VOL. X.

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NO. 9.

Over and Over Again. Over and over again,

No matter which way I turn, I always find in the book of life Some lesson I have to learn. I must take my turn at the mill:

I must grind out the golden grain; I must work at my task with a resolute will! Over and over again.

We cannot measure the head Of even the tiniest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a single hour; But the morning dews mrst fall, And the sun and the summer rain

Must do their part and perform it all

Over and over again. Over and over again The brook through the meadow flows; All over and over again The ponderous mill-wheel goes;

Once doing will not suffice, Though doing be not in vain, And a blessing failing us once or twice May come, it we try again. The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough for the feet; And the lesson we once have learned Is never so hard to repeat. Though sorrowful tears must fall. And the heart to its depths be riven With storm and tempest, we need them all To render us meet for heaven.

SAIDEE.

"At your service, Sir Wilfred." From "At your service, Sir Wilfred." From the gay worsteds she was sorting, she looked up with a mischievous expres-sion befitting her words, yet underlying it a goodly measure of the rare tender-ness that only a woman's face can wear. Hers seemed a strange face for a lover to frown upon; but frown he did-uglily,

emphatically.
"I am in no mood for jesting, Saidee, he continued, glumly, "nor probably will you be when I tell you that what we have so long debated must be decided between us now."

The sunny smile died from her countenance; the rare tenderness seemed but

"I am sorry, Wilfred," she answered softly; "I so hoped you would see its impossibility and agree with me."

Ife could but read how she loved him, but he read something else now in look and tone—something that momentarily banished the frown and paled his hand-some face. With a passionate impulse

he arose, and, crossing over to where she sat, took her hards in his, and gazed down into her brown eyes long and steadily.
"Saidee, do you care at all for me?"

he asked, in "".

"Do I care for you, Wilfred?" she murmured, reproachfully, yet with the rapture of his touch reflected in her face—"do I care for you? Oh, how can you ask me that, when you know that there is only you—only you in the whole wide world for me!" wide world for me!"
His hands fell; he turned away from

"If I am all the world to you, Saidee you certainly have a strange way of showing it. Your words are pretty, but they do not weigh at all with me. It you would have me believe you, come and promise to obey me as a woman should the man she loves."

He extended his arms toward her as he spoke; there was a look on his face she could not mistake. She knew it would be the last, last time, but still she took no step forward; she simply stood

terrified, appealingly gazing up at him. "Wilfred-" He was frowning again, now deeper than before.

"I know what you would say, Sai-dee," he interrupted, "and it is only a waste of words. As I said before, your words have no weight with me: it is enough for me that you are ready to have me go away alone. And, as now I shall go to-morrow, we may as well

She had not taken her eyes from his face, and he still looked back at her steadily, relentlessly. At his last word she shivered, a death-like pallor spread over her countenance, and she answered,

He did not interrupt her now; he bent forward with conscious eagerness for her words. His own were honest, but he felt certain of their effect; he did not doubt that, in this decisive moment, he would gain her to his will. She would surely not let him go; she was about to yield to him, to say that there could be no good bye between them; that, sooner than this, she would abjure all and follow him. And so he bent forward for the answer, eagerly, with a certain hope.

"Wilfred, if you so will, you must but I can never say good-bye to

That was what s'ie said, brokenly, tenderly, yet with the gentle firmness that had so startled him just now.

"If you so will, you must go."

They were little words, but he did not mistake them; the fullest indicite some mistake them; the fullest judicial sentelce never weighed more heavily. A moment he stood regarding her, shaking with pain and disappointment; a mo-

ment passion swayed him, a fleeting, wavering impulse, but he quickly crushed them down.
"I do so will. Saidee." he replied,

with scornful emphasis; "and since you object to good-bye, let us make it goodaft rnoon.

This was their parting; so he left her, striding out and past the window by which she sat. She did not turn; she sat, fixed and rigid, listening to his re-treating footsteps, each of which was a knife stabbing deep down in her heart. As they died away she started up as if to follow him, her lips parted with a passonate cry; but as suddenly his cut-ting words floated back to her it sank

'And this is the end of it all," she murmured; "when he knows how I love him, when he knows I would die for him. Oh, Wilfred! my love, my dearest, how could you leave me so!"

It was not strange that that other time should rise vividly before her; that day, should rise vividly before her; that day, six months ago, when, in this very room, in the first bliss ul realization of their matual passion, he had fallen on his knees before her, and solemnly affirmed that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from

her.
"If ever a woman was sure of a man, Saidee, you are sure of me!"
What music the words were, though neither of them could foresee the future

and the sore test that awaited them.
All seemed bright ahead; they were to be married in six months' time, and she was to go away with him to Brazil, where he had secured a government

where he had secured a government appointment.

There seemed no need of the passionate protestations, the solemn oath of this fond lover; their truth was to be tried. In the fifth month of their engagement, Aunt Ruth—of whom Saidee was the especial not and restricted.

gagement, Aunt Ruth—of whom Saidee was the especial pet and protege—was thrown from her carriage and received injuries which, though it was not believed they would prove fatal, left her in a very critical and apprehensive state.

True, the wedding-day was named and Wilfred must go; true, there were loving hearts beside Saidee to care for poor Aunt Ruth, but it seemed to her tender nature most a crime to leave her, at least, until danger was positively past. And when, one morning, the old

her, at least, until danger was positively past. And when, one morning, the old lady drew down the fair face to hers, and whispered, imploringly, "You will not leave me, pet, while there is a doubt of my getting well?" she promised unbesitatingly that she would not.

Perhaps if she had known Wilfred Hare better, she could not have promised so readily. But she knew him only as the tender lover, the man who had sworn that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her. It could be easily settled, she thought; he, as she, would feel very sad and disappointed, but he, as she, must and disappointed, but he, as she, must see the impossibility of her going now. They could be married, and, as soon as Aunt Ruth was decided out of danger,

Aunt Ruth was decided out of danger, she would go to him.

All this in full trust and faith she connected to wilfred Hare. She was ill prepared for the reception her well and the imperious workings of this man's will. What right had she, without consulting him even, to make a promise to any one that conflicted with her own to him? His love gave him the right to him? His love gave him the right to command her; if she loved him she would obey. She must marry him and and go away with him, else their present relations must cease.

In vain she pleaded her promise, her ender affection for Ruth; he would ield nothing to an old woman's whim. So he remained imperious, persistent; she troubled, yet hopeful, thinking that finally he must yield, neither believing that separation was possible when the esting time should come.

Saidee strove to smile; she took up her worsteds and continued sorting them, as if thus to begin disciplining herself for the burdens of her new life. It could not be otherwise, she thought— she could not break her promise to Aunt Ruth, she could not leave her now. And as Wilfred willed she must submit. Amid her pain arose a sudden, keen feeling of disappointment; it vanished almost immediately in a realization that was born from it.
"I am so glad," she said, softly, "that

I am so giad," she said, softly, "that I am not one of those who think a pertect object is necessary for loving; I do not think a perfect object is a test of love. I am not blind; Wilfred is very tyrannical, sellish, very, very unkind, but, as never till to day have I fully realized it, so never has he been so dear to me."

This realization awoke a tender resolve. "I can never let him go away so; I

be to me.

Hare: I cannot let you go away, dear, without one little word. I know you are angry with me, and I am very, very unhappy, for never, since our engagement, have I loved you as to-day. My little word is that I must always, always love you, and that I will never marry any man but Wilfred Hare. Perhaps some day you will understand and forgive me, and then you will be glad to think of this."

Very sadly she dropped the tender little note in the mail-box, very drearly she went back the familiar road to her

walked here with Wiffred, so happy and confident. How sad and dark the road seemed now! So absorbed was Saidee, that she did not see the man walking ahead, who suddenly turned and paused, as if awaiting her. She started as she drew closer and perceived him, her first impulse was to flee; shrank from the sad face that she felt now was so like hers.

But it was too late. He had retraced steps to meet her, and was now walking at her side. "Saidee," he said, softly, "there are not many days now. Do not send me

way from you. He made no effort to cloak his tenderness, either in word or look. He had oved her from the happy time when, as children, they had walked this road together; she knew it, and it had once been the great sorrow of her life that she could not return this love.

Despite the sting of his words, there awoke in her heart a pity for him, such as she had never known before; a wild, regretful longing that she could not have loved him; a sudden, strange realization that she had wasted her effection that this man's stanch lovel. affection, that this man's stanch, loyal eart was worth an hundred such as

Wilfred Hare's. This last she battled quickly down, not so the pity or the longing. Strangely moved, scarcely knowing what she did, she placed her hand on his arm, and answered, gently:

"There will be many, many days for us to walk together, Mark!"

her meaning, so sadly earnest was her "What do you say, Saidee?" he asked, with pity for her, and a joy he could not repress mingling oddly in his

That I am not going to be married, Mark—that is, not yet awhile. Wilfred is angry with me; but I must not tell you—I do not know why I so forget myself. It is only that I am to stay with Aunt Ruth for the present—that is all,

Mark She truly said she did not know why; she felt a very traitress thus openly to blame Wilfred Hare. She did not real-ize, poor Saidee! how pleasant Mark Vale's devotion had suddenly become to her—how plain she was making this.

her—how plain she was making this.

But he could not see. He walked on beside her silently, little dreaming he was sught to her to-day beyond what he had been before. Never had life seemed so dreary to Mark Vale—not even that black morning when he learned she was to marry Wilfred Hare. Then his unselfish soul found solace in the thought that she was happy; now he stood in presence of her misery—he, whe, had he the power, would not have permitted the winds to blow roughly on her—and could not save her its least page.

He understood Wilfred Hare better than she; it would have been easier, perhaps, to resign her to any other man. It was not strange, that in this hour, realizing his own loyalty and tenderness, he should rail at justice and the veriest of myths.

The days passed slowly, drearily, to Saidee; with each, her love for Wilfred Hare growing deeper, her grief sharper

Hare growing deeper, her grief sharper—more unendurable.

more unendurable.

"Come what will, no power on earth shall separate me from you!"

Morn, noon and night these words came back to her, and with them a hope to feed upon. Surely all would be right, she thought. He cou d not give her up; he was only angry with her; he would come to understand and forgive her, and then all would be well again.

These were uneventful days, till, one morning, the news was brought to Saidee that Aunt Ruth could not live; that,

that Aunt Ruth could not live; that contrary to expectation, the peculiar troubles that had resulted from her introubles that had resulted from her injuries were developing fatally. Her gentle heart smote her, for often, often, this later time, she had regretted her promise; in her anguish, wished she had broken it. A while remorse banished all else from her thoughts; but love is a mighty king, and poor Aunt Ruth had not been long under the sodere it regained the mastery.

He would surely write, now that Aunt Ruth was dead; he would surely understand.

So she was musing one twilight, when there came a knock at the door, and a let'er was handed into her. At the sight of the familiar writing she could not repress a rapturous cry, despite the pres ence of the new servant, who knew nothing of Wilfred Hare; her trembling

And when so did—
Only a wedding card, the little note she had written him, and the line:
"It is but right I should resort to you your pledge."

you your pledge."
Wilfred Hare had proven himself.
She read it, she broke into a fit of hysterical laughter, and then, not knowing what she did, she dropped it, and went down and out over the lawn, for into the maple grove. and went down and out over the lawn, far into the maple-grove. Looking ahead dreamily, she saw Mark Vale coming toward her. He had heard of this; he was coming vaguely, with only the thought that he must comfort her. She waited for him; she stretched out he had which still held the conduction. he hand which still held the card,

with a dreary smile.
"Mark," she said, "did you know
Wilfred was married? Did you
know—" She could say no more, the full reality and broke. He had endured much, he could not

endure the look now on her fac. With a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he threw his arms around her and drew er to his breast.
"Oh, Saidee! forgive me, forgive me,

"Oh, Saidee! forgive me, forgive me, but I cannot see you so!"
So cried Mark Vane quite terrified at his act, striving vainly to loose his arms.
To his surprise she did not resist him. He even fancied she clung to him.
"Do not send me away!" a voice floated up to him. "I have only got you to love me, and I know you love me very much."
Was this a delusion, or was she mocking him in her descair?

must prove to him how dear he is and | ing him in her despair? From this came the tender note that could marry me?"

Hare:

He was all she had. Hers was a na
relating, although at first sight it appeared to him unworthy of the gravity of history.—Leis ure Hour. ture to crave a prop; it seemed to her

that moment, that never a love was so sweet to woman as Mark Vane's was to "I loved Wilfred," she answered, brokenly. "But I have lost love, and I must have love or my heart will break.

Dear Mark, if you can marry me so, will be a good wife to you.'
"Saidee!" With the one word wherein lay his oul, he drew her gently, almost rever-

ntially, closer to his madly-beating heart. ontent. For she never repulses him, his love seems always sweet to her, and sometim s, of her own will, she comes and, twining her arms about his neck,

How to Judg e a Horse.

kisses him tenderly.

The following simple rules will be ound useful to all parties about to buy

a horse: 1. Never take the seller's word; if distonest he will be certain to cheat you; if disposed to be fair, he may have been the dupe of another, and will deceive you through representations which cannot be relied upon.

2. Never trust to a horse's mouth as sure index of his age. 3. Never buy a horse while in motion; watch him while he stands at rest, and you will discover his weak points. sound he will stand firmly and squarely on his limbs without moving any of them, the feet planted flat upon the ground, with legs plumb and naturally poised. It one foot is thrown forward with the toe pointing to the ground and the heel raised, or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease of the navicular bone may be suspected, or at least tenderness, which is a precursor of disease. If the foot is thrown out, the toe raised, and the heel brought down, the horse has suffered from laminitis, founder, or back sinews have been sprained, and he is of little future value. When the feet s to walk together, Mark!" are all drawn together beneath the He could but have a presentiment of horse, if there has been no disease there is a misplacement of the limbs at leas and a weak disposition of the muscles If the horse stands with his feet apart or straddles with the hind legs, there is weakness of the loins and the kidneys are disordered. When the knees are bent and the legs totter and tremble the beast has been ruined by heavy pulling, and will never be right again whatever rest and treatment he

may have. Contracted or ill-formed hools speak for themselves.

4 Never buy a horse with a bluish or milky cast in his eyes. They indicate a constitutional tendency to ophthalmia, moon blindness, etc. 5. Never have anything to do with a horse who keeps his ears thrown back-ward. This is an invariable indication

of bad temper.
6. If the horse's hind legs are scarred the fact denotes that he is a kicker. 7. If the knees are blemished the horse is apt to stumble

When the skin is rough and harsh, and does not move easily and smoothly to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater,

and his digestion is bad.

9. Avoid a horse whose respiratory organs are at all impaired. If the ear is placed at the side of the heart, and a whizzing sound is heard, it is an indication of trouble. Let him ge.

Making a King Sing.

An Englishman arrived at Paris some days before the revolution of July, 1830. An Englishman arrived at days before the revolution of July, 1830. He very eagerly sought to inspect the interior court of the Palais Royal, where the prince, Louis Philippe of Orleans, was receiving deputations that came to him from all parts of the country, villagers with the mayor and drummer at their head, brave fellows well turnished with addresses and often excited by the fatigues of the road and the heat of the day.

day.

The Englishman, on arriving, asked if Louis Philippe had made his appear-

said. "I am come to Paris to see him."
"Never mind," said one near him; "I will show him to you." So he shouted out: "Vive Louis Philippe! Vive la Charte!" and the multitude cried out

the same.

A window opened over a balcony, the prince appeared, humbly saluted the crowd, and retired.

"Ah! I am very glad indeed," said the Englishman; "but I have heard some say that one might see him with the tricolored flag, and surrounded by his family."

family."
"That is very easy," said the other;
"give me some sous, and he will come "Indeed! Here are some, with great bleasure," said the Englishman, handing a franc to his neighbor.

Immediately a voice raised the coup-let, which a thousand voices immedi ately repeated:

Soldier, with the tricolor flag, Who from Orleans bearest it," etc.

the couplet did not cease to heard before the prince, surrounded by his family and holding the three-colored flag, came forth to salute the

There was silence for a short time. Then the company of the Englishman, ing toward the ear of the Englishman, ing toward the ear pake him sing? As it is rather a difficultures."

have to give me ten tracking, "said the "I will do so willing," said the Englishman, assured by the success of the former engagements.

with impatience a large crowd exulting with impatience and joy.

The Marseillaise was lustily raised by the crowd. The new king was about to retire from the balcons, but stopped in the midst of the applause, and sang with the people, marking time with his feet.

The story relates that the king-exhibitor adversing the Englishman said tor or, addressing the Englishman, said to him: "Now if you give me one hundred franes he shall dance." But the other, thinking that the show had gone far

Some may think this anecdote comes from a suspicious source. It is taken word for word from the contemporary history of C. A. Daubin, a work in use among students of philosophy. It appeared to the learned professor to be so Saidee," he murmured, bewilder | characteristic that he thought it worth peared to him unworthy of the gravity of

Caring for Snakes.

A reporter of the Philadelphia Press has been learning on what the snake man at the Zoological gardens, in that city, feeds his pets. This is what he learned on entering the professor's private office: Two cages stood on the side of the room, one on top of the other, immediately facing the door. One cage held white and spotted rabbits, and the other cage contained guines pigs. There were twenty or thirty altogether. This was the food the snake-keeper was fat-tening for his serpents—the boa-constrictors and other large snakes of expanding jaws, which can swallow down the largest-sized rabbits without the slightest difficulty. The rabbits were seen sporting about the cage, all unconscious of the fate in store for them, a fate all the harder from the fact that the luxurious serpents must have them to swallow alive or not at all, as they will not eat dead food. The guinea pigs are sacrificed the same way. This form of serpent diet the snake keeper does not go down into New Jersey for. The rabbits and guinea pigs are kept in the gardens, where they breed very fast, and more than keep up the supply for the large serpents The garter-snakes and water-snakes, and worms and frogs, which he brings in his satchel and tin can, are fed to the rattlesatchel and tin can, are fed to the rattlesnakes and the king-snakes, and serpents
of that sort. The way the snake-keeper
gathers up his food for these reptiles is
amply in keeping with his giant characteristics, and well calculated to inspire
terror to the weak and timorous. He
ge's out in a field or woods down about
Woodbury, N. J., where garter-snakes
abound, and as fast as he sees them he
gathers them up with his hands and
throws them into his tin can or satchel.
The water-snakes he gets along the The water-snakes he gets along the brooks and swamps. "Every man to his calling," says the adage. The snake-keeper, on the authority of those who know something of his habits and peculiarities, has his heart in his work, and by all accounts would not exchange with anybody.

A Bad Day for Alligators. The Orlando (Fia.) Reporter says: Monday proved a field day with the alli-gators. They came out in large num-bers to bask in the warm sunlight after the rain. Fatal recreation! everybody on board went to shooting them. Even the scullion would leave his dishpan to take a shot. And it seemed hard to miss them. The champion slayer was an old hunter from the Granite State. Whenever he raised his rifle death was in the air, and its sharp report was the crack of doom for some cousin of the crocodile. The 'gator-slayer expended his last cartridge in the evening; but not until he had scored his sixty-nith alligator. Their vitality is remarkable. I chopped off the head of one a few minchopped off the head of one a few min-ut's after he had been shot. Several minutes after the head was entirely sev-ered from the body, I thrust an oar at it. The jaws opened and snapped to again, like a huge steel-trap, driving the teeth three-fourths of an inch into the hard oak and splitting the oar handle. Even twenty minutes later that 'gator-head would not have been a safe toy for children.

Women Voting. Miss Louise M. Alcott, in a letter to the Woman's Journal about the Con-cord, Mass., election, at which womn-voted for the first time for school com-mittee, thus describes the scene and rer

fatigues of the road and the heat of the day.

The Englishman, on arriving, asked if Louis Philippe had made his appearance.

"Certainly," they answered him, "he is just retired."

"Ah! I am very sorry for that," he said. "I am come to Paris to see him."

"I am come to Paris to see him."

"I am come to Paris to see him."

"I am come to Paris to see him." No bolt fell on our audacious heads, no earthquake shook the town, but a pleasing surprise created a general outbreak of laughter and applause, for scarcely were we seated when Judge Hoar rose and proposed that the polls be closed. The motion was carried before the laugh subsided, and the polls were closed without a man's voting—a perfectly fair proceeding, we thought, since we were allowed no voice on any other question. The business of the meeting went on, and the women remained to hear the discussion of ways and means, and see the officers elected with neatness and dispatch by the few who appeared to run the town pretty much as they pleased. At five o'clock the housewives retired to get ten for the exhausted gentlemen, some of o'clock the housewives retired to get ten for the exhausted gentlemen, some of whom certainly looked as if they would need refreshments of some sort after their labors. I was curious to observe, as the women went out, how the faces which had regarded them with disapproval, derision, or doubt when they went in, now smiled affably, while several men hoped the ladies would come again, asked how they liked it and assured them that there had not been so orderly a meeting for years. One of the pleasant sights to my eyes was a flock of schoolboys watching with great interest their mothers, aunts and sisters, who were showing them how to vote when their own emanthem how to vote when their own emancipation day came. Another was the spectacle of women sitting beside their

Then the man, with his ten fit opinion and had their doubts about the suffrage question. Among the new voters were the descendants of Major Buttrick of Concord fight renown, two of Hancock and Quincy, and others minutes Louis Philippe presented himself again before a large crowd exulting with impatience and low. fied and earnest women, though some of the "first families" of the historic towns were conspicuous by their absence.

Life Among the Central Park Animals.

pea fowls, five white turkeys, twenty

Guinea fowls. The mortuary record is as follows: One leopard, one prairie wolf, one sealion, one tapir, one vicuna, one camel, one yak, one Samboo deer, one tiger

bittern and one European crane. The animals consume 193,830 pounds of hay, 8,926 pounds of straw, 541 bushels of oats, 466 bushels of corn, 136 bags of bran, thirteen bushels of seed, 77,380 pounds of meat, 25,782 pounds of bread, ,493 pounds of fish, 3,116 quarts of milk and ten barre's of crackers. A large proportion of the above provision was furnished by the owners of the anima's. The maintenance of the animals cost the city

nearly \$11,000. Repairs, etc., made the total expenditure \$14,992.99 The most valuable animals on exhibiion, according to the report, were two black leopards, four polar bears, one two-horned rhinoceros, a sea-lion and cub. The mother sea-lion was the one that died. The cub was disconsolate, and refused food, but after tom-cod and smelts had been forced down its throat for a time it took to a regular diet and

Among the fish in the Central Park lakes are catfish, white perch, yellow perch, goldfish, sunfish, black suckers and eels.

Thirty gray squirrels and fifty quail set free in the park have increased and multiplied wonderfully, and their presence has drawn great numbers of hawks, of which many have been shot.

The extermination of cats and dogs does not come in Director Conklin's province. Superintendent Dawson, who has charge of this work, reports the killing of nearly 800 cats and 130 dogs in the past year, besides many moles and a few muskrats.—New York Sun.

It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the polar sea. The icebergs

are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current. The crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thuncrack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The sea gulls fly away screaming, and often a black, shining whale comes for ar instant puffing to the surface. the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of purple light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at thirty degrees above zero to forty-seven below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, in-sufferable if there is wind. At fifteen degrees below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind, it talls in a fine powder. This phenomenon is fine powder. This phenomenon is called ice-smoke, At torty degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke changes at once into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air, and make a light, con-tinuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff tinuous noise, like the rustle of a stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits snoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the board. To talk is fatiguing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice, which must be carefully removed before one can open them.—Professor Nordenskjoid.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A Chicago engineer proposes to get rid of the sewerage and the river there by damming up the river, pumping it out and using the bottom for the railroads which come into the city. A large sewer should be laid under the bed of the river, extending out into the lake, a current being kept up by pumps at the mouth of the river. Then it is proposed to fill in a large space of the lake in front and build a sea wall further out which would give all the water front needed. The project is a large one and appeals to the imagination.

New England capital is to build a rail-road further "Down East" than Boston road further "Down East" than Boston is. The road starts from Cairo, in Egypt, crossing the Suez canal at Port Said, its northern terminus, and running north through Palestine, a little back from the Mediterranean coast until Megiddo is reached, beyond the Carmel range. Crossing the famous plain of Esdraelon, the line debouches to the western shore of Lake Gennesaret, north of which the Jordan is crossed and the mountains separating the Jordan is crossed. and the mountains separating the Jor-dan valley from Damascus, after which dan valley from Damascus, after which it continues on across the Euphrates to Mosul, on the Tigris, where it is to terminate on a proposed railroad from Diabekir and the Black sea. Several branches are contemplated, including one easterly from Ramich to Jerusalem, where a depot has been located near the Damascus gates and another from the same point westerly to Joppa.

Judge Daly, of New York, in his re-cent annual address before the American Geographical society, said that fresh discoveries of the cureiform inscriptions at Nineveh have revealed the fact that the ancient Assyrians were acquainted with the existence of spots on the sun, which they could only have known by the aid of telescopes. These, it is supposed, they possessed. Mr. Layard found a crystalline lens in the runs of Nineveh. The Assyrian cyclopedia, imprinted on bricks, was an exhaustive work. The inscriptions on these bricks, on being deciphered, disclosed that houses and deciphered, disclosed that houses and mortgaged, that money was loaned at interest, and that the market gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares;" that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found in the same of the sam found—thus connecting this very remote civilization of 2000 B. C. with the usuages of to-day.

The latest sect in England is that of the Danielites. It had its rise in 1876, and its founder was T. W. Rich ardson. Mr. William A. Conklin, director of the Central Park menagerie, in his an nual report gives much interesting information. There were 1,206 animals in the park during the year. Of these 402 were birds, 242 mammals and twentakes a solemn yow to abetain entirely 402 were birds, 242 mammals and twenty-four reptiles. The births were as follows: Eight lions (two litters of four each), one puma, five prairie wolves (at each). one birth), one Nubian goat, ote zebu, one Cape buffalo, one Wapiti deer, one Virginia deer, one Mexican deer, one Toulouse goose, five wild geese, four white swaps, four black swaps, eight called the chief gardener. The sect has no theological system. A member may believe what he chooses so long as he affirms the existence of a Supreme Be ing and maintains a vegetable diet. The initiation fee is two shillings. It is said is spreading in England.

> A man who passed through many stirring and dangerous scenes was re-cently killed in a most prosaic manner on the Philadelphia and Baltimore rail-road. This was Professor Louis Binel, a French teacher of languages and a lecturer on French literature. He was about fifty-eight years of age and was a native of Normandy, where his brothers yet reside. During the Crimean war he was the correspondent of the Journal des Deba's, of Paris. He was selected as one of the commission which accom-panied the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian Mexico, and acted as his direct legal adviser upon the provision of the code Napoleon, in which he was deeply versed. After the execution of Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia, Professor Binel came to the United States. He sacrificed a large estate by his devotion to the imperial cause, and he was almost penniless when he reached this country. In Philadelphia he soon found acquaintances who assisted him in forming classes, and he became the owner of a valuable property in Germantown.

"I Am Guiminei!" The New York correspondent of the

Louisville Courier-Journal writes. Everybody had heard of Stradivarius, of Lemona, who achieved his celebrity beating every other man in the fiddle business In fact he was equally celebrated with the gentleman who lived in Lexington and made such wonderful rifles. A third celebrity has sprung up in New York, named Guiminei, who boasts that he can make a better fiddle than Stradivarius or the other varius, who also lives in fame by the same means. When asked why he doesn't advertise his business, he poses, heroiclosing their equilibrium they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the ice-fields, which fall afterward like the wooden casements a thousand years old is pulled down, and they are always doing such things here, the modern Stradivarius is sure to be on hand sounding varius is sure to be on hand sounding and poking for basswood and other coffins of the wood nymphs to get hold of something that is seasoned. He sent to the Paris exposition one of his violins, expecting to get a first-class medal, of course. He was like Ophelia, "the more deceived," and more his hopes soared high. The chairman of the committee on tuneful things sent back by mittee on tuneful things sent back by mail a knowing wink suggested in the phrase: "You can't fool us; what you sent us as your own is a genuine Stradi-varius." He had unintentionally misled the most knowing of experts. When the Italian received this decision, which I will not positively aver was couched in the language I have used, he instantly proceeded to the nearest curbstone, gave three flaps of encouragement with his elbows, and crowed aloud: "I am Guiminei!" I understand that he immediately raised the price of fiddles to \$2,000. In some kinds of art it is better to be an imitator than an original to be an imitator than an original

A farmer recently jumped into a well because his wife ran him into debt. He found, however, that he couldn't keep his head above water any better after he got there,—Boston Transcript.

Cold Hands.

Cold hands, cold heart, and if the heart be Cold heart, cold love, the ending is soon told

Cold love will change and shortly pass

Cold hands, cold heart, the life and all things chill,

Cold heart, cold love, the love an icicle, What hope can be that such love will stay Cold hands, warm heart they say, we hope

Warm heart, warm love, give those and keep the rest, Warm heart, warm love will never pas

away. Cold hands, cold heart, darling if thine b

such Cold heart, cold love, will slay love with

touch. And love, once slain, no second life regains Cold hands, cold heart, and is it se with . thee?

Cold heart, cold love, then, darling, pity me And let me go while yet some life remains. -Irish Times.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A dead language-Cold tongue. A report that can't be contradicted-

The report of a gun. Making light of troubles-Burning up your unpaid bills.

The Marathan Independent says that the letters to beware of are x s. Dumb-belle exercises-Talking with deaf and dumb girl.-Salem Sunbeam.

A little learning is a dangerous thing. This applies especially to violin play-Eleven million pounds of tea was im-ported into this country from China in

Hens are not exactly lazy, and yet they are always laying round.—Derrick.

There are now six telegraph cables connecting the United States with It doesn't follow because things come under our notice that they are beneath our notice.—New York News.

The farmer feeds the bleating u to The sailor sails the c c The gardener plants p p he does,

The printer takes his e e. $-Ed \ L. \ Adams.$

Taken altogether the beauties of art and nature do not begin to interest the inquisitive female so much as the view she gets through a keyhole.—Fu'ton

The total value of church property in the United States is placed at \$500,000,-000. Should it continue to increase in is estimate that its value in 1900 will is estimate that its value in 1900 will reach the sum of \$3,000,000,000, or one-third more than the national debt.

New steel works are to be erected in Chicago at a cost, including seventy-five acres of land, of \$2 000,000. They are to be completed within a year, and will consist of four blast furnaces, Bessemer converting works, and steel rail mills. They will employ 2,000 men, consume 250,000 tons of ore yearly, and turn out 90,000 tons of rails

At the Dark Hollow stone quarry near Bedford, O., one of the largest stones ever blasted in America was "lifted" a short time ags. The stone is forty or fifty feet square and about thirty feet thick and it required 185 wedges to make a successful blast. When cut up into pieces it will make nearly 300 car loads of building stone. Immense blocks of stone are frequently taken out of the quarries here which would make the stones in Solomon's temple mere pebbles in comparison. Its weig ht was estimated to be 6,0 0,000 pounds.

The New York correspondent of the Troy Times says: The amount spent in smoking by some of our citizens is surpricing. New York pays more for cigars than for bread, and this is easily seen when individual cigar bills run up to \$300 per annum. I know one man who was unable to save anything on an income of \$12,000 a year, and who gave among the reasons that it cost him \$10 per week for cigars. It all his expenses were at such a rate there could be little chance at accumulation. There are chance at accumulation. There are many smokers who average 100 cigars a week. These are the men who build up such fortunes a: the Gilseys and others have made. Peter Gilsey landed in this city a poor emi rant. He was a piano maker, but opened a cigar shop in the Bowery, which his wife tended while he wrought at his trade. From this humble beginning Gilsey became one of the most extensive dealers in the city. He had at one time nearly a city. He had at one time nearly a dozen cigar shops, and he left an estate worth \$2,000,000. The Gilsey house is one of his creations, and the splendid establishment known as the building, corner of Broadway and Cort-landt street, is another. The first Broadway cigar store that reached dis-tinction was John Anderson's. The unfortunate Mary Rogers, better known as "the pretty cigar girl," was in his service, and her tragic end will always be one of the mysteries of New York

Victims of Oplum.

The New York correspondent of the Detroit Free Fress writes: The death of a woman connected with the old Van Buren family from the effect of a constant use of opium, has been written about a good deal and talked about a good deal more. This unfortunate wo man's appetite for the terriole drug was almost insatiable. Her case was an especially bad one, but there are hundreds of similar cases in New York. Doctors and druggists tell astonishing stories about the use of opium among stories about the use of opium among people of good social position, and, except in this particular, good ways of living. There seems to be no difficulty about these people getting all the opium they want. There are many drug stores in which it is said as comply as parents. they want. There are many drug stores in which it is sold as openly as patent medicine, and small quantities could be procured at any time. The people who buy it are not of the common class, but generally educated and refined, and many are brain-workers, who crave it that their overburdened nerves may be composed in some way. The woman who died the other day, from over-indulgence in it, was the daughter of a physician once ranking at the top of his profession in New Yors. She married a good-for-nothing husband, against her parents' will, and no doubt the life he led her had much to do with her coatraction of the opium habit.