

# The Elk County Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877.

NO. 15.

## Eolan.

The following strikingly original and picturesque poem is by a young lady in Ohio. If she can continue to do as well as she has in these her first numbers, she will yet rank high among our American authors.—*New York Graphic.*

A legend of the winds. Euroclydon,  
That driveth from the bitter Thracian shore,  
Brings this: What deeds the sea and I have done  
This passing night will make men murmur sore;  
Too deep that hath already goodly store  
Of jewels and wrought gold and coined gold.

Hath gathered through his smitten secret door  
A largess richer by a thousand fold—  
Great perished lives—and this is all that shall be told.

A legend of the winds. The herald West,  
That hatches from the sea beyond the straits,  
Brings this: Long, long and vexed hath been  
Their quagmire.

Who seek the lands before the sunset days,  
But pace shall soon betide those tossed ship-mates  
A glad green shore the morning light shall show,  
And moorings safe beneath the palms and date—  
There, waving meads men neither reap nor sow;

There, fields of asphodel and poppy sprung  
A legend of the winds. Aquilon keen,  
That bloweth through the North wild flames  
Of fire.

Whose plumes are lancee felt though all unseen,  
Brings this: Three weavers have the gods  
In three  
To weave you well the garb of your desire,  
With days and powers and all delights are fed.  
Their distaffs feeding still the swift wheel's  
Ere:

On the lands' verge they sit and draw the thread—  
On the white shore where none are living,  
None are dead.

A legend of the winds. The idle South,  
That singeth old remembered songs most  
Dear.

As who within a dream lifts to his mouth  
A sighing mellow reed, yet doth not hear:  
The sound that breathes: All through the  
golden year  
Are flowers and fruits together on the  
boughs:

Song hath a pleasant tentage there, anear  
A deep, sweet stream, where many come  
with vows,  
And all crowned with some cooling green  
upon their brows.

## CONSTANCE'S STORY.

When my husband, Roscoe Arnold, asked me to marry him, I refused. I told him I did not love him as he loved me—that I had never loved him, because I had felt it for another—that other man, who had been my husband I had to give only a grateful affection. Would that suffice?

He said that it would. He told me after that, through the kindness of a friend, that my husband had told me that I had loved him. I said that I had never loved him.

From his first, Roscoe was a good husband. If I did not appreciate him, he was not unhappy. I had a bright, beautiful home which Roscoe named *Hesperides*. The library was extensive, the conservatory luxuriant. Books and flowers being my ruling passion, my husband had taken especial pains to gratify me. After our boy was born, and everybody now named him a most healthy and beautiful child, Roscoe said to me:

"Constance, are you happy now?"

I looked straight into his honest brown eyes as I truly answered: "Yes, Ros."

He bent and kissed me with a delight I had never known him to show. "I am glad," he said, "that you are mine." He murmured, "That was all he said."

A few days later I received a letter. I asked whom it was from.

"My sister," he answered.

"I know that you had a sister," I said, in surprise.

"No, I have never spoken of you to Ora. When my parents died in my boyhood, Ora was a lady, and she was in a moment in New Orleans, where she was raised with her children. I have only seen her once since. She is very pretty. This letter tells me she is to be married."

He gave me the letter to read. It was written on delicate, fragrant paper, the penmanship easy and graceful, but rather too dense. Rather a brief communication, prettily expressed, asking us to come to the wedding.

"To New Orleans in July? I am afraid to take baby, and I could not leave him."

"I see that we cannot go. It is impracticable. I will write and tell Ora."

"And give her my love. Say that I hope she will be very happy."

I had been present at but one wedding in my life, and that was not my own. It was six-and-twenty. It was very different from what I thought it would be when I was eighteen. At eighteen I had been betrothed to Ivan Gray, at twenty I married Roscoe Arnold.

The suggestion of another wedding brought back the past to me. When I was a child, and my father was in the army, he had a private cabin, and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

The letter, a vignette—a face handsome as a Greek god, with a perfection of contour that must ever be fascinating. As I looked at it, the power of my father's face came back to me. I had never seen him since he had left me. I had not seen him since he had left me. I had not seen him since he had left me.

"See here, Constance—here's a treat for you. Aren't they beauties?"

My favorite flower? I took the splendid things from him and put them in a crystal globe of cool water.

