VOL. VII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1877.

NO. 19.

Only a baby, Kissed and caresand. Gently held to mother's breast

Only a child, Toddling alone, Brightening now its happy home

Only a boy, Trudging to school Governed now by sterner rule.

Living in dreams : Full of promise life now seems

Only a man, Battling with life, Shared in now by loving wife.

Burdened with care, Silver threads in dark-brown hair. Only a graybeard, Toddling again, Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound. O'ergrown with grass, Dreams unrealized-rest at last.

THE TREASURE SHIP.

A Story of Naples in the Seventeenth Century.

CHAPTER I.

It is a bright summer morning in the early part of July, 1647, and the sun is shining brilliantly upon the blue sweep of the bay of Naples, and the little toy towns that stud its curving shore, and the rocky headlands of the distant islet of Capri. A ship of war, with Spanish colors displayed, lies at anchor about half a mile from the shore, her flaunting pennant telling to all whom it may concern that she has on board no less a person than a Spanish admiral.

ish admiral.

The anchored vessel is brig-rigged, and deep down in that capacious hold lie, in addition to down in that expactions hold he, in addition to her other lading, twenty substantial casks, hooped with iron, in which are stored three hundred thousand ducats of Spanish gold—the subside sent by "his most Catholic majesty" to his trusted viceroy at Naples, the Duke of

Arcos.

It is, perhaps, the consciousness of this im portant trust which gives such an anxious look to the pale and dissipated, and still undeniably handsome face of the young admiral, Don Juan

Fernandez.
At first sight, indeed, the apprehensions of At first sight, indeed, the apprehensions of the young indle might seem to be hardly war-ranted by circumstances; for, with her twelve-big guns, and her crew of forty-five seamen and twenty soldiers, the Spanish brig appears well able to take care of herself; and even were it otherwise, what enemy has she to fear in a harbor belonging to the king of Spain? harbor belonging to the king of Spain?

But it is net merely the thought of his valuable freight which disquiets Admiral Fernandez:
he has another and far more serious cause of apprehension. In this town that lies before him, with a Spanish garrison in its midst, and half a score of nobles of the "bluest blood" in Spain, within its borders, some strange commotion is evidently taking place—all the more alarming because, as yet, utterly mysterious.

Along the strasts nearest the water's edge, crowds of men may be seen rushing, with gestures of furious excitement, and the stillness.

ares of furious excitement, and the still of the squamer morning is broken by the hoarse booming roar in which the wrath of a great multitu le ts itself, when about to second its word to deeds. Figures in Spanish dresses a scried, ever and anon, hurrying up the steep winding path that leads to the citadel, with the speed of undisguised terror; its word

while the very air rings with a cry only too common in the streets of every Italian city, and always heard as the forerunner of some

fearful tragedy:

"Popolo, popolo! moriano i tiranni!" (The people, the people! death to the tyrants!)

Mingling with this shout, too, comes the sound of a name which the haughty grandee now hears for the first time, but which he is fated to know to his cost before long : "Long live Masaniello of Amalfi!"

That morning a seemingly trivial dispute in the fruit-market, arising out of the insolence of a petty official, had brought down upon the bewildered Spaniards, as it appeared to them, the attack of the whole city at once. The sol-diers had been killed or put to flight—the splendid mansions of the Spanish nobles stormed, pillaged, and set on fire—the few survivors forced to take refuge within the walls of the citadel, now the only spot of ground pos-sessed in his own city of Naples by the king of sessed in his own city of Naples by the king of Spain; and in the seat of Judgment, where the magnificent Duke of Arcos had lately sat to administer injustice, was now enthroned a slim, dark-evel, bare-footed young fisherman, known vesterday only as Tommaso Aniello of Amalfi, but henceforth memorable to all time as Ma-anuello of Naples

samello of Naples.

That the popular fury was directed against his own countrymen, the admiral's eyes had already told him; and it was vitally important to ascerted which party was gaining the as-cendency, and what share he might himself be able to take in the struggle. But this was easier said than done. Although he had lain at anchor said than done. Although he had lain at anchor all the morning, in full view of the shore, not a single boat of any kind had yet come off to him; and therefore it was with no small satisfaction that he at length descried a huge, unwieldly barge, loaded with hay, coming slowly toward him. It was propelled by two men, while a third—a man of colossal stature and powerful frame—managed the helm. But, to his surprise and chagrin, the barge suddenly veered and stood away in the direction of Capri. and stood away in the direction of Capri. Plainly this would not do. Don Juan seized a speaking-trumpet and hailed the passing

"Pilot, aboy!"
"Hollo!" ans: "Hollo!" answered the colossus at the helm, putting his huge hands to his month and sending through them a prolonged bellow, deep and house as that of a mountain bull.

