VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1877.

NO. 52.

Did She Love Them All? I keep them in the old, old box That Willie gave me years ago, The time we parted on the rocks; His ship lay swinging to and fro. At waiting in the lower bay :

I thought my heart would break that day. The picture with the pensive eyes Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake, Who took the West Point highest prize; He went half crazy for my sake, Here are a lot of rhynnes he wrote, And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May, I never took a ring from him! This was a gift from Howard Clay Just see the pearls are getting dim : They say that pearls are tears - what stuff! The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince-And jealous! But he went to Rome Last fall! He's never written since, I used to visit at his homelovely place beyond Fort Lee : nother thought the world of me !

Oh. no! I sent his letters back These came to me from Washington. But look, what a tremendous pack : He always wrote me three for one I know I used to treat him ill-Poor Jack-he fell at Chancellorsville,

The vignettes-all that lot-are scalps I took in London, Naples, Nice, At Paris and among the Alps ; Those foreign lovers act like geese : But, dear, they are such handsome men, We go to France, next year, again !

This is the doctor's signet ring. These faded flowers? Oh, let me see Why, what a very curious thing ! Who could have sent those flowers to me Ah! now I have it-Count de Twirl : He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red. You need not look So sadly at that raven tress. ou know the head that lock forsook You know-but you could never guess ! Nor would I tell you for the world About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child, Because you like the man yourself ; But most because-don't get so wild ! I have not laid him on the shelf-He's not a bygone. In a year I'll tell you all about him, dear.

LITTLE MIM.

The only point on which Joe Paulby and I could ever bring ourselves to agree was that his cousin Mim was the only young lady in the world who was worth falling in love with. Joe Paulby was eight, I was seven, and his cousin Mim was six. Joe was a strong, rough, troublesome, rude boy, and I was small and weak and delicate; and if it had not her kindness to Mim. gaunt and grude been that we were both deeply in love with the same young lady, I believe I should have hated him. That solitary bond of sympathy served to bind us more or less firmly to each other, and I seldom quarreled with him, except when his regerd for her showed signs of cooling

She was a presty, fragile little lady, with quaint ways of her own, and a gentle, frightened manner of dealing with her boisterous playmate which seldom failed to bring him to a sense of order. She loved us both very dearly, but I think Joe was her favorite. He was a rule, unpleasant boy to others, but to her he was quiet and gentle enough; and perhaps this palpable evidence of subission appealed more directly to the little ady than my undemonstrative and colors affection. But she was very fond of me, for all that,

Neither Joe nor I had any parents, and we lived with Mim's papa in a great, grant, draughty house in Bloomsbury square. Captain Paulby was our guardian-a tall, bony, unsympathetic wid-ower, who governed his house, as if it had been a regiment of soldiers. A scale of dietary was hung up in the nursery, and from it one learned how many quarter onnees of cocoa, how many half spoonfuls of arrowroot we consumed in the week. An order book was brought into the nursery every morning, in which the detail of the day's duties was carefully set out, and to the instructions it contained implicit and unmurmuring obedience was exacted. It regulated the hours of rising and going to bed, the school hours and the hours of relaxation, when and where we were to walk, and what we were to wear

We were placed in charge of a nurse-Nurse Stark, a tall, muscular, hardened woman of forty. She had a stern, unrelenting face, close lips, hard gray eyes, and a certain smooth roundness of figure which, on looking back, suggests the idea of its having been turned in a lathe. I never see the old woman who lets lodgings in a pantomime without thinking of Nurse Stark. I am bound to say, however, that she was scrupulously-indeed, aggravatingly-clean and neat, and in that respect, of course, the analogy falls

to the ground, Nurse Stark was not actively unkind to us; indeed, I believe she had cheated horself into a belief that she was rather weak minded and indulgent than otheryielding way, but she was sudden and was a housemaid-Jane Cotter-who ocessionally helped to put us to bed, and sometimes Nurse Stark undressed us while Jane out our hair into curl pa-pers, and sometimes Nurse Stark did the curling while Jane undressed us. were to be divided became a matter of no light speculation to us as evening approached; for it was Nurse Stark's custom to pull the locks of hair out to their full length, and then roll them round a piece of paper, twisting the ends together when the curl had been rolled well home, whereas Jane Cotter first made the carl up flat with her fingers, and the incased it gently in a triangular paper, which she pinched with the tongs. Jane Cotter's flat curls were pleasant to sleep upon, but Nurse Stark's corkscrews placed a comfortable night's

of balls, each as big as a large chestnut, would take us, one at a time, to the sick round your head. You can't move without giving four or five of them a

