#### VOL. VI.

### RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1877.

NO. 50.

### The First Party.

Miss Annabel McCarty Was invited to a party, "Your company from four to ten," the invitation said : And the maiden was delighted

To think she was invited To-sit up till the hour when the big folks went to bed.

The crazy little midget Ran and told the news to Bridget, Who clapped her hands, and danced a jig, to Annabel's delicht. And said, with accents hearty, "Twill be the swatest party

If yo're there yerself, me darlint! I wish it was to-wight !" The great display of frilling Was positively killing ; And, oh, the little booties! and the lovely sash

so wide! And the gloves so very cuming She was altogether "stunning," And the whole Mctarty family regarded her with pride.

They gave minute directions, With copious interjections Of "sit up straight!" and "don't do this or that-'twould be absurd!' But, what with their caressing, And the agony of dressing,

Miss Annabel McCarty didn't hear a single There was music, there was dancing, And the sight was most entrancing, As if fairyland and floral band were holding

jubilee : There was laughing, there was pouting : There was singing, there was shouting : 'nd old and young together made a carnival of

glee. Miss Annabel McCarty Was the youngest at the part And every one remarked that she full dressed : Like a doll she sat denurely On the sofs, thinking surely

It would never do for her to run and trolle with The noise kept growing louder: The naughty boys would crowd her: "I think you're very rude indeed!" the little

And then, without a warning, Her home instructions scorning. She screamed: "I want my supper-and scant to go to bed!"

New big folks, who are older. Need not laugh at her, nor scold her, For doubtless, if the truth were known, we've often felt inclined To leave the ball or party, As did Annabel McCarty.

But we hadn't half her courage and we couldn't speak our mind ! - Josephine Pollard, St. Nicholas for February.

### THE BURGLAR-PROOF MAN. A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

I don't suppose you feel much interest in burglars, nor are their habits a very choice theme in polite literature; but then that occurrence at Glen Spring was really an extraordinary affair. I was on the police force at the time and knew road, and as Bill went up the wide path Calico Charley well. His father was one of the best machinists in the country, dwelling. It was a large brick house and he took more pains to make a man of his boy than the fellow deserved. The stoop. There wasn't a shutter, a pair old man had a little machine shop and of blinds, on the place. And if anybody had the boy Charley with him—a bright, had tried to set it aftre he would have smart chap he was then. When he was given up the job as a bad one. twenty-one he got to be pretty lively about town, for the old man had saved up a landsome property and let Charley have more money than was good for him. into that sort of thing pretty heavy. Any way Charley went over with the lock to the first world's fair in London, made up his mind to interview the old There he got tripped up. I never heard man and pokes about till he got up stairs, exactly how it was. They put up a and was hailed over the balusters: wicked job on him of some kind, and him mixed up with a pretty bad London hay?"
"mob." The story that we heard was "N that he picked a safe lock for a party that says Ketchum, pushing up. shouldn't have been picked. Any way, he got in with the wrong crowd and they dlers on the fence. Aint you wouldn't let go of him. He stayed over the dogs?" shouted the old man. there about five years and got to be regular first-class sneak, and worked half a dozen jobs in the most scientific manner. We got word from Scotland Yard that he was coming back, and I dropped in at the old man's place to try and find out something. Old Calcott (that was his name) had got rich. What with his but he plucked up and followed Calcottin-bank lock and his other inventions, his to an upper room, keeping one eye round mean way of living, and his luck in bny-ing some down town property before people had an idea how big the city was

'This room," says Calcott, "is where going to be, he'd come to be a regular nabob. I couldn't get a word out of him about his boy. He said he'd given him up, and was going to retire from business. Money must have come in pretty fast then to the old fellow. He showed me half a dozen patents that he was going to sell out; any one of 'em must have been worth a pile of dollars.

Now I think of it, it was Calcott who put the first Franklinite in an iron safe. and he invented the rubber flange which prevented the thieves from using the air pump when the wanted to blow up a safe.

