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The Man in the Moon.

Farewell, forever, I swear! said he : You are false and fickle, and nothing to me ! Lovers will quarrel, at night or noon, And the witness of all was the Man in the

Farewell forever, I vow! said she : You are cold and cruel, and nothing to me! Lovers will quarrel, at night or noon, And the witness to all was the Man in the

A whole long week is over since then, And the two are hand in hand again ; Lovers are perjured, at night or noon, And the witness to all was the Man in the

THE SNOW-SHRIEK,

When the snow-shriek rings across the plains and prairies of the great West folks who have a love for their life don't care to camp out. The Indians strike their lodges at the sound, and make the best of their way to shelter among the bluffs, or in a wooded As for the settlers, they take wagons and hurry off to the nearest town, leaving everything behind to its

My story is of the far West. Albert Parnell was a tall, manly oung follow, with a bronzed face and voung fe strong, indeed, and of a dauntless courage, as was reported; but not, like Caryl Wintbrop, a musi-cian, a statcher and a poet, to whom foreign languages and art-talk were

Both level, and, as is often the case with young men, both loved the same person—handsome, lovely Metella

There was this advantage on the part of young Winthrop-he had loved not in vain. An intimate friend of the parents of the young lady, it was be-heved by all that he was engaged to her, and would make her happy.

Alberic finding that his suit was in

vain had prepared to leave the village, and we and him one evening bidding adieu to Metella, preparatory to his

An old friend of hers, she wishes to part with him kindly; but he, heartsore and jealous, is not in the best of humor, and his parting is as full of bitterness as such a parting might ex-

As Alberic bade adieu and rode off the loud wail of the snow-shriek was heard mosning bitterly over the prairies. Thirty-six hours later the sad, monotonous sound of the snow-shrick had swelled into a menacing roar, as of angry fiends let loose to ravage and destroy, and a filmy veil drawn over the western sky had darkened from white to orange, and from orange to sable, and then, borne on the mighty wings of an icy wind, there broke apon the Territory the force of such a snow partial view of the outer desolation storm as the hardiest farmer there had own came whirling flakes, thick, heavy, pitiless; accompanied by a cruel cold like death's own touch, that pierced through furs and buffalo-robes, and numbed the limbs and chilled the marrow, while still the blinding snow fell and fell, and swept along before the furious gale, like so many white billows, over the country. And still the wind blew from the cold northwest, and still the snow The deep piled drifts soon began to blot out every sign of man's dominion from the lately subjugated land that had been so recently won from the wilderness. Dismal stofies were brought in, ere long, of the disasters by flood and field. Rivers had swollen and overflowed their banks, washing down, along with a pack of floating ice, the debris of ruined homesteads and the careases of drowned oxen. the pastures, herdsman and herd lay overwhelmed beneath the white waves snow. In the drifts that blocked the roads, wagoners and their teams were walled in, to perish of frostbite or exhaustion, unless aid came speedily; while many a bewildered wayfarer wandered from the track, and strayed across the desolate prairie until he found a grave in the deepening snow. It was with difficulty that Caryl could

force his horse through the drifts that

environed Colonel Stewart's house, and

when he arrived there two of the hired

men were missing, and a third had

to save the affrighted cattle. Then did Metella realize the truth of the old hunter's words. She, and those about her, had found out, for the first time, what snow meant-pitiless, inexhaustible whiteness, borne in upon them by the rush of the resistless wind that howled and raved, with a sound like the cry of ravening wolves, about the house, and heaped up such masses as cumber the ground, even in those latitudes, but once or twice in a gen eration. Colonel Stewart, at first incredulous of peril, as it was in his sanguine nature to be, presently began to admit that the calamity was worse than the mere damage to his property. The sheep, hogs and cattle that he had lost represented but a money sacrifice -an affair of dollars and cents. But when all communications between Stewart's I'lat and the outer world were cut off, and it was too late to fly, and the gathering snow was loading the roof, and darkening the lower windows, and rising rising ever, he recognized the improduce of his selection of such a site for his residence, and would have been thankful for escape, even at the not that I did not love you—indeed; cost of half his substance. This, how-ever, was impossible. The road by which Winthrop had reached the house was now barred by a wall of snow. The fast-falling flakes threatened to fill up the doil to the level of the hills that commanded it, and all the outbuildings were hidden or unroofed by the weight of the snowfall. And still that horrid snow-shrick, loud and wild now as the war-ery of exulting demons, filled the startled air, as though rejoicing over its prey.

