

The Elk County Advertiser.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1877.

NO. 47.

A Child's Wish.

"Be my father, mother,
Give me a wish to-day;
Something as I wish in sunshine
As when the raindrops play."
"And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What would I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?"
"A very little brook, mother,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And sing on the mossy stone."
"To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep;
With soft steps and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep."
"Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I never could catch the leaf
That floats in its fountain fell."
"Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
With a noise like the baby's funny laugh—
That is the brook for me!"

THADDEUS OF WARSAW; Or, The Adventures of a Polish Exile.

BY MISS JANE POINTER.

In the year 1792 Russian invasion threatened Poland with all the horrors of a merciless war. Foremost among the patriots who rushed to their country's defense were the noble Palatine of Masovia, and his chivalrous grandson, Thaddeus Constantine Sobieski.

For his mother Therese, the gentle Countess Sobieski, Thaddeus felt the tenderest affection, but, although now nineteen years of age, he had never known even the name of his father.

Upon his twentieth birthday, however, he learned from a sealed packet saved him by his mother, that he had been secretly united at Florence to an Englishman, named Sackville, who had soon after repudiated the marriage, and basely deserted her. Since then she had passed as a widow, retaining her own family name of Sobieski, and living with her mother, the Palatine, whom her son had been carefully educated.

The sensitive Thaddeus wept at this discovery of his father's treachery.

"Forget him," cried the countess, who witnessed this emotion.

"I will," answered Thaddeus, "and a low my mother said only on the virtue of my mother."

"You are right," said the Palatine, "and I shall live to see you add glory to the name of Sobieski!"

This prophecy was more than fulfilled in the bloody contests that soon ensued. In one of these Thaddeus saved from slaughter some Russian engineers, who fell on their knees to thank his mercy. One very young man, however, was refractory, and would have been killed on the spot, if Thaddeus had not caught the hilt of the sword. The youth, who had carried his weapon, Thaddeus directly returned, saying:

"Brave sir, I consider myself emboldened in restoring this sword to him who so courageously defended it."

It soon appeared that this brave young man was an English volunteer, named Pembroke Somerset, named after his grandfather's name on the banks of the Vistula.

"I would follow you," said Somerset, "all over the world."

After a delightful experience of the refined hospitality of Villanow, Pembroke wrote two enthusiastic letters to his mother, which he sent to his governor, Mr. Loftus, at St. Petersburg, to be forwarded to England. But as Mr. Loftus had been strictly charged to keep his eyes on the conduct of the English, Thaddeus, excited with indignation, disapproved of Somerset's parents, his confided him to say nothing of his Polish adventures, at least for a while. Somerset reluctantly consented, and, being suddenly summoned home, bade an affectionate farewell to Thaddeus and his mother, hoping to revisit them soon, or to see them in England.

Misfortunes were already crowding fast upon ill-fated Poland.

The brave Palatine of Masovia was slain in battle, Prague was besieged and captured, and the palace of Villanow was attacked by the savage Russian soldiery. Thaddeus, covered with wounds, hastened from Prague to secure, if possible, his mother's escape.

"My beloved son," said the countess, "before our cruel murders can arrive I shall have found a refuge in the bosom of my God. Should Poland fall, I beg your pardon to go to England."

Then lying in a portrait of his father round his neck, she added:

"Prize this gift, my child; try to forget his injuries, and, in memory of me, never part with it."

A sudden volley of firearms made Thaddeus spring upon his feet. Loud cries succeeded, and women screamed: "The ramparts are stormed!"

A burst of cannon was followed by a heavy crash and piercing shrieks. The countess, expiring in the embrace of her distracted son, fell from his palsied arms back upon the sofa, and General Butzon, who had directed the defense of the palace, could scarcely force him away to a place of safety.

Plunging into the Vistula, amid a shower of musket balls, Thaddeus swam with Butzon to the opposite bank. Emerging from the water he pointed back to Villanow, which was now enveloped in flames, and said, with a smile of agony:

"See what a funeral pile Heaven has given to my dear mother!"

The Russian general, Suwarow, soon compelled the ignominious surrender of Warsaw. Two hours before he entered the city, Sobieski left it, bedewing its frontier, he plucked a tuft of grass, and, pressing it to his lips, exclaimed:

"Farewell, Poland! Farewell all my earthly happiness!"

