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RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1878.

The Old Grist Mill.

By Willow brook, beneath the hill, Stands quaint and gray the old grist mill, Spring mosses on its steep roof grow Where broad their shade the willows throw. The pond near by is clear and deep, And round its brink the alders sweep The lily pads spread gay and green The lilies white and gold between ; While grinds the mill with rumbling sound, The water-wheel turns round and round.

Among the reeds the musk-rat dives; And swift "the swallow homeward flies;" The robin sits in cedars near Where Willow brook runs swift and clear The children by the school-house play, Where slumberous shadows softly stray, And warm and low the summer breeze Is whispering thro' the willow leaves; While grinds the mill with rumbling sound The water-wheel turns round and round.

The crows now wing their southern way ; The squirrels in the nut trees play; With merry shouts the school boys run ; The mountains blush 'neath autumn's sun ; Their grain they bring adown the hill The farmers, to the old grist mill : And faint from far o'er hill and dale Falls on the ear the thresher's flail; While grinds the mill with rumbling sound, The water-wheel turns round and round.

Long years have come and passed away ; The mill with age is gaunt and gray : The roof gaps wide to rain and sun : With cobwebs thick the walls are hung. The pond is overgrown with weeds; The marsh-wren builds among the reeds; The night winds thro' the willows moan ; The school-house gone, the children grown ; The farmers sleep where wild flowers grow, Who brought their grain so long ago, When ground the mill with symbling sound And the water-wheel turned round and roun

HANDSOME JACK.

All was commotion this evening in Sandy Flat; the excitement was greatest, though, in the "Nugget," the general rendezvous of the miners. In fact, the conversation became so interesting that some of the most reliable and regular players pushed their chairs back near to the stove, and, assuming a comforta-ble position, determined to discuss the subject thoroughly and have it settled at once. There was a silence of a few moments after a while, each face wearing a thoughtful expression, as though each man was at his very wits' ends what next

to say.

The silence was broken by Jim Mar-The silence was broken by Jim Mar-shall, whose face was barely discernible behind the dense cloud of smoke that floated before him, and which spoke "volumes" in proof of the profound thought in which he had been absorbed. "Boys," said he, "they're a mighty fine-lookin' pair, anyhow, 'specially the little 'un."

This remark had been made no less than a dozen times by Jim since the arrival of the two ladies by the evening Jim Marshall had the honor and indisstage, and every time he reiterated it he added more stress to "'specially the lit-

tle 'un. "The big 'un isn't to be sneezed at,

neither," added Bill Turner. Bill Turner's name fitted him exactly, for he was ready at all times to "go into" every new thing heard of or that happened to come his way. First in starting off to any new diggings that were heard of, and first to return with a big disgust; first to get into a row, and first to beat a disgraceful retreat. to-night he was, as ever, ready to take part in the discussion; and, in fact, he took a most lively interest in it, for he had cast more than a friendly eye on the "little 'un" as she alighted from the stage, and, true to his fickle nature, he was immediately a captive to her charms; for indeed she was very pretty, as in fact was the larger one. The cause of his remark in reference to this latter was that made by Jim Marshall. Bill had a wholesome dread of James : and well he might, for their natures were as unlike as the stately pine and the scrubby chaparral, which difference had often been proved to Bill's shame; so when he heard Jim Marshall express such a decided preference for the smaller of the two ladies, he, true to his name and nature, immediately transferred his affections to the larger one still he felt a little nettled, and ventured a deprecatory remark :

"But, boys, you know she looks a little-well"— catching the eye of Jim. "Well, now, how does she look? Out

"That's what I was goin' to say-she's a mighty fine lookin' gal," added Bill. But Jim knew that was not what he had intended to say; stil he remained silent, and as the night was pretty far spent and adjournment in order, the con-

vention disbanded. There was a little scene that night, however, not witnessed by any of the miners, which took place outside of the Nugget. The actors were two, namely: Jim Marshall and Bill Turner.

"Now, Bill, I want you to tell me what you was goin' to say about that little 'un," said Jim.