"See here," said Roscoe.

He had pulled off his straw hat, and the curling hair about his forehead was literally dripping with perspiration.

"See here," said Roscoe.

I brought him some cool water to bathe his face, laid out for him some fresh clothing, and went away to see if dinner was ready. This I took up again, the present.

Another year went by. I was surrounded by comfort; tenderly cared for. I resolved not to unloose the reserved cabinet again.

I was reading in the parlor, one June morning, while Melissa, the nurse, was leading little Lily along the garden walks, when a carriage came whirling up the drive.

I sprang up, fearing something had happened to my husband. But, by the time I reached the open hall door, a lady, alone, was coming up the steps from the carriage. She was very young, richly dressed, and instantly addressed me:

"Are you not my brother Roscoe's wife?"

she asked, "I am his sister Ora, from New Orleans."

"I don't remember how I welcomed her, but I know she was a young lady in Ohio. If she can continue to do as well as she has in these her first numbers, she will yet rank high among our American authors.—*New York Graphic.*

A legend of the winds. Euroclydon,  
That driveth from the bitter Thracian shore,  
Brings this: What deeds the sea and I have done  
This passing night will make men murmur sore;  
Too deep that hath already goodly store  
Of jewels and wrought gold and coined gold.

Hath gathered through his smitten secret door  
A largess richer by a thousand fold—  
Great perished lives—and this is all that shall be told.

A legend of the winds. The herald West,  
That hatches from the sea beyond the straits,  
Brings this: Long, long and vexed hath been  
Their quagmire.

Who seek the lands before the sunset days,  
But pace shall soon betide those tossed ship-mates  
A glad green shore the morning light shall show,  
And moorings safe beneath the palms and date—  
There, waving meads men neither reap nor sow;

There, fields of asphodel and poppy sprung  
A legend of the winds. Aquilon keen,  
That bloweth through the North wild flames  
Of fire.

Whose plumes are lancee felt though all unseen,  
Brings this: Three weavers have the gods  
In three  
To weave you well the garb of your desire,  
With days and powers and all delights are fed.  
Their distaffs feeding still the swift wheel's  
Ere:

On the lands' verge they sit and draw the thread—  
On the white shore where none are living,  
None are dead.

A legend of the winds. The idle South,  
That singeth old remembered songs most  
Dear.

As who within a dream lifts to his mouth  
A sighing mellow reed, yet doth not hear:  
The sound that breathes: All through the  
golden year  
Are flowers and fruits together on the  
boughs:

Song hath a pleasant tentage there, anear  
A deep, sweet stream, where many come  
with vows,  
And all crowned with some cooling green  
upon their brows.

When my husband, Roscoe Arnold, asked me to marry him, I refused. I told him I did not love him as he loved me—that I had never loved him, because I had felt it for another—that other man, who had been my husband I had to give only a grateful affection. Would that suffice?

He said that it would. He told me after that, through the kindness of a friend, that my husband had told me that I had loved him. I said that I had never loved him.

From his first, Roscoe was a good husband. If I did not appreciate him, he was not unhappy. I had a bright, beautiful home which Roscoe named *Hesperides*. The library was extensive, the conservatory luxuriant. Books and flowers being my ruling passion, my husband had taken especial pains to gratify me. After our boy was born, and everybody now named him a most healthy and beautiful child, Roscoe said to me:

"Constance, are you happy now?"

I looked straight into his honest brown eyes as I truly answered: "Yes, Ros."

He bent and kissed me with a delight I had never known him to show. "I am glad," he said, "that you are mine." He murmured, "That was all he said."

A few days later I received a letter. I asked whom it was from.

"My sister," he answered.

"I know that you had a sister," I said, in surprise.

"No, I have never spoken of you to Ora. When my parents died in my boyhood, Ora was a lady, and she was in a moment in New Orleans, where she was raised with her children. I have only seen her once since. She is very pretty. This letter tells me she is to be married."

He gave me the letter to read. It was written on delicate, fragrant paper, the penmanship easy and graceful, but rather too dense. Rather a brief communication, prettily expressed, asking us to come to the wedding.

"To New Orleans in July? I am afraid to take baby, and I could not leave him."

"I see that we cannot go. It is impracticable. I will write and tell Ora."

"And give her my love. Say that I hope she will be very happy."

