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The Sabbath,

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale, Yet youder halts the quiet mill; The whirling wheel, the rushing sail, How metier less and still !

Six days of toil, poor child of Caip. Thy strength the slave of want may be; The seventh thy limbs escape the chain-A God hath made the free!

Ah! tender was the law that gave This holy respite to the breast, To breathe the gale, to watch the wind, And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide,

What image charms to light thine eves?

The spire reflected on the tide To teach the soul its noblest worth, The rest from mortal toil is given;

Go snatch the brief reprieve from earth, And pass—a guest to Heaven. They tell thee, in their dreaming echool. Of power from old dominion hurled,

When rich and poor, with juster rule, Shall share the altered world. Alse! since time itself begun, That fable bath but fooled the hour:

E charge that ripens power in man But subjects man to power. Yet every day in seven at least, One bright republic shall be known Man's world awbile bath surely ceased,

When God proclaims his own Siz days may rank divide the poor, Oh, Diver, from thy banquet hall; The seventh the Father opes His door, And holds His feast for all!

A Romance of the Old Hulk.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

From the time of the Quarantine riots, when the hospital buildings on Staten Island were destroyed by fire, to that of the erection of houses on made hand in the lower bay for the reception of cases of contagious fevers, the old steamer Illinois, stripped of masts and spars, lay rocking below the nar-rows, the only hospital where patients from infected vessels were admitted. This floating pest house, with a yellow flag waving at its stern, was anchored within sight of the southeastern shore of Staten Island. It was regarded with curiosity and dread by excursionists up and down the bay, and with a horrible interest by those on board vessels plying to and from Southern ports. Although christened at one time the "Florence Nightingale," it was usually known by officers of the quarantine service and mariners of the harbor as the hulk, anchored in an unfrequented spot in the bay, was really a comfortable and capacious hospital, quite as agreeable to those transferred from thips and accustomed to their motion as would have been accommodations on land. With machinery and staterooms removed, the long cabin was enlarged and fitted up as the main ward, while the upper salo n was partitioned into apartments for the use of the physician, assistants, and nurses. At the period our story opens every cot in the fever ward of the Old Hulk was filled with young menthe flower of our land-smitten with yellow fever in its most fatal form. During the past three years ample accommodations for patients have been made, and the Old Hulk is now used only as a reception place, where patients are examined, and from thence removed to

below the horizon, seemed like

always associated with the execution of

verdure. The shores of Jersey and

Staten Island, the view of the narrows,

with craft of all sizes plying inward and

commenting upon the passengers, many

Then begun a conversation concern-

After a while, Miss Albert complain-

"For the love of Heaven, follow me

was to ask advice of her friends, but be-

range her veil at a glass, went below,

where, at the cabin door, stood the

woman in disguise, who thus hurriedly confided her trouble:

"Pardon me, but I am nearly despe-

rate with distress. For two years I have

been affianced to Lieut. Commander

Ralston, who is now on the hospital ship

very low with the yellow fever. I am resolved to get to him. I have dressed

as a man to hide myself on the barge

that goes to the Old Hulk to n ght, that

I may steal aboard and be with my be-loved for a little while at least. There

is no other way. The laws of quarantine are inexorable; I have begged by letter to be permitted to see him, and have been denied. I overheard your

Surely you have a woman's heart.

"But your life will be sacrificed to

low, agitated tones :

distress."

of whom were Germans in the rainbow

water seemed coaxing to detain.

denced their high spirits.

on so serious a subject."

the island hospitals. he island hospitals.
In the summer of 1868, when Dr. Swinburne was health officer of this port, he resided in a cottage on Staten Island, in the inclosure so long known as "Quarantine grounds," and distinguished by the remains of the stone wall which formerly bounded the hospital buildings. Below this officer's residence were the houses of his deputies, Drs. M. and R., the cottage of the latter being quite adjacent to the long pier used ex-clusively for the boats in the service of the quarantine department. Small boats employed in boarding vessels were moored to this dock, and the little steam tug Fenton, familiar to boatmen on the bay, was always waiting here, with steam up, to convey the health officers wherever duty called them. Vessels entering the port of New York are obliged to be quarantined in the lower bay when there is contagion on board; otherwise they pass down to Staten Island, where they are boarded and examined before proceeding to the city. Although there was a resident physician on the Old Hulk, Dr. Swinburne or his deputies visited there daily, watching the patients with anxious interest. Evening was the time usually selected for these trips, which were made in the Fenton, when letters or packages for those confined in the floatne hospital were sonveyed to them.