"Come alongside of me."
"I haven't time," responded the steersman,
"Where art thou bound for, then, fellow?"

"It is all on the way, then. Come alongside

I want a word with thee."

"Not I!" "By St. Yago of Compostella, but thou shalt, hough!" cried the young admiral, sternly. Obey, speedily, or I'll fire a ball or two through

"Keres and Malaga, at thy choice," answered
Don Juan, laughing at this turn of the conversation.

sation.
"Ah! that's another matter. In that case, I'm

quite at your service."
"By St. Autonio, thou'rt a cool fellow!" said "By St. Antonio, thou'rt a cool fellow!" said Fernandez, whose reckless humer was tickled by this cool audacity. "However, if thou'it come on board and answer me a few plain questions. I think we can find wherewithal to satisfy thee, though thou look'st like one that would empty a whole cask at one gulp!"

"Thanks, noble captain!" answered the giant,

altering the course of his craft as directed.

And then, as the barge approached the vessel, he bent forward and said, in a deep undergrowl, as if speaking to the mass of hay just in front of him.

"Keep close, can't you, you dogs, till the time comes? If they were to see you peeping

out!"
"Captain," responded a wild face, the glitter of whose black eyes could just be descried through the hay, "we must have air to breathe, you know. We are all choking in

here!"

"Choke as much as you like!" responded the incorable captain; "but don't show so much as the tips of your noses until you hear the signal, or you'll spoil all. And if you do".

In another moment the barge was in contest. nal, or you'll spoil all. And if you do"—
In another moment the barge was in contact
with the side of the Spanish vessel, and in perfect safety from the threatening guns overbead. A rope-ladder was let down, and the
gigantic captain, with a lurking grin on his

weather-beaten face, climbed it as nimbly as a cat, and stood upon the deck of the Spaniard.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

The impatient admiral might perhaps have watched the approach of the barge with less satisfaction had he been present at the conference which had taken place an hour before in the market-place of the revolted city, where Masaniello was assigning to his various adherents their several parts in the great work of the day; a programme in which the vessel of Fernandez occupied a very prominent place.

"I hear from some of our prisoners," said the young leader, in his clear, firm voice, "that that vessel in the roadstead carries a large sum of money, part of which is intended for the pay of the soldiers who hold the citadel yon-der. Now, you know the Spaniards, the moder. Now, you know the Spaniards, the mo-ment they find themselves baulked of their pay, will mutiny, as a matter of course, and then the fortress falls into our hands without stroke of sword. That yessel and that treasure must be taken, cost what it may, and, to do such a deed, I know to better man than your-

must be taken, cost what it may, and, to do such a deed, I know so better man than yourself, my Gennaro!"

The man to whom the last words were addressed was a huge, black-bearded fellow, whose tattered red shirt revealed through its rents the thews and sinews of a Hercules. It would have been difficult indeed to find a better specimen of his class, whether physically or morally. By turns fisherman, brigand, sailor, fruit-seller, he had faced every danger and committed every violation of law which could well be faced or committed by any human being.

When he heard himself named by Massaniello for the conduct of an enterprise which most men would have regarded as all but certain death, the jovial grin which lighted up his dark face might have befitted a school-boy listening to the unexpected announcement of a whole holiday.

"Lads!" he roared, in a voice that dominated all the surrounding clamor, "I want fifty men for a job. Who'll follow?"

The rush of shouting volunteers that nearly swept him away the next moment, showed plainly enough that, if he had called for five hundred men, instead of fifty, he might have had them all.

"Fifty are enough," said he, with a decision which admitted of no reply. "Follow me down to the harbor, and there I'll tell you what to do."

But, although he spoke so boldly, the worthy leader was really in no small perplexity as to what he was to do himself. To attack openly,

leader was really in no small perplexity as to what he was to do himself. To attack openly, with a flotilla of light fishing boats, a vessel which could send them all to the bottom with which could send them all to the bottom with one broadside, was not to be thought of for an instant; and no feasible method of ambuscade occurred to him at the moment. Pondering this knotty problem, he emerged upon the quay, where the first object that caught his eyes was an enormous barge loaded with hay, which had come in from Capri the night before. "Troyate!" (Found!) shouted Gennare "Troyato!" (Found!) shouted Gennaro exultingly, slapping his huge thigh with a hand as broad and hard as a trencher. "Who owns

this barge?"

"I," piped a pale, meager looking man, coming timidly forward.

"Good," said Gennaro, eying him from head

"Good," said Gennaro, eying him from head to foot, very much as a lion might look at a monkey. "Well, my friend, we want the loan of your craft, and the hay in it, for a few hours, in the service of Masaniello and the people. You don't object, I suppose?"