It seems that when young Calcott started for America he'd made up his mind to cut his London acquaintances and tricks, and live honestly by going you see it? back to the old man. None of us knew worth, in the it at the time. Well, when he got here and \$40,000." a curious thing happened. We had a man in the central office by the name of Meehan, who was in with an east side mob. He was broke about a year after-Meehan had got word from the London gang, and he met young Calcott on the dock with facts enough to send him up; and he made a straight offer to him to stay with the east side gang if he didn't want to end his career for usefulness, and Calcott, frightened at the prospect of going to prison, forgot his good resolu-tions, and joined the thieves.

It was in the winter of '65 that the places along the Hudson river were that Colcott must have seen it. broken into by a river gang. You may recollect it. Judge Schermerhorn's house at Glen Spring was entered one night and robbed of \$50,000 worth of property. The papers made a good deal of fuss about it, and we had three or four men working at it. One day Matti-

the Glen Spring Heratd, and says:
"Look at this, Here's a go, Read
that," And he pointed out an advertise-

This is the way it read: "All burglars, house breakers, sucak thieves and assassins are hereby notified that I have over \$60,000 worth of coin, jewels and silverware in my house, which they are welcome to if they will come and take it. No dogs, servants or laborers about the place. The house is a mile from any other residence, and the only occupant is an old man, not in very good health, by the name of "John Calcott."

"It's some old lunatic," says I, "who hasn't got money enough to get credit."
"No," says Mattison. "They say up there he's worth half a million. He lives in a fine house all by himself about two

miles from the depot." It was a three days' talk in the office and then we forgot it. But the adver-tisement was kept in the paper, and one day it seems Tony Frost, down at Dobb's Ferry, struck it. That was the way it got to the gang. They pooh-poohed it as "chaff," but Frost it seems went up to Glen Spring, poked about, sifted the thing, reconnoitered the premises and came down to the city with a big yarn for his role. for his pals. His report was that the old "luny" had got a sign on his fence informing everybody that passed that here was the unprotected house full of valuables that the river gang didn't dare to walk into. He was sure, too, that there wasn't any gammon about the stuff, for he'd found out that old Calcott

his wealth in his house. Now, I don't suppose it's reasonable that a regular cracksman should bite at any such bait as this; but Tony Frost kept poking away at it, and one day somebody in the gang said it was too much to have the profession insulted in that way, unless they were all afraid of the old duffer. After that Tony Frost went to the house, got up as a tramp, and tried the back door. The moment he knocked it flew open, and an old man's voice hailed him over the stairs: " Hallo there, what d'you want?"

"Summat to eat, if yer please," says Tony, shuffling in and taking a good look

"Go down and try the kitchen," shouts the old man, "and don't stand gaping round that way. There's bread down stairs. If you want to examine the house, come up when your belly's full, and I'll show it to you."

With that Tony goes down the way he came and walks into the kitchen, where a little girl was washing dishes. She gave him some bread and meat and talked quite freely. To his astonishment she told him that the old man had lots of money in the house. She'd seen it. She told told him that she lived in the village and went home every night. He must have made a favorable report, because it wasn't long after that when Bill concerned. Netcham, who was the ringleader of the river gang, thought he'd take a look at the house. So up he goes, playing the part of a peddler, and drops the neatest little pack in front of the place when he sees the sign. There it was sure enough, nicely lettered in red on a white ground, and inviting all burglars, house breakwith a high stone foundation and an iron

her amuse herself with them while he Then they got up a new safe lock, and it ate a sandwich she had given him, and made a big stir, and I believe they went asked her a lot of sly questions. But he couldn't get much out or her, simply because she didn't know anything, so he "Well, now then, what do you want,

'Nish gloves, necktise, soaps sheep, "Didn't you read the warning to peddlers on the fence. Aint you afraid of

"Warnin' !" says Bill, giving himself

'All right," sings out the old man, quicker than lightning. "You're no poddler. You want to see my property. Come up. I'll show it to you."
Well, this stumped Bill a good deal, to an upper room, keeping one eye round

I sleep. There isn't any lock on the door, and this room is where I keep my money. There's the safe—I never lock it. Here, I'll show you what's in it-stand stillbecause when I pull the door open it jerked the door open.

