#### VOL. VI.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1876.

### NO. 8.

# How Could I?

He carried my sachel to school. And me through the drifts carried, too Could I think why he hugged me so closely

If I couldn't, how could I?-could you? At eye he tied under my chin My bood, with its ril bons so blue;

Why he gazed in my face could I tell? If I couldn't, how could I?-could you? He told me my eyes were quite black. And the brightest of any he knew

I blushed and looked down-could I help If I couldn't, how could I?-could you? He left on my cheek a warm kiss,

Then off with the lightning speed flew ; If I could I'd have scolded him soundly; If I couldn't, how could I?-could you? 'Twas long years ago, and since then

He has spoken words loving and true: And now I lean close, as his wife, Po his breast. Can I help it?-could you?

#### MY CHOICE.

"You see, Mrs. Chappell, when an clderly woman's memory goes into the dreamland of her courtship and honeymoon she does not like the jolting jour-ney back to common life. So when you ney back to common life. So when you left me thinking of Oliver Marbury as he appeared in his short waisted, tight fitting, claret colored coat, his white satin stock and waistcoat, pale stone colored trousers, and patent leather boots, and myself in my pretty white satin drawn bonnet and blonde fall, my white bookmuslin dress and satin sash, my small white Paisley-bordered Norwich shawl and sandaled slippers, I was so full of that happy marriage morn in our old church at S., and the dinner afterwards, when my father astonished Amos and Leah by giving me the thou-sand pounds, that I did not care to misso sune.

"Bidly! It was an unfortunate day

when David Beechallowed himself to be taken over, and let his pet daughter be-come Mary Marbury. Better ten thousand times have remained Mary Beech

to the end of my days!"
"Yet as I went with Oliver inside the hired chaise to the new home I had not yet seen, and his arm held me close to him all the way, and he stopped now and then to whisper, 'My wife,' and tell me how much he loved me, and how happy we should be, I thought that one word 'wife' comprehended all that was constation and sublime, and the vista of dazed, stunned creature, who had not the future held not a cloud.

'At first he drove me about here and there, and one or two of his father's very old friends called upon me but his own acquaintances were most1 men iu Newmarket coats like his own, who talked slang, smoked incessantly, stared who walked in and out of the house, ordered the servants, drank beer and brandy, went and stayed with a freedom very foreign to my notions, and altogether upset my theories of the privacy of domestic life.

"There was one, a Captain Thornton, I especially disliked, and I told Oliver so. 'He will ruin you if you continue to associate with him,' I said.

"Oliver laughed, patted my cheek, and replied, knowingly: 'My dear, he might if I were not too deep for him. I mean to make a fortune out of the cap-

tain before long. "I had heard from my father that Oliver's property was not large, and, little as I knew of such matters, I could tell my £1,000 would not go far to support such a mode of life. But he only langhed when I said captains and country squires were not associates for him. 'Never you mind, Mary; I know what I'm about.' And then he grew angry when I spoke on the subject, so I de-

"Frequently he was away for a week or two together, and then the whole tribe went with him-not that at other times we always had the house full; but it was seldom quite empty. We rarely had a quiet evening to ourselves. He w.s away when my baby was born, and word or si I was partly glad or it for the house was existence.

"Oliver had insisted upon a christening feast, and gave his orders as if Potosi had been at his command. "Hang the cost! What do I care!" was his reply to my wish to keep ex-

penditure within bounds. "Of course there were friends of his own invited, and of course there was heavy drinking; and whilst father, Leah, Mrs. Matthews and I sat together in the drawing-room, listening to the March winds blustering without, a noise

of voices in loud contention came from the dining-room across the hall. 'Cheat!' 'Sharper!' 'Vagabond!' were among the epithets Launcelot and myself. which smote our ears. Then there was a scuffle. We met the servants in the hall also hurrying to ascertain what was the matter, and as we opened the dining-

in, and helped to separate them-drawing his master away toward the door.
"The faces of both men worked with "The faces of both men worked with passion; Oliver shook himself free, to give him. Half drunk, he brought a snatched a decanter from the dining table, and hurled it across at his antagonist with full force. Instinctively the captain put up his arm to guard his face. The decanter smashed upon his