"I wasn't goin' to say anything, I swear I wasn't," gasped Bill, for by the fierce visage of the man before him he knew that he was wholly in earnest. " Now, see here, Bill, if ever you say

a word agin them unpertected gals "-Bill did not wait to hear the rest, but "You can jest chaw me up, if I do," he

With an approving nod, Jim walked away toward his cabin, and Bill toward

Away down among the chaparral there glimmered a faint light that sent its imid rays out through the little window, which were soon lost in the surrounding darkness of the wooded mountains. If we take a look into the cabin through the window, what do we see? Two ladies, evidently sisters, but not the least alike in appearance. One tall and rather dark, with long dark hair, that hangs carelessly down her back as she sits gazing affectionately at the sweet face before her—that of the one who had been christened by the miners the "little

deep blue eyes the lids unconsciously fell, and her nodding head slowly drops and is caught by the hand of her sister, who lays it gently on her breast; and there, like an innocent babe, she lies sleeping, with the arms of her sister encircling her, while two dark eyes look down with a love akin to pity upon the face of the unconscious girl. But why did they come here? The question might well puzzle the brain of the most thoughtful miner. Here in this isolated cabin, far up in the Sierras, miles away from any of their kind—why did they come here, and what do they intend to do? These questions were again passed the control of the cont do? These questions were again passed upon the next night at the Nugget, with the same result as the night before, al-though Bill Turner had called at the cabin that day "Jest to see if they wanted anything, bein' strangers." His acclamations were loud in praise of the new-comers; but his curiosity was as great as before, his call not having elicited anything whatever that would give a

rough mining camp.

The next evening Jim Marshall had disappeared from the Nugget, and reappeared (to but few) in his best clothes, scaling the rocks around the edge of the camp, trying to avoid the gaze of his companions; for well he knew that if he was seen making his way toward the he was seen making his way toward the he was seen in the chaparral his reached the door of the cabin, and, in answer to his knock, the door was opened by the "little 'un," who invited him in and spoke in the kindest and, as he thought, sweetest manner he had ever heard; and she offers a excuses for not being present, she pleading illness. During the conversation which followed he plied questions, but in no way did he make himself offensive; but, adroit as were his questions, he elicited little more information than Bill plied.

Turner had. He was asbamed to let the "Thank God," she said. The fair Turner had. He was ashamed to let the fair creature before him know that he had not yet learned her name—the fact being that no one in the camp had-so

he cautiously ventured:
"Hem, mum, how you spell your name? A slight twinkle was visible around

"Thankee, mum, thankee," he said, ery much confused; "rather-a-peculiar name;" and his tanned face grew almost blue with what would have been a blush had it been of a fairer hue. Jim was sorry he had put that question, for, as he expressed it several weeks after in the Nugget, he "had held his own" till hen. What added more to his confuion was just the slightest ripple of hughter from the adjoining room where the ill lady was. He soon, however, leaded the lateness of the hour, and, after a kind invitation to "call again, leparted toward his own cabin, where he divested himself of his present clothes and put on more comfortable ones, ap-pearing in his accustomed place in the Nugget, looking as innocent as a lamb, retion to impart.

"But how did you find it out?" asked

"Oh, I got it from the stage driver his evening," he replied, and resumed

"Why, I asked him last evening, and he said he didn't know nothin' about 'em," was the bombshell that Bill Turner dropped on Jim Marshall's head. There was a short silence ; them Jin

added, slowly: "Well, mebbe he forgot." But would not do. There were a few winks passed around, and then Sam Noyes put in, significantly :

"Say, Jim, where was you goin' tonight with your store clothes on when I see you crossin' the little canon?" Jim arose and made quick time for the door, to escape the roar which he knew

was approaching, but which caught him before he reached the door. For a week after this disastrons night Jim Marshall was not seen at the Nugget, and did not care to talk with any one whom he met; but one thing was noticed, that he no longer made his visits to the cabin chaparral a secret; and these visits grew more frequent, as did also those of Bill Turner. Jim soon re-

ing a little from the sport of the "the boys," settled back into his original con-dition of comfort, So the weeks passed on into months still the same impenetrable mystery hung around the occupants of the isolated little cabin. At the end of three months it was pretty well settled that Jim Marshall and the "little 'un" were