Bill was a little nervous, and

couldn't help showing it. "If any of your gang should come in which the steel shutter moved so here at night I'll put you up to a trick— pinched that no earthly power could the wires first, they run across the have made the thing work. road below the big gate. Don't be on," says he, and with that Frost crawls nervous, Do you see that?—its gold, up the stairway. He hadn't any more Feel the weight of it. These are diathan got to the top when the iron shutmonds. Can you tell a real spark when ter begun to appear-coming up through you see it? I should say they were worth, in the market, between \$30,000

The old man kept up this kind of pat-ter, standing there in his old calico wrapper, Bill Ketchum watching him with one eye and wondering whether he was insane or just the smartest man he'd ever He had an idea that it was just the easiest thing to knock him over as he stood there and walk off with the plunder, But that hint about the telegraph stopped him. Then the old man showed him out, and when he got into the hall he says "You're the first peddler I ever saw that carried a revolver in his breast pocket."
Bill started a little, for he had an idea

"Ho, ho!" says the old man; "so you have got one?" The last thing he said to him as he was

son comes into the office with a copy of felt so mean when I was coming away," says he, "that I'd balf a mind to reform

and cut the profession.' Well, not to make the story too long, the upshot of it was that Ketchum, a fellow by the name of Welter and Jack Frost put up the job to crack the old man's Ketchum and Frost, I think, place. went into the business from a kind of pride. They considered they had been challenged and it was a point of honor to take the old man at his word.

They got up there one dark night in May and laid by till long after midnight. Then they got over the fence and sneaked up to the house. They were all heavily armed, and, I forgot to say, were delayed some time looking for the telegraph wire, which they couldn't find, of course, there not being any. Fancy their surprise when, after crawling round the place for a spot to break in, they found that the front door was unlocked and the hall@dark. It had been agreed that old Calcott should be shot at sight if he interfered.

There was a good deal of anxiety in the headquarters of the gang that night, for this job had been talked about for good while, and Ketchum had staked his

Dutch Morley waited till day begun to turned up. They were covered with blood, and one of them had his arm broken. Welter had been left behind disabled. They had not one break, and then only two of his men was immensely rich and kept nearly all plunder. The story they told was a curious one. The whole gang got round them when they reached their dive, and the questions to them fast and

"But you fixed the old fellow's flint, anyhow?" said somebody.

"We didn't see him at all," answered Ketchum, dolefully. "No, we were in the dark. Why, a lamp wouldn't burn any more'n a stone. We liked to suffo-

"Oh, that's thin," says another; why didn't you go out into the air?"
"Because we couldn't get out; we were fastened in like rats. Every win-der and door closed up with a steel shutter on the inside as tight as a rich man's pocket. There was only one way out-down a back staircase outside, about twelve in the wide; only one of us could go at a time, and when we reached the bottom something fell on us in turn.

That was Ketchum's account of it. Frost was the only plucky one of the lot. He didn't believe in witcheraft, and be vowed be would get square on old Calcott. With that he sets out to find Calico

day but one after attempt on Calcott's house, the Glen Spring Herald had another notice like

Charley, who was the best man in the

"The attempt to rob my house Thursday night, which failed so com-pletely, should not frighten other thieves from making the trial. ' For the next thirty days there will be more gold and silver on the premises than ever before. "John Calcott."

Frost got hold of Calico Charley and explained the whole thing to him. None of the gang knew Charley's right name. and I don't think he was told the name of the man they were to rob. Frost explained to him that it was the steel shutters that "knocked them," and he thought now they knew the trick one of them could wedge the iron and keep the exit open while the other seenred the property. At all events, the two men cooked up a new job and made sure that they would haul the whole pile, as we Charley who was a careful worker say. went at the thing systematically, got his tools ready, sent Frost off to reconnoiter, and talked very little. They were about two weeks getting ready. In spite of all their pains to keep it dark, the gang got wind of the affair, and of course they were all very auxious to see how it would come out.

