VOL. IV.

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NO. 36.

Ah! sad are they who know not love, But, far from passion's tears and smiles, Drift down a moonless sea, beyond

The silvery coasts of fairy isles, And sadder they whose longing lips Kiss empty air, and never touch The dear warm mouth of those they love

Waiting, wasting, suffering much. But clear as amber, fine as mush, Is life to those who, pilgrim-wiee, Move hand in hand from dawn to dusk,

Each morning nearer Paradise. Oh, not for them shall angels pray ; They stand in everlasting light : They walk in Allah's smile by day, And nestle in his heart by night.

THE FALLING OF THE MILL,

It was the 10th day of January, 1860. On that day, while the machinery of the Pemberton mill, of Lawrence, Mass., was in motion, the main building fell, without warning, and a conflagration soon after broke out in the ruins. Of 700 persons in the building at the time, seventy-seven were killed, and one hundred and thirty-four injured, of whom fourteen subsequently died. The cause of the disaster was the faulty construction of the iron pillars which supported the floor timbers, and the lack of adhesive power in the mortar.

planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. One of the pretty Irish girls was crushed quite out of sight; only one hand was free, she moved it feebly. They could hear her calling for Jimmy Mahoney, Jimmy Mahoney; and would they be sure and give him back the handker-chief? Poor Jimmy Mahoney! By-and-the lack of adhesive power in the mortar.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gave a thrilling and vivid description of the disaster in a story entitled "The Tenth of January," extracts from which will be found of deep interest in this connection.

little while the hand was still. The other side of the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the amen, but it was never spoken. Because of the same of the said of the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the amen, but it was never spoken. Because of the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home. She was asking God to take care of it for her. "For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the slanting flooring some one prayed aloud. She had a little baby at home.

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose tints; the river ran red and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills. Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disk of the climbing sun and dipped, as she had seen it dip before, in blood.

The sheft city steeped and bathed yound they dig a man out from dader a dead body unburt He crawled to his feet, and broke intofurious blasphemics.

Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfire struck through an opening; The day broke softly, the snow melted, and the wind blew warm from the

Sene was a little dizzy this morning -the constant palpitation of the floors always made her dizzy, after a wakeful night—and so her colored threads danced out of place and troubled her, Del Ivory, working beside her, said : "How the mill shakes! What's going

"It's the new machinery they're h'isting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but very, very heavy; they calc'late on get-ting it all into place to-day."

The wind began at last to grow chilly

up the staircase and in at the cracks ; the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the dam; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.
"It's time for lights," said Meg

Match, and swore a little at her spools. "Del," said Sene, "I think to-mor-

She stopped. Something strange happened to her frame; it jarred, buzzed, snapped, the threads untwisted and flew out of place, "Curious!" she said, and looked up.

Looked up to see her overseer turn wildly, clap his kands to his head, and fall; to hear a shrick from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling gape above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel; and vast machinery throw up its giant arms, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writhe! Sha sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up an incline plane, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her; beyond were the stairs and an open door; she threw out her arms and struggled on with hands and knees, tripped in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square oaken beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh, red color; she dimly wondered why; as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support,

time, and reason go utterly out.
At ten minutes before five, on Tuesday, the tenth of January, the Pemberton mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground.

So the record flashe? over the telegraph wires, sprang into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine-days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate and the muttering

South, and was forgotten. Who shall say what it was to the 750 souls who were buried in the ruins? What to the eighty-eight who died that death of exquisite agony? What to the wrecks of men and women who endure even to this day a life that is worse than death? What to the architect and engineer who, when the fatal pillars were first delivered to them for inspection, had found one broken under their eyes, yet receipted the contract and built with them a mill whose thin walls and wide, unsupported stretches could never keep their place unaided? One that we love may go to the battle-ground, and we are ready for the worst; we have said our good-bye; our hearts wait and pray; it is his life, not his death, which is the surprise. But that he should go out to his safe, daily commonplace occupation, unnoticed and uncaressed, scolded a little, perhaps, because he leaves the door open and tells us how cross we are this morning, and they bring him up the steps, by-and-bye, a mangled mass of death and horror-

that is hard. Sene's father heard, at twenty minutes of five, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood with bated breath waiting for the crash. As nothing further appeared to happen he took his stick and limped out into the street. A crowd of men with white lips were counting the mills. Pacific, Atlantic, Washington—Pemberton. Where was Pemberton? Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps last night, and hummed with its iron lips this noon, a cloud of dust, black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet into the air.

Asenath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had hushed utterly. One only sang on had no thoughts. It occurred to her like silver. It flung defiance down at now that she had been struck on the death. It chimed into the lurid sky

hands, which lay clasped at her side. One of her fingers she saw was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red beam lay across her forhead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gearing which had tripped upon her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks. A broad piece of floor-ing that had fallen slantwise roofed her in, and saved her from the mass of ironwork overhead, which would have crushed the breath out of Hercules. Fragments of looms, shafts, and pillars were in heaps about. Some one whom were in heaps about. Some one whom she could not see was dying just behind her. A little girl who worked in her room—a mere child—was crying, between her groans, for her mother. Del Ivory sat in a little open space, cushioned about with reels of cotton; she had a shallow gash upon her cheek; she was wringing her hands. They were at work from the outside, sawing entrances through the labyrinth of entrances through the labyrinth of planks. A dead woman lay close by, and Sene saw them draw her out. One

Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfire struck through an opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct. The opening broadened, bright-mouth of the Conodoguinet creek. The anecdotes related of his wife have a ened; the sweet night wind blew in; the safe night sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she should stand again after all. She worked her head from under the beam and raised herself upon her elbow. At that mo-

little while the hand was still. The

youd they dug a man out from under a

ment she heard a cry—
"Fire! fire! God Almighty help
them! The ruins are on fire!"
A man working over the debris from till morning could never be told or for-

A network, twenty feet high, of rods and girders, of beams, pillars, stairways, roofing, ceiling, walling, wrecks of looms, shaits, twisters, pulleys, bob-bins, mules, locked and intertwined; bins, mules, locked and intertwined; records of Harrisburg, whence we de-wrecks of human creatures wedged in; rive it. Mrs. Harris had an Irish girl hours' hewing could not open; a voice that you knew crying after you from God knows where; a mass of long, fair hair visible here, a foot there, three fingers of a hand over there; the snowbright red under foot; charred limbs and helpless trunks tossed about; strong men carrying covered things by you, at sight of which other strong men have fainted; the little yellow jet that flared up and died in smoke, and flared lifted the candle from the powder, blew again, leaped out, licked the cotton bales, tasted the oiled machinery, crunched the netted wood, danced on the heaped-up stone, threw its cruel arms high into the night, roared for joy at helpless firemen, and swallowed wreck, death and life together out of your sight-that thing stands alone in twenty-four hours; this will render it the gallery of tragedy.

The child, who had called for her

But they had not given them up yet. right, some one had wrenched an open-ing within a foot of Sene's face. They clawed at the solid iron pintles like insure cleanliness. savage things. A fireman fainted in the smoke, "Give it up!" cried the crowd from behind. "It can't be done! Fall back !"-then hushed, awe-struck. An old man was crawling along on his hands and knees over the heated bricks. He was a very old man. His gray hairs

blew about in the wind. "I want my little gal!" he said. "Can't anybody tell me where to find my little gal?"

A rough fellow pointed in perfect silence through the smoke, "I'll have her out yet. I am an old man, but I can help. She's my little gal, ye see. Hand me that there dip-

per of water; it'll keep her from choking, maybe. Now, keep cheery, Sene. Your old father'll get ye out. Keep up a good heart, child. That's it."

"It's no use, father. Don't feel bad, father. I don't mind it very much."

He bested at the timber: he tried to He hacked at the timber; he tried to laugh; he bewildered himself with his

cheerful words.
"No more ye needn't, 'Senath; for it'll be over in a minute. Don't be downcast yet. We'll have ye safe at home before ye know it. Drink a little more water; do now. They'll get at ye now, sure !"

But out above the crackle and the "We're going home to die no more."

A child's notes quivered in the chorus. From sealed and unseen graves, white, young lips swelled the glad refrain— "We're going, going home."

The crawling smoke turned yellow head. The church clocks were striking without a tremor. For One stood beeight. A bonfire, which had been built at a distance to light the citizens in the was like unto the form of the Son of mistake.

work of rescue, cast a little gleam in God. Their eyes met. Why should through the debris across her two not Asenath sing? "'Senath!" cried the old man, out upon the burning bricks; he was now scorched from his gray hairs to his patched boots. The answer came triumphantly:

"To die no more, no more, no more!"
"Sene, little Sene!"

Some one pulled him back.

The Founder of Harrisburg, Pa. The founder of the city of Harrisburg, Pa., was John Harris. His house, still standing, was the first stone building erected in Harrisburg. One unhappy day a tribe of predatory Indians passed down the river on a piratical expedition, and on their return stopped at the Harris house. Most of them were intoxicated, and they demanded more liquor from Harris, which he re-fused to give. Bearing him a grudge as the ally of a tribe hostile to them, they bound him to a mulberry-tree, and threatened to burn him alive. Dry fagots were gathered and heaped around the stake, and one of the savages ap-proached with a lighted torch. Suddenly there was a whoop, a rustling in the bush, and a friendly tribe sprang upon the scene, headed by a negro slave named Hercules. The savages fled, and Harris was rescued from his perilous position. The incident had a profound effect on his mind, and thereafter he measured his actions by their piety. The faithful slave Hercules saved his master's life a second time, and proved his attachment to the family

Harris still prospered and made a clearing, and established a trading-sta-tion near the mouth of the Juniata. At his death, in December, 1748, he owned about nine hundred acres of land adjacent to and on the ground of anecdotes related of his wife have a very romantic flavor, and some ready story-writer may profit by the two we transcribe here.

The few neighbors already called the Harris house the "Mansion," although it was of the most uppretentious character. The mansion-house then was surrounded by a stockade, as security against marauding Indians. One night A man working over the debris from the outside had taken the notion, it being rather dark just then, to carry a lantern with him. "For God's sake," a voice cried from the crowd, "don't stay there with that light." But while his voice yet sounded, it was the dreadful fate of the man with the lantern to let it fall—and it broke on the ruined mass. That was nine o'clock. What there was to be seen from then till morning could never be told or foran English military officer was invited the company in darkness.

We have a suspicion that we have already seen the incident that remains to be told embodied in a thrilling sensationas sketch, but here it is, at all events, vouched for by the oldest a face that you knew turned up at you in her employ, whom she sent into the from some pit, which twenty-four store-room with a lighted candle. The girl reappeared without the candle, and, when questioned, said she had left it standing in a barrel of flax-seed. The sequel to the story you who read storypapers habitually may guess. The barrel contained gunpowder, not flax-seed, which had been negligently left uncovered. Mrs. Harris arose from her work-table without a word, and went She carefully into the store-room. it out, calmly reproved the servant and then resumed her work,

Hints for the Household.

New earthenware should, before being used, be soaked in cold water for less liable to crack, as well as enabling it to be made thoroughly clean.

For washing articles which are not mother, began to sob out that she was afraid to die alone, "Come here, Molly," said Sene, "can you crawl around?" Molly crawled around. "Put your head in my lap and your arms about my waist, and I will put my hands in yours—so, there! I guess hands in yours—so, there is no was teat things who den bowl, for by contact with this they will be less liable to be chipped and broken than when an earthen basin is used. Still further to avoid the danger of breakage, one A small cloth should be kept with In the still unburned rubbish, at the which to cleanse them while in the water, for merely rinsing them and then wiping them on the tea-cloth will not

For washing the inside of jugs, miniature mop, with a handle a foot long, like those sold for cleaning the chimneys of lamps, is indispensable, A little soda should sometimes be

used for washing jugs, and if the same is occasionally used for washing tea-things, it will make them look much cleaner and brighter. Soda should, however, never be used except in small quantities, nor should

it be constantly employed, as it has a

tendency to injure the glaze. Soap or

potash has not this injurious effect, but neither cleanses so thoroughly as soda. For tea-cloths linen must be used, as cotton fabrics are not sufficiently absorbent to dry the earthenware. washing greasy earthenware, two tubs of suitable size should be provided; one, in which to wash them, must contain hot water, with a little soda, or, for the reasons stated above, potash er wood ashes; and the other, in which to rinse them immediately after they are

washed, must be filled with clean cold

water.

WHAT HE MEANT .- A writer in the St. Paul Press tells a new story of Horace Greeley. Horace wrote a note to a brother editor in New York whose roar a woman's voice rang out like a writing was equally illegible with his bell:

Own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer of his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go take it back. What does the infernal fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy 'that is just what he says."

> A man is at the bottom of indolence when he is too lazy to labor under a

HYMEN AND MORS.

Young Lady Wedded and Widowed on the Same Day.

Between three and four years ago Miss Emma Hulsizer, then a girl of about sixteen years of age, went to De-troit to perfect herself in painting and music, for both of which arts she evinced decided talent. She is the fourth daughter of William Hulsizer, of Rochester, Oakland county, Mich., a gentleman as noted for his liberality and hospitality as he is for his social

and political influence. While in the city Miss Hulsizer met many persons who became her warm and personal friends. After several months of intense application to her studies she was sent to the Convent of Villa Maria, in Montreal, where she remained for two years as a pupil, dis-tinguished alike for talents and attention to her studies, and where she graduated this summer with great honor, after which she returned to her home. During one of her vacations she visited a friend, Miss Moyes, of New York, and was introduced to Dr. S. E. Moyes, the brother of her hostess. The result was an acquaintance which culminated in a betrothal, with the consent and approbation of the relatives of both of the parties most interested, and it was decided that the wedding should take place as soon after Miss Emma's graduation as possible. Accordingly this entire summer has seen active preparations in progress for the event, and an elegant trousseau has been prepared for the bride elect, nothing which could contribute either to her comfort or adorument having been omitted, and everything being chosen with a view of the bridal tour to Europe, which was expected to consume at least a year.

The wedding was to have taken place and cards of invitation were issued in and cards of invitation were issued in time to permit friends from all parts of the country to be present at the homestead on that occasion; the preparations were of the most perfect and elaborate description, and it was intended that the happy event should eclapse anything of the kind ever known in that part of the State. Friends were telegram was received announcing the sudden and dangerous illness of the groom and calling for the immediate presence of his intended bride. Wild with anxiety, yet hoping against hope, Miss Emma complied with the request, and immediately started for Buffalo, where she found her worst fears were confirmed, a council of physicians having pronounced the patient as beyond

The meeting between the almost lying man and his heartbroken bethrothed was too sacred to be made the subject of a newspaper paragraph; but the sequel is one which so nearly resembles romance as to be almost in-

The groom expectant insisted that before his death he should be united with the woman of his choice, and, accordingly, a clergyman having been summoned, that most solemn of all rites, a death-bed marriage, was celebrated. The scene as described by one of those present was never to be forgotten. The groom, supported in the arms of his devoted mother, feebly responded to the questions of the offidiating minister; the bride, kneeling beside the bedside, with true womanly heroism repressed the anguish with which her heart was rent; an only sister watched with agony by her brother, and a few fond friends knelt in silent grief as the words were said which made one of those two so soon to be

parted by the hand of death. The doctor bequeathed his wife as a sacred legacy to his mother and sister, with whom she will henceforth reside. and to whom she is now bound by ties of love. He survived until one o'clock on the morning of the fourth day, when he sank into a quiet slumber, from which he never awoke.

Dr. Moyes was a wealthy man, and it is said he has left his bride a handsome fortune.

His Official Crook,

Sheep are an important stock with English farmers, says the Danbury man. The English people are fend of mutton as an article of food, and have it quite steadily. When they tire of mutton they have lamb. Beef they never neglect. They are the most docile and uncomplaining of peop'e when best is around. Their sheep are the best in the world, I believe. You have seen pictures of shepherds with the proverbial crook in their hands. I didn't think a party could be a shepherd without this crook, any more than a man could be the lead r of an orchestra without a pair of pants. I was glad that the first man whom I saw tending sheep carried one of these crooks. didn't know what a rook was for, but always believed it was a badge of the occupation, whose origin I could not fathom, handed down from century to century since the time when sheep were invented. Imagine my genuine disgust when I saw this shepherd use the sacred crook to capture the straying animals by eatching hold of one of their hind legs and tripping them up. The awful truth came upon me like a flash, and I sat down heavily, a broken-hearted man. I had thought it a beautiful emblem, and it proves to be a hind-leg snatcher.

The Wealth.

That the wealth of the United States is passing into the hands of a few is a very common belief. In his address before the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association, Senator Thurman cites statistics to the contrary. The increase of farms is greater than that of population, and the increase of small farms is considerably greater than that of large ones. These are important facts, and go far to justify his hopes for the future prosperity of the

Bussian Love.

Nicopolis is a small town in the southeast of Russia, where the Caucasian blood mixes with the Russian, and produces very many remarkable specimens

of female beauty.

Among the most beautiful of the the beauties of Nicopolis was Ulyana, only daughter of a wealthy land-owner. only daughter of a wealthy land-owner. Her father was in the habit, every year at harvest-time, to add to his force by engaging "people from Russia," as they say, meaning people from the interior, who at this season of the year seek remunerative labor in the more cultivated and wealthier district of the south.

One of these people, Filvatieff, a handsome, stalwart young fellow, attracted special attention. He seemed completely indifferent with regard to gains, and was always in the best of of no avail; her father was inflexible, and, in order to "put other things into her head," he compelled her to a betrothal with a wealthy townsman. The betrothal was celebrated with great pomp. All were merry but Ulyana; her thoughts were with Filyatieff, who gave her good cause of uneasiness. He had easied to work and now arent his had ceased to work, and now spent his time in either one pot-house or another. He drank to assuage his grief; but not long. He soon took an aversion to schnapps—a rare thing for a Russian to do—and then drink did not lessen his grief. He therefore forswore the pot-house, and determined to go far away, where, concealed and forgotten, he could end his unhappy life. In this romantic frame of mind he bethought himself of Siberia, and determined to in that part of the State. Friends were procuring their presents, and itseemed as though a more auspicious beginning of a life of married happiness would be impossible; but fate decreed a sad reversal of the picture, and that the cup of joy should be replaced by the chalice of sorrow. At a late hour a chalice of sorrow. At a late hour a about to see if no one came. Then he made a bundle of some of the goods, and again looked about to see if no one came to arrest the burglar. As he was still unobserved, he made a bright light in the shop. This was soon seen, and people came and seized the supposed robber. On his trial, he simply declared that owing to his disappointment in ove, he wanted to be sent to Siberia; in breaking into the shop. The jurors hands and wept. What was the senti-were unanimous in rendering a verdict ment, what the moving cause, I could of acquittal, which was received by loud acclamations on the part of the specta-

elent. He broke off the engagement of his daughter with the wealthy neigh-

Newspaper Life.

Some gloomy people look with apprehension upon the prospects of a new are informed that the reason why there paper, says the New York *Herald*, and are no shade trees about the hotel at we hear dreary vaticinations as to the fate of a new one. Mr. Hudson, in his admirable "History of Journalism," newspapers that have lived and died and gone to rest in a silent paper mill. And we confess that, as president of a savings bank or a trust company, we should prefer some other investment than newspaper stock; or, to be more clear in meaning, stock in a new news-paper. But all the same, we believe in new journals. We should like to see two hundred daily morning papers in this metropolis. Think what a good time public opinion would have undergoing the process of education from wo hundred teachers! In fact, we do not see in our progress of invention why every large firm, every dealer in patent medicines, every politician and opera manager should not have his own newspaper. It is a great discipline to a man to be compelled to sit down and coldly put his thoughts into print. Then he can always do himself justice. Nothing, as all men know, is more easy than to edit a newspaper, journalism being the profession to which every American is born. So that, so far from there being no room for the new paper,

The Temperature of the Sun. The latest investigation on the tem-

perature of the sun by Father Secchi has been recently published, and he concludes that the lowest limit of this temperature must be about 133,000 deg. Centigrade. This determination he arrived at by a comparison of their solar radiation and that of the electric light. He has employed the same apparatus, namely, the thermo-heliometer, de-scribed in his well-known work on the sun. The temperature produced by solar radiation was observed at Rome about noon on several days in July, and was determined to be 361 times that of the carbon points of his electric light. Both Secchi and Hirn agree that the temperature of solar radiation may depend either solely on the superficial stratum of the sun or on a considerable thickness of its substance, according as this latter is opaque or transparent. Hirn concludes that if the transparence were nearly perfect, the solar tempera-ture might well be only a few thousand degrees; but various phenomena, among them the observations of Prof. Langley of Pittsburgh on the crossing of the currents of the photosphere, show that the solar surface is essentially opaque, and certainly at the best is net completely transparent. The very high temperature of 130,000 deg. to 170,000

Blessing the Sea.

A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph thus describes the

pany as the hour of one o'clock, which had been fixed for the ceremony of blessing the sea, drew near. Another altar, much more imposing than either of those in the Place d'Armes, had been erected on the most conspicuous point of the Digue; and hither came a procession of great length, led by a long array of little girls in white muslin dresses and veils, who strewed the ground with flowers. Then came the choristers, with an instrumental band; spirits. Ulyana soon became a willing listener when he was praised, and Filyatieff, who was not insensible to the lieff, who was not insensible to the land then many banner-carriers, it beddid in conversing with a Leader retieff, who was not insensible to the charms of female beauty, soon evinced a marked partiality for her society. It was not leng ere their liking for each other ripened into an affair of the heart, and became the subject of general remark. Nor did the young people attempt to conceal what they felt for each other, and Filyatieff went boldly to the father of his lady-love and asked for his lelesing. But the farmer peremptorily bishop or dignity of his church; and I tail. Wau Lee young hand then many banner-carriers, it belies and the inscriptions were in Flemish, as being addressed to the humblest and the least educated was an occupant of the crowd, who constituted a large majority. Under a canopy, before which censers were swung, walked an aged and venerable-looking priest, in vestments of gold, bearing the Host. I found on inquiry that he was not a place of the unburdened himself as follows:

"Me no like Melican man. Melican man comes in my laundry, spittee on floor, chew, chew. Bringes shirtee, say, 'No thust; thust dead.' Melican man say, 'Rat eater, I punchee.' father of his lady-love and asked for his blessing. But the farmer peremptorily refused; he was not going to give his daughter to a strolling laborer, he said.

All Ulyana's tears and entreaties were father of a was a would be implied in the personnel. The strolling laborer is a was more over, informed that no such ecclesiastical authority is given to this 'Cheap John—one, two, three—bettival as would be implied in the personnel. Shake me pig tail and say, that eater, I punchee. Punchee Wau Lee's head, pull his pig tail, Wau Lee runs chop—chop head to fleece officer. Fleece officer say, 'Cheap John—one, two, three—bettival as would be implied in the personnel. sonal attendance of a prelate from Bruges, or from any adjacent diocese, for Ostend is not yet a bishopric. Still, the benediction of the sea was performed in a manner as solemn as if a cardinal had presided; though there was a good deal of chatting on the outskirts of the throng, and the company seated in the balconies of the Kursaal were by no means so solemn and devout as the poorer people in the crowd near the altar. A salvo of artillery was fired from the other end of the Digue station. Payee fivee dollee and ixty when the benediction had been accom-plished; and then the procession took its way back again into the town, through all the sports and junketings, which were suspended as it passed, but only for a few brief moments. The band of the Civic Guard played secular tunes as it followed the priestly re-tinue: very secular tunes indeed were some of them; but the bell of the priest went tinkling on all the same, and even as that holy sound mingled with the music of opera bouffe, so did the incense from the censers blend with odors less acceptable. I had noticed, during the service on the Digue, many prostrations by women and little children, and a few even by men; but the passing of the procession through the town was yet more productive of poputown was yet w that this, and this only, was his object | the windows above women clasped their | mination, but since then he has recon

ment, what the moving cause, I could not for the life of me guess. But it was there, beyond a question; and henceforth, when I am in any mood to speculate on psychological mysteries, I shall always remember that crowd at Ostend, and the benediction of the sea.

or, and consented to her union with he romantic Filyatieff.

A Warm Locality.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise tells a round of marvelous stories, and its last production is as follows: the Genoa Hot Springs, and why none can be grown there, is that the ground is too hot for them. It is said that upon prints the names of some hundreds of digging through the thin surface soil, a sub-stratum of hard earth-called a three feet in thickness, and upon digging through it almost anywhere in the neighborhood, boiling hot water is encountered. On account of this subterranean lake of hot water, trees of no kind can be made to grow in the neighborhood. Soil enough for the nourishment of the trees cannot be collected upon the surface, and the moment their roots pass through the substratum they are in hot water and are cooked. By sinking an artesian well in this place, there could doubtless be obtained a fine fountain of hot water, but if it were desired to surround this fountain with trees, it would be necessary to have The black-and-tan is finest to look at, them made of cast-iron."

Marriages of Blood Relations,

Statistics presented to the French Academy show that the marriages of blood relations form about two per cent. is readin' a newspaper they never knows of all the marriages in France, and that nothin'. My uncle Ned he spoke up the deaf and dumb offspring at birth, and said that was the best fraim of mine there is room for a hundred journals of consanguineous marriages are, in proportion to the deaf and dumb born up little makes a good nessed for rats, in ordinary wedlock, at Lyons, full and the pufs wich wimmen puts in their twenty-five per cent.; at least twenty-hare is called rats too, but not the five per cent, in Paris, and thirty per cent. in Bordeaux—the proportion of the deaf and dumb, by birth, incress-ing with the degree of blood relationship. The data obtained show that, if the danger of having a deaf and dumb child in ordinary marriage, represented by figures, is one, there will be eighteen marriages between first cousins. thirty-seven between uncles and nieces, and seventy in marriages between nephews and aunts. It appears, too, that the most healthy parents, if related in blood, may have deaf and dumb

How They Shoot at Creedmoor. The regulations of these matches exclude all firing from a "rest;" but this means an artificial rest. The marksman, however, may choose any posi-tion or posture of the body; he may lie flat, face downward, or on his back, face upward, or take any recumbent position, or go down on his knees or stand erect. He may brace his body in any way by the use of his arms and legs, and may use either for "a rest" if he can get it into satisfactory position. All the marksmen in the recent match on both sides chose the "recumbent" position, some lying face downwards, using their knees and elbows to brace themselves in position; some lying on their backs, using their knees and feet as rests, and some incline slightly to one side, yet still on their backs.

The Troubles of Wan Lee. Mr. William Lee, of the Ontaria A correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph thus describes the curious ceremony of "Blessing the Sea," at Ostend, Belgium:
"Ostend, an excellent bathing place, and in other respects also a pleasant vacation resort, is now beginning to fill with visitors, mostly German and English; and the Kursaal on the Digue was crowded with a well-dressed company as the hour of one o'clock, which salt sea. But before leaving, it is simsalt sea. But before leaving, it is simply an act of justice to state that Mr. Lee has attempted faithfully to submit to the heathenism of this benighted country, and if he does not carry away

> 'Climb.' Wau Lee climbs-comee home. Melican man steal shirt, and he climb too."

Wau Lee attempted to go to Sunday school, and his story is as follows:

"Me go on Sundlay day to Joss house. Me takee settee and Melican man's boyee come along. Boyee say,
"Here's China." More boyce come,

cents; go home to wash, wash. "Me then go on street car. Melican woman looks at me and laughee loud. woman looks at me and laughee loud. One speakee low, 'Him nig.' One speakee low, too, and say, 'Him rat eater.' Me gettee mad and say, 'Me Chinaman—me washee-washee. Me no nig. No nig. Me no rat eater. Big lie.' Melican woman scream. Conductor run in. Him say, 'Who's up?' Melican woman say, 'Dirty China 'sulted me.' Conductor he takes my stampees, and he say, 'Get.' Wan Lee gets, fall on the ground, and breakee nose; officer comes up. He says, nose; officer comes up. He says, 'Dlunk again, Chineel.' Me say, 'No dlunk.' He say, 'Too thin.' Takee me by collar and takee me to station. Judge say, 'Here again, Chinee?' Me

sidered it, gone back to his trade, and still washes and irons as of old.

A Boy's Composition.

THE RAT.

The rat should ot to foller cats in books, wich ain't so in cellers. The ret eats chees wen he can git some that's good, but dutch nocks him. was a man bated a steel trap with dutch chees, and pretty soon he began to fine ded rats evry mornin'. At the end of a weak there was ded rats evry were, but the trap had never been sprang. Then he found out the rats was starved cause they had worn their teeths off nawin' the trap, and couldn't take their meels. They thought the trap was the

bate and the dutch was the trap. You know who told me that about the hard-pan-is found. This is two or dutch. Wen he comes to see my sister he asks me how I'm gettin' on with my composition, and then he tels me things wich I may put in it, and my sister she says shaw wat a fib, and I mussent bleeve a werd he says, and looks in his eyes with her'n, but he ain't a bit afrade. Her'n are black, but his'n is

gray, and so is rats. Rats is long tails, and if you berry a ded un with his tail a-stickin' out it would be a vine. Rats is killed by tarriers, wich is put into a pit were the rats has been cetched and let out. If it wasn't for these tarriers there would be too many rats for any body to live. but the rats licks 'em like smoke.

I asked my father if ferrits was good for rats, and he says yes, that's wat they lives on wen they can't git vegittibles; but he was readin' the newspaper, and mother she says wen a man bitin' kind.

Bishep Hatto was et by rats, evry little tiny bit up, and serve him mity well right too; but they don't now cause their is more bishops than there

Rats is row-dents, and rat-cetchers is row-dentists, my sister's young man ses.

The French Bastile,

The power wielded by Louis XIV., of France, was of the most despotic character. When the king wished to imprison any one he wrote as follows : "It is ordered that ——————— shall be arrested and taken to the bastile. His majesty instructs the governor to retain the person in custody until further orders." The king signed the docu-ment, which was indorsed by any minister, and the arrest took place. Some slight difference was made as to the machinery of the arrest, according to the rank of the prisoner. If it was a person of noble birth, a file of mousquetaires did the business; if it was a person of low degree who was to be incarcerated, the sergeants or archers hurried him off without ceremony. The prisoner was ordinarily hustled into a carriage, and on arriving at the first gate of the bastile a sentinel challenged the equipage, and, on receiving the answer, "By the king's order," the answer, "By the king's order," the portcullis was opened, the prisoner passed in, and was then often lost sight of forever.