

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1876.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VI.

0.5

Love and Mischief. One sunny day Love chose to stray Adown a rosy path forbidden, Where Mischief deep in ambush lay. And watched his snare 'neath flowers hidden ;

Love tambling in, begun to shout, For Mischief's aid lest he should smoth

" You little demon, let me out, Or I'll report you to my mother." Said Mischief : " I'll not set you free Unless you share your power with me, And give of every heart you gain One-half to joy and half to pain."

Love struggled, but in vain, alse ! He was not born to prove a mart; r. And, end to tell ! it came to pass He gave in to the litrle Tartar. Love flow to Venus in a pot, And cried, then he had told his story

" Oh, Queen of Beauty, never 1.1 That little imp wear helf my glory. The goddess, with a look sedate, Replied, " I cannot alter fate, But you shall conquer still, my boy, I'll make love's pain more sweet than

THE CLUB FOOT.

joy.'

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

One cold January night I was seated cozily by my fireside, enjoying a cup of tea which my wife knows so well how to make, when a violent ring at the front door bell disturbed the reverie in which I was indulging.

My visitor was a very handsome young gill of about eighteen years of age. She was dressed with great taste, and evidently belonged to the upper ranks of life. She appeared somewhat embar-rassed, as if she were at a loss how to begin the conversation. Have 1 the pleasure of speaking to

Mr. James Brampton?" she said, at last. "That is my nat. e," I replied. "My name, sir," continued the young There was too much regularity in the girl, gaining courage, "is Eliza Mil-

"Milford," said I, " what, the daugh-

ter of the gentleman who has lately so mysteriously disappeared, with the ac-count of which the papers have been so full for the past few days?" "The same, and it is on that very business I have come to consult you. You are package and that

You are perhapsaware that a young man has been arrested on suspicion of having taken his life ?"

"Yes, a Mr. Henry Waring, I be-lieve?" "Yes, sir, that is his name-that young man is innocent," "Indeed !"

" I will make a plain statement of the

facts of the case, and then I am sure you will agree with mo. My father's name, as

 "I own the circumstantial evidence appears to be very strong against me," he rould a finance was genuine; the letters were the simple facts of the case: On the transmitter in the state of the difference between the simple facts of the case: On the transmitter in the state of the difference between the simple facts of the case: On the transmitter in the state of the difference between the state the difference between the state the state the state of the difference between the state the state the state the state the state of the difference between the state "I own the circumstantial evidence could be no doubt whatever but the sig-

"How long a time had you parted with Mr. Milford when you were assail-

the truth than before.

tery.

genuine one. The whole truth in a moment flashed across my mind, and I immediately set about unraveling the ed in the garden ?" "Mr. Milford usually retired at ten o'clock, lea ing Miss Milford and my-I went to work with a good heart, web: for I had but little doubt of success. self up together."

My first proceeding was to make in-quiries as to the exact date of Mr. Mil-ford's disappearance. I discovered that After a little more conversation with the prisoner, I withdrew, not very well satisfied with the result of my visit. It it was on the tenth day of January, and that Oliver Milford had come to take possession of the property on the twenty-first. I also made inquiries as is true it served to confirm me in the opinion I had formed of Waring's innocence, but 1 was no nearer discovering to the past life of the heir of the prop-

My next proceeding was to make a strict examination of the premises lately occupied by Mr. Milford, and especially the spot where Mr. Milford had been as-sailed. The house afforded us no clew, but the gerden convinced me that the erty, and found that in Boston, from which city he came, he bore a very dis-reputable character, and that no one would trust or believe him. I then roturned to L., and putting up at the country tavern, I called the landlord on but the garden convinced me that the disorder there had been made after the one side. young man had been struck, and that it

"Mr. Adams," said I, "do you know any one of the name of Dorsey living in was not occasioned by any real struggle that had taken place, but to induce the this neighborhood ?" belief that such a struggle had occurred. "Yes, sir; there's a Mr. John Dorsey

who lives over the river." "What kind of a man is he?" uprooting of the flowers and roots, and the shrubbery was broken too system-atically not to set this point at rest to askeil "He's a very tall, strong man," he

the eye of the detective. I discovered that the most minute replied. "I mean what kind of a character search had been made for Mr. Milford's does he bear?" body, but without any success. After making these investigations, I returned so I would rath "Well, I can't say much in his favor,

o I would rather not say anything." to New York, and really saw but little "I suppose he is not very much liked hope of being able to unravel the mysby his neighbors?"