Charley and his pal went up to a little station about three miles north of Glen Spring, and started down at night on foot. It was so dark when they got to the house that they could not see the There wasn't the glimmer of a light about the place. They were to go softly and try the front door. If it opened, they were to step juside quick-One of them was to stay at the door to keep the egress open; the other was to go up stairs and secure the valuables. They had two jimmies, a coald chisel and a lot of other traps of Charley's, that you can see down there at the

central office in a glass case. They found the front door unfastened as before. Charley pushed it open, and they both stepped quickly and stealthily into the hallway. "Wait a moment," he whispered to his companion, and of the best men in the county start from the village—they're officers." With that he jerked the door open. "I see the trick," says he; "give me that screw wrench and be quick. less than two minutes he had the groove than got to the top when the iron shutthe floor, and to Charley's astonishment it came down from above also. He saw in a minute that he was beaten. The two halves of the shutter would come to the pinch in the iron and leave not six inches space-through which no human being could escape. So he jams the jimmy upright into the groove to keep the irons apart, and calls out to Frost in a hoarse whisper to come back. Jack was in the upper hall, and, getting scared, makes a bold rush down the stairs, catches his foot in something and lands all in a heap at the bottom, knock-ing Charley's light into smithereens and making a most infernal noise. Calcott was smart enough, though, to hold his jimmy steady so as to keep the shutters apart, and after Frost had picked him-self up and they had both listened, without hearing anything, one of 'em says with an oath: "We're in a box; let's was out hearing mystage, one of the style in a box; let's sky and quenched an." get out." It was Frost. "No, you the fountain of was don't," says the other. "We've come Amelia—"D "I for the stuff this time, I never was so very dark."

beaten yet at this sort of a game, and I ain't best yet. Take your shooter, fol-low me up and show me the way."

They got up to the top of the stairs. It was still as death, and Calcott lights a bull'seye. Frost was getting pretty slaky. So Charley says: "Show me the room," and with his lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other he pushes in, leaving Frost there in the hall watching the square hole in the door, between the shutters, and expecting every minute that it would close up. It must have been ten minutes before Calcott came back. He had the lamp in hand yet, and Frost saw that he was as white as a sheet. All he said was : "Come down-it's no

When they got to the bottom, the shutters separated and disappeared, and the men walked out, "Where's the plun-der?" asks Frost \*." I hav'n't got it," says Charley; "I tell you it's no usethe man is burglar-proof. If you don't believe it, go back and try it yourself.

I'm off With this cock and bull story they got back to their rendezvous. And it was never known, I don't believe, till I interviewed Calico Charley up there at the prison, that he had met his own father north of the house with a fast team to carry off the "swag," and arrangements had been made at Dobbs Ferry to divvy and cut, and coolness. Whether he ever went back to the old man after he got rid of his pal I have never heard.

It was all fixed by the old man's ingenuity. The house was all wires and levers from one end t'other. He could turn a crank up in his bedroom and shut the whole house up as tight as a drum. Then he'd slip down into his cellar, turn a balf ton of charcoal into his furnace and kill everybody in the place, unless everybody crawled out of the one exit, and then the old fellow had them at his mercy, one by one,

out its ringing the alarm bell .- World.

