### VOL. IX.

### RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1879.

#### The Subscriber. It was the old subscriber.

His eyes were old and dim, But "he wan't takin' no paper That was pokin' chaff at him."

For he picked his paper up one day And it went to his heart like a rocket; "Whom the gods love, die young, it said But they whose hearts are dry," he read "As summer's dust, burn to the socket."

Then he looked through the paper with wrath and doubt, And his heart with anger burned; For he found a t had been left out

And he found an o that was "turned." And he lifted his voice with a mighty sho As the sheet with his feet he spurned. He stopped his paper; he would not read

Such a blundering, villainous sheet; Of the news it contained he had no need, He could hear the news on the street. Only ten days later, he sold his corn. But he pounded his head full of dents,

When he learned, after selling for twelve and a-halt, It was quoted at forty-two cents.

And his farm was sold for taxes, because He didn't know when they were due, And he bet on a race three days after date And he bet on the wrong horse, too.

He was fined nine dollars and seventy cent For going out shooting on Sunday, For he did't know, with no paper to read, Whether t'was Sunday or Monday.

He came to town to the Fourth of July, But it had been gone for a week, And he felt so mad, that he wanted to cry For he didn't know how to speak.

He thought that Grant was President yet, And he never had heard of Hayes; It was worry, and blunder, and trouble, and

All of his weary days.

So he came to town, one summer morn, And "signed" for his paper again, And went back home to his wheat and corr The happiest man among men.

-Burlington Hawkeye

## THE TWO MR. SMITHS.

"It is not either her money or her position that dashes me, Carrol; it is

position that dashes me, Carrol; it is my own name. Think of asking Eleanor Bethune to become Mrs. William Smith! If it had been Alexander Smith—"

'Or Hyacinth Smith."

'Yes, Hyacinth Smith would have done; but plain William Smith!"

"Well, as far as I can see, you are not to blame. Apologize to the lady for the blunder of your godfathers and godmothers. Stupid old parties! They ought to have thought-of Hyacinth;" and Carrol threw his cigar into the fire and Carrol threw his cigar into the fire and began to buckle on his spurs.

"Come with me, Carrol.
"No, thank you. It is against my principles to like any one better than myself, and Alice Fontaine is a tempta-

tion to do so."

"I don't like Alice's style at all."

"Of course not. Alice's beauty, as compared with Mrs. Bethune's settled

ncome, is skin-deep."

If sarcasm was intended, Smith did not perceive it. He took the criticism at its face value, and answered, "Yes, Eleanor's income is satisfactory; and besides that, she has all kinds of good qualities, and several accomplishments.
If I only could offer her, with myself, a suitable name for them.'

"Could you not, in taking Mrs. Be-thune and her money, take her name

N-n-no. A man does not like to lose all his individuality in his wife's, Carrol. Well, then, I have no other suggestion, and I am going to ride."

So Carrol went to the park and Smith went to his mirror. The occupation went to his mirror. The occupation gave him the courage he wanted. He was undoubtedly a very handsome man, and he had, also, very fine manners; indeed, he would have been a very great man if the world had only been a drawing-room, for, polished and fastidious, he dreaded nothing so much as an indecorum, and had the air of being uncom-fortable unless his hands were in kid

Smith had a standing invitation to Mrs. Bethune's five-o'clock teas, and he was always considered an acquisition. He was also very fond of going to them for under no circumstances was Mrs Bethune so charming. To see her in this hour of perfect relaxation was to understand how great and beautiful is the art of idleness. Her ease and grace, her charming aimlessness, her indescribable air of inaction, were all so many proofs of her having been born in the purple of wealth and fashion; no par-venu could ever hope to imitate them.

Alice Fontaine never tried. She had been taken from a life of polite shifts and struggles by her cousin, Mrs. Bethune, two years before; and the circumstances that were to the one the mere accidents of her position were to the other a real

holiday-making.

Alice met Mr. Smith with empresse ment, fluttered about the tea-tray, like a butterfly, wasted her bonmots and the sugar recklessly, and was as full of pretty animation as her cousin Bethune was

of elegant repose.

During the afternoon Eleanor's hand had rested a moment very tenderly in his; he had seen her white cheek flush and her eyelids droop, and he felt almost sure that he was beloved. And as he had determined that night to test his fortune, he was not in-clined to let himself be disappointed. Consequently he decided on writing to her, for he was rather proud of his let-ters; and indeed it must be confessed that he had an elegant and eloquent way of putting any case in which he was personally interested.

