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Too Late.

Too late, too late, thy beaming smile rests on and loving whispers come

has died that true and loving pas-

Which, while it lived, met but thy scorn or

It might have been—had but thy love awakened Before my ruined life no power could save ; But now, alse! thy warm and tender glances Fall on my heart like sunlight on a grave.

-One thing I fain would know. Through

death's dark portal, Where goes the soul on its mysterious flight? Where goes the flame in darkness when ex-

tinguished? Where is the wind that blew but yesternight?

MR. GRUMBLE'S CURE.

A Lesson for Husbands.

"The old story-the coffee cold, the fire nearly out, and the room full of stifling smoke."

Mr. Grumble drew his chair up to the breakfast table as he spoke, with the

face of a martyr. "The coffee is only just made, dear," said Mrs. Grumble, a pretty, timid look-ing woman, with soft blue eyes and brown braids; "and I don't really think the room is very cold. As for the smeke,

I am sorry, but the man promised me to have the chimney seen to yesterday."
"Of course he did; nobody ever keeps promises to us," groaned Mr. Grumble.

"If it had been Smith, now, the climncy would have been seen to long ago.

Do give me a piece of steak that is at least warmed through; we're not cannihals that I know of, to eat our meat raw. But that's always the way—we never had a cook that understood how to broil a

" But, my dear "-said Mrs. Grum-

ble.
"Don't tell me," interrupted Mr.
Grumble. "I know just how things
ought to be done. The paper hasn't
come yet, I suppose? No, of course
not. I really wish somebody would enli then me as to why my paper is always h df an hour later than anybody's else's. If that haby don't leave off crying, I shall certainly go crazy."

"Its teeth trouble it," sighed Mrs.

Grumble, leaving the breakfast table to walk up and down the room with her fretful little charge. "Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Grumble.

sharply, charging at a slice of toast with his fork; "you coddle it too much, that's

commotion into which the house had been thrown, about a month previously. when Mr. Grumble had bad the tooth But she only nestled the baby' velvet head against her shoulder, and said nothing-woman's way of disposing of a great many little martyrdoms.

"Now, then, where's my hat?" de-manded Mr. Grumble, rising and looking around. "Very singular that that hat is never in its place.'

"It is just where you hang it your-self, papa, in the hall," said little Harry, from behind his spelling book. "Children shouldn't talk so much,

said Mr. Grumble, tartly. "My dear, that rent in the lining of my coat isn't mended yet : why did you not see to it? "I intended to do so," said the wife, apologetically, "but you know we had company last night, and the baby slept so badly that I rose rather later than usual this morning, but-

"Always some excuse," interrupted her liege lord. "I really don't under stand the reason that nothing is ever done in time in this house.'

He gave the front door rather an em phatic slam as he went out, and little Mrs. Grumble, instead of rebelling against her husband's iron rule, just sat down to cry.

Mr. Grumble wasn't by any means bad husband. He really loved his wife, and believed himself to be a pattern of conjugal amiability; only he had, someor other, fallen into the unconscious habit of fault finding; and, like many another individual, whenever he couldn't think of anything else to do, he grum-

"Crying again, Bessie!" exclaimed her brother, coming in an honr or two later, "Now, that's too bad! I suppose Henry has been treating you to another domestic growl? I've a great mind to tell bim how uncomfortable are made by his little eccentricities. Shall I, Bessie ?"

" No, no ; I wouldn't have you breathe a syllable to him for the world!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Grumble, hurriedly dry ing her tears. "Henry don't mean to annoy me. He has the kindest heart in the world, and I know he loves me!"

"I dare say he does," said young Mr. Carlton; "but why is he fretting and fault finding hour after hour, and day Upon my word, Bessie, think it's an oversight in our laws that there is not one to punish married men who scold!