#### Return of Jews to Palestine.

The Cincinnati Commercial says The Cincinnati Commercial says;
The year 1877 is likely to do more than
the astrologers find promised in its two
lucky figure sevens; it will probably
witness the birth of several new nations. They may be born amid the
pangs of war, though to-day the signs are more auspicious; but they will be born. Not only will one, more probably two, constitutionally and maternally protected nations be born within the limits of Ottoman suzerainty, but Egypt will be remade by England. The new scheme of widening the Suez canal really means the colonising of Egypt with many of the solest Englishmen and the renovation of the khedive's government. The keen instinct of the Jews has foretime ago that a remarkable immigration to Palestine was going on among that people, and that the signs of it were servable in many closed Jewish homes in London. A traveler who has just returned here writes that he found the whole region from Dan to Berrshebu crowded with immigrant Jews from all parts of the world. Whatever may have caused the gathering of Jews to Palestine, the fact is certain. And the traveler who has remarked it no doubt represents the hope he found among iem in his intimation that England might well assist in the restoration of Jerusalem and the foundation there of a Jewish republic, or other liberal govern-The proposition is one likely to spread like wildfire. The average orthodox Christian world will at once recognize the Divine hand stretched forth to fulfill prophecy, and any amount of money could be raised here for such a purpose. When Egypt and Syria are taken in hand it will become at once necessary to reduce Arabia to order. The world has been so absorbed in nearer Turkish affairs as hardly to have noticed that Arabia is at present the arena of

Hot Bait for a Shark. Looking over the bulwarks of the hooner, says a writer, I saw one of these wretched monsters winding lazily backward and forward like a long me-teor, sometimes rising till his nose disturbed the surface, and a gushing sound like a deep breath rose through breakers; at others, resting motionless on the water, as if listening to our voices, and thirsting for our blood. As we were watching the motions of this monster, the cook suggested the possibility of de-stroying it. This was briefly to heat a fire brick in the stove, wrap it up hastily in some old greasy cloths, as a sort of disguise, and then to heave it overboard. This was the work of a few moments and the effect was triumphant, The monster followed after the hissing prey. We saw it dart at the brick like a flash of lightning, and gorge it instanter. The shark rose to the surface almost immediately, and his uneasy motion soon betrayed the success of the maneuver. His agonies became terrible; the waters appeared as if disturbed by a violent squall, and the spray was driven over the taffrail where we stood, while the gleaming body of the fish repeatedly burst through the dark waves, as if writhing with flerce and terrible convul-Sometimes we thought we heard a shrill, bellowing cry, as if indicative of anguish and rage, rising through the gurgling waters. His fury, however, gurgling waters. His fury, however, was soon exhausted; in a short time the sounds broke away into distance, and the agitation of the sea subsided. The shark had given himself up to the tides, as unable to struggle against the approach of death, and they were carrying as unable his body unresistingly to the beach.

## Cold Water on his Eloquence.

"Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy com-mand I'd tear this eternal firmament into a thousand fragments-I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumbled from the regions of etherial space and put them in my trousers pockets; I'd pluck the sun—that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and quench its bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!" Amelia-"Don't, Henry, it would be

#### Lessons to Business Men.

Dr. Taylor, at the Broadway Taber-nacle, New York, made a short exposi-tion of the first seven verses of I. Kings, fourth chapter, the basis for promulgating and illustrating a number of lessons to business men and others. The passage is the well known account The passage is the well known account of the increase of the poor widow's oil, by a miracle through the prophet Elishe. The woman's sons were about to be taken into bondage by a creditor. and the oil was miraculously sent, that its sale might supply funds for the liqui-dation of the debt. Dr. Taylor said: A good man may sometimes be hope-lessly insolvent. Bankruptcy in busi-

ness is not necessarily connected with bankruptey of character. We have no sympathy with those who are too indolent to exert themselves adequately for their own support, and who, in Thack-eray's words, seem to be continually trying to solve the problem of "How to live upon nothing a year." Of such hangers on, we would say, with Paul: 'If a man will not work, neither shall he cat." A man may become bankrupt all of a sudden, because he has not taken care to look into his own affairs, and has therefore calculated upon conditions which did not exist in his own circumstances. "We can vindicate such a man's honesty only at the expense of his intellect," But some men are made bankrupt, from no fault of theirs, by the sudden failure of a once prolific source of income; or by "strikes" of employees, after contracts have been made; or an importer, who by his line of business is doing the public a service, may be ruined by a sudden fall in prices, or a man advanced in years may invest his savings in a bank, which, through the dishonesty of some officer, becomes a quicksand to swallow them up irretrievably. Such a bank officer, coffins and funeral pall, as for dead men, or trustee, who has misapplied the funds of a ward, should have only one place to go to, and that a prison. But the unfortunate invester, or the deceived ward, should have a place in the sympathies and practical regard of a well disposed community. "There are bankruptcies and bankruptcies," But the most painful and irreparable kind is bankruptcy of character. There is no resurrection out of the grave of character buried beneath

a fallen fortune.

