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### A Lost Hour.

A golden hour on a summer morn, When half the world was still, The dew was fresh in the new mown hay, And the bridsl veil of the fair young day Hung o'er the purple hill.

The sheep bells tinkled across the slopes, Sweet as an olfin chime ; Butterilles flitted athwart the down, Bees went murmuring, busy and brown,

Over the fragrant thyme A languid calm and a dull contest, Silence instead of speech : The wind sighed low, and the lark sang high. But the golden hour of our lives went by,

And drifted out of reach. We both went back to an eager life; But in its pause to-day The dream of that golden hour returns, And my jaded spirit frets and yearns

For one chance swept away. The years cresp on, the heart grows tired Even of hopes fulfilled, And turns away from the world's strong wine With fevered lips, that must ever pine

For that pure draught we spilled. And yet, perchance, when our long day wanes (Age hath its joys late born), We shall meet again on the green hill side, And find, in the solemn eventide,

The hour we lost at morn.

## REFUSED AND REFUSING.

Church was "coming out." The congregation filed out solemnly, and once without the door, lapsed into sociability and began to shake hands and make friendly inquiries in regard to each other's health and the absence of cer-

tain members of the flock. One person only did not pause. That was a girl, a rosy cheeked lass of seventeen, who reemed for some reason flushed and agitated. She hurried on until half-way down a sweet green lane, where she seated herself under a great elm tree and listened to the murmuring voices in the distance with something

very like a tear in her eye.
"He'll surely come," she said to herself. "Surely he'll never go away without saying good bye, though he has been so taken up with Mattie Burt of late. He must pass this way going home, and I know he'll stop and speak." Then she listened again, as though, through the still October air, she could distinguish Evan Ware's voice amidst

He stood, a fine, handsome young fellow of twenty, not yet too manly to blush, receiving parting wishes and in-junctions from old ladies and gentlemen. and hearty grips of the hand from the boys, and smiles from the girls, for everybody liked Evan Ware.

Then came the final good-byes, and one or two motherly kisses, for Evan was to start at dawn; and away the boy down the green Lizzie Gale sat, but along another path, down which tripped a figure in bright silk, with a coquettish lace bonnet and parasol, taking its way towards a rustic bridge that spanned a little rivulet. He overtook her just as the little feet rested on the bridge, and, quite out of breath, called her by name.

'Miss Burt, please stop a minute." She paused then, and leaned over the railing of the bridge, dipping the point of her parasol into the water. "I sail for China to-morrow,"

"Yes-you told me so. I hope you'll

"I don't expect to like it. I like home better than all the world." "Dear me! What makes you go, then?"

"You know why—at least you might know. I'm an orphan. I have no money—no prospects. My old sailor uncle thinks there is an opening for me in China—a chance to make my fortune. It is very kind of him to do what he is doing, and no one can tell how anxious I am to be rich."

"Everybody seems to be." "Yes : not for the same reason." "Why, what is your reason?"

her head. "Yes; now it's out. I don't know and great, perhaps; and without that

"You meant that for an offer of your hand and heart, I suppose?" she said.
"If so, I'll tell you what: I consider it, coming from you to me, a piece of

So, with her gay silk sweeping, and her parasol fluttering, the rich farmer's then, finding no denial, had kissed her heiress sailed away, leaving her boy lover the picture of despair and morti-

So absorbed was he in his own insulted affections that he did not even notice a plainly dressed little figure that stole people talking by devoting himself too over the bridge ten minutes after, until some one said : "Evan."

Then he turned. It was Lizzie Gale, in her neat straw bonnet, and with her prayer book and pocket handkerchief in her hand. "You are going away to-morrow!

Good-bye !' He took her offered hand.

'Good-bye, Lizzie. "I hope you'll have a pleasant voy-Thank you; but everything goes

wrong with me. I don't suppose you'll ever see me back again. They shook hands again. He made no attempt to detain her, and she walked away slowly and quietly, and never wiped off the little tear that would trickle down her cheeks until she was sure given

that Evan on the bridge could not see The next day Evan Ware had left Farmingdale for years, if not for ever. He went mortified and unhappy; but, strange to say, as much in love as ever. He was very young and very modest, you had asked me the question a sec- sufferer was cured.

took upon itself after a day or two the

form of plain speaking.