hand, gashing it frightfully. "I believe there was a cry for a doc-tor, but not for me, though I had faint-ed and been carried back to the drawing-

room sofa insensible. "Captain Thornton's life was in peril at his unnatural father. from the hemorrhage. His wrist was bound tightly before a surgeon came to in danger of lockjaw. When he did re-cover the muscles of his right hand were so contracted that he could no fire a gun; and he vowed vengeance against the man who had made life a

nothing.
"My father beckoned me into the li-

want thy £1,000."

"Never shall I forget his look of consternation as I told him I had given the money overto Oliver before we left home on our wedding day.

on our wedding day.

"'Then, ten to one, it's thy money he's squandering!' he cried, in as much of a temper as I ever saw him; but he softened at my tears, and added: 'It's my fault, Mary; I ought to have tied it down on nee. Never mind, lass, if th' worst comes to the worst, there's a home for the and thy little Launcelot whilst be a to if a cover me.'

"I was powerless to resist, and he stayed. Goaded by the thought that whilst he had been in captivity we had prospered he tortured me in every way." I've a roof to cover me.'
"Tre end did not come quite so soon

as fether predicted, but it came quite soon enough. Bills came pouring in as soon as the rupture between Oliver and them wait, 'as best I could, to importunte duns—I who had never known what debtor and creditor meant beyond a 'bill of parcels' at school. Then "One night—shall I ever forget it credit was stopped, and Oliver swore over every sovereign he gave to me. Sometimes, after a brief absence, he came back with rolls of notes, but he would disappear again, and they would disappear too. And as his embarrass-ments increased he drank still more heavily and his temper grew so irritable no one knew how to deal with him.

"In ore little Launcelot, whose winning ways beguiled many a dreary hour, and in we books in our cozy library,

snut out the picture, and took myself off instead."

"Then did your marriage turn out so badly?" questioned Mrs. Cheppell, with one eye on the shop door the while.

"Budly! It was an unfortunated in the same of the work of the same of house, cook, and nurse my baby into the bargain; and woe betide me if broil or roast or ragout were not to my hus-

band's liking.
"He rode off one morning with a valise strapped before him, kissing Launcelot and me before he went, and I did not see him again for years. Before the day was out sheriff's officers were in the house, and but for kind Mrs. Matthews neither baby nor myself would have had so much as a change of raiment left.

"A couple of days elapsed, during which my heart sank to its lowest ebb. Then he came. Back to my childhood's at me, or made freer than I liked; and home I went with a very heavy heart. and not all my dear father's heartiness could prevent me from feeling myself and child intruders.

"Soon after he sent me down to Mosford to my brother-in-law to learn confectionery, then stocked a shop and furnished a house for me in one of the old rows of Chester, to the great indignation

of the others. "'It's best you try to get a living for Launce and yourself, my girl,' said my good father; 'and though I'd rather have you near me, it's wisest to remove you beyond the reach of envious eyes, and where that wastrel husband yours will not think of looking for you.

"At first I was very awkward in my new position. City and people were alike strange; but that perhaps helped to set me at ease behind my counter.
"Bright, hazel eyed, five-year-old Launcelot was the star of my night. He

was more like his grandfather Beech than his own father, of whom he had no down in the Rosicrucian. It matters remembrance; a black paper profile nothing now who knows my story, or found at my father's being my only like - who does not." ness of absent Oliver.
"Often and often as I stood behind

my counter I wondered if ever chance would bring him in there among the stream of customers; and yet I think I generally looked upon him as dead; no word or sign having reached me of his

"It was May. Matty and I were busy as bees from morning until night. Launce went to school. The second race day, a party of ladies and gentle-men came into the shop, talking and laughing as they came. One of them was Oliver Marbury!

