VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1874.

NO: 21.

#### Nobody's Dog.

Will nobody pity nobody's dog? Will nobody hide me away? Or give me at least one meal in the year, And that on a July day !

For hunger tempts to an evil course; And if I've no soul to be saved. Why should I shrink from stealing a bone Or try to be better behaved?

True, nobody's dog no wisdom affects-He feels he's a vagabond thing, With a hang-dog look and a tail depresses Always prepared for a fling!

Never surprised by a blow or kick-Yet, if he were somebody's own, Not a tail would be carried with loftier air, Nor a truer dog be known.

#### THE COQUETTE OF ARLON,

In very ancient times the inhabitants of Arlon worshiped the moon, and the learned maintain that the name Arlon is derived from the two words ara lunæ, signifying "altar of the moon." It is perhaps for this reason that the young women of this ancient town now and then had odd fancies. Apropos of this, I propose to relate a story which Mr. Adolphe Dechamps must have listened to when he was Governor of Luxembourg, for it is one of the traditions of that province. All the Arlonese know it, and I write it down for the benefit of those who have not been governors of provinces, and whose ancestors have

not worshiped the moon. It was said that about one hundred years ago there resided in Arlon a young girl named Gertrude. She was eighteen years of age, and was gay, frank, and good-natured, always smiling and happy, and full of life and activity. She was the daughter of Charles Stock, a wealthy proprietor of the little town, and generally designated as Stock, Jr., to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who were yet living. "They last long in that family," was a

local expression.

Gertrude had many admirers, but none of them appeared to make any impression on her heart. This, together with her fascinating manners, gave her the name of the "Coquette of Arlon," Do not take this appellation Do not take this appellation in its hardest sense, for her father and mother allowed her to do as she pleased, having the utmost confidence in her. And it was not misplaced. Among the many who sought her hand in marriage were four young men of the town who deserve special mention. Their names were Sigismund de Vletter, Gilles Collin, Wenceslas Stroobant, and Lambert Von Moll. The first named was so calm and undemonstrative that the other three did not give themselves any uneasiness about him. They, on the contrary, were so pressing that the neighbors all expected that she would

certainly marry one of them. The four suitors pressed their claims, each one in his own way urging her to decide in his favor. So one day in September, 1743, she devised a stratagem by which to test their courage and affection. Her parents once more allowed her to have her own way, for as she never undertook anything without first consulting them, we may suppose that they were not the stern and tyrannical parents that usually fall to the lot of the unfortunate heroines of modern romances. About a quarter of a league from Arlon, in a field belonging to her father, Gertrude had often noticed an old Roman tomb, which no one dared to approach on account of its ghostly reputation. All sorts of strange and mysterious stories were told about it. This tomb has now disappeared-I cannot say how. Gertrude resolved to

make it the centre of her batteries. Gilles Collin came as usual and uttered more ardent and passionate protestations of love than ever, declaring that he would willingly walk over burning coals to please her.

"I am not so unreasonable as to require that of you," said she; "all things considered, I do not refuse to marry you, but I wish to have a proof of your devotion, and at the same time

of your courage."
"Very well," answered Giles, "I will give you any proof of that you can demand; only say what it shall be." "You know," replied she, "the ancient tomb which is situated on a

knoll, a quarter of a league from town?" "Yes," replied the puzzled Gilles. "I have seen it from a distance; there

is nothing remarkable about it. "Well, this evening, at nine o'clock, I want you to go, without saying a word

to any one about it, and lie down in the "In the witches' den? What a ca-

"And you must remain perfectly motionless until midnight.'