"Of course it was a piece of impertinence, and, of course, she couldn't am.' think of me," he said. "I was crazy to think of it. But some day—some day I will be rich, and have a name of some kind."

Fortune making is very slow. Evan was prosperous, but at first only moderately so; and months rolled by, and years, and he grew to be a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a great brown beard, before he was half rich enough to go heek to Famingdale.

go back to Farmingdale.

The time came at last, however. He knew his success had become known in his native place; he knew also that Miss Burt had married and was a widow; and when he left China it was with the full intention of establishing himself as a merchant in London, and marrying Mattie, if she were to be won. Such an image as he carried with him, and over the ocean, of guileless beauty and loveliness no artist's pencil ever painted, and he took it with him to Farming-

There it vanished.

Before he had been in the place three days he had seen Mattie, now Mrs. Fay, and talked with her. She was pretty still, but years had brought her character into her face, and she was decidedly coarse. He saw now that she was ignorant and vulgar, and that only his own youthful ignorance had caused him to overlook the fact in those old times when he had fancied her perfection, and the dream of so many years was over.

Now that Evan Ware had returned

rich and prosperous, he might have con-soled himself with the affections of any marriageable female in Farmingdale, He was the lion of the place—courted, flattered, and smiled uvon by budding misses, spinsters and widows. Every one but Lizzie Gale smiled upon him. She, mindful through all these long years of the cold parting on the bridge, vouchsafed him only the chilliest recogtion; and the fact annoyed him. She had grown to be a fine looking woman; and he remembered what a kind, pleasmotive for the manner she adopted was her fear lest Evan should think she had peen pining for him.

The widow Fay felt no such scruples. Old Mr Burt, before he died, had specu-lated in some bubble and ruined himself; and instead of being the great heiress all her little world had expected her to be, Mattie found it hard work to live and dress herself in the finery she loved, on her small income. A rich hus band was her object, and Evan Ware

Therefore, from that moment, Evan became the victim of sundry machinations, which were supposed to be of fatal effect, and was dressed at and smiled at in a manner which made the lake, and it was called Bloody pond. fact that "Mattie Fay was trying to catch Evan Ware" patent to all Farmingdale.

By this time, however, the said Evan Ware was absolutely in love with Lizzie Gale. She, at least, did not court his money, and that was something to so rich a man.

He forced himself upon her little by little, till he made his way.
It was spring; a lovely May, fresh and beautiful as May could be, and, according to custom, a grand pienic was on the tapis. At that picnic Evan Ware had resolved to try his fate for the second and last time; for should Lizzie Gale refuse him, he would never offer his hand to another woman. And, ignorant of this, at that same pienic, Mattie Fay had resolved to bring her old admirer to

"It's only pique, I know, that keeps The answer came with a sort of gasp one word—"You." him from speaking," she said, as she looked at herself in the glass; "and I'll go all lengths to cure that."

The day appointed arrived. Evan Ware maneuvered with success, and whether you care for me or not. Some- found himself at the outset just where times you seem to and sometimes you he wished to be—in a little vehicle only don't. But I—like you—better than capable of holding two, with Lizzie anybody in the world—so much that if Gale by his side. The ride was a long you say I may hope a little bit to make one, and there were plenty of chances you like me as much, I shall have an ob- for tender speeches and soft glances ject to work for to make myself rich- Lizzie was yielding slowly, and when in the quietest part of the road, after all I shan't have any. There-it's the other vehicles had passed them, out. I've tried to say it a dozen times Evan paused entirely, and, looking before, and I couldn't go away not know- down into her eyes, said: "Lizzie, it remains with you to decide my fateyou can send me back to China or keep me here," her eyes dropped, and she made no pretense of misunderstanding

> The next moment he had said : "Will you be my wife, Lizzie?" and had taken her hand and pressed it to his lips; and

> out and out. It was a quiet sort of thing, but they were quiet people, both of them. So quiet that by the time they alighted entirely to her just yet; and Evan had promised. Consequently Mistress Mat-tie, arrayed in pink for the occasion, and looking certainly very young and pretty, found the rich merchant at her mercy, and took possession of him. She walked him around a romantic

> pond and down into a charming green meadow, and talked of "the days that were past" in a very sentimental man-

> ner. "We are so foolish when we are young, Mr. Ware." "Indeed we are."