I had been present at but one wedding in my life, and that was not my own. It was six-and-twenty. It was very different from what I thought it would be when I was eighteen. At eighteen I had been betrothed to Ivan Gray, at twenty I married Roscoe Arnold.

The suggestion of another wedding brought back the past to me. When I was a child, and my father was in the army, he had a private cabin, and took out a packet of letters and a photograph.

The letter, a vignette—a face handsome as a Greek god, with a perfection of contour that must ever be fascinating. As I looked at it, the power of my father's face came back to me. I had never seen him since he had left me. I had not seen him since he had left me. I had not seen him since he had left me.

"See here, Constance—here's a treat for you. Aren't they beauties?"

My favorite flower? I took the splendid things from him and put them in a crystal globe of cool water.

"See here," said Roscoe.

He had pulled off his straw hat, and the curling hair about his forehead was literally dripping with perspiration.

"See here," said Roscoe.

I brought him some cool water to bathe his face, laid out for him some fresh clothing, and went away to see if dinner was ready. This I took up again, the present.

Another year went by. I was surrounded by comfort; tenderly cared for. I resolved not to unloose the reserved cabinet again.

I was reading in the parlor, one June morning, while Melissa, the nurse, was leading little Lily along the garden walks, when a carriage came whirling up the drive.

I sprang up, fearing something had happened to my husband. But, by the time I reached the open hall door, a lady, alone, was coming up the steps from the carriage. She was very young, richly dressed, and instantly addressed me:

"Are you not my brother Roscoe's wife?"

## Thoughts for Saturday Night.

We ask advice. But we mean appreciation. Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

Anger is blood, poured and perplexed into a frothy, but malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

Wise anger is like fire from the flint; there is a great art to bring it, and when it does come it is out again immediately.

Praise is a debt we owe to the virtues of others, and due unto our own from all whom justice hath not made mate or enemy to ourselves.

It is sometimes God's mercy that men in the eager pursuit of worldly aggrandisement are lulled; for they are very like a train going down an inclined plane—putting on the brake is not pleasant, but it keeps the car on the track.

It is true there is nothing displays a genius—more than a quickness of genius—more than a dispute; as two demagogues encountering contribute to each other's luster. But perhaps the odds is much against the man of taste in this particular.

All our distinctions are accidental; beauty and deformity, though personal qualities, are neither entitled to praise nor censure; yet it so happens that they color our opinion of personal qualities to which mankind have attached responsibility.

Architecture is the printing press of all ages, and gives a history of the state of society in which it was erected, from the Cromlech of the Druids to those top-shops of the East—Cotton House and Brighton Pavilion. The Tower and Westminster Abbey are glorious pages in the history of time, and tell the story of an iron despotism and the cowardice of unlimited power.

As the arrival of enemies make a town to fortify itself, so that ever after it remains stronger; and hence a man may say that enemies were no small cause to the town's strength, so to a mind once fixed in a well-pleasing determination, who hopes by annoyance to overthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all its best grounds; and so, perchance, of a changeable purpose, make an unchangeable resolution.

Art is the microscope of the mind, which sharpens the wit as the other does the sight, and converts every object into a little universe of itself. Art may be said to draw aside the veil of nature. To those who are perfectly unskilled in the practice, unaided with the principles of art, most objects present only a confused mass.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of the beautiful. All the higher arts of design are entirely chaste without respect to the object. They purify the thoughts as tragedy purifies the passions. They are the seeds to whom not even a vestal is holy.

I have a serious preacher who speaks for my sakes, and not his own; who seeks my salvation and not his vainglory. He but deserves to be heard who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. Nothing is more detestable than a pedantic declaimer, who retails his discourses as a quack does his medicines.