A creditor should be considerate. The law allows a creditor to deserve the name of "Mr. Hardfist" or of a "Shy-But the law is made for the law-"Do not treat a man as a rogue, because he happens to be in your debt!" Remember the golden rule of the Master, for you may be in that man's place before long. Do not either, as a member of a corporation, lose your individual conscience, or let that corpora-tion be "a shield behind which you will do a thing which you would not dare to do on your own responsibility!" kindness be the rule toward the unfortunate, and reserve the exception of harshness for the criminal. merciful to us when we had nothing with which to pay our debts. We learn the importance of providing in some way for those dependent upon us, so that in the event of our being removed from earth they may be less ill off than

were this widow and these children. Dr. Taylor holds it to be a religious duty for those who cannot save money otherwise to insure their lives. But to be of real service the insurance must be reliable. So look before you insure. Let there be no delay! It is no valid objection against life insurance to say that it shows a want of trust in God for a man thus to secure a comfortable future for his children. "Tie up your camel and then trust to Allah!" No corruption is so base as cheating you! those who invest in life insurance.

## Wanted--Examples of Plain Living.

A letter to the editor of the New York Sun says: This is what we need: That our wealthy people, whether enriched by inheritance, good fortune, or honorable industry and frugality, should make the not very difficult or self-denying sacrifice of living in the community in such a way as will commend itself to all for its simplicity, its economy, and, at the same time, for its elegance and refinement; thus presenting the highest social station as a thing easily within the reach of all honorable and honest people. This would produce a healthy, hopeful striving for the station which is ever allied with genuine moral development and progress,

But, instead of this, our rich people for the most part, set an example, by their style of living, which reacts upon the great body of the people, exciting a restless, despairing envy that finds con-solation only in the hope of vying with it by means of some lucky hit, or in gloating with unhealthy relish over the dailyrecurring instances of the financial and moral wreck and downfall of some hitherto envied neighbor. These instances show that the so-called upper class is so impregnated with the qualities of rascality and infamy that it is only a question of time, and that short, how soon the whole vicious thing will come down with such a crash and ruin, accompanied by such blow on the great moral nerve of the land. as will render forever hateful the very name of social station as now misapplied and abused.

## The Commodore's Advice.

The following characteristic anecdote is related of the late Commodore Vanderbilt: At the beginning of the panie of 1873 a reporter of a city journal waited upon the commodore to get his views of the situation. The experienced journalist plunged into the subject as soon as he was shown into the commodore' presence.

"Good-morning, commodore," "What do you think of the panic?" "I don't think about it at all." What do you intend to do about it. "I don't intend to do anything.

"Well, haven't you got anything to say about it ?"

'No, sir, not a word." The poor reporter was just leaving the room in despair, when the commodore turned full upon him and said : "Look -here, sonny, let me give you a little advice. Pay ready money for every-

#### THE TRIPLE DUEL.

A Story Told of The O'Gorman and One af his Pranks

The O'Gorman Mahon, an Irish gen tleman, a blood relative of Marshal McMahon, was member of Parliament for Ennis, Ireland, and descended, like the Marshal Duke of Magenta, from one of the sucient kings of Hibernia. The O'Gorman Mahon lived in Paris with his family, during portions of the reigns of King Louis Philippe and the Emperor Napoleon III. His cards read "The O'Gorman Mahon." He caused his new cards to be placed in the letter boxes of each member of the club to which be be-longed. In the following week he visited it at about dinner time, and many members arose, shook hands, and saluted him respectfully by his name of rank Some of them, however, laughed at the card of grammatical regal distinction.