The unfortunate proprietor saw clearly enough that, if he did object, he stood a very good chance of finding himself at the bottom of the harbor in another moment; and he hastened to protest his hearty affection for Masaniello and the good cause, and his perfect willingness to sacri'ce in their behalf, not merely his barge, but everything else that he possessed.

possessed.
"Bravely spoken!" cried Gennaro, clapping him on the shoulder, with a grin which showed how thoroughly he appreciated the situation. "Now, lads, be smart and hide yourselves der the hay. I want two of you to help me

to manage the craft; the rest keep close till they hear me call out: 'Good luck to our fishing' Do you understand?"

Apparently they did, for in a few moments net a man was to be seen, except the two whom Gennaro had selected as his assistants. Having completed these arrangements, the daring leader hoisted his luge, three-cornered sail, and stood out in the direction of the galleon.

CHAPTER III.

Gennaro's first care, on finding himself at length upon his enemy's quarter-deck, after the dialogue that has already been related, was to glance keenly, though stealthily around him, in order to ascertain what resistance he might have to expect. His eyes brightened as he noted that not more than a dozen of the crew were on deck—that even they were either asleep, or nearly so—and that the only men capable of making any instant opposition, were the admiral himself and two of his officers. The hatches once battered down, and those be-low thus imprisoned, the ship and her con-The hatches once battered down, and those below thus imprisoned, the ship and her contents were at his mercy; and, as he saluted
the admiral, a sinister smile broke over his
dark face, which might have somewhat disturbed Fernandez had he observed it.
"Well, now, fellow!" asked the latter, impatiently, "what are those countrymen of
thine doing yonder in the town?"

"Ah, signor," answered the giant, with an air of well feigned horror, "they've been doing some very bad deeds—San Gennaro protect us all!"

"Wby, what are they about, then?" inquired the admiral, with a look of some disquiet, while the two officers edged forward to hear

the answer.

"I could toll you better if my mouth were not so dry, noble signor," answered the lazzarone, with a significant gesture.

"Ah, I see! you want to remind me of the wine that I promised you. Well, help yourself;" and he handed his strange guest a silver that.

sk. "Lads!" cried Gennaro to his caremen, who were still on board the barge, "this noble signor is good enough to offer us some wine. Come up, both of you, you rogues, and drink his excellency's healta, and 'good luck to our dating!"

fishing!"
So speaking he planted his huge bulk in front of the admiral, as if to hide from the latter the view of something that was passing behind; while his two rowers—who had sprung up the moment they were called—planted up the moment they were called-planted themselves to right and left of him (apparent-ly with the same object) and watched very

ly with the same object) and watched very keenly his every movement.

"And now, your excellency," pursued Gennaro, when the bottle had been passed round, "in thanks for your good liquor, I'll give you all the news I can, though it's bad news at the best. The lazzaroni are up—and they have beaten the soldiers, and driven the duke into the citadel—and they're burning and pillaging at their pleasure—and Masaniello of Amalfi is at their head."

At that moment a slight noise attracted the

At their head."
At that moment a slight noise attracted the ddmiral's attention. He stepped aside, so as to carry his eyes past the towering figure that blocked their line of view—and beheld a sight

which startled him not a little.

There stood on the deck before him, not two men, but twelve; and others were clambering up as fast as they could scramble, each with a long knife between his teeth, and a business like look on his face that was anything but reassuring.

reassuring.
"Ha!" cried Fernandez, starting back,
"what means this?"
That question was fated to have no answer— "What means this?"

That question was fated to have no answer—
in words at least; for the only reply to it came
in the form of a crushing blow from Gennaro's
sledge-hammer fist, planted with such hearty
good-will in the admiral's august visage, that the
latter fell senseless upon the deck as if struck
down by a shot. At the same moment, the
two officers were felled by the ready oarsmen,
while the rest of the lazzaroni came pouring
over the bulwarks to support their chief.

"Six of you tie these fellows, and pass
them down into the barge," said Gennaro,
colly. "The rest of yoa follow me!"

In a twinkling the hatches were clapped on
and battened down, fore and aft, catching
those below in a trap; and not a soul remained
to confront the fifty desperadoes, save the
handful of seamen, who now started from their
sleep at the noise of the souffle.

But their presence availed nothing to change
the fortune of the day. Unarmed, bewildered,
soarcely realizing what had taken place, they
were completely at the mercy of their numerous and powerful antagonists. In less time than

it takes to tell it, they were all beaten down or flung overboard, and the great prize was fairly in the hands of its daring assailants.