The rules of quarantine are necessa rily very severe when the city is threatened with an epidemic from fevers brought by vessels from infected ports. Ship and yellow fevers are more dreaded by health officials than other forms of contagion. On vessels where these dis-eases are epidemic, infection hangs about their corners and crevices like verdigris on an old copper. No one but officers of the service are permitted to visit the sick, relatives or friends never in any instance being allowed to approach the hospital. This is a trying deprivation to those learning that kindred are detained in the lower bay, isolated completely, and stricken with a deadly disease. It has required hearts deadly disease. It has required hearts of stone in the officers in authority to deny petitions of wives, mothers, and loving friends who would gladly have risked their lives for the privilege of nursing their beloved.

It was a distressing season for the quarantine service, when, in the June of 1868, the schoolship Saratoga entered the lower bay with officers, midshipmen and crew attacked by yellow fever. The Saratoga had been on a long cruise with an advanced class of midshipmen from our Annapolis school, un-der Lieut. Commander Ralston, a young officer of bright premise. With a lack officer of bright promise. With a lack of wisdom and a reckless disregard of sensequences unaccountable, the Sera Would you not risk your life for one id Dr. R.

toga made for Key West in this season, when that place is known to be unhealthy. While lying off that port the Yellow Jack broke out among the crew. The ship was headed for New York. On the passage several died, and when she anchored off the Old Hulk nearly she anchored off the Old Hulk nearly she and the control of the Old Hulk nearly she and the control of the Old Hulk nearly summer vacation—ran across you below; she auchored off the Old Hulk nearly every man on board was a victim to the terrible malady. The day that the Saratoga reached the lower bay Lieut. Commander Ralston, who had behaved heroically through the ordeal, was attacked with violent symptoms of the fever. Among the patients on the Old Hulk there were none about whom so much interest centered as Edward Ralston. Belonging to an excellent and —be self-possessed."

ton. Belonging to an excellent and wealthy family residing on the banks of the Hudson, an only son, and afflanced to a young girl who was impatiently awaiting his return to fulfill their nup--be self-possessed."
"Who is that man that Ada has picked up?" said Nelson Carter to Arthur Burton. Before the latter had time to reply, Miss Driscoll, somewhat embarrassed, presented her cousin, Mr. Ward, whom, she said, much to her surawaiting his return to fulfill their nuptials, this young man, in his twenty-fifth year, had been the idol of his comrades, whose hearts had been won by his manly conduct, and who considered that if ever a conduct, and who considered that if ever the salutations of his new acquaintances.

"My consin has left college for a long to the salutation of the salutation of his new acquaintances."

fore him it was Edward Ralston. It was like a deathblow to those already vacation, he tells me, on account of fail-pro-trated when their commander was ing health. When did you leave New taken down with the fever. Eighteen | Haven, Jack ?"

deaths occurred the next day, so unfavorable was the effect of this calamity. "Last evening-intended to have vorable was the effect of this calamity. Stopped at your house this morning, but Young Ralston was placed in a room on was so suffocated for a breath of sea

Young Ralston was placed in a room on the officers' deck, every effort being made to conceal his illness from those sick. Vain endeavor! for his comrades missed his watchful attention, knowing that if he were able he would be at their bedsides. This appalling truth fell upon those in the fever ward. Physicians were untiring in their efforts to do all in mortal power to sare the round. do all in mortal power to save the young have you join us. But come with me to officer, but the disease had taken a most virulent form, and the doctors had not much hope of his recovery.

have you join us. But come with me to the end of the boat. I want to inquire about that affair of the heart which has troubled you so long. Excuse me, Nel.; It was a mild afternoon in this June

come, Jack."
"Ada's happy now she's found a salof '68 when a party of ladies and gentlemen left New York on the six o'clock ferryboat Northfield to pay a visit on Staten Island to Dr. R., one of the dejuty health officers at that time. This sive matters as health of the son, live to. Wards? Oh, yes, her Aunt Anna's son, I presume. Looks as if he had lived too long on musty books." Ada and Amy talked excitedly, arrang-

gentleman, a bachelor, often entertained his friends in his cozy cottage, and when convenient invited them for a sail down ing their plans for the evening, the lat er begging Ada to keep with heras much as possible, that the gentlemen might the bay in the Fenton, which was admirnot supect her disguise. ably adapted for a pleasure barge. The party referred to consisted of two ladies

