#### VOL. V.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1875.

#### NO. 30.

#### Wedded.

Some quick and bitter words we said, And then we parted. How the sun Swam through a sullen sea of gray! A chill fell on the summer day. Life's best and happiest hours were done; Friendship was dead.

How proud we went our separate ways, And spake no word and made no moan : She braided my her flowing hair, That I had always called so fair, As though she scorned my loving tone,

My word of praise. And 1? I matched her scorn with scorn. I hated her with all my heart, Until-we chanced to meet one day; She turned her protty head away ;

I saw two pretty tear drops start, Lo I love was born. Some fond, repenting word I said, She answered only with a sigh; But when I took her hand in mine

A radiant glory half divine Flooded the earth and filled the sky. Now we are wed, and never quarrel any more

#### MRS. JONES' ELOPEMENT.

Mr. Jones came home that afternoon feeling cross and tired. Business had been dull, and the clerks had been provoking. When he fell out of sorts, as he did that day, a nice supper and his wife's company were the best antidotes he knew of, and he hoped to have them effect a cure in this case, as they often

had in other instances. But Mrs. Jones was out, the girl said. She had been busy all the afternoon in her room; she didn't know what she was doing. About an hour ago she had put on her bonnet and gone out, and had charged her to tell her husband, when he came home, that she should not be back until late in the evening. ""Gone out on particular business, she said,"

"On particular business," growled ones. "I'd like to know what particular business she has. I should say it was a wife's business to stay at home. She knew, of course, that I was coming home completely tired out, but that doesn't interfere with her pleasure in the least. She can enjoy herself just the same—probably all the more—because I am out of the way. I wish I knew where

He went up to her room to see if she had worn some of her best clothes.
"Because, if she has," reasoned Mr. Jones, "she's gone off to have a good time with some one she cares more for than she does for me."

Mr. Jones' brow was black as any thunder cloud at the thought. He was in precisely the right frame of mind to make mountains out of mole-hills. But she hadn't worn any of her new

going to a party then," concluded Mr. Jones, "or she'd have rigged up more. It must be she's going somewhere else and wants to keep It begins to look mysterious. A woman don't generally go off in this way without saying something to her hus-band, and wear her old clothes, without its meaning something, I've observed, said Mr. Jones, solemnly, to the Mr. Jones in the glass. "I'd like to know what it all does mean, anyhow."

It was just at this juncture that Mr. Jones discovered a letter on Mrs. Jones' writing desk. It was a freshly written page, beginning : "DEAR EDWARD."

Mr. Jones' hair raised on end when his eagle eye caught the sight of that name. What awful thing had he discovered? Could it be that his wife was in the habit of writing letters to gentlemen? Perhaps she had gone out to meet one now.

He read the letter through without stopping to take breath from beginning It read as follows :

DEAR EDWARD: I have read your touching appeal over and over, until every word of it is waited for stamped upon my heart. It has caused the man!" me to fight a terrible battle with myselt. I love you, and there is no use for me to I cannot deceive myself nor you by so doing. But my duty is to stay with n y husband. I loathe him-I despise him; he is a tyrant-but he is my husband, and, as such, I suppose he has a claim upon me in the eyes of the world that you have not. But, my darling, I love you, and I have come to the conclusion to cast my lot with yours. I will do as you wish me to. I will meet

you at the cak tree to night at ten o'clock. I hope I shall— And here, at the bottom of the page, the letter broke off very abruptly. other side of the page was blank.

"Great Jehosophat!" That was the awful word that broke Mr. Jones' lips when he had finished reading. It was the nearest to swearing of any word he indulged in. If ever he felt justified in using it he did now. His face was a sight to behold. It was full of anger, and surprise, and complete bewilder-

"She loves him, does she?" he ejaculated, faintly. "And I'm a tyrant, am
I? The wretched creature! She lonthes me, and despises me, does she? I'll show her a thing or two. Let me see Edward' something he won't forget. I'll go out this blessed minute and get a couple of officers, and we'll wait for I fancy we'll surprise you a little, Great Jehosophat! and she's actually been deceiving me all the time, and letting some other man talk love to her, and coax her to elope with him! I can't believe it, and yet I can't doubt it, for here it is in her own handwriting. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it in black and white. Dear me! I wonder if I can bear up under the awful shamed to meet anybody. It's awfulawful!" and Mr. Jones wiped his face with his handkerchief and looked the

complete picture of grief. heap," to use his own expression, by the

coat preparatory to setting out in search of the proper officers. "I'll be there and I'll give your 'Dear Edward' something he didn't bargain for. I'll 'Dear Edward 'him!"