"Corpo santo!" cried the gigantic leader, rubbing his brawny hands with a grim chuckle, "these gudgeons don't take long to net, anyhow! Now, lads, force open the hold, and out with the money—quick!"

how! Now, lads, force open the hold, and out with the money—quick! The command was obeyed as soon as uttered; and, one after another, the ponderous casks were dragged on deck, and lowered into the

But, in the meantime, the imprisoned crew

pelow were not idle.
"Captain," said one of the Neapolitans,
"the rats will be out of the trap again before

"the rats will be out of the trap again before long!"

"I'll give them something else to think about, then, when they do come!" answered Gennaro, kicking over a barrel and coolly setting fire to the overflowing spirit. "Now, my men, down with those last four casks, and away we go!"

Gennaro's farewell blow was the deadliest of all. The flames made such progress that when the imprisoned crew at length forced their way on deck, all hope of pursuing the plunderers, or even of saving the ship, was preforce abandoned. Two hours later the stately vessel was lying helplessly on her side, a smoking wreck; her crew were floating at the mercy of wind and wave on a hastily constructed raft; Fernandez and his two subordinates were in the cellar of a house in the market-place securely guarded; and the captured gold was being portioned out by Masaniello in the interests of the insurrection.—Illustrated Weekly.

THAT BIG FROG.

How the Guileless Policemen of a Detroit

It was remembered afterward that he had a sneaking, low-down look, and the boys were sorry that they didn't arrest him as the Nathan murderer. He called at the Ninth avenue station and asked if they had an aquarium there, and if they didn't want a Lake St. Clair frog to put

in it, and he added:
"Gentlemen, it is a frog which I caught myself, and he really ought to be on exhibition. I never saw a frog of his size before.' "How large is it?" inquired a ser-geant, instinctively glancing toward the

top of the coal stove.
Gentlemen, I hate to give you the figures, because I'm a stranger," replied

"There's some old whoppers up in the lake," put in one of the relief squad. "I've seen 'em as big as a stove-cover, and even bigger.' "Well, some one ought to have this frog who can feed him up well," said the stranger. "I ain't much on natural sci-

ence, and I've seen about all there is to see, but this frog-great heavens! Some man ought to take him round the coun-"How did you catch him?" asked the

captain.
"Run him down with a tug and threw fish-net over him."

"And he's a monster, ch?"

"A monster! Well, I don't want to give you dimensions. Three reporters were at my house last night to get his State."

"I've heard sailors tell of seeing frogs up there as large as a nail keg, but thought they were lying," observed

the sergeant. "Nail keg! Why, d'ye suppose I'd come around here with a frog which you could put into a nail keg!"

"I suppose he'd go into a barrel," tremblingly remarked the sergeant.
"Gentlemen, you may have sailed across Lake St. Clair," coldly replied the stranger, "but its plain to me that you never shoved a boat through the marsh-Would I fool away time on a frog no larger than a barrel! Would a tug-

boat chase such a frog?"
"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if this rog was as large as a hogshead." said captain, "I've seen 'em up there

even larger than that." "A hogshead! Gentlemen, I see that you'don't care for this frog, you are willing that I should ship it away to some

other town. Good-bye, gentlemen."
"Hold on!" called the captain, holding out his last cigar. "We believe you, of course. If you said this frog was as large as a wagon-box I should believe you, for I've seen 'em up there fully as arge as that. Please give us the dimen-

sions of this frog."

The man lit his cigar, took a pill box from his vest pocket, and shaking out a frog not over three days transformed from a pollywog he quietly observed: "Gentlemen, get out your tape-lines!"

When they rose up he had vanished. Not a single club hit him.—Detroit Free

Centennial Awards.

The following presents the complete number of awards by country, given by

| the Centennia comi | megioners : | |
|---|-------------------|---|
| Argentine Republic 83. Austria | Spain | 8 |
| Africa/Orange Trees | Parala | _ |
| State) | Switzerland | 2 |
| Brazii | United Kingdom | 6 |
| Chili | Cape of Good Hone | |
| Denmark 30 | Canada | 5 |
| Egypt | New South Wales. | |
| German empire605 Hawaiian islands 12 | New Zealand. | - |
| Italy 448 | South Australia | |
| Japanese empire142 Mexico75 | Tasmania | |
| Netherlands195 | Venezuela | 7 |
| Norway141 Peru | Grand Duchy of | |
| Portugal953 | United States 5. | 1 |
| Russia450 | | _ |

A Sharp Trick.

In the Glasgow Herald is related as harp a trick as ever was played with horse-flesh, and that is saying a good deal. A match was made between a cattle driver and a farmer, the bet £50, as to which of their horses would first reach an inn in Linlithgow, driven from Edinburg, the first at the goal in full harness to receive £100. One of the wagerers, fearing to lose, ordered a special engine and horse box, then allowing nimself after the start to get, behind, on coming to a station he put his team aboard and by special train soon reached Linlithgow. The other man drove quiety on, much delighted to find himself one on the road, but on reaching the inn was told to his disgust his opponent had arrived there twenty minutes before him, his horse in full harness being first

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. For the Household.