Eleanor Bethune thought so. She received his proposal on her return from very stupid party, and as soon as she saw his writing she began to consider how much more delightful the evening would have been if Mr Smith had been present. His glowing culogies on her beauty, and his passionate descriptions of his own affection, his hopes, and his despairs, chimed in with her mood ex-Already his fine person and manners had made a great impression on her; she had been very near loving him; nothing, indeed, had heen needed but that touch of electricity conveyed in the

expecting it, and had already decided on her answer. So, after a short, hap-py reflection, she opened her desk and wrote Mr. Smith a few lines which she believed would make him supremely

happy.

Then she went to Alice's room, and woke her up out of her first sleep. "Oh, you lazy girl; why did you not crimp your hair? Get up again, Alice dear; I have a secret to tell you. I am—going—to—marry—Mr.—Smith."

"I knew some catastrophe was impending, Eleanor; I have felt it all day. Poor Eleanor!"

Now. Alice, be reasonable. What

"Now, Alice, be reasonable. What do you think of him—honestly, you "The man has excellent qualities; for

instance, a perfect taste in cravats, and an irreproachable propriety. Nobody ever saw him in any position out of the proper center of gravity. Now there is Carrol, always sitting round on tables or easels, or if on a chair, on the back or arms, or any way but as other Christians sit. Then Mr. Smith is handsome; very much so." much so."
"Oh! you do admit that?"

"Yes; but I don't myself like men of the hairdresser style of beauty."
"Alice, what makes you dislike him

Indeed, I don't, Eleanor. I think he is very 'nice' and very respectable.
Every one will say, 'What a suitable match!' and I dare say you will be very happy. He will do everything you tell him to do, Eleanor; and—oh, dear me!—how I should hate a husband of that kind!"

"You little hypocrite!—with your talk of wcman's 'rights' and woman's 'su-

"No, Eleanor love, don't call it hypoc-

"No, Eleanor love, don't call it hypocrisy, please; say many-sidedness—it is a more womanly definition. But if it is really to be so, then I wish you joy, cousin. And what are you going to wear?"

This subject proved sufficiently attractive to keep Alice awake a couple of hours. She even crimped her hair in honor of the bridal shopping; and before matters had been satisfactorily arranged she was so full of anticipated pleasures that she felt really grateful to the author of them, and permitted herself to speak with enthusiasm of the bridegroom.

"He'll be a sight to see, Eleanor, on his marriage day. There won't be a handsomer man or better-dressed man in America, and his clothes will all come from Paris, I dare say."

from Paris, I dare say."

from Paris, I dare say."

"I think we will go to Paris first."
Then Eleanor went into a graphic description of the glories and pleasures of Paris, as she had experienced them during her first bridal tour. "It is the most fascinating city in the world, Alice."

"I dare say, but it is a ridiculous shame having it in such an out-of-theway place. What is the use of having a Paris, when one has to sail three thousand miles to get at it? Eleanor, I feel that I shall have to go."

"So you shall, dear; I won't go with-

"So you shall, dear; I won't go without you." "Oh, no, darling; not with Mr. Smith. I really could not. I shall have to try and manage matters with Mr. Carrol. We shall quarrel all the way

across, of course, but then—"
"Why don't you adopt his opinions, "I intend to-for a little while; but it is impossible to go on with the same set of opinions forever. Just think how

dull conversation would become! 'Well, dear, you may go to sleep now, of for mind, I shall want you down to breakfast before eleven. I have given somebody' permission to call at five 'clock to-morrow-or rather to-dayand we shall have a tete-a-tete tea.'

Alice determined that it should be strictly tele-a-tele. She went to spend the afternoon with Carrol's sisters, and stayed until she thought the lovers had had ample time to make their vows and arrange their wedding.

There was a little pout on her lips as she left Carrol outside the door, and slowly bent her steps to Eleanor's private parlor. She was trying to make up her mind to be civil to her cousin's new husband elect, and the temptation

to be anything else was very strong.
"I shall be dreadfully in the way—his way, I mean-and he will want to send me out of the room, and I shall not go-no, not if I fall asleep on a chair looking

With this decision, the most amiable she could reach, Alice entered the parlor. Eleanor was alone, and there was a pale, angry look on her face Alice

could not understand.
"Shut the door, dear." "I have been so all evening."

"Have you quarreled with Mr. Smith?"
"Mr. Smith did not call." "Not come?"

"Nor sent any apology."
The two women sat looking into each other's faces a few moments, both white and silent.