"What a capital rig you have on," aid Ada.
"You have been fitted to erfection. You are just like a man, or, said Ada. with escorts. Miss Ada Driscoll and perfection. rather, a lad. How romantic !"

her affianced husband, Nelson Carter; Miss Helen Abert and Mr. Arthur Bur-ton. The party seated themselves on the deck of the steamer, which was pleasantly shaded by an awning over-lead. The hay never presented a more "I could never carry this out were it not that I must see Edward. Should he die without me—Oh, if he should die"
—here she choked, and Ada perceiving head. The bay never presented a more beautiful picture than as the Northfield Mr. Carter approaching, quickly re

sailed past the shores of its islands, yet in their dress of tender green. The marked : in their dress of tender green. The water was flooded with sunlight, which "Control yourself, draw down your hat, here comes Nelson." "Nel., we are nearly there. How was spread over its surface like a crust

of sparkling sheen. Brooklyn, with its beautiful the banks of New Brighton steepled heights, appeared but a stance to throw in distance; Governor's island, where, on the fort, floated the stars and where, on the fort, floated the stars and telling me about the fine old elms of New Haven."

stripes, waiting to drop at the boom of the sun dipped and, speaking aside to Ada, said: "I think there are others here besides your cousin to whom you should be agreeable."

Amy bent over her beloved. She begred him to look at her. He opened his eyes, but to stare wildly, calling: "Amy!" "Mother!" "Here, here," she whispered; but he heeded not. York's sentinel, with old Castle William, that pretentious landmark, frowning upon surrounding objects. "Bedloe's" "Very likely, Mr. Carter, but I've sland, "in sight of the sea," which is

always associated with the execution of the pirate Hicks, was like one mound of have much to talk about." "I think we had better join the others

and get down stairs," remarked Nelson Carter; "the boat will make the landontward-all these familiar sights looked | ing very soon, and does not stop but a | unusually charming, gilded by the strong beams of light which land and The par The party stepped ashore, where Dr.

R. welcomed them on the pier. They walked through the green park of the The young ladies were in fine humor, quarantine grounds to the little cottage at the end. There, on its broad balcony, tea was served, every one chatting merrily. Ada was gayer than usual, coming to the relief of Mr. Jack Ward colors of holiday attire; and passing jokes and puns with a rapidity that evi-"We are journeying to the land of biers," said Miss Ada, pointing to a wagon load of empty lager kegs on the Ada took the one offered to Jack. "You shall not small not seemed embarrassed. Ci-Ada took the one offered to Jack. "You shall not smoke now, cousin mine," said lower part of the boat.
"We shall be to-night, when we are steaming toward the Old Hulk," re-"for I'm not going to be cured while talking to you, if I am on the torted Miss Albert. "Pardon the pun premises of a physician.

"I thought you liked smoke," said Nelson Carter, somewhat piqued at ing their intended visit, the anticipated Ada's devotion to her cousin "Well, I do, when I want to puff any-

trip down the bay, the terrors of yellow fever, and the quarantine laws of New York. While chatting carelessly, the attention of Ada Driscoll was arrested body. Cautiously Ada broached the subject of the fever on the hospital ship, and by a young man sitting on the bench which lines the railing, whose large dark after learning from Dr. R. that the young commander was better, and that he had hopes of his recovery, she proeyes were bent intently on the group, and who apparently caught with eager-ness every word they spoke. Slight in claimed the news to the party. Amy, who had been reserved and abstracted, brightened at this intelligence, yet figure, with a beardless face, and small talked but little, as it was an effort to regular features, which were shaded by broad brimmed slouched hat, he looked like some pale faced student suffering for fresh air and sunlight. For some