About nine o'clock Mr. Jones and a couple of officers came up the road stealthily and secreted themselves behind a clump of bushes near the place where the two main roads crossed each

"Now you mind what I say," said Mr. Jones. "I'll go for him, and you keep out of the way till I'm done with him. I'll make him wish he'd never thought of such a thing as making love to other men's wives, see if I don't. I'll pommel him! I'll trounce him within an inch of his life, the contemptible puppy!" and Mr. Jones struck out right and left at his visionary rival in a way that made

the officers titter.

They waited and waited and kept waiting. The tea o'clock train came in, whistling shrilly. And still no sign of either man or woman for whom they were waiting.

Presently Mr. Jones bade them listen; he heard steps down the road.

The night was dark, and they could not see a rod off. But he was right in

thinking he heard steps. Some one was "It's him, curse him," muttered Mr. Jones. "Now you lay low, and mind what I say. Don't come till I tell you to. I dare say I shall half kill him, but you keep off, and I'll take the consequences if I do kill him completely. Great Jeho-sophat! I just yearn to get my hands on

"He's close by now," whispered one of the men.

"I see him," answered Mr. Jones, in an awful whisper. "Here, hold my hat. I'm going for him, and may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

Accordingly, Mr. Jones "went for him." He made a rush at the tall, black figure coming leigned up the read. figure coming leisurely up the road. He gave it a punch in the stomach with one fist, and another in the ribs with the other fist, snorting like a wild bull. He was too excited to talk intelligibly at The unsuspecting recipient of such extraordinary greeting seemed half inclined to run at first, but, on second thought, seemed to think better of it

and turned upon his assailant. "Take that, and that, and that!" cried Mr. Jones, who had got so he could utter words a trifle more coherenty by this time, dealing blows right and loft. "Run away with my wife, will you? You old villain, I'll learn you to swoop round the Jones family trying to break it up. Take that—and that! and

—oh, great Jehosophat!" Mr. Jones' tune suddenly changed; the victim of a husband's righteous wrath had brought his cane to bear upon his foe and was doing good work with

"Smith-Dobson! help! help! shrieked Jones, as the cane fell upon his head and shoulders in unmerciful blows.

"Murder! help!" The officers came to bis assistance, and succeeded in securing the stranger. "I'd like to know what this means?" he demanded. "I supposed this neighborhood was respectable, but I should

think you've all gone crazy, or else turned highway robbers." We'll let you know what it means," I Jones. "I don't believe you will cried Jones.

want to run away with Samuel Jones' wife again. the prisoner. "I thought your voice sounded kind of familiar before, but you bellowed so I couldn't make it out. Are

von insane or idiotic-or what?' "Lord bless me, if you ain't U\_cle Joshua!" said Mr. Jones, faintly. He felt small enough just then to crawl through a knot-hole. "I'm awful sorry that this has happened, but I couldn't help it. I didn't know it was you. You see Amelia's fell in love with some fellow and I came across a letter this afternoon that she had written to him, saying she'd meet him here at ten o'clock, and my hands, and I can't trust agents. All I got these men to help me and we thieves. Sez I to ma, sez I, 'I'll just waited for him, and I thought you were

promised to meet him here at ten o'clock? Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle Joshua, indignantly. "You were al-ways the biggest fool! You're crazy!"

"But I tell you I saw her own letter," exclaimed Mr. Jones. "I ain't crazy now, but I shouldn't wonder if I was before long."
"You've lost all the sense you used to

have, and that wasn't enough to brag of," said Uncle Joshua, rather uncomplimentary. "Come along to the house and we'll ask Amelia what it means."

Uncle Joshua led the way, with a pain in his stomach, caused by Mr. Jones energetic attempt to teach his supposed rival not to meddle with the Jones family, and Mr. Jones followed in his wake with a sore head and a very black

eye.

