

NIL DESPERANDUM.

County

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VII.

Why Biddy and Pat Married.

"Oh, why did you marry him, Biddy? Way did you take Pat for your spouse? Sure he's neither purty nor witty, And his hair is as red as a cow's ! You might had your pick had you waited ; You done a dale better with Tim : And Phelim O'Toole was expectin'-You couldn't do better nor him. You talk of us young people courtin'-Pray tell how your courtin' began, When you were a widdy woman, And he was a widdy man."

" Tim and Pat, miss, ye see, was acquainted Before they came over the sea, When Pat was a-courtin' Norah, And Tim was a-courtin' me. She did not know much, the poor Norah, Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat ; He had not the instinct of some one, But no one had then told him that ; But he soon found it out for himself, For life at be t's but a span-When I was a widdy woman, And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah. And when he compared her with me, He saw, as he whispered one evening, What a woman one woman could be. She went out like the snuff of a candle ; Then the sickness seized upon Tim, And we watched by his bedside together-It was such a comfort to him. I was not alone in my wceping, Our tears in the same channel ran-For I was a widdy woman, And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mayourneen, Though neither, perhaps, was to blame ; And we both knew by this what we wanted. And were willing to pay for the same, We knew what it was to be married, And before the long twelvemonth had flown We had made up our minds it was better Not to live any longer alone ; We wasted no time shilly-shally, Like you, miss, and Master Dan-For I was a widdy woman, And he was a widdy man."

-Harper's Magazine.

ODETTE.

In the drawing-room of a Fifth avenue monsion two girls were sitting-the one a blonde, the other a brunette; and both beautiful according to their respec-tive to pes. Florence Gardner had called to impart to her old school friend, Miss Falkland, the delicate fact of her en-gagement, and both were indulging in a confidential chat. "And now I have only one wish

more," Florence was saying-"to see Brooks, they cannot too often be re-you engaged, too. Have you no fancy, peated."

Odette shook her head slowly. "What ! not for Gaston Sandford ?"

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1877. "I may hope, then !" eried Gaston, joyfully. "I do not forbid you, but I promise nothing," said Odette, with downcast eyes. "You know how much pleasure I find in your presence, Gaston. You will not mind if I say I would like to be alone now ?"

Gaston took her little white hand, kissed it, and went without a word. He spent half the night thinking of Odette; the other half he dreamed of her As to Odette-left alone in her room, she soon fell fast asleep. * * *

A month passed, during which Gaston A month passed, during which Gaston pursued his wooing faithfully, anxiously. But he did not deceive hinself that he had won Odette's heart. Sometimes she was as loving and confidential with him as a woman can be to her accepted lover; whom to attribute this quick change in at other times she was cold and restrain- your feelings for me. I forgive you all, ed-making him happy and miserable, by turns. But to do the girl justice, the question which she asked herself oftenest was: "Do I love him ?"

One evening Mr. Melville Brooks, a bachelor of fifty, an old and trusted friend, called upon Odette.

"Why, Melville, what a stranger ! What happy event brings you ?" "I come to give you a bit of advice, Odette; but of course you won't take it."

"Just listen to the man ! I feel hurt -indeed I do, Mr. Brooks. But let me hear your advice." "I would not meddle in your and Gas-

ton Sandford's affairs, if he was one of the many nincompoops in which our no-ble city abounds, as in that case society's loss would not be great; but Gaston is a noble, carnest fellow, and you must deal candidly with him, Odette."

"What grievous wrong have I done him, Melville ?" she asked, in some consternation.

"If you love him, tell him so, and make arrangements for your wedding; if you don't love him, let him know it as gently as possible, and at once, and I will try to save what remains of his wits." "He is really dying of love, then !"

said Odette, with unconcealed mirth. "This is not like you, my girl. Dying of love? Nonsense! No woman is worthy such a sacrifice. But you, Odette, and women like you, who play a man on a hook as you would a fish, ought to be told that you stand in the way of better women than yourselves-women whose desire is marriage, not universal admira-

tion; and who are content with one honest courtship, not innumerable flirtations." Odette was ready to cry with vexation, out allowed Mr. Brooks to continue.

" If you don't want Sandford for a husband, there is another who does, and an heiress too. And now I'll be going. Good-bye. You don't ask me to come back again ?" "Your visits are so agreeable, Mr.

"Well, then, I will come back very soon, Odette. Think seriously over what I have said." And the old curmudgeon, as he passed out, muttered to himself : "Gave it to her pretty strong, poor thing, but faith ! she had to have As punctual as a soldier on duty, at half-past seven the same evening, Sandford made his appearance. Odette was playing on the piano, and he begged her not to let his presence interrupt the performance. "A friend of mine is right," said he, when she had finished ; "when you play you put your soul into your fingers, " Is that the only news in the city ?" "No. They say also," he continued, with meaning, "that a party of explorers is going to start soon on an expedition into Central Africa, and that a certain Mr. Gaston Sandford, an acquaintance of yours, intends to join them. "Ah !" exclaimed Odette. But the next moment, with admirable control, she added: "Such an expedition must have great attractions for a man of your spirit ; but have you taken into due consideration the dangers and hardships you will be exposed to, Gaston ?" "I have. The more hardships the better ; they will help me to fight against that is all !" this controlling passion. Odette, dear Odette ! If I loved you less I could redear main ; but loving you as I do, with so much pain and so little hope, I must go away from New York to a place as unlike it as possible. "And how long do you mean to be gone ?" "As long as I can; but not long enough, I am afraid, to forget you." "Is there no other young lady-no heiress you have to forget ?" " None

"Confide your burden to me. Can I do nothing to help you to bear it ?" "Nothing," dryly answered the girl. "I am not deceived, Odette ; you do

not love me l"-cried Gaston, bitterly. "Well, then, I do not think I do love you," she said, yielding to an impulse of sincerity. "I have been struggling many days against this truth—for a time I would not acknowledge it to myself. Now you have wrung it from me, and it bains me to cause your heart this wound. But what can I do? Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, Gaston—I deceived myself before deceiving you. You will forgive me, will you not?"

THE PARTY WANT AND IN

and I pity you much. Good-bye! Good-bye!" In an instant he was gone.

Two days later he sailed in a steamer for Liverpool, to overtake the exploring party, which had left the week before. Jaded and wishing for change, Odette from Saratoga went to Newport, Count

Bradsky, of course, following her, eagerly pressing his suit. "My dear count," said Odette, as they strolled in the moonlight, "if your

love is like those stars which shine for a little and quietly disappear at morn-ing, persevere with it—it may at least amuse us both ; but if it threatens to become a more lasting feeling, you had better start for Washington to-morrow," "Are my addresses objectionable?"

"To-night-no; but I cannot answer or them to-morrow." " My way is to trust much to the mor-

row, and I cannot change my way. If the morrow resembles this eveninggood ; if it do not-better still." Odette turned in astonishment.

" My language sounds strange to you. I can explain that. In Hungary a man in love is somewhat of a fool. Let me indulge my folly."

"By all means; on condition that you grant me the privilege to laugh at it," said Odette, and suiting the action to the word, she uttered a low laugh that fell "It cannot be, Miss Falkland, that nature has endowed you with all her gifts but one—a heart. I will not be-

lieve it. A heart you must have, and one worth winning. I can wait. I have been in the very path of death a dozen times, and yet I have always escaped him. Am I challenged to a new battle? I accept the challenge, and to win the guerdon I risk defeat."

The air was growing chill, so they went indoors together. Odette sat down to the piano and begun to play a Hungarian

"Why, that is the 'March of Ra-koezy," said the count, in a patriotic rapture. "How kind of you to play it! koczy,'

It is the war song of my country, mademoiselle !"

Odette then played a sweet old air. The Monastery Bells."

troops setting out to oppose the Prus-sians, and died a soldier's death on the field of Sadova.

One cold, wet morning a carriage drove on the dock of one of the transatlantic steamship companies, and Melville Brooks stepped out. A steamer had been signaled from Sandy Hook late the night signated from Sandy Hook late the night before, and she was expected in the East river soon after daylight. One long half hour elapsed before she made her ap-pearance in the stream, and another be-fore she was made fast; but as soon as the another was the stream areas Mr.

the gangway was thrown across, Mr. Brooks sterped on board, and made his way toward a young man heavily wrapped, "Welcome back, Gaston, old fellow !" "Welcome back, Gaston, old fellow !" he cried, giving the young man a sort of hug, while he scanned his pale face. "Poor fellow! Africa has stripped you of your fine proportions, and left your bones nothing but a scanty mantle of skin. Thank God, you are safe home again, my boy. Your native air will make you all right again. I have a hack on the dock; come and get in out of this raw air."

raw air.' Mr. Brooks opened the carriage door, and Gaston had stepped in before he noticed that a woman was there.

"What! Odette! Miss Falkland here! Oh! this is kind, too kind. Believe me, I feel it deeply." Odette's lips were white and trem-

bling, but she could say nothing. Mr. Brooks had turned away to see to Gaston's baggage. "So you remember your old friend,

and have come to welcome him home again. You have a good heart;" and Gaston lifted her hand tenderly, and kissed it.

"Gaston, Gaston !" said Odette, with choking utterance, "I can bear your re-proaches, but not this goodness. I have been so heartless am so unworthy of you, you must not look at me so yet, or you will make me-you will make me

Gently overcoming her resistance, Gas-ton drew her fair face against his weather beaten one, and was not at all ashamed to mingle his tears with hers. They had lovers' confidences to exchange, and the future to talk of. But Melville Brooks —himself a bachelor once disappointed in love-had stayed away so long that he could find no excuse for staying away any longer; so at last he joined them. They drove to his house, where Mrs. Wentworth was waiting to receive them; and there was not a happier quartette in New York that day. A few weeks later, Odette Falkland became Mrs. Gaston Sandford. the combat would be renewed,

The Benefits of Savings Banks.

An article in Appleton's Journal ob-jects to the efforts which apparently are making in some quarters to discredit the savings bank system on account of the mismanagement of a few banks; and it prints some very suggestive figures to show how small are the losses in these

A Vicious Fish.

Right whales' frequently find their way into the Bay of Fundy, and are there captured. The bay is also a fa-vorite resort for the thrasher and the swordfish. I have heard old consters say that they had scan threadbare forty first witnessed a cotillion so thor-ordfile original in its details that a dethat they had seen thrashers forty-five and fifty feet long, moving with great scription of it will doubtless be interestthat they had seen thrashers forty-five and fifty feet long, moving with great velocity on the surface of the water, their heads raised ten and twelve feet above. Bay of Fundy fishermen, in speaking of them, say they are the greatest of sea villains. Twenty odd years ago one of these sea monsters got caught on a sand bar, where he was left by the rapid fall-ing of the tide in the Cumberland branch of the Bay of Fundy, and was killed by the people on shore after an exciting of the Bay of Fundy, and was killed by the people on shore after an exciting struggle. He measured forty-six feet she was up and away. Meanwhile, each in length. As Capt. Nemo says, the head is flat and serpent-like, the eyes al-most red, with ugly white circles over til another general waltz succeeded; them. Indeed, nothing could be more repulsive than the head of this sea mon-was called upon to select a partner from ster. The only other sea villain they are known to fraternize with is the swordfish. Both are well known to old he chose the man the laugh was, of course, against him, while the lady was whirled around by one of the genial *aides-de-camp*. A third device consisted

Advacate,

Amusements of Royalty,

coasters and fishermen as the deadly enemy of the whale; and it is the com-mon belief that they hunt in couples, and on finding the whale make immediin giving tin whistles and bells to gendemen, and requiring them to stand on their chairs until they blew up or rung up some sympathetic and considerate ate war, the swordfish attacking beneath and the thrasher on top. The common belief is that the thrasher

feminine partner. In the fourth in-stance a monster dice, as large as a dry has a huge weapon, very like a sledge hammer, protruding from his mouth, with which he administers on the whale's goods box, was successively thrown by four players, one of whom was Lord Dufferin, and the person making the biggest throw had his choice of the lady who was put as the prize. In the fifth back those terrible blows you can hear ten or twelve miles distant. I have my-self stood on a bluff overlooking the Bay of Fundy, and witnessed three of these terrible battles between a whale and his act the Countess Dufferin started off memies, the swordfish and the thrasher. alone on a brisk polka, selected a gentle-The swordfish did his deadly work un-demeath, while, as Capt. Nemo says, the thrasher coiled himself half over the ing up partners of both sexes, when the whale, and applied the blows with his line, being inconveniently long, broke up ponderous tail. In the distance, how-ever, the thrusher seems to raise and let and nightcaps were furnished two of the his weapon fall very much as a black cavaliers, who were required to tie both smith's helper handles his sledge. You could see the weapon rise and fall; you could hear the blows distinctly, although the distance was believed to be not less before either could claim the handsome prize. Finally, four huge, ridiculously masked individuals, robed in white, who had been led out by Captain Ward, one than ten miles from shore, and you could also hear the whale bellow and see him appearance and rendered the scene hilariblow. On one of these occasions the ous until the close. As you may well terrible contest lasted nearly three imagine, it was all fun, innocent and enhours, the water in the vicinity being joyable by everybody, and by none more red with blood. About every fifteen or than the earl and his youthful countess. twenty minutes the whale would disappear in an attempt to escape from his Dufferin Hall affords, and which the peoenemies; but they would quickly pursue him and force him to the surface, where ple of Ottawa feel proud in being invited to, are the private theatricals, on which

by Lady Dufferin, the immediate mem-These two sea villains, the swordfish bers of her household and two or three immediate friends who reside in the city. and thrasher, invariably kill the whale when they get him into close quarters; and as soon as the combat ceases, which can be clearly seen by the whale's body floating motionless, the thrasher will proceed to clear water, where, raising his serpent-like head in triumph, ten A London letter to the San Francisco Post says : It is gratifying to observe that the second meeting of the clergytwelve, and fifteen feet above the sur-face, he will continue for fifteen and men of London and some of the leading

NO. 6.

Burgundy. Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink : Young man. I beseech you, consider and think, Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes, You'll discover the color of Burgundy rose : Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose, A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose.

"Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk ; "Tis a very nice color in satin or silk ; But you'll change your opinion as soon as it shows In a halo around the extreme of your nose ; Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose, "Tis a very bad thing at the tip of your toes.

Items of Interest.

A man cannot win golden opinions by the exhibition of his brass.

A man with corns felt better after neeting a man with no feet.

If you have too much music in your ole, soak the bottom of your shoes.

There is no autocrat like the barber who holds you by the nose while he talks.

Never let anybody drive you to dis-traction-you may not be able to get back.

Germany's resolution not to go into the French exposition of 1878 is unshaken.

A man's dearest object should be his wife, but, alas ! sometimes it is his wife's wardrobe.

A late book is entitled "Half Hours with Insects." What a lively half hour one can have with a bee !

As a sign of a revival of business, we may mention that a number of gentlemen have lately inquired the price of a suit of clothes.

Lyonnaise potatoes are boiled before frying, and are put into a pan with but-ter and onion, and the minced parsley is thrown in before the potatoes are done. It clings to the potatoes.

It is a little singular how much valuable time a woman will take up in studying the postmark of a letter to see where it comes from, when she can open the letter and find out at once.

The manufacture of oleomargarine, or artificial butter, is rapidly extending, and large factories for its production are springing up in nearly all the principal cities. The business is said to be lucrative.

The premium bale of cotton, which won the \$1,000 prize at the Centennial Exhibition, is to be sent to the international horticultural exhibition in Holland by the cotton exchange of Memphis.

They tell of a prominent grocer who carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was painted conspicuously the business of his house, and held it over the preacher's head while he conducted the service.

Two ragged little urchins were stand-

"What shall I say, you tease? Shall I tell you I enjoy Mr, Sandford's society more than any other man's ? for I do; and shall I tell you I don't know whether I love him or not? for I don't.'

"He is worthy of a sweet woman's love; and I think he likes you very, very much, Odette."

"There, there, Flory; talk of some-thing else, won't you? I do not care for anybody, never shall care for anybody, but yourself."

"And I am so happy myself in Roger's love, that I cannot but feel sorry for you, Odette. But I must go;" and Florence Gardner rose. After seeing her friend to the door, Odette returned to the deswing room, and the second secon drawing-room, and to divert her thoughts picked up "Moore's Poems," which were lying on the table. Opening at random, her eyes fell on these lines-

Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.

Odette closed the book with almost a sigh. "Perhaps Florence is right," she said; "and there is no perfect hap-piness without love." She expected Sandford that evening, for he was a steady visitor; and went to the piano to pass the time. "At last !" she exclaimed, joyfully,

when at length he entered the room.

"That welcome will make me happy for a month," he said, kissing her hand. "Do not flatter yourself too much,"

rejoined Odette. "There are hours in the life of women in which any caller, whoseever he be, is received as a relief. Gaston Sandford shrank in again. Odette understood his feeling, and, with a twinge of compunction, said :

'Rest assured, however, that I am glad to see you ; and that now you are have, I shall do my best to keep you as long as possible. But why do you come so late?

"Ah ! I will tell you. I had seen at Goupil's a partrait I wished to buy, and went for it; but, unluckily, it was sold hair to a party who is forming a collection of historical paintings, and only after great trouble have I succeeded in getting my Princess of Conti."

'Ah ! it is the portrait of a princess,

"Yes ; and I prize it because it is like you-would pass for you.

"And I suppose, being like me, it is already hung over the mantel piece of your room, between a Japanese mandarin and a Turkish pipe ?"

"You are cruel, Odette."

"But are you aware, Gaston Sandford, what such a freak implies ?"

" It implies that I love you. There ! I have spoken. Shut your door to me hereafter, but let me speak now. Yes, I love you, Odette, I love you! My happiness is here; here, and nowhere else. Oh ! Odetta "-

"Go on," said Odette, calmly.

"So you laugh at me ?"

"On the contrary. Is not an invitation to proceed an acknowledgment that I am interested in the avowal ?"

He sprang forward to take her hand, Miss Falkland stopped him, saying: "Now, Gaston, do not lose yourself in the clouds-do not mistake a single violet for a bouquet. I shall be sincere with you. I really do not know whether I love you or not. I like your society more than that of any other man I have ever met."

A tear was growing large in Gaston's eyes.

"I only ask to be convinced," she said, but it is the matter?" softly. "Try ! Oh ! do try to warm the statue."

"Odette rose, and threw herself into Gaston's arms as he stood by the piano. You will not go, Gaston," she said ; 'you will stay-I wish it."

"Is this love, or is it only pity, Odette ?" said Gaston, gently smoothing from her forehead her waving brown

For answer she held up her lips to be kissed; and, at that moment, felt as really in love as Gaston himself. It is needless to add that the African

exploring party was duly organized, and that it did not include Mr. Sandford. When summer came, the engaged pair

were at Saratoga, together. Odette was with her aunt, Mrs. Wentworth. Among the new acquaintances she made there was Count Bradsky, a Hungarian officer attached to the Austrian embassy at Washington-a very distinguished looking man, and a great favorite, generally, with the ladies. Odette pronounced him evening.

the best dancer at Saratoga. Gaston was grieved to see that she daily grew fonder of the foreigner's society, and that Count Bradsky had rather more of his fiancee's time than he himself had. Meanwhile Odette was preoccupied and restless, and avoided company. One evening Gaston found her seated company. out-of-doors, toying with a bouquet of flowers. It was not the bouquet he had sent her; but, crushing down his rising

jealousy, he said: "What a superb bouquet! Who is the happy mortal whose flowers are so lucky?

"I don't know. I took the first bouquet at hand. I received several of them te-day."

"Ah !" exclaimed Gaston, sadly. There was a time, though, when the Odette was moved, and took his first you found was always the one I had

"I am not in good spirite; that

"If some day you should be ready to accept my love, fair lady, play that lit-It savs:

tle air and I shall understand you.' "Very well-but suppose-such thing might happen, you know-that some day I had the fancy to see you no more. What am I to play then ?" The count bit his lip, and after a little hesitation, said : "Then play the terri-ble 'March of Rakozy,""

* * * * *

Summer was followed by autumn, and Odette returned to New York to attend Miss Gardner's wedding as one of her bridesmaids. After the happy event had been duly celebrated, Odette devoted herself more than ever before to a life of excitement and pleasure. Winter with its receptions and balls afforded her many distractions from the introspection that was painful to her; yet she was leading a far from happy life. Count Bradsky divided his time between Washington and New York, but was obliged to be satisfied with answers such as this: "I like you very much-more than any friend that is left to me; but

Mr. Melville Brooks, whom Odette had not seen since the day he had given her that "bit of advice," met her in Broadway, and they walked up together. In the course of their conversation Odette asked him timidly if he had heard of Mr. Sandford since his departure.

"Do you still remember him, Odette? Ah, poor Gaston! he could not stand the hardships of a journey across the desert, and is now lying sick in Kinyanguk, Zanzibar, with but little hope of recovery. In the last letter I had from him, he asked for you."

Odette inquired no further, and after parting with Mr. Brooks went quickly The maid who opened the door home, to her, noticed that her mistress's eyes were red with weeping. A letter had come for Miss Falkland, bearing the Washington postmark. Odette took it distractedly, and after a long interval opened and read it. "My dear Miss Falkland," it ran, " rumors of approaching war between Prussia and my coun-try have reached the embassy. The idea leaving you makes a coward of me, and as I may have my choice in the matter, I almost think of remaining. May I hope that this proof of love-the greatest, no doubt, a man can give-will be rewarded at last by the performance of 'The Monastery Bells?' I will do myself the honor to wait on you to-morrow

Yours ever. "SANDOR BRADSEY."

bell, and gave the servant who answered it this instruction: "I am not at home to anybody this evening except Count Bradsky." Then she retired to her own room, and when she appeared some hours later, traces of tears were still to be seen on her face. Late in the evening the "The young and beautiful widow of count arrived. Odette sat down to the Commodore McCracken of our navy repiano as rigid as a statue. At last the visitor was announced. Odette did not turn her head, but struck the key-board with nervous force, and the air she played was the terrible "March of Rakoczy." The count was about to enter the 100m, when the sound of the piano stopped him at the door. For some moments he stood motionless, his hands tightly stood motioniess, his hands tightly biliged to break to her, whereupon she clasped, listening to the music which de-clared his fate. Too proud to speak, or say a word of parting, he noiselessly with-drew; and long ere Odette had ceased playing he had left the house. He re-jurned to his own country, joined the marry me,' They were married."

particular cases compared with the great benefits derived from the general system. There has been entrusted to the sav-

ings banks of New York State since their beginning (from 1819 to January 1, 1876) the sum of \$2,116,858,983. There has been paid or credited to depositors during this period, as profit or interest, \$169,-429,000, while the banks hold, as a contingent fund against exigencies, a surplus of nearly \$34,000,000. The amount held by them on January first, 1876 (at this writing the statistics for the whole State up to the first of last January are not in), was \$319,000,000. These huge figures show the vastness of the interest. Now, a careful estimate of the losses that have occurred by failures places them at about three millions of dollars.

That is to say, the loss is one-eleventh of the surplus; one fifty-sixth of the interest which the banks have paid to depositors; one seventh of one per centum of the whole amount deposited with the banks; less than one per centum of the balance held last year, if the loss had all fallen upon that year. Up to 1870 the whole loss was less than one hundredth of one per centum of the whole amount of deposits. These facts do not excuse ismanagement in particular cases; they do not excuse the makers and ministers of law for any failure to throw every possible safeguard around these popular depositories; but they do vindicate the confidence in the savings bank system which has been gaining strength for the for the play. last fifty years.

A Sensitive Old Maiden.

In a certain pleasant town in the county of Surrey, England, there was a cricket ground nearly surrounded by houses. One fine morning, jus after a great match had been played, the secretary of the club received a letter from a lady "of a certain age," the proprietor of one of the adjacent houses, declaring that her delicacy had repeatedly been affronted by the sight of gentlemen " in every stage of nudity," putting on their cricketing flannels in the open dressing tent just before her windows. Would the secretary, therefore, she entreated, make arrangements for ridding her of this disgusting spectacle? The secretary wrote an apologetic note to Miss Flefye, and at the match the dressing tent was placed at the opposite corner of the cricket ground, at least three hundred yards from the lady's window. Imagine the secretary's astonishment at receiving the next morning a second letter thanking him for "his obviously kind intentions," but regretting that they "To-morrow evening," mused Odette; "why, that is to-night." She rang the gentlemen's legs, with a telescope inst gentlemen's legs, with a telescope, just as plainly as before."

A Lawyer's Wooing.

Charles O'Conor's peculiar wooing is thus told by the Washington corre-spondent of the Cleveland Herald : turned from abroad, and, finding her financial affairs in a complicated state, went to Mr. O'Conor to get his legal advice. Mr. O'Conor discovered that the commodore had died insolvent and the beautiful widow was left to the cold mercies of a selfish world without a penny to call her own. This he was obliged to break to her, whereupon she

sometimes twenty minutes lashing the sea into a foam.

Auxious to See It.

A good story comes from Hungary and is told in the Cologne Gazette. A party of strolling players came to the town of Torda and set about to give an entertainment. Everything possible to their limited resources was done to attract an audience, but when the curtain rose naught was to be seen in the auditorium but a most beggarly account of empty boxes—only here and there a man. The actor stepped to the footlights and explained that the play could not proceed before so small an audience. "What will you take to play the thing for me?" asked a gentleman named Marinka, "Fifty guiden," was the reply. "All right; fire ahead; I'll pay the shot," said the noble Maccenas. The play began, but before the end of the first act Ma-"There ! I've had rinka sang out: enough of that; let's see the second act." In the second act there was a very interesting scene, which caused Marinka to exclaim: "Here! go back and do the thing over again." In the third act the new Mæcenas yawned and cried: 'There ! that'll do. Ring down the new curtain and follow me. The curtain was rung down and Marinka took the players to a tavern, where they all made a night of it. The treat cost him forty florins, besides the fifty gulden he paid

Do Dogs Reason ?

The Sacramento Record-Union relates this incident : A resident of Sacramento is the proprietor of a dog and cat, which are great friends, and appear to have much pleasure in each other's society. in They play together, eat together and hunt together. Yesterday they were each given a piece of meat. The dog swallowed his at one gulp, but the cat proceeded more slowly, the dog mean-while standing by with a countenance which bore evidence of a willingness amounting to anxiety to help the feline with the job in hand. The cat, however, would not be assisted, but growled determinedly whenever the dog approached too near. The latter looked on reflectingly for a minute longer, but suddenly was seized with an idea. A few yards distant was a knothole at which they had taries and officers of the workingmen's trade unions. been accustomed to watch for rats and mice, Running to this hole, the canine commenced a brisk scratching and vigorous barking, as though a whole colony of rats were in sight. The cat ran to the hole to assist in the capture, and the dog completed his strategical demonstration by swallowing the meat.

A Father's Effort.

An extraordinary suit was brought before a San Francisco court. Francis Skeffington, who is penniless, sued his son John, who is very rich, for alimony and counsel fees. The plaintiff urged that he was the anthor of John's being ing." and ought to be fed, clothed and house in his old age at John's expense, Judge Wheeler ruled that the law did not compel a son to support his father, and that the old gentleman was not entitled to alimony.

The poet who wanted to be a granger, and wrote : "Beneath the Tall Tomato Tree I'd Swing the Glittering Hoe," was not so badly informed as he secmed. Mr. twenty-five feet high.

trades unionists has excited more interest than the first did. It is thought that the clergymen in this movement are imbued with the noble aspiration to prepare themselves for an intelligent dia. peel ! charge of their duties as priests. They

occasions the characters are personated

Clergymen and Trades Unions.

have noted the working classes organizing continuously and effectually, and desire to become better acquainted with the leaders of their movements. The spectacle is one of peculiar interest, as perhaps indicating the growth of a party within the State church who desire separation of the spiritual and temporal connection. The high church party are

ripe for a change, being dissatisfied with their present position. It is thought by several gentlemen with whom I have conversed upon the subject—one an editor of a London daily, one a public writer

of repute, and one a secretary of a politi-cal society-that behind the movement of the clergy to meet the trade unionists lies a desire to prepare the way for becoming the church of the people. The vast majority of the workingmen of this country are affiliated with no church, being indifferent; but if they incline any way, it is to the church of England, especially in the towns and cities. TH the clergymen of that church identify

themselves with the workmen's movements, they will easily distance the dissenters in their estimation and favor. We must not pass this movement by as unimportant, as the spirit that prompted it will continue to work, and peacefully effect a great change in the relations of

the church to the people. Many clergymen greatly regret a lost opportunity that they and the squires d with the agricultural laborers. Had these two parties united in helping poor Hodge to gain the small increase in his scant pay that he contented himself a new hoof had formed.

demanding from the farmers, they would have perpetuated their power in the counties—the Troy stronghold—for an indefinite period. Now, when the laborers acquire the right to vote, they will regard the squire and the clergy as their natural political opponents. The clergy, who have imbibed some of the liberal culture of the last half century, do not desire to see their chance pass with the town artisans as it has passed with the rural laborers ; hence their latest effort to cultivate better and more intimate acquaintance with the secre-

A Naughty Girl.

"Mary, you are very naughty this morning," said a kind old lady to a little girl whom she had taken under her care, but you must learn your lesson. will leave you for a short time, and, when I come back, I hope to find you a good girl." Mary was left in tears, and in a

very ill humor; but on the old lady's return, the tears had given place to smiles, and Mary, running up to her aunt, ex-claimed in great glee : "Dear aunt, kiss met for Mary will never be naughty again; Mary has burned that masty book which made her so naughty this morn-

Did he Really Mean It ?

Said a fond mother at the table of a fashionable Chicago hotel, the other

day : "Do you know, my little son, that the word 'menu' is French for bill of fare ?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," was the assuring reply, "menu it !" The mother fainted right there. She Scott, of Los Angeles, has a tomato vine was afraid her boy would grow up to be s paragrapher editor,

had just fallen down on the pavement. "It isn't so much that I like oranges, observed one of them, "but what a lot of people you can bring down with the

Johnny was telling his ma how he was going to dress and show off when he was a man. His ma asked : "Johnny, how do you expect to get your living when you get to be a man?" "Well," said Johnny, "I'll get married and live with my wife's pa,"

A husband finding a piece broken out of his plate and another out of his saucer, petulantly exclaimed to his wife : 'My dear, it seems to me that everything belonging to you is broken." "Well, yes," responded the wife, "even you seem to be a little cracked."

Professor of chemistry - "Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy cose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" K.--(who is preparing for the ministry, and only takes chemistry because it is obligatory)-"I would administer the sacrament.

A spendthrift, who had wasted nearly all his patrimony, seeing an acquaintance in a coat not of the newest cut, told him he thought it had been his great-grandfather's coat. "So it was," said the gentleman ; "and I have also my great-grandfather's land, which is more than you can say."

An Eastern speculator passed through the lowlands of Missouri and Kansas purchasing all sheep afflicted with footrot, paying twenty-five to fifty cents a head, and drove them to Denver, when it was discovered that the dry sand had eradicated the disease, and in many cases

A clerk in the Russian ordnance office at Alexandrapol has just been condemned to penal servitude for life for selling a plan of the fortress there to the Turks for the sum of 600 rubles. The Russian military police arrested the clerk in question on Turkish territory before he had time to part with the plan.

A calculating housewife lately applied at a register office for a new servant. She stated that she had discharged her last on the suspicion that she was dishonest, because she had given her seven apples to peel and she had only returned her twenty-seven quarters, when there should have been twenty-eight.

An Irishman by the following syllogism proved himself the best man in the world. You can (he said) find as good a man in Ireland as in any other country in the world ; and Kerry can produce as good a man as any county in Ireland; now, my brother is acknowledged to be the best man in Kerry, and I am able to beat my brother.'

A man at Placerville, Cal., having occasion recently to erect a new building where an old one stood, a party of miners agreed with him to dig out the lot, fill it in again, and give him half the proceeds. They found the earch so rich in gold that, although they had to cart it a long dis-tance in order to wash it, they made a large profit.

A curious experiment with the magnet was recently tried in London. boy had broken a needle in the calf of his leg, and before resorting to surgical instruments it was decided to try the effect of a powerful magnet in withdraw-ing the steel. After a number of experiments in different positions the needle was drawn near the surface on the opposite side of the leg from which it entered and was easily withdrawn.