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NIL DESPERANDUM.

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Rapture.

I know not death when life is all so sweet, When every rose Breathes hope into the soul ; and at my feet The green earth glows.

Oh, passionate love ! Thy song is softly born On breeze and stream ; Thou art the grace and glory of the morn-

The living dream.

Oh! I am faint with rapture, and my bliss Is full of pain ; Yet still I watch the golden sunlight kiss

The drooping grain ;

And still I watch the tenderly wooing flowers And seem to see New beauty born with all the passing hours

Oh, love ! for thee.

Hark ! Through the sleeping stillness of the air A sweet voice calls-A woman singeth of the old despair

And love that falls. Ob, rapturous beauty ! Let me wership ever Thy soul divine :

No voice of doom, no death's despair shall SOVER

Thy heart and mine.

In a Moment of Peril.

It was a most benighted place--quite "the end of the world." The nearest loghut was five miles away, and the nearest settlement---the Old Red Ranch, as it was called---thirty. The Forest family had called--thirty. The Forest family had pitched upon it quite by accident, when they had migrated from the old country ten years before. Mr. Forest had pur-chased a vast tract of uncultivated land on the Red river, and had settled there, like the patriarches of old, with his wife and children, his men servants and maid servants, his flocks and herds and everything that was his.

Since then everything had prospered with him. Wide ranges of prairie, magnificent sweeps of forest and wood, green hills and dales, belonged to him. He was literally and truly monarch of all he surveyed. His family consisted of his wife, three grown up sons, and one daughter, Nancie, a sweet mischievors, dark-eyed damsel, aged eight-een, whose capacities for flirting and mis-chief were as fully developed as any town belle's. One would not have imagined that there are much score for these model. there was much scope for these special ac-complishments in the wilds of Texas; but there was not a young fellow within fifty mites of Forest Hill who was not in love with Miss Nancie's beaux year, and not one but who would have ridden twice the distance for a kind word or a sign of favor from the somewhat capricious but always charm-

The Northcotes---distant relatives of the Forests --were the owners of the Red Ranch settlement, a place one degree more civi-lized than Forest Hill, inasmuch as it boasted one shop and a post-office. Young ed Northcote, the eldest son, was one of

of time, and they would be safe. But Hot-spur was failing. He sprang forward now with convulsive bounds; his gallant limbs trembled beneath him; every breath was a short, gasping sob. Another mile---half a mile! Oh, Heaven, have mercy! The scorching breath of the fire was upon them; they were in a wairlwind of dense. suffocat-Thursday,' remarked Fred, with a some-what incredulous smile. 'I do not suppose they are of such vital consequence." "I have no wish to make you my post-man, retorted Miss Nancie; " and it is not of the slightest consequence what you supor the signest construction with you sup-pose or do not suppose.' Fred disdained to answer, except by a most unnecessary cut of the whip on Hot-spur's glossy flank. The quarrel between the two had been in progress some days. In this uncocial style the two pressed on mile

after mile, till the sun was high in the heavens and half their journey over. the horrors behind, crept among the tan-The track was simply a narrow path gled grass. beaten through the tall gramma grass and

Fred turned on the saddle and tried to reachs of the prairie, which rose on either hand five or six feet high, all matted and tangled together with wild pea vines and creepers; it was burnt quite crisp and brown by the heat of the sun, and was as dry as index. As they benched it is provided the draw Nancie's head down on to his breast. She made no resistance ; but when he would She made no resistance; but when he would have hidden her eyes from sight, she lifted them, clearly and unflinchingly, to his. 'Don't Fred--I can face death with open eyes,' she said; and, catching hold of his hand, she pulled it gently away. As she did so a great shower of sparks, borne on the fierce wind, fell around and over them. 'Oh we dealing to thisk this should should tinder. As they brushed it in passing, the twigs and canes snapped at a touch. Right ahead, fifteen miles away, rising blue above the undulations of the prairie, was a steep bluff, the termination of a range of low hills, off-shoots of the Rocky mountains. This bluff was their landmark and guide, 'Oh, my darling, to think this should be the end !' he cried, despairingly, knowing

the end? he cried, despairingly, knowing how very near it was now. 'No, no,' she cried, 'it is not the end! S-e---we are close to the bluff! Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven!' And sh pointed to the towering rock, which a rift in the smoka disclosed rising right before them not fifty yards away. 'On, Hotspur---on, good horse --and more struggle---on, on !' she shouted, encouragingly. for a mile or two behind it was the Red Ranch settlement, or Northcotes, as it was often called. Meanwhile the clear blue of the sky was becoming overcast with a sultry leaden haze. The air was intensely hot and heavy. The wide, treeless, shadowless prairie rolled away on every side in long undulations like the swells of the great

ocean. At last Fred grew tired of keeping Cheered by her voice and hand, the brave up even a show of resentment, and began to talk again. horse gathered all his strength for one trenendous effort and bounded forward with 'How well Miss Mollie goes to-day !'