Sailing from Danzig to London, Thaddeus naturally thought of Pembroke Somerset, but as he had received no reply to two letters addressed to him, the exile resolved, unfriended as he was, to wipe him from his memory. Reach-

ing the English metropolis, he passed his first night at a Covent Garden hotel, where his commanding figure and martial dress created a flutter among the servants in the kitchen.

Look at his black cap, with its long bag and great feather, and the monstrous saber at his side," cried the waiter.

"And I never see'd such handsome blue eyes," added the maid; "and he spoke so kindly when he bade me stir the fire, and when he threw off his great fur cloak, he showed a glittering star."

Finding the next morning, after paying his bill, that he had only a few shillings left, Thaddeus sallied out to look for lodgings more suited to his purse. It was a cold and stormy November Sunday, and a kindly old woman, to whom he showed some little civilities, observing him uneasy at the inquisitive gaze of the bystanders, ventured to invite him to take shelter from the snow within her house. He accepted the invitation, and the good Mrs. Robson was not a little startled when her imposing guest, leaning his head against the wall, offered him a pipe and a glass of brandy. Mr. Constantine, as he now chose to call himself, was soon established upon the humble first floor, No. 5 St. Martin's lane.

A slow fever now seized him, but he would not call an apothecary, having no money to pay him. At last Mrs. Robson summoned Mr. Vincent, by whose skill and her nursing her lodger recovered. To defray the debts incurred during his illness, he parted with his fur-lined pelisse for a fraction of its value, and sold a gold pencil case to a very civil pawnbroker. The eight guineas thus obtained he set on the bills against him, and left a small surplus. Hoping to increase this, he executed half a dozen landscape drawings in India ink, but the insolence of the print-seller was so intolerable that Thaddeus refused to accept the guinea offered for them.

Only one earthly comfort now enjoyed by the distressed exile was the company and caresses of Mrs. Robson's little grandson, William; but even this was snatched away, for the child contracted a fatal disease and died in Thaddeus' arms. The afflicted grandmother was without a farthing to pay the medical and funeral expenses, and Thaddeus, who had pawned his sword, pistols and sleeve buttons to relieve her necessities.

Passing Drury Lane Theatre that evening, he saw Pembroke Somerset enter, in full dress, gay and laughing, with two ladies. Involuntarily he ejaculated:

"Somerset!"

But his friend had disappeared behind a green curtain. All his inquiries received, and he sent a letter to Somerset, but received no reply. Another he left in person at his friend's residence. The two were returned without a word.

Finding General Butzon, who had saved his life at the burning of Villanow, impoverished Thaddeus unhesitatingly assumed the support of that worthy but now feeble old man, a picture dealer affording him the means by taking each week a guinea's worth of his drawings.

One evening in March, Thaddeus received a letter from the Palatine, who had returned from his exile, and he resisted that he should enter. He did so, and his hostess, Lady Adeliza Thaddeus, and her sprightly companion, Miss Maria Egerton, entertained him with the greatest courtesy, though not without a certain reserve. Mr. C. Constantine, in their praises of the handsome stranger excited the curiosity of the young and beautiful Lady Sara Ross, who, meeting Mr. Constantine when he called again upon Lady Thaddeus, resolved to ensure the pale and highbred foreigner. Without meaning any uncharitableness, she absent his beloved husband, she sighed for a melancholy and romantic lover, and Thaddeus appeared to her to be the very one of whom she was in search. Pursuing this desire, she presently found herself the victim of a passion for Mr. Constantine which he did not return.

The friendship of Lady Thaddeus was both delicate and sincere, and through her good offices Thaddeus obtained as pupils in German the daughters of Lady Dundas, who were rich, pretentious and ill-bred. Euphemia, the younger, was very pretty, however, and like Lady Sara Ross, presently set herself to captivate Mr. Constantine. Her caprices merely served to amuse or annoy him, but they greatly excited the jealousy of Lady Sara, who now found herself perpetually tormented by her unhappy passion.

Not was Lady Thaddeus less unrelenting, though from a far different cause. Her husband, the Earl of Tinmouth, not content with abandoning her and openly transferring his affections to another, had even the cruelty to teach her son and daughter to hate their own mother. In relating her sad history she incidentally spoke of her husband's living in 1770 in Italy under the assumed name of Sackville.