"But, Gertrude, what are you think-ing of? What is your object?" "You are a coward, you are trembling already. Perhaps it is a caprice, but I have my project, and I wish to try you. If you do as I wish, I shall know I can trust you, and, providing that you remain there from nine o'clock until midnight, my heart is yours. If you

refuse, I shall marry some one else. Struck by the decided tone of the young girl, Gilles dared not offer further objection, but he thought of the freezing recitals to which he had listened ; of apparitions from another world that were seen gliding around the tomb, and of the witches who held their nocturnal meetings and made it a place of deposit for their unguents and diabolical compounds. In truth, fires had sometimes been seen burning near there through the night, and surrounded by groups of sinister or grotesque looking faces; but they were undoubtedly gypsies, with which Luxembourg and Limbourg were at that period infested. But some persons professed to have seen supernatural beings, and thousands of wonderful stories were related about them. For a year, however, nothing had been seen there, and though Gilles was more afraid than he would have cared to acknowledge, he was so deeply enamored of the young girl that he accepted the condition, and promised to do what was required of him without divulging his

intention to any one. Shortly afterwards, Wenceslas Stroobant came in his turn. Gertrude gave him a very gracious reception. He was

handsome and rich; and, fully con-scious of these advantages, he felt con-fident of the success of his suit.

"It is not your fortune that tempts ie," said Gertrude to him, greatly flat-Wenceslas bowed, as if he would say, "I understand I have other attrac

"I feel a deep interest in you," pursued she, "and would willingly give you my hand if you will render me a service that will prove your courage."
"You have but to command me," said the handsome young man; "I am entirely at your service."
"Well then you must know that one

"Well, then, you must know that one of my relatives has been killed in a duel. He is in the woods, and we are making every effort to secure him an honorable burial. In the meantime the body is to be placed in the Roman tomb at nine o'clock this evening. As the tomb is neither covered nor enclosed, we very greatly fear it may be disturbed; therefore I beg of you to go there at half-past nine."
"To the witches' den? What an

"You are afraid already? Mon Dieu, how faint-hearted the young men are."
"I am not afraid, but you are giving

me a very queer commission."

"Call it a fancy if you will, but I can only confide this to one who is very devoted, for it is absolutely necessary to conceal this mystery from everybody. You must go there at exactly half-past nine, and you must dress yourself to personate an angel of light, and carry a torch in your hand. The fearful stories of which the tomb has been the subject, will be of service to you, and those who may be scheming to carry away or rob the dead, will, upon seeing you sitting at the foot of the tomb with your torch in your hand, be so terrified that none will dare approach. At mid-night you may return home. Will you

do it?"
"I will," said Wenceslas, who feared to displease her. "I must be certain that you have performed this service; but remember, not a word about it to any one, and at this price, my hand is yours."

Wenceslas regained his usual com-posure, smothering as best he could those superstitious fears which sometimes assail the strongest minds. He swore that he would be both obedient and discreet, and that at half-past nine precisely he would be at his post, where he would watch the dead so carefully that not even a bat should approach. He soon took his leave in order to make his preparations.

A few moments afterward Lambart Von Moll, also faithful, appeared to render homage to the young lady. He was a lawyer, and everybody predicted a brilliant future for him

a brilliant future for him.

"If you really love me," said the coquette, "I am going to prove it. Some of the neighbors whom you know, and who are our enemies, wish to injure us. For this purpose they have placed a dead body in the Roman tomb, which belongs to our family. I wish you to make every possible effort to carry off the corpse.

interrupted Lambert. "Certainly. I know that you are brave. "That is true, but this is such

ridiculous commission. "The body will doubtless be guarded by mere children, and in order to disperse them you must blacken your face and make yourself as ugly as you are handsome; in short, disguise yourself as a demon. Call it a ridiculous com-mission, if you will; but go to the Roman tomb at precisely ten-take up the body and bring it here, and you

will gain all my gratitude." Lambert Von Moll reflected for a moment, and deciding that it was not too great a price for the heart of Gertrude, he, like the two others, promised punctuality and discretion, and accordingly withdrew to make his prepara-