frantic leaps, But it was an expiring struggle. Ere ten yards were passed he fell 'She always does,' returned Nancie, a shade more graciously than before; she was tired of keeping silent so long. 'All the same, I would not back her to the ground gasping and panting, his brave spirit overcome at last. Fred dragged

against Hotspur.' 'No, because Hotspur would be beaten, sserted Nancie, confidently. 'Will you try?' he asked.

fire was close behind, a fearful sight. The fierce heat scorched their faces, sparks of burnt grass, cane, and splinters of wood fell 'No, I won't. It is too hot to race. How can you suggest such a thing in this blazing in showers about them. The stifling, chok-ing smoke half suffocated them, paralyzing every nerve. On, on, with frantic, flying feet; safety in front, death behind---and

⁴ Hot or not, it strikes me it is what you will have to do,' he remarked, coolly. ⁴ What do you mean?' she said, raising a such a death !

pair of dark incredulous eyes. 'Look there,' and raising his whip, Fred pointed to the right, behind them, whence the leaden hued cloud was spreading over the sky. 'What does that look like?'

Nancie turned her eyes in the direction indicated, and as she looked, her face blanched to an awful whiteness. 'Fire! The prairie is on fire ?' she cried, fearfully, 'Oh, Fred, what shall we do?'

the rock. Involuntarily she drew up her horse and gazed anxiously around. The ominous leaden gray haze was sweeplong tongues of flame as if to grasp its prey; it licked up the scanty herbage, and

ing down upon them --- already it had crept ound behind them. Below the haze a faint line, of dull red was just visible. 'Yes, the prairie is on fire, sure enough,' t! e young man said. 'Are you frightened.

She turn d her dark clear eyes to his, Inst! Her face was pale, but there was no sign of veakness about the steady, brave month. 'No, I am not frightened,' she answered. ravely, but smiling back into his anxious

A REVOLTING SPECTACLE. Sheik on Horseback Riding upon the Prostrate Forms of Hundreds of Men.

A correspondent of the New York Times writes from Cairo, Egypt, giving an account of an extraordinary Egyptian religious ceremony which took place there recently. After narming the initiascorching breath of the fire was upon them; they were in a whirlwind of dense, suffocat-ing smoke. The horse stumbled at every step-- he gasped and moaned like a human soul in extremity. Covered with foam and trembling convulsively, he struggled on. Little flames and eddies of fire, heralds of the herare behind every error the ter tory proceedings, he continues : It is now near one o'clock in the afternoon, and the motley assemblage in anxious expectation stretch their necks down the

avenue. Here they come! rushing, with banners flying; and 300, or more, Dervishes, heated, frenzied with excitement, throw themselves at full length upon the ground, side by side, and close, with heads together. Bystanders and Arab boys, in their faith or ambitions, vie for a place. With faces down, and upon the hands, we hear from the fanatics only the mutterings of prayer, prayer without intermission—"La Ell ha Ella Allah !" (there is no God but God); but not a motion of body or limb, save when an individual charged with the arrange-ment of the line pulls a body this or the contrary way, in order that its mid-dle may, with that of other bodies, form

dle may, with that of other bodies, form an unbroken line. All is ready. The miracle performing Sheik who has passed the night and the morning in fasting and prayer, is now seen approaching, ushered also by ban-ners and more Dervishes, who dart to the end, and also fling themselves along the continuing line, even well into the tent of the Sheik. Then follows the most revolting scene which has greeted the human even since the suppression of could show 2:64 every day in the week the human cycs since the suppression of the Indian car of juggernaut, of which (price \$450), and for various other pur-Nancie away, and, seizing her hand, began running toward the bluff, so near now, so near---and yet one look back she gave. The poses. His knowledge of English was most probably this ceremony is an imivery imperfect, and he was an excitable man, and when the eleventh speculator came up and asked him to lend him \$15,tation. This lonely man, passed the middle age, in the grand robes of his calling, and under a turban as sadly out 000 to start an oleomargarine quarry he of proportion as a drum major's bear-skin, mounted upon a fine Arab gray horse, with naked hoof, large and well trimmed, nears the further end of the trimmed, nears the further end of the trimmed, nears the further end of the trimmed, nears be brutal than its of proportion as a drum major's bear-skin, mounted upon a fine Arab gray that arose his portable stove was sacked ward ; he mounts the line of prostrate grinning forms ; is stendied on either icense would be revoked. Then the side by one and two assisting man who lectors for various societies began to be-siege him, and while he was driving hold to the Sheik. At a good pace the arms and staggered on. They were close to the bluff now. A dozen steps and he gain-ed the foot of the ascent. Stumbling, strughorse follows the *scis*, who has dropped the rein, and now only guides; the other three assistants keep their hold, and all them away with a club his last lot of peanuts burned. Then a delegation from the Chicago Commune visited him, and with horse and rider treading full on the bodies, hands and shoulders, and legs and ribs alike. Nothing is heard but gling, panting, he pressed on up the face of when he refused to divide, according to the principles of liberty, fraternity and The fire rushed after him, sending out equality, fell upon him as a traitor, and mashed him as flat as several pancakes. the continuing invocations, and the