'What will you do, Eleanor?" " Nothing. "But he may be sick, or he may not have got your letter. Such queer mis-takes do happen."
"Parker took it to his hotel; the clerk

rarker took it to his note; the clerk said he was still in his room; it was sent to him in Parker's sight and hearing. There is not any doubt but that he re-ceived it." "Well, suppose he did not. Still, if he really cares for you, he is hardly likely to take your supposed silence for an abso-lute refusal. I have said 'No' to Carrol

a dozen times, and he won't stay 'noed.' Mr. Smith will be sure to ask for a personal interview. Eleanor answered drearily: " I suppose he will pay me that respect;" but through this little effort at assertion it was easy to detect the white feather of ...istrust. She half suspected the touchy self-esteem of Mr. Smith. If she had merely been guilty of a breach of good manners toward him, she knew that he would deeply resent it; how, then, when shehad—however innocently—given him

the keenest personal spite. Still she wished to accept Alice's cheerful view of the affair, and what is heart-ily wished is half accomplished. Ere she fell asleep she had quite decided that her lover would call the following day, and her thoughts were busy with the pleasant amends she would make him for any anxiety he might have suffered.

But Mr. Smith did not call the following day, nor on many following ones, and a casual lady visitor destroyed Eleanor's last hope that he would ever call again, for, after a little desultory gossip, she said: "You will miss Mr. Smith very much at your receptions, and brother Sam says he is to be away two years.' "So long?" asked Eleanor, with per-

that touch of electricity conveyed in the knowledge that she was beloved.

Such proposals seldom or never take women unawares. Eleanor had been talking about the trip for six months."

"Really!—Alice, dear, won't you bring that piece of Burslam pottery for Mrs. Hollis to look at?"

So the wonderful cup and saucer were brought, and they caused a diversion so complete that Mr. Smith and his eccentric move were not named again during the visit. Nor, indeed, much after it. "What is the use of discussing a hopelessly disagreeable subject?" said Eleanor to Alice's first offer of sympathy. To tell the truth, the mere mention of the subject made her cross, for young women of the finest fortunes do not necessarily possess the finest tempers.

of her brother, and his speedy arrest involved a matter of at least forty thousand dollars.

This Mr. William Smith was a totally different man to Eleanor's last lover—a bright, energetic, alert business man, decidedly handsome and gentlemanly. Though his name was greatly against him in Eleanor's prejudices, she found herself quite unable to resist the cheery, pleasant influence he carried with him. And it was evident from the very first day of their acquaintance that Mr. William Smith had but one thought—the winning of Eleanor Bethune.

possess the finest tempers.
Carrol's next visit was looked for with a good deal of interest. Naturally it was thought that he would know all about his friend's singular conduct. But he professed to be as much puzzled as Alice. "He supposed it was something about Mrs. Bethune; he had always told Smith not to take a pretty, rich woman like her into his calculations. For his part, if he had been desirous of marrying at, heiress, and felt that he had a gift that way, he should have looked out a rich German girl; they had less norsense about them sets. ess nonsense about them, etc."

That was how the affair ended as far

as Eleanor was concerned. Of course she suffered, but she was not of that generation of women who parade their suffering. Beautiful and self-respecting, she was, above all, endowed with physical self-control. Even Alice was spared the hysterical sobbings and faintings and other signs of pathological distress common to weak women.

Perhaps she was more silent and more Perhaps she was more silent and more irritable than usual, but Eleanor Bethune's heartache for love never led her to the smallest social impropriety. Whatever she suffered, she did not refuse the proper mixture of colors in her hat, or neglect her tithe of the mint, anise and cummin due to her position.

Eleanor's reticence, however, had this good effect—it compelled Alice to talk Smith's singular behavior over with Carrol; and somehow, in discussing Smith, they got to understand each other; so that, after all, it was Alice's and not Eleanor's bridal shopping that was to do. And there is something very assuaging to grief in this occupation. Before it was completed, Eleanor had quite recovered her placid, sunshiny

"Consolation, thy name is satin and lace!" said Alice, thankfully, to herself, as she saw Eleanor so tired and happy about the wedding finery.

At first Alice had been quite sure that the would go to Paris and nowhere else:

she would go to Paris, and nowhere else; but Eleanor noticed that in less than a week Carrol's influence was paramount. "We have got a better idea, Eleanor quite a novel one," she said, one morn-ing. "We are going to make our bridal trip in Carrol's yacht!"
"Whose idea is that?"

"Carrol's, and mine too, of course. Carrol says it is the jolliest life! You leave all your cares and your bills on shore behind you. You issue your own sailing orders, and sail away into space

"But I thought you were bent on a
European trip?"

"The yacht will be ever so much
nicer. Think of the nuisance of ticketflices, and waiting-rooms, and second-

class hotels, and troublesome letters waiting for you at your banker's, and disagreeable paragraphs in the newspapers. I think Carrol's idea is splendid." sailed happily away into the unknown. Eleanor was at a loss what to do with herself. She wanted to go to Europe; but Mr. Smith had gone there, and she

felt sure that some unlucky accident would throw them together. It was not her nature to court embarrassments; so Europe was out of the question. While she was hesitating she called one day on Celeste Reid-a beautiful girl who had been a great belle, but was now a confirmed invalid. "I am going to try the air of Colorado, Mrs. Bethune,"

she said. "Papa has heard wonderful stories about it. Come with our party. We shall have a special car, and the trip will at least have the charm of 'And I love the mountains, Celeste.

