# County

# Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher-

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1876.

NO. 16.

# My Heart is Thine.

When spring's first violet on the gale Her tender perfume flings; Whe i, deep in some sequestered vale, The thrush his love tale sings : When all bright things of earth and sky In hymns of praise combine. One song, one prayer, alone breathe I: "Sweet love, wilt thou be mine?"

When from the woodland still and lone. Through the long summer night, Sad Philomel's impassioned tone Thrills with love's deep delight; When, steeped in balmiest breath of June. The earth seems ha'f divine, No change know I in words or tune,

But sing: "Wilt thou be mine?" When autumn's red and autumn's gold, Paint wood and wold and hill; When winter nights grow drear and cold, Love, I am changeless still. Though violets wither, roses fade, Love's calendar and mine Mark summer still in sun and shade, And still my heart is thine !

# WHY MRS. JONES DIDN'T MOVE.

In a comfortable quarter of a genial street in the metropolis, at an inviting breakfast table, sat Theophilus Jones. He had long since climbed up to a good position in the store which he had entered when a boy, and therefore took his time at his matatinal meal, as became a man of his social and business

It was a muggy morning in March, when the milkman's horse loomed phautom-like through the befogged basement window, and the newsboy with his bundle of papers seemed part

and parcel of this anatomy.

As Mr. Jones went over to the window to help himself from the newly manipulated sheets, a voice from the kitchen

called : "Get the Hera'd, Mr. Jones." And he did get the Herald; but as it was not his favorite morning paper, he got it as a luxury, and put it by the plate of

Mrs. Jones. "Hum!" said that lady, entering with a smoking and savory dish in her hands, and beholding Mr. Jones reading his customary conservative sheet, "I should think, Mr. Jones, as a matter of

should think, Air. Jones, as a matter of economy, one morning paper would be enough for you."

"And so it is, Maria," said Mr. Jones.
"I got the other for you."

"I'm much obliged for your liberality," she replied, "but it is a matter in which you are about as much concerned.

as myself. I wish you'd read out some of the advertisements. If we're going to move, we'd better begin to look about

" To move?' said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, to move. I thought that was set led last night. You say you won't sleep on the third floor, and I'm sick and tired of having our bed in the back parlor. Rosalie needs the front parlor for her company, and I certainly think, Mr. Jones, that I ought at least to have some sort of a hole to receive my friends

"Well, but, my dear," expostulated Mr. Jones, with his forefinger resting upon the place in the editorial he was reading, "why is it necessary that we should be driven from the parlor because Rosy has a beau or two there? Live and let live, is my motto. sha'n't mind them a bit. You and I can chat and read and get along in our usual way. We musn't be put out by the young folks."

"Yes; but do you suppose the young folks won't be put out by us? How long do you imagine Rosalie would keep her beaux if you and I were stuck there under their noses all the time? They'd take it as a prying impertinence on our part; and serve us right, too. It's about time, Theophilus, that Rosalie should have the parlor to herself; she was eighteen last June."

'Yes, I remember," said Mr. Jones; "the month of roses, Maria. And she is the sweetest rose we have ever owned. It's hard to put her out of our hands in this way, wife. I love to watch her winsome ways, and hear the sweet tones of her voice. Her tricks and witcheries are dearer to me, I'll wager, than to any of the empty-headed coxcombs that flock about our young maid."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "you love to watch and listen; and there ain't a young man nowadays that will stand such a thing. You'll have our young maid an 4d maid; then, perhaps, you'll

Mr. Jones smiled gently but incredu-

"On the other side of the Atlantic, my dear," he said, "they manage things better than we do. The lads and lassies there contrive to fall in love and marry right under the eyes of the old folks. And it gives one a chance to get used to the wrench of parting; and maybap, if parents are overlucky, they grow fond of the marauder himself."

"Now stop there, Mr. Jones," said his wife, putting the chairs to the table. "I know what you mean. I know which of Rosalie's admirers is your favorite; and how you can stand the idea of throwing away your only daughter on that miserable Scotchman up stairs, with an invalid mother hanging on his hands, and no salary to speak of or look forward to-how you can be so indifferent and criminal to the future of Rosalie, I can't see. For my part, I hate foreigners. An American was good enough for though, goodness knows, you've been going over there to buy goods, you've got to be such a toady to their ways that you might just as well be a serf yourself."