lisguise her voice.
As evening fell, Dr. R. and his guests eft the cottage and boarded the Fenton, which was manned by a crew of threeunaccountable reason, Ada could not the pilot, engineer, and one deck hand. Down the bay the little tug slowly steamed, while those on board admired keep her eyes from turning toward this boyish stranger, who immediately looked away when he caught her gaze. the charming view, and sung songs to the stars. The moon did not appear. ing of the strong breeze, the party decided to change their position to the other side of the boat. They arose, She was too true a friend to lovers to interfere with Amy's undertaking. After nearly an hour's sail, the barge came and, while the others were walking with alongside the high, black hulk of the backs turned, Ada was surprised by the hospital ship, when, lantern in hand. approach of the young man whom she R. ascended the accommodation had noticed, who thus addressed her in

ladder. Ada called Amy one side, and squeezing her hand, said: "Now is the time: below to the cabin; I am a woman in climb the ladder; none will observe

For a moment, half terrified, Ada reyou." flected what to do. Her first impulse "Helen and all, come on this side of the barge," called Ada; "let's not get too near the Old Hulk." ing a girl of strong character she refrained, and making an excuse to ar-"No fear of infection in this wind,

said Nelson Carter. After waiting a short time, in which letters, packages, and fruit, sent to quarantine for those sick on the hospital ship, were transferred, and as soon as Dr. R. had returned to the Fenton, it slipped quietly away from the old Illinois, which looked like an ill-omened monster as its great, black hulk lay on the silent sea.

"I'm afraid to have you near me said Ada, gayly, as Dr. R. approached He looked very serious, replying:
"Do not be uneasy, I am well protected from the contagion. I am exceedingly disappointed that the dis-ease has turned for the worse in young have been denied. I overheard your conversation; you can help me; you save him, but black vomit set in this are going on the barge. Will you assist morning, and probably he will not live "Ada's heart sunk, and she offered a

"Where's your cousin, Miss Driscoll?"

"He went below into the cabin to lie down. He is in poor health, and is much fatigued."

"I'll go down and prescribe for him. I have some medicine in this flask (pull-

ing a leather covered bottle from his pocket) that may do him good."

"I beg of you do not," replied Ads.

"I promised him he should not be disturbed till we reached Staten Island."

"As you will, Miss Driscoll. To return to Commander Ralston. I would give five years of my life to bring him through, but he was worn out nursing. through, but he was worn out nursing his comrades when attacked, and he cannot weather, the fever. Poor fellow! It's too bad—too bad. He was raving about the girl he loves—was to have married quite soon. A very hard

Ada sobbed, and the whole party were deeply affected. Little conversa-tion took place until the Fenton reach-ed quarantine.

"I will go and rouse Ward," said Mr.

Carter.

Ada caught his arm.
"He's not there, Nel."
"Where is he?"

"On the Old Hulk, thank God. Oh, Nel., it was not my consin—not a man— but Amy Adair, the betrothed wife of Lieut. Commander Ralston.

All had listened, and were struck dumb with surprise. Dr. R. asked many questions, and Ada related the of her afternoon's adventure. "It may be my duty to return to the hulk and bring her away, but she has risked her life for her lover, and I will

not interfere," said Dr. R. We will now return to Amy Adair. She cautiously ascended the ladder, and when once on the deck of the hospital when once on the deck of the hospital ship seated herself in a dark place, on a pile of rope, until she saw the Fenton glide far away out of sight. Faint and trembling, she found the companionway, which she descended, meeting several men, who regarded her with surprise. What a sickening scene was that presented by the length with its presented by the long cabin, with its rows of cots, on which lay the poor fel-lows tossing with fever, some near their end. The lights were low, and she

passed from bed to bed, unable to re cognize the one she sought. She questioned a nurse as to the whereabouts of the commander. "Take me to him," sho said; "I was left here by Dr. R. to attend him." The man obeyed, and soon Amy found herself in the room on the upper deck, by the bedside of her

dying lover. His eyes were closed, his lips parched, his countenance bearing the yellow hue of the fatal disease. "Leave me with him awhile," she said to the attendant. "Have you orders from Dr. T.? for

the commander cannot last long."
Oh, my God! exclaimed Amy, and knelt beside the dying man. "I will return in ten minutes to give Mr. Carter did not appear overpleased the powders. Sponge his lips often. at the intrusion of his betrothed scousin, Amy bent over her beloved.

> The resident physician and nurse en tered the room a few moments afterward, when Amy explained to the former that she had been left by Dr. R. to be with her dear friend in his last moments.