"I screamed and fainted. When I came to myself he was gone. nightfall he came again and abused me for making a scene and compromising him with his 'friends.' But finding me in comfortable circumstances he took up his abode with me, professed to have exhausted his means in trying to discover us, and was lavish of caresses both to

"I had never ceased to love him, and I hailed the prodigal's reture. Yet, as of old, he came and went, and ere long begun to drain my resources. He took room door we saw Captain Thornton from my pocket and from my till the with his hands on Oliver's throat. I money with which I should have preshricked. Sam, our man servant, darted served my credit, and gambled it away. The climax came when my little Mary was about four months old.

broker on to the premises, sold to him stock, fixtures and furniture, regardless of my tears and entreaties; and, whilst the goods were being hurried away, put the proceeds in his pocket, and, carpet bag in hand, turned on his heel, coarsely telling me old David Beech would make a home for me and the squallers. The children were both crying. At this Launcelot raised his little fist and struck

"Like a savage he turned upon the child, to strike at him. On the impulse extract the glass and sew up the wound; of the moment I interposed, and the but for all that he was for a long time blow meant for Launcelot came down on

longer shuffle cards, ride at hunt or steeple-chase, handle a billiard cue, or months. At all events, I was spared the pain of giving evidence against my own husband. Matty and the broker's men

—not as a consequence of that one act, but of much foregone, of which I knew in the fall. The charge of murder had nothing. guilty of manslaughter, and condemned

"My father beckened me into the library before he and Leah returned home, and shut the door.

"Mary,' said he, gravely, 'had I known thy Oliver was such a wastrel I'd have chopped my hand off afore I'd ha' given thee to him. I'm afraid thou'lt rue afore long. Such riot and extravagance as I saw last night cannot last. And when his own brass is melted he'll want thy £1,000.'

"Never shall I forget his look of consternation as I told him I had given the start of the start of the start of the start of the same and left me a small annuity, to be paid quarterly.

"Eight years passed away. Launce-lot, my pride and joy, was fifteen—a frank, good natured, and high-spirited youth, whose mother was all in all to him.

"Suddenly the avalanche came down upon us. A flerce, dark, scowling reprobate came in at our door, and

whilst he had been in captivity we had prospered, he tortured me in every way he could devise, and Launcelot became my champion. Then he made the boy

his butt to wound me surest. "At last Launcelot, seeing only shame Captain Thornton got wind, and I had and disgrace before him, conceiving to soften my ausband's 'Hang it, let that he was only a cause of outrage on them wait,' as best I could, to importume, as many a good son has done before,

a man clambered over the outhousing in a man clambered over the outhousing in at my chamber window. It was he, haggard, footsore, bloody. He had wounded a man and sought conceal-ment. He threatened to kill me if I spoke a word. What money I had he took, ate greedily some bread and cheese, changed his clothes, and then

"Men were on the watch and he was taken. His blood-stained clothes were found in my room, where I sat white with terror. "I was told that, in an affray with

poachers on his premises, Captain Thornton and a keeper had been killed, and I was questioned until my very brain begun to reel. "I thought I should be called upon

to give evidence against him. I had loved him once. He was the father of my children. To avoid such a contin-gency I fled, whither I neither knew nor cared.

"I had no money—never thought of it. I went along lanes, through fields, avoiding the highroads, excitement keeping me up, though I had no food. The first night I took shelter in a barn, stealing off like a culprit at daybreak. I must have looked hungry, for a lad swinging on a gate, with a great hunch of bread in his hand, broke it in two and offered

dazed, stunned creature, who had not reached her twenty-second birthday. Consoling Launcelot, she hushed him to rest, and then dispatched a missive to gentleman in a gig offered me a seat if way. The moon shone half to me.
"That night I dropped on a stone by full on his face and in my surprise I ejaculated: 'Mr. Smithson!' My father had dealt with him for years. My troubles were not unknown to him. told him all. He took me home to Redditch, to his wife; and there I remained.

"My husband's sentence was now for life. There was no fear of his breaking in upon me, they said ; but, ah! thought

nd memory did that.
"Mr. Smithson would have me change my name, but I dared not destroy the only clue by which Launce might seck mother. From time to time I heard of him through Mrs. Matthews. Once went to meet him in Liverpool-only once. I expected him home from California last Christmas.

"When I went home from the shop, Mrs. Chappell, last November, I bought a newspaper to read over my tea. I read that the Rosierucian had foundered off Cape Verde, and ail hands gone down with her. It was my son's ship "Mrs. Chappell, my last hope went

# A West Point Story.

Gen. George A. Custer, in his "War Memories," says that he spent sixty-six of the usual holiday Saturdays during his four years at West Point on extra guard duty for breaking the strict rules of the institution. He was officer of the guard on one of these days, and "had begun my tour at the usual hour in the morning, and everything passed off sat-isfactorily in connection with the discharge of my new responsibilities, until just at dusk I heard a commotion near the guard tents. Upon hastening to the scene of the disturbance, which by the way was at a considerable distance from the main camp, I found two cadets engaged in a personal dispute, which threatened to result in blows. Quite a group of cadets, as friends and spectators, had formed about the two bellicose disputants. I had hardly time to take in the situation when the two principals of the group engaged in a regular set to, and begun belaboring each other vigor-ously with their tists. Some of their more prudent friends rushed forward and attempted to separate the two contestants. My duty as officer of the guard was plain and simple. I should have arrested the two combatants and set them to the guard tents for violating the peace and the regulations of the academy. But the instincts of the boy prevailed over the obligation of the officer of the guard. I pushed my way through the surrounding line of cadets, dashed back those who were interfering in the struggle, and called out loudly: 'Stand back, boys; let's have a fair

# No Use in Going.

"I'm going to stop attending our church," peevishly exclaimed a vinegar-faced spinster, not a thousand miles from Chicago, the other day. "Why, what has happened?" anxiously inquired a friend. "There ain't nothing happened." There is not what's the material the light spinst what's the material the same and the same and the same are same as the pened, and that's just what's the mat-ter," continued the spinster through her nose; "here I've been a regular attendant for more'n two years, and there hasn't been no gossip, no scandal, nor nothing to talk about in all that time, burden to him.

"Oliver laughed as was his wont; but evil seemed to haunt us from that hour strange to see the coroner hoist with his in the chair with the look of a martyr.

sufficed.

"We had fallen against a piece of furniture in the way, and there was a in the chair with the look of a martyr.

### Questions and Answers.

Is there any rule for the weight of green pine timber! What is the dif-ference in weight between green timber and dry timber? Answer. It would be impossible to answer these questions very exactly, without experimenting in each special case. Dry white pine weighs about twenty-five pounds per cubic foot, and green pine from thirty to thirty-goven

cubic foot, and green pine from thirty to thirty-seven.

A church is being heated by a hot air furnace, but there is a fault in the ventilation, which is effected by one large pane in each window hanging on a swivel. When the church cools, there is a cold damp air, and the furnace draws cold air from the inside of the church. Answer. The supply of fresh air to the Answer. The supply of fresh air to the furnace should be taken from the exterior of the building, by means of an inclosed shaft, which may be constructed of matched boards for the most part, being of brick near the furnace. Place a valve, or shutter on pivots, within the shaft, to close it when required. Additional openings for ventilations should be provided at the coiling.

What is the matter with our stove i When the damper was closed, the draft went around under the bottom of the stove; when the draft is all closed, the smoke or something else will condense into liquid and run through the chimney, through the upper floors, and into the room below. Answer. This may be owing to some peculiar kind of fuel you are burning, which you do not specify. When the draft is closed the flue soon becomes cold, and the air carrying the smoke precipitates its latent moisture upon the sides of the flue; the moisture naturally carries the particles of unburnt fuel with it. If this is the cause, a more free draft would abate the diffi-

I have some liquid which is neither good old hard cider, for it has a vinous taste, nor yet is good vinegar. How can I convert it into good marketable vine-gar? Answer. Propare a large barrel, with a false bottom having a number of holes bored through it. Place this in the barrel about six inches above the real bottom, and fill in above the false bottom to the top of the barrel with good, well burnt charcoal, in coarse powder. Moisten the charcoal thoroughly with some of the cider, cover the barrel with a piece of felt or woolen goods, and allow to remain until there s a perceptible rise in the temperature; then add the cider in such a manner as to keep up a constant percolation of the fluid through the charcoal until the process is complete. The vinegar may be drawn off from a spigot at the bottom. - Scientific American.

### Lady Washington Dresses.

For fairs and parties this centennial year Lady Washington dresses and cos-tumes will be in demand. The Bazar tells us something about them that will of making the dress to be laced in front, costumers use a pointed waist, with half high square neck, and lace it behind. Two materials appear in such dresses, viz.: brocade or striped silk for the court train, and plain silk or satin for the petticoat. The brocade or material of the train forms all the waist except a vestlike plastron in front, which is of the plain silk. This plastron is five or six inches broad at the top, descends sharp to a point, and, to be in keeping, should for you at once." be wadded lightly, and quilted in small diamonds to match the petticoat. A bow other side of the table, and said to himof velvet is at the end of the point, and self : lace garniture, beginning under this bow, passes up each side of the plastron and trims the square neck. The sleeves, of the brocaded silk, are straight, plain, and made to reach to the elbow, where they are finished with full ruffles of lace. Instead of a separate petticoat, costumers merely quilt a wide front breadth him: of the plain satin or silk, and simulate a court train by making back breadths of a trained brocaded skirt, and sewing

them straight up the sides of the quilted tablier. Notwithstanding few flounces and laces are seen on the dresses of revolutionary times, costumers to day add a deep flounce of silk or lace around the train, and pass it up the sides to the waist, graduating it to a narrow ruffle at the top. Ladies who do not wish to expose their necks and shoulders use the snowy kerchief, a square of sheer white lawn—organdy is best—doubled like a three-cornered shawl, folded to cover the neck, and the ends tucked in the square corsage. The muslin cap, with its full bag crown and plaited frill, is worn just back of the Pompadour roll of powdered hair. Long white kid gloves are but toned to the elbow. Another has a crimson petticoa with pearl-gray brocaded train, trimmed with black lace flounces. Another has orange colored quilted satin for the front, with a dress of antiquated chene silk.

A more youthful Lady Washington dress has a Watteau polonaise, with trained back, very short apron front, square neck, and elbow sleeves. This is made up of white satin, to be worn over any blue or rose silk or velvet skirts the wearer may choose. trimmed with pearls. The coiffure, without powder, should be strings of pearls looped in the back hair; the front hair should be drawn plainly back from

Going Too Far.-A doctor's collec tor after making a score or more of calls on a debtor, gave expression to the opinion the other day that the debtor didn't want to and didn't mean to pay. "See here, mister," replied the debtor, in an angry voice, "I've used you like a gentleman. I've let you come and go whenever you wanted to, and I've tried to talk encouragingly. In return you now doubt my honesty. Be a little careful, young man! When you attack my character you attack my life!" The bill hasn't been paid yet.

A FABLE. - As a coroner was entering a saloon to see a man, he beheld a careless boy, who was eating a banana, cast the rind of the fruit upon the slippery stone sidewalk, but instead of chiding the urchin smiled and passed on. As he was coming out of the saloon, having satisfied his thirst, he slipped on the peel of the banana, and falling, his neck; so that a rival coroner made

#### Hints About the Fashions. Cashmere lace is used for ruchings

with barbs to match. Black silk fringes are used with grenalines for mourning. Checked and brocaded goods are the most fashionable.

Calbriggan stockings embroidered in colors are very pretty.

Turbans are among the spring shapes of hats for young girls.

Drap damasse and brocaded grens lines make elegant costumes. Riding habits admit no trim mingsex-cept braid and buttons. The spring hats and bonnets are bound

with a heavy silk braid. Colored linen shirts for gentlemen will be worn this summer. Crepe de chene ties with Duchesse ace ends are very handsome.

Linen buttons are preferred to studs for gentlemen's dress shirts. Bullion braids with threads of or gold are used for trimmings. Crape and black crepe lisse are com-

bined in making morning bows.

The vigogne cloth plaids are very pretty for kilt plaited suits for children. Duchesse lace barbs are very elegant, and only suitable to wear with silks.

Jet, relieved with gold and pearls, is fashionable for second mourning. A pretty tie has a center of black cash-

mere net, with ends of Cuchese lace.

Holbein work is the latest fancy occupation for the busy moments of idle

Sailor straw hats will be fashionable for girls and boys from two to eleven years old.

Short doubled-breasted coats jackets are among the spring coats for gentlemen. Pretty opera or evening shawls are

silk stripes.

The Centennial kerchief is three cornered and made of lace-any kind that is preferred.

The fashionable gloves for gentlemen are stitched in color on the back of the rloves. Cachmere faconne is a new silken

dress fabric woven in serge effect and brocaded flowers. " Fruit of the loom " and " Pride of the West" are excellent muslins for

ladies' underclothing. Handkerchiefs with white batiste center and yellow batiste embroidered edge are quite pretty.

The new linen lawns are of a light

shade of one color, flowered by a darker shade of the same. White flannel, trimmed with cherry pink or blue colored silk, is extremely

pretty for wrappers.

Shoes with the black kid cut out in different patterns, and white kid inserted, are much in vogue.
Shoes with sandal straps are worn over bright colored stockings for house and evening demi-toilets.

# A Fearful Summons.

"Mr. Smith, I called to see if I could take your life."
"Wh-wh-what d'you say?" ex claimed Smith, in some alarm. "I say that I've come around to take your life. My name is Gunn. As soon as I heard you were unprotected, that you had nothing on your life, I thought would just run in and settle the thing

Then Smith got up and went to the "It's a lunatic who has broken out of

the asylum. He'll kill me if I halloo or run. I must humor him. Then Gunn, fumbling in his pocket the door. We then placidly resumed our duties, regretting that so promising Smith around the room and said to

"You can choose your own plan, you lin Patriot. know. It's immaterial to me. Some like one way, and some like another. It's a matter of taste. Which one do you prefer?"
"I'd rather not die at all," Smith said,

in despair. "But you've got to die, of course, said Gunn; "that's a thing there's no choice about. All I can do is to make death easy for you; to make you feel happy as you go off. Now which plan will you take?"

"Couldn't you postpone it until to-morrow, so as to give me time to "No; I prefer to take you on the spot. I might as well do it now as at any other time. You have a wife and

children ?" "Yes, and I think you ought to have some consideration for them and let me "Well, that's a curious kind of an argument," said Gunn. "When I take you your family will be perfectly pro-

ected, of course, and not otherwis "But why do you want to murder mel I"-"Murder you! Murder you! Who in the thunder's talking about murder-

ing you?"
"Why, didn't you say"—.
"I called to get you to take out a life insurance policy in our company, and "Oh, you did, did you?" said Smith, suddenly becoming fierce. "Well, I ain't a-going to do it, and I want you to

skip out of this office or I'll brain you with the poker." Then Mr. Gunn withdrew without selling a policy, and Smith is still unin-

# A Japanese Funeral.

sured.

A marine on the Japanese frigate Tsukubu, at San Francisco, died re-cently, and was buried according to Japanese rites. The remains, in a coffin shaped box, two and one-half feet high, covered with the Japanese flag, were brought ashore in the steam launch, escorted by four officers and sixteen marines. The coffin was placed in a hearse and conveyed to the cemetery, the escort following. A double line was formed, through which the coffin was carried to the grave. The remains were lowered into the grave so that the body faces toward the east. After the firing of three rounds by the marines, the grave was closed, a short address was de-livered by one of the officers, and then the marines formed the sand over the grave into a shape resembling the coffin. This concluded the ceremonies, and the marines returned to their ship.

### Wanted to be an Editor.

Have you had any experience in the business?" we asked of a verdant looking youth who applied for an editorial

position the other day.
"Haven't I though?" he replied, as he shoved one foot under his chair to hide the unskillful patching of a back-woods cobbler. "I should say I'd had some experience—haven't I correspond-ed with the Pumpkinville Screamer for six weeks? Hain't that experience

enough ?"
"That will do very well," we replied, "but when we take young men on our editorial staff, we generally put them through an examination. How much are twelve times one?" "Twelve! why any little boy ought

to an "Hold on, please—don't be so fast—who discovered America?"
"Klumbus! Pshaw, them questions are just as easy as "-

Who was the first man ?" "Adam! why, mister, I know all "What was his other name?" "His other name? why he didn't

"Yes, he did. You see that's where we've got you. His other name was Ebenezer Ebenzer Adam, Esq., late of Paradise. Nobody knows this but editors, and see to it that you don't tell anybody."
He said he wouldn't.

"How many bones are there in the human body?"
"Well, I forget now, but I did know

wunst. "What! Don't you know that? Why there's 7,482,921,444 bones in an ordinary man. A man that snores has one more than other people."
"What bone is that?"

"The trombone. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't. "How long would it take a mud turtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a small orphan boy to touch him up behind

"Well, look here, mister, if I had a slate and pencil I could figger that out, but dog my skin if I'm much on mental rithmetic.

"Slate and pencil! Did you ever see steps fr a slate and pencil about a sanctum? After th Well, we'll let that question slip. Have of him. you got a good constitution?' " Putty tolerable." "How long do you suppose you could live on raw corn and faith, and do the work of a domesticated ele-

"Lord! I don't believe I could live mor'n a week."
"Well, that's about as long as you'd want to live if you got an editorial posi-tion on this paper. You appear to be pretty well posted; we shall ask you one more question, and if you prove

equal to it you can take off your coat "Let's have 'er, 'squire. I didn't correspond with the Pumpkinville

er come—I'm on deck, I am." "Well, sir. if two diametrical circles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy, or, to put it plainer, we'll say a disenfranchised nonenity, what effect would the castastrophe exert on a crystalized co lfish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean?"

As the full force of this por derons problem broke upon his bewildered brain, he slowly dragged his inartistically cobbled shoe from under his chair, and started from the room. We heard him descend the stairs, go out, and close a youth should have been weighed in the balance and found wanting .- Frank-

Disinfecting a Battlefield, Here is a horrible description of how the stage has to be cleared after the cur tain has fallen upon one or the acts of that vast tragedy called "War." It was a hideous and terrible drama, that disinfeeting of the battlefield of Sedan, and one that might furnish the fearful text of a chapter entitled "The Sorrows of Glory." A Belgian physician, Dr. Guillery, has recounted the principal facts in a report published at Brussels. Historians never show anything but the radiance of the battle. The realism of these works displays its hideousness and

its corruption. You dream of glory. Look, and behold a charnelhouse! Seven months after the first of Sep-tember, 1870, the stench was so great around the battlefield that the public health was in danger. Belgium became alarmed. Prince Orloff wrote to M. Beraroi that in the eighteenth century, in a war of the Turks against the Persians, swarms of insects, nourished

on decayed flesh, brought a frightful epidemic into Russian provinces a hun-dred times further from the battlefields than Brussels is from Sedan. It was necessary to hurry, for the peasants had buried many bodies, both of men and horses, in summary fashion. The exhalations were horrible. People took in their hands a little yellow snow, charged with bubbles of gas, and when it melted it diffused an odor of corpses. Then, in March, 1871, men dug and opened in the fields under the snow the tumuli of the dead. Feet still covered

with huge boots and half decayed faces

appeared here and there. things were discovered. A dog died at La Moucelle from having half devoured a corpse. The miasma of the battlefield gave fevers to the poor. dead avenged themselves," as Corneille says. After having disinterred the corpses, they were burned. Pitch, mingled with petroleum, was poured over these human remains, and then chloride of lime. From time to time a detonation was heard in the fire. It was some cartouche, still inclosed in a cartouche box attached to a corpse, and which exploded as though these enemie would fain continue the combat after death. And it was by thousands that these dead men, born to be happy and beloved, and to kiss the rosy che their children, were buried there. Two hundred and seventy trenches, disin-fected by M. Trouet, contained 6,000 6,000 corpses. That was not all; M. Michel disinfected 902 trenches, and M. Creteur, 3,213. Calculate, therefore, how

The Rustle of the Dress. Lowell wrote these lines years ago, but he wrote it for these times as well as

for those: Hark! that rustle of a dress Stiff with lavish costliness : Here comes one whose cheek would flush

But to have her garment brush 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin Wove the weary broidery in, And in midnight chill and murk Stitched her life into her work ; Bending backward from her toil Lest her tears the silk might soil ; Shaping from her bitter thought Heart's-ease and forget-me-not ; Satirizing her despair

# With the emblems woven there!

Items of Interest. The newest floral sentiment: "If you wish for heart's ease, don't look to

marigold. The Grangers of the United States have over \$18,000,000 invested in their

various enterprises. "That," said the tramp, "is the top buckwheat; it has been used to keep the others warm, and I don't eat no coverlids." So he laid it one side.

If you want to know whether your grandmother was crosseyed, or where your great uncle stood in his arithmetic class, just run for office, and you'll know

it all Of sixty Indian agencies which have made their annual report to the board of Indian commissioners, twenty-seven have military forces within their reservations.

It appears that Captain Webb's swim across the English channel will turn out to be a very profitable job. The testimonial being raised for him has already reached \$20,000.

The glass dome of the Centennial art gallery will be lighted by 2,000 gas jets. The dome is 266 feet above the level of the Schuylkill, and will be visible at night all over Philadelphia, When a French army officer is con-

victed of a felony his epaulets are torn off, his sword is broken, and a private steps from the ranks and kicks him.
After that the civil authorities take care A servant who plumed herself upon being employed in a genteel family, was asked the definition of the term.

"Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentleman swears," was the reply. "What's usee play poker," remarked an almond-eyed denizen of Tucsen, Nev., the other day. "Me hold four klings and a lace; Melican man hold all

same time four laces and a kling; whole week washee gone likee woodbine." Miss Susan B. Anthony has lectured 120 times during the last lecturing season, and has realized enough to pay off her \$10,000 debt incurred by the bank

Screamer six weeks for nothin'. Let ruptey of the Revolution. The last dollar of this obligation has been paid. Mr. James Lamont, the Arctic explorer, yatchman and sportsman, says that he is perfectly sure that the vibrations of a boat striking against an ice field are conveyed a distance of two miles or more. Whenever in his expeditions the bow of his boat came in contact with ice every seal for miles

raised its head and was on the alert. A young man who was a partner in a Boston house which suspended some time ago, said, just previous to the disaster, that no young single man could live respectably in Boston on less than \$25,000 a year. He is a married man, and his expenses have for years been in the ratio of \$25,000 for a single man. He has sported his private carriage, retinue of servants, and his boxes at

Thoughts for Saturday Night. Vanity is omnivorous.

The smallest hair throws its shadow. There is nothing insignificant, noth-What mighty contests rise from tri-

vial things. A tomb is a monument placed on the limits of two worlds. Titles of honor add not to his worth who is himself an honor to his title.

All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom. Time well employed is satan's deadliest

foe; it leaves no opening for the lurking Time, with all its celerity, moves dowly on to him whose whole employ-

ment is to watch its flight. The crowns of kings do not prevent those who wear them from being tormented sometimes by violent headaches. He that studies only men will get the body of knowledge without the soul; and he that studies only books will get

the soul without the body. A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature, and swings there as easily as a star.

The exhibition of real strength is never grotesque. Distortion is the agony of weakness. It is the dislocated mind whose movements are spasmodic. Whatever that be which thinks, which

understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine; and, upon that account, must necessarily be The human race are sons of sorrow born; and each must have his portion. Vulgar minds refuse or crouch beneath

their load; the brave bear theirs with ont repining. Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls, and the most massive characters are seamed with scars. Martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the

SMITH.-Colonel Nicholas Smith derives the name "Smith" from Shem : as Shem, Shemit, Shmit, Smith. This recalls Jeremy Cockloft's derivation of "mango" from "Jeremish King;" as Jeremish King, Jerry King, Jerkin, many corpses these tumuli contained! gherkin, cucumber, mango.

gates of heaven.