At this mention Thaddeus could scarcely hide his consternation. Was it possible that he owed his existence to such a brutal and heartless man? This discovery of an unworthy father, and the unhappy condition of his friend Butzon, who had now become a confirmed though harmless lunatic, caused Thaddeus a misery not lessened by the frequent petty insults of the indolent triflers and fashionable butterflies who frequented the Dundas mansion. But among them at last appeared a Miss Beaufort, whose generous nature attracted the attention no less than her remarkable loveliness. The night before he first met her he had ventured into a burning house and rescued a sleeping infant, which he threw into a post chaise for safety. In this chaise was Mary Beaufort with her aunt, Mrs. Somerset. Learning these facts the volatile Euphemia Dundas suddenly joined their hands, and exclaimed:

"Sweet Mary! Heroic Constantine! I thus elect you the two dearest friends of my heart!"

Both were much confused at this sentimental absurdity; but the acquaintance thus formed led to friendship and then to love, though Miss Beaufort did not suspect Thaddeus' real rank, and he knew her to be the cousin of his benefactor friend Somerset.

Lady Tinmouth's brutal husband and heartless son, pretending to regard her friendship with Thaddeus as a shameful intrigue, at last required her to leave London, and she sadly obeyed. Lady Sara Ross, unable longer to restrain her passion, desperately

avowed it, and implored Thaddeus to receive and protect her, but he persuaded her to remember her duty to her husband.

His next trial was the death of the venerable Butzon, whose long illness involved Thaddeus in debts he could only defer in part, and a disasteful apoplexy caused him to be arrested for a paltry twenty pounds, and flung into Newgate. The pretty Euphemia was compelled by her mother to relinquish her handsome language master; but Mary Beaufort did not rest till she had privately procured his release, and his debts and his release, a deliverance which he ascribed to Lady Tinmouth's friendship.

Returning soon after with her cousin Pembroke to the residence of his father, Sir Robert Somerset, Miss Beaufort sadly acknowledged to herself the hopelessness of her ill-fated passion. Meantime Lady Tinmouth was staying in the same neighborhood, and, in her company, accident brought Thaddeus and Pembroke together. The proud exile stood pale and silent, Pembroke flew forward, and, catching his friend's hand, exclaimed:

"An' right? Are you Sobieski?"

"I am," returned Thaddeus, amazed.

"Glorious Heaven! and can you have forgotten your friend Pembroke Somerset?"

Assured of his sincerity, Thaddeus clasped him to his breast and burst into tears.

The treacherous Loftus, Pembroke's governor, it appeared, had intercepted the letters of the two friends, and even dared to return those sent by Thaddeus, after seeing Pembroke at the theater. Resolved to make the most ample amends for his apparent desertion, he had promised Thaddeus the friendship of his father and the love of his fair cousin, and hastened back to Somerset castle to make good his word. But, to his horror, Sir Robert commanded his son to break off all intercourse with Thaddeus, alleging no reason except that he had not the honor to receive the daughter of the Palatine.

The rupture of a bloodless brought Lady Tinmouth suddenly to her deathbed, and Thaddeus was torn with equal sorrow by the loss of his faithful friend, and the brutality displayed by her husband, whom he was compelled to believe to be his father's daughter, but deserted by her. Pembroke's greatest distress between friendship and filial obedience, and feeling that a man of his broken fortunes could not honorably aspire to the hand of Miss Beaufort, Thaddeus resolved to abandon England, and accordingly set out on foot at night to return to London. Thaddeus's daughter, but deserted by her, he fell by the roadside, but was rescued from death by a benevolent gentleman, who conveyed him to his own house, and had him treated with the utmost kindness. This proved to be Sir Robert Somerset, and to the great amazement of Thaddeus, he discovered himself the erring husband of Therese Sobieski.

He and the Earl of Tinmouth had traveled as brothers under the name of Sackville. Supposing his betrothed in England had proved faithless, he married the Palatine's daughter, but deserted the unfortunate Therese, and returned to his first love on finding her still true to him. The dread of illegitimacy Pembroke by acknowledging Thaddeus had distracted the repentant father who now implored the forgiveness of his first-born son, who was unwilling to do so. Thaddeus readily granted, and refused to claim any rights at the expense of Pembroke, who was left to enjoy his father's title, while the exile of Warsaw, receiving an ample share of Sir Robert's estate, completed his earthly happiness by making his beloved Mary the Countess Sobieski. — *Illustrated Weekly.*

During the year 1877 there will be three eclipses of the sun and two of the moon. The first is a total eclipse of the moon, on February 27, partly visible from England and invisible in America, the moon being below the horizon through the whole continuance of the eclipse.