> She would like the privilege of watch ing with him over night. 'He will not be with us the night through," replied the doctor. "He is nearly gone," feeling his pulse.
>
> Amy trembled—the great tears rolled

> down her face. After giving some directions, the doctor went on his round, suspecting some stratagem had been used by the lad to get aboard.
>
> Amy raised the head of Richard and placed it on her breast, moistened his

ips, and, sobbing, prayed for her dying "Used to fevers?" said the nurse, "Don't take his breath, young man, or

you'll be down." She heeded not, but bent over to catch the rambling words of delirium. Soon they ceased, and the measured breath, which marks the tramp of ap-

proaching death, came and went fainter and fainter. The hot hands grew cooler, and the eves balf opened. "I think I'll summon the doctor. He's going, sir."

"Do not, he can do no good—leave me with him, I beseech you; he is mine; let me have him to myself for the few moments he is alive.' Staring at her, as if he could no

understand, the man withdrew. "Will you not speak to me, Richard ? Can you not hear me? Oh, beloved!" No sound but the rattle so terrible to the watcher; then the last gray shade

stole over the face, which became as marble, and the soul had taken wing from earth. Amy laid the heavy head on its pillow and giving way to her grief, threw her-self beside her dead lover.

When the attendant entered and what had happened he called Dr. T. In lifting the lad who had swooned, the false curls dropped off, and long brown

hair, unmistakably s woman's, fell to the waist of the unconscious form. The next morning a dispatch was ceived at quarantine from lower Staten Island to this effect:

"Lieut. commander died at twelve last night. Lady left by Dr. R. delirious. Send barge for her.

A Tramp Mangled by Dogs,

William Harris was sent to the Baltimore hospital to receive medical attention for a number of ghastly wounds upon the head and neck inflicted by the teeth of dogs. Harris says he is a native of New York, and was on his way to Baltimore looing for work. He had arrived within about five miles of the city, and feelig very hungry and tired stopped at a buse to ask for something to eat. Uponentering the yard he was attacked by wo large Newfoundland dogs, and being greatly fatigued from his long trams, could only make a feeble resistance. I'wo more dogs, attracted by the noise, oined in the attack, and after throwig him down, they all continued to be ferociously at various parts of his body, but particularly his "Ada's heart sunk, and she offered a silent prayer for Amy Adair. Poor, heroic Amy. Adair. Poor, heroic Amy.

A Touching Romance.

The following is the hitherto unpub-There is in Leavenworth, Kansas, the ished romance connected with the life of one of the most prominent officials of the signal service bureau. He was engaged to be married to a lovely, charming and wealthy girl. The eve of the wedding had dawned—if an eve can dawn—and they were occupying the same rocking chair and talking as manely as only lovers can talk, when the fair

peratively that I shall whoop her as the precise sort of weather that Heaven will probably send impartially during the next twenty-four hours upon the just and the unjust, without regard to age, sex or previous conditions of servitude. If an area of barometric disturbance exists in the Middle States on Monday, it is not at a given distance from the hearse, so and a given distance from the hearse, he crawled inside, and lying down beside the coffin, lighted a cigar. The procession then moved off to Cherokee street, at a funeral pace, the hearse in front and the hack following. As they went down Cherokee street toward the river, the knight of the black plumes how can I consistently with my duty declare that the probabilities favor clear weather with light winds from the southeast? No, angel; ask me anything but that. I could not love thee, dear, so darn much, loved I not honor more."
"Then you do not love me," she sobbed, bursting into tears.

The reader will readily understand how they progressed to a quarrel and parted enemies. She returned his presents and is now lecturing on woman's rights, and he is a confirmed misogynist and sits up all Sunday night at the signal service office with fiendish glee, making out builetins for Monday, announcing falling barometers, atmospheric disturbances, heavy rains, showery veather and so on.

Centennial Notes.

To prevent annoyance from peddlers who sell guide books on the Centennial Exposition grounds, visitors are recommended to carry in their hands volumes resembling the books offered for sale.

The bench show of sporting and nonsporting dogs, September 1st to 8th, will be divided into fourteen classes, under nine sets of judges. Complete regula-tions have been prepared by the departnent of agriculture

The Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, one of the foremost military organiza-tions of Connecticut, visited the Exhi-bition in a body, and devoted several days to sight speing. The organization numbers 150 members, who are uni-formed in Continental costume.