I think we must have been sufficiently happy as a rule, or Sunday would not have stood out in such gaunt and deso-late contrast to the other days of the week. There reigned in our nursery an unaccountable fiction that Sunday was a holiday, and in deference to this tradi-tion we endeavored to cheat ourselves into a belief that we were glad when that day arrived. Sunday began at a very early hour in Bloomsbury. It began to ring itself in at half past see n, when we got up, and continued to ring itself through the day at short intervals, until it finally rang itself out, and us into bed, at half past eight in the evening.

There were drawbacks, however, to our enjoyment of the day. I think to required to tackle more collect than is good for a child of six or seven, and per-haps we did not quite understand the bearing of that shorter catechism which a bench of thoughtful bishops has prepared for the express use of very young children. Even Nurse Stark, a high authority on all points of church controversy, never succeeded in placing its meaning quite beyond all question. But Nurse Stark had a special Sunday frame of mind which discouraged close ques-She baffled our interrogatories pointing out to us that there was nothing so unbecoming as a tendency to ask questions, which seemed to us a little inconsistent when we considered the inquisitive character of her share in

the catechism.

I believe I liked going to church, though I am sure Joe Paulby did not. That rugged boy never looked so hot or so rumpled as he did during divine service. As I look back upon Joe in church I am always reminded of the apchurch I am always reminded of the ap-pearance of restless decorum presented so little in that big bed that the two by a minstrel "bones" during the sing-ing of a plaintive ballad. Joe occupied himself during the service in laying the all bent, silently and without motion, foundations of a series of pains and pen- over the little child. I think we must alties which usually lasted well into have remained so for nearly two hours, Thursday, for Nurse Stark had a quick the silence undisturbed except by an occupe for misdemeanors, and every crime had its apportioned punishment. Poor and a sob from Nurse Stark. When I little Mim was too delicate to go to first went into the dark room Ethel was church, and used to sit at home in theological conference with Jane Cotter, me, and begged to be allowed to kiss whose picturesque and highly dramatic idea of future rewards and punishments had a special interest for the poor little little thin arms were placed around my For Mim had been told that even

children die sometimes, and both Nurse I became conscious of a movement Stark and Jane had a long catalogue of among the doctors, and then a loud ring-Stark and Jane had a long catalogue of stories in which good little people were ent off in their earliest years, and bad little people lived on to an evil old age. Mim was often weak and ailing, and at such times the recollection of these stories came upon her. Nurse Stark's grim, hard manner relaxed when she was speaking to the little sick child, and ing as it was, seemed to increase with the trouble the child gave her-a never deasing source of wonderment to Joe and myself, who were only in favor when we ceased to occupy Nurse Stark's attention. Nurse Stark had a brother, a boy of twelve or thereabouts (though we be lieved him to be eight and twenty at least), who was a page at a doctor's in Charlotte street; and Nurse Stark, as a great treat, used to allow this young gentleman to spend the afternoon with us, and entertain us with his varied social powers. Gaspar—for that was his unortunate name-was a alented boy, with a taste for aerobatic conjuring, killing flies and putting lobworms down Mim's back; but, notwithstanding these powerful recommendations, we looked coldly upon him, and, on the whole discouraged his visits. He had a way of challenging Joe and me to fight him with one of his hands tied behind his back, by way of a handicap, which was not what you look for in a visitor, and, moreover, compromised our reputation for valor in Mim's eyes. On the whole e was not popular with us, and eventully he was proscribed by Nurse Stark berself, on a charge of filling the nursery candle with gunpowder, which exploded and burned poor little Mim's everows and eyelashes. Gaspar eventually got into trouble about some original draughts of his own composition, which he supplied to his master's patients as realing waters made up in accordance with that gentleman's prescriptions, and

spent several years in a reformatory. I have a dismal impression of the wretched afternoons that Mim and Joe and I used to spend together in our great bare play-room. We were locked in by Nurse Stark at about five every afternoon, and not released until about seven, when we had supper; and as the shad ows deepened and the fire got lower and lower, we crowded together in a corner for warmth, and told each other strange stories about princes and noblemen who were tortured by cruel and vindictive age boys, with an occasional touch from Joe Paulby upon caverns, demons, vam-pires, and other ghostly matters, until poor little Mim screamed aloud with error.

She was a pretty, fragile, sweet tempered clinging little soul, far too delicate for the coarse, inconsiderate treatment to which she was subjected, in common with ourselves. So at last she became seriously ill, and we noticed that the poor wise, but in this she was in error. I little child grew thinner and paler in her believe she was fond of us in a hard, un- cot, day after day, day after day. She was very cheerful, although so impulsive in her movements, and never and when the tall, grave, kind doctor handled us without hurting us. There came-day after day at first, and then toward the last (for she died) two or three times a day-she would say, in reply to question: "And how is our little Ethel?" that she was much better, and hoped in a day or two to be quite well again. After a time she was removed to And the manner in which these duties another room, which was always darkened, and to which we were seldom admitted, and only one at a time. An odd change seemed to come over as all. Nurse Stark was quite kind now, and used to read to her (but now about good little children who lived and were very happy), and tell stories, and make beef tea for her, and turn the cold side of the pillow to her poor little fevered head. And the oddest part of the thing was that Nurse Stark was kind to us too, and used to come of her own accord to tell us how Mim was (she was always a little better), and what corkscrews placed a comfortable night's messages she sent us, and how she heinous criterist out of the question. It is impossible to sleep in peace with a double row she had once discarded. And then she innocence.

speak to her, but afterward only to sit on the edge of the bed (it was such a big bed now!) and hold her little dry hand. Joe Paulby would come back crying (it was a strange thing to see him cry, and it touched me as it touches me now to see a big man in tears), and he would spend his half-pence—they were rare enough, poor fellow—in picture books for our poor little dying wife. But a time came when even the picture books were forbidden, and then the whole house was at the half-opened door, we saw the shadow of Nurse Stark on her knees,

One day Captain Paulby came home earlier than usual, looking very grave, and with him came the kind doctor, and with them another doctor, an older man, but also very kind. They went up into little Mim's room, and they staid so long that Joe and I stole down from our cold tioning, and on that day of the week she dark play-room to hear, if we could, the was exceptionally short and sharp in her reason of his uncle's unexpected return. And Joe and I cried as if our hearts would break, for our dear little wife was dying.

thrown by the flickering firelight on the

Then we knew that the end was

Captain Paulby came out of the room, and, seeing us in the passage, told us quite kindly to go back to the playroom. Joe Paulby went, but I begged Captain Paulby to let me see my dear little playmate once more; and, alarmed by my excited manner and my choking he admitted me.

I had not seen her for two days, and doctors and Captain Paulby and Nurse Stark seemed absolutely gigantic as they me, as she was nearly quite well. They laid me on the bed by her side, and her neck, and there we lay motionless, both of us, in deep, deep silence. At length ing wail from Nurse Stark told me that my little wife was quite, quite well

The Shadow of an Ass.

ed to the Athenians to excite their attention during his defense of a criminal which was being but inattentively listened to. "A traveler," he said, went from Athens to Megara on a hired It happened to be at the time of the dog days, and at nosn. He was much exposed to the unmitigated heat of the un, and not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter he bethought himself to descend from the ass and sent nimself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring to him that when he let the animal the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. lispute at last grew so warm that it got blows, and finally gave rise to an action After having said so much Demosthenes continued the defense of his client; but his auditors, whose curiesity he had piqued, were anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this the orator commented severely on their childish inustice in devouring with attention a palry story about an asses' shadow while hey turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important he was said "to dispute on the shadow of an ass."

The Great Snow of 1836.

The following reminiscence of the great showfall of 1836, from the Syracuse Journal, will be read with interest: We chanced to meet two old settlersneither very old men, but nevertheless among those considered the oldest inabitants in these parts. One of them lived at Auburn in the great snow year, 1836, when the people were fairly snowed into their dwellings. He says the supply of fuel ran out, and the men urned out, and being unable to go beond the village bounds, were obliged to out down the ornamental trees in the streets and doorvards to keep themselves and families from freezing. was a resident of Baldwinsville at that time, and he says that the supply of fuel running out, the men of that place were obliged to cut down a very handsome and valuable grove of trees, within the village limits, to provide means of heat-ing their dwellings. There was then no coal used, and the dependence for fuel

was entirely upon wood. In the great snowfall of '36, there was in average depth of snow on the ground of at least four feet, in all this part of the country. It was fully six feet deep Salina street, then the main thorough-Such a body of snow soon draws the frost from the earth underneath it. and by the heat of the ground a gradual melting taker place. This is why the snow settles when it reaches three feet or so in depth, and why, no matter how much falls, the mass on the ground does not increase in depth.

The lawyer who defended Daniel Price, convicted of murder in Warrenton, Mo., mounted the scaffold just before the execution, and said to the spectators: "You are now about to witness the execution of a fellow being of whose innocence I have not the least doubt. I ell you, fellow citizens, that in the exeention of this man the people of Warren ounty are about to commit a most heinous crime-that of executing an innocent man," Price also protested his

SPECIE RESUMPTION.

Message of President Grant--A Four Per Cent. Bond Recommended Exchangeable for Legal Tender Notes.

The following is the President's mes-sage on the subject of the resumption of

specie payments: To the Senate and House of Represcatatives: By the act of Congress approved January 14, 1875, "To provide for the resumption of specie payments," the first of January, 1879, is fixed as the enjoined to silence, and the grave doc-tor—graver now than ever—came and went on tiptoe. And if we stole to the date when such resumption is to begin. It may not be desirable to fix an earlier date when it shall actually become obligatory upon the government to redeem its outstanding legal tender notes in coin on presentation, but it is certainly most desirable and will prove most beneficial to every pecuniary interest of the country to hasten the day when the paper circulation of the country and the gold coin shall have equal values. At a later if currency and coin should retain qual values it might become advisable to authorize a direct resumption. I believe the time has come when by a simple act of the legislative branch of the government this most desirable result can be attained. I am strengthened in this view by the course trade has taken in the last two years and by the strength of the credit of the United States at home and abroad.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, the exports of the United States exceeded the imports by \$120,213,102, but our exports include \$40,569,621 of specie and bullion in excess of the imports of the same commodities. For the six months of the present fiscal year from July 1, 1876, to January 1, 1877, the excess of exports over imports amounted to \$107,544,869, and the imports of specie and bullion exceeded the imports of the precious metals by \$6,192,-147 in the same time. The actual excess of exports over imports for the six months, exclusive of specie and bullion, amounted to \$113,737,040, showing for the time being the accumulation of specie and bullion in the country amounting to more than \$6,000,000, in addition to the national product of these metals for the same period-a total increase of gold and silver for the six months not far short of \$60,000,000. It is evident that unless this great increase of the precious metals can be utilized at home in such way as to make it in some manner remunerative to holders, it must seek a foreign market as surely as would any other product of the soil or manufactory. Any legislation which will keep coin and bullion at home will, in my judgment, soon bring about practical resumption, and will add the coin of the country to the circulating medium, thus securing a healthy "inflation" of a sound currency to the great advantage of every legiti-