"And so repent our folly-I do, I know. I'm sure I don't know how to approach the subject; but you remem-ber how rude I was on the bridge—how ridiculous. You never can have for-

"Indeed I have, Mrs. Fay."

"Entirely?" he replied. "You know it wasn't from the heart. Girls are so singular. The moment you Girls are so singular. The moment you had gone I wanted to call after you. If ticular ailment, but all the rest, and the

and Mattie Burt's uncalled for insult ond time, I should have answered differently,"

"Men are generally too proud to repeat such questions," said Evan. "I

But the lady was not to be baffled.

"In matters of the heart pride should have no place," she whispered. "For my part, I'm ready to throw mine aside

nd say"— But Evan Ware was thoroughly fright ened. "Don't say anything either of us might regret," he said, "because I, this very morning, put that question to another lady, and was answered favora-

bly."
Mattie stared at him; she could not believe her senses. But a sense of shame and anger gradually broke upon her, and putting her kerchief to her eyes she sobbed out: "You're a heartless flirt, sir!" and flounced away. Evan Ware sat down upon a bank and

"Life is a queer thing," he said to himself. "What should I have said to any one who had told me, ten years ago, that I should come back to Farmingdale to refuse Mattie Burt ?"

It was a good hour before he rejoined the company, and then Mattie Fay had taken herself home on a plea of illness. Before many weeks were over, not only Mattie but all Farmingdale knew whom Evan had chosen, and it is a pitiable truth that sweet tempered Lizzie has one enemy on earth, and that indi-vidual resides at Farmingdale and is named Mattie Fay.

#### Burning their Fleet.

The theater of one of the most interesting of the romances of the Hudson river is presented in Lofty Bear mountain in front, Lake Sinnipink, or Bloody pond, on a broad terrace at its base, and Poplopens creek flowing into the river on the western shore between high rocky banks. Upon these banks lay Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the former on the south side of the creek and the latter on the north side.

These forts were built by the Americans for the defense of the lower enant girl she used to be, and longed to cans for the defense of the lower enknow more of her. He longed in vain. trance to the Highlands against fleets of She repulsed his attentions, and kept the enemy that might ascend the river, trance to the Highlands against fleets of She repulsed his attentions, and kept him at a distance. Yet all the while she for it was known from the beginning secretly admired him, and her greatest that it was a capital plan of the British aged over 380 years since the discovery of America has been about \$1,882,000 of the Hudson, and so separate New England from the other colonies. In addition to these forts, a boom and chain were stretched across the river from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose to

obstruct the navigation.
Clinton swert around the Donder
Berg with a part of his army, and fell upon Forts Clinton and Montgomery. This was on the seventh of October, 1777. The brothers Generals George had been so desperately in love with her that it was hardly likely that he could manded the little garrisons. They were (Governor) and James Clinton commanded the little garrisons. They were brave and vigilant. It was not an easy must go on. All the evidence had been be quite indifferent now.

"I'm sure I'm handsome enough yet," thought Mattie, as she looked in the glass; "and if he is resentful about the glass is a substitution to the glass is a substitution to the glass is a substitution the glass is a way I answered him, I'll manage ties. They had divided, one party, acgive you the points of the evidence in that somehow. It's too good a chance companied by the baronet, making their two minutes, and you can sum up just to lose." Sinnipink and the river. There they encountered abatis covering a detach- him that the trouble was about a trade ment of Americans. A severe fight on of a dog for a jackass, and pretended to sued. The dead were thrown into the give him the particulars. The audience

Both divisions now pressed toward the forts, closely invested them, and when it begun. Dougall glowingly dewere supported by a heavy cannonade scribed the qualities of the dog, told affrom the British flotilla. The battle the forts, closely invested them, and raged until twilight. Overwhelming numbers of the assailants caused the Americans to abandon their works under his heated brow, and said, solemnly ; over of darkness and flee to the mouncover of darkness and flee to the mountains. Before leaving they set fire to the jackass." "Eh?" said the justwo frigates, two armed galleys, and a tice. "Now," the orator repeated, two frigates, two armed galleys, and a sloop, which had been placed above the with boom.