There was a light in the sitting room. Mrs. Jones was there. "See here, Amelia, exclaimed Uncle

Joshua, bursting in like a thunder-storm, "you're fool of a husband says you've fell in love with some one, and that you wrote him a letter saying you'd meet him at ten o'clock to-night and run away with him, and he says he's seen the letter. Now I don't believe a word ten o'clock, and I'll learn your 'Dear of it, but I'd like to have you explain, if you can.

> clared Mrs. Jones, indignantly. "You did!" exclaimed Mr. "It's no use for you to lie about it. Amelia. You've broke my heart, and you did write that letter. I found it on your desk, and here it is. It begins— 'Dear Edward.'"

"Oh, I know all about it now," cried Mrs. Jones, beginning to laugh. "O dear me! You see, Laura Wade and I if I can bear up under the awful what will folks say? I shall be mine half done, and went over to read it to her this afternoon, and when I got there I found that I'd lost a page of it. I must have left it on my desk. It was about a woman who was going to elope-Mr. Jones was so "struck all of a my story was-and she wrote that she would go with her lover, and then, when terrible intelligence that he didn't stop she thought it all over, concluded to stay to reason over the matter. He never at home and do her duty. The page that to reason over the matter. Edward" was missing was the one that had the was missing was the one that couldn't by any possibility have received letter on it that she wrote to her lover. this letter, since it hadn't been sent. He you found it, and thought I was going only realized that she was going to meet to run away! O dear, I never heard of

"I can't see anything very funny about it," said Mr. Jones, feeling rather sheepish. "How was I to know you were writing stories? You've no busi-

ness to spend your tiffle in that way."
"That's so," growled Uncle Joshua,
whose stomach began to feel sore and
bruised. "You're a fool for writing stories, and Jones is a fool anyway !' Which was poor consolation for Jones. The story of the whole affair leaked out, and he will never hear the last of Mrs.

Jones' elopement.

A Spunky Sister. The Boston Globe says: One of the liveliest exemplifications of that veritable old proverb, "when a woman will, she will, and when she won't, she won't,' now furnished for the edification of the people of Mount Pleasant. A middleaged lady, by common consent accorded he possession of a good share of temper, had for years dwelt in tolerable quiet with her brother, a man of twenty-eight years. For her brother she ever manifested a sisterly affection, cautioning him constantly against the wiles of womankind. But a short time ago her sweet dream of peace was rudely broken. The terrible tidings came that her prother had married the daughter of the landlord; and straightway, after giving her brother a lecture on the baseness of his conduct in deserting her, she announced her intention of not paying any rent, since her brother ought to "stand her expenses, and should do so whether he wanted to or not. This decision, which was very strictly adhered to, naturally caused a great deal of trouble to the laudlord. After trying for three months, he was obliged to take legal means to eject her, and proceeded to place her, bag and baggage, on the side-walk. But the irate lady was not so easily disposed of. She made her preparations to stay on the sidewalk till winter, if she couldn't get back to the room. Her story was told to a crowd of the sidewalk became almost unendurable to the neighborhood. Some of the people in the vicinity offered her lodgings. She not only refused this, but would not take any food, remaining in her glory on the street all night. Her self-imrecital of her story during the morning, and after dinner time, which she refused to notice in the customary way, she was arrested on a warrant for obstructing the sidewalk. The lady made no objection to going with the officer to the station, but reiterated with the greatest emphasis her determination not to eat and not to go anywhere voluntarily except to the room from which she had been ejected. The courteous captain at Mount Mount Pleasant station very politely furnished his lodger with a nice supper. She refused to eat, and persevered in her determination to fast. As the brother, of course, cannot undo the past -which has resulted entirely from the folly of the woman herself—the conclusion of this episode of "woman's