mate business interest. The act to provide for the resumption The Greeks had a proverb that run of specie payments authorized the secretars: "To dispute on the shadow of an tary of the treasury to issue bonds of either of the descriptions named in the act of Congress approved July 4th, 1870, entitled "An act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," for not less than gold. With the present value of the four and one-half per cent, bonds in the markets of the world they could be exchanged at par for gold, thus strengthening the treasury to meet the final resumption and to keep the excess of coin over the demand, pending its permanent use, a circulating medium at home that would further be required would be after receiving and replying to an ac to redu e the volume of legal tender notes in circulation. To accomplish this, I would suggest an act authorizing the secretary of the treasury to issue four per cent, bonds, with forty years to run before maturity, to be exchanged for le-gal tender notes whenever presented in spread in front of the hall, chessmen. sums of \$50 or any multiple thereof, the whole amount of such bonds, however, not to exceed \$150,000,000. To increase the home demand for such bonds I would recommend that they be available for de-posit in the United States treasury for oanking purposes under the various pro-

visions of law relating to national banks. I would suggest further that national banks be required to retain a certain per cent of the coin interest received from the bonds deposited by them with the treasury to secure their circulation. would also recommend the repeal of the third section of the joint resolution for the issue of silver coin, approved July 22, 1876, limiting the subsidiary coin and fractional currency to \$50,000,000. I am satisfied that if Congress will enact some such law as will accomplish the end suggested they will give a relief to the country instant in its effect and for which they wil receive the gratitude of the whole people.

Executive Mansion, Feb, 3, 1877.

Hydrophobia Cases,

In the summer of 1873 the writer of this article was summering in a country village in Connecticut, where no case of rabies had occurred for many years. In July a family owning a pet Spitz, a very pretty little animal, took board at the totel for a couple of months. During July and August of that summer the mad dog was the standing sensation of the village, and in all eleven dogs showing symptoms of the disorder were shot. The Spitz in question was a quarrelsome vagabond, liable to snap at dog or man with or without provocation, and was, no doubt, responsible for every instance of rabies canina that occurred in tage to know. the village and vicinity that summer.

A German family, near Kingsland, N. J., had a Spitz dog which has bitten the wife and three children. A son, about twelve years old, died, and fears are entertained that the other three persons will suffer the same late.

Raising Snakes to Kill Rats.

Notwithstanding the great profit in raising oranges in Florida, the business has its perplexities, A correspondent All that's yellow is not golden fruit, however. I listened to a gentleman on Satlapse or to fall from the limbs! He was and he had also a somewhat similar plan for killing the squirrels that visited his

Living By Their Wits. The Eureka (Nevada) Scatinel tells the following story of the early days of Eureka, when coin was scarce and credit difficult to obtain, and it used to worry some of the pioneers to keep a full larder: There were four jolly good fellows living up in New York canyon, the owners of several fine locations, but bankrupt in purse, and their credit at the stores overdone. Their laziness was proverbial and they lived by their wits, and grew lean on their capital. While at breakfast, discussing the last remnants of provisions in the cabin, and already hungry in anticipation of the coming famine, it was suggested that a beef stew would be in order for dinner, provided the ingredients could be obtained. There was good water and excellent salt on hand; but the butcher was obdurate, and the grocery keeper hard of heart, and it needed considerable ingenuity to complete the list necessary to the concoction of the savory dish. After much consultation a plan was finally agreed on that promised success, and the quartette started for town to put the scheme in execution, one of the party providing himself with couple of stout pins bent in the form of a hook—a necessary outfit if the plan worked. On arriving in town, two of the party lounged around the door of a grocery, where potatoes, onions, and other vegetables were temptingly exposed for sale, while the party with the pins and his companion proceeded to the butcher shop. One halted on the threshold and gazed up and down the street, while the other engaged the butcher in an animated conversation, in the course of which he pointed to our friend, and hinted that it promised cake. would be a most excellent joke to fasten a piece of meat to the idler's coat. The butcher saw the point and handed over a huge round steak, which, with the aid of the pins, was fastened to the apparently unconscious victim's coat tail. As soon as it was secured in the desired position, he moved slowly up the street, leaving the batcher convulsed with laughter at the success of the joke. The attention of the bystanders was attracted to the strange appendage. Some shouted, others laughed, and the victim increased his pace to a run, followed by a mob. As he passed the grocery, the confederates