Sigismund de Vletter then came to pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Stock; he wished Gertrude good evening, and conversed a few moments with her, while taking a turn in the garden. Having drawn him aside, Gertrude, who had her projects, proposed he should in his turn assume a character in her comedy. But Sigismund, who perceived some malicious intention in spite of her grave tones, told her that for anything serious or important she might command him; but that such childishness was only proper for child-

ren. The coquette, not finding him very complaisant, left him. The night was very cold, and at 9 o'clock Giles Collin arrived at the Rowith a small lantern, not being very thought any one might be concealed, and then, not at all reassured by the silence and solitude which surrounded him, he extinguished his light, and enveloped himself from head to foot in a long white sheet which he had brought, concealed under his coat, then extending himself at full length in the tomb. soon became as gloomy and motionless as the object he personated. Very lugubrious were the thoughts that passed through his mind while lying there on his winding-sheet. A very long quarter of an hour had elapsed when he was startled by the cry of a screech-owl. He uncovered his eyes and looked around, but could see nothing except some vague reflections of light in the direction of the town. Soon, however, he heard, through the silence of the night, footsteps which were evidently coming toward him. He raised his head; rays of light caught his eyes, and he saw not far off a mysterious phantom, habited in a long robe of cloth of silver which was confined by a blue girdle. The head of this apparition was crowned with stars (made of gilt paper), while from its shoulders floated two large pieces of

muslin, representing wings.

Poor Gilles, who had not forseen such an incident, cowered down under his sheet, utterly unable to explain the meaning of what he saw.

"It is an angel," said he to himself. But the angel coughed. "It is not an inhabitant of heaven," thought Gilles, "if it is one of the sor-cerers, I am in a very bad situation." The angel, on his part, appeared to be ill at ease. He cast an oblique glance at the winding sheet that covered the dead, and did not appear anxious to make a closer examination. Holding the torch in his hand, Wenceslas Stroebant, thus transformed into an angel, appeared to make a great effort to seat himself at the foot of the tomb, and if the dead had not been in such a state of perturbation, he would have noticed that the angel was trem-bling with cold, or something else. Wenceslas seemed to have contracted a very bad cold, which was manifested by a severe fit of coughing and sneezing, and being unable to hold his handker-chief, he was obliged to use one of his wings to wipe the moisture from his

"That is not an angel, certainly," thought the dead; "it must be a sorcerer. Who knows if he be not master of ceremonies? He is there with his torch to call the others, and I shall find myself in the midst of their revels, and if the devil presides over them, what shall I do?

While making these disagreeable re-flections he was struck by the sudden agitation of the angel of the torch, who appeared to behold a fearful object. It was the third personage approaching. This latter (Lambert Von Moll) was

disguised as a spectre of darkness. As he drew near, the light of the torch, which beamed upon him at intervals, gave him a fearful appearance. He did not appear greatly terrified, but probably from motives of prudence he approached in a zigzag line, pausing now and then, as though he saw some-thing he did not expect. The silvery robe of the angel glittered in the torchlight, and Lambert could not account to himself for this singular costume.

As the angel, whose trembling refused to support him, remained fixed in his place, Lambert decided to make a flank movement, and accordingly he passed around the other end of the

His disguise was frightful; he was muffled in an ox hide, which was aderned with the long horns and ears; his face was blackened, and the lower part of it concealed by an immense red beard. In his hand he carried one of spread new mown hay. Wenceslas, whe had never lost sight of the demon, now signalized himself by the greatest effort of courage he had ever made in his life. He suddenly advanced, with the target at the torch at arms-length before him, and the spectre recoiled. But the flame touched Lambert's great beard, and in an instant it was in a blaze. He quickly tore it off and sprang on the angel, whose torch fell and was extinguished.