turned to the Nugget, and, after suffer-

engaged, and Bill Turner frankly admitted that he and the larger one were. One evening Jim called at the cabin. and as it was no unusual occurrence found that Bill Turner had preceded him; and, as was always the case whenever Jim called, the adored of William pleaded illness, excused herself and disappeared. This seemed singular to Jim as well as to Bill, but still it was never spoken of; and on such occasions the latter would don his hat and also disappear; but this evening he saw fit to re main, and, as his chief topics of conver-sation were narrations of wild and romantic adventures, he started in with some of the most startling and bloodcurdling, of which he generally was the hero. Jim took no interest in these recitals of imaginary adventures, and only wished he could have administered his boot to this loquacious gentleman and retained the good graces of the fair one before him. So he smothered his wrath, and forced himself to listen to Bill's stories until he heard him mention the name of a person who had been suspected of the murder of the sheriff in the adjoining county; this man's name was Jack Redman, but better known as "Handsome Jack." Bill said he knew that Jack was guilty because he saw the

"Did you say you saw him kill the sheriff?" said Miss Smith, timidly. "Yes, 'um; saw him shoot him," re-plied Bill.

murder. Both of the men were a little

confused when they looked at the girl in front of them. Her face was deathly

pretty fine-looking feller."

"Did he have his thumb and fore-finger on his left hand cut off?" asked Jim.

"Yes, yes; come to think of it," he Jim thirsted for blood; so, seeing his chance, he bore down upon his enemy.
"Beggin' your pardon, mum," said he, this feller has been lyin' all this

evening. Now you see I know Hand-some Jack—"

"Do you?" broke in Miss Smith.

"O, no, no," she replied, "but I've heard of him," "Yes, 'um; I know him," he went on,
'and he was one of the best-lookin' fel-

lers I ever see,"
"Yes," said she.
"Yes, 'um, he's about five foot six."
Then turning to Bill. "And he ain't got his thumb and forefinger cut off." clue to their mysterious presence in this

After a pause, he continued:

"Yes, 'um, and I'll jest tell you all about it. He was 'spected of killin' the sheriff; they caught him, and he had his trial; everything looked purty blue for him; the jury went out, and when they came back the next morning—they was bent looked up all night—they have given the care of t

morning the bird had flew. "When who were let out?" she said,

quickly.
"Why, the jury. I was foreman of the jury that acquitted him," he re-

head fell back, and she would have fallen had not the strong arms of Jim Marshall caught her.

At the same time there was a sound

from the adjoining room, like a sigh of relief; then the inanimate form which Jim held in his arms began to revive, her eyes as the slowly spelled and soon the 'ids rose from the blue eyes, a smile flitted across the smeet face, and Jim, much agitated, and for-getting the presence of any one else, kissed the white brow of the lovely girl. She soon revived sufficiently to sit, and Jim, after putting some water to her lips, excused himself, and, followed by Bill at a distance, moved away from the cabin. Strange were the thoughts that passed through the minds of the two men that night and the next day. They felt that the mystery of these two persons was daily increasing, growing deeper and more insoluble. How do they live? Why do they live here? Where did they come from? And many other questions, equal, mystifying, arrayed themselves defiantly before their

The next evening, at the Nugget, the only an hour late. That night every miner in town knew what the name of the two young ladies was, which information Turner had told the whole thing, including the kiss, and it was with much trepidation and misgiving that Jim his secretary was—the probable result. When they trepidation and misgiving that Jim He listened patiently, however, until very happy. Marshall ventured to face the frequenters of this rendezvous; but when he entered, the excitement in the immediate vicinity of Bill Turner was so great that he slipped into his place almost un-

In a few moments, Sam Noyesc ame running out of the back room, into hich he had just stepped, and cried:
"Where's Jim Marshall?"