"You may well say that. Ever since the attacked poor Mr. Milford so savage-iy, nobody speaks to him." "He attacked the late Mr. Milford, National Science Sci Three weeks passed away, and I had not discovered one single link in the chain I was seeking to find. One day Miss Milford called on me again. In a did he ?"

few words I told her, that up to the present time my researches had all been inuitiess. She looked disappointed. "Have you heard," she said, "that my uncle, Mr. Oliver Milford, is occupy. In Linden Manor Hones".

boat or raft; and had been conveyed to

and so thickly studded with green trees

that I could see but very little in ad-vance of me. Taking, however, the

my blood tingle in my veins, for it served

sion of a club foot many times repeated,

thus showing conclusively that Mr. Oli-

ver Milford was a frequent visitor at

I rung the bell, and receiving no an-

sey lived by himself, for there was only

one room furnished, and that but mea-

gerly. The first thing that I noticed was a candle and box of lucifer matches

on the table in the room. Although it

was daylight I lighted the candle and

begun to explore the house. I first of

all examined the upper portion of it, but found nothing. I then examined

the ground floor with the same success.

I did not feel discouraged, for I felt al-

and ankles, I saw an old man whom I

was satisfied was Mr. Herbert Milford.

I held the candle over his head and saw

that he was sleeping. At that moment I heard the sound of footsteps behind

me, and turning round saw that it was

Mr. Oliver Milford advancing toward

near the front entrance of the

Mr. Dorsey's.

They groaned bitterly, for they knew

that she apoke the truth. "Well," she continued, "I'll give you all a chance. I am so circumstanced that I cannot well carry on my business as a single woman and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or, at all events,

i must be able to produce a marriage certificate. Now, the only terms upon which I will set you free are that one of you shall consent to marry me! I don't care a snap which it is; but, by all that is holy, one of you I will have for a husband, or else you all go to jail, and your

band, or else you all go to jail, and your ship sails without yon." The vixen was not to be coaxed nor treated. Tears and prayers were of no avail. After a time the poor middles agreed to draw lots. Watty drew the matrimonial slip of doom. No time was to be lost. A marriage license was speedily procured, and they went to the near-est church, where the knot was tied. The bride on her return to her tavern gave them a good dinner, with plenty of wine and then sent them off in her wherry. Of her own accord she had proposed to her husband that, as the marriage certificate was her chief prize, he was at liberty to live spart from her forever if he so chose.

The ship sailed, and the young gen-

THE UNION.

The Original Thirteen-Dates of the Admis-sion of the Additional States. The admission of Colorado makes the

wenty-fifth new State added to the Union since the war of national indeendence. The original family, who united July 4, 1776, to form a nation of one people,

 New Hampsbire.
 Massachusetts.
 Bhode Island.
 Connectiont.
 New York.
 New Jersoy.
 Pennsylvania. 8. Delaware, 9. Maryland, 10. Virginia, 11. North Carolina, 12. South Carolina, 13. Georgia,

were :

The following States have been admitted in the years set opposite each name.

14. Vermont, from New York,

 14. Vermont, from New Tork.
 1791

 15. Kentucky, from Virgibia.
 1792

 16. Tennesses, from North Carolina.
 1796

 17. Ohio, from Northwestern Territory.
 1802

 18. Louisiana, bought from France, 1803.
 1812

 19. Indiana, from Northwestern Territory.
 1816

 20. Misslesippi, from Georgia.
 1817

 21. Dinois. from Northwestern Territory.
 1818

 22. Alabama, from Gaorgia.
 1817

 23. Maine, from Messechnaetts.
 1820

 24. Missouri, from the Louisiana purchase.
 1832

 25. Arkansas, from the Louisiana purchase.
 1832

 26. Michigan, from Northwestern Territory.
 1847

 25. Michigan, from Massachusetts.
 1820

 26. Michigan, from Northwestern Territory.
 1847

1803. 1803. 55. Weat Virginia, from Virginia. 36. Nevada, conquered from Mexico. 1937. Nebraska, from Louisiana purchase of 1939. 1864

Territories remaining to be organized into States :

New Moxico..... Utah. Washington 1850 Dahota..... try Cayenne. Idabo.... Montana. Wyoming. ****************************

The Latest Wonder.