The second eclipse is a partial eclipse of the sun, invisible from both Europe and America. Its greatest phase is about one-third of the sun's diameter. It begins on March 14.

The third is a partial eclipse of the sun, August 8, invisible both in Europe and America.

The fourth is a total eclipse of the moon, visible from England and partly in the United States, taking place on August 23.

The fifth, and last, is a partial eclipse of the sun on September 6. This eclipse will be seen from Cape Horn and parts of South America, but not from North America.

In eighteen years there are usually about seventy eclipses—twenty-nine of the moon and forty-one of the sun, or nearly two to three. Seven is the greatest number of eclipses that can occur in a year, and the least. If there are seven, five must be of the sun and two of the moon. If only two, then both must be of the sun, for in every year there are two solar eclipses.

Slender.

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them; they are the very worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman. Your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unharmed, heed the ill your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow creature.

BEAUTY SOLD BY AUCTION.

The know has been falling slowly and serenely, writes a New York correspondent. It used to make me gleeful and rosy, but it cannot do that any more in this city. I suppose the change is of time upon myself as well as circumstance upon the world. No, it is not all because of the individual desecration between the now and the then which is within, because to-day, when I opened my door to look up and down the beautiful white street when the glaucous of the snow should have made it seem pure and enchanting, I saw nothing that did not make me hurry home. I tried to turn my face upward to meet the melting stars, but they were falling from the gray clouds, just for the sake of that childish habit which clings to the most of us, no matter how severely dignity seems and tramples upon such petty tricks of simplicity, but the change before my vestibule, even it was a powerful and imploring for such sentiment.

"For God's sake let me shovel away the snow," said a strong man; "I have a wife and little children, and they are very hungry and very cold."

"My mother can get no work at all; can't she, please?" piped a shivering little boy.

"If I only had a shovelful or a broom may be you'd let me have the job to do," said a low voiced old woman, whose features were not those of one who had spent almost an entire life in struggling for bread.

"Why do come out in the storm?" I asked her.

"Because I must," she said. "Last winter I hoped I might be dead before the winter came again, but when the summer was here, I somewhat liked to live, but I don't want to be here now, because I was a woman, I don't seem to be wanted much anywhere, or perhaps I might get to die and be comfortable," she added, after pausing to reflect between the last sentence and what she had said before. "Come in and get warm," I said to her.

"I don't want to go to no soup houses, nor to no charity committees, ma'am, and I don't want anything I don't earn, if you please. If you give me the sweeping to do and lend me a broom I might be thankful for the taste of a warm stove, ma'am, for I've been starving with the cold."

Three imploring faces, and but one sidewalk to sweep.

To feed the child, and send a loaf to the other children is not much in this great hungry city, but the humiliating bitterness of the unearned bread! Who may know but that never a snowflake will fall upon the head of a child's or the man's forehead to melt upon a glow of self-respect.

Never did a Christmas week pass in New York where the rich and the poor were so far apart either in sympathy or circumstance. The shops are filled with the most beautiful and useful of the geniuses of both the artist and the artisan. Philadelphia has drifted up to New York. The beautiful array of things sent by all the civilized nations of the earth, which could be purchased only at fabulous prices when on exhibition, can be bought at an expense that is nothing more than a trifle to the country's handwork. It is claimed that the merchants in the various parts of the world, notably in China and Japan, France and England, procured duplicates, or close copies of the articles that were rewarded with medals or parchment approvals, and they are now making fortunes out of the late enthusiasm of our citizens. A tiny cup and saucer, daintily painted, and as frail as it is beautiful, was sold at auction for \$70, while the pale faced woman at my door says: "Pray lend me a broom, that I may earn a scanty bit of bread, and respect myself."

Another Warning.

The details of the destruction by fire of the convent of St. Elizabeth, near Joliet, show an astonishing carelessness on the part of the managers of that institution. There were one hundred persons, men and children, in the building, which was entirely of wood. In the village itself there was no fire apparatus whatever. The flames of course worked their own will; the structure was entirely destroyed, and with it perished thirteen persons, more or less. The question naturally arises, How many boarding schools, convents, hospitals, retreats for the poor and aged, great homes for orphan children, are there which are exposed to a like dreadful danger? In how many instances has it been thought necessary to take extraordinary precautions against fire, which should it occur, can hardly fail to prove fatal to considerable numbers?