They seized each other by the hair, mutually astonished, perhaps, at finding each other palpable. The corpse who had seen all, and had begun to question whether it was really a scene among the witches, now took Wenceslas and Lambert for a good and "Dona Margarita has the reputation" a bad angel who were disputing pos- of being a very clever woman. Handsession of him, and overcome by a terrible fear, he suddenly sprang out of his tomb with his winding sheet around

him, and took flight across the fields. The two companions, seeing the dead rush forth, were seized with the same terror, and letting go of each other by common consent, they fled as though

pursued by all the witches. The three lovers returned to their respective lodgings, utterly overcome by what they had seen and passed through; and the next day none of them were able to leave their beds. To finish their adventures, Gertrude sent word to them that they must have very little esteem for her, since, instead of fulfill ing their promises, they had run away in such a ridiculous manner. And she

## Hydrophobia.

Another imitative disease is the much dreaded hydrophobia; for it has been proved by medical men of no mean reputation that in many cases, where four or five people have been bitten by died. Some times since a man was brooded over the idea that sooner or the wound, although there was no manifestations of a serious character. But his apprehensions made him anxious and restless and almost frenzied, and in a few days he brought upon himself fits of an alarming type. From all the circumstances it was evident that the man was in a dangerous condition, and man tomb. He had furnished himself needed medical attention. Physicians with a small lantern, not being very courageous. He went all around the tomb, and carefully examined the bushes and every place in which he thought any one might be concealed, were called, but he soon expired in great says that he regards hydrophobia as a morbid affection, induced by fear, and, in support of his opinion, cites many interesting cases. A notable instance is that of a physician of Lyons, who, having assisted in the dissection of several victims of the disorder, imagined that he himself had become inoculated. On attempting to drink he was seized with spasms of the pharynx, and in this condition roamed about the streets for three days. At length his friends succeeded in convincing him of the groundlessness of his approhensions, and he at once recovered. If anybody questions the effects of imagination, let him turn to the history of witch craft in New England, where superstiion was fostered to the extent of taking life. People sickened and died under imaginary spells, and pious clergymen and wise magistrates countenanced the hanging of innocent victims. But we of the nineteenth century should be wiser than our predecessors, and carefully secure ourselves from imaginary ills of all kinds.

> Self-respect-Cook (to fellow servant who has been after a new place) "Well, 'Liza, will it suit?" Eliza "Not if I knows it! Why, when I got there, blest if there wasn't the two young ladies of the 'ouse both a-usin of one piano at the same time! 'Well, thinks I, 'this his a comin' down in the world!' So I thought I was best

The Spanish Pretender. A letter writer says: "The present pretender to the throne of Spain, styled by his followers Charles VII., and by the world at large Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, is 25 years of age. He is a powerful-looking man, about six feet one, and in his frank but somewhat curt manner reminds one of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, when he was some twenty-five years younger. His face, since he began to wear a full beard, has become quite handsome, though a slightly slobbering aspect of his mouth, and the deficiency of teeth, hereditary in the Spanish Bourbon house, not being in harmony with his manly physical appearance, spoil the first pleasing impression. He is easy of access, and without any trace of haughtiness. His bearing in private life resembles that of the younger sons of the English nobility who have entered the professions. Like them he has the capacity of enduring for a while any amount of hardship with great serenity of temper. Of the sovereign, the statesman, or the warrior, there is abstatesman, or the warrior, there is absolutely nothing in him. But he is hair tied back from the forehead with a very fond of playing the part of a king—that is to say, of the course everybody in the old fashion of Spanish kings, not sadness and absence which marked his excluding even his councillors, some of whom are thrice his age, and of sur-rounding himself with a large number of chamberlains, aides-de-camp, secre-taries, and similar people, all of whom have no other merit or duty than that of flattering his pride. I saw genume Spanish noblemen carrying away slops after Don Carlos had washed himself, and busily engaged in seeing that his top-boots and spurs were properly pol-ished. He is undoubtedly a religious man; but there is much less bigotry about him than is generally supposed. Like the majority of Spaniards, he is a bad horseman, and in about a month's time I saw him ruin three excellent horses. At the same time he evidently imagines that he looks a fine cavalier, with his glistening black beard, his dark blue hussar uniform, his stars on the breast, his red trousers, his high circus boots, and his red cap with the gold tassel. His political notions seem to be of a very unsettled character. At all events, each time I happened to talk those wooden forks which are used to bim, or listen when he talked to some one else on political subjects, I was never able to make out what was the substance of his views. Sometimes he

> sleeps much and smokes much, and is rather "henpecked" by Dona Margarita, Duchess of Parma, whom he mar-Dona Margarita has the reputation some she is certainly not, although in her stature, fair hair, and blue eyes, there is on the whole something rather attractive. But surely no one would take her for a Queen of Spain. She looks much more like a German or an English middle-class lady, of that slim and delicate appearance so often met with in Northern countries among women who marry at an early age, and have more children than they ought to have. Being a year older, and much richer than her husband, and of a more decided caste of mind, she exercises, unfortunately, great influence over Don

our own day; at other times his utter-

would make a pretty fair constitutional

# An Appeal for Ald.

Governor Davis, of Minnesota, has issued a circular to the granges of that State, in which he says:

I am compelled to ask the co-eperation of each grange of your powerful organization in relieving the destitution of our fellow citizens in the southwestern counties. That region has been traversed by trustworthy men and they report unanimously a state of destitu mad dog, only one of the number has | tion which has no parallel in our history as a State. The time for silence as to bitten by a dog that was known to be this condition of affairs has passed by perfectly well. The victim, however, and the time for prompt and liberal action by all who are willing to do as they ater he would die from the effects of would be done by has arrived. The counties of Martin, Murray, Jackson and Cottonwood and portions of Noble and Watonwan, and, possibly, to some extent, other communities, have been swept by grasshoppers of all crops as completely as if by fire. Women and children are suffering for want of food. The implements and stock of the settlers are under mortgage, given in order to tide over the privations of last year. I have told the people that their fellow citizens whom a kind Providence has blessed with abundance will stand by them in this their dire extremity. Contributions in money are most desirable, provisions and clothing scarcely less so. Send contributions to General H. H. Sibley, St. Paul, Minn. Although the Governor has not asked

or assistance from outside the State, the contributions of the benevolent, addressed as above, will be gratefully re-ceived, and will be sure to be used in relieving the distress of people suffering for food from no fault of their own.

## Not Afraid.

The Emperor of Russia, during his recent visit to Ems, lived in a large old building called the "Castle of the Four Towers." He put aside all ceremony, and walked about quite alone, stopping to shake hands with one per-son, and to talk with another, and had something like the looks and behavior of a lord of the manor in his own village. No visible policemen are ever seen on the watch when he is abroad, and though several attempts have been made to assassinate him, he has evidently no fear of danger. There was picture of the patron saint of the family movement, and in so doing drove the only a single footman in attendance at on a cloth. The priest removes the pen its whole length, about an inch and the Castle, so that a man of enterprise would have had little difficulty about walking into his presence at dinner Before the image and before the all his strength to draw out the steel, walking into his presence at dinner time, or questioning him as to his intentions respecting British India and tentions respectively.

#### THE RUSSIAN SERFS.

How They Married and were Given in

Yakovi Gorovitch was carving a little wooden figure. He showed considerable artistic taste in its execution. He was sitting on the outside of his log hut, and from time to time raised his head and gazed at the scene before him, which was not rémarkable. The country about was slightly undulating; dark woods in full foliage filled the background; a large river, from which constant supplies of fish came, flowed peacefully along; and beside him there was a garden filled with vegetables and fruit trees. The water-melon was abundant in blossom, and cherries hung in tempting ripeness from the neighboring standards. Flocks of geese cackled and hissed, cows grazed on the banks of the river, and in the distance a horse or two might be seen dashing along in the wild en-joyment of freedom. As you looked more narrowly at the youth, you were struck with the long masses of dark whole appearance. Evidently it was an effort for him to continue his carving. He seemed to want something which he did not possess. Hours passed away, and the sun was touching the horizon when his mother came and sat down beside him.

beside him.

"My son," she said, "what aileth
thee?"

"Oh, mother, dearest! I hardly
know. I feel a want and sorrow and
sadness, so that I could almost cry."

"Are you ill, my son? My child,
your mother loves you; tell her what
thy sorrow is." thy sorrow is."

"I know not, indeed, my mother, if it be not Marie Lavovna of the next

village."

"Ah, my son, is it so?"

"I believe, dearest mother, that I love the girl."

"And would you marry her if I could

arrange it?" There was hesitation. came a bright smile, and Yakovi answered, "Gladly, dearest mother."

No more was said. The old woman kissed her son, and left him to his thought and his carving, and as quickly as she could, walked to the neighboring village, and entered the home of Marie seemed quite a commonplace liberal of

Lavovna. The party of serfs were engaged at their evening meal, and of-fered, as a matter of course, the cup of tea and the piece of bread to the stranances appeared to be the produce of the old-fashioned traditions of Spanish ab-solutism. On the whole, I think he ger. She sat on, and remained till the party had dispersed, with the exception of the father of Marie, who seemed to king, if properly restricted by law. As an individual he is brave and kind-hearted; he is an excellent father, and guess what was coming.

is polite and amiable to everybody. He Finding him alone and looking for some explanation of her visit, she commenced: "I have a dove at home, and he is very sad, and the head hangs down, and the feathers droop. He refuses to eat, and he will not drink of his perch and mourns. I have caressed him and placed him in my bosom, but he heeds me not. I have taken him in the free air and in the midst of the flowers, but he moans all the more. have gathered other doves beside him, and he regards them not, but he looks at me with weary eyes. I love my dove -my gentle dove-and I fear he will

die, so I came to you to save him."
"Save him! How can I save him, "He has seen another dove, and his eyes have followed her. He is always looking toward her. She is gentle, so beautiful; her feathers are so soft, and her eyes so tender; her wings plume themselves so peacefully, she walks with so humble a tread, and the music of her note so enchants him, that he

will die if she come not beside him." "But, mother, has your dove a nest for mine has been tenderly nursed, and she cannot go to the cold in the night, nor bear the bitter blasts of the frosty air. She sleeps warm and eats well

Has your dove a nest?" "My dove has a beautiful nest. It is warm and sweet; the wild flowers grow round it; and the hands of those that flicting awful wounds upon her neck love it adorn it with all that doves most delight in.

"Ah, well, mother, but has your dove he corn and the water and the sand?" "Betouchka, my dove has everything, and if your dove will come beside him she shall fare as well as with you. As well, did I say? aye, far, far better.'

"But, mother, perhaps your dove pecks. He may tear the feathers from the wings, and flap them in anger. My dove is very gentle, and very easily frightened. "No, my father, my dove is loving to

beautiful, beautiful dove !" "If it is so, my mother, you may bring your dove here for two days, and

gether in the Spring.' Thus the matter was arranged. Yathe presence of the parents they saw each other twice. And it was then ar-

ranged that the marriage should take piace. Some weeks have passed, and Marie stands in her father's house in all the Palmer, a lawyer of this city, met with parties meet. In the sacred building being in such close proximity to there is a kind of desk in a small chapel

changed three times. The man places the ring first on the woman's finger, then the priest changes the man's ring and places it on her finger, and then again the priest and the man join and

place the ring where it is to remain for ful hymn is chanted, and then crowns are held over the heads of those who have been married. The priest joins their right hands together and leads them three times round the desk on which the painting rests, and on which

the three candles are burning. There is much of crossing and bowing.

Then the Lord's Supper is administered in a strange way, with a cup-spoon; three times the wafer and the

wine mixed are administered to each, and they arise from their knees. The ceremony so far finished, the friends of the bride and bridegroom congratulate each other, but the young couple are beckoned to the altar by the priest, and with them alone he whis- liament. pers prayers. At length, the whole service finished, the bridal party return ome, and a scene of much enjoyment

We have described the marriage of he serf under ordinary circumstances. It is generally well known that there are peculiarities in the marriage of the Bussian priests. They are only allowed to marry once, before they become priests, and then they are obliged to marry into a priest's family. There are many customs in the Greek Church which are derived from the Jewis system.

#### Some Facts About Horses.

It seems to be the fashion just now to record the good qualities of particular horses. We are told of one animal which, abandoned in a California snow-storm, was kept alive with food furnished by the railroad men at a desolate station near, and finally brought out of the snow safe and sound after a three weeks' imprisonment. So much for endurance. As for gratitude, here is an animal in Kentucky which recently became painfully and dangerously entangled with a cart, and which, after being rescued, considered the matter a moment, and then quietly rubbed his nose against the shoulders of the one who was most active in helping him. A horse with a memory is described as having been in the habit of going to a river about one-third of a mile from his stable and there bathing, afterward rushing off to a common to roll on the grass, and then with the freedom of air starting for home. If he met his mas-ter he would show some coltish pranks, bound for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and rush to the manger where he expected to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from his stable, and after sixteen years his owner saw through the performance detailed above Accordingly he was taken to his old yard, looked over the premises a little while, then started for his old bath-tub, then for his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, won for himself a good meal and his old master his favorite horse. If longevity be a good quality, then here are several animals deserving recogni-tion: One living at Bradford, N. H. is forty-nine years old, and doesn't look like departure yet. Another, exhibited last fall at the Pennsylvania State Fair, is a white headed veteran of forty-one which has never been sick a single day Another in Kentucky is thirty-three years old, and might live to be a great deal older were it not for entire loss of teeth. An excellent old pony in New Haven has come to thirty-five summers, and is still active and useful, though somewhat gray .- N. Y. Tribune.

A writer on St. Cæcilia says: "I was Nero who had her put to death. Her head was ordered to be cut off. The lictor struck at it three times and failed to complete his work, only in-According to Roman law if the head victim was considered pardoned. So Caecilia remained alive, though cruelly wounded, for several days, during which time she was visited by the faithful, who came to soothe her dying hours, and to dip their linen into her blood which they preserved as relies. She lingered three days, and finally, overcome with pain, turned her face towards the ground and breathed her pure spirit into the bosom of the Bride groom. That evening her sacred rehis mother and gentle with his father and his sisters. His brother speaks kindly of him, and all praise him. My mains were placed in a coffin of cypress wood and buried in the cemetery of ered in the sixteenth century, and her beautiful statue by Bernini, now in the Church of St. Cæcilia, is modeled after if my dove should like him, then, per- the attitude in which the sculptor found haps, the doves may build them a new the body. The face is turned to the nest in a beautiful field, and coo toattitude is expressive of a person that

## A Bloody Freak,

beauty of youth and health and hap- a most extraordinary accident, that at piness, decorated with the jewels of one time threatened very serious conseher mistress-for every Russian lady quences. He had been using a steel will lend her serf-girl the means of appearing to the best advantage on the wedding day. A long procession forms itself to the village church, where the organ as a pen-rack. At length, the pen brain, evidently became charged with off the large nave. On this there are three candles burning, to represent the Trinity—Father, Son and Spirit. On falling on the floor, Mr. Paimer brought this deak one of the relatives places the his knees together with quick, strong A tour of Europe on velocipedes is shortly to be undertaken by a party of English excursionists.

In order to be united for life. Then the priest meets them dressed in his splendid robes, and now, after many prayers and some delicious music, the ring is to be put on. In the first place there are two rings, and these are

### Items of Interest.

The City of Chicago has a debt of \$21,000,000.

"Grasshopper prices" is what they say in Ohio when they mean cheap.

"It costs less to take a weekly paper," argues the Cape Ann Advertiser, "than a diligent hen can earn in a year at the market price of eggs.'

Sir John Astley, an English M. P., attended a meeting of his constituents recently, when a man in the crowd called out: "What about the Liquor bill?" "Well," said Sir John, "mine was uncommonly high last year, how was yours?"

One of the largest brick manufactur-ers in Great Britain, Mr. George Sweed, was fined 20s, the other day for em-ploying a girl under 16 years of age in his brick field. His counsel contended that a brick yard was not a factory within the meaning of the act of Par-

A Japanese has a string of names awful to contemplate; for besides the name he receives at birth, he takes a second on attaining his majority, a third at his marriage, a fourth if he be appointed to any public function, a fifth should he rise in rank and dignity, and so on to the last, the name given after death, which is inscribed

upon his tomb. Capt. Nicolich, the agent of the Austrian Lloyds, who died in Constantinople the other day from a wound inflicted by an assassin, left a provision in his will that in the event of the capture of the murderer and his sentence to death, or a long term of imprison-ment, the sum of £50 out of Captain Nicolich's estate should be given to the criminal's family.

The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice:
"Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used
for water be surrounded with one or
more folds of coarse cotton kept constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to a freezing point." In India and other tropical regions where ice cannot be procured

this is common. Alluding to a recent event in San Francisco, where two editors indulged in the amusement of shooting at one another, a local journal says: "We think that one was quite justified in trying to kill the other, and we believe it unfortunate for the community that the effort was not successful, as in that case the public would have had an opportunity of getting rid of that second nuisance by strictly legal means.

Justice is sometimes swift in Oregon, even when administered according to law. A brawling fellow named Gib-bens fired a pistol at a woman in Portland. An officer interfered, and Gib-bens killed the officer. The next day, Menday, an inquest was held, and on Tuesday Gibbens was committed for trial. On Wednesday he was indicted and on Thursday he was arraigned, on Friday he was found guilty, and on Saturday he was sentenced to be hanged.

# Au Extraordinary Courtship.

One of the celebrities of New Jersey is a Trenton colonel, banker, editor and patron of literature, the fine arts, fine horses and fiances. A widow lady re-cently moved to Trenton, who owned a fine horse, which the colonel saw and became desirous of possessing. He visited the fair owner, but she would not part with the valuable animal. The colonel, being a widower, after a short reflection, determined to possess both the fine horse and the fine lady. He pushed his suit with such ardor that in three weeks from the date of his first visit to see the horse, he and the widow were engaged to be married. Two days before the time fixed for the wedding the colonel had a carriage filled with flowers of the choicest varieties, and, accompanied by his intended, he visited his former wife's grave and decorated the grounds and the handsome monument he had erected to her memory, in the most tasteful manner. The was not struck off at the third blow the next day the loving couple in a like manner visited another cemetery, where they handsomely decked the grave of the lady's dead husband, and after having made these appropriate peace-offerings to the names of their departed loves, the colonel and the widow were next day married, and started upon their happy wedding tour. Who but the colonel could do up a thing in style like this?

## Gambling.

A professional gambler in Chicago recently "bucked the tiger" for fifty straight hours, without a pause for sleep or refreshments, and managed in that time to lose \$11,900. The case is, perhaps, without a parallel; though men have done many things for twentyfour or thirty hours at a stretch, no case is before recorded of so long a has fallen suddenly either dead or in a labor. It shows also, as the Times rekovi Gorovitch was taken by his mother to the house of Marie Lavovna, and in the presence of the parents they saw decadence in art."

It is by far the finest work of sculpture produced in that century of decadence in art."

Indot. It shows also, as the 1... and in that the state of the parents they saw decadence in art." period. A man who has the certainty of living but fifty hours would probably spend one-fourth of it in sleep, and would give due attention to his food, One escaping from a deadly foe would not fly for so long a time without snatching new and then momentary rest. In short, one can conceive of no other circumstances in which a man would give fifty hours to a single task -circumstances more especially which should tear the chief actor with hope and fear, and harrass him incessantly with the operation of the most destructive of emotions.

NOT THE SEASON. - Statistics drawn from the communal reports in France
—the only country where statistics have been taken-show that the greatest number of cases of hydrophobia occur in the spring; winter and summer being about equal, and autumn showing fewest of all; so that the in-sane dread of the disease in hot weather