Number Cake.—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; two tablespoons mo-lasses; three cups of flour; four eggs; one teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoons of cream tartar; one cup of raisins; spice to taste.

RICE AND APPLES.-The following is a very nice thing, especially for the children: Core as many nice apples as will fill the dish; boil them in light molasses; prepare a quarter of a pound of rice in milk, with sugar and salt; put some of the rice into the dish, then put in the apples and fill up the intervals with rice, and bake it in the oven until it is a fine

rag with cayenne in solution and stuff it into the hole which can be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of open-ing communication with the depot of supplies.

Woman's Sphere.—As house-mistress as and as mothers, women have duties to perform quite as important in their results, if not so extensive in their area, as any that fall to the lot of men. As the former, the comfort and happiness of a greater or less number of people depends principally on them; as the latter, they influence and mold the future generation, and so are the ultimate sources whence flow the current of events, and the creators of the characters in which history is to be written. But for the most part they enter on these important duties with no preparation that can be called serious or sufficient, and act as if knowl-

edge comes by the grace of nature. How to KEEP Cool .- Now the warm weather is coming on, the following extract from a lady's letter to a Western paper may be read with profit: "I devise ways and means to keep cool, and find the best is to take a tepid bath every day, and avoid all fats, eat as little meat and butter as possible, but use largely of milk and fruit. I make Graham mush for breakfast. Make it the same as you would corn meal mush sifting the meal slowly into boiling water. Five minutes cooks it sufficiently. Dip coffee cups into water, then fill with the mush, and place in a pail of cold water for five minutes; then turn into saucers and the mush will be beautifully molded. Rich milk or sweetened cream is an excellent

dressing for it, and then if you add fresh berries-well, just try it." MUSTARD PLASTERS.—How many peo-MUSTARD PLASTERS.—How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard plaster? Not one in a hundred at the most, perhaps, and yet mustard plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe their application. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour, but such a plaster of length over all, breadth of beam and carrying capacity, but I wouldn't let them in. I don't care for the glory of the capture, but simply desire the adwith a little flour; but such a plaster as this is simply abominable. Before it has I half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a painful, flayed spot, after having produced far less effect in a beneficial way then was intended. Now a mustard plaster should never blister at all. If a olister is wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard plaster. Use no water, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister on the skin of an infant no matter how long it

is allowed to remain on the part. A Wash for Fruit Trees.

The following is recommended by a commission of fruit-growers, presided over by Professor Cyrus Thomas, State entomologist of Illinois, and is part of a very full report, embodying advice as to the best means of fighting the insects that infest the orchards of that State: Insects and mildews, injurious to the leaves of seedlings and root grafts, can

be kept in subjection or destroyed by a free use of a combination of lime and sulphur. Take of quick or unslaked lime four parts, and of common flour of sulphur one part (four pounds of sulphur to one peck of lime); break up the lime in small bits, then, mixing the sulphur with it in a tight vessel (iron is best), pour on them enough boiling water to slack the lime to a powder; cover in the vessel close as soon as the water is poured on; this makes also a most excellent whitewash for orchard trees, and is very useful as a preventive of blight on pear trees, to cover the wounds in the form of a paste when cutting diseased parts; also for coating the trees in April. It may be considered as the one specific for many noxious insects and mildew in the orchard and nursery; its materials should always be ready at hand; it should be used quite fresh, as it would in time become sulphate of lime and so lose its potency. Wherever dusting with lime is spoken of, this should be used. This preparation should be sprinkled over the young plant as soon as or before any trouble from aphides. thrips or mildew occurs, early in the morning while the dew is on the trees. The lime and sulphur combination is destructive to these pests in this way first, by giving off sulphuric acid gas, which is deadly poison to minute life, both animal and fungoid; and the lime destroys by contact the same things, besides its presence is noxious to them; neither is it injurious to common vegetable life, except in excess, unless the lime to the foliage of evergreens.

A Test for Eggs. An egg is generally called fresh when it has been laid only one or two days in summer, and two to six days in winter. The shell being porous, the water in the interior evaporates, and leaves a cavity of greater or less extent. The yolk of the egg sinks, too, as may easily be seen by holding it toward a candle or the sun; and when shaken, a slight shock is felt if the egg is not fresh. To determine the precise age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it is one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel; but if three days, it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, it will come to the surface, and project above it in proportion to its

increased age. Some children are in the habit of calling their father simply "Pa," but a happy parent of twins should be called "Papa."

RALSTON'S FAMOUS PALACE.

a Silk Dress. A San Francisco correspondent of the New York Sun writes: To-day we have spent at Belmont, the magnificent country seat of the late Wm. A. Ralston. We have been the guests of Senator Sharon, into whose hands Belmont fell after Ralston's suicide. Belmont is situated about twenty-five miles from San Francisco. It contains about 210 acres of irrigated land, in the middle of which is a palace, which cost \$1,500,000. There are twenty-five splendid horses, greenhouses filled with thousands of rare exotics, and orange, banana and

A Use For Cayenne Pepper,—Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and store-room free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance of the dwelling, saturate a self in debt to the fabulous sum of \$16,president's seat in the Bank of California, and went out to the bay and drowned himself. Senator Sharon, who is considered to be worth anywhere from ten to twenty millions, now keeps up Belmont, and entertains his friends there every Sunday. It is here that he entertained Lord Dufferin, Gen. Sherman, and, in fact, where he has entertained almost every person of note who has visited the Pacific coast. But Ralston used to entertain his friends here by the hundreds. It was no uncommon thing for him to have fifty people at breakfast. No fairy tale can surpass the real story of Ralston's princely enter-tainments. He would often charter a train of cars out of San Francisco, fill them with his friends, and, with bands of music, wine and sumptuous banquet, make a night of it at Belmont.

sound when he was doing these startling things?" I asked Senator Sharon, as I wandered and wondered through mirrored rooms and among marbles and ster carpets. "Do you not think it was incipient insanity?" "Yes," replied the senator. "I think

Ralston's mind was wrong for a year before his suicide. His unselfishness was a mania. He lived entirely for his friends. He would wear the coarsest clothes, eat the commonest food himself,

saw that Ralston was on the verge of

"And he died owing?"—
"He died owing sixteen millions. He was president of the Bank of California, but the bank's capital was only a shell for years. It was all used to carry on his magnificent schemes. Why, when he died he was carrying Belmont at an expense of a hundred thousand dollars a year; carrying four millions in the Palace Hotel, a hotel which cost six millions in gold; carrying a million or so in the Grand Hotel and adjacent property on Montgomery street; building a million-dollar private residence on Pine street, and, besides, was carrying several manufacturing companies, and keeping up the credit of the Bank of California to a ten-million dollar standard when it was an insolvent shell, hopeless-

ly bankrupt. "And you knew how the bank stood?"
"Yes, I knew it at last; but Ralston
was too proud to tell me. I had two
millions in the bank, and when we pushed Ralston to tell us how it stood he hadn't the face to do it. Broken hearf ed, he looked away vacantly, and said: The cashier will tell you, and then, grandly and sublimely, rather than tell

of his own misfortune, put on his hat, walked heroically to the beach and killed himself. "And the effect on the people was"-"Simply awful! It was dreadful. Hundreds of bankrupt men shed tears in the street—not because Ralston had ruined them, but because they loved him—because all San Francisco loved the man. He had taken sixteen millions of dollars from the capitalists of San Francisco and given it to the people. They worshiped him, and what wonder

that they should?"
Mr. Edmond L. Goold, a guest Senator Sharon to-day and a personal friend of Ralston, gives me the following incident in the life of the unfortunate man, which affords a clew to his character. Mr. Ralston in 1848 was a clerk on a

Mississippi steamboat. He was generous and poor. One day he went into the banking house of Lake & Martin, in St. Louis, and accosting Mr. Martin familiarly, said :

\$500 ? "I don't see how we can, Billy," said Mr. Martin, "unless you can give us

Ralston scratched his head a moment and admitted that he couldn't give any security. Said he: "Martin, the fact is, I'm broke—dead broke—but I've got a chance to go in with C. K. Garrison down at Panama, and I must have \$500

This was in '48. "Did Ralston ever pay Martin?" I

Ralston.

The Romance of the California Bank President's Life-How Warwick Martin Col-lected an Old Debt and Betty Martin got

"Do you think Ralston's mind was bronzes, and over Aubusson and Axmin-

but when it came to a friend, or even to a casual acquaintance, he delighted to startle him with the most lavish enter-

"You were his partner?" I suggested.
"Yes, we built the Palace Hotel together; but before it was half done I ruin. I don't think now, when I look back, that poor Ralston ever had a hun-dred thousand dollars free from all debts

"I say, Martin, can't you let me have

some security. Who can you get to in-dorse for you?"

to get there." After a while Mr. Martin decided that he would lend Ralston \$500 on his own account and run the risk of payment, and giving it to him Ralston started down the river to join Commodore Garrison.

asked Mr. Goold. "I'll tell you how it was," said Mr. "Goold. Raiston forgot all about it, or else he lost track of Martin. But four-teen years afterward I met Martin in New York. He was broke then himself -gone all to pieces-hadn't a dollar, Ralston at this time was at the meridian of his glory, spending money by the millions. Well, one day Martin came up to me looking very seedy, and asked me if in my travels in California I had

"Billy Ralston?" said I. "B-i-ll-y R-a-I-s-t-o-n! why I know a man by the name of William A. Ralston-used to be with Commodore Garrison in Pan-ama. It was Fritz, Ralston & Garrison

in San Francisco, but now Ralston is at the head of it."
"Well, Mr. Goold, that's the same Billy Ralston that borrowed five hun-

"telegraph ten thousand dollars to the credit of Warwick Martin—quick!" and Ralston danced around like a crazy man.

"The next day," continued Mr. Goold, "Warwick Martin received a rear accelerated Giles' speed until he rear accelerated Giles' speed until he accelerated of the speed until he continued to the continued to the speed until he continued to the cont

hen he hurried off to Lees & Wallers,

screen at Mr. Lees. "You say I have some to my credit here." "How much are you expecting, and who from?" asked the banker, carefully, as is the custom with people who receive

as is the custom with people who receive money by telegraph.
"I'm looking for five hundred dollars, from Billy Ralston," said Martin.
"No five hundred to your credit here," said the banker, "but there is ten thousand to Warwiek Martin.

"Ten thousand?" gasped Martin,
"Yes; ten thousand dollars!" "Well, 'taint me," said Martin, sor-

"If your name is Warwick Martin, you can take this ten thousand dollars," said Mr. Lees.

of Betty-thought of the dress I promised her, and then took the money and 1,453; pounds. It is probably the largest sneaked home like a culprit. I handed bear of its species ever seen in Califor it to Betty, but I never smiled for two days, I was so afraid the mistake would | Giles intends to present it to President be detected. But when I got a letter from Ralston himself," said Martin, "I tell you there was a high old celebration in our house !"

when he died?" I asked Mr. Goold.
"Funeral, sir! I should say he did. Why, I was in that funeral procession for four hours, and never moved out of my tracks." How was that ?" "Why, the head came to a halt be-

fore the tail started. It was the first

procession ever seen in San Francisco

"Did Ralston have a great funeral

where the tail processed four miles without moving.

Words of Wisdom. Omission of good is a commission of It is absurd to be serious about trifling

matters.

but little sense.

the winnowing machine

The memory should be a storehouse, not a lumber-room. You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading; but thought is

He that lends to all shows good will,

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it. The great master of even a single instrument of music is indeed a wizard.

He chains us in the slavery of delight, and is the only despot that rules over willing captives. Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any tault which has escaped our notice, but because it shows that we are known to others as well as ourselves and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what

we desire to conceal. The Convict's Blind Daughter.

Benbury Floyd, of Chowan county, N. C., aged about sixty years, was convicted of a trivial larceny in 1873 and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. He had been a good soldier, and was said by his neighbors to have been a kind-hearted and obliging man. He had no wife, chick or child in the world except a little blind daughter about fifteen years old, who was in the blind asylum. Last week, says the Raleigh Observer, Superintendent Gudger came to Govenor Vance and told him the condition of this little girl, and that having been in the asylum the full term which the law permitted, she would have to be discharged, and he did not know what to do with her, as she had no home or friend to go to, except this poor felon father. The governor promised at once to pardon him. The pardon was issued, and Mr. Gudger, placing it in the hands of the little girl, went with her to the penitentiary to liberate her father. The scene between father and daughter was melting in the extreme. She could not see the felon's stripes and the haggard prison-look, and he, poor man, could look with pride and ever met a man by the name of Billy fondness upon the fair but sightless face of his child; something pure and inno-cent still loved him. Throwing themselves into each other's arms they wept uncontrollably. After a little, hand in hand, they went away.

TRAPPING A BIG BEAR.

Surprised While Preparing for His Capture-Why a Hunter Grew Nervous.

"Well, Mr. Goold, that's the same Billy Ralston that borrowed five hundred dollars of me down in St. Lonis in '48. Do you think he could pay it back now?"

"Pay it back!" said Mr. Goold, "why you're joking. Pay it back! Ralston pay five hundred dollars! Why, Martin, Ralston can pay five million dollars."

"Well," said Martin, "when you see Billy in Frisco, you just tell him bout me—and if he ain't strapped and if 'twont break 'Lim up, I just wish he'd pay me that five hundred dollars."

"The fact of it is," said Mr. Goold, as he told the story, "I thought Martin was joking. I had no idea that Ralston owed him anything. But when I got like the same of the same of the same of the unter's Flat, some ten miles north of West Point, Calaveras county, Cal. John Giles, who has been profitably engaged in trapping in the mountains above, the past winter, visited a Mr. Hall, who owns a small ranch on Hunter's Flat. A few hours previous to Giles' arrival a bear had paid her respects to one of Hail's Berkshire hogs, leaving the smaller portion of it under an oak tree for future lunch. Giles owns a large steel trap, weighing sixty pounds, which was hauled to the oak tree. A pine some nine inches in diameter Grew Nervous. was joking. I had no idea that Ralston owed him anything. But when I got back to California I thought I'd banter Ralston about it. So one day when I was in Ralston's room, I said jokingly:

"You're a nice fellow, Ralston, to be cheating an old friend out of five hundred dollars, ain't you?"

"All Ralston about it. So one day when I was in Ralston's room, I said jokingly: reaching the oak. The heavy chain attached to the trap had an enormous swivel at the end, which was securely fastened to a strong iron bolt inserted in the buttend of the pine. The remains dollars, ain't you?"

"What do you mean?" said Ralston.

"Why, when I was in New York the other day, a man by the name of Martin"—

"What!" exclaimed Ralston, jumping to his feet, "Warwick Martin!"—

"Where's his address?" "Here!" he shouted to the cashier of the bank.

"telegraph ten thousand dollars to the cashier of the bank." The oak. Before Giles got started in the ensuing race Hall had taken the lead. telegram from Lees & Wallers, 34 Pine street, to call and receive something de-back and note with a grateful heart that posited to his credit."

"By jingo!" said Martin to his wife,
"I'll bet Billy has sent methat five hundred dollars. If he has, Betty, you can pick out a silk dress at Stewart's," and hours. Giles had no weapons with him, "I called to see about some money," and when the time expired Hall advanced trivial objections, but offered to screen at Mr. Lees. "You say I have some to my credit here." pressed him to explain his apparently cowardly behavior, and the blushing and stuttering friend said that he was recenty engaged to the reigning belle of West Point. Giles shouldered the rifle and started in the direction of the trap. He found the epicure with his left fore paw in the trap, which he had dragged some five hundred yards, tree and all. When he caught sight of his jailer his rage knew no bounds in his efforts to get at "Well, 'taint me," said Martin, sor-rowfully. "It's some other Martin, and 'taint from Billy, after all. Just my luck!" and Warwick drew his hand my luck!" and Warwick drew his hand this brow, and sighed with disaphead only penetrated the skin. Several shots in the region of the heart finally brought him down, but he did not die until three hours after. When the monster had been skinned, his head, back of "By Jupiter!" said Warwick, as he narrated the incident to Mr. Goold, "I didn't think 'twas mine; but I thought The carcass when dressed weighed nia. The skin is a very fine one, and

An Exchange of Bites.

Some Glastonbury parties recently captured a couple of rattlesnakes—a large one and a small one—and brought hem in a box to town to exhibit. The larger snake was about three feet long and eight or ten years old. While a number of people were looking at the reptiles, a man named Grover, a butcher, came along, and, announcing that this kind of cattle didn't scare him a bit, he took the big snake out of the box. Holding it around the neck he performed a number of fearless tricks with it, and at length actually put its head into his mouth several times. Then, getting bolder, he announced that instead of the snake bitting him he'd bite the snake, and he made a pass toward it with his head and planted his teeth on the snake's throat. But in doing it he brushed his cheek close by creature's mouth, and in an instant, like a flash, it drove its fangs into his cheek. The blood spurted out in a needle like stream and the fun was over. The spectators at once (it by good luck being at hand) produced an abundance of gin and stuffed the man full of it. Dr. Stocking was sent for and ordered a continuance of the treatment. Against all protests the patient was deluged with liquor and by the next day he was so far recovered as to be up and around. In two days he was at work again as usual. He will probably not bite "that kind of cattle," as he called it, any more.

-Hartford Courant. A Plucky Servant Girl.

A tramp entered the house of D. B. Dennison, in Great Falls, N. H., one evening recently, in the absence of the family. and ordered the only servant girl to deliver the money and valuables in the house or be murdered. She begged for her life, and the tramp stood in the hall and allowed her to go up stairs under the pretense of getting money, when she procured Mr. Dennison's revolver, and, from the top of the stairs, or-dered the tramp to leave or she would shoot. He made threats on her life, but before he reached her she shot and he fell. Two other tramps came to his assistance, and while taking him away, he remarked: "John, I am hit." The police searched in vain for the tramps all night. The girl fed the one who attacked her just before night. She is only about twenty years of age.

Female Society.

To a young man, nothing is so imporant as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some aimable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the temptations that burst on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown, for qualities that will "wear well. thing at least is true—that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures A Newton or a mere scholar may find enjoyment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

Mrs. Abigail F. Griffin, aged ninety-two, regularly serves her old established newspaper route in Boston, both morning and evening.