The pangs of impending famine were soon added to the terrors of the situation. Those shut up in the once hospitable mansion at Stewart's Flat had but scanty supplies of food or fuel. It

softly; and Metella pressed her lips to was echoed, in feebler accents, by those within the house, while the deor was eagerly opened to admit the deliverers. And now a crevice, soon enlarged to a cleft, appeared in the snow-wall close with wheat and golden maize, had been alike whelmed beneath the sudden snowfall, want, like a gaunt wolf, began to beset the blockaded household. It was soon necessary to put the family was soon necessary to put the family and servants on rations, so as to avert actual starvation as long as possible; and the beleaguered inmates of the dwelling huddled together around the turn and reached the threshold. It was and prosperous one; but whenever the ones they vainly strove to render hopeful, of the probabilities of a prompt rescue; for it had come to that now. Rescue from without was their only chance. Should the snowstorm continue very long, they must perish of cold and hunger; even if the roof, which they had been forced to prop up in places with casks and pieces of timwind wailed as before.

It was a group of haggard faces that had collected around the great hallstove at Stewart's Flat when at last the snow-shriek died away to a moan, and one of the farm-hands brought in the welcome news that, for the time at least, the storm had ceased. By this time the house merely resembled a mound of snow, one heap among many in the blurred landscape. The inmates were as helpless as so many shipwrecked wretches in mid-ocean in a frail boat without sail or oar. For twenty-four hours, most of them had not eaten. The few morsels of food that remained were reserved, by common consent, for the female members of the starving household. The fire was fed, as best might be, with broken furniture and woodwork torn from the walls, Still no help came. Perhaps the people at Troy were powerless to afford it. More ? A shot surely, and then another, ind a cheer of friendly voices, and tope sprung up in every heart, and was kept alive by the occasional report of distant firearms and the sound of

Yes, rescue was at hand. That much was certain. An attempt to penetrate the girding wall of snow was about to be made, but what were the numbers or the resources of the adventurous band without, those within the house knew not. There were now but some four or five windows, darkened by snowwreaths and pendant icicles, whence a could be obtained. And it was not on that side of the villa that the shouts and shots of the explorers had annonneed their presence. Some hours of painful suspense, during which at intervals the sound of voices could be heard, succeeded, and then the sobbing of the ominous wind changed into a shrill scream, and a man who had ventured a few paces from the door came in to bring the evil tidings that the snow had again begun to fall. The air was now full of feathery flakes, and the most anxious listener could now hear nothing but the monotonous wail that chilled every heart as it rang around the doomed house. It was be-yond a doubt that the well-wishers on the outside must have desisted from their labors, beaten off by the keen wind and blinding snowfall. The latter lasted through the miserable night. and, soon after daybreak, ceased again, but those within the house had almost bidden farewell to hope. Probably the rescuers would not, until the weather should improve, renew their efforts, toilsome and perilous as they must needs be. And then it would be too late. Privations and care were telling on the beleaguered inhabitants of Stewart's Flat, and on none more than Caryl Winthrop, whose sunken cheek and unnaturally bright eye told of extreme exhaustion.

"We shall be happy together in heaven, dear—not on earth," he said, more than once, as he looked wistfully into the face of his betrothed one, and come in, half-frozen, from a vain attempt chafed her cold hands between his. It has become a question, not of days,

but of hours and minutes. Toward noon, Metella's ear, sharpened by terror, caught the faint, low sound of the clinking of iron tools, mingling with the wail of the dismal snow-shriek. Her companions in misfortune, however, could not hear it. and she was easily persuaded that she had been tricked by her own excited ancy. Hours went by, the snow fall-ing still, though not so heavily, and there was no sign from without. All prepared to perish, for now the scanty tore of food was gone, and Caryl and Metella, as they knelt and prayed, side by side, felt that their wedding must indeed be in the world to come, not in

"There is one thing I ought to tell you, dear Caryl," whispered the girl, as they stood side by side, in the porch. "I have not been wilfully untrue to ny pledge, but—but there was one who left us but the other day, on whom my rebellious thoughts would dwell, do what I could to school them. It was not-but, it was different when I thought of Alberic Parnell, I shall never see him more. He will learn to forget me, and had I lived, it should have been my daily task to forget him.