Here Mrs. Jones rang the breakfast bell, and down trooped the boys and

Why she put up her front hair in pins it would be hard to say. Surely it was curly enough already; and her eyes had all the blue of heaven in their dancing depths. Her eyebrows seemed on a perpetual spree of running up to meet he waves of her hair; her nose also lifting itself to those delectable heights.

Jones, who was by no means a hard hearted woman because she wanted her daughter to have the parlor to herself and make a good match.

Induce of what looked like a newly made grave. The agent opened the first of the rusty iron gates to these little courtyards, and entered.

"Why, this isn't the cottons." and make a good match. Nevertheless the chief object of inter-

"How would you like to live out of town?" she said at last; "to take a little place in the suburbs, where we could have a garden and raise our vegetables?"

Mr. Jones kept a indicional "We call them cottages here," said the agent, mildly; "we call them brick cottages. But walk in."

Which was easier said than done, the occupant opening the said th

Mr. Jones kept a judicious silence, emembering the experience of some "You'll be coming here before breakremembering the experience of some

"I'll get a Spanish cock and some hens," said Bob; "it'll be bully."

"And let's have some pigeons and a abull terrier," said Charley. "Hooray!"

Mr. Jones smiled, and went away to be with the work with the said Charley. "Hoo and her for

"They'll have to move, of course, for the landlord won't rent the upper floor But come on up stairs; I'll show you the landlord won't rent the upper floor separately."
"Oh, Joe will take care of that," said

Rosalie. "He'll manage for them in some way; and, besides, mamma, we carhave her out to visit us, and get her ercam, and strawberries, and new-laid eggs, and-everything."

Mrs. Jones found during her converof the change, and although sorry to part with good tenants, was courteously

"It's very nice of him," said Mrs. ones, one evening, after a fruitless ramp to the country-" it's kind of the andlord not to put up a bill right away. One can't help feeling houseless and homeless after that '

"I'm glad, then," said Joe Graham, who began to drop in every night now, and talk over their outlook for a home -" I'm glad I've made up my mind to take the house myself. I've had the refusal all along, but hesitated. I've concluded to take the responsibility of letting the upper rooms to lodgers. Some of our boys at the store have engaged them, and I can afford then to get a good servant for mother. I think she'll like this chamber, it's so pleasant and roomy.'

Mrs. Jones looked at the Scotchmau with a rising ire in her still handsome blue eves.

"The impudence of it!" she said, when Joe had gone up stairs; "to coolly prospect around and shove people out of their own house to make room for his mother! Pleasant and roomy!" repeated poor Mrs. Jones, looking about her upon the wide, bright, spacious room. "I should think it was. There's room. your Scotch blood for you-canny, they call it. Yes, indeed, he'll get along there ain't much doubt of that. He'l get along if he has to push everybody else to the wall to do it. The idea of that Joe Graham hiring the house over

"But, my dear," said Mr. Jones, why not Joe as well as another? I'm glad the poor lady can be so comfort-

"Of course, of course," said Mrs. Jones. "Glad! you'd be delighted to have your own flesh and blood in the street to accommodate a foreigner." Rosalie, who was : itting on the arm

of her father's chair, here pressed his hand warningly, and presently went over to her mother, and begun to comb whitening but abundant locks of that poor tired house hunting woman.

Yes, Heaven knows she was weary and sick at heart with her undertaking. Day after day she had plodded on with dogged pluck and perseverance which were the main points in her character, and day after day she became more disheartened.

None but suburban house-hunters and a pitying Creator can conceive the dreariness with which Mrs. Jones set out on the day after Joe's revelation that he hal taken the house for him-

She hurried breathlessly to the train, to wait a full hour at the depot, and studied in the meanwhile the meagre advertisement of the rural landholder. Leaving the train at a station overhanging the railroad, seemingly a part theretance, she begun to walk and walkpast empty lots and sunken commons, through streets just begun and others half completed. Not a creature within sight, except a goat or two, which animal is always suggestive of misery to

the denizen of a city.

