

The Elk County Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1876.

NO. 18.

Dying in Harness.

Only a fallen horse stretched out there on the road. Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load; Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes. Watching the frightened teamster gazing the beast to rise. 'Old' for his toll is over—no more labor for him; See the poor neck outstretched and the patient eyes grow dim; See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests his head— Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead; After the burdened journey, how restful it is to lie With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only to die. Watchers, he died in harness, died in the shafts and straps, Fell, and the great load killed him; one of the day's mishaps. One of the passing wonders marking the city road, A toiler dying in harness, heelless of call or goat. Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile, What is the symbol? "Only death? Why should we cease to smile At death for a beast of burden?" On: through the busy street That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet! What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will? Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still? The seed on the rock is wasted, on heedless hearts of men, That gather and sow, and grasp and lose, labor and sleep, and then— Then for the prize! A crowd in the street of ever-crowding tread, The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness, dead!

A GREAT MISTAKE.

When pretty little Nellie May married Frank Chester, she really believed that she was entering upon a life of unclouded happiness—an unlimited extension, in fact, of her golden courtship days, wherein discords would be altogether impossible. Loving her husband sincerely, the little wife was far too loyal to admit even to herself the greatness of her disappointment, yet the melancholy truth was plain. A cloud had darkened the domestic horizon—a cloud of such size and blackness that it had well nigh shaded the honeymoon, and had threatened dire storms and tempests ever since. And this cloud, to drop metaphor, was nothing less than Frank Chester's mother—to him, the embodiment of wisdom, the fountain-head of knowledge; to his wife, a constantly quoted, and therefore inseparable, paragon, who threatened to develop into the destroyer of her happiness. Whatever Nellie did—whether she arranged her house or meditated some new decoration of walls or rooms, whether she superintended his favorite dishes or made up his wardrobe with her own hands—the result was always the same. "Ah, that isn't the way my mother used to do," or "I only wish mother was here; she could show you a better way," was Frank's invariable comment, until Nellie began to fear that she should learn to hate her mother-in-law, and to look forward with dismay to the visit which Mrs. Chester senior talked of paying them, but which had been fortunately delayed thus far. At the end of this first month of house-keeping Frank expressed himself in no measured terms when poor Nellie timidly announced that she had not money enough to pay all the bills. "Not money enough? Why, Nellie, you must have been very extravagant or very wasteful, or both. Why, my mother always kept house on just half of the allowance I make you; and she had five children at home, while here we have only ourselves! Really, my dear, you must look after things a little better than this, or you will ruin me. All that money spent on two people, and the bills only half paid!" "But, Frank," urged Nellie, trying hard to be cool, and forcing back the tears that would spring to her eyes—"but, Frank, you know your mother has only one servant—you have often said so—and we have three. Of course that makes a difference. And then you have had a great many dinner parties, and you have no idea how many extra things a dinner involves." "Nonsense, Nellie; you need not lay the blame on our having dined half a dozen people during the month, for I don't believe that makes an atom of difference in the long run. No, the fault is in your extravagance. You must look after those servants of yours more closely. I only wish you had mother here for a couple of months; she would find the leaks, I know, and stop them too! But then, of course, you have never had the advantage of such thorough training as mother has given her daughters. Why, she has made Jane as capable as herself." "And I am very glad I haven't had such a training," said Nellie, hotly. "My own dear mother was always prudent, and taught her children to be the same; but she used to say that when people had ample means, economy was too often another name for stinginess, and I believe she was right." "Mother was not stingy," said Frank, with an angry frown. "I don't see how she lived on such a pittance sum and supported so large a family without giving her whole mind to petty savings, which could have left her no time for better and brighter things. She must have given up reading and music and all that, and to what end? Just to add a few more dollars to your already large income. Now I think that is the worst kind of stinginess, since it defrauds the mind and soul to no purpose whatever." "And I think it is a wife's duty to please her husband," Frank exclaimed,

more annoyed than his wife could guess, for her random thrust had come close to the truth. "Mother devoted her life to her family, and if it had not been for the economy you despise, I might not have had so much money for wasting now." But poor Nellie, much too fond of her husband to find quarreling anything but misery, was fairly vanquished by this time, and retired in tears, leaving the inglorious victor to draw checks for the bills, and to soothe his disturbed conscience by resolving to buy his wife a new pair of bracelets that very day. So the thing had been going on, sometimes better, sometimes worse—Nellie fairly disheartened at the malign influence that her mother-in-law, though so far distant, seemed to exercise over her life; Frank utterly perplexed by the storm that followed every allusion to his mother's ways, every quotation of her maxims. He never dreamed of the pain he was inflicting, or of the injustice of his constant comparisons; and so, never imagining that he was to blame, he attributed all the discords that were fast bittering their lives to Nellie's temper. "Strange, she always seemed so amiable and gentle at home, that she should prove so capricious and irritable now," he said to himself on more than one occasion; and he was fast settling into the belief that he was a model husband, with a most perversely tempered wife, when a fortunate accident showed him the truth so forcibly that he was fain to accept the lesson. The first anniversary of their marriage was close at hand, and Nellie had plenty of time to devote to her husband in the shape of a dinner party composed of six of his most particular friends. Everything was succeeding finely. The invitations were all accepted and the guests pledged to secrecy, the menu was of the simplest, and her new dinner dress, reserved for this occasion, unusually becoming, when, on the very morning of the eventful day, Frank pulled a letter out of his overcoat pocket as he was leaving the house, saying at the same time: "There, Nellie, I forgot to tell you last night. My mother wrote yesterday to say that you may expect her this afternoon. The fact is, I invited her to spend our wedding anniversary with us; but I wouldn't tell you before, thinking to give you a pleasant surprise. Now you can have a room in readiness, as she will meet her at the boat and bring her up here. Good-bye, little woman; and Frank departed, serenely unconscious of the vexation and dismay he left behind. Poor Nellie thrust the unwelcome letter into her pocket without reading it, and she had no time to do so, as she had locked the door and sat down to have a good cry. Nellie had never seen Mrs. Chester until her wedding day, and even then she had found little to please her in the tall, angular, firm-featured woman who was such a direct contrast to her handsome, lively son, with his genial temper and ready wit. Frank had done his best on that occasion to be cordial for both, but though he was much too happy to see it, the two ladies had been as frigid as their relationship allowed them to be, and the result had been that they had not brought their nearer together. All this and more passed through poor Nellie's mind before she wiped away her tears and began to think of all that yet remained to be done, and of the impossibility of appearing at her dinner table with red eyes. "At least," she said to herself, "I will not let this day be marred by my ill temper. I will try, for Frank's sake, to welcome his mother, and no matter how she may criticize, I will be amiable." But another and a far graver sorrow awaited the poor little woman, for just as she rose from the table a telegram was placed in her hand, and with a sudden presage of ill, she tore open the envelope. Her fears were confirmed; the dispatch was from her father, to announce the sudden and perhaps fatal illness of her mother, and urging her to lose no time if she would see her once more. With shaking hands and sinking heart, Nellie made her preparations for immediate departure. Her husband, who had received a similar message, was speedily at home, and made every arrangement for her comfort, soothing her as far as possible with hopeful words, and so loving and sympathetic withal that Nellie felt it doubly hard to leave. "If I could possibly leave my business on such short notice, you should not go alone, little wife; but you may depend on seeing me in a day or two, and meanwhile you must write and telegraph constantly," he said. "And if (as I hardly dare to hope) mother should be better, you must not come until next week; but be sure to write to me every day, for I shall find so much comfort in your letters," said Nellie, eagerly. The promise was given, and then she suddenly remembered the dinner party, which could no longer be kept secret, so she intended to surprise was unfolded to her husband. "I did not mean to let you know about it until you came home to-night," she said, smiling faintly at his thanks for this proof of her loving thoughtfulness. "And what a sad ending to your pleasant little scheme!" he added, "and now I have to do without you, darling! Do you think I could let them know in time not to come?" Nellie shook her head. "Impossible, Frank; it is nearly five now, and they were invited for six o'clock. Besides, you will have barely time to meet your mother now; you will have to drive fast, after leaving me at the cars, if you want to meet the boat." "That's true," said Frank, "looking at his watch as they drove toward the depot. "Why, do you know, Nellie, I had quite forgotten that mother was coming, for this trouble of yours has driven everything else out of my mind." It took some time to explain matters to that lady's entire satisfaction; that her daughter-in-law should have left her house on such short notice, and left it entirely to the control of her servants,

was to her mind a very damaging fact, but she commented upon it very freely. "It seems to me, Frank, that your wife must be a very careless housekeeper, to start off in such a hurry, and never even wait to see if I was coming. Why, suppose a rain storm had come after noon, there would have been absolutely no head to the house." "But Nellie was anxious to get to her mother as soon as possible, you know," said Frank, not altogether pleased. "Of course, that's all very proper, but still a married woman has much to consider, and her first and paramount duty is to her husband and her home. And a true wife will be careful to avoid unnecessary expenses." Her son winced a little at this application of the very maxim which he had so often quoted to poor Nellie as his mother's guiding principle, but he made no reply. She went on: "I suppose it is about your dinner hour, isn't it, Frank? The fact is, I am rather hungry, for I wouldn't spend a dollar for dinner on the boat, and I had only a sandwich and an apple in my traveling bag, but I shall enjoy your dinner all the more." "That reminds me, mother," said Frank, as he helped her out of the carriage at his own door, "that we are to have a dinner party to-night, six of our most intimate friends, whom Nellie is expecting to celebrate the day." "But things won't be ready, now she has gone so suddenly." "Oh, our servants will attend to all that," said Frank; but his mother interrupted him with a gesture of dismay. "Just as I expected!" she exclaimed; "just as I expected! My poor boy, you are living a most wonderful life, and I must try my best to reform your wife's domestic management and show you how to get along. Why, Frank, you must remember how differently I managed my household when you were a boy at home, and how I looked after everything myself. Do you happen to know if Nellie goes into her kitchen immediately after breakfast every day, as a careful housewife should?" "Why, the fact is," said Frank, fairly stammering as he explained, "that I have had a fancy—that Nellie—in short, she has been in the habit of taking a walk every morning, and she has generally walked down with me part of the way—her health, you know." "And here she broke down entirely, for his mother's eyes were fixed full upon him with a look of such astonishment and disapproval that she fairly wilted. "And when she spends the afternoon in domestic duties." "In the afternoon she generally goes out to pay visits or attend receptions or matinees, or things of that sort. You know, mother, Nellie has a large circle of friends, and her social duties must not be neglected." "And when does she ever find time for making your shirts or her own dresses, or even for making cake and pies and preserves?" was the next question. Frank almost laughed as he replied: "The fact is, mother, things are managed very differently in the city, and as we have three servants, and such a large household, it is necessary for her to sew or cook. Besides, I want her to keep up her music, and she practices several hours each day." "You don't mean to tell me that you, two in a family, keep three girls to wait upon you? Oh, Frank! Frank! how you have changed! You used to be a good home here when you began housekeeping, and I might have taught your wife economy; but now I am afraid it is too late." In due time the guests arrived. Many were the regrets over Nellie's absence, which, in truth, cast an undeniable cloud over the entertainment, and much sympathy was expressed by all; but the dinner was an entire success in a gastronomic point of view, and the host was well pleased with the commendations it called forth. Still he could not help seeing that his mother was disapproving, and as one course succeeded another, her dismay and astonishment became more evident. "As soon as possible he managed an adjournment to the parlor, where his mother, despite his entreaty look, declined to follow, and after some pleasant chat his friends departed. As the door closed on the last one, Frank, hearing loud voices in the dining-room, returned thither to find his mother and Mary engaged in angry discussion as to the proper method of disposing of the relics of the feast. Much as Frank was annoyed by the instant appeal which both parties made to him as he entered the room, he was yet too dutiful a son to hesitate. "While your mistress is absent, Mary," he said to the excited waitress, "I shall expect you to obey my mother; but, of course, Mrs. Chester will return in a day or two, and then she will take everything into her own hands again. Until then my mother is the head of the house." "Frank, I never dreamed of such wastefulness as I've seen to-night. Why, there was enough left of that dinner to feed you all for a week to come, and that girl was determined to put it all down stairs, where, I dare say, it would have been given away by to-morrow night. But I determined to stop that, so I made her bring the things all here to me, and I've got them under lock and key. With proper economy"—"But Frank, sick of the very word, had taken his departure, and so the lecture ended, Mrs. Chester going to her room to plan reforms, Frank indulging in a cigar, while he wondered how Nellie was getting on, and wished most earnestly that she was at home again. "For," said he, dolefully, to himself, "I'm afraid I shall have to break up housekeeping if she stays more than three days." If Nellie could have heard him! Morning brought a telegram from Nellie to say that her mother, though very ill, was out of danger, and announcing her own intention of staying with the invalid for some time. Later in the day a letter confirmed the telegram. "I am sure you will get along nicely without me, dear Frank, since you have your mother," wrote Nellie; "and as I am really very much needed here, I know you will not object if I prolong my stay to a fortnight." "Frank's fortnight!" roared Frank; "why couldn't she have said a year!

It would have been about as reasonable. But I know what I'll do; I will go after her when the week is out, and bring her home." When Frank reached his home that evening he was surprised to find that everything was dark. The lamp gas was not lit; neither was the fire whose cheerful radiance had always made his pleasant library doubly pleasant. Stumbling through the dark room, he finally succeeded in getting a match and striking it, but when he would have applied the flame to the drop light, why, that was nowhere to be seen. Hastily lighting a side burner, he rang the bell for Mary, but before she could answer his summons his mother appeared. Opening the door which connected the library with the dining-room, she said: "Oh, Frank, is that you? Come right in here and get warm, for it is a cold night, I know." "But where is Mary? And what does she mean by neglecting to light the fire? And—Hullo! who put the drop light in here? Why, mother, don't you know that belongs in the library?" And Frank was about to ring another bell and call Mary to strict account, when his mother stopped him. "I told her not to make a fire there, Frank, for as long as you and I are alone, we might just as well sit in here and save fuel and light. So I made her bring in the fire from the kitchen, and I've been sitting here all day myself, to save fire on stairs." "This is all nonsense, mother," exclaimed Frank, vehemently. "Nellie and I never thought of sitting in this room, and besides, I don't like furnace heat at all, as you may remember. I always have a fire in the library when the weather is cold enough, and I couldn't read my paper anywhere else. So, with your permission, I will have these things restored to their right places, and then we'll have our dinner." At this moment, before Mrs. Chester could say anything more, Mary made her appearance, but shawled and bonneted as if she were in a hurry. Standing near the door, she said, wistfully: "If you please, Mr. Chester, I would like my wages, for I'm going to leave to-night. Things are very different from what they were when our Mrs. Chester was in the city, and as I can't get any satisfaction, I'm better going. I'll send for my trunk in the morning, unless the old lady," with a defiant glance at Mrs. Chester, "would like to search it first." "Nonsense, Mary," said Frank, realizing in a moment his own present discomfort and his wife's dismay if Mary were suffered to depart; "nonsense, you are not going at all. Why, what would your mistress say when she returned? Now just go up stairs and take off your hat, and then come down and wait on the table like a good girl." And dejectedly leading her to the door, he whispered: "I'll give you five dollars extra, and the others too. My wife will be home in a week, and then all will be right again." "Turning back to the dining-room, considerately ruffled, Frank refused to hear of any more of his wife's whims. In general, his own extravagance in particular, and pretended to be deep in his newspaper until dinner was served. But even this ordinarily agreeable meal was to be an annoyance to-night, for it was made up entirely of the remnants of the last night's feast, and Frank grumbled audibly, much to his mother's surprise. "I'm sure I don't know what has come over you, Frank," she said, severely. "Last night you sat ten times as much on the table as you needed, and to-night you object to eating those things, when it's the only way to keep them from being wasted." "I know very well that I have been a fool, but I am quite cured of my folly now; and so Nellie will find when she gets back," said Frank. A week passed. The servants grumbled, rebelled, and were only saved from open mutiny by constant remonstrances and entreaties on the part of their master, backed with more substantial arguments occasionally. Frank said little if anything to his mother, but like the fawning owl, he kept up an incessant thinking. His daily letters to Nellie were almost pitiful in their description of his forlorn condition, and brought quick loving answers from his little wife. At the end of that week Mrs. Chester was suddenly summoned home. Frank had no sooner seen her safely embarked on the boat than he hastened to his office, arranged for a few days of absence, and took the first train to Glenwood, where he had known where he would find his wife by his unexpected presence. In the days that followed the reunion Frank confessed his change of views with great candor and many self-accusations. Nellie was too well pleased to be unforgiving, and the element of discord was hushed. When the husband and wife returned to their home, nothing was said about Mrs. Chester's ways and methods, and from that time onward Frank was content to let Nellie expend such proportion of his ample income as his social position demanded, without grumbling at necessary outlays. Indeed, he was heard to say in after years, that the man who attempted to make of his wife a second edition of his mother, was only making a very great mistake.

New Hampshire's Finances.

The message of the governor of New Hampshire containing the statement of the State finances: Revenue for 1876—receipts from State tax, \$400,000; receipts from other sources, \$103,328.19—total revenue, \$503,328.19. Current expenses for 1876—ordinary, \$39,461.87; extraordinary, \$29,395.05; interest on State debt, \$22,629.31—total expenses, \$91,486.23, showing an excess of revenue of \$411,841.96, which is the amount of the reduction of the State debt during the year. The liabilities of the State are \$3,629,638.49. Sixty-eight savings banks are in operation, with deposits of \$31,188,064.16, an increase of \$989,578.45. Bank investments show a decided improvement. Loans on real estate have increased \$1,000,000.

Varieties in Fashions.

Gold embroidery on linen cuffs and collars is a striking novelty that will probably fail to be popular. Long white scarfs of crepe lisse tucked in each end and worn as neckties and cravat bows in mourning. Three cornered neckerchiefs of black net fringed with crimped tape fringe are also used in mourning. Wide silk galleons, richly embroidered, is the new trimming for evening dresses of light colored silks. It comes in pale green, cream, blue and rose colored grounds, wrought with vines, flowers, bees and butterflies in natural colors. Single branches of thickly clustered small flowers are placed down the middle of bonnet crowns and the trimming scarfs of soft silk. Among these, dwarfed roses, pink or yellow, the flowering almond and buttercups are favorite flowers. A single long loop of ribbon or of the dress trimming is sewed on the demi trained skirt of costumes, and the skirt is raised to a proper walking length by passing the hand through the loop and holding up the demi train. Long trains of evening dresses are raised in the same way. Gold braid is more used for handsome dresses than it promises to be when first introduced. It is carefully used in threads and dots of gold on black galleons for trimming black grenadine dresses. Silver braid is the trimming seen on the most elegant costumes of gray camel's hair. Black brocaded silk parasols, with steep tops, rings, and edged with cream colored lace, are considered the best of the kind. Dots of black silk covered with black grouse lace are also much admired. A coral set for a white lace and silk parasol now consists of the carved coral handle, the carved stick for the pagoda top, a coral ring to pass over the parasol and close it, with seven or eight tiny hands of coral to fasten the end of each cord of the parasol and attach the lace to the silk. The coral ornaments alone, before they are mounted, cost \$50. Parisiennes, when driving in open carriages, use large red silk parasols of the dark shade known as Russia light red. They also use dark myrtle green parasols, bordered with green shaded cocks' plumes.—*Bazar*.

Animal Sagacity.

The Rochester Union tells the following story concerning "a medium sized black and tan dog of unusual spirit and intelligence," owned in that city: On a recent occasion, when out with his master, a good sized woodchuck was discovered by the dog partially concealed under a large tree, and in such a position that it could not be dislodged by ordinary means, and could not be reached by the eager terrier, who was well at the prospect of his prey escaping him. It occurred to one of the party that by pouring water in the burrow the groundhog would be forced to evacuate his quarters and give battle to the dog. A creek ran near by, and finding an old tin pail, water was carried to the root of the tree and the "chuck flooded out. His fate was soon decided by the dog, who he is said to have shown more than ordinary satisfaction at the result, and from the after result must have taken a mental note of the means by which the burrowing animal was brought within his reach. This occurred several weeks ago, and had almost passed from the recollection of the dog's owner, when it was recalled by the following strange, if true, incident: In taking his customary "constitutional" in the woods, the gentleman not thinking of any such thing as the destruction of a woodchuck, was astonished to see his dog stop like a well trained setter on the bank of a small creek, and sniff eagerly at something on the other side. He hesitated but a moment and then dashed into the water and was soon digging with a vim at the root of an old tree and looking up anxiously toward his master, as if conscious that the assistance of the latter was absolutely necessary to the success of his design on the woodchuck which had found refuge in the burrow. His wish to dispossess the dog, went over to see what was up. He found the situation to be similar to that of the occasion when a deluge enabled the dog to make way with his foe. But this time there was no pail at hand, and it appeared as if the woodchuck would escape. In this emergency, the dog and his master appeared, and it was not known where he had gone. He was absent five or ten minutes, and on making his appearance astonished his master by his frantic efforts to run along with an old tin preserve can, which he was carrying in his mouth, although it partially covered his eyes.

A Slight Mistake.

An individual attired in a gray suit of clothes, and presenting the appearance of a policeman, going down a San Francisco street, was saluted by a Celestial cigar dealer, who beckoned him into his seven-by-nine shop and invited him to take a cigar. The man was astonished, but nevertheless complied and lighted the cigar which the dealer presented to him. "What your number?" asked the Chinaman. "Number! I haint got no number." "You no policeman?" "You no policeman?" "You pay me ten centence. I heep like policeman. You no policeman you pay me ten centence. I heep pay license." The man refused to pay a cent, whereupon the Chinaman drew a police whistle and blew lustily for a moment, but no policeman put in an appearance. Finally an elderly Celestial emerged from the interior, and putting the citizen on the shoulder very soothingly said: "You heep good man. You pay ten centence. You billy good man." The citizen being considerably mollified drew out a ten-cent piece and handed it to the Chinaman, who retired into his shop very well satisfied. "Do you love me still, John?" whispered a sensitive wife to her husband. "Of course I do—the stiller the better," answered the stupid husband.

The Parsees and their Dead.

While the Mohammedan buries his dead, as do the Christians, in cemeteries, and rears columns and shafts above the graves; and while the Hindoo "cremates" his dead, putting them aloft on funeral pyres which are fired, and consume them, the Parsees employ a far different method, and one that is intensely repulsive. On the summit of high hills they build a circular wall, over which, as a roof, they place an iron grating, sloping from the circumference downward to the center. On this grating the bodies are laid, to be gradually consumed by birds of prey. The bones then drop into the space beneath. A writer thus describes the great Parsee cemetery at Bombay: "We came to the Parsee home of the dead. It is a hill inclosed with a very high wall. On the summit there is a dense grove of palm trees, in the center of which, and high above the foliage, rises the 'Tower of Silence.' The tower incloses and protects a dark, deep, open well, and across the top of the tower is a firmly-fixed grating of iron bars. The dead are laid upon this grating, the flesh to be the food of the birds of the air; the bones, as they fall assunder from exposure and rot, drop into the well, and are consumed, pit below. The Parsee who was our guide protested that this giving up the remains of friends and kindred to the vulture, the eagle, and the raven, seemed horrible to him; wherefore, when he was not long ago called upon to deposit the remains of a wife, the mother of a daughter, he protected them with strong metallic screens, so that the remains were left to natural decomposition from the sacred heat of the sun, and were absorbed in the pure atmosphere which he enlightens." The Robin's Note. The other morning a bad man was being conveyed to prison, there to remain for long, long years. He walked the streets with iron on his wrists, and the glorious sun beaming down upon him as he kissed the dew from the leaves of the maple and chestnut. His eyes had a sullen, vicious look, and there was something wicked in his very step. The officer halted with him a moment just where the eye could trace a beautiful street for a mile, with every green tree holding its leaves up to be kissed by the warm sun. Just then a robin left its nest in the branches above their heads and uttered its loudest, happiest notes in praise of the glorious morning. The bad man looked up, then around him, and such a change came to his face that the officer was amazed. The bad man had left the eyes, the hard lines went away, and there was a quivering of the chin as he whispered: "And I have got to be shut up from all this!" The robin sang again, wildly, softly, and so clear that its note might be heard a long way off. The bad man's eyes were full of tears, and he said in a husky voice: "How could I have been so wicked with such glad notes as those to ring in my ears and make my heart tender!" The man of whom witness testified said, "He was the head of a fine family, but he broke down in one short moment, and he blushed that men should see the iron on his wrists and point him out as a criminal." Mystery of Dreams. It is related that a man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having, in the interval, dreamed that he committed a crime, was detected after five years, and was sentenced to a term of life in the halter about his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a shiek, found himself, for the first time, a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard; and how, upon waking up from this long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow necked gourd bottle filled with water, which he knew he overturned as he fell asleep, had not time in which to empty itself. How fast the soul travels when the body is asleep! Often, when we awake, we shrink from going back into the dull routine of a sordid existence, regretting the pleasant life of dreamland. How is it that sometimes, when we go to a strange place, we fancy that we have seen it before? Is it possible that when one has been asleep the soul has floated away, seen the place, and has that memory of it which so surprises us? In a word, how far dual is the life of man, how far not?

An Asiatic Monster.

A correspondent of the *Invalid Review*, writing from Khokand, says that Fula Bek (Fula Beg—the steel prince) was held in great abhorrence by the natives for his excessive cruelty and brutality. His favorite pastime was slaughtering innocent people like so many sheep. This odious monster is said to have taken the lives of 3,700 people during his short rule in Marghiana. He was particularly relentless toward the family of Hudooy Khan, slaying not only the wives of his rival, but also the little children. After the capture of Marghiana by Skobelev this general would not allow his men to occupy the citadel—i. e., the late residence of Fula—for it literally reeked with blood, and had become a disgusting charnel house.

New Trimming Laces.

Among the newest white trimming laces are real hand made Spanish laces in light feathery designs that appear to be made entirely of silk. In the popular three-inch widths these cost \$4 a yard. The Smyrna lace of pure linen that has suddenly come into fashion for trimming piques, gingham, batistes, children's clothing, and ladies' underwear costs fifteen cents a yard for narrow widths, while that two inches wide is \$1.50 a yard. If you are in love and don't know how to make it known, go to your tailor. He will press your suit for you.

Items of Interest.

A very narrow aperture—The crack of a whip. Many a man worth a million is utterly worth less. The Texas Senate has passed a bill excluding from jury duty all persons unable to read and write the English language. Chinamen who cut off their pigtails sell them to shopkeepers who supply the San Francisco young ladies with switches. A new rule on the Central Vermont strange forces every employe to take the total abstinence pledge, and dismissal is to follow a violation of it. A despairing avian, in a fit of desperation, recently declared to his unrelenting ladylove that it was his firm determination to drop himself, or perish in the attempt. A clergyman said, the other day, that modern young ladies were not daughters of Shem and Ham, but daughters of Heng and Sham, compounders of plain sewing and make believe. It is asserted by an eminent English physician that by the timely administration of the hypophosites of lime or soda, consumption can be stamped out as thoroughly as smallpox by vaccination. It is claimed that a true lady never loses her temper. We never know of one being really out of temper, though since the present style of dress came in we have seen them considerably ruffled. If ninety per cent. of the inmates of our prisons are drinkers of ardent spirits, as estimated by those in positions that give weight to their judgment, the way in which taxation may be reduced is apparent. A greenhorn arriving in town, on a first visit, heard a man calling "Oysters," and asked: "What's that?" "Oh, only oysters," said his friend. "Great stars!" exclaimed the verdant one, "do oysters how like that?" A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something." The difficult part is, "said the man, "they are too big to work." A captain caught a boy in the middle watch frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom the captain called out: "You lubber, you! I'll have none of that!" "Faith, captain, I've none for ye," replied the lad. Somebody gave a Texas detective a portrait of Shakespeare, and told him it was a picture of a horse thief for whose arrest there had been a reward offered. The detective has since scrutinized Shakespeare closely, but has not arrested anybody. The man who is hardest to find is the one who has an "office," particularly if he has "office hours." Whenever a man wishes to conceal himself from the world, he rents an office, hangs out a sign stating his office hours, and then stays away forever. The direct United States cable company have repeated their statements, and fortified them by a report from Professor Thomson, of Glasgow, to the effect that the recent breakages of their cable must have been the result of violence willfully applied. On what two days in a lifetime can a man travel the furthest, and where does he travel on those two days? The day before his marriage and the day after it. The day before his marriage he is in the Cape of Good Hope, and the day after it he is in the United States. Four months ago a party of divers started from San Francisco to recover treasure from the steamer Golden Gate, which was wrecked in 1861 off the coast of Mexico, and from which \$775,000 were raised in 1863. Land had buried the vessel so deep that they could not reach any but the \$400,000 which are supposed to be still there. A beggar recently applied for alms at the door of a parlour in the Antislavery Society, Edinburgh. After vainly detailing his manifold sorrows, he was peremptorily dismissed by the inexorable gentleman. "Go away," said he; "we canna gie ye naething." "You might, at least," returned the mendicant, "with an air of great dignity and earnestness, "Have refused me grammatically." Lawyers are sometimes very particular. The other day one was waited upon by a young man, who began by saying: "My father died and made a will." "Is it possible?" I never heard of such a thing," answered the lawyer. "I thought it happened every day," said the young man; "but if there is to be any difficulty about it, I had better give you a fee to attend to the business." The fee was given and then the lawyer observed: "Oh! I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died—yes, yes; that must be it." The elephant in a traveling circus in San Francisco discovered a pocket in the back part of a girl's dress, as she was leaning against the rope and looking the other way. He reached in his trunk and brought out an apple, which he ate. Another trial yielded a package of gum drops, and a third some peanuts. Again he essayed and got hold of a bottle of ammonia, the contents of which went the way of the apple, the candy and the peanuts. Instantly the restless elephant obliterated the girl's bustle, filling the air with bits of cloth, newspaper and wholesale boxes. Some distressing cases of death have occurred among the people engaged in the white lead works in England. The London *Lancet* suggests that the following precautions should be made compulsory in all white lead manufactories: "Clothes, gloves and caps should be provided to be worn only at the works; waterproof boots to be provided for those working with the moist white lead; respirators to be provided for those working in the dry lead works; no one to be allowed to leave the works unwashed or in his factory dress; and that manufacturers should be empowered to make special rules which should render any of their workpeople amenable to law for disregarding them."