We are very much afraid of fire," said the principal of a young ladies' seminary upon a certain occasion. They had reason to believe that all possible precautions are taken; but there are others in which the neglect is scandalous and the risk which is run frightful. Indeed, there is nothing more astonishing than the recklessness with which a fiery calamity is almost invited, not only in schools, but in public houses, theaters, and other places of human congregation. In the large cities precautions are numerous, and, if the law is obeyed, usually sufficient. Outside the cities there is in hundreds of places no provision worth mentioning. The penalty for this may be long in coming, but it is pretty sure to come in terror and death at last.

A Conscientious Plumber.

A gentleman living in Boston has discovered a remarkable plumber, who richly deserves such a fame as he may obtain in a newspaper paragraph. One Sunday morning this gentleman aforesaid found his water pipe frozen. After two hours' unsuccessful work he went forth and secured a plumber, who was able to obviate the difficulty. The citizen wished to settle at once, but the plumber refused any pay, stating that he could not refuse such a call on Sunday, as he had not conscientiously accept money for work done on Sunday.

Many do with opportunities as children do at the seashore—fill their little hands with sand and then let the grains fall through their fingers till they are gone.

Look to Your \$1,000 Notes.

A new counterfeit \$1,000 greenback has come into the possession of the United States treasury detectives. The note was discovered in the West, and the plate upon which it was printed is said to have been in existence for two or three years, and is believed to be the work of the notorious Tom Ballary, now undergoing a thirty-years' sentence of imprisonment for counterfeiting. The counterfeit is an excellent one.

If, as Col. Olett says, it only costs \$1.60 to be created, almost anybody can come down with the dust.

United States Congress.

The following are the figures of the United States Congress as near as can be made up at this writing:

State	Senators	Representatives
Alabama	2	6
Arkansas	2	4
California	3	13
Colorado	1	3
Connecticut	1	3
Delaware	1	1
Florida	1	3
Georgia	2	9
Illinois	3	11
Indiana	3	11
Iowa	2	9
Kansas	2	3
Kentucky	1	10
Louisiana	2	4
Maine	1	6
Maryland	2	6
Massachusetts	3	10
Michigan	3	11
Minnesota	2	3
Mississippi	2	4
Missouri	3	13
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	1	3
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	3
New Jersey	2	11
New York	17	17
North Carolina	1	7
Ohio	3	12
Oregon	1	1
Pennsylvania	9	17
Rhode Island	2	2
South Carolina	2	3
Tennessee	3	9
Texas	3	10
Vermont	1	3
Virginia	3	11
West Virginia	2	3
Wisconsin	3	3
Total	107	141
Majority	54	71

United States Congress.

The following are the figures of the United States Congress as near as can be made up at this writing:

State	Senators	Representatives
Alabama	2	6
Arkansas	2	4
California	3	13
Colorado	1	3
Connecticut	1	3
Delaware	1	1
Florida	1	3
Georgia	2	9
Illinois	3	11
Indiana	3	11
Iowa	2	9
Kansas	2	3
Kentucky	1	10
Louisiana	2	4
Maine	1	6
Maryland	2	6
Massachusetts	3	10
Michigan	3	11
Minnesota	2	3
Mississippi	2	4
Missouri	3	13
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	1	3
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	3
New Jersey	2	11
New York	17	17
North Carolina	1	7
Ohio	3	12
Oregon	1	1
Pennsylvania	9	17
Rhode Island	2	2
South Carolina	2	3
Tennessee	3	9
Texas	3	10
Vermont	1	3
Virginia	3	11
West Virginia	2	3
Wisconsin	3	3
Total	107	141
Majority	54	71

United States Congress.

The following are the figures of the United States Congress as near as can be made up at this writing:

State	Senators	Representatives
Alabama	2	6
Arkansas	2	4
California	3	13
Colorado	1	3
Connecticut	1	3
Delaware	1	1
Florida	1	3
Georgia	2	9
Illinois	3	11
Indiana	3	11
Iowa	2	9
Kansas	2	3
Kentucky	1	10
Louisiana	2	4
Maine	1	6
Maryland	2	6
Massachusetts	3	10
Michigan	3	11
Minnesota	2	3
Mississippi	2	4
Missouri	3	13
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	1	3
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	3
New Jersey	2	11
New York	17	17
North Carolina	1	7
Ohio	3	12
Oregon	1	1
Pennsylvania	9	17
Rhode Island	2	2
South Carolina	2	3
Tennessee	3	9
Texas	3	10
Vermont	1	3
Virginia	3	11
West Virginia	2	3
Wisconsin	3	3
Total	107	141
Majority	54	71

United States Congress.