O'Gorman was a dead "pistol shot, Having selected three of the most prominent members of the club, who had refused to recognize his new distinction, he slightly struck his glove across their faces. Of course they forthwith chal-lenged him, and he as quickly accepted. O'Gorman insisted, by his second, upon fighting them all on the following morning, one after the other; the first at nine o'clock, another at ten o'clock, and a third at eleven o'clock. The field selected was at the end of a long lane in the country leading to an orchard dell. some distance from the farmhouse. O'Gorman resolved, as he said, not to kill, but simply to "wing" his men, like so many birds, and he was sure to do it, and fire first, with his hair trigger

He had arranged with his second and surgeon to hire and to have three burial hearses and horses on the ground, with riages some distance from the field, The three parties were to follow each other, as to the hour-neither before nor after. Of course O'Gorman was to continue on the field to fight the triplets as they consecutively arrived.

The nine o'clock duel duly took place, and O'Gorman did "wing" his opponent, and was himself unharmed. Thereupon the wounded man, having been attended to by the surgeon, was placed in the coffin and lifted up into the hearse, the death pall over him, and driven down the lane, and when about half way, met, as was expected, the ten o'clock party. They all paused, and piously raised their hats in respect to the coffined body before them,

"Driver, whose corpse is that, with no mourning coaches following?" they in-

quired. re to "Oh, by St. Patrick!" the driver le a woman and a trying to be a girl be a woma God was Good luck to you! but you'll find your

hearse waiting for you. On went the second party sorrowfully to the field; they fought, he was winged. as had been No. 1, and in like manner he was coffined and hearsed as the former duelist had been. When nearly out of the lane, No. 3, the eleven o'clock, who had already met No. I hearse, now met No. 2, with the second supposed dead

"What! O'Gorman successful in both duels ?"

"Yes!" responded the driver, "and, if you do not admit him to be The O'Gorman upon the field, you will rehearse the same tragedy at eleven o'clock, as the others did at nine and No ten a. M. Your hearse is waiting for

This second dialogue caused the party to reflect before they reached the field, and especially when they came in sight of the third hearse, the coffin on the ground, and the black pall waving in the wind.

The seconds conversed; apology was proffered. "To whom does my adverary spologize?" inquired the descendant, himself in stature a monerch, "I apologize to The O'Gorman Mahon," was the response of the op-posing principal, "I am satisfied," he replied, "and here's my hand in amity. I was always attached to correct grammar when at college, and I will maintain the definite article 'The' throughout my life,"

They returned to the club, before which the hearses had been purposely driven and delayed. The members not desiring to be similar birds of passage, flocked around the victor, and with open hand saluted him as "The O'Gorman

# Testing Their Capacity.

The Clinton (Mass.) Courant prints the following: At a reunion on Thanksgiving day of the family of one of the old residents, in which there was four solid sons and one solid daughter, three averdaughters-in-law, and a medium sized son-in-law, with grandchildren enough to make the number who were present up to fifteen, the following staties were taken:

The second state of the second	.002
United weight after dinner 1,	8973
Net gain	357
Average gain per person 2	-20
Greatest gain of any person	41
Smallest gain of any person	
Greatest weight before dinner	185
Greatest weight after dinner.	189
Smallest weight before dinner	281
Smallest weight after dinner	28
The dinner was restty themselt.	

The dinner was pretty thoroughly set-tled by an hour's ride perpendicularly upon the hay rack, which, we believe, was prescribed by the medicine man of the family, and fully indorsed by all.

Miss Linney, of Sacramento, was inclined to marry Mr. Roberts, but she said that she could not become the wife of a poor man. She would wait a reasonable time for him to make a fortune, and whenever he was in a condition to support her in elegance he might claim her. He went to San Francisco, embarked in mining speculations, and made money rapidly. A few months ago he told her that he possessed a hundred thousand dollers. She said that the sum was satisfactory, and mentioned a date that would suit her for the wedding. Then he coolly told her that he had thing you buy, and never sell anything changed his mind, and had no idea of which you do not own. Good-morning, marrying her. She has sued him for breach of promise.