Seeing him at the same instant, he beckoned him into the room which he ad just left, and the men waited breathessly for his return ; and, in fact, some of the more curious followed him, and hen they saw a sight that made the

blood of at least one of their number But what was it? Through the window of the cabin down in the chaparral they saw the sweet little Miss Smith with her head lying affectionately upon the breast of a man, his arms encircling her waist, while he imprinted kisses upon her upturned lips. It was too much for Jim; he rushed out through the saloon, and down toward the cabin,

with pistol in hand. "Foller him, boys, foller him," cried Sam Noyes, fearful lest the infuriated

man should commit a rash deed. The saloon poured forth its occupants Bill Turner heading the crowd, and who reached the cabin at almost the same nstant that Jim did, and in a moment the cabin was full of breathless, panting men. Standing at one end was fine-looking young man, supporting the trembling form of the frightened girl. In his hand he held a pistol, ready to hoot the first man who made a move. No one seemed to know the stranger His eyes were fixed on Jim Marshall who in return glared at the intruder like

"Handsome Jack!" said he.
"Jim Marshall!" was the reply. "Who is she?" gasped Jim, pointing.

"My wife!" came in a firm, manly The next morning there were two de erted claims over in the canon; the cabins that the day previous had cover-ed the heads of Jim Marshall and Bill Turner were now untenanted, and at night, when Sam Noyes looked out of his back window toward the little cabin lown in the chaparrel, all was darkness.

At a recent trial of a liquor case the witness on the stand was under examina-tion as to what he had seen in the defendant's domicile, which he said he had visited " a number of times.'

"Did you ever see any spirits there or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice.
"Why, yes—I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness.
"Do you know what kind of spirits?"

"How do you know?"
"I kinder smelt it."

"Well, now," said the judge, straight-ening himself for the convicting answer, which he supposed would be given will you please tell me what kind of spirits it was ?"

'Spirits o' turpentine !" christened by the miners the manual child-like; her face as mooth and soft as the velvety wing of butterfly; and now, over the sweet, butt

six feet, had a heavy beard, and was a Gen. Jackson Takes the Responsibility. The following anecdote is from a pos-thumous paper by Robert Dale Owen, in Scribner's Magazine: It is well known that Jackson, on his

Van Buren, in April, 1831, resigned that office. Thereupon Jackson appointed him minister to England, and it became necessary to supply his place in

At that time there was in the United At that time there was in the United States Senate, from Louisiana, Edward Livingston, a gentleman who had already won an enviable reputation as author of the code which still bears his name—a work which has had its influence on the jurisprudence of succeeding times. Livingston at that time stood very high, not only as jurist, but as statesman; his name had come up, along with many others, and he had become the statesman of been spoken of as one eminently fitted for secretary of State. It so happened, also, that the Senate was then nearly equally divided between the two existing parties, Whig and Democratic; it need hardly be added that the president had been elected by the latter party. been elected by the latter party.

Now, when rumors became rife that Livingston might be finally selected by Jackson as cabinet officer, a small depu-tation of the Democratic leaders and personal friends of the president, unwill-ing to face the general directly, called on Mr. Trist to talk the matter over with him. They began by adverting to the fact that barely a Democratic majority of two could at that time be safely counted on in the Senate; that if Livingston, ed on in the Senate; that if Livingston, an influential Democrat, was appointed secretary of State, one of these votes would be lost; and that if (as was probable in the then state of parties in Louisiana) a Whig was appointed to take his place, it would result in a tie. They represented that such a contingency would very seriously embarrass the president parhaps in the way of thwarting. dent, perhaps in the way of thwarting his policy, more certainly by endanger-ing the confirmation of his appoint-ments. And they finally begged Mr. Trist to take an early opportunity of expressing to the general their earnest desire, both for his own sake and that of the party, that he would give to such considerations their due weight before calling Livingston from his place in the Senate.

Mr. Trist at first demurred to the undertaking of this task, alleging his belief that it would be fruitless; but was finally persuaded to reconsider his refusal. Accordingly one evening when Jackson, after a hard day's work, was seated in his arm-chair, his head sunk on his breast and his attitude betokening repose and reflection, Trist—with great reluctance, however, and after suitable apology— laid before him the fears and wishes of his friends. At the first broaching of the subject (so Trist informed me), the old man drew himself bott upright, acold man drew himself bott upright, ac-cording to his military wont, fixed his thoroughly awakened eyes full on the speaker, and, as the latter went on with his report, the flash from those stern eyes sufficiently indicated in advanceto one so familiar with his manner as

the conclusion. Then, after a pause, all he said, in his usual brief and unflinching manner, was: "Mr. Trist, my friends ought to know that no considerations of that kind can influence my choice of a secretary of State. It is my duty to select for that important office the man best fitted to fill it, and to leave the rest to God. Tell these gentlemen so." And the very next day Livingston was appointed to the vacant chair in the cabinet.