At last she reached the shed set apart for a real estate office, and found it God," said pure and gentle Mrs. Graclosed. The agent was away; no hotel or restaurant near. The March wind begun to rise and roar, and blow the

a delightful resting place for the eyes that happened to be near.

"I hope you haven't wanted me, mamma," she said. "I thought you and Bridget could get along down here, and I'd just run in and tidy up a little for Mrs. Graham. Her door was open to the first of the house agent went Mrs. Jones. This time he was in, and urbanely desirous of taking her to the defended article of furniture filling its appointed place, upon the still bright and cheery carnet that had been fitted to the parameters. and Bridget could get along down here, and I'd just run in and tidy up a little for Mrs. Graham. Her door was open as I passed. She was sitting in a chair washing up the breakfast things, and looking so wretched and ill, ma, you can't think. It's dreadful for Joe to have to go away so early."

Mrs. Jones winced at this familiar workeving of the head Sextemper's the head Sextemper's the head Sextemper's the head Sextemper's the head seem that a series of the house agent went Mrs. Jones in and urbanely desirous of taking her to the desired premises. Then they begun to walk and walk again, till her head seem ed to leave her shoulders and go up in the air, and her body to leave her legs, which went walking and walking on. At last a row of new brick houses reared the series of the house agent went Mrs. Jones in an archive the sired premises. Then they begun to walk and walk again, till her head seem ed to leave her shoulders and go up in the air, and her body to leave her legs, which went walking and walking on. At last a row of new brick houses reared have to go away so early."

Mrs. Jones winced at this familiar rendering of the hated Scotchman's themselves before her on the brink of rendering of the hated Scotchman's name, but remembered that Rosalie was rather given to abbreviating the titles of her acquaintances.

"She hasn't eaten a mouthful of breakfast," pursued Rosalie, "and her face is as white as the wall."

"I'll posch an egg and toast some the brink of one of those dismal gorges, the back kitchens propped up by posts, the chimneys topped by queer monsters to induce them to draw—a whole row of staring brick houses, with little courtyards in front, and a funeral urn in the middle of what looked like a newly good boy, just get us a place in the city,

est just now was the advertising sheet of the Herald.

friends.
"Oh," said Rosalie, "wouldn't it be fast, and after we go to bed, the next thing," she said. But seeing the white, nice? To have a vine-covered porch, and lots of flowers, and hanging baskets, and tubs of ferns, and—and everything!"

thing, she said. But seeing the white, wan face of Mrs. Jones, she added:
"Come in and sit down; you do look bent out. Yes, ma'am, there's three rooms on this floor"—

"Four," said the agent.
"Well, if you call that cubby hole nuder the stairs a room, all right-and a bull terrier," said Charley. "Hooray!"

Mr. Jones smiled, and went away to the store. While Mrs. Jones and her daughter were about household cares intent, they talked the matter over.

It was decided that Rosalie should attend to the house during these troublesome ides of March, and that the mamma should have no cares but those connected. intent, they talked the manIt was decided that Rosalie should attend to the house during these troublesome ides of March, and that the mamma
should have no cares but those connected
with house hunting.

be arranvery handy laundry, cause
knee-deep there all the time; leastways,
it comes and goes with the tide in the
back lots there. There's four rooms up
stairs—as cold as Greenland in winter,
and hot as Africa in summer. There with house hunting.
"I'm sorry to give up the house on account of the Grahams," said Mrs. Jones, with a searching look at her daughter.

back lots there. There's four rooms up stairs—as cold as Greenland in winter, and hot as Africa in summer. There ain't a garret on the loft that you can rull premises.'

Mrs. Jones declined. She was not quite able to continue her work that day. Could she (turning to the agent) get a back in the vicinity to take to the sta-tion again? She didn't feel very well, and a storm had gathered. The snow began to whirl around in the front lots and back lots that comprised the view,

If she'd take his arm, he'd help her down to the station. And, more dead than alive, the poor lady found herself gain walking. The agent put her on he train, glad to be rid of what seemed o him then an impending evil; for she ooked bad, very bad, and there was no lace in Rosedale for people to be sick hat he knew of.

But a hack was to be got in the metrowhich Mrs. Jones reached at ightfall, and she fell from the steps of the coach into the arms of her astonished and terrified husband.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," she whis pered; "don't mind, Toffy; but I'm going to die, I think."
"Hold on!" cried Mr. Jones to the

hackman. Then he carried his wife into the house, and jumping into the cab, went after the family physician. "She must be very bad," whispered

called me 'Toffy,' nor put her arms about me in that way, since our honeymoon.

necessary was this rather sharp and peremptory matron till there was an imminent danger of losing her. Then all

boys, without Maria-without Mrs.

"My God! Joe," he cried, that night, bowing his head upon the marble table

"Hush! take heart. There's a faint hope," said Joe, coaxing the cold, trembling fingers of Rosalie into his keeping.

Oh, what would they have done without him, these Joneses, who knew naught of sickness save the little ills that yonder fainting hand upon the bed had guided safely into health again? Joe had dealt with it all his life.

That dreadful night not an eye closed in the house, save, perhaps, the tear-swollen ones of the boys. Early in the day Mrs. Jones had fallen into a slumber which the doctor had said would probably lead from unconsciousness into death. But the next morning, though still asleep, her pulse was stronger; a gentle perspiration bathed her forehead. The doctor's eyes gleamed suddenly with hope, and he drove them all down of, and having no apparent connection into the front basement to tell them that with a collection of houses in the disperhaps there was indeed a moderate chance for the life of Mrs. Jones.

Which soon ripened into a certainty. Once giving that good lady a foothold upon the shore again, there was not much danger of her drifting out. She became gradually conscious of all that had happened.

"It was the wonderful goodness of

"And, under Heaven, my strong There was a dimple in her chin, and her short upper lip half hid a row of exquisite teeth. There wasn't a regular and weariness, she dragged herself back was proof against house hunting; and more is due to the care and nursing of your strong, good son. God bless him,

feature there, but somehow her face was to the station just in time to hear the anyway!" she said, tears rolling out of a delightful resting place for the eyes toot of the engine and see the outgoing that happened to be near. "I'm glad he's got the house, as long as we haven't. We must

carpet that had been fitted to the parlors so many years ago, upon this and that bracket on the wail, this and that niche for familiar household gods.

"Oh, dear!" she cried to herself, pitcously, "am I going now to be a weak, maudlin woman, and cry over what can't be helped?" good boy, just get us a place in the city,

as near by as you can."
"Why, Mrs. Jones," said Joe, "I'm
sorry if it displeases you, but we were
compelled to do something, and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind just living as we are for another year— mother and I upstairs and you down, in the old way."

"In the dear, blessed old way," mur-mured Mrs. Jones, holding out to him her shaking hands. "God bless you,

## Giggling Girls.

A lady writer gives the following well merited remarks on what she terms "giggling girls": The Te hes. Perhaps you don't know them by that name. Well, then, suggest a better. They are the salt of our society, in one sense; girls of good minds—minds that will be good if they survive the giggling age; girls of good families, well dressed, polite, and fine looking, but possessed of the insane idea that they must laugh upon all occasions, whether there is any-thing to warrant it or not—else they are not jolly, gay girls, and lively company.

A bevyof them came into a public library
one day. One had just had an adventure, which was to be recited. She dropped into a chair, bent over, and held her sides, and they all chorused in. They hadn't heard it yet; but of course it would be awful funny when it was told. She was coming up the street when she stepped on a rotten plank—te he! he! chorus, te he!—and down she went. Oh, dear!—te he! he!—and her foot got tangled-full chorus, te he! he! he!—and a man came along with a horrid check shirt on—he! he! he!—big checks; perfectly horrid!—he?—and helped her up—he! he! he! Then a waving of the bodies back and forth, Mrs. Jones found during her conversation that Rosalie's heart was not yet given over to the obnoxious Scotchman; that she knew, of course, he admired her; but, goodness gracious, that was nothing. She liked him, too, he was so good hearted; but, dear me, there were plenty of good hearts at her service, she heped. So the landlord was advised of the change, and although sorry to began to whirl around in the front lots and a grand te he ad libitum, all together. They were splendid girls!—I speak sincerely. But what an exhibition! I saw an old graybeard take a book he didn't want and hurry away. Then another girl took it up, and said her book was so comical she just howled for the pook was so comical she just howled in printing her converse stans. Such is the simple machine by whose gether. They were splendid girls!—I speak sincerely. But what an exhibition! I saw an old graybeard take a book he didn't want and hurry away. Then another girl took it up, and said her book was so comical she just howled in printing her converse that the same and a grand to he ad libitum, all together. They were splendid girls!—I speak sincerely. But what an exhibition! I saw an old graybeard take a book he didn't want and hurry away. Then another girl took it up, and said her book was so comical she just howled in the progress we like years ago. Walking along the line of presses we dive the change, and although sorry to pay! Well, no, he didn't know of any. Well, no, he didn't know of any. the end and aim of a girl's existence. When a man is amused he laughs with gusto, and then straightens his face till the next time. And it has some meaning. But the perpetual grin or giggle is detestable. At a lecture recently I saw six young ladies seemingly convulsed with laughter for five minutes or more at the accidental dropping of a paper of candies over the floor. I think I can go into a social parlor and select the groups of married ladies from those of the girls-not by their faces nor by their dresses, but by the amount of giggling done. Matrimony subdues the snickerer.