—*Missionist.*

## Imports and Exports.

The chief of the Federal Bureau of statistics furnishes a statement of our commercial transactions with foreign countries for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, from which the following items of information are extracted. The exports of domestic products, re-exports of foreign commodities and imports of merchandise have been annexed:

Domestic exports.....	\$655,463,969
Re-exports of foreign goods.....	21,270,635
Total.....	\$676,734,604
Imports.....	476,677,871
Balance.....	\$200,056,733

Owing to the fact that the domestic exports are presented in mixed values of gold and currency and the imports in gold the foregoing balance is an apparent one; the real balance, however, will be sufficiently large to show that we are living well within our means and making preparations for a better order of things at home. England and her possessions have our best customers. Of the \$655,463,969 of domestic products sent abroad they took \$422,416,539, and \$13,394,387 of the \$21,270,635 of foreign commodities re-exported. Germany was our next best customer, her purchases amounting to \$51,107,147. France and her possessions received from us \$48,327,696; Spain and her possessions, \$24,169,791; the Netherlands and Dutch Indies, \$13,692,513; Russia, \$11,922,285, and the balance distributed among the several nations of the old and new worlds, Greece receiving the smallest amount, \$143,235.

## A Nevada Court.

The following are the ceremonies incident to a term of court in Churchill county, Nevada. The judge arrives at the county seat, puts up his team and sends an Indian runner in search of the sheriff and county clerk. The sheriff and clerk arrive, and the sheriff, standing up in his stirrups, proclaims: "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye; the district court of the Fifth judicial district in and for Churchill county is now open." Then the judge hitches up his team, gets into his buggy, and says: "Mr. Clerk, this court stands adjourned for the term." Then the sheriff and clerk and the Indian sit down in the sagebrush and play Indian poker, and the judge bids them a pleasant good-bye and drives off.

## A Spouting Cow Well.

The town of Wilcox, Pa., possesses a rare curiosity in the shape of a spouting cow well. There is an immense reservoir of gas in the hole, together with a ceaseless supply of water, and there is evidently a gigantic and never-ceasing struggle between the two elements for the mastery. For a few moments the gas will throw the water to the height of one or two hundred feet, followed by a puffing the gas) a volume of fire. Then the water will run back into the hole.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Turning Cows to Pasture. There is great difference of opinion among dairymen in regard to the time when cows should be turned to grass. Many contend that all kinds of stock should be kept off pasture grounds during spring until there is a good growth of grass. In other words, the herbage should have obtained such a start that the stock will not be able to eat it down short during the season, and thus they believe a supply is more fully insured.

Another plan, practiced by many, is to let stock have the full run of pastures as soon as the snow is off the ground, although it is to pick on the grass and eat of the early vegetation as soon as it springs up. The chief reason urged for this latter course is, that the change from hay to grass in feeding should be as gradual as possible, in order that stock may be kept in good health; that, if cows are turned to grass suddenly from dry feed upon luxuriant pastures, the change is very liable to produce serious troubles—excessive scouring—bloating and other disorders that impair health, often for a considerable length of time, and even if they do not lead to any permanent injury, they cause the loss of her milk for longer or shorter periods.

Now, a middle course between the two plans named, we think, is to be preferred, and will give the best results. In the first place, it may be remarked, pastures should be put in good condition by allowing stock to range over the fields early in spring before the ground is settled, and while it is soft and easily trodden up. The "poaching of the land" by the frequent tread of cattle destroys the grass in places, while the surface is rendered uneven or filled with holes made by the feet of the cattle, when the frost is coming out of the ground it is often rendered so loose in texture that the roots of the grasses are easily pulled out, and cows feeding on the old herbage not infrequently injure the turf by pulling up grass by the roots. It will be advised to turn stock upon pastures until the ground is fully settled and is not in condition to be injured by the feet of cattle. Nothing is gained by allowing pastures to get a tall growth of grass before turning stock upon them, because they trample the tall grass down, and, by neglecting to feed other portions, it soon becomes hard and woody and will not be eaten.

Grass is sweetest and gives the best results in milk when it is eaten off at regular intervals, and is not allowed to get a large growth. Cows will eat the product is greater, while the exhaustion to the soil is less than it is where tufts of grass are allowed to mature and go to seed. Cows ought not to be turned on once from hay to pasture, since a sudden change of this kind will be apt to affect their milk. Cows will range an hour or two at first, and so allow them gradually, from day to day, to become accustomed to the change of food, and they should be fed from time to time with hay after they have been turned to pasture. Cows will range an hour or two at first, and so allow them gradually, from day to day, to become accustomed to the change of food, and they should be fed from time to time with hay after they have been turned to pasture. Cows will range an hour or two at first, and so allow them gradually, from day to day, to become accustomed to the change of food, and they should be fed from time to time with hay after they have been turned to pasture.