Waking up the Baby.

Just at dust the other dismal day r the children, the oldest of whom did not seem over ten years old, were huddled together on the rickety steps of an old house on Beaubien street. A pedestrian peeped over their heads to read the number on the door, and the chillooken so frightened that he asked: "Children, where are your father and mother?"

"Father's been gone way off for ever so long, and mother goes out to wash and hasn't got home yet," answered the

eldest, a girl.
"And you are all alone?"

"Yes, sir, but baby is on the bed. He's been asleep an awful long time, and we can't wake him up. If we could we'd play hide and seek and let him find

"Is the baby sick," inquired the man. "We don't know, sir, but we can't wake him up; I touched him and touch, ed him, and Charlie he tickled his feet-but little Sandy never moved once. I guess he is awful sleepy. Don't you

think you could wake him up?" "I'll try," replied the man as he went in, and when the girl had lighted the lamp he followed her into a bedroom in which there was neither carpet nor furniture. Pushed back against the broken wall was a poor old straw tick and a single quilt. He bent over to look at the child, and the first glance showed him that little Sandy was dead. On the window sill were some pieces of bread and a cup of milk which the children intended to feed him. The dead child's hand clasped a rag doll made of an old calico apron, and its thin little feet and pale face were evidences that it had known sickness and hunger throughout its brief life. While the children waited for him to open his eyes and romp with them and drive the gloom out of the house, the angels had whispered to him and his eyes had unclosed to behold the angels had whispered to

the splendors of heaven.
"Won't he wake up?" asked one of
the children, standing back in the

"Children, you must not come here until your mother comes!" he said as he left the room. "Won't he be afraid to wake up in

"Won't he be arraid to wake up in the dark, they asked.
"He will sleep a long time yet!" he whispered, not daring to tell them the truth, and as he went out they put the light in on the bedroom floor, that little Sandy might not find darkness around him when his sleep had ended. Poor things! They knew not and they could not see the crown of glory on the dead not see the crown of glory on the dead child's brow-a crown whose light all

BELLING THE RAT.

How a Famous St. Louis Rat-Catcher Captures the Rodents.

Tom Costello, of St. Louis, Mo., is famed as a human rat-catcher. He captures and removes these animals alive from hotels and houses where they are an annoyance and a pest. They are then taken to the rat-pit to become martyrs to the superior ability of the well-bred black-and-tans. Costello catches rodents by means of a "belled rat." A reporter accompanied him on an expedition to a wretched and worm-eaten hotel, fairly alive with the vermin, and gives the following account of his experience:
The arrival was made after midnight. Silently and cautiously the rookery was examined until the circuit run by the rats was determined.

Rats in a building are as the inhabitants of a city or the inmates of a large building. Certain holes in floors and wainscoting, drain-pipes, dark-halls, passages in the walls, etc., are to rate what streets in the city are to pedestrians, and hallways in buildings to the inmates. Just as one avenue, by reason of superior width or light, is raised by people to the dignity of a promenade, or as some alley-way, by reason of being a hort cut between two points, is made a thoroughfare, is a drain-pipe, a noisome hallway, or a hole in the floor put in constant and general use by the rats. Well, on the occasion referred to, Costello looked around and found that a dumb waiter, or hand elevator, leading rom the basement of the building upward, was the boulevard, the main street, as it were, of this rat colony.

He laid for a rat and caught him. A small bell was tied about the captive's neck by means of a ribbon, and then the rodent was released. It was off like

flash. Minutes passed by without results. At last the skurrying of rats through the walls and upper passages of the house was heard. It gradually increased. The principle the rat-catcher worked on was that the bell would scarce the rat. His terror would com-municate to his fellows, and they in turn would flee before him as from a pestience. He had calculated correctly. The noise became like that of the rat-tling of a heavy rain. The bright-eyed vermin shrieked and squealed as they fled in their terror.

The reporter and Costello stood in a

small room-the elevator ended in it. There was a rattling noise in the elevator. The room was darker than an Egyptian night. The noise increased and pervaded the room. Then the reporter realized that the rats were in the room in a myriad. He could hear their squealing, and at last observed the phosphorescent gleam of their eyes, They crawled over his feet. The perspiration stood on him in drops and his hair raised. He lost a year's growth right then. "No danger; keep still; don't move, and they won't bite you," said Costello. The reporter grouned in terror. Costello then lit a lamp. The floor was covered with the rodents. With a pair of tongs he picked up and bagged them all. There were 128 of them. When they

African Spiders.

Livingstone was once bitten, when half asleep, by a light-colored spider Feeling something running across his forehead, he put up his hand to wipe it off, when he was sharply stung on the hand and head, and the pain was very acute, but it ceased after two hours The natives declare that there is a small black spider in the country whose bite is fatal, but the great traveler did not meet with an instance in which death could be traced to this insect, though he saw a very large black hairy spider an inch and a quarter long, and three quarters of an inch broad, which had a hook at the end of its front claws similar to that at the end of the scorpion's tail When these hooks were pressed the poison came out. There are spiders in South Africa which seize their prey by leaping upon it from a distance of several inches. When alarmed they can spring about a foot away from the ob-ject of fear. A large reddish spider obtains its food in a different manner from either by patiently waiting in am bush, or by catching it with a bound It runs about with great velocity, in and out, behind and around, every object, searching for what it may devour, and from its size and rapid motions, excites the horror of every stranger. It does no harm to men except to make the nervous and those that hate spiders very uncomfortable. This active little insect is very clever, for it imitates the mason-spider and makes a nest in the earth, lined with beautiful, soft silk, covered with a nicely fitting trap door about the size of a shilling. When this is shut, it is so a shilling. closely covered with hard earth that it cannot be distinguished from the rest. are great numbers of a large, beautiful,

In some parts of the country there yellow-spotted spider, the webs of which are about a yard across. The lines on which these webs are spun are hung from one tree to another, and are as large as coarse thread. The fibers of the web itself are so thick that it is a common thing in walking through the forest to get one's face covered by them like a lady's veil. Another kind of spider lives in society, and forms so great a collection of webs, placed at every angle, that the trunks of trees cannot be seen through them. A piece of hedge is often so hidden that the branches are invisible. Another is seen on the walls inside the huts of the natives. It is round in shape, spotted brown in color, and the body is half an inch across. The spread of the leg is about an inch and a half. It makes a smooth spot for itself on the wall, covered with a white, silky stuff. There it is seen standing the whole day. It has no real web but the soft, silky carpet, and is a harmless though an ugly neighbor. - Travels in Africa.

This is a boy's composition on girls Girls are only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousands kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if not see the crown of glory on the dead child's brow—a crown whose light all know about girls, and father says the less I know about them the better off

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

News and Notes About Women. A Spanish woman walks in the Paris boulevards leading a dove with a ribbon. No woman can be employed in an Austrian railway office unless she is under twenty-five and will promise not to marry under three years.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton has prepared for the coming season three new lectures:
"Home Life," "The Rights of Children" and "The Peterkin Family." M'lle Marguerite Gidel, daughter of

the principal of Henri IV. college in Paris, has just passed with success the first part of her examination as Bachelor of Arts at the Paris Faculty of Letters. The young lady is only sixteen years of

All honor to that brave Wisconsin woman, Mrs. Charles Schleys, who left a luxurious home in Milwaukee to nurse the sick in the yellow fever hospital at Jackson, Miss. There is more heroism in such an act than leading a charge amid the fear-forgetting excitement of battle, - Utica Herald.

Mrs. Van Cott, the preacher, was born in New York city, and she is nearly fifty years of age. Her father was Major Newton, manager of John Jacob Astor's estate. He became insane. Marrying and soon becoming a widow, she attended to her husband's business of drug broker. She was converted on a Fulton ferryboat while thinking about religion. Becoming a preacher, she traveled through the country, and she counts more than twenty-seven thousand conversions as the result of her labors. She weighs 225 pounds, and is now in Cali-

Chicago has a woman's medical college which has lived through some eight years of varied existence. called the Woman's Hospital Medical college. Dr. W. H. Byford is president of a faculty of sixteen members, and Dr. Sarah H. Stevenson is professor of physi-ology. Candidates must be graduates of a high school, or its equivalent, or they must show a teacher's certificate from county superintendent of schools. In the absence of either of these they must pass an examination before the faculty on the branches of a good common school education.

Fashion Notes.

The old scoop bounet is revived. Trains are not so long as last year. Elbow sleeves are very fashionable. Lace pendants are attached to the

ronts of wide lace collars.

The latest novelty in veils is black lotted, net lined, with white illusion. Corduroy velvet will be largely used for the underskirts of winter costumes. The embroidered handkerchief caps

creole caps. Twelve and six button white kid gloves are shown for evening wear, with the small mother of pearl buttons in

stead of gilt ones. White barege is used for inexpensive oridal dresses. Such dre med with white satin and garlands of orange blossoms.

On some of the dresses for next sea on are to be worn accessories—that is to say, plastrons, pockets and cuffs composed entirely of feathers.

Black felt bonnets in close princesse shape, trimmed with a band of cashmere feathers, or else with an Alsacian bow of velvet and satin ribbon, will be populary worn during the fall and winter. Bullet-shaped buttons come in colored

pearl, in brass, in steel, and crocheted a colors and in black, for winter dresses When two colors appear in the dress goods, the round silk button is of the ighter color, nearly covered with croheted netting of the darker shade. Satin, this season, bas unusual con sideration. Plain satin will be very

much employed, especially black satin in combination with black silk. There are also satin-striped gres grain and lengthwise corded silks, with satin striped, and plain moires antiques.

The newest black velvet bags are emproidered in gold and in other colors in floral patterns. Wide velvet belts are wrought in the same colors to be worn with them. Plain velvet bags have gilt bands and monograms. The old-time beaded reticules are again revived.

Hosiery for the fall is in hair-line tripes around the limb, and is embroidered up each side. This is not new but promises to be the popular design More expensive stockings are of solid dark color, with the instep and ankle of a light shade, striped across with pen-cilled lines of the dark color.

Time Lost.

Most of us fritter away a great deal of time. We are wasteful of the minutes when we are wasteful of nothing else. Nothing is easier than to fritter away time in matters of no use to ourselves or anyone else. The habit is readily formed. It grows upon us unawares. Keep a strict account of every hour of your time for a single week, setting down correctly the exact manner in which every hour is spent, and see whether when you come to review the record, you do not find it full of admonition and instruction. In this simple way one can readily understand the secret of his want of time. He will discover that he has given hours to idle talk, to indolence and to inconsiderable trifles, which have yielded him neither profit nor pleasure. What is the remedy? Arrange your work in the order of its comparative importance. Attend first to the things which are essential to be done, and let the unessentials take their chance afterward. The difference in the amount of work accomplished will be astonishing. Duty before pleasure. Those who practice this precept have plenty of time for pleasure, and enjoy far greater satisfaction than those who reverse this rule. For there is great satisfaction to be obtained in the simple performance of one's duty.

Old gentlemen to troublesome boy:
"Look here, my boy, can you tell me why you may be said to be playing at hide-and-seek?" Troublesome boy:
"No, sir." Old gentleman: "Because you are seeking a good hiding."

Internewon said: I have seen him, and he withholds his permission."
"Very well," said the man drawing his cowhide—but at this instant the editor shot him dead. No judicial proceedings followed these little Kentucky privileges. Old gentlemen to troublesome boy:

The Invisible Land.

NO. 34.

There was a land that lay beyond my sight For which I vainly searched the great earth

through. Thither, right often, my companions flew At daybreak, or at noontide, or at night, And never came again. I took my flight, Explored all portions of the globe, yet graw

No nearer where that mighty retipue Had fled into the stately fields of light. But once, when evening her dusk sails had

And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er My spirit, and in it I, rising, said : 'Now is the country mine long sought

before !" And one I heard lament that I was dead; And lo! the land stretched just beside my door! -Serlbner

Items of Interest.

Edison is neglecting the waste power of Vesnvina.

A plain speaker - One who is the re Best things with which to open a dead

lock—A skeleton key. There are twenty-five different kinds of springs in Saratoga.

"In speaking of a person's faults, Pray don't forget your own; Remember those with homes of glass Spould never throw a stone

Why is a cornetist always poor? Because he is continually blowing his notes away, and the report of his wealth is all in a horn.

Mrs. Janville has "put up" twelve cans of peaches, nine jars of plums and a bushel of pears, while her husband has only "put up" two stoves and his gold watch. - Norristown Herald. Mules are credited with being stub-

born. Their obstinacy, however, is no circumstance to that of the strip of cardboard one endeavors to coax into position in an overgrown soft felt hat. New York boasts of a man who can make a straight jump of over fourteen feet. A Chicago man, however, has beaten this. He "jumped the town,"

and hasn't been seen since, Some of his employers' funds went with him, A young lady hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor said: "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but "-" Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupmatic would convey my meaning

admirably." At an auction art sale, the other day, a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure, when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed earnestly: "My stars, if there isn't a vessel drifting on to the rocks with a strong breeze blowing off shore." The artist took his work home

worn over a round mob cap of Brussels shore." The artist to net, edged with a frill, are called to rearrange the wind. Acorns from remote antiquity have been used for man and animals. The ancient Britons lived mostly on acorns; so, says Galen, did the Arcadians. They were prepared in many shapes, boiled and roasted, dried and ground and made into bread. At present they are chiefly used for fattening hogs, deer and poultry, though in Norway and Sweden they are boiled and mixed with

cornmeal to make bread. Dan Newman, of Sierra valley, Cal., killed 205 blackbirds by emptying only two barrels from a shotgun into a flock of them the other day. This may appear a rather improbable story, but it is ouched for by a half dozen or so reliable witnesses. The birds were huddled together in a grain field where a threshing machine had shortly before been in operation, when Newman fired at them. and each shot seemed to have brough down a separate victim.

They were sitting on either side of the garden seat; silence had bossed the occasion for several minutes, when she finally wagged her tongue thusly: "Jim, how many miles away do they say the moon is?" "Well," said he with studious gravity, "astronomers differs; I believe Heliogabberlus cal-"astronomers kerlated it was 'bout forty-seven bil-lion miles, but Dan Webster didn't think it was more'n a couple of million or so." "I wish Gab'lus was right, and I was the moon," was her sweet rejoinder. And in about five minutes it would have required an awfully clever astronomer to calculate Jim's remote-

In the years 1601 and 1603 Russia experienced great scarcity, and provisions were extremely dear. The spirit of the times and the want of intelligence prevented the application of remedies suitable to the circumstance; but Boris Godounof, the czar, in this crisis showed himself the true father of his people. He employed thousands in erecting large stone buildings, furnishing everything that was necessary, and giving them wages corresponding to the increased price of the necessaries of life; and he distributed 30,000 roubles daily for the relief of the poor. He at the same time compelled the boyars to let him have the overplus of their magazines at half-price, to give to the poor. Those who, notwithstanding his care, perished in this dreadful calamity, were interred at his own expense.

An Editor Who Wouldn't be Cowhided. We find this story in some reminiscencies of Justice Miller, of the United States supreme court, written up for the Cincinnati Enquirer, by George Alfred Townsend: Judge Miller related another incident of the fighting days in Kentucky, when an editor by the name, I think, of Matthewson, was applied to by a citizen of Richmond to furnish him with the name of the author of a personal paragraph in his paper. The editor replied that he required until the next day to see the author and get his permission. "Very well," said the saller, "you give it me to-morrow, or I will cowhide you for concealing the name of the miscreant?" Next day, at the appointed time in came the gentleman in pursuit of revenge, with a cowhide in his hand, as he had promised. Matthewson said: "I decline to give