The readers of the Boston Traveller, that paper says, have been made ac-quainted with the wonderful inventions of Prof. Bell, by which musical and vocal sounds can be and have been sent over the electric wires, but few if any are aware of the wonderful results which are sure to follow these improvements in telegraphy. A few nights ago Prof. Bell was in communication with a tele-graphic operator in New York, and commenced experimenting with one of his

though neither a la mode nor of the heart-has just taken place at Bercy, in France. Maillard and Vrignault were two pretty fellows who had been scoundrels from boyhdod, and at a comparatively early age were sentenced to trans-portation to Cayenne for life. Their patriotism was not so excessive that the thought of leaving their country should

break their hearts ; but what they did

break their hearts; but what they did regret was that they were henceforth to be separated from the objects of their affections, Mademoiselles Eugenie Piat and Hortense Courturier. The sorrow was reciprocated by the two young ladies, who actually consented to be in-formed against by their lovers, in whose crimes they had shared, and on being brought to justice confessed their mis-deeds with the utmost coolness. Their object was to be sent to the same desti-nation as the two gentlemen, with nation as the two gentlemen, with whom, once arrived at Cayenne, they would be permitted to reside. In the meantime there was a ceremony to be performed for which up to this time they had not had the leisure or the in-clination. They had to be married. This permission was not, of course, granted by the authorities out of mere

take place at perfect liberty, so the hand-cuffs were dispensed with, but eight policemen were the witnesses of the touching ceremony. The happy pairs were again separated at the door of the Mairie, not to meetagain till at Cayenne,

where they will be reunited, let us hope, "for good," to live happily, or at least honestly, ever afterward; only that they may have some unwelcome visitors during their honeymoon if their betrayed issociates are also "recommended" to

A Good Painkiller,

Faith Rochester writes very pertinently in the American Agriculturist about the folly of taking so many patent pre-scriptions for common complaints. Working people cannot lie by on ac-

count of illness if they have strength to crawl about, and so they think they must "take something." There is a good deal in a name, and when people are in much pain, of course they want a "painkiller!" Outside or inside, no matter-kill the pain at once. So they seem to think, and in ignorance take anything which recommends itself as able to relieve their sufferings. When our 'ittle girl pulled a heavy piece of iron from the table upon her foot, crushing it so that we thought she would inventions pertaining to the transmission f musical sounds. He made use of his be unable to use it for a long time, her honetic organ and played the tune of suffering was extreme. America," and asked the operator in ' painkill-"We ought to have some New York what he heard. er' in the house !" exclaimed a member "I heard the tune of 'America," "I heard the tune of American eplied New York; "give us another." Prof. Bell then played "Auld Lang "What for ?" I asked, and he rethe component parts and especial powers plied : "The child never can bear such "I hear the tune of Auld Lang Syne, pain long. It is horrible." with the full chords, distinctly," replied But we set to work with cold water. pouring it constantly upon the bruised part for about an hour. Relief begun Thus the astounding discovery been made that a man can play upon musical instruments in New York, New immediately, and the child was unwilling to have any cessation of the bath Orleans, or London, or Paris, and be until the pain wa all gone. It seemed heard distinctly in Boston ! If this can almost a miracle to see that little girl be done, why cannot distinguished perrunning about on both feet in less than rmers execute the most artistic and two hours after the accident, and never beautiful music in Paris, and an au- afterward to hear another word of comdience assemble in Music Hall, Boston, plaint about the badly bruised foot. Nor was there ever afterward any hint in Prof. Bell's other improvment, nameour house of the need of a " painkiller " ly, the transmission of the human voice, or other patent medicine. Vigorous has become so far perfected that persons rubbing is often better than water to rehave conversed over 1,000 miles of wire lieve pain.

THE GREAT PEST.

NO. 24.

The Colorado Beetle in a New Field-How the Bugs Work in New York and Brook. lyn.