"Don't talk so, Tom," said Mrs. Grumble, earnestly. "Henry isn't at all to blame, only baby is very troublesome, and I had an indifferent night's rest, and"-

"Oh, yes-I understand," significantly smiling. "My dear, little, forgiving Bessie, you ought to be made a martyr of." He sat a moment or two in deep thought, then, suddenly start-ing up, exclaimed: "I must be gone, or I shall be too late at the station to meet Uncle Tompkins. Did I mention to you, by the way, that Uncle Tomp-

kins was coming to visit you?" "Uncle Tompkins! I didn't know we had an Uncle Tompkins, Tom." "Didn't you, dear?" Well, please to

prepare your best bedroom for company the old gentleman is rather particular -grumbles a good deal, in fact; but en, you are used to that sort of

But, Tom, I don't quite under

't detain me now, Bessie. myself with the old ger tleman, e him. Good-bye!" nt the door had closed

of? How could she exist without that growler domiciled for nobody knew how long at her hearthstone? But perhaps they might neutralize one another, like two powerful poisons. There was a spice of comfort in that reflection, at least; and Bessie Grumble wiped her eyes, and almost smiled. What was Mr. Grumble's surprise, on

coming home that evening, fully primed for a domestic tirade, on the subject of a button which had drifted down from his shirt front during the day, to find his especial easy chair, and corner of the fire, occupied by an asthmatic old man, whose head and face were enveloped in a siik handkerchief, and whose feet were in a tub of hot water. He stopped short, in amazement and horror.

"This is Uncle Tompkins, Henry," said Mrs. Grumble, who was busy warming a basin of gruel over the fire; and the old gentleman extended one finger without turning his head, saying, in a cracked voice: "I wish, nephew, you would shut that door. Nobody ever thinks of shutting a door in this house! What's that noise up stairs? I beg, nicce, that your baby won't cry the whole time that I am here. Is tea ready? If so, I will take a cup just here by the

"What does this mean, my dear, ejaculated Mr. Grumble, in a hurried whisper; and his wife, whose arm he had caught on the way to the kitchen for more hot water for Uncle Tompkins, replied, in the same tone: "Oh! you musn't mind my uncle, dear; he don't mean anything, only he's old and whimsign!" whimsical."

"But a man has no business to make everybody else uncomfortable in this sort of way," muttered Mr. Grum-

Tea was brought in at this moment-a little smoky, it must be confessed, and the toast considerably charred; but, just as Mr. Grumble was opening his mouth to comment upon these facts, Uncle Tompkins forestalled him by exclaim ing: "What stuff this tea is! One would suppose it was made of cab-bage leaves. The toast, too, is as black as a cinder. Isn't there a slice of stale bread in the house? I'm a dyspeptic, and have to be very careful as to what I

Mr. Grumble silently devoured his meal, secretly wondering how long Uncle Tompkins meant to stay. No sooner was the table cleared than the irrascible old gentleman began again: "Grum-ble," said he, "I wish you'd stop that creaking of your chair, my nerves are so weak; and if you could keep your children up stairs, that racket wouldn't disturb me quite so much. I really don't know how I'm going to stand that baby's noise."

"I do not think it is a very noisy said Mr. Grumble, meekly. It's teeth are very painful just at pres

Mrs. Grumble, who was stirring the fire, in accordance with her uncle's petulant request, said nothing, but smiled quietly to hear her husband trying to

"Welt," remarked Uncle Tompkins, all babies are noisy. And, by the way, Grumble, I wish you would oil the hinges of that squeaking door; and I don't like the smell of that geranium in the window. Hallo! you haven't any top button on your shirt front! I ope my niece isn't a careless wife.

"Not at all sir," said Mr. Grumble, ervously; "but the care of her child and housekeeping duties absorb a great leal of her time. The instant she finds eisure she will look to my clothes." "I don't see how a woman can spend her whole time keeping house and looking after a pack of children," observed

Uncle Tompkins, incredulously. About ten o'clock the old gentleman vas ushered to the spare room, accompanied by a procession of medicine vials, tubs of hot water, woolen dressing gowns, and heated blankets for his feet; and his absence occasioned very general

"What an insufferable old egotist ing himself, with a sign of satisfaction, into his favorite seat ouce more. "My dear Bessie, how could you endure his eternal fault finding?"

the lesson that most women are obliged to learn," replied Mrs. Grumble, with a slight sigh.

Her husband pricked up his ears a little uneasily. "Accustomed to it?" What did she mean? It was not possiblc-it could not be possible-that he was like that odious old Uncle Tompkins. And yet he wished Bessie had not spoken in that way. Somehow it made

im feel excessively uncomfortable. Day after day passed away, Uncle Tompkins growing more and more intolerable the whole time, while Mr. Grumble improved the occasion by making a sort of mental looking glass

of that worthy old gentleman. "Upon-my-word," said he to him self, "I must have been a perfect nui-sance all these years. Why didn't sance all these years, somebody tell me of it?"

At length Uncle Tompkins went away, flannel gowns, medicine bottles and all, and on the evening of the same day Tom Carlton arrived, from a temporary absence, nobody knew where.

"So uncle has been visiting you?" he said, gayly, to Mr. Grumble. 'Yes," said the latter, with a slight

Mr. Grumble was silent a moment. Do you know," he exclaimed, bursting into a perplexed laugh, "I couldn't describe a single feature of his face. He was always enveloped, like an Egyptian mummy, in a silk handkerchief, somelike that one you have in your hand. With my permission he shall never set foot in this house again."

"No!" said Tom, archly.
"The most intolerble fault finder ever met with," said Mr. Grumble; "absolutely the most disagreeable man who ever combered the earth. I don't see how it is possible to take exceptions to

everything as he did." "That's not an uncommon failing, I believe," observed Tom, demurely smil-

hind Tom, Bessie put her baby in the cradle, and claspe! her hands to her tendency I might have had that way. I, sching head. What was Tom thinking for one, mean to leave off grumbling."

"I'm happy to hear it, nephew Grumble," exclaimed a cracked voice.

The victimized man started up in dismay, scarcely believing the testimony of his senses, as Tom twisted the silk hand-kerchief skillfully round his head, and bent himself nearly double with an asthmatic sound between a groan and a

"Why, you don't mean to say that you are Uncle Tompkins?" exclaimed Mr. Grumble. Mr. Grumble.

"Pardon me, Henry," said Tom, smiling, "but I saw that you had unconsciously become an habitual grumbler, and I judged that the best antidote was a faithful representation of your own failings. Was I right?"

His brother-in-law was half inclined to be angry, but thought better of it.

"Shuka heads Tow." said to

"Shake hands, Tom," said You're an irreverent young scamp, but I forgive you. At all events, the care is complete.

And so Bessie found it.

The Railroad Guide.

One foregood, says the Detroit Free his door, and after a kindly salute

the world. It contains the name, timetable, and route of every railroad in this country.

"I neffer puys no such kind of pooks," replied the dealer, as he glanced through

"But you want that pamphlet, my dear sir. You look like a man who travels around considerably, and no traveler can get along without one of these guides

"I don't care to guide no railroad," said the dealer, shaking his head, and turning away. "Hold on, now-just look through it

once. Suppose for instance, that you want to go to New Orleans?" "I shall neffer go there so long as I am born. "Weil, suppose you want to go to

Omaha?" "Den I don't go." "What do you do when you want to go to Chicago?" asked the persistent

"I sthays at home,"
"Weil, suppose you had to go; wouldn't you have to lock at a railread timetable then?"

"No sir. I should go down py der to speak pleasantly of it. The presence of speak pleasantly of it. The presence of speak pleasantly of it. The presence of speak pleasantly of it. depot, get on der train, puy some apples off der poy, and I should step off in Chicago like some grease!"

Speak pleasantly of it. The presence of sympathetic neighbors pleases them and hastens the return of the comatose state.

The sgent had no further arguments

Long Sacks. Long sacks of cloth, according to a fashion journal, are in the graceful French shape, single breasted, with partly litted backs. They do not differ materially from those of last winter, except in their added length and in the preference for those that are straight around instead of having long fronts with short backs. Thirty inches, it is said, will be the average length of sacks for ladies of medium height. Garments of last winter will be lengthened by adding a border of fur or other trimming. Some very elegant sacks have the long mantilla fronts, but these are cut square instead of rounded or pointed as they were last year. The most uniquely shaped pockets and the inevitable long bows of ribbon orgament these fronts. The back has English side forms with a bow at the end of the seams. Serge cloths of very large diagonal figures are used for these sacks. The V of braid or of silk is the trimming for the back. The fronts of some have a dart, while others are loose, Eight or ten rows of sontache braid of thick, heavy quality form very neat borfor such sacks. The that is!" exclaimed Mr. Grumble, throw- styles of braiding are preferred for these cloaks, while most unique and intricate patterns are used in rich silk garments. The buttons are of shell or of wood fastened on strongly with eyes. Both "I am accustomed to that, Henry; it very large and quite small buttons are used.

For old ladies are long comfortable closks of cloth, partly in each and partly in dolman shape. They have long dol-man sleeves hanging almost to the bottom of the cloak, and inner sleeves that are close fitting.

Would Not Change.

A New Hampshire boy, now a resider t of Wisconsin, was a fine scholar, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a law student. Just previous to his admission to the bar he took a severe cold. which rendered him very deaf, and no medical skill was able to restore his hearing. This affliction compelled him to give up his chosen profession, and he went West very much broken down in spirits. For ten years he has been farming, cultivating about two hundred acres of prairie, and, as he expressed it, making a good living and salting down something every year. And he declared that it, knowing what he now knows, he was to begin his active life over again, he would do just as he was compelled to do ten years ago; that is, he would throw aside his profession and settle down on a farm. Said he: "There isn't much glory on a farm, but you get a good sure living. You are tor, failing, how-ver, after a long and your master; you can't starve nor be turned out of business; and as far as the work is concerned, in these days of horse power a man needn't kill himself farming any more than at any o her business. It's brains that win on a farm as well as overywhere else, and the smart man is going to ride while the stupid one goes afoot, in the cornfield as well as in the bar or pulpit. I should like to have for a horse? and for Heaven's sake tell my hearing again, but I wouldn't leave me quick." "Madam, I should open my farm if I had it."

The new Territory of Pembina, which is to be taken from Dakota, covers 72, 980 square miles on the northern boundary of the United States. There are "Very likely," said his brother-inwithin its limits 2,000 miles of navigative, emphatically; "but his visit has ble waters. Bismarck will probably be productive of at least one good efthe capital.

The Troy Hysteria Case.

The Troy Times says: Many conflicting statements have been made relative to the condition of the two girls residing in Cohoes, who were mentioned as suffering from a singular physical dis-ability. The exact facts are that the girls are afflicted with a mild form of hysteria. Their names are Lizzie Lis-corbo and Mary Michel, both about eighteen years of age. The latter has been married about eight months. Both were over the line slightly parted with conwere seized at the same time with convulsions, accompanied by rigidity of all the muscles, which laste nearly fortycight hours. During that time they were perfectly insensible of feeling, as pins were used and their bodies were pinched. The paroxysm was followed by an ecstatic condition. Their eyes were over the line slightly parted with were open, the lips slightly parted with a happy smile, as though some su-preme joy held their senses. The hands were raised with the palms upward. This condition lasted an hour or more, and the girls recovered and arose from the bed and ate a hearty meal. Two hours afterward they were both seized in the same manner as the first. The paroxysms this time were not so violent, and were followed in twelve hours by the same condition of ecstasy. For three Press, a young man, whose business it weeks about two hours of the twentywas to sell railroad guides to any one who would buy, found a clothing dealer affected. Both were in full health, atting in an arm chair in front sleep, eat and converse naturally when not under the influence of the singular the agent handed out one of his guides and said:

"This is the handiest little book in they are bewitched. When first taken, it was given out that an overdose of loudanum was the cause. Mrs. Michel's husband says a "bad man" spoke in-sulting and blasphemous words to them, which frightened them. A reporter, in company with a physician, visited the girls, and after a thorough examination by the doctor, both girls being in paroxysms at the time, he pronounced it a form of hysteria, produced by mental disturbances, with which the story of Michel that the girls were frightened by a "bad man" seems to assimilate. The rigidity of the muscles in Miss Liscorbo was so fixed that her body could be raised horizontally by lifting at her head and feet, and all the while her features expressed a serene mental condition and her pulse was at the ordinary healthful beat. The parents are anxiously awaiting the arrival from Canada of an uncle who has acquired celebrity, they say, in exorcising bad spirits. When the girls are free from the malady they seem to be almost unconscious of what has oc-

There is a fable among the Hindoos

that a thief having been detected and

condemned to die, happily hit upon an

expedient which gave him hope for life.

He sent for his jailer and told him that

e had a secret of great importance

which he desired to impart to the king

and when that had been done he would

be prepared to die. Upon receiving this

ordered the culprit to be conducted to

his presence. The thief replied that he

knew the secret of causing trees to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold.

and his majesty would not lose the op-

went with the thief to a spot selected

near the city wall, where the latter per-

formed a series of solemn incantations.

luced a piece of gold and declared that

if it should be planted it would produce

tree, every branch of which would

"But," he added, "this must be put

into the ground by a band that has never

been stained by a dishonest act. My

hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said: "I remem-

ber in my younger days that I have

filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented

of the sin, but yet I can hardly say my

hand is clean. I pass it therefore to my

The latter, after a brief consultation,

answered: "It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I

receive taxes from the people, and as I

can I be sure that I have been perfectly

honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No, no," cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the

serving out of pay and provision to the

soldiers. Let the high priest plant it."
And the high priest said: "You for-

get ; I have the collecting of tithes and

At length the thief exclaimed ; "Your

majesty. I think it would be better for

society that all five of us should be

hanged, since it appears that not an

In spite of the lamentable exposure,

the king laughed, and so pleased was he

with the thief's cunning expedient that

His Prescription,

"What would you do, doctor,

cure horses and other brutes.'

strong as a horse.

honest man can be found among us."

the disbursements for sacrifice."

he granted him a pardon.

bear gold.

your majesty."

prime minister.

This done, the condemned man pro

The experiment might be easily

portunity; so, accompanied by courtiers and his chief priest,

iece of intelligence the king at once

There were two little sisters at the ouse whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprung up between them; no cross words, no ponts, no slaps, no run-ning away in a pet On the green be-fore the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they vere always the same sweet tempered little

Cottage Gardening.

and mechanical being.

You don't train man as a plant; he is a moral agent, and if any good is to be

-and I am delighted to see how many

tual good is to be done to them it must

be done by teaching and encouraging them and helping them help themselves.

which teaches independence and self-

ure and satisfaction, when well managed and of proper size. It makes a sensi-ble addition to his means of living; and, for my part, I sometimes hope that you,

when there will be no such thing in this

country as a cottage without a garden.

The Two Sisters.

many of you, may live to see the

'You never seem to quarrel," I said to them, one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?" They looked up, and the eldest answered: "I 'spose 'tis 'cause Addie lets me and I let Addie."

I thought a moment. "Ah, that is ernment money with the new bank, "I said; "she lets you, and you let her; that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under the window. I looked out. "Gerty, what is the matter?" "Mary won't let me have her ball," bellows Gerty. "Mary won't let 'Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me he psucil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want she should have my ball." ' Fie, fie! is that the way sisters should treat each other?" "She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty; she'll only lose is." "And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

The "not letting" principle is downright disobligingness, and a disobliging spirit begets a good deal of quarreling. These little girls, Addie and her sis ter, have got the true secret of manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, uuselfish, always ready to oblige each other; neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other.

Habitual Criminals.

A writer in a New York paper has been collecting statistics concerning the Whole famipickpocket's profession. ies are sometimes educated to the business, the little ones being systematically and thoroughly educated by their parents in the different branches of stealing. They begin with the simple picking of the pocket of some unwary person, and finally become able to commit the most daring burglary. Not in-frequently the habitual criminal life blunts the moral feelings, that the am exposed to many temptations how so youth who begins as a newsboy or bootblack, and dettly abstracts the change from his customer's pocket, develops into the hardened man, who pauses at nothing in the fulfillment of his desires, and unhesitatingly takes the life of a fellow being, if by so doing he not a thing of beauty, and that it does thinks his evil deeds will be more cermetamorphose people in the oddest tain to escape detection. The case of John Dolan, the Noe murderer, is an instance of this. He was a man comparatively young, was brought up as a thief, was the habitual a sociate of vidual is jumping up a little girl to esthieves and abandoned women, and never had any refining or moral influcuces thrown about him.

Attempt to Escape from Jail.

A novel attempt to escape from Ludlow street jail, New York city, was made In one of the small mining camps in the back Hills lay a big Cornishman stricked with fever. His wife, being and was the boon companion of another unskilled in remedies, hunted for a docoften, and she is charged with furnishing Webster with the disguise in which hats. patient search, to discover anything better than a veterinary surgeon he hoped to make his escape. Late one eried, "if your own husband was deliviafternoon Webster approached the ous with fever?" "Madame," said he, prison gate to pays out, dressed in the "I know no more than you. I can only complete attire of a woman, not excepting chignon and curls, jewelry, etc.. striped stockings and high balmorsl doctor," she replied, "my husband's as What would you do shoes, a thick veil concealing the face. The gate keeper requested the veil to be drawn up, which was done without his mouth, pull his tongue out on one hesitation, and in answer to the quesside to prevent his biting me, and give tion as to where he had been answered to see Mr. Billsley. The gate keeper said he looked very much like the pris-oner Webster, which was denied. The him this fever powder, paper, string and all, ' Blinded with tears of gratitude, the poor woman paid for the fever powder and departed. History says keeper refused to allow him to pass out, and finding himself detected, Webster ran back to his room, where the clothes were afterward found.

The Bank of France.

Mr. Gladstone recently addressed the villagers of Hawarden, England, where Opening on the Rue de la Verilliers, and surrounded by the Rues Radziwill, Balif, Croixdes-Petits-Champe, the Bank he has lived for many years, on the benefits of cottage gardening. He said: The trouble is that the circle of topics of France has occupied, ever since 1811, the alcient hotel of the Count of Toulouse. Its general aspect is that of a prison for good society. It shows many prospects of iron railings and iron doors, the latter being abundantly garnished with bolts and bars. Its height and solid walls would defy any attempt to scale them and every issue. opened up by a flower show is not a very large one, but at the same time it is one which anybody may be well contented to treat. There is not a better nor a more wholesome and salutary village institution in the whole round that can be named than a flower show; that is to say, than a society of which a flower show is the annual celebration. In the first place, it is one of those independent institutions which teach the round. attempt to scale them, and every issue of the building is made for a defense which could only be vanquished by a regular siege provided with the engines of war. Within the place is as active as ent institutions which teach the people to exert themselves, and you may de-pend upon it that man is not a passive an ant's nest.

Every psssage and staircase of the building is crowded during all the busi-ness hours of the day, and an incoming multitude elbow an outgoing host in each direction. None but people in a done to him or to any woman or child hurry are to be seen there; so at every door and landing place are posted ushers young boys and girls have come for-ward to obtain honorable marks of rec-egnition on this occasion—if any effecready to reply immediately to those asking the way to different points in the labyrinth. Yet the edifice is daily growing larger, and the palace which sufficed for the wants of legitimate princes is too All the people who pretend to take your small for this temple of trade. Nowhere are so many varieties of people to be met as within the precincts of this uniown concerns out of your own hands and to do everything for you, I won't say they are imposters; I won't even say they are quacks; but I do say they versal assembly house. Every class of society is represented there, from the capitalist who comes to receive the diviare mistaken people. The only sound, healthy description of countenancing and assisting these institutions is that dend on his shares, to the workman who has to pay an acceptance for a few francs

which he has given for his tools.

The first impression made on a stranger by the Bank of France is one There is no better kind of exertion than this. It is good for your health and good for your independence, bewhich inspires good will for an estab-lishment which, having only in view the public interest, impartially tries to be useful to every section of the comcause, though a garden is not a very large thing in the life of a cottager, it is a very considerable element of independence, as well as of comfort, pleas-

It was in 1800, the twenty-fourth Pinviose, year VIII, that certain banker formed themselves into a company which became the Bank of France. The principal of them were Perregaux, Le Conteulx, Cantel u, Mallett, the elder, Recamier, and Robillard, a tobacco manufacturer. The commercial gentlemen speedily agreed upon the statutes of a financial institution, which was to have a capital of 30,000,000 francs, or \$6,000,000, divided into 30,000 nominative shares.

The business of the company was restricted to discounting, collecting bills, receiving deposits and consignments, keeping current accounts, and issning dratts at sight to bearer; all other trade but that in gold and silver was forbid-den. In the primitive statutes of the bank may still be observed, in a rudimentary state indeed, but very clearly, the system which has secured to it an almost uninterrupted career of pros-pority to this day. On the twenty-eighth of Nivose, or as early as the ighteenth of January, 1800, a consular cree deposited a large amount of govon the twenty-fourth Germinal, year X1, or fourteenth of April, 1803, it was efinitely organized by law, under the tyle and title of the Bank of France, s capital being raised at the same time forty-five million francs, or nine mil-

Keeping Engagements.

Miss Marie Poirson, of Paris, has ast done a very pretty thing. She had been betroched to the young Count de Foisaut before the war, in which, while serving in the artillery, he had the mis ortune to lose both his legs. After that fatal cannon shot at Sedan, the count nust have thought the chance of his ove keeping her word with him was at small; but she has just done so. The parriage has taken place. During the Indian muticy a precisely similar mis-fortune befell an officer, who obtained Victoria Cross at the price of the ss of his lower limbs; and in this intance also the girl who had promised her love to him did not withdraw it. Such loyalty can by no means be reck oned upon in the other sex; and often an attack of smallpox or other illness is on a package the number and kind of as fatal to a man's fidelity as to his love's good looks. The late Duke of Wellingtou took a very characteristic middle course under circumstances of this k nd. He was not sentimental nor chivalric, but he had a strong sense of duty. When the woman to whom he was engaged wrote to say: "My beauty he replied, from Spain: " am sorry for it; but I will marry you still if you think proper to hold me to my bargain." And she did think It is scarcely necessary to say that the marriage did not prove a happy one.

Putting Them on a Level.

A correspondent writing from Long Branch declares that the bathing suit is way. One looks around and sees a tall form of dignified aspect, and a noble gray haired head, but cannot recognize the person, more especially as the indicape a monster wave that has come rolling in. Suddealy by some flash of perception one discovers that it is a pro-fessor of Columbia law school, who evidently finds the rollers much less respectful than his students. The acknowledged belles of the hops, the beauby one Webster, who is confined there ties of the ballroom, smile at you a on a warrant of arrest against him upon charming recognition, and you stare an execution for \$1,500. Webster has stupidly at them, wondering who they been con ned in the jail for some time, can be. The water, in fact, is a grea obliterator of distinction, and mingles imprisoned debtor named Billsley. The beauties and plain girls, nameless jourwife of the latter visited the jail quite nalists and political dignitaries in one common horde of blue flannel and straw

In Paris, night watches of factories and warehouses containing highly combustible material are supplied, safety, with a peculiar laptern. A piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea is introduced into a glass flask, which is then one-third filled with boiling olive oil, and closed air-tight with a When light is desired the cork is simply removed for an instant to admit the air. and a clear light, is emitted from the empty space in the flask. The intensity of the light when it diminishes may be renewed by admitting air again. A lantern thus prepared, it is said, may be used continually for about six months without the least trouble.

A Parody.

Where the Moosetockmaguntic Pours its waters in the Skuntic, Met along the forestside Hiram Hoover, Huldah Hyde.

She a maiden fair and dapper, He a red haired, stalwart trapper, Hunting beaver, mirk and skunk In the woodlands of Squedunk,

She, Pawtucket's pensive daughter, Walked beside the Skuntic water, Gathering in her apron wet Snakercot, mint and bouncing bet.

"Why," he murmured, loth to leave her, " Gathering yarbs for chills and fever, When a lovyer, bold and true, Only waits to gather you?"

Items of Interest.

A man of little wisdom is a sage among

Just the place for drummers-The town of Fife. A cheerful disposition is the sunshine

of the soul. Making sugar out of melons is a new California industry.

A Philadelphia paper says the Centennial will close \$3,000,000 in debt. "A prudent man," says a witty

Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him going too far." "Mrs. Robert C. Mason, of Gilbertville, has presented her husband with a third pair of twins l" She is a brick-

Despite the times, the official returns show a decrease of pauperism in Eng-land and Wales the precent year, as com-

pared with 1875. Horses employed in having on the marshes near Hustisford, Wis., wear wooden shoes made of plank six by eight inches screwed to the hoof.

It was George D. Prentice who declined to discuss the question of woman suffrage because he had considered woman, from the creation, as a side An old bachelor having been laughed

at by a party of pretty girls, told them : "You are small potatoes!" "We may be small potatoes," said one of them "but we are sweet ones!" A waiter advertises in Chicago foremployment, giving as a recommendation his ability to "fold napkins in three

hundred different ways, in the perfect image of every kind of bird." Thomas Hassett, one of the escaped Fenian prisoners, says that he once before tried to escape, and, though his original imprisonment was for life, the Australian judge sentenced him to three years additional.

lady's slippers to the Centennial without designating their use, and they were at once assigned a prominent place among boats and nautical affairs. A man paid \$1,000 for Washington's

A Boston newspaper asserts that a

state coach to exhibit outside the Centennial grounds; he put up a building, and offered a sight of it at ten cents a head. At the end of three weeks he had not taken in a single dime.

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread, answered the urchin, apparently asonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, 'is to spread butter and jam on."

The policy of the South, says the Memphis Avalanche, is to stick to hog and hominy. In five years, under this measure of industrial reform, it will be able to pay its debts and be the richest section of the Union, or the world. The new United States postal law allows a person to write his or her name

on a newspaper wrapper, and also the word "from," to let the party receiving

it know who it is from, without violating the law. It allows the sender to write articles it contains. At a recent funeral in Chicopee, Mass... the earth on one side of the grave being sandy, caved, and one of the pall bear ers having hold of one end of a lowering strap, slid into the grave. The coffin fell on him, head downward, and

the living from the dead. A statement of the number of cattle destroyed in the Madras Presidency by tigers and cheetahs during the three months ending the thirty first of March last shows that 452 horses, 529 cows, 204 calves, 124 bullocks, I25 sheep, 189 goats, seven horses or ponies, eight asses, eighty-nine dogs and twelve pigs

some time was required to disentangle

were killed during that period. An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel Have you done so, sir?" Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger, or a scoundrel; but I said you were 'little

Near a bridge on the Seine a corpse was found in the water and brought on shore. It was in a dreadful state of decomposition. A lady and gentleman passing turned aside to look at it, and the lady recoiled in horror. "Oh, how frightful! What can have made the poor man kill himself?" "Doubtless distress and misery," replied the husband.
"Ah, most likely," responded the wife, very simply. "He certainly does not very simply. look well off!"

Rapid Growth of Forest Trees.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator gives his experience in the growth of forest trees : Norway spruce and Scotch larch were planted, and in nine years the spruce trees were fifteen feet high, with twelve feet spread of top. In fourteen years the larch were thirty feet high, with a spread of twenty feet. and a circumference of four feet at the base. One larch was forty feet high in seventeen years. Silver maple planted in 1864 are now thirty-five feet high, and seven to ten inches in diameter at the base. Elms planted in 1856 now range from thirty to forty feet nigh, and are fifteen inches in diameter.