ly used as missiles, and then joined their ompanion at the cabin, indulging their mirth over the complete success of their

butcher when the joke was explained to Playing Chess with Human Men. Most persons who have any acquaintance with the literature of chess have heard of the games said to have been played in the middle ages with living chessmen. According to a news letter in the Pioneer, Lord Lytton has recently revived this amusement in India. All ing his visit to Mooltan his lordship, dress from the municipality of the city, engaged, we are told, "in a novel game engaged, we are told, of chess with Col, Millett, The chessboard, if such a term may be allowed to a carpet of red and white calico, with men and boys, dressed in opposing red and white uniform appropriate to the various pieces, were marched in and took their places. Then, by word of command, each piece moved to the square sued, ending in an easy victory for the viceroy." An emperor of Morocco who once indulged in a similar amusement is said to have added a terrible realism to

stationed at that point put into execution

their part of the scheme by liberally pelt-

did not stop-that was not in the play-

but he was soon out of view up the canyou, going at a gait that would have atonished

Chinese Maxims.

the game by causing all the pieces taken

during its progress to be behended.

It is the rich who want most things. Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who are envious

We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste. He who wishes to secure the good of

others, has already secured his own. The court is like the sea-everything depends upon the wind. What a pleasure it is to give! There

would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this.

The rich find relations in the most remote foreign countries; the poor not even in the bosom of their own families Who is the greatest liar? He who

When a song gives much fame, virtue For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three.

speaks most of himself.

The way to glory is through the palace; to fortune through the market; to virtue through the desert. The truths that we least wish to hear

are those which it is most to our advan-

His Silver Plate.

Cardinal Alberoni had a large quantity of silver plate, and among other articles he possessed various saltcellars, wrought in the form of different animals A friend of his eminence borrowed a saltcellar made in the shape of a tiger, but forgot to return it for some time, At length, after the lapse of some six or seven months, he sent it back, requesting at the same time the loan of another writes : Everybody talks about oranges. in the shape of a tortoise. The cardinal desired to see the person who had The rats had climbed his trees and eaten out all the inside part of many of his oranges without causing the rinds to collapse or to fall from the limber of going to raise two particular kinds of one of the swiftest animals on the earth, snakes which would drive off the rats; and it has been more than six months in and it has been more than six months in returning; were I to lend him the tortoise, which is the slowest of animals, I fear it would never return.'

The Ways of the World.

More than half a century ago, says Porte Crayon, two little boy cousins sat together earnestly speculating on the ar-rival of a beloved aunt, just from the South, with a big trunk reported to be South, with a big trunk reported to be laden with tropical fruits expressly for the children. Very soon their expectancy was resolved by the receipt of a ripe golden orange each. Now at that day the orange was so rarely seen by us that it was encircled with the glamour of romence-en exotic so costly that when we occasionally got a pale, half wilted specimen, it was carefully peeled and divided into compartments enough to give every member of the family a taste. But here each consin held in his hands a whole globe of fresh and succulent de-light, to dispose of and enjoy according to his own will. Without pausing a moment to admire the beauty or snuff the external fragrance of his fruit, the first hurrically tore it open, and burying his face in the luscious pulp, squirting the rich juice from his hair to his heels, swallowed what he managed to get in about three gulps, threw the skin into the street, and wished he had another. The other cousin meanwhile handled his golden gift as if it had been "a gem too rich for use," tenderly manipulating its yielding plumpness, voluptuously exhaling its refreshing fragrance, and when he could no longer abstain, carefully opened a pinhole in one end, and sucking samples of the contents, like a modest gauger, until he had extracted the ast drop from the precious cask. The seeds, accurately counted, were kept to plant in an orangery, and the skin duti-fully delivered to mamma to flavor a

As might readily have been foreseen, when these boys became men, the first stuck his two thumbs into his world, recklessly tearing it open as he had done his orange, devouring estate, body and soul in three greedy swallows, dying at twenty-seven, so palled with the flavor of this life that he scarcely wished for another. The careful cousin, now past threescore years, is still sucking his por-tion through a pinhole, still straining for the last sweet drop, having squeezed his world until it is flat, stale and unprofit-able as a ship biscuit after a long voy-

ing him with potatoes and onious, an ex-Courting by Proxy. ample followed by the bystanders. He Mr. Leopold Stern was a commercial traveler for the business house of Sutro & Newmark, of New York city, selling goods for them mainly in the West and a race horse. The excitement over, the Southwest. He received a commission on his sales, and being an active salesthree partners sauntered up the street, stopping by the way to fill their capa-cious pockets with the vegetables so freeman, was enabled to make very good wages. While on a trip in the South he received instructions from one of the partners in the firm to proceed to New Orleans and there further the partner's stratagem. The quartette partook of a suit for the hand of a very attractive savory beef stew at dinner, much to their young woman whom the partner had gratification, and to the disgust of the previously seen. The commercial traveler did his partner's business in so satisfactory a manner that the young woman was subsequently lead to the altar by the New York business man, and a happy married life has followed the union. The commercial traveler, however, consumed considerable time, several weeks, in plying for payment for his services, he was given \$500. He could easily have made \$900 in that time he are really have partners refused to pay more than \$500, and the man who courted his partner's wife for his partner instituted suit for his favorite breakfast was the yolks only the remaining \$400.

Life Insurance.

The money now held by the life insurance companies of this country, says the New York Sun, amounts to \$400,000,000. Yet it would require five times this sum, or \$2,000,000,000, to pay all the outstanding policies should they mature at once. On the other hand, while 150,000 policies are annually issued in the State of New York, less than 10,000 are terminated by death. More than 75,000 lapse by non-payment of the premiums, and the rest are gotten rid of by surrender, by expiry, or by refusal to accept after making application for insurance. A widespread belief prevails that there is fraud in the business somewhere; and in Indiana the Legislature has appointed a committee to prepare and report a bill its regulation, so as to protect the public. The chairman of the committee, the Hon, James B. Hendricks, requests information and suggestions on the subject from any one who has anything to offer. His address is Indianapolis, Ind.

A CRUEL HOAX .- A cruel hoax was recently perpetrated on two members of the Hebrew community who presented themselves at the synagogue in Birmingham, England, to be married. The ceremony was interrupted by the arrival of a telegram to the rabbi informing him that the bridegroom was already married and had two children. The bride was rebridegroom was chased through the streets by a mob, who saluted him with 'a shower of stones and mud." Investigation has since proved that the telegram was a forgery, and the wedding will take place after all.

ASTONISHED, -A circus company, on their way to Australia, stopped to see one of the Fiji islands. While wandering about one of them turned a somer-sault, and the native spectators were astonished by the sight. Thereafter, the circus men, discerning the opportunity for fun, varied their walks quent somersaults and grotesque contortions, all the time maintaining sober faces and the utmost gravity of demean-Multitudes followed them, in the belief they were missionaries, sent to teach a religion in which somersaults were a part of the service.

A FORTUNE ORPHANED .- Dr. Ayer, who makes pills, is hopelessly insane, says an exchange, and \$2,000,000 is as good as orphaned. This is 'not enough, adds another paper. His fortune is much greater. His income is \$2,000 a day, and we suppose there has never been a time in the last dozen years when he has had less than \$500,000 lying idle and awaiting investment.

Items of Interest.

One of the most popular platform speakers is the car driver who tells

his mule to hurry up. New York mourns the death of an ac-countant who overhauled dishonest books and sent fourteen different clerks to

As an example of Vanderbilt's economy in little things, it is recalled that a few years ago he caused the bright plates on all his locomotives to be painted black

in order to save burnishing. Sealskin sacks for poodles are coming into fashion. A lady carrying a canine pet thus attired called to comfort a poor woman who had lost two children by starvation. The sack was cut pompa-

A poet advises: "In the quarries should you toil, make your mark; do you delve upon the soil, make your mark." But instead of taking his advice, you had better take lessons in penmanship and learn to write your name. It looks betlearn to write your name. It looks bet-ter than to make your "mark."