I will join you with pleasure. I was dreading the old routine in the old places; but this will be delightful."

Thus it happened that one evening in the following August Mrs. Bethune found herself slowly strolling down the principal street in Denver. It was a splendid sunset, and in its glory the Rocky mountains rose like Titanic palaces built of amethyst, gold and silver. Suddenly the look of intense pleasure on her face was changed for one of wonder and annoyance. It had become her duty in a moment to do a very disagreeable thing; but duty was a kind of religion canor Bethune; she never thought of shirking it.

So she immediately inquired her way to the telegraph office, and even quick-ened her steps into as fast a walk as she ever permitted herself. The message she had to send was a peculiar and not a pleasant one. At first she thought it would hardly be possible for her to frame it in such words as she would care to dictate to strangers; but she finally settled on the following form:

" Messrs. Locke & Lord: "Tell brother Edward that Ploom is

n Denver. No delay. The matter is of the greatest importance." When she had directed the message, When she had directed the message, the clerk said, "Two dollars, madam." But greatly to Eleanor's annoyance, her purse was not in her pocket, and she could not remember whether she had put it there or not. The man stood looking at her in an expectant way; she felt that any delay about the message might be fatal to its worth; perplexity ruled her absolutely. She was about to ruled her absolutely. She was about to explain her dilemma, and return to her hotel for money, when a gentleman, who had heard and watched the whole pro-

ceeding, said:
"Madam, I perceive that time is of great importance to you, and that you have lost your purse; allow me to pay for your message. You can return the money if you wish. My name is Wil-liam Smith. I am staying at the "American."
"Thank you, sir. The message is of

"Thank you, sir. The message is of the gravest importance to my brother. I gratefully accept your offer."
Further knowledge proved Mr. William Smith to be a New York capitalist who was slightly known to three of the gentlemen in Eleanor's party; so that the acquaintance began so informally was very speedily afterward inaugurated with all the forms and ceremonies good society demands. It was soon possible, too, for Eleanor to explain the circumtoo, for Eleanor to explain the circum-stances which, even in her code of strict etiquette, made a stranger's offer of money for the hour a thing to be grate-fully accepted. She had seen in the door of the postoffice a runaway cashier

William Smith had but one thought—
the winning of Eleanor Bethune.

When she returned to New York in
the autumn she ventured to cast up her
accounts with life, and she was rather
amazed at the result. For she was quite
aware that she was in love with this
William Smith in a way that she had
never been with the other. The first
had been a sentimental ideal; the second
was a genuine case of sincere and passionate affection. She felt that the
desertion of this lover would be a grief
far beyond the power of satin and lace far beyond the power of satin and lace to cure.

lar beyond the power of satin and lace to cure.

But her new lover had never a disloyal thought to his mistress, and his love, transplanted to the pleasant places of New York life, seemed to find its native air. It enveloped Eleanor now like a glad and heavenly atmosphere; she was so happy that she dreaded any change; it seemed to her that no change could make her happier.

But if good is good, still better carries the day, and Mr. Smith thought marriage would be a great deal better than love-making. Eleanor and he were sitting in the fire-lit parlor, very still and very happy, when he whispered this opinion to her.

"It is only four months since we met, dear. Only four months, darling; but I had been dreaming about you for four months before that. Let me hold your hands, sweet, while I tell you. On the 20th of last April I was on the point of leaving to Colorado to look after the Silver Cite.

of last April I was on the point of leaving for Colorado to look after the Silver Cliff mine. My carriage was ordered, and I was waiting at the hotel for it. A

servant brought me a letter—the dearest, sweetest little letter—see, here it is!" and this William Smith absolutely laid before Eleanor her own pretty, loving reply to the first William Smith's offer. Eleanor looked queerly at it, and smiled. "What did you think, dear?" "That it was just the pleasantest thing that had ever happened to me. It was directed to Mr. W. Smith, and had been given into my hands. I was not going to seek up any other W. Smith."

"But you must have been sure that it is the seek up any other was any you did

was not intended for you, and you did not know 'Eleanor Bethune.'"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sweetheart; it was intended for me. I can imagine destiny standing sarcastically by your side, and watching you send the letter to one W. Smith when she intended it for another W. Smith. Eleanor Bethune I meant to know just as soon as cossible. I was coming back to Nov. possible. I was coming back to New York to look for you."

"And, instead, she went to you in

"Only think of that! Why, love, when that blessed telegraph clerk said: 'Who sends this message?' and you said, 'Mrs. Eleanor Bethune,' I wanted

"It was written to the wrong Smith but it was given to the right Smith. Still, Eleanor, if you will say one little

word to me, you may do what you like with the letter." Then Eleanor whispered the word, and the blaze of the burning letter made a little illumination in honor of their be trothal kiss.—Harper's Weekly.

# Pain and the Weather.

It is a familiar experience that certain bodily pains vary in their phases accord-

ing to the weather, but probably few

have made exact scientific observations of this to any considerable extent. A series of such observations, made with much ability and perseverance, has lately been reported to the American Academy of Science by Prof. Mitchell. They are by Capt. Catlin, of the United States Army, who lost a leg during the war, and since that time has suffered a good deal from traumatic neuralgia. carefully noted during five years, the effects produced on him by changes of the weather. For the first quarters of these five years there were 2,471 hours of pain; for the second quarters, 2,102 hours; for the third quarters, 2,056 hours; and for the last quarters, 2,221 hours. The best "yield of pain" is in January, February and March, and the poorest in the third quarter—July, Au gust and September. During these five years, while the sun was south of the quator, there were 4,692 hours of pain, igainst 4,158 hours while it was north of against 4,105 hours while it was north of the equator. The average duration of the attacks for the first quarters was twenty-two hours, and for the third quarters only 17.9 hours. Now, taking the four years ending January 1, 1879, it is found that of the 537 storms chartered by the Signal Bureau, 298 belong to the two winter quarters, against 239 for the summer quarters. The average distance of the storm-center at the beginning of the neuralgic attacks was 680 miles. Storms from the Pacific coast are felt furthest off very soon after, or as they are crossing the Rockymountains, while storms along the Atlantic coast are associated with milder forms of neuralgia, which are not felt till the storm-center is nearer. Rain is not essential in the production of neuralgia. The severest neu-ralgic attacks of the year were those accompanying the first snows of November and December. One other interesting observation is as follows: Every storm sweeping across the continent cor sists of a vast rain area, at the center of which is a moving space of greatest barometric depression. The rain usuprecedes this storm center by 550 to 600 miles, but before and around the rain lies a belt, which may be called the neuralgic margin of the storm, and which precedes the rain by 150 miles. The fact is very deceptive, because the sufferer may be or the lar edge of a storm-

The large collection stored in the vaults of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, are in a fair way to become exposed to public view one of these days, work having begun on the National Museum, for which Congress appropri-ated \$250,000. The building is to cover two and a half acres, and will be finished next spring.

basin of barometric pressure, and seeing

nothing of the rain, yet have pain due to

#### TIMELY TOPICS.

A telephone has been placed in the Congregational church, at Mansfield, O., the wires leading to the houses of several aged and invalid persons. It sur-mounts a floral decoration on the table mounts a floral decoration on the table in front of the open platform, where it is hardly seen. The speaker pays no attention whatever to it, yet every word uttered in the auditorium is easily heard in the rooms of the dwellings which the wires reach. The first message from the minister was from Scripture: "The word is nigh unto thee;" "His word runneth very swiftly."

When the Zulus rushed in on the small British detachment of Col. Wood, small British detachment of Col. Wood, and while there was yet an open road in one direction, Col. Weatherly, an English cavalry officer, clapped his son, a boy of thirteen—who was with him, on horseback—kissed him, and told him to fly for life. The lad jumped from the saddle, striking the horse a lash which sent it galloping off, and said: "Father, I'll die with you." The father handed his revolver to the child just as the Zulus reached, over British bodies, the spot where they stood. Weatherly slew spot where they stood. Weatherly slew five Zulus before he fell, but the son was killed at once.

Apropos to the inter-oceanic canal across the isthmus of Darien, a corres-pondent in Buffalo writes to the New ork Graphic, suggesting the construction of an enormous railway across the isthmus, constructed and equipped to carry ships of any tonnage. He would have the track at each end of the route run down into water deep enough to support a properly built dock, so that a vessel could sail into a basin surround-ing this approach to the track, and then be docked and drawn across the isthmus on wheels. The writer does not profess on wheels. The writer does not profess any engineering skill, and modestly admits that there may be difficulties in the way of his scheme which he does not see. If so, others will probably see them. He thinks such a road might be built for one-tenth of \$200,000,000, the estimated cost of the proposed canal.

The police statistics of large cities are often more impressive than a long and rhetorical sermon could be. Take those of Chicago, for example. The annual arrests number about 30,000, one-half for drunkenness, and of the total, 6.000 are women, Without going into elaborate comparisons of figures, it may be affirmed that Chicago is not greatly worse than other large eities, it may not be as than other large cities; it may not be as bad as some others. At the best we ob-tain a glimpse of an incalculable amount of crime and misery; and when we remember that the influence of evil examples spreads like a con-tagious disease, the subject is seen to be one of terrible moment. Mere preaching to those whose surroundings alone render virtue almost impossible on the one hand, and mere attention to physical wants on the other, will not meet the exigencies of the case. Nothing will effect an immediate or general cure, but there should be a union of all the methods which common sense and uncommon charity can devise.

said, 'Mrs. Elemor Bethune,' I wanted to fly my hat to the sky. I did not lose my head as bad'y when they found that lister carely idea is plendid."

So the marriage took place at the end of the season, and Alice and Carrol written to the wrong Smith."

Sidd, 'Mrs. Elemor Bethune,' I wanted to fly my hat to the sky. I did not lose my head as bad'y when they found that new lead in the Silver Cliff."

Strange mischances with fatal results are daily happening here and there. A Boston butcher ran against a knife that lay on a block, severed an artery, and let me destroy it, William? It was lay on a block, severed an artery, and bled to death. A Denver woman caught oled to death. A Denver woman caught her foot in a railroad frog, and could not get loose before a train ran over her. A fermont farmer sneezed with a straw in his mouth, drew it into his lungs, and died choking. A horse kicked a Michigan boy into a deep well, where he was drowned. The shoe flew off the foot of a kicking mule, in Nashville, and fractured the skull of a baby. An Oregon girl swallowed herengagement ring, and tured the skull of a baby. An Oregon girl swallowed herengagement ring, and lived only a week afterward. While standing on his head, on the top of a high fence post, an Iowa boy lost his balance, fell into a tub of hot water, and was fatally scalded. A stone, thrown by a playfellow, broke a glass from which a St. Louis boy was drinking, criving some of the pieces down his throat, and he died a few days afterward in great agony. Looking up to watch in great agony. Looking up to watch the flight of an arrow, a Nashville woman did not see it descending directly over her head, and the sharp metal point penetrated her brain through one of her eyes, killing her instantly.

> Horses' Comfort. The health and comfort of horses have of late years been improved by the bet ter construction of stables. They are made more roomy and lofty, and pro-vided with means of thorough ventilation. In many new stables lofts are done away with, or the floor of the loft is kept well above the horses' heads and ample shafts are introduced through the lofts to convey away foul air. By perforated bricks and gratings under the mangers, and elsewhere round the walls, and also by windows and ventilators, abundance of pure air is secured for the horses; while being introduced for the horses; while being introduced in moderate amount, and from various directions, it comes in without draught. Too much air is almost an unknown stable luxury. To secure a constant supply of pure air, horses require more cubic space than they generally enjoy. Even when animals are stabled only at night, a minimum of 1,200 cubic feet should be allowed. In England, the wer cavalry barracks give a minimum of 1,500 cubic feet, with a ground area of fully ninety square feet per horse; and the best hunting and carriage horse stables have more room .- Journal of Chem-

A Brave Little Girl. Mr. H. F. Gaulding has a little daughter eleven years old to whose nerve and courage he is indebted for the life of his courage he is indebted for the life of his three-year-old boy. The boy was play-ing by the cistern in Mr. Gaulding's yard. There was a plank off, and through this aperture the little fellow fell. He caught a plank, however, in falling, and held for some time before he was dis-covered. But his hold weakened, and with a splash he fell into the cistern. His sister saw and appreciated the situ-His sister saw and appreciated the situ-ation. Most girls would have screamed and run off in quest of help. Not so with this little girl. The screams and struggles for life of her baby brother gave her the strength and courage of a man. She saw a ladder, and, with all her might, she dragged it to and placed it into the cistern, and then went down into the water, reached out and caught her brother just in time to save him from a watery grave. By this time help arrived and both were landed safely from their perilous position. All honor to this little heroine!—Bainbridge (Ga.)

#### THE NIHILISTS.

An Account which Shows the Terrible State of Affairs.

Scene—At St. Petersburg.

Janitor—I can't stand this any longer sir; I don't mind doing the duties ordinarily expected of one in my position but I cannot be on the watch all th twenty-four hours to see that the Nihilists don't stick revolutionary posters on the front wall. I've gone eleven nights

without sleep now.

Proprietor—But, my poor Ivan Ivanovitch, I did not make the law which
all owners of houses are obliged to obey,
providing for a fine of 500 roubles if a
placard is posted up on the premises,
and imprisonment if the offence is repeated. Here, drink this coffee; it will
teep you awake. To night I will green

keep you awake. To-night I will go on watch and you can get a good sleep. Janitor—Thanks, my good master; your nobly considerate conduct lends me renewed strength.

An hour later the janitor comes in to

Proprietor—Great Todleben! where have you been? Why, man, there is a revolutionary placard pasted on your

back!
Janitor—Is there? I suppose I must
have closed my eyes for a minute or two.
They, have a keen eye for business, those
Nihil¹sts. Let's tear it up.
Proprietor—No; don't tear it up, because some of the fragments might be
found and we might be sent to Siberia
Burn it up, coat and all—I'll give you a
new one. Now go back to your post,
and, for the love of Heaven, do not doze
a wink.

a wink.

The janitor returns. The proprietor watches him from the window, and, whenever he nods, shouts, "Now, then, Ivan Ivanovitch, keep awake!" In the course of the long, long, weary day the

police arrive.
Official—We have come to search the

Premises.

Proprietor—But, count. I belong to no association. I am merely a peaceful citizen who passes his days and nights watching to see that his watchman doesn't fall asleep.

Official—I have General Gourko's orders to enter your house and see that

you have no concealed arms.

Proprietor—All I have is an old shot-gun without lock, stock or barrel.

Official—The Nihilists could easily furnish you those. Your shotgun is confiscated, and you may thank your lucky stars that you get off so easily. What's in that drawer?

Proprietor—Knives. Official—Knives! I confiscate them. Proprietor—But, prince, they are table-knives, and to-night I give a dinner-party; my daughter is engaged to be married, and this is to celebrate her etrothal. Official-You must cat with your fin-

gers, that's all.

Proprietor—But, grand duke, how are we to carve the fowls?

Official—Tear 'em in pieces, or bite out [chunks—it'll all be in the family. Where's your bedroom?

Proprietor—Here, your imperial ex-cellency, and if you find any deadly weapons in it I want to be sent to Siberia.

Official-I might send you there if it

were worth the trouble, for here is a razor which in the practiced hands of a desperate man might be used to slay the whole imperial family. I will confiscate inder disadvantages, and the unhappy nan forgets all the trials and troubles of

the day. At the dessert, just as he is about to propose the health of the soon to be wedded pair, he receives a note ouched in these terms):
You are a traitor! You have to-day riven up to the tyrants the arms in your ossession. You have therefore been

loomed to death by Yours respectfully, THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. per Tomski Collinsovitch.
Proprietor (tearing his hair)—There!
That's all that was lacking to make it
complete. Read that!
His Future Son-in-Law—You were

wrong, sir; there is a good deal to be said on both sides. Proprietor—Wrong! was I? Perhaps you are a Nihilist? (with bitter sarcasm.) His Future Son-in-Law—I have the honor to be the chief of Section 217 and

don't care who knows it. His Daughter—Yes, pa, and that is why I lo-ho-hove him. (Casts herself into her lover's arms.)
Proprietor—Merciful heavens! are you

Nihilist too, Paulovna? His Daughter—Yes, pa, and so are my sisters and my cousins and my aunts. All the guests-And so are we-all

Proprietor-I will denounce you to the authorities—call the police.
His Future Son-in-Law—If you utter ne word I will fire this train and blow up the house, which we had mined as a precaution, lest the police should make descent on us while we were at dinner. Proprietor—And here I have been passing my days and nights keeping

Omnes-Your janitor! Ho, ho! Look out of the window and see what you janitor is doing.

Proprietor—May I be knouted and sent to Siberia if my janitor isn't covering the whole front of the house with four-sheet revolutionary posters

watch on my janitor.

(Faints.)

Sea Serpent as Thick as a Mast Captain Davison, master of the Mitsu Bishi steamship Kiushiu Maru, gives the following relation of what passed before his eyes on his voyage from Riu Kiu to Kobe. The statement is duly signed by himself and countersigned by Mr. John McKechnie, the chief officer. and its authenticity appears to be beyond question: At 11.15 A. M., Cape Satano, distant about nine miles, the chief officer and myself observed a whale jump clear out of the sea, about a quarter of a mile away. Shortly after it leaped out again, away. Shortly after it leaped out again, when I saw there was something attached to it. Got glasses, and on the next leap distinctly saw something holding on to the belly of the whale. The latter gave one more spring clear of the water, and myself and the chief officer then observed what appeared to be a large creature of the snake species rear itself about thirty feet out of the water. It appeared to be about the thickness of a junk's mast, and after standing for about ten seconds in an erect position, it descended into the water, the upper end going first. With my glasses I made out the color of the beast to resemble that of a pilot fish.—Tokio (Japan) Times.

A teaspoonful of coal oil to a gallon of water will exterminate all the insects that infest beautiful and delicate plants and flowers.

The Emigrant. She clasped her hands on my arms,

She laid her cheek on my shoulder; The tide of her tears fell warm On hands that trembled to hold her.

I whispered a pitying word, As the ship moved slowly apart, And the grief of the friendless poured Its choking weight on my heart.

For graves in the evening shade Were green on a far-off hill,

Where the joys of her life were laid With love that had known no chill, But however her heart might yearn,

And the white wake lengthened astern On the rolling floor of the seas.

We were facing the freshening breeze,

She quenched the fire of her tears, Uplifting her meek, brave head. "Or dark or bright be the years,

I will take courage," she said. Smoothing back her loose-blowing hair, And her shawl drawing closer the while, So she drank in the strong sea air, And left the old shore with a smile.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

-University Magazine,

Playing with dice is shaky business. Low rents-Tears in the sole of a

The knobbiest part of a house is the

London has eighteen daily news-

A mad dog is a pronounced instance of cur-rage. Good Thunder is a town in Blue Ear h

county, Minn. Venezuela produces 85,000 pounds of coffee annually.

A bycyclist in England re ently fell dead while riding.

A doubtful compliment-Telling a clown that he's no fool. Twenty-seven daughters cheer the family of a Cleveland (N. C.) man.

Admission to the degree of a barrister subject to a tax of \$250 in England. The spur of the moment may have something to do with the flight of time.

Two families never, under any circumstances, occupy the same house in Arabia Railways are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station and to stop there.

At the national convention of brewers, in St. Louis, a resolution was passed to establish a "Brewers' Academy" for the purpose of "educating" brewers' sons and others in the "science" of beer brewing.

Justus Schwab, a communist leader in New York, has recovered \$50 damages against Police Sergeant Rooney for arresting him for keeping his saloon open part of Sunday night, about which the low is silout

the law is silent. A brace of hungry tramps, espying a sign on a restaurant reading, "Meals at all hours," entered and asked the loan of a breakfast. On being refused, they reluctantly took their departure, dryly re-marking, "Those meals are not at all

Milley Williams, a miser of Enson (The family dinner takes place, though invest her earnings in gold, one dollar at a time. Her dwelling was recently destroyed by fire, and lumps of melted gold, worth about \$10,000, were taken from the ruins. Smoke is not, as many persons imagine, lighter than air. It is, however, carried

> lighter than the surrounding atmos-phere, is pressed upward. Smoke ascends because it is intermixed with vapors, gases and warm air. It is known that the first aerial voyage was made by Pilatre de Rozier, in com-pany with the Marquis d'Arlandes, in a Montgolfiere, or heated air balloon, on November 21, 1783. Pilatre was also

up by the heated air, which, being

the first victim of aerostation; he per-ished along with his companion Roman by the fall of a bailoon at Boulogne. Razor blades (with the exception of cast-iron ones) are forged from east-steel, the bars being tilted to one-half inch in breadth, and a thickness equal to the back of the razor. The blades are heated in a coke or charcoal fire, and dipped into the water obliquely. In tempering, they are laid on their backs upon a clear fire, about half-a-dozen together, and they are removed, one at a time, when the edges, which are as yet thick, come down to a pale straw color. Should the backs accidentally become heated beyond a straw color, the blades are cooled in

water, but not otherwise. Riches take wings And so do flies. The checky things Buzz in our eyes, Fill up our ear,
And nip and tuck
Without a fear, And the best of luck. Won't some human try And get through a bill
To choke off a fly
When he's got his fill?

—New York People.

# Can Cats Reason?

Baron Von Gleichen, a German diplo-matist, used to tell a story of a favorite cat as a proof that the feline race can think and draw practical conclusions. The cat was very fond of looking in mirrors hung against the walls, and would gnaw at the frames, as if longing to know what was inside. She had, how-ever, never seen the back side of a mirror. One day the baron placed a chevalglass in the middle of the room, and the cat instantly took in the novelty of the

situation, Phoeing herself in front, and seeing a second cat, she began to run round the mirror in search of her companion. After running round one way several times, she began to run the other, until fully satisfied that there was no cat be-side herself outside of the glass. But where was the second cat? She sat down in front of the glass to

meditate on the problem. Evidently inside, as she had often before imagined. Suddenly a new thought occurred to

her.

Rising deliberately, she put her paws on the giass in front and then behind, walked round to the other side, and measured the thickness in the same way. Then she sat down again to think.

There might be a cavity inside, but it was not large enough to hold a cat. She seemed to come to the deliberate conclusion that there was a mystery here, but no cat, and it wasn't worth while to bother about it. From that time the baron said she lost all curiosity about looking-glasses.

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