The potato bug cannot be ignored. They are having jolly times at Rocka-way, at Canarsie and in the Oity of Churches. At Rockaway the beach is alive with the bugs, and bathers who enter the breakers find themselves sur-rounded by the half dead, half lively insects, who float in and float out, until some autorprising wave sends them for some enterprising wave sends them far up on the sand. Then, under the re-viving influence of the sun, they re-cover consciousness, and march off quickly toward the hotels, the green uelds and the gardens. No one seems to know where they come from. But it is very evident where they are going. The potato fields at Canarsie, and of all the region roundabout, are denuded of every leaf, and the vegetable itself is utterly destroyed. In that vicinity egg plant is largely cultivated. For this delicious viand the bug manifests marked partiality, and all the patches in which that plant is grown are devastated and ruined. The streets of Brooklyn are alive with them. They crawl upon the pavements, onter at the windows, creep upon the walls, and nestle in the beds. It does no good to sweep them out, for they rally in force and return. It is unpleasant to mash them on the carpet. It is impossible to drive them off.

The great social problem is " How shall we get rid of the potato bugs ?" Δ reporter of a comic paper called on farmer White, of Bergen county, N. J., and told him he wanted "material for a funny article on the potato bug." Brother White regarded the reporter intently for a moment, then leading him to a window, pointed impressively to a desolated tomato field, burst into tears, and left him without a word. These bugs are no longer an entertainment. They are a great public nuisance, under everybody's feet and in everybody's month. They come from the West in swarms. They fly, they hop, they run, they float, they jump. They travel on boats, in cars, by wagons. Various theories are advanced about the myriads that come by water. Some assert that ovorcome by long flights across the water they fall exhausted on the surface. Others argue that instinct leads them to the water, on which they trust themselves in full expectation of a bliss-ful entrepot beyond the sea. But however men may differ on that point, they absolutely agree on the fact of the abiding presence of the monster pests. An ingenious farmer of New Jersey has invented an instrumentality of relief, so far as potato fields and tomato patches are concerned. It consists of a large tin pot, looking not unlike an oyster stew pan, the bottom of which is made of

They Would Wed. One of the most curious marriages-

you are aware, is Mr. Herbert Milford. We live on the banks of the North river, about twelve miles from New York. My father was devotedly attached to me, and we live I as happily as possible together. About a year ago I was introduced to the son of a gentleman living in the neighborhood, and mutual love sprung up between us. Henry Waring visited my father's house every night. But suddenly our dream of happiness was dissipated, and that, too, by an extraordinary circumstance. Henry was early one morning found in the garden attached to our house in a half senseless condition, his clothes and hands were rovered with blood, and my father had mysteriously disappeared. Every search was made for him, but without any avail, and Henry was arrested on the charge of having murdered him and concealed the body somewhere.

"That was a very strange conclusion

to come to," said I, interrupting her. "Yes, but you have not heard all," she replied. "My father's watch and purse were found in Henry's pocket at the time he was arrested." "How does Mr. Waring account for

that !" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Miss Milford, " for I have not been permitted to see him. He has been removed to the county jail, and his case has not yet been investigated, owing to the fact of my father's body not having been dis- will was in your father's handwriting?" covere !. But to suppose that Henry could be guilty of murder and robbery, is too preposterous to be believed for a moment.

the case," I returned ; "but did not most positively. I caro nothing about the place where Mr. Waring was arrest- my father's wealth, and it is not to reed reveal nothing?"

" Oh, yes, a terrible struggle had evidently taken place there. The flowers and roots were torn up, the shrubbery broken, the ground in various places was covered with blood, and a knife was found which was proved to have belonged to Henry, also stained with the vital finid.

"Do I understand that your father paposed no obstacle to your marriage with him ?"

"None at all, sir ; in fact my father loved him."

"How long ago is it since your father was missing?

"This is the fourth day. My motive, Mr. Brampton, in applying to you, is to free Mr. Henry Waring from the impu-tation of a crime of which 1 am sure he bany. is as innocent as I am."

"It does indeed seem improbable that he committed the deed. The first thing I must do is to see Mr. Henry Waring, and me, hear what explanation he has to give.' "Thank you, sir," said Miss Milford. "When shall I come and see you

again f "Are you staying in New York ?"

"Yes, sir; I am staying with an aunt.'

"Very well, when I have anything to communicate to you I will call.

The next morning I started for the town of L., situated on the Hudson River railroad, in the prison of which Mr. Waring was confined. I had some little difficulty in obtaining admission to the prisoner, but when I stated that I was a detective officer, an order was reluctantly given me.

The moment I entered his cell, Mr word of it. Waring advanced to meet me. In a few words I told him of Miss Milford's visit to me, and that I was acting by her instructions.

ing Linden Manor House ?" "Your uncle occupying Linden Manor House!" I exclaimed, in a tone committed." of great surprise.

"Was Dorsey prosecuted for it?" "Yes, he appeared there two weeks "Yes, he was imprisoned for a year, igo, and claimed all my father's propand had to pay a heavy fine.' erty by virtue of a will which he ex-I learned all I wanted to know, and changed the conversation. hibited, and by which he was made sole

heir to all my father's estates." I made inquiries as to the exact spot "Are you sure that the will is a genwhere the witness of the will lived. I aine one?" I asked, a ray of hope enterlearned that it was across the river on a small island, the whole of which he

ing my-mind. "There can be no doubt that it was owned. I procured a boat and rowed signed by my father," she replied.

"But who is this uncle of yours? I never heard you mention him before." until I came to a landing place. After I had proceeded a quarter of a mile, I " I had almost forgotten his existence, for the fact is, my father and he were not reached a spot where the marks of on good terms together, and his name horses' feet were plainly to be traced on the snow. It was evident that horses was scarcely ever mentioned." had been embarked at this point on a

"Are you left nothing in this will?" "Nothing." "Is it not very strange, Miss Milford,

the other side at the point from which I had started. that your father should have left your uncle all his property ?" I made my boat fast and looked about me. I found that the island was small,

"It is, indeed, very strange," replied the young lady. "They have never spoken to each other for years. My father could never bear to hear the name of his brother Oliver mentioned, and

horses' hoofs for my guide, I came upon whenever he did speak of him, which an old dilapidated stone building which I have before said was soldom, he alhad ovidently been built long saterior ways spoke of him as a bad hearted to the Revolution. It seemed to be entirely unoccupied, for the shutters were man.

"And yet you say the signature to the closed, and thick grass and weeds grew in profusion. I walked all round the house, but "Yes, sir, I am perfectly satisfied of it; so much so, that when some of my friends advised me to contest the validity could not find a living soul visible, but I was rewarded with a sight which made

of the will, being firmly convinced that "Such would certainly appear to be my father really did sign it, I refused to substantiate my theory with respect to clearing up the mystery, and this sight was nothing less than the impresgain this that I ask your assistance, sir ; my simple with is to obtain Mr. Henry

Waring's release. "Has the will been proved ?" I asked. "Oh, yes,' she replied, "my uncle

has taken full possession." swer, I opened the door, which was un-fastened. It was evident that Mr. Dor-"And what have you been doing since !" I asked, more out of curiosity

than anything else. "1 have obtained some music pupils, and I am doing very well, as I before said. I have no concern about myself."

"Have you any letter or document with your father's signature attached to it?" "I have a number at home," she re-

plied ; "by the bye, I think I have a letter of his with me now, written to me some six years ago, when he was in Al-

most satisfied from the fact of the can-So saying she took from her reticule dle being there that such would be the the letter in question, and handed it to result. I next proceeded to examine the cel-

"Will you allow me to retain possession of this ?" I asked.

"Certainly," she replied; "but I can assure you that if you suppose the will to be a forgery you are mistaken. The will is undoubtedly genuine."

"Well, my dear young iady," I re-turned, "I do not doubt your word, but you may be mistaken. At all events I

should like to judge for myself." I then bade her good morning, and expressed a wish to see her again that day week. When she had gone, I im-mediately put on my hat and coat, and

me with all the ferocity of a tiger. A terrible struggle ensued, but I was the directed my steps to the recorder's office, for the purpose of examining the will. Aided by the index I found it younger man of the two, and finally succeeded in overpowering him, and in readily, and commenced to read every

fixing the manacles, with which he had loaded his poor brother, on his wrists At last I came to the signature. and feet. took from my pocket the letter Miss

The poor old gentleman was conveyed Milford had given me, for the purpose of comparing the signatures. There back to his residence, and was soon gratified with his daughter's presence.

of secrecy they had made previous to It was knocked down to the former, and drawing lots. A year after, at Jamaica, a file of English papers reached the it was after the sale that the assault was

midshipman's berth, and Watty, who was carelessly looking them over, was attracted by the account of a robbery and murder, and the execution of the culprits at Portsmouth. Suddenly leap-Syne. ing to his feet, and waving the paper

above his head, forgetful of his oath in the excitement of his ecstasy, he cried out: "Thank Heaven! My wife is New York. hanged !"

dir ctly across-the river was not very broad. I then skirted along the shore

house,

A Hazardous Experiment.

Daniel Hurley is a hod carrier, and ives with his family in the top story of five story brick tenement at 507 Thirteenth street, New York. On hot nights he has slept on the roof, which is unguarded by any rail, and on three sides to listen 7 there is a sheer descent to the curbstones of the rear yards. One night residents in the neighborhood heard

cries for help and police. Many gathered in the rear yard, but could not as- with perfect ease, although as yet the certain the direction whence the voice vocal sounds are not loud enough to be came. Mrs. Hurley was aroused, and heard by more than one or two persons. But if the human voice can now be sent ran about the house calling for her husband. An officer came quickly, and over the wire, and so distinctly that soon four or five more policemen were when two or three known parties are on the ground. Mrs. Hurley fell in the telegraphing, the voices of each can be street, overcome with terror.

recognized, we may soon have distin-guished men delivering speeches in Washington, New York, or London, and The officers descried Hurley dangling in the air at the back of the house at Thirteenth strest and Avenue A. In the audiences assembled in Music Hall or obscurity of the night the men could Fanenil Hall to listen.

not see what sustained him, but Hurley shouted : "I'm on the clothesline; for God's sake, help ! I can't hold out must longer. I'm alipping !" The offi-cers, followed by the neighbors, ran first to one housetop and then to another, and at last reached the one from which Hurley hung. Other officers placed themselves in the yard under the sus-pended man, that they might break his fall if he lost his hold. Hurley faintly called : "Hurry up ; I'm about gone," The policemen tied a clothes line to the ope on which Hurley lay, and were fastening in the window, when the slaple by which it was attached to the sils, it is not difficult to see that their house gave way. Hurley, dangling at the end, was dropped to a point midcommissariat was well organized, and a source of much harmony, pleasure and way between the housetop and the ground, and there held by the cord it wasn't my fault, anyway !" they made a frugal repast of dismembered furkey, cold water, pickles and sponge cake, and then decided to amuse themselves as best they could for the remainder of the day. One girl undertook to fish, and, having put on her gloves, introduced a hook to her worm, but the flerce animal

Texas Cattle Trade.

the tragedy impaled her thumb on the fishhook, and fainted at the sight of blood. After this one of the girls The Texas cattle trade has reached .go proportions, the number of cattle driven from the southwestern portion of stepped into a swamp about half way up that State during the spring and sumto her ears, and another got a beetle mer of the present year, up to July 9, into her ear, and a third unearthed a being 311,390, according to the statis horrid snake seven inches long, and tics given in the Kansas City Price while a devoted member of the excur-furnishes a constant supply of steam for current. Of this number 52,338 have sion was stooping down to collect a moving the vehicle. On another line of been held in northern Texas, while the remainder have been driven north. Besides those included in the above esstole upon her and butted her over a

A Woman's Freak.

The people of Hamlin, N. Y., have been saddened and shocked by a recent occurrence. Mrs. Charles Randall quiety informed her husband that during the period of twelve or thirteen years in which they had been married she had not been to him what a wife should be, and she had made up her mind to leave that part of the country. She had given the matter much thought, and decided it was, from all considerations, best that she should go away and leave him and her three little ones to live in peace and happiness. This information was of course a thunderbolt to the afflicted husband. The wife calmly prepared breakfast, left the morning's work unfinished, packed her trunk, kissed her children and departed, the hired man accompanying her to Brockport, where she took the four P. M. train for-nobody knows where. Thus has a happy home been rendered desolate, a kind and too indulgent husband left in sorrow and auguish of spirit, and three bright little ones deprived of the ministering care of a mother.

Shrewd Trick of a Newsboy.

Persons who are in the habit of passing in the neighborhood of the postoffice, in Portland, Me., in the evening, cannot help noticing a little newsdealer who is always crying bitterly for some one to buy his last paper that he may go home. Of course he finds a number of sympathizing persons who buy the paper and bid the little fellow go to his mother. As soon, however, as the pur- on board the steamboat she was apparchaser is ont of sight the little chap pro- ently as fresh and sprightly as when she gave a squirm, and with a terrific yell she dropped the wild beast right down the back of a friend and young compancures another paper and goes through first came out of her cabin at Chelsea. on Monday night, the police find him at ion, who was sitting beneath, who went his post until near midnight, and are into active hysterics, and the author of obliged to send him home. He probably sells twice as many papers as any other boy in the city.

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE.-A locomotive without furnace has commenced running in Paris on one of the tramways. It has a reservoir of superheated water which specimen of that rare and valuable plant, tramway an ordinary steam locomotive the sorrel, Mr. Kehoe's merino ram is at work. It is like a small omnibus in shape and size, containing a boiler. The timates, several thousand head of cattle that were wintered in northern Texas have joined the others on their way to markets in the North and East. pressed air.

he sprinkles on the leaves of the plants the bugs innocently partake thereof, and incontinently die. He charges nothing for the information, and guarantees the cure. Other farmers act differently. They carefully pick the bugs from the leaves and scoop them on shovels and carry them in barrels to the seashore, where they dump them on an outgoing tide. This is rather a boomerang ar-rangement, however, for while a few thousands may be drowned, the great multitude return, and when thrown upon the sandy beach, and exposed to the inspiring heat of the sun, propagation is accelerated, and what was bad before becomes worse and worse indeed. An enterprising keeper of bathing houses near Rockaway dug a large hole, a kind of pit, in which, on the ashes of a large fire, he shovels bushels of the bugs, and covers them with earth .- New York Sun.

A Great Swimming Feat.

The London Echo savs that a Miss Beckwith succeeded in swimming from the Old Bridge at Chelsea to Greenwich pier. Large crowds had gathered to see the start, and when, a few minutes after three, she leaped from a waterman's boat into the river, she was loudly cheered. There was a fair breeze, which made the water rather lumpy, but the force of the ebb tide was all in her favor. With a gentle breast stroke the young swimmer proceeded on her arduous feat. A pilot in a small boat, in which were her father and brother, the latter ready to jump to the aid of his sister in the event of any emergency, led the way. She swam close to its stern, and kept that position more or less during the whole of her task. Vauxhall bridge was reached in thirtyfour minutes. In seventy minutes Miss Beckwith had reached Blackfriars bridge, and from this point to the end of the course spectators appeared on masts, crowded wharf windows, and eccupied every available position. So far the young swimmer had displayed not the least fatigue. She proceeded with the case of a skilled swimmer, while the distance had not impaired the remarkable grace of her style. London bridge was passed in one hour and twenty-two minutes. The boats after this became more nnruly than ever, and on several occa-sions Miss Beckwith was nearly struck on the head with their bows. Opposite

Greenwich pier Miss Beekwith, at 5:55, was taken on board the Volunteer, having swum the ten miles in two hours and

Sitting Bull.

The New York Herald says: The previous sumors of the death of Sitting Bull in the attack upon General Custer are in a measure confirmed, but we still regard it as exceedingly doubtful that he is dead. It is not easy to identify a dead savage by means of descriptions and comparisons, and it seems too much to expect this Sioux warrior to have met the fate of Custer and his companions. Still, it may be true, and if it is, the mere fact will do much to destroy the prestige of the fatal battle from which such evil consequences were feared.

small man dismissed from office was a little put out.

his bedroom, and stepped into it.

satisfaction to all concerned in its preparation. After several life-long quarrels and such comments as "I don't care !" "You're just as mean as dirt !" "Well,

in the hands of the policemen. Slowly he was lowered to the ground, where he ay panting and exhausted for several moments. He said he remembered nothing until he found himself falling,

and then he clutched at the rope. He bed until the rope cut him. Then he held on with both bands, and called for

thought he was going down stairs to

lar, and had not descended half a dozen steps before I heard a faint groan. I aid. Probably he rose in his sleep, and rushed forward, and entered a spacious walked over the roofs to the edge of vault. In a corner of this damp, dark 503, imagined that the courtyard was and dismal dungeon, reclining on a heap of straw, with manacles on his wrists

A Girl's Picnic. The Watertown (N.Y.) Despatch says the girls up there got up a picnic and had a glorious time of it altogether. They had lots of tea and sugar and milk (which all got sour), but no matches, and plenty of pickles, sponge cake and butter, but no bread. Add to this that each of the girls got her mother to let her bring a roast turkey, so as to astonish the rest of the girls and show that she could do things in style, and that about to cut the latter cord from its they had no knives and forks, ard, though lots of plates, no drinking uten-