The Impertinence of Beggars. A lady who is quite benevolent, says that each person who solicits alms has a peculiar style of his or her own, and that that style is either made up of gross impertinence or a professional whine. She has yet seen only a few who did not in some manner consider it a favor to have their alms refused. One man, a young fellow, always addresses those from whom he solicits gruffly as follows: "Guv me some cold victuals." Another in a doleful way says: "P-l-e-a-s-e m-a-r-m, give me a penny to buy a loaf of bread for my sick mother." If a penny is refused, he never gives up, and another man, and for several minutes bombards the house with feminine imprecations. One woman is always after clothing. She is familiar with the name of about every piece of clothing a man, woman or child would be likely to wear, and she makes a separate inquiry in regard to each, as to whether she has it to spare, not being satisfied until she has gone through the whole list, and in her mind checked off each article, unless the door is closed in her face. One day she was given a white skirt, and after looking it all over she inquired: "Hain't you got one with a ruffle on to it? I think that looks so much more genteel."

Bloodthirstiness of the Crab. By observations made at the New York Aquarium, it has been discovered that the hermit crab possesses more intelligence than it has generally been given credit for. The following incident not only illustrates this, but shows that the crab is an animal of prey: One day a good-sized Lafayette fish was seen with one of these crabs clinging to its gills. The fish gasped, struggled violently and shook itself as if to rid itself of its tenacious enemy. The crab would not let go. The fish grew gradually weaker until its struggles ceased, and it sunk to the bottom of the tank. The crab then began to feed upon its victim. Upon examination it was found that the crab had actually pinned the gills of the fish to its sides, preventing it from breathing.

A "Lion" Hunt in Virginia. A telegram to the New York Herald says: The animal supposed to have been a lioness, which created such consternation and terror among the citizens of Hanover and Henrico counties, has at last been killed. It was tracked from the upper portion of Hanover county to the low grounds on the banks of the Chickahominy, and then down the Brooke turnpike to a point within five miles of Richmond. The tracks of the strange beast were plainly visible in the farm of Mr. Dorcott on the Brooke road, and by actual measurement they were over five inches in width, and four in length; these tracks were sunk so deep in the newly plowed soil as not to leave the slightest doubt in the minds of the experienced zoologists and hunters that the animal was a lioness, or some such monstrous beast. Wherever it was seen the people fled for fear of being attacked, and the greatest caution was observed by the parties who had been hunting it for a whole week. In the upper portion of Hanover a regular military force, composed of the rank and file of the militia, was organized to pursue the beast.

But every effort signally failed until the animal was discovered in a shed adjoining a barn, near Hungary, in Hanover county, by Mrs. Samuel Bowles, when she went to milk the cows. As soon as she saw it she ran back to the house and in a terror-stricken manner related to her husband the fact that she had seen the lion. Mr. Bowles before returning to the spot fired off a pistol and gave the alarm to the neighbors, and soon a party arrived with rifles and shotguns. The lioness was then stealthily crept to the barn, entered it and securely fastened the door behind them. They then made a reconnaissance, and through some chinks in the weather boarding saw the supposed lioness lying in a corner of the shed.

Nothing was to be seen, and soon they inserted the muzzles of their rifles in the opening between the boards, and at a given signal, after taking deadly aim, a leaden volley was poured into the body of the animal and it expired almost instantly. When they were satisfied it was dead the body was inspected by the various slayers, and found to be that of a male animal of a dark yellowish color, measuring five feet ten inches from nose to tail and two feet eleven inches in height. It was an enormous carcass, the like of which had never before been seen in that section of country. But it was not until parties had arrived from Richmond that it was discovered to be a monstrous dog, a cross between a Newfoundland and a Mastiff St. Bernard, which had recently been brought to this country by Mr. Benjamin Barbour. The animal had strayed off and kept the country in a state of intense excitement. The military forces and hunting parties were all disbanded, and Hanover once more rests quiet.

Capture of Famous Brigands. Writing of Sicily, says a correspondent, reminds me of the capture of the Alfani brothers, two famous brigands, who were arrested in Palermo on Easter Sunday. The two brothers, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious plan was laid to capture them. Two police agents disguised themselves as peasants out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within a few paces of the door, the two police agents, who had been for some time the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose heads was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusted friends, the police, in some mysterious way, had covered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious