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Wheat.

So many shades of tender green Are rippling, shimmering, pulsing with de

Soft, cool and billowy, like the glimmering

Of some grand river in the morning light, Thrilling with hope, its life is fair, Its joy is full, all through the lovely May It simply grows and waves, nor tries to bear

The coming burden of the harvest day. JUNE. Steeped in hot sunshine, lightly swing The long bright stalks, whose bearded heads

hang down Beneath their fruitful burden, which the

Departing, laid upon them as a crown. Sweeter and graver life has grown,

The green just touched to gold by deep'ning Warm, bright with glowing, with its mellow

ing tone Fleeked with the shadows of the afternoon

In serried ranks the golden sheaves Gleam faintly in the sunset's fading red, While some reluctant blackbird slowly leave The fruitful gleanings for his quiet bed;

And thus, with full truition blest, The wheat stands reaped. It hath no more to yield, And thankfully, before he seeks his rest,

The weary reaper gazes o'er his field. -Cornelia Scabring.

THE CHILD SPY.

His name was Stenne, little Stenne. He was a "child of Paris," thin and pale, and was ten, perhaps lifteen years old, for one can never say exactly how old those children are. His mother was dead, and his father, an ex-marine, was dead, and his father, an ex-marine, was the guardian of a square in the quarter of the Temple. The nurses and babies, the old ladies who always carry their own folding chairs, and the poor mothers, all that small world of Paris which seeks shelter from vehicles, in those gardens that are surrounded by pavements, knew Father Stenne and loved him. They knew that under his rough mustache, which was the terror of dogs and diswhich was the terror of dogs and dis-turbers of benches, was hidden a kind, tender and almost motherly smile, and that in order to bring it forth they had only to say to the good man:
"How is your little son?"

For Father Steene loved his attle son

Ile was so happy in the afternoon when, after his school, the little boy would call for him, and together they would make the rounds of the paths, stopping at each bench to speak to the habitues of the square and to answer their good wishes.

habitues of the square and to answer their good wishes.

But when the siege began everything was sadly changed. Father Stenne's square was closed and filled with petroleum, and the poor man, condemned to an incessant surveillance, passed his life in the deserted, upturned paths. nitted to smoke, an only seeing his little son late in the evening at his home. You should have seen his mustache when he spoke of the Prussians. Little Stenne, however, did not complain of this new life.

A siege! Nothing is more amusing for such urchins. No more school, no more studies! Holiday all the while, and the streets as exciting as a fair.

The child ran about all day till night-

fall. He followed the battalions of the quarter to the ramparts, choosing those that had a good band. Little Stenne was well posted on that subject. would tell you very glibly that the Ninety-sixth band was not worth much, but the Fifty-fifth had an excellent one. Sometimes he would watch the mobiles training, and then there were the pro-cessions. * * With his basket under his arm he would join the long files that were formed in the dark cold winter mornings, when there was no gas, be-fore the butchers' and bakers' shops. There, with their feet in the wet, the people would make acquaint-ances and talk politics, and, as he was Mr. Stenne's son, everybody would ask him his opinion. But the most amusing of all were the afternoon games, especially the famous game of galoche, which the Breton mobiles made the fashion during the siege. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts or baker's shop you would be sure to find him at the square of the Chateau d'Eau. He did not play, however; it needed too much money; he was satisfied in watching the

players with all his eyes.
One especially, a great fellow in a blue workman's blouse, who only played with five-franc pieces, excited his admiration. When he ran one could hear the coins jingling under his blouse.

One day as he was picking up a piece that had rolled under little Stenne's feet, the great fellow said to him in a low tone: "That makes you wink, hey? Well, if you wish, I'll tell you where they're to be found."

The game over, he took him to a corner of the square and proposed that he should join him in selling newspapers to the Prussians—that he would make thirty francs for every trip. At first Stenne was very indignant and refused, and what was more, he remained away from the game for three days—three terrible days. He neither ate nor slept any more. At midnight he would see great heaps of galoches piled on the foot of his bed and five-franc pieces moving over it, bright and shining. The temptation was too strong for him. The fourth day returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the large fellow and was overcome.

They set out one sunny morning, a linen bag thrown over their shoulders and their newspapers hidden under their blouses. When they reached the Flanders gate it was yet bardly dawn. The large tellow took Strane by the hand and approached the sentinel—a good civilian with a red nose and kind air. He said to him, with a plaintive tone:

"Let us pass, my good monsieur. Our mother is ill and papa is dead. We are going to see, my little brother and I, if we can't find some potatoes to pick up in the fields." They set out one sunny morning, a

He cried, and Stenne, who was ashamed, lowered his head. The senthen, giving a glance over the white, deserted road, "Go quickly," said he to them, moving aside; and then they were on the road to Auberville. How the large fellow laughed!

on the end of their bayonets. They crowded close together so as to make room for the children. They gave them a drop of wine and a little coffee. While they were drinking, an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low voice, and then quickly went away. "Boys?" said the sergeant, as he came back radiant, "there will be tobacco to-night. ""

We have found out the Prussians' pass-

one only shrugged his shoulders and went on. Suddenly they heard the down," said the large boy, throwing himself on the ground. When he was down he whistled and another whistle answered him over the snow, and they went on, climbing on their hands and knees. In front of the wall, and even with the ground, two yellow

were getting ready to start. Then there was no doubt about there being a real battle going on. The unhappy boy could not keep back his sobs.

"What is the matter with you?" asked his father, entering his room. The child could bear it no longer; be jumped from his bed and threw himself at his father's feet. In so doing the silver crowns rolled down on the floor.

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"What is the matter with you?" as and they went on, climbing on their hands and knees. In front of the wall, and even with the ground, two yellow and even with the ground, two yellow mustaches under greasy caps appeared, and the large boy leaped into the ditch beside the Prussians. "That is my brother," said he, pointing to his companion. He was so small—little Stenne—that on seeing him the Prussians began to laugh, and one of them was obliged to take him in his arms in order to lift him over the breach.

On the other side of the wall were large breastworks, fallen trees and black holes in the snow, and in each one of

these was the same yellow mustache and greasy cap, and there was great laughing as the soldiers saw the children

pass by. In a corner was a gardener's house lower part of which was full of soldiers, who were playing cards and making soup over a clear, bright fire. How good the cabbages and the bacon smeit, and what a difference to the sharp-shooter's bivouac! Up stairs were the officers, and they heard them playing on the piano and opening champagne bottles. When the Parisians entered the nottles. When the Parisians entered the room a hurrah of joy greeted them. They gave up their newspapers, and the officers gave them something to drink and made them talk. They all had a proud, hard look, but the large boy amused them with his Parisian gayety and his gamin slang. They laughed and repeated his words after him, and seemed to wallow with delication to be presented.

mud he brought them.

Little Stenne, too, would have liked to have talked and to have proved that he was not stupid, but something embarrassed him. Opposite to him, sit-ting apart, was a Prussian, older and more serious than the others, who was reading, or rather seeming to read, for and there was in his glance both tender-ness and reproach, as though this man might have had a child of little Stenne's might have had a child of little Stenne's age at home, and as if he were saying to himself: "I would rather die than see my son doing such a thing," and as he looked at little Stenne the boy felt as if a hand was clutching at his heart and keeping it from beating. To escape the anguish he began to drink, and soon and fifty arrange around him. He everything turned around him. He heard vaguely, amid loud laughs, his comrade making fun of the National Guards, of their way of going through their drill, he imitated an assault of arms in the Marais, and a surprise at night on the ramparts. Then the large boy lowered his voice, the officers approached nearer to him and their faces grew more solemn. The miserable fel-low was telling them about that night's premeditated attack, of which the sharp-shooters had spoken. Then little Stenne rose, furious and completely sobered:
"Don't tell that fellow, I won't have

But the other only laughed and con-tinued; but before he had finished the officers were all on their feet, and one of them, showing the door to the children, told them to "Begone!" and they began to talk hurriedly together in Ger-The large boy left the room as proud as a doge, clinking his money. Little Stenne followed him, holding Little Stenne followed him, holding down his head, and as he was passing Prussian whose look had so disturbed him:

tears came into his eyes.
Once more in the plain the children began to run and return toward Paris quickly. Their sacks were filled with potatoes which the Prussians had given them, and with these they passed the sharpshooters' encampment without any trou .le. They were preparing for the nigh. attack. Troops were arriving silently, and were massed behind the wall. The old sergeant was there, busily engaged arranging his men with such a happy look. When the children passed near him he recognized them and smiled kindly at them. Oh! how badly that smile made little Stenne feel. For a

spoke a word they would be shot, and so fear kept him silent.

moment he felt as if he should burst out

crying and say to them: "Don't go there. "We have betrayed you."

But the other boy told him that if he

which pierced the fog and seemed to reach the sky, fireless and battered. Now and again they would see a sentinel and officers who were looking far off through their field-glasses, and their small tents, wet with snow, which was melting before dying fires. The large fellow knew the way, and would take short cuts over the fields in order to escape the outposts. But suddenly they came upon a large body of sharpshooters too late to escape them. They were in their little cabins, hidden in a ditch half full of water, and encamped along the Soissons railway. This time, though the large fellow recommenced his tearful story, they would not let him pass. As he was lamenting, an old sergeant, white and wrinkled, and who looked like old Father Stenne, came out of the post guard's cabin.

"Well, little ones, don't cry any more!" said he to the children, "we will let you go after your potatoes, but before you leave, come in and warm yourselves a little. * * * He looks frozen that small boy there!"

Alas! It was not with cold that little Stenne trembled; it was from fear, from shame. * In the post-house they found some soldiers gathered round a small fire, a real widow's fire, by whose blaze they were thawing their biscuits on the end of their bayonets. They crowded close together so as to make room for the children. They gave them room for the children. They gave them a drop of wine and a little coffee. While they were drinking, an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low voice, and then quickly went away. "Boys?" said the sergeant, as he came back radiant, "there will be tobacco to-night. "" We have found out the Prussians' password. I think this time we will take back from them that Bourget."

Then there followed an explosion of bravos and laughter. They danced and sang and swung their sabers in the air. Profiting by the tumult, the children disappeared. Having passed the breastwork nothing remained to be crossed but the plain, at the end of which was a long white wall filled with loop-holes. They directed their steps toward this, stopping every now and then and making the old man. Who khew where all the forts were situated. Little Stenne grew pale, and, feigning great fatigue, went to bed, but not to sleep. The cannons were thundering continuously. He pictured to himself the sharphooters going at night to surprise the Prussians, and falling into an ambuscade themselves. He recalled the sergeant who had smiled at him, and saw him stretched out there in the snow and so many others with him! " " The price of all that blood was hidden there under his pillow, and it was he, the son of Mr. Steane—of a soldier— His tears choked him. In the adjoining room he heard his father walking to and fro, and then open a window. Down in the street the rappel was sounded; a battalion of mobiles were getting ready to start. Then there was no doubt about there being a real blood of the sum of the sharphooters going at thundering continuously. He pictured to himself the sharphooters going at hims

as he was speaking, he felt his heart grow lighter; it comforted him to make the confession. His father listened to

him with a terrible look on his face, and when the story was told, he buried his face in his hands and wept.

"Father, father—!" the child tried to say, but the old man pushed him on without replying to him, and picked up the money. him over the breach.

On the other side of the wall were large breastworks, fallen trees and black holes in the snow, and in each one of man took down his gun and cartridges, and putting the money in his pocket,

"I am going to return it to them," said he, and without another word—without even turning his head, he went down into the street, and joined night. He was never seen again!-From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Something About Pretzels.

History says that fifty-two years ago man named Sherley baked the first pretzels in Lancaster county, Penn., ever made in the United States. He rode through the country on an old horse and sold the pretzels from a bushel bag. Up to comparatively a few years ago pret-zels were made only in Pennsylvania and some portions of New York State. They are now becoming very popular in Chicago and other portions of the West, and also in some of the cities of the to wallow with delight in the Parisian

It takes a very expert hand to mold ten pretzels in a minute, ready for the oven, while no one cares to make more than seven pretzels a minute, working all day. A Pennsylvania firm has just completed an automatic machine that turns out pretzels at the rate of sixty to one hundred per minute ready to be wide and eight feet high, water or steam

The dough is placed in a funnel-shaped cylinder eight inches in diameter and sixteen inches long on top of the ma-chine, and it passes half way around a concave cylinder eight feet in diameter and fifteen inches wide, having a back so arranged that the dough is rolled between them and then drops upon an endless apron having sixteen molds, where the rolled dough is shaped by a curious device into pretzels, after which they drop upon a movable board, which, as soon as filled with pretzels, is removed and an empty board substituted. The machine is a very ingenious con-trivance and includes a feeder, cutter, roller, folder, presser and movable board. The pretzels are deposited at uniform distances upon the board.

The Author of Cheap Postage.

Probably not one person in a thousand justly celebrated Sir Rowland Hill, who was the means of the introduction of the pennwpostage system into Great Britain and Ireland, is still living. But such is the case. Though born near Birmingham in 1705, and consequently an octo-genarian and four years better, he is still in good health and in the full possession "Not nice that, not nice," and the

of his faculties.

The Court of Common Council of fits conferred upon the commercial community by those measures of postal re-form with which his name will ever be veteran reformer replied at some length, saying, among other things, that a letter could now be sent from Egypt to San Francisco for a smaller sum than in 1839 was charged on a letter coming from the city of London to Hampstead a distan

a few miles. It was in 1837 that Sir Rowland published a pamphlet first developing his new postal system; in 1838 it was re-commended by a parliamentary com-mittee for adoption; and in 1840 penny postage was carried into effect. In 1846 he received a testimonial from the public

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Science of Health says: "If farmers would avoid suddenry cooling the body after great exertions, if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not overent when in that exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have little or no rheumatism."

A Zululand letter says that the Prince Imperial died fighting, and must have sold his life dearly. In the right hand of the corpse was found a tuft of hair, of native fiber, while the path marked by the Zulus in quitting the fatal spot was stained for a hundred yards with gouts of blood, supposed to have dropped from wounded men being borne away by their comrades.

The Scientific American says that the narrowest gauge and the cheapest railway as yet brought out is that of D. B. James, Visalia, Cal. Two stout bars of wood, so laid as to leave a groove between them, form the track. On this track a wheel with a bulge in the middle of its periphery that fits the groove is used, the wheel having a broad flange at each side of the buge. One of these wheels placed at each end of a plank forms the car. It is alleged that twelve miles an hour can be got out of a wooden miles an hour can be got out of a wooden railway of this construction; and that its carrying capacity is very great. The dollars a mile.

For a year or two past the newspapers have been printing long lists of the great and universal evils predicted by astrologers and astronomers to follow a certain extraordinary conjunction of four planets in 1881. But now comes the Washington critic with the assertion that it has interviewed Professor Simon Newcomb on the subject, and he says that there will be no such conjunction—that instead of marshaling themselves in an order unprecedented since the date assigned to the creation of the world in the Mosaic chronology, the planets during the year 1881 will continue the even tenor of their way, and present no phenomenon that can be considered at all remarkable.

The Mexican government is trying to replenish its exhausted treasury by levy-ing a heavy internal tax on the cotton and woolen manufactures of that counand woolen manufactures of that country. These manufactures amount to about \$200,00,000 a year, and the government thinks that the manufacturers can afford to pay at least \$500,000 in internal taxes. In order to protect the home manufacturers from disastrous foreign competition, the tariff on American and English goods is proportionately increased. The new tax is, however, very unpopular, the manufacturers, tradesmen and prople being all opposed to 15, 25 they are all affected by it, and some of the manufacturers threaten to close their mills altogother.

People who do not read the shipping lists or have occasion to cruise about the harbor, says a New York paper, may be surprised to learn that of foreign vessels and the paper of New York Nor. way has more than any country save the mobiles who were starting off in the Great Britain, and Italy follows closely after Norway. Scamanship is not a mat ter of climate in Europe. The Genoese, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian take to the salt water as readily as the dwellers by the Norway fiords. The favorite Italian build for vessels is the stubby brig, but the Norwegians prefer the bark, and usually model a more graceful bull. Both nations are sharp competi-tors for the jobbing trade of navigaton. Their vessels are small and are commanded by shrewd, thifty captains who manded by shrewd, thirty captains who are quick to pick up a cargo for any quarter of the world if a tritling profit can be carned. The cheap construction of these crafts and the low wages of the seamen enable them to earn money for their owners at rates of freightage that would be unprofitable for our well-built and well-manned American ships. Many of them founder at sea every year, owing to their flimsy build, but there are plenty of new ones to take their places.

The Mai Nichi Shinbun, a Japanese newspaper, tells a story which ought to be interesting to ethnologists, who claim that some of the American Indian tribes are descended from persons who were carried to this continent against their will by the storms of the ocean. forty years ago Yamamoto Otokichi, a native of Onohara-mura, Chitagori, in the province of Owari, Japan, who followed the sea, was, while sailing with two companions between Tokio and Nagoya, carried by a typhoon to the American coast. They landed on the shores of the Pacific, and were hospitably received by the Indians. An English ship subse-quently took Otokichi back to Japan, but the Japanese laws at that time forpade any Japanese who had departed from his country to return to it under penalty of death. The English vessel, therefore, took their passenger to Shang-hai. There Otokichi married. He subsequently went to Signapore, where he resided until his death. He had one son, who assumed the English name of John W. Hudson, but it was the father's earnest wish that he should go back to apan, and become a Japanese subject. Mr. Hudson accordingly made an appli cation to the authorities in Japan for leave to be naturalized. The petition was granted, and Mr. Hudson has since been appointed to a government office.

Do Monkeys Swim?

A correspondent of Land and Water, in reply to a question whether monkeys London, having regard to the vast benefits conferred upon the commercial com-impression that they did not like wetting their fur or hair, but at Sangur, Central India, when I was stationed there I had associated, has paid him a graceful compliment by sending a deputation to his house at Hampstead to confer upon him the freedom of the city of London. The veteran reformer replied at some length, water, which was three or four feet deep; he had his chain on at the time and when he dived in the chain caught in some grass or root at the bottom and kept the monkey down; he was just able to come to the top of the water. Feeling his chain had caught, he dived down undid the chain, and continued his swim with the chain in his hand. He swam just like a man as far as I could see from the motion of his arms. Several of my brother officers came to large fellow laughed!

Confusedly, as though in a dream, little Stenne saw the manufactories transormed into barracks, their tall chimneys,

Truth compels me to say that the postage was carried into date. In 1910 see third my brother officers came to he received a testimonial from the public amounting to \$66.800, and was subsequently made secretary of the general quently made secretary of the general and postage was carried into date. In 1910 see third my brother officers came to he received a testimonial from the public amounting to \$66.800, and was subsequently made secretary of the general postage was carried into date. In 1910 see third my brother officers came to he received a testimonial from the public amounting to \$66.800, and was subsequently made secretary of the general postage was carried into date. In 1910 see third my brother officers came to he received a testimonial from the public amounting to \$66.800 and was subsequently made secretary of the general postage was carried into date. In 1910 see third in the public amounting to \$66.800 and was subsequently made secretary of the general postage was carried into date. In 1910 see third in the public amounting to \$66.800 and was subsequently made secretary of the general postage was carried into date. In 1910 see third in the public amounting to \$66.800 and was subsequently made secretary of the general postage was carried into date.

Trunk Space and the Sexes.

Trunk Space and the Sexes.

Mr. Bowerman and wife left for the country yesterday. One could tell that their trunks were not over half full, as they were pitched into the baggage car with a crash. They began packing a week ago. When the subject was broached he said he preferred to pack his own trunks, and he didn't propose to take a whole month to do it, either. All he intended to take along was an extra suit, and he could throw that in most anyway. Night before last he began work. It struck him that he'd better put in an extra pair of boots as a foundation and he flung 'em in the corners with his clean shirts. The shirts didn't seem to ride very well, and he braced them with two pairs of trousers. Then he stuffed his Sunday coat pockets with collars and cuffs and found a place for it, used his white vests for "chinking," and the balance of his clothing just fitted in nicely.

"The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dolt!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key.

Mrs. Rowerman, has been at it inst.

and turned the key.

Mrs. Bowerman has been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when the husband went up stairs at ten o'clock she sat down before the open trunk with

she sat down before the open trunk with tears in her eyes.

"You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only one part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache I must lop down for a few minutes." minutes.

She went away to lop, and Mr. Bowerman sat down and mused:

man sat down and mused:

"Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilize it."

Removing everything, he began repacking. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box and packed full of underup in its box and packed full of under-clothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed when she returned and said he was the only real good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the nose as he

turned the key.
"It's simply the difference between
the sexes," was his patronizing reply as he went down stairs to turn on the bur-

When that wife opened that trunk last night ——! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.—Detroit Free Press.

Emigrant Icelanders.

Among the passengers landed at Castle Garden, New York, by the ocean steamer Anchoria, were fourteen famsteamer Anchoria, were fourteen families of Icelanders, consisting of seventy-six persons. They are the first large batch of Icelanders that ever arrived at New York, and it is their intention to go to Minnesota, where they will found a colony, which will be further increased by emigration if the pioneers should find success in their new homes. They had a very pleasant voyage, keeping altogether apart from the other passengers, and the only thing that happened to mar their journey was the death of Kiesteum their journey was the death of Kiesteum Ryensen, an old lady of the party, who died at sea just previous to the ship arrival.

The Icelanders seemed very much pleased when they had been landed at Castle Garden and expressed themselves so to the interpreter. They complained, however, of the warm climate, and, seemingly, not without just cause, as they were wrapped in heavy Arctic clothing, which they seemed very reluctant to relinquish. The party consists of about thirty middle-aged cersons with a great many children. They all spoke in the Norwegian tongue. The men were short of stature and somed to be intelligent. They were dressed in heavy pea jackets, coarse trousers, thick flannel shirts and caps with appendages for the ears. The women wore woolen dresses and heavy woolen shawls, and instead of hats they had a sort of head dress consisting of a round piece of black cloth resting on the top of the head, from which depended ong black tassel attached by a silver band, which swayed to and fro in response to the movements of the wearer. The children were also dressed in heavy clothing and, as well as the women wore moccasins instead of shoes. party bring some money with them, one person having \$1,755 and the others sums ranging from \$125 to \$750. seem to be very simple and confiding people, and were perfectly satisfied with all that the authorities did for them in the way of exchanging money and procuring railway passage. The Icelanders left Castle Garden for Minnesota, by way of the Pennsylvania railroad .-

A Pigmy Painter.

In a recent exhibition of old and curious paintings in Holland was a portrait of Oliver Cromwell. It was by no means a masterpiece of art, being a somewhat feeble imitation in style of somewhat feeble imitation in style of Sir Peter Lely, the court painter of Charles I, of England. But it was a real

uriosity in its way. Its painter was Richard Gibson, otherwise known as the "dwarf artist." Gibson was three feet two inches high. He was born in 1615. While serving as a page for a lady at Mortlake, she no-deed his talent for drawing, and caused him to be instructed by De Keeyn, the superintendent of the famous Mortlake tapestry works. The little artist became very skillful as a copier of Sir Peter Lely's pictures, and attracted the atterof Queen Henrietta Maria. made him her husband's page, and mar-ried him to a dwarf young lady of exactly his own height, who waited on her. The wedding of the dainty little mir was honored by the presence of the king and queen, and Edmund Waller, the poet, commemorated it by a poem

When Charles lost his scepter and his head, and passed with his queen out or English lines, his little protege lived and throve. He had painted the king's por-trait, and now was called upon to limn that of the protector. Cromwell re-garded him with particular and kindly avor. On the restoration he again changed coats, and entered the service of Charles II. He was drawing master to the Princesses Mary and Anne. But the wild court of the son of his old master did not suit the tastes of the pigmy painter, now grown old. He retired to private life, and died in 1690. His wife, after giving birth to nine children, all of whom attained ordinary size, diled in 1709, at the age of ninety.

Little Georgie Dobbie playfully set fire to a heap of brushwood close to a powder magazine at Marquette, Mich. and the explosion killed him.

RUSSIA'S MISFORTUNES.

Life in That Country a Veritable "Sea of Troubles,"

Russia's complicated misfortunes are possibly unparalleled in the history of any country. Just before the latest Turko-Russian war the wretched condition of the people in many of the Czar's provinces had brought about extensive eruptions. Then ative tribes of the Caucasus could not stand the levies imposed ton them in different shapes by the Russian army and revolted. Being defeated, they were transported to the northern provinces of Russia. This proved so fatal that of the first party of 2,000 exiles one-half died in the first year. There are now 770 families, besides 300 single persons, of these Daghestan and Tersk rebels on their way to exile, and still more have been doomed to transportation. The war with Turkey was resorted to in the hope that it would raise the old patriotic sentiments and turn the minds of discontented Russians from their domestic troubles. This notion proved a mistake, and the results of the way see for the Russians are possible to the results of the way see for the Russians are possible to the results of the way see for the Russians are possible. tion proved a mistake, and the results of the war, so far as Russia is concerned. were unsatisfactory. Over 200,000 men perished in it, of whom 18,000 are reported to have frozen to death, and the wai expenses amounted to 1,500,000,000 roubles. The Russian Nihilists have watched each step of their enemy—the Russian government. Thus the two hostile powers—the Revolutionists and Imperialists—have been carrying on their desperate struggle, each trying to Imperialists—have been carrying on their desperate struggle, each trying to deal the death blow to the other. In no agricultural country is the chief product of the fields—the grain—so much assailed as in Russia. The forces of nature itself often turn against the public welfare. One year the crops are destroyed by extensive drought; the next year by excessive rain, by inundations and by hail, Then again every year, be it too dry or too rainy, the fields are devastated by clouds of locusts and beetles, and by swarms of Siberian marmots. For the last five years the middle and southern provinces—the very granary of Russia—have been one vast nest of destructive insects. The Russian millions have a foe yet more terrifying than famine. Epidemic diseases make havoc every year in many parts of the empire. The fatality last year from the plague The fatality last year from the plague was small in comparison with that which was small in comparison with that which occurs every year from other less heard of epidemics. Several varieties of typhoid fever, especially the so-called hunger typhus, and cholera are epidemic in Russia. The young generation is destroyed by diphtheria and small-pox to such an extent that it has been necessary to call for the aid of the Red Cross societies in dealing with them. The ever-recurring and extensive fires, of which we have lately heard so much from Russia, should not be overlooked. Statistics show that every year no less than one-

should not be overlooked. Statistics show that every year no less than one-twelfth part of all the houses of Russia are consumed in flame. Russia will doubtless go on burning, for the present Russia is but a huge agglomeration of combustible material, with hardly any fire extinguishing engines. In consequence of the appalling poverty of the masses of the Czar's subjects, it has for many years been impossible to enforce the payment of taxes upon any regular or the payment of taxes upon any regular or orderly system. The tax collectors re-sort to the severest measures against de-

linquent taxpayers. They are flogged and imprisoned, their cattle, horses, pigs and poultry are seized and put up at auction, and finally the house of the delinquent is unroofed. These are some of the points which, for the common peo-ple at least, make Russia a veritable "sea of troubles."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Words of Wisdom.

The word of an honest man is surer han the gold of a villain.

We can never die too early for others It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

How few faults are there seen by us which we have not ourselves committed. If every year we rooted out one vice we should soon become perfect men. Ingratitude calls forth reproaches, as

gratitude brings fresh kindnesses. Let a man overcome anger by evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the iar by truth.

He who would amass virtues, leaving out the guardian virtue humanity, is like man who leaves a precious dust exposed to the wind.

from hour to hour; but give them cen-turies to try it in and they are bound to be identical. Men of great and stirring powers, who are destined to mold the age in which they are born, must first mold themselves

Might and right do differ frightfully

Energy will do everything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no

circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal a man without There are some benefits which may be

so conferred as to become the very re-finement of revenge; and there are some evils which we had rather bear in sullen silence than be relieved from at the expense of our pride.

As to Hats.

A man's hat, unlike a bonnet, is often indicative of his character, for he is allowed to choose from a great variety of styles that which best suits his temperament or accords with his moral sense. And yet a "shocking bad hat" does not always reveal a shocking bad character. Hats, as well as dreams, often go to con-traries. Wendell Phillips' gray slouched hat is no sign of any slouchiness in Wendell, and the bright beaver of the burglar is no indication of shining moral attributes in the wearer. The chief beauty of the modern hat is that it is eminently useful. Sociates, whose cri-terion of beauty was adaptedness to use, would have been delighted with such hats as nine-tenths of modern men wear, though we fear he would ask, Cui bono?

The ideal hat, perhaps, is yet to be made, but we have come pretty near to It keeps the head warm in winter and cool in summer, it protects the eyes and face from the sun, it is impermeable to the rain and yet not to the air, it is soft and yielding, it may be sat upon and jammed into the pocket without injury, and rolled in the dust or mud and come out untarnished, and, above all, it will out untarnished, and, above all, it will endure the ravages of time. What more does a man want of a hat? Compar a with the ephemeral bonnet, it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," an epic poem, ripening with the years. The refere, what man having worn an old I at straightway desireth a new? For he saith the old is better.—Springfield Union.

Fulfillment.

Sometimes I think the things we see Are shadows of the things to be; That what we plan we build; That every hope that hath been crossed,

And every dream we thought was lost,

In heaven shall be fulfilled. That even the children of the brain Have not been born and died in vain. Though here unclothed and dumb; But on some brighter, better shore, They live embodied evermore.

-Phabe Cary

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

And wait for us to come.

Sound advice-A locomotive - whist.e o tell the people to get off th track .-Picayune.

"Had dime my way, oh, beauteous maid, I'd steal a kiss!" he cried. "Then I'd do ten times worse than that—I'd dollar!" she replied.—Eugene Field.

An engineer on the Grand Trunk railway is said to have run a single engine 200,000 miles within a period of four years and three months, without repairs. This is said to be an unprecedented feat, and creditable alike to engine and engineer.

gineer.

A common way of imposing upon ignorant prospectors in the mining regions
of Nevada is to shoot gold filings into
the ground from a gun. Even brass is
made to serve the purpose, and by this
means many a worthless claim is sold at
a high price.

Nothing is lost in France. The orange
blossoms and grass in the public gardens
of Paris are sold to the highest bidder,
and at a country railroad station a visitor lately saw a sale of the grass on the
embankments. The purchasers were
peasants' wives.

easants' wives. The importation of American leather into Europe has increased over one hundred per cent. since 1873. In that year Europe received 659,912 hides, and to judge by the exports from the United States thus far this year it will receive at the close over 1 500,000.

at the close over 1,500,000. "You love me?" echoed the fair "You gove me?" echoed the fair young creature, as her pretty head oiled the collar of his summer suit. "Yes," he said, tenderly, "you are my own and only—" "Hush!" she interrupted, "don't say that—be original. That sounds too much like Barnum's show bills.—Rockland Courier.

There is said to be one very picturesque There is said to be one very picturesque personage in Sitting Bull's camp—a Nez Perce, named Step—so-called, it is surmised, from the fact that he has no legs and can't walk an inch. His lower limbs, left arm and part of the right hand have been frozen off. He is strapped to his pony, and his weapon is a horse-pistol, which he manipulates with the stump of his dexter fin.

A young lady graduate in a neighbor.

the stump of his dexter in.

A young lady graduate in a neighboring county read an essay entitled "Employment of Time." Her composition was based on the text, "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." The next day she purchased eight ounces of zephyr of different shades and commenced working a sky-blue dog with sea-green cars and a pink tail on a piece of yellow canand a pink tail on a piece of yellow can-vas. She expects to have it done by next Christmas.—Norristown Herald.

The surgeon had prescribed a bath for soldier who was ailing, and ordered that he be conducted to an adjoining establishment by a sergeant. of an hour's waiting at the bath-room door, the sergeant, hearing no noise, en-tered the room and found the soldier seated by the side of the bath-tub. The water was as it was when the soldier went into the room, except that its level had been perceptibly lowered. "Ma foi, sergeant," said the soldier, "you may put me in the guard-house if you want to, but I can't drink another drop!"-

The practice of "weighting" suks has begun to excite serious attention. Some idea of the extent to which silk adulteration is carried may be formed from re-cent statements by Justus Wolff. He says the public is made to pay the ful price for a material containing only onethird of silk and two-thirds of sub-stances which are not only of little value in themselves, but injurious to the small quantity of genuine silk. "I know English manufacturers who send their silks to France to be dyed black and then returned for working up, be-cause in France they are able to increase the weight of silk while dyeing it black much more than they can do in England. The result of such practice is a beautiful black silk fabric, changing into rags remarkably quick in the possession of the buyer." He recommends analyses of "weighted" black silk fabrics to be made and the results published, with the names of the firms manufacturing or selling the adulterated goods.

What the Eyes See in Reading.

M. Javel has lately published observa-tions on the mode in which the eye "takes in" the successive letters on a printed page. We are not to sup-pose, he says, that in reading a line one passes successively from the lower part of a letter to the upper part, then down the next letter, up the next, and so on, the vision describing a wavy line. The fixation takes place with extreme pre-cision along a straight line, traversing the junction of the upper third of the letter with the lower two-thirds. Why is this line not in the middle? characteristic parts of the letters are more frequently above than below, in the proportion of about seventy-five per cent. That this is so, we can see by applying on a line of typographic charac-ters a sheet of paper covering the line in its lower two-thirds, and leaving the upper third exposed. We can then read the letters almost as well as if they had not been concealed in greater part. But the case is very different if we cover the upper two-thirds of the line; the lowest third alone does not furnish sufficient for recognition. The characteristic part of the letters, then, is chiefly in their up-per portion. M. Javel next compares the ancient typographic characters with those of modern books, and maintains that the latter have too much uniformity, so that, taken in their upper parts ity, so that, taken in their upper parts alone, many of them may be confounded in reading. The old letters, on the other hand, had each a particular sign by which they could be easily distinguished. In the books printed by the celebrated old publishing house of the Elzevirs the a, for example, had io resemblance to o, the recould not be confounded with the n, as now, nor the c or owith the o, the b with h, etc. This too great uniformity in the upper part of great uniformity in the upper part of typographic characters should be cor-rected, since it is to that part we chiefly look in reading.