# A Practical Joker.

There is a man in New York-a Californian—who is never so happy as when he is playing a practical joke. The other night he was at the theater and saw with his military eye—i. e., white turned up with red—how much the Mr. Jones to himself. "She hasn't couple next to him were enjoying themselves. They coped in the sentimental passages and nearly dissolved away into tears on one another's shoulders when The doctor looked grave, ordered perfect quiet; a sedative. The next morning he looked graver still. Ice was put he tore off the back of a letter and wrote upon the poor lady's head, which rolled on it in lead pencil as follows: "If anything should happen to me, have me the Hoffman House." Then he It was a season of wretchedness and handed it to the young gentleman who despair. Nobody knew how dear and made one of the happy pair. He read it, then they looked at one another, and then they looked at him. He is a pale man, this little joker, and he can assume was remembered and clung to tearfully. a deadly-lively expression at will. Not Jones found his heart contracting with another blissful minute did that cooing agony, and could think of no way in twain pass that evening. Every other which life would be endurable without minute they would look toward him; her. To contend with business affairs, not an instant did he assert his natural to shape the future of this pretty Ro-salie, to manage these three boisterous was nothing to it. But at the close of the performance this pale man arose, followed by the anxious eyes of the happy pair, and slowly mingled with the throng. As he turned away an appreciand bursting into tears, "I shall go ative smile lit up his classic featuresbut they will never know.

A Monster Fruit Farm, In Santa Barbara county, California, there is an immense farm of 2,000 acres owned by Mr. Elwood Cooper. He has prospect a small fortune from his nut bearing and fruit trees. He has 12,500 almond trees three years old, also 3,500 walnut trees from one to three years old; these will begin to bear in about five years. Of the clive he has 4,000 trees, and will plant out 1,000 cuttings this season. Of the domestic fruits he has w large orchard. He has a warm, sheltered nook in a canyon in the foothills, just large enough for 1,000 lemon trees, which will be planted the coming season. Mr. Cooper will go to Sicily this fall and procure the pure and unadulterated Sicily lemons, the best known to commerce. Of the forest trees he has 60,000 of the Eucalyptus globulus and 10,000 Eucalyptus rostrata, or red gums. He has a large number of the Yarrah, a variety of the Eucalypti. This tree, unlike the others named, is of a slow growth, but a much more durable quality of timber. When the orchards of nut bearing trees come into full bearing, one hundred men will be required the year round to cultivate, gather and prepare the fruit for market.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

The Presses at the Centennial Exhibition

At the end of the United States' long to the humble mystery. Let every visi-tor who approaches this relic of the past brush up his history and polish his bump of veneration, for it is before the printing press at which honest old Benamin Franklin toiled and sweated 148 years ago that he stands. Speaking of one of the incidents of Franklin's London life in 1768, this brass plate records: "The Dr. at this time visited the printing office of Mr. Watts, of Wild street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and, going up to this particular press, thus addressed the men who were working at it: 'Come, men who were working at it: 'Come, my friends, we will drink together. It is now forty years since I worked like you at this press as a journeyman printer.' The Dr. then sent for a gallon of porter, and he drank with them, 'Success to Printing.'" How easily one can picture the doctor gently replacing the pewter pot upon the bench or handing it to his nearest neighbor, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction. and then, with a sigh of satisfaction, wiping the foam from his lips with his big bandanna before proceeding to give a series of contented rubbings to his broad forehead.

Franklin's press, says a *Times* correspondent, is only a little less rude than Caxton's; it is only a little more rude than Stanhope's, which is to-day reproduced with more or less elaboration in all the hand presses known to that world in itself—the job printing trade. This old press of Franklin's is only behind Stanhope's inasmuch as it does not possess the toggle joint, a joint bringing about a pressure somewhat similar to that induced by the sudden straightening of the human knee. It is a wooden framework, about seven feet high, with two uprights and two cross-heads, one stationary and the other sliding, by means of which the lever, working the screw, forces the platen down. table moves backward and forward, the traversing being worked by an ordinary crank handle, which runs two small wheels furnished with reverse straps.

few years since the old hand press was discarded from the large printing offices to make room for the first power presses. The London Times was first printed by steam power on the twenty-eighth of November, 1814, and the issue of the ensuing day, the twenty-ninth, contains a self-congratulatory comment on so auspicious an event. "Our journal of this day," says the *Times*, "presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art tself." Wonderful to relate, this press printed 1,100 sheets per hour. It was a wonderful thing in those days, but now in the same line with the old Franklin and the Ramage stand presses that will turn out 17,000 fully printed papers per hour, equal to 34,030 impressions. Verily, the art of printing has kept pace with the wonderful things of the

# Centennial Notes.

Six thousand silkworms from China are on exhibition at the Centennial. In the cataract in the annex of Machinery hall the sheet of water is thirtythree feet in length, and has a fall of thirty-five feet. The number of cases in the vicinity of the Exhibition of drunkenness, disor-

der or dissipation is said to have been thus far very small. The national parade of firemen will take place in Philadelphia on the sixth

of September, Hamilton Disston, of Philadelphia, grand marshal. Canada has contributed a section of a

white pine tree, eight feet five inches in diameter, perfectly sound from bark to heart, although its age is estimated to be 664 years. A poplar tree on the grounds has been

decerated with hanging branches of moss from Georgia, illustrating the manner of growth in the swampy lands of the South. The following alteration and addition

have been made to the list of special displays already announced: grass butter and cheese, June 26 to July , instead of June 13 to 17; grapes, October 10 to 14. The Boston Post remarks: If the Con-

tennial authorities should see fit to offer a prize for the pink of politeness it is questionable whether American exhibitors at Philadelphia could stand any chance by the side of their foreign brethren. Take, for instance, the man-ner adopted by the different exhibitors in giving notice that their goods are not be handled. The blunt Yankee "hands off," printed in bold letters and fastened in half a dozen places on every case, looks brusque beside the courteous please not handle" of the English exhibitors, and the still more polite "vis itors will confer a favor," etc., etc., which is the way the request is worded by the French, Egyptians and others.

" 'HIGH ' LIFE BELOW STAIRS!" Master (sniffing): "There's a most extraordinary smell, James; "I've noticed tory in the pantry, and burns hincense. We could stand that; but the cook is the 'Low Church' persuasion, was proof against house hunting; and age age of a farmer is sixty-five years, and she burns brown paper to hobviate and a printer only thirty-three, the foryour strong, good son. God bless him, mer should pay the latter promptly.

# Bringing Bad Luck.

Can there be such a thing as ill luck in any building? asks a correspondent. persons who take the affirmative At the end of the United States' long line of printing presses, in Machinery hall on the Centennial grounds, stands a broken down, dilapidated piece of machinery, whose only present outward glory consists in a brass plate, which is far from being polished to too high a luster. Its homely appearance forbids the supposition that it ever slept the sleep of the aristocratic just in Wardour street, Soho, and yet, in spite of its want of outward attraction, some one has taken measurable care of it. The brass plate alluded to furnishes the key to the humble mystery. Let every visitor who approaches this relic of the past point to the grand warehouse in Broadon the property. Old Stephen Whitney, who was in his day the largest owner of real estate in the First ward, firmly believed in luck as connected with business localities. I am not a convert to this opinion, but would say that the question is open, and any of our readers can test it by hiring the Leup mansion on Madison square, which has been termed an unlucky house. The first on Madison square, which has been termed an unlucky house. The first occupant was its builder, Chas. M. Leup, once a rich leather merchant in the swamp. He had the finest gallery of pictures at that time in New York city, pictures at that time in New York city, and lived in grand style; but his splendid career came to a sudden end by suicide. The next occupant was the Ronalds family. They were very stylish, and Mrs. Ronalds was an admired singer, whose receptions were noted for fine musical entertainments. It was not long, however, before a shadow fell upon the house. The family was broken up, the husband and wife parted and are no more known in society. The Athenæum club then took possession. This institu-tion contained a number of litterateurs and some men of marked talent; but it did not succeed. The members fell to disagreements and some were sued for their share in the debts, and so the whole concern went to ruin. An ambitious merchant next took the house. His name was Barreda, and he was a Peruvian who by importing guano had got rich. His wealth, however, soon took wings and he was obliged to seek an humbler abode. The Leup mansion is again in the market at a low ren<sup>†</sup>.

# A Co-operative Store.

A co-operative association, now in successful operation in New York city, exhibits some features of interest in showing another method. In November, 1875, thirty gentlemen of means and position united under the laws of the State and opened a co-operative store for their own use and benefit. Each member contributed one hundred dollars in cash, and, under the manage-ment of a board of directors, a compe-tent manager and four assistants were engaged at reasonable wages. A small store was hired, a choice stock of groceries purchased, a few simple rules prepared, and the store went into operation. By these rulss, each member makes all his purchases at the store, and either pay cash or opens an account that must be paid on the first day of each month. The member has nothing to do beyond this. He pays in his hundred dollars, forgoes all interest in it, and expects no bonus or dividend of any kind. The profit comes in the reduced cost of the goods.

Once each mouth the business of the store is examined by an advisory board, and, if there is a profit over the expenses, the prices are lowered sufficiently to extinguish it. If there is a loss, the prices are raised sufficiently to cover it during the next month. The experiment has, so far, worked smoothly and proved a success. The store not only supplies the members with the best goods, but delivers them free at their residences a a very material reduction from the retail market rates. The store itself is perfeetly plain, and is exceptionally and attractive. There is no gilding or display, not even a sign, except a card on the door. It is only open by daylight, and is only visited by the members. No member is liable beyond the \$100 invested on joining the association, and any one may withdraw at any time by giving sufficient notice, and may then recover his money in the form of gradual abatement on his monthly purchases.

# The Black Hills.

Gen. Sherman, in a published letter, says: I have been to the President with Gov. Thayer. After reading the papers, and some discussion, the President said that the people who had gone to the Black Hills of Dakota, inside the Sioux reservation, or who may hereafter go there, are there wrongfully, and that they should be notified of the fact. But the government is engaged in cer-tain measures that will probably result in opening up the country to occupation and settlement. Meanwhile the Indians should not be allowed to scalp and kill anybody, and you are authorized to af-ford protection to all persons who are coming away and who are conveying food and stores for those already there. I understand that arrangements are now in progress with "Red Cloud" and "Spotted Tail" to remove, and meanwhile the agency Indians should be kept near the agencies. If satisfactory arraugements are not concluded, orders will be made as to the whites who have intruded on the Sioux reservation.

# Going to the Bad.

About eight years ago Emmet, before then a negro minstrel, started out as a "Dutch" comedian, and won popularity and a fortune in a play called "Fritz." He is said to have made \$150,000 in five years, as his ability to draw large audiences enabled him to dictate terms with managers. Drunkenness was one of the results of his success. During his last engagement in New York city he was it several."— Hall Porter: "I don't often perceptibly intoxicated when on wonder at it, sir. I've spoken about it the stage. A letter in the San Francisco down stairs. The butler, sir, you see, is 'Igh Church,' which he 'as fit up a hora-house in Melbourne, Australia, he was recently so drunk that he fell while try-ing to dance, and soon afterward fell asleep in the midst of a scene. The stage manager roused him and led him behind the scenes, and the audience de-

# Items of Interest.

The clink of silver money is for eash-

The art of life consists of being well

deceived.

A man must be very hungry to like the sound of a dinner gong.

Since the introduction of silver there's reater variety, but not so much change. The Baltimore Sun advocates appending to every death notice the name of the

The difference between an overcoat and a baby is, one you was and the other

you wear. Motto of a Portland temperance re-form club: "We bend the knee, but not the elbow."

Dr. Parr once asked Porson what he thought of evil. "I see no good in it," was the reply. Which is the easiest profession? Divinity, because it is easier to preach

han to practice. The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites; it can never make them converts.

An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease-while there's life there's hope.

Men of force and industry every-where will tell you that it is the hardest thing in the world to do nothing.

Until he measures himself by others, the self-made man is never quite certain whether or not he is well made.

The life of a rich old bachelor is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper. A conundrum that has never been

satisfactorily answered—How many bootjacks does it take to kill a cat? A clergyman, who lives on the sea-shore, says he likes calm Sundays, be-cause he is opposed to Sabbath break-

During a recent hail storm in Kansas the hailstones in certain places were drifted by the wind to a depth of four

No young man should think of send-ing poetry to a publisher without send-ing the names of a few subscribers as an

A young lady who had a new hood, and was asked to lend it frequently, said she was getting tired of keeping a neighborhood. The French invention of toughened

glass is in some respects less satisfactory than was at first supposed. It is true that it does not easily break, but it cannot be cut. A London doctor has discovered that you may cure the toothache by dissolving half a drachm of bicarbonate of soda

in an ounce of water and holding the

solution in your mouth.

The other day a Black Hills stage driver undertook to horsewhip his passengers into getting out and pushing up hill, but the gold seekers held a coroner's inquest and found that he died of pneumonia. A hotel in Kansas has the following

notice displayed in the bedrooms Gentlemen wishing to commit suicide will please take the center of the room, to avoid staining the bed linen, walls and furniture with blood. Some one asked the elder Dumas for

his autograph. "My autograph!" he cried; "you can find plenty of them floating about in the shape of notes, and you will know that they are genuine by their being all protested." Young miss, fond of pets-"Oh, I'm

so glad you love birds, Mr. Snooks; what kind do you admire?" Young man, who is quite poetical—"Well, I think a good turkey, with oy ter stuffing, is about as good as any. Experiments lately made in France show that air laden with coal dust is highly explosive. Several cases of ex-plosion in coal mines have been traced

to the action of suspended coal dust when no fire-damp was present. "How shall we settle the labor question?" exclaimed a politician in the midst of his speech. "By all going to work and earning your living honestly!" thundered a spectator in the gallery. That sentiment brought down the house.

If a man is looking for a situation and can show a good recommendation from his mother-in-law, it will go further toward securing him the position than a dozen testimonials from his uncle or brothers-in-law. But such recommendations are extremely hard to get.

In replying to a toast to his health, on a recent occasion, Lord Snaftesbury told the story of a man who said, when his lordship was presented with a donkey by the costermongers in Lon-don: "Somehow or other, I shall never again see a donkey without thinking of your lordship."

In Binghampton, N. Y., there is an insane man whose ailment is a symptom of a lingering type of hydrophobia. He was infected by being bitten by his wife, who died of hydrophobia about four years ago. See was bitten by a dog when she was a girl, and lived fifteen years without any symptoms of the

Two sparks from London once came upon a decent looking shepherd in Argyleshire, and accosted him with: "You have a very fine view here; you can see a great way." "Yu aye, yu aye a ferry great way." "Ah! you can see America here, I suppose?" "Farrer than that." "How is that?" "Yu jist wait tule the mists gang awa" and you'll see the mists gang awa', and you'll see the mune.

A gentleman gave his servant maid the following character the other day : "The bearer has been in my employ a year minus eleven months. During time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door ; frugal-in work ; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—toward men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest-when everything

Formerly rain was unknown upon the northern part of the Red sea, but since the building of the Suez canal showers have fallen regularly about once a fortnight. The result has been to start vegetation up, even upon the Asiatic side, in the most wonderful manner. If things go on as they have begun, the sands of the isthmus will be covered with forests in another fifty years,