wrongs," will be interesting. The Prince of Peddlers. The following is a literal repetition of the address of a man who is selling some cough mixture up in the Eleventh ward 'Good morning, madam. Excuse me, but I must show you something that you would not miss for a good deal! "Is that you, Samuel Jones?" asked that box (showing a small tin box). In the prisoner. "I thought your voice that box, madam, is life and health! It is simple but potent; cures colds, cures everything! You're a female woman, madam, and female women have sick-You're a female woman. ness. Know all about it. Been married twice myself! Never sick? That's it! That's just it! You don't want to be This compound will prevent it. sick! In that box is wigor! Can't afford to to buy such things? That's it! That's the story everywhere! Now look at me. I'm worth \$100,000 to day! But I've got \$15,000 worth of this stuff on put it on the market myself, I will.' An' I'm doing it! Some folkscan't buy such things. Some can. Some can some can't. Costs me \$40 a week to live ; can't help it. Rented a big house for \$50 a month near here, but my wife wouldn't come, because she's got all her teeth out and the new ones not in yet! She's in Peori, Ill. She's coming on, though. And, as I just remarked, madam, you're a female woman, and female women has sicknesses. must have this medicine! It's good for colds! There's wigor in it! Don't want Strange! It's life; its health! Ah, well! I'll call again. Good morning.

# Didn't Want to Leave.

There is a story told of a young lady coming to New York on one of the Eng lish steamers not long ago. She had been educated in Europe, and was re-turning to her relatives and friends after an absence of six years. The voyage was remarkably pleasant. Pleasant weather, a smooth sea, thoughtful friends and gallant gentlemen all combined to impress most strongly upon the young lady the pleasures and enjoyments of a trip across the Atlantic in midsummeraboard a paragon steamer. When the steamer as coming up to her dock at New York the fair maiden was observed standing on deck crying bitterly. And she told them frankly that she cried because the voyage was over ; because she was home; ecause she had to leave the ship, and she didu't want to! Such a girl ought

to marry a sailor. Not So Bad. While there are a good many people out of work it would seem that in New York State, at least, those who are employed are able to lay by money. statement of the New York savings banks shows not only that these institutions are in a sound condition, holding twenty millions more assets than they owe, but what is of equal importance, the gain in deposits in the six months since January 1 was over twelve millions of dollars and the increase in the number of depositors thirty-six thousand. This last feature is especially gratifying, for it proves that the deposits are in the main by people in moderate circumstances, and are really savings. The increase in deposits for her lover at ten o'clock.

"I'll be i' my lady," said Mr.

Jones, significant, patting on his over-lower down her cheeks.

"I'll be i' my lady," said Mr.

Jones laughed until the tears ran it is an excellent and encouraging showing.

### His Deaf Acquaintance.

We were coming down White street this morning, when we overtook an old gentleman in a cart. The vehicle was springless, and as it jolted over the stones every revolution of the wheel was We nodded to him, and he nodded

"A nice day," we suggested, in a

"Hey?" he screamed. "A nice day," we roared.
"O, yes," he shouted. "A good corn
day. How's business—pretty good?"
"Very good," we answered.
"Hey!"
"Vary good." we velled.

"Very good," we yelled.
"Glad to hear," he said, and then re lapsed into silence, and we hurried on, as people were showing altogether too much interest in our efforts to be heard.

"What do you think of that feller over in England who walks on the water?" he suddenly exploded.

We had to fall back with the pace of "He's a wonderful chap," we said, in hopes that would satisfy him.

"He's a wonderful chap," we yelled. "So he is. How do you s'pose he does it?"

"He wears rubber clothes and we suggested, at the top of " What kind of clothes ?"

People were raising their windows now, and we were beginning to feel desperate.
"Rubber," we roared.

"O, rubber, eh? and that keeps him

"Hey?"
"Yes," we shricked.
"Yes, yes? Yes what?" "You asked us if it was rubber that kept him up, and we said yes," we ex-claimed, in a key of voice that brought

the merchants and their customers out gazing bystanders, and her presence on on the walk, in spite of the rattle of the "What's that? I didn't quite make out," he shouted.

Then we went out on the roadway and took the horse by the head and brought the whole establishment to a standstill, posed fast was kept up, together with a and then we explained just what we had said.

"Ah, I see, it's a wonderful thing," he said, and then added: "It must have been the cart going over the stuns which kept me from a hearin' of you; but I was afraid at first that you were sick and

couldn't speak up."
We are not of a particular demonstrative turn, but when we again notice an acquaintance in a springless cart on a pavement we shall step down the first cellar way and take a position back of a barrel until he is out of sight .- Danbury News.

The Massachusetts Schoolmarm. A writer in the Providence Journal says: If there is any one thing which can add to the zest of a Silver Spring dinner over and above what Mayfield provides, it is the pleasure of sitting opposite to a Massachusetts schoolmarm. She is not "hefty" playsically, but her eye is clear and bright. You know at once that she is a sensible girl, for her dress is plainto be exact about it, a little prim ; she has made up her mind to have a good time, and, once for all, to fall in with the odd ways of the Rhode Islanders, and at any rate to be interested in and to enjoy, if possible, a shore dinner. She starts out with excellent intentions and with many good qualifications. She certainly likes the novelty of the affair; she is hungry, and if there are not too many Massachusetts folks about, not fastidious. But after all she is in a dilemma. Like a shrewd girl, as she is, she furtively glances at the nearest gen-uine Rhode Islanders she sees at the table. She thinks she has got the hang of it. We, the Rhode Islander, give her an assuring glance, and manipulate a dozen clams or so, that she may comprehend the necessities of the case. Then she "pitches in." She takes out a few clams, ranges them around the edge of her plate, talks a little, looks up to the Rhode Islander, as we would say, "that's the ticket," and when her clams are stone cold she minces them up with her knife and fork and swallows them. How has the Rhode Islander labored with that maiden. With what pantominic art and assiduity has he pointed to the boiling melted butter; almost choked himself by the rapidity with which he has eaten his clams, and all to no avail. The envious table stood between them, and fifty ears were within whisper reach. think that some Massachusetts fellow was to pay seventy-five cents for that girl's dinner, and she losing all the cream of it, though sooth to say not her temper, which would have been excusable nough, when the Rhode Islander, only by changing places with the up-country chap, might have bestowed much needed and useful information, and enjoyed his own dinner quite as well.

# A Lesson for Both.

A Melbourne widower with something of a family and a goodly bank account advertised for a wife over a fictitious signature. Several answers were reeived, among which was one that particularly pleased him. The chirography was delicate and graceful, the language chaste, and the signature, like his own detitious. After a brief and mutually agreeable correspondence, a time and lace were agreed upon for meeting. At the appointed hour the gentleman was waiting in a private parlor at a certain ashionable hotel, and shortly afterward lady entered, thickly veiled. She came n trembling, and did not venture to look up until the voice of the gentleman, in respectful greeting, fell upon the ear, at which she started convulsively, raised her eyes to the face of her swain, and then uttered a suppressed cry-a cry the tone of which struck upon the gentle man's ear with a sound not unfamiliar. He lifted the veil and looked upon the cared face of his own daughter, whom ne had supposed industriously pursuing her studies at a school in a distance westward from Melbourne. The young lady has since been installed as housekeeper in the paternal mansion. and her papa is not likely to advertise for a wife again until this daughter is

## THE STORY OF A WAIF.

#### A Romantic Episode in the History of

These rows of little chairs in Mrs. These rows of little chairs in Mrs. Webb's nursery, says a New York correspondent writing of the famous "Scotland Yard," in that city, have to me a fascinating interest. Hard, common little chairs they are; but I know that, had they speech and intelligence, they would have many a story to tell, many a romance of real life, begun in this room, at least equal in interest to the wonderat least equal in interest to the wonder-ful romances of fiction. What stories could be told of the waifs who, one time or another, have sat in these little chairs; or, who, one time or another, have slept in the snowy little beds we catch a glimpse of through the half-open door of the dormitory! Of the newly-born infant, a fresh burden to the starving parents—picked up by the passing po-licemen, half frozen in the snow, wrap-ped in a newspaper and nothing more ped in a newspaper and nothing morenow grown up to be a strong man or woman! Of the sweet babe, born in sin, heartlessly deserted by its fashionable mother, adopted and cared for by some poor, unfashionable, big-hearted mother who has learned to love it as her count. Of such a shift merhanic in the own! Of such a child, perhaps, in after years reclaimed by its legitimate mother, impelled by remorse, and, let us hope, her better nature! Perhaps, of such a child not reclaimed, but now grown up to maidenhood, passing her days in a public institution of charity, while the mother lives in wealth and luxury, indifferent as to the existence of the child, except inasmuch as the existence of the child may lead to her own exposure! It being my purpose to close the present sketch with some fair example of the romance that is to be found in our New York "Scotland Yard," and this last case offering some of the best material for that purpose, I do not know that I can do better than to select it for my

illustration. The heroine-nowa comely, dark-eyed olive-complexioned, graceful girl of fifteen-when a baby, was given by a veiled lady to a New York policeman, who received with the child a large sum of

The policeman, on receiving the babe I and the money, resigned his position on effectually cut off my retreat, they emthe force and went to Utica, where he barrassed me after this fashion : bought a cottage, and brought up the child as his own. The girl soon showed her disposition to be self-willed, wild and impetuous. When but nine years old, she became a reader of romances that gave her a longing for adventure, and a suspicion that she was not the policeman's child having entered her head, she ransacked his desk in which he kept his private papers, and found enough there to satisfy her that she was right. and it being refused, she threatened to go in search of her. The ex-policeman tried to pacify her by promising to tell her all one day when the description of the control her all one day, when she should be old enough and discreet enough to know now to act in the matter; but the girl was full of romantic ideas, and, putting her threat into effect, ran away from the cottage. She came to New York, and applied, without success, for an engage-ment on the stage, and to Mr. Barnum for a position as rider in his circus. being found destitute in the streets, she was brought by an officer to the police central office and given into Mrs. Webb's care. Her reputed father was telegraphed for by Superintendent (then Inspector) Walling, and came on to take her home, but she refused to go with him, and upbraided him bitterly for withholding from her the name of her mother. Mrs. Webb took charge of her for several days, trying, with but little success, to induce her to be reasonable. After a while the girl seemed to have been won by the matron's kindness; but it turned out that she was only trying to get the matron to relax her watchfulness. One day Mrs. Webb took her over the building, showing her, among other things, the prison cells, in one of which was confined, at the time, one of the Westchester masked burglars. The foolish child, attracted by the rather handsome face of the robber, began a secret correspondence with him, hiding in the sugar-bowl, that was sent him on his breakfast-tray from the matron's room, little notes planning their flight together from the police central office, which he duly answered through the same medium. But Mrs. Webb, instead of the young lady, happening to empty the sugar-bowl one morning, found a note from the burglar to the girl, the discovery of which, of course, upset all the plans of these strangely paired confederates.

The burglar was convicted, and is now serving out a term of years in Sing Sing. The young lady is an inmate of the juvenile asylum near High Bridge, where, by submission and good behashe is trying to win over the expoliceman to the fulfillment of his conditional promise to tell her the secret of

# At Work.

The New Orleans Picayune says that never before in the history of Louisiana have so many white men taken active part in the practical details of agriculture, and it is at least a singular coincidence that seldom if ever before has there peen a crop so promising in all respects as that now on the ground. It con that white men can endure field labor in that climate.

CHARACTER. - Punch has the following tem : " A notorious gentleman who has been in jail is reported to said that he had left prison, after having served his sentence, without any stain on his character. Very likely. Some characters are of such a color that they never show the dirt."

#### Detroit Free Press Currency. Wherever three or four thieves are

banded together there may you find a 'rifle" team. . Only one more month in which to

hang over the gate and tell the story of their sad but lasting love.

"Thus far and no father"—as the child in the foundling hospital remarked when he was five years old.

A clergyman at Pittsfield, Conn., has declined to marry a couple because the groom couldn't repeat the Lord's If the Cuban war lasts ten or fifteen years longer people will begin to imagine that there's really some sort of trouble

A Wisconsin woman envies Queen Victoria's position so'ely because she could have as many as three new calico dresses per week if she was a queen.

The editor of the Providence Press wears a kid plaster on his bald head, and the flies have "Resolved, that some folks are born mean and can't help it."

Years and years after the Eric canal has been filled up and planted to corn some contractor will present a fraudu-lent claim—probably for furnishing the tassels to the corn.

Vermont is bragging of snow a foot deep in some of the mountains, but such talk should be stopped. It discourages paper collar makers and doesn't do the world at large any good. New York is shocked at the idea of

sixteen persons living, eating and sleep-ing in a room 12x14. We should think that some of the unfortunates would go and buy a brown stone mansion.

Mexico has a law which won't permit a man with a wooden leg to marry unless he informs the girl of the fact. And the girl always responds: "You are just as dear to me as if you had fifteen wooden

### Bridal Cooing at Niagara.

There is no place like Niagara for flirtations, "for men may come and women go, but they go on forever."
There are so many loving little brides here every week, who seem to take an especial delight in "spooning" before folks and making their marriage known.
The rush and rowr of the rapide decrease. The rush and roar of the rapids drowns money. The lady, who is the daughter the sound of the billing and cooing of of a wealthy Staten Islander, had secret-ly married a Spaniard, a worthless fel-low—her music teacher, I believe. By the advice of her parents, who refused to have anything to do with him, or with her willing ear, he feels very much like her as long as she lived with him, she bribed her husband to leave her and go to Europe, where he died a little while afterwards. During his absence the child was born, but the fact was kept as secret as the marriage of the mother, at every turn. It annoys me to over-and, outside of the immediate family, hear remarks not intended for my ears, was smoking my cigar, and

He-I'm going away to-morrow. So soon? He-Clara, I am (smack). Do you

ove me? She-Oh, you dreadfully wicked fellow. The crimp is all out of my hair, How could you?

And then the wicked fellow proceeds to show her just "how he could," and then he threatened to throw himself over the falls if she didn't promise to Brooklyn by-and-bye, and among presents will be some "curiosities from Niagara."

How She Cured His Jealousy. The Sacramento (Cal.) Bee tells a tory which may be serviceable in teaching an excellent plan for the curing of attacks of the green-eyed monster, as follows: There is a man in Sacramento who is so affectionately fond of his wife that he is jealous if a man looks within forty-five feet of the direction in which she may happen to be. The other day a gentleman spoke to her, and he threat ened suicide. His wife was dispatched for a bottle of poison, consisting of a little water colored with licorice, and labeled with a glaring poison label outside. When he threatened to take some of it, and actually poured it into a wine glass, she screamed for help, and ran out of the room into another room, where she could watch him through the keyhole, and saw him coolly open the window and throw it out. rushed back, apparently frantic with grief, and implored him not to do the rash deed. He merely pointed to the glass, and, lying down on the floor, began to kick out his legs like a jumping-jack. She told him she was determined to share his fate, and swallowed the rest of the licorice water, whereupon he became frightened, called the neighbors, confessed he only played off, and said if she only survived he would never trouble her again. Then she explained the ruse, and he was so mortified he tried to buy up the silence of the neighbors, but the story was too good to keep. He is now thoroughly cured.

# For His Mother.

A lady residing in Lansingburg, hailed a passing car, with her little son, the other morning, to see him safely on the horse car for a trip to Troy. He stepped on board, and scrambled for the front of the car. As he was going, his mother said: "Why, aren't you going to kiss your mother before you go?"

The little fellow was so delighted with the prospect of a ride, and in such a hurry, that he hastily rejoined, looking back excitedly: "Mr. Conductor, won't you kiss mother for me?" course the passengers couldn't keep from

# Too Much.

As a resident of Detroit had reached the sidewalk on his way down town his wife appeared at the gute and called: "Charles! Charles! I want money to buy a pair of shoestrings. "Haven't got it," he replied, as he

turned about. "But I must have two or three cents,"

she protested. Two or three cents!" he echoed as he started off; "do you think I'm going to the bank and fool around and sign a check for two or three cents?

have to wait till next week!"

# Items of Interest.

Two children in Cedar Rapids were nearly killed by chewing green card-

Deposits of silver of extraordinary richness at Rifle river, Mich., are re

ported.

An exchange defines a club to be an organization effected by men for the purpose of paying dues and securing the privilege of buying liquor at a particular

The city court of Louisville recently decided that newspaper men have a right to carry deadly weapons, if deemed necessary for self-defence while in the discharge of journalistic duties. Sugges-

The last we have heard from Ben Butler, says the Boston News, is his reply to a man who asked him what he was going to do in the coming campaign? 'I'm going to see if the d-

will let me alone. In Nevada the law imposing a tax of \$400 every three months on every gam-bling place has been sustained by a supreme court decision. The effect, it is anticipated, will be to close the small places and extend the business of the large ones.

"What is ratio?" asked a professor "What is ratio?" asked a professor of a student, who replied: "Ratio, sir; ratio is proportion." "And what is proportion?" "Proportion, sir: why, proportion is ratio." "And pray, sir, what are both together?" "Excuse me, sir, I can answer but one at a time."

Bees have become so numerous and aggressive in Brownesville, Texas, that energetic efforts have become necessary to rid the place of them. They took possession of stores where sugar and molasses were kept, stung everybody who tried to drive them away, and stayed until smoked out. A Pittsfield (Mass.) paper tells of a

directory canvasser who stuck his head into Senator Dawes' office, the other day, and asked: "What business is carried on here, sir?" The Senator looking up from his law book, replied: "Writing recommendations for office, and resumed his work.

In the Canary isles the vine ran out, and that was the end of Canary wine. Then they raised cochineal, and now the soil is exhausted for good qualities of that article. So they have tried tobac-co, and that will in future be their great crop, and they will apparently produce an article finer than ever before known. so remains to this day—the policeman alone, it is said, knowing her name.

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The lady is married again, and has several children. dren over a fence. Her clothing was almost all ripped from her and she was badly bruised, but the mayor and police force, as they descended from the lamp posts and telegraph poles, were loud in

praise of her courage. As a proof of the confidence of wild fowls, it may be well to note that a photographer at Alexandria bay, on the St. Lawrence river, this summer, photo-graphed a ruffled grouse on her nest, placing the instrument within a few feet of her. After her eggs had become hatched some workmen proceeded to build a summer kitchen near the nest, but took great care not to disturb her, and in course of time she became so tame that she declined to leave her

nest. The extent to which black silks are weighted in the process of dyeing is incredible. "A silk dyer" writes to the Scientific American, inclosing a skein of black silk, one-half of which, he says, is silk, the other half being chiefly iron added in the bath by chemical agents. These silks will not wear well : but as silk is sold at retail by measure, and not by the pound, unless adulteration adds to the length it is difficult to see who is the gainer by this fraud. How are we

to tell weighted silks? An amusing story is told of Governor Bagley, of Michigan, who is a good Sab-batarian. He was lately in Detroit on Sunday, and, passing a billiard hall with some friends, heard the balls clicking as if it were a week day. He politely inquired of the proprietor if he made a . practice of keeping his hall open on Sunday, and was astonished when the man replied : "No, governor, not as a general thing; but if you and your party wish to play a quiet game I guess can fix it for you.'

A. P. Rogers, of Anoka, Minn., writes to the Pioneer Press in regard to the history of William Morgan. He states that his father was a missionary in the wilderness of northern Maine from about 1830 onward, and visited all the settlements in that district; that one day he came upon a cabin in the woods inhabit ed by a solitary man; he subsequently often saw this man, whom he thought he knew, and whom he eventually recognized as Morgan. He had known Morgan earlier in life. Morgan finding himself recognized left the neighborhood

secretly. The schooner Wyoming, of Gloucester, Mass., on a trip to the banks was at tacked by a swordfish in the night. He struck the vessel with great force, and succeeded in putting his sword through one of her planks some two feet, and after making fearful struggles to extri-cate himself, broke his sword off, leaving it fast in the planking. It is fortu-nate that he did not succeed in drawing out his sword, as the aperture would un doubtedly have made a leak sufficient to sink the vessel. As it was she leaked badly, requiring very active pumping to keep her free from water.

# A Well-Deserved Correction.

Justice Shallow-"Mary Hopkins, I distinctly saw that youthful ruffian you are nursing look at my cherry trees this morning. I warn you that should I ever catch him picking one cherry I will give him three months' hard labor and four years in a reformatory!" Rev. Samuel Maudlin-"And we will flog him three times during that period, for I take thought for his soul!" 'Thank you very much for yer kind ness, gentlemen; leastways, I should say your worships; I really beg pardon—I made a mistake when I called you gentlemen!"—Fun,