You are not angry, Caryl?" He kissed her on the forehead, saying gently: "Indeed, I am not angry. Love, I fear, will not be always reasoned with. It is not your fault, my poor child, if you saw in Parnell what you have never seen in me. I was to you as a brother, was I not? And you learned, too late, that liking was not love. It matters little, dearest, on the brink of the grave, as we stand now, but believe me—Ha! the noise without

is real enough, this time." was as much as a man's life was worth to try to reach the great woodpile. It took severe exertion to bring in, from time to time, a few logs and some broken timber from the yard, while,

to struggle through the breach in the snow-wall, spade in hand, was the gaunt figure of Hiram Pell, the hunter while from behind came crowding up; the rest of the bold and hardy band.

Then followed a scene of indescribable excitement and confusion, in which thanks to God and man for the timely rescue were freely uttered by those who ber, did not cave in beneath the increasing weight piled upon it. The storm went on steadily, and still the that mingled group, was overpowered by the rush of her emotions, and was sinking senseless to the floor, when the young man sprang forward and caught her, fainting, in his strong arms. When she recovered from the swoon, her parents were with her; and near the sofa on which they had laid her, stood the old hunter, Hiram Pell. There was food on a table near, for the rescuers had not come empty-handed; but Miss Stewart had forgotten her hunger, forgotten all, save that she had seen Alberic again for one brief moment of happiness. She drank in thirstily, however, the words of the old back-

woodsman. "Thank him, colonel-Mr. Parnell, mean-not me, for true as Gospel 'tis to him you owe your lives. Talk of grit! I thought I knew what bravery was, but never the like of that young chap's. He shamed us into sticking to Stewarts and their servants had effected a timely escape to some place of safety. If so, and should not a speedy thaw set in, death was inevitable. Some hours elapsed, and still there was no sign that the blocked-up household had not been forgotten. Ha! what was hat? A shot surely, and then another hold up his head among honest men. Every dollar I'm worth shall be divided among those that help me.' And he, and I, and the rest of the Troy neighbors, we did make a good job of it, spite of frost-bite and beating snow; but it was no sport, colonel, I can tell

> Mrs. Stewart, who had left the room during this speech, now came gliding to ber daughter's side. "Are you well enough, Metella, dear,

> to speak with Caryl for a moment?' she said, smiling through her tears "He is very urgent to say a word to you. He says it is for the last time."

And almost before Metella had ure to realize the meaning words, Caryl Winthrop, deathly pale, but with a sweet, sad smile upon his face, such as angels might wear, stood beside her couch. She started up, and then, with a guilty blush, put her hands

before her eyes. "O, Caryl, do not blame me!" she "Indeed, indeed, I will be a said.

true wife to you."

"Not to me, dear Miss Stewart,"
answered he, softly. "It is a brother,
darling, not as a lover, that you have regarded me all along, and now I release you fully and freely from a plight, the keeping of which would be misery to you. I am not selfish enough to hold you to your promise, dear girl. Let your hand go, along with your heart, to your preserver, to Alberic Parnell." He was very white and haggard as he spoke, but he never once failed in his address; and before Metella could frame her reply, Mrs. Stewart had walked to the

returned, accompanied by Alberic. "This young gentleman," she said, half reproachfully, "was just about to slip away from us and our acknowledgments of his courage and his kindness. He could not trust himself, forsooth, to meet you again, Metella. see by his puzzled look that he hardly can guess the solution of the enigma."
This will explain all !" said Cary! as, to Alberic's amazement, he took

placed it in that of Metella. "Be happy, sister, with the husband of your choice. After the innocent confession that, when death seemed to have us in his icy clutch, you made to me, I should commit a sin did I come between you two-between you and the man who, when on his road to New York and Europe, turned back at the bare rumor of this fearful snowstorm, and risked life and health to save the

the young man's muscular hand and

girl he loved." Metella could not speak. to Alberic, as a graceful vine to some towering oak of the forest, she hid her face upon his shoulder and sobbed aloud. In the timid, trustful rapture of that moment she scarcely realized that every word which Caryl had spoken had been as a stab to the bosom of the speaker; that his generous self-sacrifice cost him very dearly, when a sudden outery of voices snatched both of the lovers from their dream of new-found happiness. Poor Caryl Winthrop had sunk helpless on the floor, and being lifted by Colonel Stewart and the old hunter, who placed him on the sofa where Miss Stewart had so lately