multitude look on in silence and with palpitating breasts. The Sheik, with head fallen to the right, eyes seemingly raged and roared in fierce fury. But a few his ear, and stitched his nose together, the marchese started for home, wheeling his cart, which had only half a shaft and closed, affects a supernatural physiog-nomy, which suggests the irreverent ex-claims : "Husband of a Madonna !" He had no sooner passed than men jumped 'Oh, Heaven, have mercy !' Staggering, dizzy, almost frantic, he struggled on, step after step, step after step. One more ! 'Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven---safety at one wheel left, and surrounded by a bevy of anxious mothers who wanted to secure him and his title and his \$300,000 for up and ran off, but scores and scores,

their daughters. After a while he placed himself under the protection of the It was a terribly narrow escape. So close with painful features, closed eyes, and had been the fire, so deadly the peril, that it seemed as if only a miracle had saved them. Half an hour afterward, when they almost silent prayer, were lifted up, foaming with blood about the mouths, police, and about ten o'clock the coast was sufficiently clear for him to venture out. When he had nearly reached home and spirited away, evidently seriously onward to the Red Ranch, they began to realize to what an extremity of danger they injured, the equable pace of the horse carrying both fore and hind foot upon the bodies on which he trod.

A Reporter's Vengeance. LEE SINGLETON'S CRIME.

A difficulty arose between a Chicago Confession Six Years After Throwing Fellow Laborer into a Furnace. reporter and a native of sunny Italy who

Advocate.

kept a peanut stand in that city of big The Eureka Sentinel contains the folfires and keen enterprise. One day the reporter, with the daughter of a mil-lionaire hanging on his arm, passed the lowing : At the head of Culver canyon, about thirteen miles from Eureka, in a desolate and forbidden country, is a tumble down shanty, evidently built by stand of the marchese, when the latter exclaimed: "Hi-a, cully, when-a you-a pay me zose vife cents, hcm?" What happened after that the Chicago Tribune some coal burners. Some four months ago, a man in search of stray stock hap-pened to look into the shanty, and found relates as follows: The reporter went to the office and took an oath on the as-signment book to be avenged—to be the body of a man dead in a rude bunk

against the side of the cabin. A week ago, James Thornton, while fearfully avenged; then he wrote a little out hunting, sought shelter under the roof of the shanty, and found a book item headed "A City Romance," in which he stated that the marchese was an eccentric Roman prince who had given from which the following is transcribed

from which the following is transcribed : NovEMBER 17, 1876. My name is Lee Singleton. I was born in Litchfield county, Maryland, in 1841. I lived there until the breaking out of the war, when I enlisted in the Southern army, and served until the close of the war. I was wounded twice, once at Yorktown and again at the all his estates to the Church in penitence for murdering his brother, who was his rival in the affections of a beautiful countess, and that by economy, poker-dice and speculation in suburban lots he had accumulated a fortune of nearly \$300,000 in Chicago. Then he smiled a fiendish smile, and induced the city edionce at Yorktown, and again at the siege of Petersburg. Both my parents tor to give it a big display head, and died, and after the war was over I came went on his way rejoicing. That poor Italian never knew what ruined him. West and followed the Union Pacific railroad until it was completed. I then went to White Pine, and in 1871 to Eu-When he got to his accustomed station next morning there were about two hunreka, where I went to work as a feeder dred men waiting for him, to borrow at the ---- furnace My companion, money from him on ample security at ten John Murphy, was very overbearing, and insulted me on several occasions, but as per cent. a month; to get him to become partner with \$650 in a well established he was a much stronger man than mybusiness that would pay \$26,000 a year if the additional capital could only be self I took no notice of it until one day he struck me. He did not know that he secured; to sell him some Calumet real signed his death warrant with that blow. estate; to sell him a trotting horse that

but he did. While feeding the furnace the thought often came to me that it would be an easy matter to stun him with a blow and throw him into the stack, and I knew that if it was once accomplished no one could ever detect any traces of the crime. The principal difficulty was the continued presence of the ore wheelers, but as they

worked ten hours and quit at six o'clock, there was an interval of an hour, during which me and Murphy were alone, save the occasional visit of the night boss. I had to wait nearly two weeks before the him and becoming a public nuisance, his col

shifts changed, so that we came on at the same time. When the opportunity finally presented itself I stepped behind him and struck him a blow on the head with my shovel as he was stooping to get a scoopful of charcoal. To drag him to the feed hole and throw him on the Dr. Benjamin Frank charge was but a moment's work. I do

not know whether he was dead or only stunned, but it made little difference, as the fumes would have suffocated him in After the police surgeon had sewed on a moment. By working hard I succeed-ed in covering the body with ore and charcoal, and as the charge in the furnace sunk he was soon out of sight.

I went into the charcoal business, and, forming a copartnership with two other men, built the cabin in which I sit writing this statement. We burned coal here for two years, when the wood becoming exhausted, I took my share of the profits, \$2,000, and went East, but

A friend asks us if those beneath Secretary Schurz could not be appropriately called under Schurz.

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal ? One enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

There are 105 millionaires in California, many of them rating at from three to five millions, and not a few still higher.

The man on the scent for bargains is informed that two thousand acres of land were sold recently in Alabama for one cent an acre.

The king of Holland has generously offered to send 40,000 tulips to the Paris Exhibition of 1878. He has also prom-ised to have them taken care of at his own expense.

"I'm afraid it is mixed goods," said the lady to the clerk. "Oh, no, madam, impossible," replied the polite gentleman, "all our camel's hair shawls are made of pure silk direct from the worm. The khedive of Egypt is about to visit France. He will leave Cairo on the fifteenth of May, and, after a short stay in Constantinople, will proceed to Vichy-for the benefit of his health, it is said.

The serious attention of eminent scientific circles has been lately engaged on the question: " Can a clam walk ? How glad we all are there is no doubt on the more vital inquiry: "Can a clam bake ?

"Why, Sammy," said a father to his little son the other day, "I didn't know that your teacher whipped you last Friday. "I guess," he replied, "if you'd been in my trousers you'd know'd it.

A farmer's wife near Dixon, Cal., while closing the gate of a corral into which she had driven some horses, was almost instantly killed by one of the animals running against the gate. It opened outward and fractured her skull.

A western Missouri paper says : "Two weeks ago we stated that Dr. Downing was thrown from his buggy and badly hurt. We have since learned that he only had both his legs broken in two places and half his scalf torn off, and

Dr. Benjamin Franklin invented and constructed three clocks, and one of them is owned in the Old King's Arms inn, in Lancaster, England. It has only three wheels and strikes the hour. It is to be sold at auction in May, with other curious historical objects.

A woman recently entered a store and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked that she "never did like them kind of stoves, they don't throw out scarcely any heat, those gas burners don't.'

It is estimated that 2,000 business men attend the daily noon prayer meet

Two Dollars per Annum.

NO. 11.

. Items of Interest.

Mis- Nancie's most devoted slaves, and a ich, was tyrannized over quite unmerci-The young fellow was always inding his way over to Forest Hill on some retext or other. He had spoken his wishes plainly enough long before, but Miss Nancie ways a flirt. She would not say "Yes," but she divi not say " No;" and meanwhile Fred was kept, in suspense, chafing and impatient enough, and yet bound hand and foot to his willful charing lady love, and perhaps, man like, loving her all the more for her caprice.

It was a brilliant morning in April----summer weather in the far West, the sun already blazing down fiercely and promising a tropical noon-day, Mr. Forest and young Fred Northcote,

who had been spending a day or two at Forest Hill, were standing together before the pictures up porch of the long, farm-house. Fred was a brown-faced, blue-eyed young fellow, strong and athletic. He and muscle strained to the utmost. looked very handsome in his careless backwoods costume of knickerbockers and gaiters, striped blue and white shirt, light loose jacket, and broad brimmed hat shading his manly, frank face, with its soft mustache and bright keen eyes. A black horse of great beauty, deep-chested, strong limbed, was standing beside him, pawing the ground and tossing his handsome head under his master's caressing hand. Hotspur was an English horse, almost thorugh-bred. For fifty miles round there was not his equal for speed or endurance, nor, in Fred's opinion, for beauty either. Mr.

Forest was speaking. 'I hear the prairie has been on fire away by the North Forks. Mind you do not get aught. The wind sets right from there, and it is just the weather for fires.'

No fear,' laughed the young fellow, as he put one foot in the stirrup; 'I've run many a race with a prairie fire before now. Goodbye, sir.

Cousin Fred, Cousin Fred, I want to go to the Red Ranch; you must wait for me?' cried a pretty, imperious voice just as Fred's horse had made a step forward, and a tall, slight girl came' running down the veranda steps, her nut brown hair shining like burnished gold in the sunlight, a bright color in her fair arch face. Fred was down instantly, his face assuming an expression of surprise. Not half an hour before he and Nancy had had high words, and that she should voluntarily seek his escort now was somewhat unaccountable. But most of Miss Nancie's caprices were unaccountable.

'It is too hot, child,' interposed her fathcr. 'Thirty miles in this blazing sun---it would half kill you.'

'Oh, no, it would not,' urged Nancie, her dark eyes sweet and willful. dark eyes sweet and willful. 'It will not hurt nic. Let me go, daddy--do! I can ride Miss Mollie, and '---with a half shy, half mischievous look at the young man-Fred will take care of me.'

Mr. Forrest raised one or two more objec tions; but Nancie---a spoilt pet and darling overruled them all, and finally, as she always did, got her own way, and in half an hour the two were riding together through the maple woods which clothed the rising ad all about Forest Hill. Nancie and her chestnut mare, Miss Mollie, were a pic-ture to look at. The girl was a perfect rider, and in her close fitting habit of light gray cloth---the only thing suitable for the country---with its touch of scarlet ribbon at the throat, and her broad brimmed straw hat, looked her very best, and knew it, too.

'This is an unexpected honor,' began Fred, as they quitted the shade of the trees, and entered on the dry, crisp grass of the open prairie.

not flatter yourself,' returned Miss Nancie, with a toss of her bright young head. 'It suited my convenience to come. I expect to find some letters at the settle-ment which I wish to get for myself.' 'Sixty miles is a long way to ride for let-ters which I could have brought with me on grasp.

But I know the danger 'And how we can escape,' he said, reas-suringly. 'Now for it?'

were reduceo. Their clothes looked like In another moment they were flying tinder and hung on them in shreds and along. There was no need to urge Hotspur and Miss Mollie---they scented the danger and could scarcely be restrained. The bluff There was no need to urge Hotspur patches. Nancie's face was deadly white except for a vivid red scar down one side of her cheek and neck, where a scorching showed blue in the distance---fifteen miles away; and behind them was a waste of hot flame had caught it. Fred's right arm was completely disabled; his hands and face dry tinder which caught fire with lightningwere a deep crimson in hue. The fire had like rapidity. The odds against them seemed awful.

scorched him terribly. As they crept slowly along, Fred looked wistful y into Nancie's face. Looking back, and seeing how fast it was gaining on them, Fred would have given worlds to have Nancie safe at home. They reached a belt of low trees, a conspicuous 'Did you mean it, Nancie?' he asked.

nore vards !

'Mcan what?' she said, her eyes drooping landmark in the prairie. Just eight miles hvly before his. more before them [Heavens, it seemed like What you said a while ago. Will you a journey across the world! They were gal-

kiss me, Nancie, my own love?' 'Yes,' she whispered, turning her sweet loping along like race horses, every sinew Great face to his. clouds of smoke were now overtaking them, circling and eddying above their

The Humbug of Snake Charming.

heads. A pungent smelling vapor came creeping along the ground, almost suffocat-The professional snake catchers of ing them with its fumes. The dull, rushing roar of the fire increased every moment India are many of them, in addition to behind them, while the snapping of the their regular vocation, most expert jug-glers, and exceedingly adroit at all kinds cane-brakes and the crackling of the dry gramma grass was distinctly audible. Still of sleight-of-hand tricks. It is their conthey were getting on. Seven, six, five miles. stant practice to "turn down" a few The fire was gaining on them with awful rapidity, but the cliff was rising clear and tame snakes in a garden hedge or somewhere close in the vicinity of a house they intend paying a visit to, ere they present themselves before the sahib, the distinct before them. Half an hour more and they would be safe. Suddenly, with-out a moment's warning, Nancie's horse owner of the premises; and then, with every appearance of good faith, the rasstumbled in a hole, pitched heavily for-ward, and fell on her knees. Fred threw cals request permission to be allowed to himself off Hotspur in an instant and, beclear the place of snakes; at the same fore Nancie could free her feet from the time stipulating for a reward, perhaps one rupee a head for every snake they

What is it?' cried Nancie. 'Is she succeed in catching. If the gentleman of the house should happen to be a griffin, or new comer, likely enough he hurt?' And though the voice was steady, she trembled violently.

'One of her legs is broken,' he replied. 'You must ride behind me. Quick, ancie, there's no time to loose !'--will be induced to lend an ear to so plausible a request, and at length promise Nancie, out his hand to help her mount. these crafty rogues so much for each snake they succeed in catching. Soon, Quick, your hand !' to his horror and amazement, hideous

'Oh, Fred, I cannot leave her to be burned to death?' cried Nancie, bending serpents of various dimensions are produced, one from the straw in an empty over Miss Mollie, who looked up at her stall in the stables, another from the mistress with agonized eyes, and uttered garden hedge, and so on; till at last, perlow moan of intense, painful suffering. Fred drew a pistol from his holster. haps, the fraud is carried too far and discovered.

There is no other way,' he said, quitely, as he fired.

stirrup, was at her side.

The chestnut's pretty head fell prone on naja-most undoubtedly are susceptible he rank grass, a shudder passed over her gr ceful limbs, and she lay dead before to, and in a measure become fascinated on hearing, musical sounds. I have con-With a sob Nancie turned silently stantly seen, he says, tame snakes in the from her favorite and gave her hand to possession of snake catchers, on hearing In another minute they were flying the sound of pipe, erect themselves and sway their heads from side to side, and over the plain. Alss, with how small a chance now! The gallant horse, strive as he might, made but little way with his beyond a doubt show pleasure at the double burden. There were only a few miles more. Already the air was scorchstrain; but I have never once seen a wild snake go through the same perform-The smoke and vapor enveloped them ance; and I believe that only tame repin suffocating clouds, hiding the bluff from tiles carried about in baskets and "broken in " for such an exhibition so view and choking them with their stifling breath. The roar of the fire sounded fearconduct themselves. I have repeatedly fully near, the moments flew fast and the offered snake charmers five rupees to deadly sounds behind grew every moment bring out from its sanctuary, by means more distinct. The wind had increased to a tempest, which blew the smoke in denser of music, a cobra known by me to be "at home," but invariably all their efforts

over them. A lurid yellow glare have been in vain. tinged the heavy rolling masses, the heat of the furious conflagration was perceptibly The lately deceased Henri Monnier 'Is there a chance?' whispered Nancie, looking fearfully behind as the good horse stood once upon the beach of a watering place near an old man and his wife, who

were viewing the ocean for the first strained onward. Yes, if we can hold out for ten minutes time. lady, " is the perpetual movement of the sca-the waves-the tide." "Madam," more,' he answered.

'Heaven help us!' she cried, closing her eyes as a furious blast of wind brought a

felt.

said Monnier, solemnly, "that motion is produced by the fish. They wriggle about a good deal, and wag their tails violently. That causes the waves. When they get tired of swimming near the shore they all write simulations. breath of fierce heat against her cheek. He drew her arm closely round him, taking one small hand in an eager, covetous the shore they all retire simultaneously,

' Pray for us, Nancie,' he whispered, quietly and the sea follows them. That cause Only two miles now. Ten little minutes

How Washington Set the Fashion.

It was possibly during his stay in New York in 1789 that Washington began to wear on his coat the conch-shell buttons, now in possession of Captain Lewis' daughter. A new fashion in dress, introduced by a President, is worthy of record, especially when there is an in-teresting story connected with it. This story, related by Robert Lewis, illus-trated by Robert Lewis, illustrates two strikingly characteristic traits of Washington-generosity and economy. A needy sailor with a wheelbarrow of shells accosted the general on the street, and, holding up a number of conch-shells, implored him to buy them Washington listened with sympathy to the story of his sufferings and want, and kindly replied that he would buy them if he could in any way make use for

them. Necessity perhaps sharpened the sailor's wits, and he promptly suggested that they would make lovely but geance. tons for his velvet coat. The general doubtless smiled at the ingenious pro posal, but agreed to try them. Carrying home his ocean treasure of pink shells, he sent for a button-maker know if he could manufacture a useful article out of the pretty playthings with which he found himself encumbered. The workman replied that he could make the buttons if he could find an instrument sharp enough to pierce them. Washington would have nothing useless about him, and so the shells were delivered to the manufacturer, who in due time returned them to him in the shape of concave buttons, a little larger than a of his friends called, bringing with him quarter of a dollar, with a silver drop in the center hiding the spot where the eye is fastened beneath. The President his intention of putting an end to his then astonished the republican court by appearing in a coat with pink conchshell buttons sparkling on its dark vel-vet surface. Eighty years ago, it seems, fashion ruled in the hearts, or over the costumes, of men and women, just as it does now--for Captain Lewis bears tes-

A writer states that certain descriptimony that conch-shell buttons immeditions of serpents-chiefly of the genus became the rage. The shell ately venders' and button-makers' fortunes were made by the general's passion for utilizing everything that came into his possession.

"Pray On My Plate, Too."

A little bright eyed three-year-old was seated in his high chair at the dinner table. Mamma had arranged the little uneasy, while for the moment his prightliness and fun had made him the observed of the family. She had placed him snugly up to the table, pinned on his bib, and succeeded in getting the little mischievous hands quiet, and making him "hush," when father proceeded to ask the blessing. While this was in progress our little chubby made a discovery. It was that all the plates on the table, except his own little plate, were in

one pile at "papa's place," and as it seemed to him were put there to get the benefit of the solemn ceremony. So, carcely waiting for the "Amen," "What puzzles me," said the old held out his own plate in both hands, saying: "Please, papa, pray on my plate, too,"

"Madam,

A Chinaman thus explains the object of the Celestial order of Freemasonry : "One Chiny man-he bad-steal-he belong-put him out. S'pose Chinyman lazy-no work-put out. S'pose good -work, no steal-he-sick-we pay; he die, we cachee box and put him in."

he was sand-bagged and gone through Eureka. by a highwayman, who had tracked him

all day, and who, when he only found two nickels and a door-key on the marchese, sand-bagged bim till he was blackand-blue and sore all over. After lying senseless a while he managed to crawl to his lonely hovel, and found that a gang of enterprising burglars had already been there and torn up the floors, and ripped up the bed, and smashed up the with furniture and dug out the chimney pickaxes, looking for his \$300,000. The poor Italian had merely strength enough to crawl to the river and pitch himself in, and as the reporter was going home about two A. M. and saw the splintered peanut-cart he knew that his vengeance was complete, and, hurrying back to the office, put a little item in the "Per sonals" to say that the Italian marchese and millionaire, whose wealth had been lescribed the day before, had purchased a palatial residence at Naples, and left Chicago the evening before to occupy it and spend the remnant of his days in opulence. Such was the reporter's ven-

An Incomplete Tragedy.

A curious case of attempted suicide is recorded in Paris. A certain gentleman, employed upon the Bourse, was observed to grow gloomy and morose in manner, which was ordinarily gay. His habits, too, which were active and regular, underwent a change, and for two days it was noticed that he did not leave his apartment. This gave rise to some anxiety among the occupants of the not go any further on that train, they house. Nor was it lessened when one a letter he had just received, in which the unhappy stock-broker had conveyed life

A policeman was immediately sent for, and the stock-broker's apartment was at once visited. Upon opening the door a painful scene was revealed. The body owed most of his celebrity to the quaint of the stock-broker was stretched upon manner in which he managed to disemthe bed; the windows were fastened, and barrass himself of his creditors. No all interstices carefully covered up, with sooner did a dun present himself than strips of paper, while the fireplace, too, was air-tight. Charcoal had clearly been too. he was ushered into a room hung round chosen as the means of death. But that the horrid step had been taken during the full possession of reason seemed too evident, for the cage of a fatures were nearly as sharp as a knife; in a third he had several heads; and in a vorite parrot had been hung outside the window, to save the bird from an untimey death. An empty punch bowl was by the bedside, and a heap of charcoal lay long drawn visage of an undertaker. On upon the floor.

one side of the room he saw himself all But wonder upon wonder ! head and no body; on the other side it seemed as if a dwarf had put on the party entered the body moved; it rabbed its eyes; it sat up. The porter's wife al-most fainted with fear. All, however, boots of a giant. No applicant, however pressing, was known to resist this chamwere presently much relieved to find that ber of horrors for more than a quarter the stock-broker, having got everything of an hour. ready for execution, had drunk off' the punch, and before putting a light to the charcoal had succumbed to a dead sleep, A man in difficulties is a poor fellow who was smashed up in a railroad disasand so escaped the sleep of death.

ter near Vincennes, Indiana. The omnivorous reporter published his name in the list of wounded, two regularly de it at Ryton, on the Tyne, in England, wedded wives came to nurse him, and neither would give him up to the other, by which three lives were lost, it is reso both kept him in possession. The publication disclosed his whereabouts to ported that the boatman's dog, a retriever, seized a woman and attempted to

was too strong, and the drowning woman with the dog holding fast to her, drifted a quarter of a mile down the river, where the police authorities, who wanted him on criminal charges, as well as for a large reward offered for his apprehension, and five detectives are guarding the house in which he lies, waiting to take him if he does not conclude to bear no longer the "ills he has," but "fly to others that he Iknows not of." the animal, by an extraordinary exer-tion, brought her ashore at Ryton Willows. It was then found that she was dead,

fter four years' wandering, returned As soon as I finish this I shall take the

I cannot go to a worse hell than what I

have been in for the last six years. If

any one finds this statement they can

books of the smelting company, and

they will find mine and John 'Murphy's

name on the pay roll, and if R. M. Wal-

We have inquired into the matter, and

find that John Murphy mysteriously dis-

appeared about the time mentioned. Mr.

says that when Murphy disappeared he

had eighteen days' wages due him, and

Tramps on Their Travels by Rail.

A freight train on the Erie railroad

had in it two cars, on each of which was

a huge stationary engine boiler, shipped

about the cars who hadn't properly en-

stopped the employees made an inspec-

tion of the aforesaid boilers. On opening

the doors out crawled from the two fire

that those boilers were not Queen Vic

toria palace coaches, and that they could

appeared quite crestfallen. One, how-ever, confidently remarked that they

Truly Parisian

A gentleman has just died in Paris who

A Sea of Troubles.

to stop at Waverly.

the money was never called for.

allis recalls the circumstances, and

LEE SINGLETON.

was the night foreman at that time.

ings organized in the various centers of trade in Boston. The first held for the representatives of the press was presided poison, and lay down in the bunk. I over by an editor of the Boston Journal, don't suppose that any one over passes and was attended by 120 persons. this way, and I shall probably lay here and rot, or the vermin will feast on me.

A lady in Rome, the Scatinel says who is an enthusiastic Republican, named her canary bird Jim Blaine, He did not sing much, but she loved him tenderly, verify the truth of it by looking over the until last Saturday she discovered that Jim Blaine had laid an egg. Now she declares that no dependence can be placed on a politician.

lis is still in Eureka, he will remember the fact of John's disappearance, for he There is a lady who has fed the sparrows in Madison square, New York, every morning regularly since October last, never having missed a day, no matter what the weather. The little birds know her some distance off and flock about her by the hundred while she scatters the bread crumbs.

A safety envelope to prevent tamper-ing has been devised. On the flap the words "attempt to open" are printed with a double set of chemicals, the first impression containing nutgalls and the second green vitriol. If the flap be steamed or moistened in any way the magic printing will appear.

from Jersey City to San Francisco, When near Waverly the engineer, on "What do you do for a living ?" asked a farmer of a burly beggar, who applied at his door for cold victuals and old looking back, discovered passengera " I don't do nothing much but clothes. gaged transportation, and when the train travel about," was the answer. "Are you good at traveling ?" asked the far-"Yes," replied the beggar. mer. 'Then let's see you travel," said the boxes twenty grimy tramps. When told farmer.

Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to were "bound for California in them bilers somehow." A close watch was kept, and the whole troupe were obliged hear ladies talking of stilettoes, bodkins, gatherings, surgings, hemmings, gorg-ings, cuttings, whippings, lacings, cuffings and bastings! What a list of abominables !

They were husband and wife, and as they stood before the capitol at Washthey stood before the capitor at "Wash-ington she asked: "What's that figure on top?" "That's a goddess." he answer-ed. "And what's a goddess?" "A woman who holds her tongue," he replied. She looked at him sideways, and

with a variety of mirrors, some convex, then began planning how to make a others concave, etc. In one the unfortu-nate creditor beheld himself with a head peach pie with the stones in it for the benefit of his sore tooth. as flat as a flounder; in another his fea-A story told in the American colony at

Dresden is of an encounter between one of the young lieutenants of the army fourth he was upside down. Here he and a stalwart American. They jostled had the broad grin of a clown, there the on the sidewalk, and the officer drew his sword. Thereupon the young American knocked him down violently enough to stun him, and having broken the sword over his knee, laid his card between the pieces and proceeded calmly on his way.

> Burlington Hawkeye : "When a San Franciscan gets to be immensely wealthy he builds a palace of a stable, with marble halls, Brussels carpets, and hot and cold water in every stall; a Chicago mil-lionaire builds a hotel nine stories high; a New Yorker builds a hospital; a Bostonian builds a college, and a Burlington man builds another bay window to his house and paints his front fence."

It has been said that unmilitary men imagine that soldiers are always fighting. imagine that soldiers are always the gen-One of the Duke of Marlborough's gen-erals dining with the lord mayor, an al-erals dining with the said : "Sir, yours must be a very laborious profes-sion." "No," replied the general, "we fight about four hours in the morning, and iwo or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves.

In connection with a recent boat acci-