The isle of Cuba has a Cuban cabin around, as he sees in the distance the trim looking Spanish soldiers who accompany the Spanish commission, and who are on duty in the Spanish department.

One small round jewel case on exhibition at the Centennial contains gold ware and jewels valued at upward of \$300,-000. A string of pearls is valued at \$80,000 in gold. A solitaire diamond. \$16,000, and a diamond necklace, \$16,-000. One yellow diamond is valued at \$8,000. A feather to be worn in the hair has diamonds in it valued at \$15,-000. These are all in the American department.

One of the many advantages of the Centennial consists in the general adver-tising to be a hieved through it. Thus, we are told of a shoe manufacturer who received an order for shoes for export which he could not fill for lack of of the materials asked for. Going to the Centennial, he found there in a showcase the identical article which he supposed was not procurable. He also found that the article came from manufacturer whose shop was within hailing distance of his own. We can be sure, however, that the manufacturer of the erticle didn't advertise it.

A Choctaw Wedding.

A Cheyenne (Wyoming) letter says describing an Indian wedding: On the day appointed for the wedding the bridegroom arrives on a pony, and leading another that has a side-saddle for the bride. On arriving at the house, with-out dismounting, he fastens her pony to the fence, and then rides off a short distance in the direction they are to go. Presently the bride steps out, dressed in the height of fashion-a new calico dress, a white pocket handkerchief around the neck, and a large red one tied over head and ears, and a pair of new shoes across her arm, which she puts on just before reaching the parson's. As soon as she mounts her pony the man starts on and she follows from fifty to two hundred yards behind. Or arriving at the parsonage he gets off, ties his horse, and goes into the house and makes his business known. By this time the lady arrives, dismounts, secures her horse, and goes to the house, leans herself on the side of it near the door, and patiently waits until some one discovers her and bids her enter. All things being in readiness, the minister, who is usually a white missionary, mo-tions the couple to stand up and per-forms the ceremony in English, which is about as intelligible to them as Greek. But when the minister stant telling But when the minister stops talking they depart, leaving the poor clergyman without fee or thanks. They usually go to the husband's parents and stay about a year before attempting the arduous duties of "housekeeping." After get-ting married a Choctaw, if he doesn't the squaw, gets a divorce, which is granted on the most frivolous pre-

WALKING AS AN EXERCISE,—The Nor-wich Bulletin says: It is said that if a man is walking for health and enjoy-ment, four miles an hour is the best This may be true as regards gait. health, but for enjoyment we remember one night when it took us over four hours to walk a mile. It happened, however, that the old folks had gone to camp meeting and she had the night key, and as far as health was concerned we didn't really case if it took all night.

A Private Funeral,

There is in Leavenworth, Kansas, the Times says, a tall, blonde youth, Henry Arnold Green, who, by the free use of his little pistol and his wild, drunken sprees, made himself famous in this city about a year ago. He is part owner of the Leavenworth Appeal. He receives regularly a large income from his English estate, which he devotes to the gratification of his whims. One day Green felt more than usually funny. He had seen a funeral procession, and it pleased him to have a little funeral all to himself. Having first secured the services of a hackman, he directed him to drive to an undertaking establishly as only lovers can talk, when the fair one said:

"Albert, duckey, there is one thing I wish you to do when you are married."

"Name it, lovely," he replied.

"That is, petty, to have no rain on Mondays, because, you know, darling, that Monday is washing day, and if the things are not washed and dried then the week's work is so fearfully put back. You will, won't you, my owny?"

This young man's heart was torn, but he replied: "Maud, dearest, my duty to my bleeding country demands imperatively that I shall whoop her as the precise sort of weather that Heaven will went down Cherokee street toward the river, the knight of the black plumes produced two bottles of whisky, which he placed alongside of the coffin, and proceeded to wind up a two-days' spree. Presently they came in contact with a large crowd, who were on their way to attend a festival and who was a second to the contact with a large crowd, who were on their way to attend a festival and who was a second to the contact with the contact w large crowd, who were on their way to attend a festival, and who made comments on the strange funeral procession. The English corpse, becoming anxious to know by what authority he was delayed on the highway, called loudly for the driver to stop, and while so doing turned over in his narrow apartment and, with a loud crash, forced a portion of his body through one of the large oval panes of glass on the side of the hearse. The crowd couldn't stand a corpse breaking out of its coffin, jumpcorpse breaking out of its coffin, jumping through the side of the hearse and calling for the driver to stop further proceedings. They fied in all directions. After once more getting inside the author of the adventure was driven to Shawnee street, and then he returned the hearse and coffin to their owner.

Stop Your Worship of Money Bags.

The Kentucky Yeoman says: Every newspaper one takes up nowadays is sure to have something to say about "the millionaires of America"—the Astors, Vanderbilt, Stewart, Jones and Sharon of Nevada, or Flood, O'Brien, McKay and Fair of San Francisco and Nevada

—each of whom is proclaimed to be worth from forty to one hundred millions, all made by himself.

To hard working people, who are thankful for a bare competency in these impecunious times, this thing is getting to be somewhat monotonous—in fact, something of a bore. We have heard a quaint looking tenement, and one can and read about these bloated money bag almost imagine an insurgent lurking until we are surfeited with envy of their mighty piles, and with the constantly recurring thought of how happy we could be with one of their incomes for a single fortnight; ave, for a single

week, or for even a single day!

But we implore our brethren of the pen and seissors to stop this gush of millionaire literature. Let's have a rest. It isn't morally healthy to be always contemplating these glittering heaps. It leads to constant violations of one of the commandments about coveting other people's surplus things.

So let's turn our attention to poor but honest people awhile. They are the sort that get into heaven easy; they are the sort we need not envy, but are bound to admire and love, and tie to. They are the sort, too, that will be far more apt to divi e with and help us when we run short and get into trouble, than those heartless millionaires, of whom it was long ago said "that the souls of a thousand of them might dance together on the point of a cam-bric needle without jostling each other in the least."

A Good Comparison.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, the we known clergyman, in a political speech at Chicago, told the following story: A great many years ago, on one of our south western rivers, there was an old skipper who had a steamboat which was sailing in shoaly water, and got stuck in the mud. She swung around in the water, and there was no chance to get her afloat, do what they would. He was a terribly profane old fellow, and everybody knew it through the country Suddenly an idea struck him. to one of his deck hands: "You go up to the town and tell them I have got re ligion, and that I want them to come and old a prayer meeting on board." The deck hands went to the town and spread the news around, and every one being interested in the old skipper's conversion, went down to hold the prayer meeting. The old man was standing ready to re ceive them, and, as they came down, he said to every man: "Go aft," and they all went aft until there was a great weight, and the end which was in mud got loose and the boat floated off. As soon as the boat got afloat the skipper said : "The meeting is over ; jump shore!" In our party—I mean leaders-there are men who get religion every time there is going to be an elec-tion. They say: "Gentlemen, go aft, go aft," and we go a t.

Utilizing Coal Dust.

It is claimed, as the result of abundant experiment, that the most practicable, convenient, and economical method of utilizing coal dust for fuel consists in thoroughly mixing about seven per cent. of clay with the fine coal, and forming the mass into balls, and then dipping these into a bath of benzine containing some rosin in solution, the object of this operation being to render them imper vious to moisture. The solution trates the lumps to the extent of about one-fourth of an inch, and after the evaporation of the benzine; which takes place rapidly upon exposure to a current of air, a film of rosin is left behind, which effectually stops up all crevices One point in favor of this method is the slight cost which it involves, and the compactness of the material thus formed is an advantage which allows of its traus-portation without breakage.

Items of Interest.

Managing mammas at watering places are managing daughters.

An original poem is never too long.

A considerable income in some newspaper offices is derived from the sale of waste paper.

The grave of "Captain Moll Pitcher," who figured so conspicuously in the bat-tle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778, is at Carlisle, Pa., unmarked.

A married man, of Greenville, N. J., forced a quid of tobacco into his sixty-year-old wife's mouth the other day and kept it there till she became ill.

There are many recipes for getting rid of the current worm, but there is nothing so sure in its results as to blindfold him and back him under a pile

Two Chicago girls, who took a solemn yow lately never to be separated, have played their first game of croquet for

he season, and are not now on speaking erms. The Chinese are the merchants in Java, and where they number 300,000, rank higher than the natives, and are

generally wealthier than the Dutch A Christian, seeing a painter painting death, as a skeleton with a scythe, beautifully remarked: "For my part, I should paint death as an augel with a

golden key." The law's delay. A case was recently decided in England which first commenced in the year 1832. The amount originally in dispute was \$400,000. Nothing is left.

A little girl hearing it said that she was born on the king's birthday took no notice of it at the time, but a day or two after asked her father if she and the king were twins.

Holland (Vt.) brags about a woman thirty-six years old, the mother of nine living children, who works every day in a sawmill with her husband, and who can handle a crosscut saw as well as he

A lady in Luxemburg is now prose-cuting a man who killed her son in an affair of honor; not for killing him, but for taking away his character by saying that he fought in an undershirt of chain

"It is strange," muttered a young man, a he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications cor-rupt good manners. I have been sur-rounded by tumblers all evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

Durham, N. H., has a pork barrel which was first filled with pork in 1765, and from well authenticated tradition has been filled every year since. It will hold more than 500 pounds, and has therefore been the receptacle of at least 55,000 pounds of "country pork" of the first class.

A shocking crime has been detected in the neighborhood of Gerardanes, in the Vosges, France. A child three years old was taken to an inaccessible part of the mountains in midwinter by her uncle, with the consent of its own unnatural mother, to perish there from hunger and cold.

A butcher boy, coming up the street from market the other day, carrying a large tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck against a lady's bead, and discomposed her bonnet. "The deuce take that tray!" cried the lady, in a towering passion. "Madame," replied the youngster, "the deuce cannot take the tray.

"And you think, darling, you could be content to share my humble lot, and live in a quiet way with love and me?" queried the blissful lover, as he looked ondly into her translucent blue eyes. 'Why, yes, precious; you have no idea how economical I am. Pa gave me one hundred dollars last week to buy a new silk, and I saved enough out of it to purchase four pairs of six-buttoned

The Washington Monument.

To the People of the United States : The approach of the one hundredth anniver-sary of the nation's birth vividly brings before the mind of all true lovers of the country, the memory of him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country-

men."

The monument to commemorate a people's gratitude to George Washington, has remained in an unfinished condition for more than twenty years, under the shadow of the national capitol years, under the anacow of the national captor; it is now 174 feet high, and when completed will be 485 feet high—a plain and simple obelisk, sur-rounded at the base with a stone terrace twenty-five feet high and two hundred feet in di-ameter. The cost to finish it is estimated at In the name of gratitude, patriotism and

national pride, the monument society renews its carnest appeal for aid to discharge a duty our country owes to the brightest name in

our country owes to the brightest name in human history.

What more fitting time for the people throughout the length and breadth of our land to make their grateful offerings to this noble work, to show their reverence for the name of the "father of his country," than this ceutennial jubilee of rejoicing for the possession of our glorious free institutions and amazing progress in all that makes and constitutes an enlightened, powerful and great nation?

We appeal to the ministers of the Gospel and superintendents of Sabbath-schools to take up a collection on Sunday, the second day of July next, or on any convenient day before or thereafter; above all, we appeal to the severeign after; above all, we appeal to the sovereign people, the impregnable bulwark of the nation's safety, for the means of completing the

monument.

We respectfully request that all contributions may be sent direct to J. B. H. Smith, treasurer of the Washington national monument society, at Washington, D. C. We ask the liberal and patriotic press of the

country to keep this appeal before the public up to the fourth of July ensuing. By order of the society,

JOH'S B. BLAKE, Secretary.

OFFICERS OF THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONU MENT SOCIETY :

U. S. GRANT, Ex officio president, W. W. CORCORAN, Vice-president, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, Vice-president,

J. B. H. SMITH, Treasurer, JOHN B. BLAKE, Secretary We cordially commend the foregoing appea

to the hearty co-operation of the clergy and Sabbath-school superintendents throughout DAVID WILLS, Pastor Western Presby. Church, E. H. GRAY, Pastor North Baptist Canrela,
J. E. RANEIN Pastor First Cong. Church.
WM. F. SPEAKE, P. E. Wash, Dist. M. E. Ch.,
J. GEO, BUTLER, Pastor Luth, Memorial Ch.
Thos. G. Addison, Rector of Trinity P. E. Ch.,
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