupied, madam?" said a welldressed gentleman, very politely. "Yes, it is," was the snapping reply. The man walked on. In half an hour the door opened, and in walked a tall, rough fellow, coarse as a Polar bear. His huge beard was uncombed and stained with tobacco juice. His clothes were illy put on, and smelt of the stable. He was ungloved, and brawny, and weighed full 200. He ran his eye along the car, and caught the seat on which our lady was sitting. He mide for it. With great deliberation he seized bundle, bandbox, and bag, put them plump into the lap of the lady, and sat down in the vacant spot like one who intended to stay. If looks could have annihila-ted a man there would have been a corpse in that car about that time. The man seemed very much at home. whistled; he spit; he stroked his beard; he threw round his huge arms, and chuckled inwardly at the evident rage of the woman. She left the cars at New Haven, and had hardly gone before the gentleman who was refused the seat reappeared. To some gentlemen who seemed to take a great interest in the proceedings, he said: "Did man is a horse doctor that sat down beside her. He belongs to Bull's Head. woman as far as she went." The car A Souvenir Extraordinary.

Mark Twain in one of his articles speaks of the lady who treasures a pre-cious slice of bread from which Dickens and so much sought after. If he could had taken a bite. This sounds like the be more of a recluse, if he could live broadest burlesque, but the following anecdote, which is literally true, and illustrates many people's foolish desire for relics, shows that Twain was hardly him now that he is compelled to write burlesquing in his essay : The last time that Mr. Dickens was in this country he scribbles when the printers are calling happened one morning to breakfast at for more "copy." A speech, an article, the common table of the hotel where an editorial, a sermon are thrown off he was stopping. When he had eaten with such rapidity that there is no time his egg he dropped the empty shell into to trim the rough edges. his egg-cup, and after finishing his man does an amazing deal of work. breakfast left the table. As soon as he He edits a large religious weekly, conhad gone a lady who had sat next him tributing its principal editorials, writes arose, and taking up the egg-cup went for the Ledger regularly, is generally to the hotel proprietor and offered to purchase it of him at any price, and the unwashed egg-cup containing the broken shell is now kept by her as a souvenir of the great novelist.

Resuscitation of Drowned Persons.

The Massachusetts Humane Society has issued a card with these directions for restoring persons apparently drown-

Convey the body to the nearest house with head raised. Strip and rub dry. Wrap in blankets. Inflate the lungs by closing the nostrils with thumb and flugers and blowing into the mouth forcibly, and then pressing with hand on the chest. Again blow in the mouth Continue rubbing-do no give up so long as there is any chance of success.

seminaries this year.

Items of Interest.

An Arizona girl shot her lover, and then nursed him tenderly till he died. His last words were: "I forgive you, Mary; you did itwith an ivory handled pistol."

Mr. Beecher has discovered a remedy for somnolency in church. It consists

for somnolency in church. It consists of sitting down at home in a rocking chair, about the time the second bell rings, and taking out a nap there.

The statistics of New Zealand for 1872 show a population in 1860 of 76,-390; in 1872 of 273,273. There was a falling off in the value of the gold exported in 1872. In 1871 it was £2,787,-520, and in 1872 £1,731,261.

State Senator Powell of Newport, R. I., returned \$50, sent bim in payment of services as member of a special committee, with the statement that he never allowed himself to take pay for extra services as a member of the Legis-

Kate Stanton asserts that the planets revolve around the sun by the influence of love, as a child revolves about his parents. When the average youth was a boy he used to revolve round his parents a good deal, and may have been incited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked power-

fully like a trunk-strap. Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot : "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; the highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed? Why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

A countryman with his bride stopped at a Troy hotel the other day. At dinner, when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired, "What's that?" "That's a bill of fare," said the waiter. The countryman took it in his hands, looked inquiringly at his wife and then at the waiter, and finally dove down into his pocket and in-quired, "How much is it?"

As for the comparative longevity of drinkers and non-drinkers, the Euglish life insurance actuaries, whose business it was not to be mistaken in such a calculation, have found that among 1,000 drinkers and 1,000 non-drinkers, taken Burleigh, the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, writes as drinkers lived upon an average thirtyat random at twenty years of age, the five years and six months, and the non-An amusing incident occurred the drinkers sixty-four years and two months.

San Francisco rejoices over the puri-tp of its lacteal fluid, and it is with cer-tain nervous pride that can only be experienced by the upright and law-fear-ing, that the residents of the place probound the following conundrum to all persons that have a suspicion of verdancy atached to them: Why is a San Francisco milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he takes a little profit out of the water.

A Chicago poet, upon hearing that Nilsson was about to erect cow sheds upon her Peoria lots, has burst forth into the following verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the morn and eve between, and not by the dim religious light of the fitful kerosene; for the cow may plunge, and the lamp ex-plode, and the fire fiend ride the gale, and shrick the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pail!"

This is a bad year for Russian noblemen. One of them in Kentucky, a count, purchased two thousand acres of land there recently and agreed to pay in ninety days (or as soon as his remittances came to hand), \$300,000 for the property. In the meantime he borrow ed ten dollars from the owner of the land, and, subsequently, when the latter was walking out in one of the fields to take a last farewell look at his former possessions, he found the count dead drunk, lying in a corner of a fence.

Thomas Wharton, one of the crew of the United States steamer Endeavor, lying at the foot of Essex street, Jersey City, became temporarily insane in consequence of drinking to excess, and pulling out his pocket-book, containing \$130, tore it into pieces and threw i you see how that woman treated me?" overboard. He then jumped overboard and swam under the dock, where for some up with?" "Yes." "Well, that who were trying to rescae him. He was finally caught and taken to the I gave him a dollar to ride with that station-house, where a dry suit of clothes was furnished him.

Henry Ward Beecher's Work.

It is almost to be regretted that Mr. more slowly, there can hardly be a question that his work would last longer. There are so many calls on and speak nearly at the rate the writer at work on some book, is constantly speaking in public, and preaches two sermons a week, which are the only ones heard in these parts worthy of regular publication. Several divines have enjoyed the honor of published sermons, but only Henry Ward Beecher has managed to keep up the supply of matter worthy of the type-setter's attention. A large publishing-house lives almost entirely on his brains.

An Important Expedition.

Advices received from Puerto Prin cipe from private sources are of considerable interest. Trustworthy information through insurgent sources reports the arrival of an expedition under and press on the chest, and so on for ten minutes, or until he breathes. Keep the body warm, extremities also. large quantity of ammunition. All the material was safely landed and commu-nication established with the forces of Maximo Gomez. This is said to be the martyrs and saints, 151 were assassina-ted, 62 were poisoned, and 108 were and hopeful feature of several female by the insurgents since the first year of