### The Old Story.

I have loved thee fondly, truly, With all my trusting heart, And like a dove in search of rest Have wandered where thou art : I've lingered round thee day by day,

Till by thy hands caressed I've laid my weary, arking head

Upon thy loving breast, But now my dream of love is o'er, Its memories bright are past. And recollections but recall

The seemes that could not last. Like snowlakes which descend on earth They melted one by one, And disappeared like dreps of dev Before the morning sun.

That feithlers heart of thine : For conscience must give pangs more keen Than burning words of mine; And as the hand of time ongraves Its furrows on our brows. May memory bring before thy view Thy false and perjured vowe.

No, no, I would not have thee think That I a thought would cast Upon the happy scenes of yord Now buried in the past ; For though I loved thee once, yet now I tear thee from my heart, And to their fountain backward send The burning tears that start,

#### Items of Interest.

The man who thought friends should be informed of their faults is now de-

void of friends.  $\Lambda$  general reduction in the wages of agricultural laborers has been made in most parts of England since the close of the autumnal season.

T. K. Beecher, of Elmira, refused a pass from the president of a railroad recently because the president was not sole owner of the road.

Isaac Friedlander, the wheat king of San Francisco, sold from his farm last year 18,000 tons of wheat for \$648,000 in gold. He is certainly in a flourish-ing condi-

make a beverage not much different from tea. The new drink finds favor in London; and has been introduced in Boston. A man in New Orleans advertises that

he will give tnition in law, religion and journalism, "fitting anybody to become an able lawyer, clergyman or editor in one year. It was an old but a good thing said by

a French paragrapher lately to the effect that he hates a girl when she is trying to be a woman and a woman when she is It is stated that several species of ca-

horses on account of the large proportion of untritive matter which such seed contains, unmixed with any objectionable substances. The postal officials believe that the government is swindled in the aggregate to a large amount by the washing

and second use of stamps. To check the practice a new three-cent stamp, so made as to show any attempt to efface the canceling mark, is soon to be issued. Scene on steamer of the -- line: Passenger—"Can you tell me, sir, how many miles we've come from New York, and whether we've crossed the Gulf Stream yet, and "— Captain—" Madam, I advise you to ask the cook." Passen-

ger-" Excuse me, sir, I supposed I was addressing that person.' An old gentleman, wishing to be at his case on horseback, took his horse to a riding master to be taught to amble. Two or three trials were made upon the animal with but partial success. "Come, sir, do you call this an amble?" said the owner, "No, sir," replied the eques-

trian; "I call it a preamble." The Fort Worth (Texas) Standard says the slaughter of buffaloes is immense. On an average one thousand will approximate closely to the number killed each day during the pleasant days of the hunting season, fifteen hundred men being on the range engaged in killing and preserving the hides and meat.

The proverb that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good" has received a striking verification in the case of Georgia planter, whose cotton crop, four hundred bales, was detained on its way to market by a low stage of water on the Chattahoochee river until the price advanced so that he realized \$2,500 more than he would have received had his cotton been carried through in the usual

The total shipments of petroleum from the Pennsylvania oil regions during 1876 amounted to 10,000,000 barrels, In January the price was \$1.47 per bar-rel; in March it had reached \$2; in Angust it averaged \$3.55. Crude oil is now selling at \$3.60 per barrel at the wells, and reflued oil at \$12.60 per barrel at the seaboard, netting the refiner a profit of \$6 per barrel!

Two men sentenced to death in Catalonia, Spain, were lately subjected to the garrote. The first was executed, but owing to some peculiarity in the neck of the other, the instrument did not press the locality intended. After repeated trials by the executioner, resulting in horrible agonies to the condemned, the latter was recommitted to prison. Information of the event having been, in the meantime, telegraphed to King Alphonso, he remitted the man's sentence.

# Don't be a Loafer.

Young man! pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't keep loafers' company; don't hang about loafing places. Better work than sit around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets—better for your own health and prospects. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper, tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world: "To him that hath shall be world: "To him that hath shall be given." Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances,