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We Cannot Be Alone.

I thought to be alone,
So left the busy world, with all its life,
Its joys, its griefs, its cares, its bitter strife,
And to the woods I strayed one mirth day,
Where solitude and silence would have way,
For oh, I longed for both! No friends craved I,
Nor need words to speak of sympathy;
So, in the grand old woods I sought relief,
Where utter loneliness and silence brief,
One short hour could be known.

I thought to be alone,
But found the woods alive. Each dell and glen
As full of bustle as the haunts of men;
For there small insects chirped in peevish way,
And leaves kept rustling in each tall tree,
With snaps the grasshoppers rubbed their wings,
And wild birds sang, and bees were noisy things.
"Those woods have too much sound and life,"
I cried,
"To soothe my heart," so left its shadows wide
For other hearts unknown.

I thought to be alone,
So turned my steps toward the great, wide sea,
And sat upon the beach, for majesty
And solemn stillness brooded o'er the spot
Full well I knew. But ah! I quite forgot
That ebbing tides flow near the shore,
And dancing waves will murmur to the sea;
These often roll, and swell, and crash, and roar,
As madly leaping the surf against the shore,
Where silence is unknown.

Alone? No more I mean,
But turn, with fearful eyes and drooping head,
Resolved earth's busy paths I now would tread
Without a murmur. Joy, and laugh, and song,
No more should fret! I would myself prolong
The tumult—work, and sing and pray,
And strive, by doing good, to drive away
The morbid gloom that solitude would crave
Which God forbids—for felt we gay or grave.
We cannot be alone!

A GOOD TURN.

It was not intended in the Magilvray family that Miss Alice of that name should ever be a benefactor. Not that young Eugene was not good enough for the said Miss Alice, but that, being exceedingly pretty, bright and attractive, she might do better, as the phrase goes, and the Magilvrays were greatly in need of her doing better. In their old days Eugene had been a miser, now, owing to disaster, poverty, ill luck, and lack of enterprise, they were no bodies. If Alice, the flower of the family, should have a success matrimonially, it would bring her much less lovely sisters into connection with them, comparatively speaking, to do well, and her brothers would have some sort of business chance might meet them. Mrs. Magilvray begged many a tedious hour in speculations on the advantages that would follow a brilliant marriage on Alice's part; and she probably never felt in the splendid dresses and jewels that the wealthy brother-in-law would give them; she saw her own home made yearly more delightful by the delicate but expensive little attentions of Alice herself; and she saw business chances absolutely throwing themselves at the boys' feet. It all depended upon Alice's yet meeting this millionaire of a lover in *posse* before she became fatally entangled with any body else; and here she was now fancying herself in love with that Eugene Descamps, who, having nothing but a profession, would probably never be able to give her an thing but a living. And every time she saw them parting at the gate, or glancing across the aisle in church, down would go all of Mrs. Magilvray's dreams, like Alnaschar's tray of gold.

"I don't know why I should be expected to bring up the family," Miss Alice would cry. "If the girls want to marry well, I will, let them marry themselves. To marry Eugene would be marrying well enough for me. If you'd told me about it before, ma, I'd have tried never to look at Eugene; but it's too late now."

"How is it possible," Mrs. Magilvray would exclaim, rolling up her eyes, and in her most tragic manner, "for my daughter to talk to me in such an unmaidenly style as that thing unmaidenly in saying it's too late to think of one husband when I've given my promise to another," Alice would cry, as well as tears and anger would allow. "Maybe I never can marry him; but I never, never, never will marry any body else. So there!"

"You unmaiden, unmaidenful girl!" "I should think it was a reproach to be a girl," cried the saucy-box. "You had better call to mind that whose mother she is," said Mrs. Magilvray, in hollow tones, "the ravens shall pick out his eyes, and the young eagles shall eat them."

Then the naughty girl laughed. "I don't believe you have it right, ma," she answered. "Maybe it's the eagles come first. Anyway, Eugene will never let my ravens get at my eyes. I love him. And you would love him too, ma, if you knew him." And the little mix's tears being gone, she kissed the severe and awful matron, bending her head back under her arm to reach her mouth, with a gay sweet impudence that none of the other children would have dared use, and skipped from the room in a happy peal of laughter, presently to be heard warbling out,

"Oh, I shall marry my son love," as if that settled the business. "You know perfectly well, ma," she said, when they were talking over the same untiring theme again, "that if Eugene's uncle had left his money to him instead of that Institution for the Blind Feeble-minded, as he always said he meant to do after he found Eugene, and as he educated him to suppose he would—you'd have never said a word."

lying so as never to be able to help your family."
"The very depth of selfishness for me not to sacrifice my whole life!" And then there were tears again; for, in fact, little Alice's whole life, between her naturally joyous temperament and her daily reverses, was quite resolved into April weather of sunshine and showers. It was only that afternoon that, as Alice was parting from Eugene, just between daylight and dark, he added to a different class of remark some other observations. "By-the-way," said he; "the greatest joke of the season happened at our house last night; the house was broken into."

"Oh, Eugene! burglars! Oh, Eugene! did they attack you?"
"Attack me?—no; they attacked uncle's old desk there, burst open drawers and compartments, found secret places, which he did not even know they were open, and cleared out much as they came, I fancy, except for the old silver tankard that the directors had overlooked. Battered up the house a little; but as that belongs now to the Blind Feeble-minded, I don't feel the active interest I might if it were mine. I was just going to move out, though, anyway."

"Oh, it's a wonder they didn't kill you, dear!" she cried, still dwelling on the danger.
"Kill me? I slept beautifully through the night, and I should never have known it but for Bridget's cries this morning, and I ran down to find her howling over the open desk. It was a great joke, the idea of robbing me, as I should have told them, if I had seen them."

Alice went home trembling; and, as she never kept anything to herself, took the occasion at once to make herself tremble again with indignation at her mother's scorn of burglars so stupid as to try and rob Eugene Descamps, and at her sisters' satirical amusement. Perhaps she troubled still more when, three or four days afterward—during whose space she had not seen Eugene—the door-bell rang, and that young gentleman was shown into the Magilvray parlor.

"Mrs. Magilvray," said Eugene, standing tall in hand before the Roman woman, "a week ago I should not have dared ask you for the hand of your daughter Alice." Mrs. Magilvray was slowly drawing herself up to one of her awful heights. "But," continued Eugene, "thanks to a heaven-directed burglar, who found, some nights ago, in a secret compartment of my uncle's old desk, his latest will—which, being of no use to him, he politely returned to me—I am now to be put into possession of my uncle's estate."

"Oh, the blessed burglars!" cried Alice, with clasped hands—instantly turned to her mother. "Of my uncle's estate," continued Eugene, "which the Institution for the Blind Feeble-minded has relinquished into my hands without a contest. Under such circumstances," said he, with a scintillating elegance of manner that only self-complacency would have translated into sarcasm, "I feel that it is not impossible you may find in me the qualities you desire in a son-in-law."

"I am confident, Mr. Descamps," said Mrs. Magilvray, "that you can not do me any harm. If, with Alice's beauty, and sweet temper, and accomplishments, and attractive—"

"Oh, ma! ma! you needn't cry up wares in this way!" cried Alice, with a burning face. "Tell him he's welcome to take such a baggage—"

"And the sooner the better," cried Eugene, catching the reddened little maid in his clasp, and holding her fast. "I should be the last person to blame you, Mrs. Magilvray, for setting a high value on what I find to be beyond price."

And there the Roman melted; and Mrs. Magilvray tried to go by the eyes, benediction-wise, and stammer out something about blessing little children, and only succeeded in tumbling over into a hysterical.

It was some weeks later that Alice came into the parlor with a little long white box in her hand. "It's Eugene's bonds," said she. "He's just left them at the door to take care of. He only negotiated them yesterday, and got home too late to deposit them in the bank. It frightens me to death; but he's been telegraphed for, and has no time to go to the bank to present them, and so he leaves them here on his way to the station. I shouldn't sleep a wink. What would you do with them, ma? Just think! Bonds in our house!"

"I should sit up all night and watch them," said Maria.
"But there was between the mattresses," said Mrs. Magilvray, with the air of having solved every problem, and having been used to the presence of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds in the house as mere pie-money. And between the mattresses Alice put the box, having first taken the precaution to tie one end of a cord in the little padlock, and the other end about her wrist.

It was a little after midnight that Alice woke wide-awake with one of those starts in which you are sensible of an unseen person's neighborhood. She sat straight up in bed and put out her hands; one of them fell on a lump of ice. It was Maria's face stone-cold with terror. She too was awake. "Oh, Alice," she contrived to whisper in a ghastly whistle, "there's a man in the room!" At the same moment Alice felt a sharp tug at the string round her right wrist, and she was on her feet. He had been searching the house over for the box, having never lost sight of Eugene from the day of the will's proving; he had come at last to the room of the sleeping girls, and had turned his bull's-eye upon them one instant—just long enough to detect the string round Alice's wrist. The burglar had the box, and he had taken the truth; he had taken hold of the string, and was gently following it up to the box, when he tugged in the wrong direction, and in a breath Alice's shriek out of bed and was pursuing him, as full of valor as a tigress would be, and she had the string—a stout whip-cord. She would it round and round her wrist as she ran, and in another moment she had doubled on him, and had both her little hands upon the box; and if he wanted to carry it off, it could only be by carrying her, for she clung like a

limpet. There was no shrieking then; it was a struggle in dead silence—Alice too intent, the thief too cautious. "Come now, little one," he said, hoarsely, at last, "no more of this. It's no use. 'Twas mine before 'twas yours. You'd never have had any of it if I hadn't sent him back the will—fair division!" A blow of his fist on her temple from the burglar, and the pistol would have finished her and left him free; but somehow he had hesitated in giving it, thinking to shake her off, and the moment of his last hoarsely whispered word, Mrs. Magilvray—an awful sheeted vision, might have won her terrified ghost—issued from her room, holding aloft a kerosene lamp, and the three boys burst upon the scene with orange-wood sticks and the old queen's arm, and there was nothing for the uninvited guest to do but to make haste, which he did not even know he was picked up in a dead faint, but still clasping the box.

Eugene came back that night, and he was speechless and cold with horror when he found to what he had exposed his darling. And Alice was ill with a raging fever, and might have died; her face sealed upon the space before her eyes—a dark and pallid face strangely evil and strangely beautiful, with the straight lines of its features and the brilliant blaze of its eyes, but with a great scur running like a gash along the cheek. She did not even know she was at the time, but now it seemed to hang before her like a mask, just as when the light of her mother's lamp first fell on it, and turn which way she would, she could not escape its evil glance, its dark and beautiful fascination. "Oh, it is Satan's own!" she would cry. "Lucifer looked just so! Am I always to see it?"

The doctor said it was a hallucination owing to nervous shock, and that it would take a long season for her to recover entirely, if she ever did. But youth is a great deal stronger than doctors will have us believe, and before as many months as he had prophesied years, Miss Alice was about the house again, as gay as ever, only very tremulous, when nighttime came, and unwilling to be left alone in the dark a minute.

It was a month or so after Alice's wedding that an officer waited upon her one morning with the request that she should go to the city prison in order to identify a party suspected of breaking open the Wamsutter bank on the same night that Mrs. Magilvray's house had been broken into. The officer said the box was made up by her. If Mrs. Descamps could identify the scamp, he would be detained; otherwise they would be obliged to let him go, the officer had told Eugene. "If he could be identified as the scamp with whom Mrs. Descamps had the struggle," he said, "it would be a benefit to the community."

"Is he so very bad?" she said, shivering.
"Well, ma'am, he has been," the officer replied. "Just now he's been playing off. We found he was the means of letting off and to lead an honest life. That's his bid. Oh, he's a bad 'un! It'll only take a half hour."

"Oh, Eugene, I can't go!" she exclaimed, shrinking back and covering her eyes. "I mean to go by the means of keeping him—oh, I couldn't see that face again. It would drive me wild."

"It made an impression," said the officer. "You're the very person we need, Mrs. Descamps. I haven't the power to force you to go by the means of a criminal witness, but I can bring the prisoner here."

"That would be objectionable for many reasons," said Eugene. "I will go with you, dear, and perhaps it would be really best to make the effort. And sure that could only bring back all her old trouble of two years ago should she see that evil face in its dark beauty and with its gash-like scar, Alice put on her hat and cloak, and stepped into the carriage with Eugene and the officer.

It was a strange contrast that was presented by Alice's entrance into that dark place where that group of fettered dark-looking men, with their generic countenances, were defiled before her under their guard; the brilliant, beaming young wife, with her shining hair, her shining eyes, and her snowy brow, her blooming cheek, the sweetness on her trembling lips, taking the one unbeam that slanted through the place on her golden brown velvets and furs and plumes, like an aura of success and happiness. She felt it herself. "Oh, what have they done to me, what have they done to me, what have they done to me!" she cried, and she burst into tears. "No, no," she said, looking up with streaming eyes. "I do not see a face I ever saw before." In spite of the evasion, she told the truth; the tears in her eyes hindered her seeing a single face among them all.

They selected one man from the rest and brought him near. "Have you no recollection of this face?" they asked. The dark and evil beauty of that face, with its gash-like scar! Perhaps the evil was wearing off; it perhaps that was only a look of yearning pain for mercy—he had been merciful; he could have taken her life. And then, was it not to the return of that will that she and Eugene owed everything? "Oh, don't! don't!" she cried, turning and burying her face on her husband's arm, the very personification of mercy and of innocence from vice. "I told you I never saw one of them before; what more do you want?"

And the man went back to his trade, for there was nothing to hold him. "I'm living a new life," he said to himself the night of his return, as he filled his pipe in freedom. "One good turn deserves another, and I'll be blamed if I ever let them know that poor Jim and me broke open the old desk in the old house, after we'd forged that will and the names of the dead witnesses, so's to get hold of the bonds after the young man got hold of 'em. Jim was a master-hand. Well, that squares accounts, and now the past's wiped out like an old slate. But she's plucky, and she played it well, and a beauty, too—and God bless her! God bless her!"

An old writer asks: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?" The world's collection of literature may be searched, but the same question will never be found addressed to a wasp.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

POTATO CRUST FOR MEAT PIES.—One teaspoonful of salt, one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, and one cup of flour enough to roll. Handle as little as possible.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Pare and core quinces; take the cores and skins and boil them an hour, then strain the juice through a coarse cloth; boil the quinces in the juice till tender; take them out, add the syrup of the quinces in sugar to this syrup; boil and skim till clear, then put in the quinces and boil three hours.

APPLE OMELET.—Pare, core and stew six large tart apples. Beat them very smooth while hot, adding one spoonful of butter, six of sugar, and a little nutmeg. When perfectly cold add three eggs, yolks and whites beaten light separately. Pour this into a hot, deep, buttered baking dish, and bake till of a delicate brown.

CORN BREAD.—Mix two cupfuls of sifted cornmeal with two cupfuls of sour milk; add one tablespoonful of sugar, one or two spoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter or shortening, and one egg. Beat well, and lastly add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling water. Bake in a quick oven.

BREAD PUDDING.—Take a pound of stale bread; boil a quart of milk, pour it on the bread, and let it steep an hour; then rub it quite fine with the hands. Beat up four or five eggs, and add them to it; also a tablespoonful of cinnamon, or any other kind of spice; two cupfuls of sugar and a little chopped suet, or quarter of a pound of butter. Bake in a tin for two hours.

PO-CHISSÉ.—Scald sour milk until the whey rises to the top; pour it off or skin out the curd and place it in a cotton cloth or bag, hang it up to drain; then it drain five or six hours; do not squeeze it; after the whey had all dripped out put the curd in a bowl, salt to taste, add one cup of butter, one cup of butter and a little cream; mold into balls or puffs; keep in a cool place.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One quart of good molasses, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half cupful of sugar, tablespoonful of butter; boil; stir most of the time; drop a teaspoonful in cold water—if it hardens it is finished; at the last stir in a teaspoonful of saleratus, first dissolved in a little hot water; one tablespoonful of essence of lemon; pour into buttered tins, when cool enough "pull it white." Flour your fingers occasionally.

TO MAKE SALT CODFISH BALLS.—One-third of a salt codfish and six potatoes; the codfish to be the best of its kind (that of Shool's is preferred), and the potatoes ripe and mealy. Put the fish in a gallon of water and let it come to the boiling point. Boil and peel the potatoes. Chop the fish fine and mix with it the potato mashed in half pound of butter, half teaspoonful of milk, and two eggs. Make with the hand into oblong balls, roll in fine bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard. Remove each cake carefully with a skimmer, and serve at once while hot.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut one peck of ripe tomatoes in halves, boil them in a porcelain kettle until the pulp is all dissolved, then strain them well through a hair sieve and set the liquor on to boil, adding one ounce of salt, one of onion, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one of mustard; let them all boil together for five or six hours, and stir them most of the time. Let the mixture stand eight or ten hours in a cool place, add one pint of vinegar, and then bottle it; tie the corks and keep in a cool, dark place.

What the Birds Accomplish.
The swallow, swift and night hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere; they check the increase of insects that would otherwise overload it. Woodpeckers, crows, and chickadees, etc., are the guardians of the trees of trees. Weasels and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows and jays protect the surface of the soil; snipe and woodcock, the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an unbounded fact that, if the birds were all swept from the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand the attacks. The wholesale destruction occasioned by the grasshoppers in the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie-hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable good done to the farmer, gardener and florist by birds is only becoming known by sad experience. The insects that destroy our fruit, the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the vast quantities of noxious insects destroyed. The long-persecuted crow has been found by actual experiment to do far more good by the vast quantity of grubs and insects he devours than the little harm he does in a few grains of corn he pulls up. It is one of the farmer's best friends.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

Arrangements for a Barn.
M. Cortland, N. Y., writes: "I am about to build a horse barn. Will it be better to have the stalls on the ground floor or in the basement? Could it not be ventilated to carry off the odor, and in what way? What is the best plan for supporting the middle cross-beams to prevent sagging, without posts?"

Reply.—There would be no objection to having the stalls on the ground floor, if the stalls are to be supported by posts. The truss timbers should meet at each side of a post at the centre of the beam above the barn floor, and the beam below should be held to the foot of the post by a strong iron strap, passing through them and the post. The size of the truss-timbers may be eight by six inches, or ten by five.

A Condensed History of Mormonism.

1793—Sidney Rigdon, born in St. Clair, Ohio.
1801—Brigham Young, born in Whitcomb, N. Y.
1805—Joseph Smith, born in Sharon, Vt.

1823—Joseph Smith, living with his father in Ontario, Canada, N. Y., has his first vision.
1827—Joseph Smith claims to receive sacred oracles from an "Angel of the Lord."
1829—Sidney Rigdon associates himself with Smith.

1830—Book of Mormon printed, as dictated by Smith.
1830, April 6—First Mormon church regularly organized at Manchester, N. Y.
1831, January—Smith leads his followers to Kirtland, O.

1831, August—Smith dedicates the site of a Mormon temple at Independence, Mo.
1832, March—Smith and Rigdon suspected at Kirtland of counterfeiting and tarred and feathered by a mob.
1832—Brigham Young joins the Mormon church at Kirtland.

1835—Book of Mormon apostles ordained, Brigham Young for one.
1836—A large and costly temple dedicated at Kirtland.
1837—Orson Hyde and Heber C. Kimball sent as missionaries to England.
1838—The Mormon church in Ohio obliged to flee to Missouri, and there assumes a defiant and lawless attitude.

1838—The Mormons driven over into Illinois and settled at Nauvoo under a favorable charter granted by the Legislature.
1838—Smith begins the practice of polygamy.
1843—Smith claims to have received a revelation sanctioning polygamy.
1845—The heads of the church repudiate this revelation.

1844—Smith killed by a pistol shot in a riot growing out of internal dissensions.
1844—Brigham Young elevated to the presidency after a fierce contest with Rigdon.
1845—The charter of Nauvoo revoked by the Legislature and the Mormons expelled from the city.

1846—Nauvoo bombarded for three days by the anti-Mormons.
1847—Brigham Young plants his banner at Salt Lake.
1848—Salt Lake City founded.
1849—State of Deseret organized, but Congress rejects its recognition.
1849—Congress organizes the Mormon's district into the Territory of Utah, and Young appointed governor by President Fillmore.

1850—Young throws off the authority of the United States.
1852—Polygamy formerly sanctioned by the church is now repudiated.
1854—Colonel Steptoe appointed governor of Utah and arrives at Salt Lake City with a small military force, but abandons the enterprise.
1856—President Buchanan determines to put the Mormons down.
1857—Alfred Cumming appointed governor and sent out with a force of 2,500 men to back him, Colonel A. S. Johnson in command.

1858—Peace arranged.
1860—United States troops withdrawn from Utah territory.
1877, August 29—Death of Brigham Young.

The Capture of Hyenas.
The following mode of trying hyenas in their den, as practised in Afghanistan, is given by the *London Standard* in the *London Journal*, in the words of an Afghan chief, the Shirkaroe Syed Daoud:
"When you have tracked the beast to his den you take a rope with two slip knots upon it in your right hand, and with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go both out into the den. The animal does not know the nature of the danger, and therefore returns to the back of his den, but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving on gradually toward him, and when you are within a few paces, you throw the slip knots over his head, and take care he does not free himself. The beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round to hurt you, so you quickly feel for his fore legs, slip the knots over them, and then with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the kraal, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths; but our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild."

Hyenas are also taken alive by the Arabs by a very similar method, except that a wooden gag is used instead of a felt cloak. The similarity in the mode of capture in two such distant countries as Algeria and Afghanistan, and by two races so different, is remarkable. From the fact that the Afghans consider that the feat requires great presence of mind, and an instance being given of a man having died of a bite in a clumey attempt to take the beast by the throat, it is more powerful or more ferocious than his African congener.

An Invasion of Bears.
More evil befalls than have ever been known since the swamps have been settled by white men are reported to inhabit the bottoms of the Mississippi below the mouth of the Ohio. The misadventures are particularly fatal to the planters, and the juicy corn as it ripens in the field is an especial object of affection. So strong is Bruin's appetite for it that the planters of Calhoun and Columbia counties, Miss., have recently been compelled to hold their corn in their hands to protect their corn from destruction. A medium-sized bear, with an ordinary appetite, has been known to cut down and destroy two acres of growing corn in a single night. They go on their foraging expeditions in the night, and, entering a cornfield they squat down and begin to eat an ear of corn and proceed to masticate it with an apparent relish equal to their bipedal enemies. When their appetite is satisfied, they cut off cornstalks below the ear by the armful, and walking erect, carry their booty through fields, over fences and across recesses of the swamps and canebrakes to their hiding-places.

An American Stage-Coach.

It would not be difficult, in the vicinity of New York, to make arrangements for running a line of stage-coaches strictly on the American plan. Any of the party opened streets in the upper portion of the island would do for a starting-place, and a rough bridge, in imitation of those in use in the unsettled portion of the Southwest, might be thrown over Spouten Duvyl creek. The route could then be laid out along some of the least frequented country roads, and some of the low-lying places might be filled in with corduroy.

Then one or two Western stage-coaches, with six mules at full gallop, and a driver who was accustomed to guide them with the lines in his teeth and a rifle in his hands, would tear along the road, with all the clatter and bang and wild excitement that you could get on a road down near the Mexican border. The mules would be of the kind that no driver could stop between stations, and if he could keep them in the road it would be all that would be expected of him.

At certain points there would be armed men, ambushed by the road-side, whose duty it would be to fire at the stage as it passed, and as each of the passengers would be required to carry a rifle, very pretty sport could be had by peppering the bushes as the stage dashed along.

At other points, the stage would be stopped, and each passenger carefully robbed by highwaymen. This part of the exercises might be made very effective. The valuables taken could be returned on application to the stage office, or they could be kept as perquisites by the obliging attendants.

Sometimes the services of Indians or Mexicans might be obtained, and an attack on the stage by a small party of these would give variety to the proceedings.

Refreshments, such as are found at the stations on the prairie roads, would be furnished at the stopping-places, and many persons be thus afforded opportunities, which they could not otherwise obtain, of eating the crust of an immense lump of dough, hastily baked over a hot fire, and put on again after the departure of each coach, to be re-crustered for the next load of passengers. Some pork and beans, and hot fried cakes, could also be served, if thought necessary.

Miners would be hired to play cards in the coaches, and all the knives, pistols and revolvers necessary could be furnished by the attendant.

By careful attention to these and other details, a line of coaches might be established, which should represent, with accuracy and fidelity, some of the characteristic methods of travel in our own country. And it is scarcely necessary to say that this would be a great educational boon to people like the citizens of New York, who will soon begin to believe that there are no stage-coaches excepting those modeled and run upon the English plan.—*Scribner's "Bric-a-Brac."*

Pearls of Thought.
Faith is necessary to victory.
Wine has drowned more than the sea.
Modesty once extinguished knows not how to return.
Honor is like an island, rugged and without a landing place; we can never more-re-enter when we are once outside of it.
To assist our fellow-creatures is the noblest privilege of mortality; it is, in some sort, forestalling the bounty of Providence.

Party spirit is like gambling—a vast number of persons trouble themselves about what in the end can be beneficial only to a few.
Philosophy has not so much enabled men to overcome their weakness, as it has taught the art of concealing them from the world.
If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; but when they seldom come, they are wished for.
Of the acts of cowardice, the meanest is that which leads one to abandon a good cause because it is weak and join a bad cause that is strong.
They who have experienced sorrow are the most capable of appreciating joy; so, those only who have been sick, feel the full value of health.

Men of humor are, in some degree, men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius, among other gifts, may possess wit—as Shakespeare.
It is as difficult to win over an enthusiast by force of reasoning, as to persuade a lover of his mistress's faults; or to convince a man who is at law of the badness of his cause.
Man was born for action; he ought to do something. Work, at each step, awakens sleeping forces, and drives error. Who does nothing, knows nothing. Rise! To work! If thy knowledge is real, employ it. Wrestle with nature; test the strength of thy theories; see if they will support the trial. Act!

A Lone Widow's Devotee.
An amusing story comes from France, where, according to the tale, an agriculturist recently died, leaving a wife, a horse, and a dog. A few moments before his death he called his wife to him, and bade her sell the horse, and give the dollars, and the sale to his relatives, and to sell the dog and keep the money thus gained for herself.
Soon after the death the wife went to the market with the horse and dog, and exhibited them, with the announcement that the price of the dog was the hundred dollars, and the sale to his relatives, and the passes by stopped and stared, and judged the woman mad, more especially as she informed all would-be purchasers that to buy the horse it was necessary to buy the dog first. At last a curious passer-by concluded the bargain; after which the skillful woman handed over one dollar to the family of her deceased husband, and retained one hundred dollars for herself, thus contriving at the same time to carry out the letter, if not the spirit, of the wishes of her husband, and to secure the largest sum of money for herself.

Items of Interest.

In a camp meeting near Guerneville, Cal., a house of three stories was made of a hollow tree, the cavity being thirteen feet in diameter.
An apothecary asserted in a large company "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."
Somebody painted a pet Spitz dog in Bethlehem, Penn., with alternate carmine and green stripes. The dog is not yet mad, but its owner is—very.

A marriage is probable between the ex-prince imperial of France and the Princess del Pilar, sister of the king of Spain. She is sixteen years of age.
The aggregated exports of petroleum oil this year are 121,000,000 gallons against 84,000,000 gallons last year. Over a million gallons are daily exported from New York.
One firm in New York, engaged in the manufacture of matches, consumes per annum 700,000 feet of white pine lumber, 100,000 pounds of sulphur and 150 tons of straw board for boxes.

The Potter Journal says that the farmers in that part of Pennsylvania have discovered that the thrush will not only eat the potato bug, but that it soon succeeds in exterminating that pest.
The young man whose heart stood still every time through the long summer he thought of ice cream at fifteen cents a plate, is now ready to lie down and die as he smells oysters at fifty cents a dish in the dim distance.

THE RUSSIAN LOVER'S PARTING.
Without thee I am poor indeed,
But with thee I am rich;
Oh! wouldst thou make my heart to bleed,
Beloved Tzankoskovich,
Tzankoskovich Ekhelankoff,
As from her arms he tore,
Burst two suspender buttons off,
Which rolled upon the floor.
"Keep them," he cried in piteous tone,
"And think of me, my love,
Then, turned and ready 'd his own
Slobeski-frantenstov."

A Black Hills Character.
A Black Hills paper says: "One of the biggest, meanest and most over-bearing fellows over the Hills is called 'The Colorado Lion.' He is a gambler, a swindler, a robber, a road agent and a murderer, and not a week goes by that he doesn't shoot or stab some one, generally without the slightest provocation. He used to walk into a hotel or dance-saloon, and, holding a revolver in either hand, he would crowd to 'git.' If any one hesitated or showed resistance he became a target, and was soon under ground and forgotten. He would saunter up to a band of half a dozen miners working a claim and insist to have first shaked it, and if the fellow called him off he would out with his revolver and blaze away. He had courage and a steady hand, and Deadwood feared him more than all the Indians in the West. He left here two weeks ago under a cloud, and it is probable that he will be shaked in plan.—*Scribner's "Bric-a-Brac."*

Fifteen days ago, when "The Colorado Lion" was king here and had everything his own way, he took a little walk up the creek to raise a stake by blackmailing a miner or two. He was armed as usual, had stowed away the usual amount of whiskey, and had a deer-skin shirt, and there wasn't the least doubt in his mind that he would come back to town with increased wealth and a safe hide. He finally halted at a claim being worked by three men, one of whom is an old fireman from Chicago named Jerk West. He was a little fellow, about an old five years old, and a hard worker. When the Lion halted before the trio he roared out:

"Here, you coyotes, what ar' ye workin' my claim fur?"
They protested that they were the original owners, but it was his plan to claim priority of ownership, and he continued:

"This is my claim, and yer's two revolvers what backs me! Either jump out or buy me off!"
He had his weapons in his hands, but they did not move. The old fireman from reaching out and knocking him into a heap by a blow between the eyes. The Lion was hardly down before the trio disarmed him, and then kicked, cuffed and pounded him till he was hardly better than dead. Some friend in town concealed him, and patched him up as well as possible, and two days after his humiliation, the defeated Lion skulked out of Deadwood to start new somewhere else.

Shopping in Venice.
Shopping is quite a feat in