That conflagration was magnificent. The sails of the vessels were all set, and they soon became splendid pyramids of flame. Over the bosom of the river was spread a broad sheet of ruddy light for great distance, and the surrounding mountains were brilliantly illuminated by the fire, which gave aid to the fugitives among the dreary hills. These features of the event, with the booming of the loaded cannon on the burning vessels when the fire reached them, answered by echoes from a hundred hills, produced a scene of awful grandeur never witnessed before nor since on the borders of the Hudson. was a wild and fearful romance, that ended in the breaking of the boom and chain, and the passage up the river of a British squadron with marauding troops. These laid in ashes many a fair mansion belonging to republicans as far north as Livingston's manor, on the lower verge of Columbia county.

# His Own Doctor.

A man of high intelligence, well educated, and of vigorous understanding in most things, was nevertheless given to the practice of self-tormenting in regard to the state of his health. He was fairly robust, ate and drank well, slept easily, walked with remarkable energy, was capable of service and long sustained mental labor and of much physical exertion. Unluckily for himself, he began to study domestic medicine, and straightway a too active imagination led him to simulate in his own case the symptoms of almost every disease he had happened to read of. He was paralytic, apoplectic, rheumatic; he had heart disease, his lungs were affected, his liver was congested; gout threatened him; his vision became enfeebled; obscure sensations alarmed him as to the state of his brain; fevers of one kind or another were perpetually hatching in his system. The man's life became a burden and a misery to him; he half-kille l himself with terror, and nearly succeeded in getting poisoned by a succession of varied and opposing remedies. At last he was cured. Reading

tinctly marked in his own case.

the great nuisance of being overstocked with tramps. In their annual report, just submitted, the almshouse commissioners of Newburgh say: "While they did not suppose themselves able to sugsymptoms of a condition from which it gest a plan entirely free from objection is physiologically impossible that men should recover, he found to his horror to deal with the evil, yet they were convinced that relief associated with labor was the surest plan to break it up. After that each particular symptom was distesting the matter the commissioners went over the ground again and again; each renewed examination only served are glad to be able to report that their labor plans have been entirely successto bring out the symptoms with more proof of which they would state alarming distinctness. Then the affair became too ludicrous; a hearty fit of

## The Silver Products.

The following table, based upon actual returns from Germany, Austria, France, Great Britain, Spain and the United States, and upon estimates founded on the most available accounts from other countries, recently prepared by Professor R. W. Raymond, of New York, will show the world's product of silver for 1873, and enable us to form an intelligent judgment on the subject:

Great Britain and colonies ..... \$1,000,000 250,000 500,000 1,600,000 Sweden and Norway..... Russia. Austro-Hungarian monarchy..... German empire..... France..... Italy .... 20,000,000 

.\$76,250,000 According to Humboldt and Danson, the value of silver produced in Mexico and Peru from 1492 to 1803 was \$4,152,-650,000. The production in Europe during the same period was about \$200,-000,000. From the period from 1804 to 1848 Danson gives \$1,244,380,794 as the production of Mexico and South America; that of Europe and Asiatic Russia for the same period having been about \$325,000,000. For the period from 1848 to 1862, Professor W. P. Blake, in his "Report on the Production of the Prenate of the silver product: United States, \$73,000,000; Mexico, \$380,000,000; South America, \$200,000,000; Australia, \$20,000; Europe and Asiatic Russia, \$160,380,000; total, \$813,400,000. From 1868 to 1875 the product of silver may be approximately estimated at \$163,000,000 for the United States, \$140,000,000 for Mexico, \$56,000,000 for South America, and \$63,000,000 for the rest of the world. None of these estimates include the produce of Japan, Chipa and Central Asia, of which nothing is known. We have, then, as the grand total of the silver product from the discovery of America to the present time, 87,150,000,000. The average production of silver at the present time is about \$90,000,000 per annum, and of gold about \$185,000,000 per annum. per annum.

The ownership of a dog was the subject of litigation in Clarksville, Ky., and there was a large attendance of interested countrymen at the trial. Great things were expected of the opposing lawyers, Hurd and Dougall, who had been hired at great cost to come from Louisville. Hurd was prompt, but Dougall was deway toward evening between Lake as well as though you had been here Sinnipink and the river. There they from the start." Thereupon Hurd told was impatient during the whispering, and was deeply attentive to the oratory wrought his hearers up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Then he paused, wiped with impressive emphasis, "we come to the jackass." "You are the first jackass I've heard of in this case," said the justice, and an outburst of laughter informed Dougall how badly he had been sold. On the way to Louisville he said to Hurd: "I will make an earnest effort not to kill you, if you will promise never to mention this case;" but Hurd said he would risk his life rather than

# Real Estate in England.

The Doomsday-Book, just published in London, gives the name of every man in England who possesses an acre of her soil, covering every grade of proprietor ship, from the mighty Duke of Northumberland, who possesses in a single county 181,000 acres, yielding, on an average, five dollars per acre, or the Duke of Devonshire, with 83,000 acres in Derbyshire alone, down to the owner of an acre villa lot. There are eight or nine boroughs in which the landlord is qua landlord absolute over a majority of electors, but no division of a county is in that position, the nearest approach to it being the case of the Duke of Northumberland, whose colossal property, besides being greater than that of any single man, is almost concentrated in the county which bears his name-a visible aggregation of power which accidentally or consciously has in most families been avoided. But it is still painfully evident that in most counties few families are so largely endowed that they could veto any selection for Parliament, and so long as their tenants obey them, agree in ordinary if not extraordinary times on any member. In Northumberland, to take a single instance, twenty-six gentlemen could prohibit anything like absolute free election. They own half the 1,226,000 acres in the county.

The Tramp Question. Orange county, N. Y., adopted the work system "last year to rid itself of

## THE FIRST BULL RUN.

Why the Federal Troops were not Followed Up by the Confederates---Letter from Gen. Beauregard.

Gen. Beauregard has written the folowing letter, which will be read with nterest: I avail myself of the first opportune moment to answer your letter inquiring of me, as in command at the time, why the pursuit of the Federals immediately after their rout at the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, was suddenly checked and the Confederate troops recalled toward Manassas. I will first state that, though with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's consent, I exercised the com-mand during the battle, at its close, after I had ordered all the troops on the field in pursuit, I went personally to the Lewis House and relinquished that command to him. I then started at a gallop to take immediate charge of the pursuit on the Centreville turnpike, but was soon overtaken by a courier from Manassas, with a note addressed to me by Col. T. G. Rhett, of Gen. Johnston's staff, who had been left there in the morning to forward that general's troops as they might arrive by rail from Win-chester. Col. Rhett thereby informed me that a strong body of Federal troops had crossed the Bull Run at Union Mills ford, on our right, and was ad-vaucing on Manassas, our depot of sup-plies, which had been necessarily left very weakly guarded. I hurried back to the Lewis House to communicate this important dispatch to Gen. John-ston, and both of us believing the information to be authentic, I undertook to repair to the threatened quarter with Ewell's and Holmes' brigades, at that moment near the Lewis House, where they had just arrived, too late to take part in the action. With these troops I engaged to attack the enemy vigorously before he could effect a lodgment on our ide of Bull Run, but asked to be reinforced as soon as practicable by such roops as might be spared from the Cenreville pursuit.

Having reached the near vicinity of Union Mills ford without meeting any enemy, I ascertained to my surprise that

sas, I returned and found them at my father first wrote to him. "I will never This will explain to you why the partial "retrogade movement" to which tial "retrogade movement" to which to her bedside and asked if there was you refer was made, and why no sustain- to her bedside and asked if there was ed vigorous parsuit of McDowell's army anything he could do for her. "Yes, yes," was made that evening. Any pursuit of she cried, "there is one thing—you can ying point at and around the Long I have on earth that is not gratified. led to no possible military advantage, been possible, for, even if there had been no such works, the bridge—a mile send for him. He could, but he in length—was commanded by Federal wouldn't. He did not want to. lery or the destruction of a small part of the bridge could have made its passage

impracticable. about Edwards' ferry, and march upon caused a reconnoisance of the country and shore (south of the Potomac) in that quarter to be made in the month of for my forces, notwithstanding my application for it during more than a month beforehand, nor was there twen-ty-four hours' food at Manassas for the troops brought together for that battle.

# Overskirts for Ladies.

Overskints abound, says the Bazar, and instead of being diminished, they almost conceal the lower skirt, and in many cases are longer and wider than the close plain skirt worn under them, and of which only a part of the flounce on each side is shown. The front and and are often cut bias, or else are arranged in diagonal shape; indeed, ometimes the whole overskirt appears to be cut bias. The back is slightly bouffant, and has set drapery almost to the end. This is sometimes arranged on long tapes, with several fastenings on each tape, as described last week; in other dresses of rich material there is one long careless looking and soft puff sewed in shape down the back nearl to the end, and made graceful by being cut bias. Facings, knife plaitings, and fringe trim the overskirts of silk or wool dresses; lace is much used on grenadines and net over dresses.

New polonaises are the long plain habit garments we have already described, and, like the new overskirts, almost conceal the dress skirt beneath

# All are Dead.

The Idaho World tells a story that seems almost incredible. One evening two years ago a party of ten of the prominent citizens of Idaho gave a remurdered and his body concealed among that last year at this time it was no un-common thing to have as many as a wagon and received fatal injuries about twenty-five a day, while at the present time we seldom have more than one or time we seldom have more than one or

# THE MOTHER AND HER BOY.

An Incident Told by Rev. Mr. Moody, the

In England I was told about an only son—these only sons are hard to bring up properly; they have every whim and caprice gratified; they have grown up headstrong, self-willed, and obstinate, and make it miserable for any one to have anything to do with them. Well, this son had a father something like himself in disposition. And one day a quarrel arose between them, and at last, is the son would not give in and own he was wrong, the father in a fit of anger said that he wished his son would leave his house and never come back again. 'Well," rejoined the boy (as angry as his father), "I will leave, and I never his father), "I will leave, and I never will enter your house again until you ask me." "Well, then, you won't come back in a hurry," replied his father. The boy then left. The father then gave up the boy, but the mother did not. Perhaps these men here won't understand that, but you women do. A great many things will separate a man from his wife, a father from his son, but nothing in the wide, wide world will ever separate a mother from her child. A jury can bring in a verdict against her son; the hisses may go up against him he is condemned to be hanged; there is not a friendly paper to write an article in his favor. But if his mother be there, the boy has at least one eye to rest upon him, one heart to beat in sympathy with him. He is taken to the cold, damp cell and left to his fate. All forsake him but his mother. She comes there; she puts her arms around his neck; she kisses him; she would spend all the time with him if the officers would allow it. She cannot save him. The day be fore his execution she see him for the last time; she has not the courage to see him in the shadow of the gallows. The supreme moment at length arrives; he is led forth, and in a few minutes he dangles a corpse. Does the mother then forget him? No; even now she goes to his grave, strews flowers upon it, and waters them with her tears. A mother's love is next to God's love. Death is stronger than everything else; alarm growing out of some movements of our own troops (a part of Gen. D. R. Jones' brigade), who had been thrown across the run in the norning, pursuant to my offensive plan of operations for the day, and upon their return now to the south bank of the run were mistaken, through their similarity of uniform, for the Federals. I returned to intercept the march of the two brigades who were following me toward Union.

Jest but with the exception of one thing—
a mother's love. Death and decay may week a city, buildings may cease to exist, everything yields before him but another's love. To refer to the illustration again: When the father had given the boy up, he thought he would never ceme back, the mother was taken tration again: When the father had given the boy up, he thought he would never ceme back, the mother was taken tration again: She had been trying by every means in her power to effect a reconciliation between the father and decay may wheat annually per individual. The number to be fed is about 33,000,000.

The peode of Great Britain consume on an average five and a half bushels of wheat annually per individual. The exception of one thing—

I mother's love. To refer to the illustration again: When the father had given the boy up, he thought he would never ceme back, the mother was taken tration again: She had been trying by every means in her power to effect a reconciliation between the father and leaves a content of the provided and the p who were following me toward Union will and as it was quite dark when I son. When she found she could not rethis singular fresk of nature, can't but Mills, and as it was quite dark when I met them, and they were greatly jaded by their long march and countermarch lowed her efforts with all the power of

the reported hostile passage was a false Death is stronger than everything else alarm growing out of some movements yes, but with the exception of one thing during that hot July day, I directed them to halt and bivounc where they were. Hearing that President Davis and Gen. Johnston had gone to Manasthe Federals next day, toward their ral- send for my boy. That is the only wish Bridge over the Potomac, could have you do not care for him while I am alive, who will care for him when I am gone protected as that position was by a sys- I cannot bear to die and leave my child em of field works. No movement upon among strangers. Just let me see him Washington by that route could have and speak to him and I will die in The ships of war, and a few pieces of artil- mother has but a few hours now to live. She again beseeches her husband that he will send for their son. The father said he would send a dispatch to him. Our only proper operation was to pass | but in her name. "No, no; that would the Potomac above into Maryland, at or not do." Well, he can stand it no longer, and he signs his own at the foot o the rear of Washington. With the hope of undertaking such a movement, I had moment the boy received it he took the ed them leose, one at a time, and went first train home. The father was standing by the side of the bed when the son arrived. But when he saw the door open June, but the necessary transportation, be turned his back upon him and walked ficial character, a preparation consisting even for the ammunition essential to away. The mother grasped the hand of of two parts of collodion and one of such a movement, had not been provided her boy and pressed it again and again, olive oil has been found to be very effiand kissed him fervently. "Oh! just cacious. When the burn is of an extenspeak to your father, won't you? Just sive character, gasoline proves of despeak the first word." "No, mother, I will not speak to him until he speaks to line is that it is of the right conand she was rapidly sinking. She told her husband she was dying. She now took his hand in one of hers, and held the hand of her boy in the other, and conciliation. But neither would speak. With her last strength she then placed the hand of the son into the hand of the father and sunk down into the arms of sides cling as closely as they now do, at the wife and then at the boy; he caught his eye; they fell upon each other's neck, and there stood weeping by the bed of the departed. That is the illustration I have given, but it is not a fair illustration in this respect: God is fills up a man's time much more comnot angry with us. With that exceppletely, and leaves him less his own mastion it is a good illustration of reconciliation. Christ brought the hand of the Father clear down to this world; He put the hand of the sinner into the hand of His Father and died that they might be reconciled. You have nothing to do then to bring about a reconciliation.

## ready to save us. A Mystery Solved.

God is already reconciled to us and is

John Reeves, an oysterman, of Bordentown, N. J., disappeared, and some days after a man who supplied him with oysters called at his saloon, and not finding him inquired the cause. Some neighbors informed him that he had gone hunting and had not returned. The oyster dealer said : "I don't believe that; I think Reeves is in his ception at Boise City. Now not one is saloon dead." He made known his living, all having met with violent suspicions to the authorities, and on deaths. One was killed by an insane bursting open the doors Reeves body man, another preferred laudanum to was found in the cellar, he having died political disgrace, another blew his in an apoplectic fit. A coroner's jury brains out with a pistol ball, one was was summoned to view the body. While looking at the corpse, William Garwood, the rocks, one fell down a mine shaft one of the jurymen, fell in a fit, and, six hundred feet and was dashed to after being taken home, died in a few one of the jurymen, fell in a fit, and, pieces, another was assassinated while hours. A post-mortem examination was that we have no such thing as a distinct walking along the street, one fell out of made of his body, and the doctors dea wagon and received fatal injuries about clared that his death resulted from the the head, one was killed in Washington inhalation of poisonous atmosphere that generated in the cellar from the dead body of Reeves

# Items of Interest.

A man can make himself as miserable as he needs to be by attempting to correct all the evils in the world.

It has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears the most fruit for market is the axle-tree. According to the latest definition, a

pachelor is a man who has lost the op portunity of making a woman miserable. Many persons have brought on serious sickness by holding on to the knob of the front door while standing in a draft, and speaking "last words" to friends

"What is a conscience?" asked a schoolmaster of his class. "An inward monitor," replied a bright little fellow. "And what's a monitor?" "One of

the ironelads. A man that will swear at the pig that neglected to eat the acorns that grew the tree from which came the refractory piece of oak he is vainly trying to split, may be said to have gotten down to the

root of the thing. Let every man do his duty, this centennial spring, beginning by clearing up all such rubbish about his yard as old boards, tin cans, broken bottles, hoop skirts, superannuated bustles, dead

limbs, and caved-in barrels. An American in London has found that waste beer and the rinsings of beer glasses are sopped or swabbed up with rags, which are then squeezed and made to yield a cheap drink to be sold

the next day to unsuspecting Britons. A young lady dressed in much false hair was warbling at the piano, and when her mother summoned her to assist in some hou shold duties, her rosy lips opened poutingly and she snapped out, "Oh, do it yourself!" And then she went on singing: "Kind words can never

A few years ago you could sit up and talk philosophy with a girl all night; but now if you stay after one or two o'clock in the morning the old people begin to pound on the floor up stairs for you to go. We don't mind it ourselves, but we can't help feeling for the

The people of Great Britain consume

A Mexican girl has just been discover-ed with three well-developed arms. Any well regulated husband, contemplating reflect how convenient the third hand would be to hold him in position by the hair while the other two warmed his jacket with a broomstick.

The Franklin (Ky.) Patriot says: We notice seventy-five cents shirts advertised in our city exchanges. ting into such a cheap rag as that. No -rather let us continue to deceive an unsuspecting public with a paper collar skillfully pinned to the crater of a closebuttoned vest.

Said a little boy to his mother the other morning: "Ma, I had the beautifulest dream last night you ever saw. I dreamt that I wouldn't go to school and that you went out into the yard and cut a great long switch, but just as you was going to give me an awful dressin' the world came to an end! Didn't I get out of it easy, though ?"

A Santa Cruz county man's house was recently robbed by three tramps, who took a quantity of clothing. He followed them several miles into the mountains, overtook them, and started them back. Becoming tired of watching them, he tied them to trees, gave home rejoicing.

In the treatment of burns in the charity hospital, New York, when of a super-The excitement was too much sistence, and does not become rancid.

About 20,000,000 tons of coal are mined yearly in Pennsylvania. In the mines, unwrought, it is worth fifty cents a ton, or \$10,000,000; mined sought and strove to bring about a re- brought to the surface, it is worth \$1.50 a ton, or \$30,000,000; ground, broken, and placed on the cars, it is worth \$2.50 a ton, or \$50,000,000; delivered at the boundaries of the State or on shipboard, death, and was borne by the angels into the kingdom of God. The father looked \$110,000,000, which is the sum annually paid to Pennsylvania for coal.

### Thoughts for Saturday Night. Too much idleness, I have observed, pletely, and leaves him less his own mas-

ter, than any sort of employment whatsoever. That acknowledgment of weakness which we make in imploring to be relieved from hunger, and from temptation, is surely wisely put in our daily prayer. Think of it, you who are rich, and take

heed how you turn a beggar away. Prejudices, it is well known, are the most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been roosened or fertilized by education; tney grow

there as firm as weeds among rocks. There is no weariness like that which rises from doubting, from the perpetual jogging of unfixed reason. The torment of suspense is very great; and as soon as the wavering, perplexed mind begins to determine, be the determination which way soever, it will find itself

at ease. He who can wait for what he desires takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it. He, on the contrary, who labors after a thing too impatiently, thinks the success, when it comes, is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been about it.

It is the most beautiful truth in morals their welfare is ours; and, by choosing the broadest paths to effect their hap-piness, we choose the surest and the shortest to our own.