In Fulton county, Pa., a few days since, a youth named John H. Trittle was about throwing a ball, having his right arm drawn back, when it suddenly snapped off midway between the elbow and the shoulder and dropped to his side. The snapping of the bone was heard for a considerable distance.

Smoke from the leaves of belladonna is said to give great and often immediate relief in asthma, especially the spasmod-ic form. The smoke should be drawn down deep into the chest. Tobacco smokers do not experience as much re-lief as others. If the belladonna leaves are used too freely, a temporary headache

may be produced. It is noticeable that the cat who mounts the ridgepole of the woodhouse and sits apart at the concert, and is wrapped in the thoughtful abstracted silence until the programme is about half through, opens out, when he does come in, with a wail that curdles the blood in a frozen beet, and rouses all the other members of the troupe to a very agony of frenzied

Near Epinal, France, three youngsters bought two quart bottles of brandy at the fair, and drank the whole between them within an hour, when they became insensible. The youngest, aged thirteen, died on being taken other, aged sixteen, expired a few hours later. The third, aged seventeen, re-covered, and attended the funeral of his

two comrades. It is said that atmospheric changes have a special influence on the rising of Milk seems to know which way cream. the wind is, and when it is north or northwest the cream rises freely. The next best condition of the atmosphere is when the wind is west; the third best condition is when the wind is east; the fourth, when it is south; and the worst of all, when the wind is southeast.

It is said that ovsters have not been so scarce in New York markets for twenty years as since the middle of last Decem-ber. This is due to the fact that the season has been an unusually inclement arranging affairs with the maiden, so one along the coast, causing the formsthat she might not look with disfavor on | tion of ice on the rivers where the oysters the partner, and on his return ascertained are usually obtained. The demand for that he had been employed in a business oysters, however, has been less than

> The private life of Commodore Vanderbilt was simple and unostentations. In little matters as well as in large ones he was very methodical. It is said that of three soft boiled eggs, a cup of black tea, with twelve lumps of sugar in it, a little toast, and a lamb chop. He always ate this alone in his room, but the other meals were taken with the family.

This is a Boston advertisement of 1808: "Much wanted—A neat, well behaved female, to do kitchen work in a small family at Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the fish kettle; may go to meeting, but not to believe in the divinity of Elias Smith; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshipers. Inquire at the Repertory office, near Boston.

A Boston woman believes that she would die at once if she failed to kiss a cross at exactly twelve o'clock every So precise is she as to the time that she has a costly clock in her room, regulated every day by a skilled workman, and servants awaken her five minutes before midnight. At the instant the clock indicates twelve she kisses the cross and is thus assured, she thinks, of living another day.

The remains of a balloon were lately found on the coast of Ireland, the car of which contained hum n remains, Debats thinks that they must be those of Prince, a sailor, who quitted Paris one dark night during the siege, in a violent wind, and was never afterward heard of What strengthens this conjecture is that about the same time some Scotch fishermen saw something balloon-shaped dismoved in a fainting condition, and the appear in the ocean toward the northwest

A traveler packed himself and a great quantity of baggage into a stage in Oroville, Cal. The vehicle was so loaded that he had barely room to squeeze himself in; but he lit his pipe, and prepared to endure the hardship of a journey under such circumstances. under his feet caught fire from the pipe, and instantly the stage was in flames. He got out with difficulty, the baggage hindering him, and was fatally

A Country Editor's Appeal.

Delinquent subscriber; behold before you the editor of this your neglect, he paper; be stands with his watch-word pinned to his manly breast, pleading for his his marely breast, pleading for his due which you are so unjustly withholding But a few shor

months ago he was a gay and festive lad, check full of sap and