reclined. "He has fainted," said kind, erly Mrs. Stewart, as he laid his head upon the pillow. "More than that, I guess. going home, if ever I saw death in a face!" muttered the rough backwoods

man. Caryl, who had partially regained his senses, had no illusions on the subject. "Do not weep for me, darling," he said, as Metella's tears bedewed his face, and the girl bent over him in ten-der sorrow. "The stroke has fallen; but it is in mercy." He pressed his feeble hand to his heart, and the con-He pressed his viction flashed on all present that the insidious malady from which he had believed himself to be cured, aggravated by hardship and the cruel emotions of the last hour, was reclaiming

after the first few hours, provisions ran cheer, hearty and triumphant, which softly; and Metella pressed her lips to

dwelling huddled together around the rarely replenished stove; talking in Alberic—Alberic Parnell; and the next wind wails shrilly around the gables, and the white flakes come driving in heavy showers from the desert country beyond the frontier to the northwest, the sound and the sight combine to evoke the recollections of Caryl's early grave, and of the unselfish sacrifice which was the last act of his blame-

The Story of a Student.

less life.

The case of a student of the Rensse caught a glimpse through the crack of that is very distinct, in my judgment, a shutter of the lighted but uninhabited interior of the book store. He saw Such a movement as that suggested costly volumes lying around, and the would at once break down the wall besight ruined him. He pried open the shutter and went in. There he found scientific instruments used in his studies of the handsomest patterns, Making up a bundle of what pleased him most, he climbed back into his room with the plunder. His adventure kent him the properties of the asset that the price of the properties o awake all night, but on visiting the sociations connected with it, so some store next day he found that the theft days are better than others. We need store next day he found that the theft days are better than others. We need had not been discovered. His own social position would in any event have clothes and indulge in our best which rattled like stones on the flat love of female approbation asserted it-self. The stolen books made excellent going people. gifts for his fair acquaintances, who beonged to families of high social posilent soon got a reputation for princely eur thief.

How Statues are Made.

nough Over the clay model is poured a coating of plaster of paris, which, having been allowed to set, is taken off in sections, thus allowing a hollow mold of the figure. From such a mold is produced a stucco duplicate, either of the entire statue or of such a portion thereof as is intended to be cast at a time, and on this again is formed a second mold of greater thickness and solidity for the reception of molten metal. The material used for the final mold is a composition of stucco and brick dust. This is applied in a plastic state to the stucco model, from which its inner surface takes the form of the figure. Were statues cast solid, t would now only be necessary to separate mold from model, and run metal into the former till its interior was filled. This, however, would involve absurd waste, and, in order to economize material, a solid core is placed iuside the mold, leaving only such space all around as will receive the thickness of metal deemed necessary for the work in hand. The mold with its core having been thus completed and firmly hooped round with bands of ron, is placed in a kiln to bake to perfeet dryness. This precaution is necessary from the circumstance that even trace of moisture might, on the application of molten metal, occasion a dangerous explosion. In the case of the casting now in question the drying of the mold occupies some weeks. On the removal from the kiln the mold is buried in dry earth below the floor of the foundry, only the aperture for re-ceiving the metal and the vent-hole for the escape of air remaining visible.

Ninevah was fourteen miles long, eight miles wide, and forty-six miles round, with a wall 100 feet high and bick enough for three chariots abreast. gates. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was 420 feet to the support of the roof-it was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height and 853 feet on the sides. The base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 350,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and twelve halls, Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles around and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,-000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donation that it plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles

A farmer in a neighboring county has invented an ingenious method of orna-menting apples for holiday presents, Christmas trees, etc. It is so simple as to be in reach of every one, and it may be invaluable to many of our read ers who are unable to afford their children more costly presents this year. Here is the secret: Take a strip of paper and cut children's names; then place the papers around apples when they begin to color; and in a week or two Mamie, Jamie, Johnnie, or Susie appears on the apple in large red letters. These, picked and barreled themselves, bring fancy prices for the

CITY SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

The Discourse on the Subject of Amuse ments on the Sabbath in the City of New York.

For some time in New York city a theater gave regular Sunday night performances, going Monday and paying the fine which the State law inflicted as a penalty. Now no less than seven theaters and concert rooms are opened on the Sabbath, and the matter is attracting attention. It is evident that unless steps are taken against it within a short time, all the theaters will give their performances and matinees on the

Sabbath the same as on other days.

A city paper interviewed some of the leading clergymen relative to the matter. The Rev. George H. Hepworth says: The question is a fair one, and should be answered—What would be the practical effect of opening the concert rooms and theaters of New York lear Institute of Troy, who was caught thieving, has been mentioned in the papers. The narrative of temptation and fall is interesting. The students to but whe do not go, but into those its angry, ragged borders till it entire the transfer of the students of the property of the propert and fall is interesting. The students do not lodge at the Institute, and this who go to church and rigidly set their

plunder. His adventure kept him than any other ring, because of the asprotected him from suspicion. He thoughts, The American Sunday is might have stopped here had not his the strength of the American people,

Lastly, I have a strong personal objection to this movement. I cannot tion. Three more midnight visits to conscientionsly encourage a rival insti-the book store were made, and the stu-tution which holds its services at the same time that I do mine. If a brother store folks, too, finally connected that they want to go, I am perfectly willing liberality with their losses, and a patient investigation exposed the amacert to take them, unless it can do them

more good than I can. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith says he imagines The bronze statuary just now so popular is manufactured by a simple and elevated in character that its influgood,

upon the hearer. Archbishop M'Closkey says as soon any secular amusement interferes with sacred exercises his voice will be heard through the pulpit and not through the press. He strongly opposes Sunday amusements.

The clergymen, the writers and the theatrical men are discussing the mat ter with much earnestness.

The Yonkers Child Story.

Jacob Muller, a machinist of Riverdale avenue, Yonkers, N. Y., called upon Dr. J. H. Pooley and asked him o visit his little daughter, as he thought she was dying. Dr. Pooley saw the child, a little girl of seven years, and found her suffering from dropsy, which frequently follows scarlet fever, from an attack of which the girl had lately re-covered. He was told that the family physician had given up all hope of saving her life. After prescribing for the patient he called again, and again prescribed, with but little hope of saving her life, and promised to call on the next morning. When on his way to Muller's house he was met by a mes senger, who informed him that the child was dead.

While preparations were being made for the funeral, the family, influenced by friends, became impressed with the belief that the child was not dead. The suspicion became a certainty, and from the household a report reached the street that Jacob Muller's daughter was lying in a trance. The story traveled, receiving additions as it went, and it was given out with all gravity that the girl had died, had come to life, and had actually sat up in her coffin.

Next morning another messenger went for Dr. Pooley, saying that the child was not dead." the house, made a careful examination Babylon was fifty miles within the and assured the parents that the child walls, which were seventy-five feet was dead, without the shadow of a thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen | doubt; but they had become possessed with the belief that the little one was alive, and would not let the body leave them until every effort to resuscitate it should be tried. It had then been for some days on ice. Dr. Pooley, feeling that should the body be buried while a doubt remained in the minds of the parents, the mere thought would be a source of life-long misery, advised them to place it in a warmer room and have it watched incessantly. His in-structions were followed, and two nights after the parents were convinced that ife was extinct, and the next afternoon the body was buried.

Physical and Mental Disease.

A writer in Chamber's Journal speaks of the fact as decidedly noteworthy that the common opinion that excessive mental occupation gravitates to ward insanity is not only not verified by facts, but that, on the contrary, one of the foremost living physicians doubts whether alienation of mind is ever the result of overstrain; it is to physical, not to mental, derangement, he thinks, that excessive work of the brain generally gives rise. Insanity, he points out, finds the most suitable material for its development among the cloddish, uneducated classes, while the worst forms of physical diseases are originated and intensified by the educated, over-strained brain-workers.

"Slipped his grip" is California for

THE HURRICANE IN CUBA.

Its Approach Graphically Described --The Loss of Life and Property.

A correspondent thus describes the frightful hurricane in Cuba : A terrible experience has befallen the entire eastern department of the Island. It has been devastated by one of the fiercest tornadoes that has occurred in this latitude for many years. So disastrous have been its effects that we hear already that several of the coast towns have been almost entirely wrecked, while the loss of human life has been terrible. Crops, cattle, men, women and children have been swept away in a second of time, and the amount of destruction is indeed awful. A letter from Santiago de Cuba says the weather had been unusually sultry for days. The morning of the 8th broke still and steamy with the heavy city on Sunday? I cannot help feeling that it would be disastrous in the extreme. The moral sensitiveness of surface of the harbor near the old Morthe community would be dulled. You ro Castle. The old residents knew

do not lodge at the Institute, and this one had a room by himself over a book store. Late one night while sitting at his window he dropped a gold ring, even excuse themselves for not attending a young lady's gift, for the young student was a favored and flirting beau, and he disliked to lose it. So he took the struck of affairs.

Who go to the themselves for not attending to busily gathered the merchandise under the work of the struck top-gallant and royal masts, and sent down all their superfluous tophamper, making all super dent was a favored and flirting beau, and he disliked to lose it. So he took the cord from his bed, made a sort of knotted ladder, and climbed down to the roof. The ring was found, and the roof. The ring was found, and of affairs.

Again, it is very important, to my mind, to make one day in the week as different as possible from every other day. I do not assert this on the basis of a revelation to that effect, though the Plaza. The miradors of the Casino was going to reascend he and the Cuba Espanol were crowded with officers, merchants and planters, who for once dropped the interminable discussion on the best way to exterminate the rebels for speculations on the coming tempest. The wind all of a sudden fell. It was a dead calm. Then came faint, cool currents of air from the mountains, flagrant with the scent of forest blossoms, harbingers of death

and desolation. And then came the storm in all its roofs and each tiled patio, and then came down in a deluge with a rush and a roar deafening to the ear and impenetrable to the eye. The dome and twin steeples of the cathedral were swal lowed up as in a fog, the wind shricked, the streets became torrents and impas-sable, trees were wrenched as if by violent hands, and branches rent from them and cast whirling with mighty force many rods away. Ever and anon came a lull, amid which would be heard the agonized cries of frightened women, who kept themselves invisible, hud-dled with their children and domestics in the darkest corners of their houses. tremendous as the thunder began to rell in volleys, and the lightning flashed incessantly, lighting up the picturesque architecture of the ancient city with lurid gleams, and then leaving a profound darkness, which might be felt. This continued till nightfall, and for some hours afterward. damage in the city itself was comparatively slight, and might have been less had people manifested ordinary prudence. The buildings are too substan tial to be much hurt by mere thunder, lightning, hail and rain. Many roofs were taken off, and a good deal of household stuff damaged and destroyed n this way. But from the interior of the country the accounts speak in a very different strain. The steamer from Havana had to lay by in Guantanamo harbor for some hours over her time, owing to the awful sea running outside. Her captain reported that the railroad there was much damaged, and that the crops of cane had been eveled to the ground. The insurgents,

Wounded volunteers the outposts. were filing in on litters, and sagging helplessly on muleback from Cobre, where there was quite a sharp engage-ment. The rebels were even reported to have penetrated into the very suburbs of the town, and arrests will no doubt be made of supposed sympathizers who are accused of narboring them. The towns of Sauna and Tanamo, on the northern coast, are said to have

with true military tact, seized the op-

portunity of the raging storm to harass

been almost entirely swept away. The loss of life is represented to be very large, and great herds of cattle to have been worse than decimated.

Jim Barndollar's Shirts. The boys tell a good one on Jim Barn-

dollar, of the Oswego Agency. seems he had sent his washing to a fullblooded Osage squaw who was to have it done and bring it home on Saturday night. The squaw failed to fulfill the contract, however, and on Sunday Jim had to go to church with the same suit he wore during the week. In the meantime he had sent word to his washerwoman to "bring them shirts. had just got comfortably seated in the church, and the grave minister had opened up in thunder tones on sinners generally, when in stepped a big Osage Indian with a package under his blanket, who began making all kinds of unintelligible signs to our friend. Jim appeared to take no notice of his presence, however, until by his audible whispers and frantic gesticulations the Indian had attracted the attention of the entire congregation, and fairly horrified our hero by drawing forth a shirt with a stunningly clean front, several pairs of socks, and other things that go to complete a fashionable young man's wardrobe. This was too much for him, and he immediately arose, and beckoning the persistent laundry clerk out, he then and there exhausted both the English and Osage vocabulary of epithets, after which he took charge of the clothes, and told the dusky warrior to go his way. Profane language is prohibited at the agency, but it is said that Jim make good use of all the emphatic religious adjectives that came within his grasp.—Kansas Courier.

A hen farm owned by a Belgian, near Marietta, Ga., is stocked with 850 fowls, and yields 27,000 eggs and 2,120 chick-

Thoughts for Saturday Night. Thinking nurseth thinking.

Necessity never made a good bar-Love is loveliest when embalmed in

Ill news is winged with fate, and flies

Every fancy you consult, consult your

A thought often makes us hotter than

Men must be taught as though you taught them not.
Constantly choose rather to want less

than to have more. The busiest of living agents are certain dead men's thoughts,

Marriages are best of dissimilar maerial, -Theodore Parker.

Mind and heart will meet, though orbidden, like hidden lovers. Neutrality, as a lasting principle, is n evidence of weakness. All the rarest hues of human life take adiance and are rainbowed out in

A good name will wear out; a bad one may be turned; a nick name lasts orever.

The wealth of the soul is measured by how much it can tell; its poverty by

The quivering flesh, though torture torn, may live; but souls once deeply wounded, heal no more. It is not the greatness of man's means

that makes him independent so much as the smallness of his wants. Moderation is the insensible companion of wisdom, but with it genius has

not even a nodding acquaintance. Being a mortal, you have stumbled; in this mortal life, it is a wonder when a man has been happy throughout his

A lovely countenance is the fairest of all sights, and the sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of her whom we

Few are the faults we flatter when alone; vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt, and looks, like other objects, black by night.

The heir must believe his title to an estate in reversion before he can hope for it; faith believes its title to glory, and then hope waits for it. Did not faith feed the lamp of hope with oil, it would soon die.

In a Western Police Court,

An Indian had been picked up drunk, and though it was proposed to let him go over the river it was desirable to have him understand that no Indian had any more rights than a white man. "Child of the whispering forest-son

of the grassy plains—it grieves my spirit to see you here," said his Honor. "Only a few more moons will come and go before you will be gathered to the happy hunting grounds of your broth-ers gone before. You are an aged chief; time has shorn you of your strength. You can no longer chase the wild cunderango and follow the roc The buffalo grazes in front of buck. your lodge, and your arm is not strong enough to draw the bow. The rum bling thunder and the sharp lightning make you afraid. Once you could not count the camp fires of your tribe, so many did they number; now there nothing left of your great tribe but yourself, two old army blankets, and a shot gun with the lock out of repair. Sun of the forest, why is this thing thus, and what do you mean by coming onto my trapping grounds and getting drunk?

'The white chief has spoken many wise words," replied the Indian in measured tones, resting one foot on the edge of a spittoon. "My race have fallen like the leaves—been washed away as water washes out the marks of chalk. I stand alone. My camp fire has gone out, and my lodge is cold and has no meat. Kaw-nee-ke-kick has tears in his eyes when he looks to the west and no longer sees the smoke of many camp fires. Our great chieftans have fallen, our warriors are dust, and the wolf utters his lonesome howl on the spot where stood our big village.

am sad." "The red man may go," said his Honor. "I cannot give you back your dead; I cannot cover the hills meadows with forest again; the wild fox and the deer have sought the deeper glens, and no power can waken warriors whose whoops rang from hill to river. Go back to your lodge; beware of firewater; keep in nights; vote early and often, and be virtuous and you'll be happy.'

Ladies Locked in a Church,

The Allegheny (Pa.) Mail says :-Some of the ladies of the congregation of the Union Episcopal Church, in this city, a few evenings since held meeting in the vestry. After they had got through with the business in hand, several of the fair ones went from the vestry into the church, and the janithinking they had gone home, tress. locked up the edifice and went to her residence. After a short absence in the audience-room, the ladies returned to the vestry and discovered that they were locked in. All the doors were tried, but still no means of egress could be found. After several ineffectual efforts to obtain assistance by calling out in all the sweet modulations of which the female voice is capable, one young lady volunteered to creep out through a flue, and succeeded in so doing, but with considerable damage to her clothing. When outside herself, however, a good deal remained to be done, the remainder of the fair positively declining to attempt the pas sage. When the janitress had been found by the lady who had gallantly passed through the flue, it was only to learn that she had handed the keysover to the sexton, who was supposed to have gone into the country for a couple of days. However, diligent search was made for him, resulting finally in his discovery, and the imprisoned fair ones were set free. When found they were all close together in one corner, fo company, and an irreverent observer noticed that they had been crying.'

magnificent mansion of Le Grand Lockwood at Norwalk, Conn., which cost over \$1,000,000, is for sale