The following are the figures of the United States Congress as near as can be made up at this writing:

State	Senators	Representatives
Alabama	2	6
Arkansas	2	4
California	3	13
Colorado	1	3
Connecticut	1	3
Delaware	1	1
Florida	1	3
Georgia	2	9
Illinois	3	11
Indiana	3	11
Iowa	2	9
Kansas	2	3
Kentucky	1	10
Louisiana	2	4
Maine	1	6
Maryland	2	6
Massachusetts	3	10
Michigan	3	11
Minnesota	2	3
Mississippi	2	4
Missouri	3	13
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	1	3
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	3
New Jersey	2	11
New York	17	17
North Carolina	1	7
Ohio	3	12
Oregon	1	1
Pennsylvania	9	17
Rhode Island	2	2
South Carolina	2	3
Tennessee	3	9
Texas	3	10
Vermont	1	3
Virginia	3	11
West Virginia	2	3
Wisconsin	3	3
Total	107	141
Majority	54	71

United States Congress.

The following are the figures of the United States Congress as near as can be made up at this writing:

State	Senators	Representatives
Alabama	2	6
Arkansas	2	4
California	3	13
Colorado	1	3
Connecticut	1	3
Delaware	1	1
Florida	1	3
Georgia	2	9
Illinois	3	11
Indiana	3	11
Iowa	2	9
Kansas	2	3
Kentucky	1	10
Louisiana	2	4
Maine	1	6
Maryland	2	6
Massachusetts	3	10
Michigan	3	11
Minnesota	2	3
Mississippi	2	4
Missouri	3	13
Montana	1	1
Nebraska	1	3
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	3
New Jersey	2	11
New York	17	17
North Carolina	1	7
Ohio	3	12
Oregon	1	1
Pennsylvania	9	17
Rhode Island	2	2
South Carolina	2	3
Tennessee	3	9
Texas	3	10
Vermont	1	3
Virginia	3	11
West Virginia	2	3
Wisconsin	3	3
Total	107	141
Majority	54	71

Nothing to Eat.

The snow has been falling slowly and serenely, writes a New York correspondent. It used to make me gleeful and rosy, but it cannot do that any more in this city. I suppose the change is of time upon myself as well as circumstance upon the world. No, it is not all because of the individual desecration between the now and the then which is within, because to-day, when I opened my door to look up and down the beautiful white street when the glaucous of the snow should have made it seem pure and enchanting, I saw nothing that did not make me hurry home. I tried to turn my face upward to meet the melting stars, but they were falling from the gray clouds, just for the sake of that childish habit which clings to the most of us, no matter how severely dignity seems and tramples upon such petty tricks of simplicity, but the change before my vestibule, even it was a powerful and imploring for such sentiment.

"For God's sake let me shovel away the snow," said a strong man; "I have a wife and little children, and they are very hungry and very cold."

"My mother can get no work at all; can't she, please?" piped a shivering little boy.

"If I only had a shovelful or a broom may be you'd let me have the job to do," said a low voiced old woman, whose features were not those of one who had spent almost an entire life in struggling for bread.

"Why do come out in the storm?" I asked her.

"Because I must," she said. "Last winter I hoped I might be dead before the winter came again, but when the summer was here, I somewhat liked to live, but I don't want to be here now, because I was a woman, I don't seem to be wanted much anywhere, or perhaps I might get to die and be comfortable," she added, after pausing to reflect between the last sentence and what she had said before. "Come in and get warm," I said to her.

"I don't want to go to no soup houses, nor to no charity committees, ma'am, and I don't want anything I don't earn, if you please. If you give me the sweeping to do and lend me a broom I might be thankful for the taste of a warm stove, ma'am, for I've been starving with the cold."

Three imploring faces, and but one sidewalk to sweep.

To feed the child, and send a loaf to the other children is not much in this great hungry city, but the humiliating bitterness of the unearned bread! Who may know but that never a snowflake will fall upon the head of a child's or the man's forehead to melt upon a glow of self-respect.

Never did a Christmas week pass in New York where the rich and the poor were so far apart either in sympathy or circumstance. The