Oh, rose, my red, red rose !

Low in the west is a sea of fire.

As my garden walks I tread.

Thy white-rose sisters gleam

And the stately lilies stand

But oh! my red, red rose!

Fair in the silvery light,

Like stars in a darkening sky;

Like saint'y vestals, pale in prayer,

Their pure breath sanctifies the air,

My rose with the crimson lips!

Yet now thou art hiding all forlorn,

So bright thou wert in the sunny morn,

And thy soul is in drear eclipse!

Didst thou see him sink in the golden west,

And thy passionate heart shall beat,

CTUMS OF INTEREST.

Home is the dearest place on earth— particularly if there is a ten per cent. mortgage on it.—Middletown Transcript.

A piece of gingerbread may serve as a

barometer. It is soft to the touch in damp weather, and hard in dry weather.

The fellow who has engaged himself to ten girls, and disappointed the whole,

must be a beau of promise.—Syracuse

A fashion exchange says: "Large figures are going out of style in dresses." This will please "dear papa" at all events.—Lockport Union.

A husband telegraphed to his wife: What have you for breakfast and how s the baby?" The answer came:

In the middle ages the burial service

Buckwheat cakes and the measles."

Sunday Times.

-Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

Dost thou morn thy lover dead-

With pomp of banners above his rest?

He shall rise again, sweet one!

He shall rise with his eye of fire;

And thy radiant blushes burn again,

With the joy of rapture after pain,

At the coming of his feet!

Thy lover, the lordly sun?

As it fragrance fills the night.

They bend their brows with a sudden thrill

To the kiss of the night dewes, soft and still,

When the warm south wind floats by.

higher,

Where has thy beauty fled?

A Red Rose.

But the great white moon sours high and

VOL. X.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1880.

NO. 12.

And the rash sportive plash

The first time I ever saw her was

from the window of my room in the hotel. She was walking across the

and firm, and her figure perfection.

I was a little "taken," and, hastily

her brilliant color deepening to scarlet.

Her name was Mrs. Powder, widow of the late lamented General Powder, whe

regiment at Maivern Hill. So I was

Well, the little romance proceeded.

and in a few days whenever I saw the

plu np and pretty widow I even ven-

tured upon a faint smile, which, how-

ever visited, I received this note:

"SIR-I have just learned your name,

you understand the fict.
"Bessie Southgate Powder."

I now saw clearly what a fool I had

been. The lady had not given my impertinence the least encouragement, and my whole conduct had been that of a

coxcomb and very impudent fellow. I

was tright n d-the letter was thor-

more than would be carried out. There

was, in fact, a painfully strong sugges-

I own frankly that I never was more

frigutened in my life. A duel I should

was indeed appalling to contemplate.

the lady had declined to read it, he

What was to be done? I walked the

tea. I was, in fact, afraid to go down

of Georgia, who was a lawyer, and might get me out of the difficulty if any

man could. And so very quietly I stole away to his room on the floor above, and fortunately found him alone.

ole thing to old Governor Aydslott,

said, with a grin. I suppose he thought

it was a proposal.

tion of horsewhip about it.

told by the colored waiters.

On the Rifts. Where the river from the shadow Of the waving spruces creeps, And then hurried through the meadow Where the cascade broadly sweeps, Vapors lift from the rift

Where the trout his vigil keeps. Oh, what music, as we listen To the river's splash and roar; How the broken waters glisten

As they dash against the shore, And the trees in the breeze Heaven's music outward pour. Mossy boulders rising yonder With a beard of snowy foam,

Where the maddened waters thunder vant appeared.
"Governor, Mrs. Powder's compliments. She is out here in the hall, sir, and would like to have a short private O'er the river monarch's home, Where in pride he doth hide Where an angler dares to come

Where the silver eddy sleeping, conversation with you, sir." He was a knowing servant, and smiled darkly, I fancied, in my direc-tion; and no wonder, for I was as pale Just beside the roaring flood, Mark you jeweled beauty leaping From the tide in sportive mood,

as death,
"Tell Mrs. Powder that I shall be at
her service in one moment," said the
governor; and the man retreated. "My
friend"—he seized my shaking ha d—
"there is absolutely no escape for you, Gives a start to laggard blood. But I waste the time in thinking, Morning clouds begin to lift, At the fount of nature drinking, except by going upon the balcony until I have succeeded in getting rid of her." I forget the joyous rift. I made a dash for the window, and he shut me outsido. At the same in-Drop the creel, spring the reel, Throw the fly with motion swift. stant the thunder-storm burst in all its tury, and, there being no protection whatever, I was soaked through and through. Positively, I could not have been wetter if I had deposited myself On the leaves of recollection I have painted many scenes,

And I turn them with affection When life's work-day intervenes. at the bottom of a river. When the brain throbs with pain, The thunder and lightning were ap-Then their sweets my lancy gleans, rate thunder and lightning were appalling, and, as I am naturally afraid of the elements, my situation may be imagined; and for a full hour I was thus entrapped, and still no prospect of relief or of the storm ceasing. In despair, I glanced over the balcony and saw that there was another beneath, and in Then, oh heart, in repture kneeling, Lay this picture up in store, Silver ritt and sunshine stealing, Sighing trees and river's roar; Make it fast, that it last

a moment I had let myself down by my hands and secured a footing there. Till earth's ache and pain be o'er. hands and secured a footing there.

The window was up, the room apparently untenanted, and I stepped in. Scarcely had I done so when there was a shrick from the bed; a lady sat up and began screaming "Robbers!" and I rushed to the door and gained the corridor, and so at last my own chamber.

An hour afterward I was in a ralway train, speeding from the White Sulphur as rapidly as steam could carry me. -A. T. Worden, in Rochester Express. A GAY WIDOW.

plateau, and raised her fine eyes just as she passed. A really striking face, something not exactly bold, but cou-rageous and intrepid, about it, and a very high color. Her step was quick Six months had passed away; the events of the summer were growing dim upon my memory, and I was in New York. We were endeavoring to get up a charitable concert for the bene-at of sufferers by flood somewhere, and was the most active agent in the enter-

seizing my hat, ran down the steps and followed her, straight to the spring where I and my follow-guests were in the habit of drink ng those horrid waters every morning. The widow-I am, I believe, a first-rate amateur tenor, and you have, perhaps, seen my name pretty freely in the newspapers in intuition told me she was a widow, and I drank several glasses of the wretched onnection with semi-public concerts.

stuff, looking at one another without Our programme was all arranged and exchanging a word, and so in a few minutes parted again.

For the two or three following mornings it was the same, and we always mat at meals, and in the evening on the versions on the versions of the best flute-player in the State. He had best flute-player in the State. veranda or in the parlors. On these private and particular flute, occasions I always assumed a sort of mounted in silver and gold, and pre-sented to him by some musical society wazgish, knowing look, designed to vex her, and so it did; for she invari--worth at least a thousand dollars; aby stared haughtily back in return,

and it was well-known that the public would come to see that flute as well as to hear it.

Birdseye, according to report, had lately retired from public flute-playing, lost his legs and life leading an Alabama and positively declined to engage in any musical enterprise whatever. I de termined to see him personally, and, if possible, alter his resolution. I called, and was informed that he was not at home; but, if my business was very important, I might see his wife.

ever, I am bound to say, she invariably rebuked. Several of my friends asked me who she was, and I told them a very I walked in and took a seat, and a light, rapid footstep sounded in the hall. ay widow from Selma-"very gay," added, with a wink of somewhat The door swings open-enter Mrs. Powder! I sprang to my feet and got be-hind the table, horribly frightened. "I wished to see Mr. Birdseye—" "I am Mrs. Birdseye," she returned, rakish character. And thus it got about, and thus I deliberately and idioti-

cally entangled mysel in a fix of a most complicated and distressing character. For, two days afterward, while enjoyn a voice sweeter than Birdseye's valuable flute. " and have been so for several ing my after-dinner cigar, and mentally concluding that the flies were about as months. Mr. Birdseye is out of town troublesome and the weather as hot at White Sulphur as at any place I had at present; his health is very delicate, and he is in the country.

Then she recognized me, and her eyes dilated with a fiery gleam.

"Madam, we have met before," I stammered; "and I fear I was guilty of conduct—" and I write at once to inform you that

I have heard of the manner in which of conduct ___ "
"You decidedly were, sir," she reyou have spo en of me among the people summering at this hotel. I do not know turned, advancing upon me. you have seen in my conduct to I stepped from the table to a justify the interpretation you appear to have put upon my character; but I can arm-chair, trembling in every limb,

and casting about for the most direct assure you that those surmises are quite wrong. Although alone in the world, I route for the door. "I was guilty of conduct which the am a woman perfectly capable of taking wife of no flute-I mean no gentlecare of hersell in every way, and at the very first opportunity I intend to make

"No gentleman, sir -" she repeated. in a rising echo, making another step in my direction; and believing that a fracas was inevitable, I plunged vio-lently toward the door, rushed through

and closed it behind me.
At the same moment I felt her hand on the knob on the other side; exerting all my strength, I held the barrier fast, locked it and fled.

oughly characteristic, and expressed no I felt now that I should not be in condition of safety while I remained in New York. That woman might pounce upon me at any time. As for appearing at the concert, it was out of the quesnot have cared so much about; but the tion, and, pleading illness, I packed up

other thing-a public chastisement at my things and started southward. About a month afterward, living in Washington, I had a letter with the the hands of a woman, at so public a place as the White Sulphur Springsmonogram of a flute on it-from Birds. I sat down and wrote Mrs. Powder a eye, of course; a peremptory message that he desired to see me immediately. letter-an apology in the most abject terms, and, while the messenger was I left that night for Richmond, and in gone with it, I stood at my window looking at the clouds in the distance two weeks another letter was forwarded by the secretary of my club in New York, with another flute monogramed on it. The handwriting was bold and moving likearmics preparing for battle. There was a thunder-storm coming up -dismal omen. I whistled and drummed aggressive, but of a strictly feminine nervously on the ledge of the window, character, and a tremulous examination awaiting to hear the returning footstep of the darkey; and at last I did hear it. He brought back my letter unopened revealed the authoress—Mrs. Birdseye. Again it was the peremptory message

from Birdseye, that he desired to see me without delay. The morning saw me on my way to South Carolina. By this time I had become a sort of nonomaniae, but one fully aware of floor in agony long after darkness had his own lunacy and unable to correct it. fallen and the sounding of the gong for Waking and sleeping, I could think of Waking and sleeping, I could think of nothing but Mrs. Birdseye. I felt that implacable woman intended to follow Suddenly a thought occurred to me— me to the grave, and several times in I would go upstairs and confide the Charleston I walked down to the water and examined it critically. The most trifling things threw me into intense agitation-the mention of the article powder, or any reference to the feathered creation, or the sight of a flute in the window of a music-store. And one day He was sitting in one of the tall win-dows leading upon a short balcony out-of the death of the celebrated flute-

side, watching the approach of the thunder-storm, now almost ready to burst.

At every few seconds a frightful gleam of lightning tore open the heavens, followed by a burst of thunder that seemed to shake the world.

The light company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company is a light of the company company in the company company company is a light of the company company

I asked.
"Just arrived, sir," said the clerk.
I went directly to the elevator and got in. Up we started and had got halfway, when, with a hideous wrench, the machine stopped between two floors.
"Oh!" cried a voice near me, in darm, "we have met with an acci-

I become conscious, for the first time, of a companion. It was a lady, and she lifted her vail. It was Mrs. Birdseye, and I felt that I was alone in a cage with

an infuriated tigress.

"I always hated these elevators," she said, with a frightened anxiety; "I wish I had gone to my room by the stairs! Do you think we are in danger of! being precipitated to the bottom

I shoo! my head. A ventriloquial controversy began up and down the shaft between the ser-vants and the elevator boy. "The thing has caught," shouted the boy. 'Give it a shake."

Mrs. Birdseye sprang up.
"Oh. for mercy's sake! don't shake it,
or we may be killed." She seized my
arm. "Command them not to shake it, arm. "Command them not to shake it, sir. Threaten them with damages, sir, if they expose our lives in so reckless a manner! Will you speak, sir, or are you deaf and dumb?"

"There is not a particle of danger, I think, madam," said I. "The elevator is a new one, and I fear that they do not know precisely how to manage it."

She recognized me.

She recognized me.
"Mr. Blueberry!"
I prepared to defend myselt.
"No violence, ma'am. Don't get excited. Act calmly and reasonably."
"I have come to Florida expressly to find you, if possible, Mr. Blueberry. I have written reams of letters, and have followed your trail like a detective. It almost seemed as if you were trying to avoid me."

avoid me."
"I-I state unhesitatingly that I shall be compelled to defend myself, Mrs. Birdseye."
She looked at me for a minute a little

"Oh!" she returned; "I suppose you refer to your absurd attempt to get up a flirtation with me at White Sulphur? I don't mind that now—indeed, I had quite forgotten it—although, of course, at the time I was a little vexed. I remember you talked about me as a gay widow, and I really was provoked chough at first to have called you to ac-Birdseye said he knew you intimately, and-and I dismissed the matter from

I breathed a deep sign of relief." "But why have you been so long in

pursuit of me, Mrs. Birdseye?" "Well, George, you know, is dead, boor fellow, and before he went he harged me with a commission. For ears he had been writing his musical nemoirs—a most interesting work—enitled, 'Notes-by a Musician.' ing you to be a literary man, he wished you to take charge of the material and out it in proper shape—edit it, you un-derstand. And in consideration of this and his old friendship, he has left you, Mr. Blueberry, by his will—what do you think?—his gold and silver flute!" I shook hands with her silently, and wiped the corner of my eye with my

"It shall be done," I murmured, in a oroken whisper, still holding her small and plump hand.

'I am g ad to hear you promise me that, for I thought you would refuse me. I know how eccentric you are, Mr. Blueberry, and really, after that occurrence in our parlor—the day you locked me in-I positively considered you insane. I was shut in there four or five hours, unable to get out, sir, and finally was obliged to call assistance from the

"It was pre-occupation, Mrs. Birdseye. My nind was absorbed in pro-found literary projects, and I scarcely tnew what I was about. I was then tracing the missing link between the oyster and the ciam, to the exclusion of You other subjects whatsoever. forgive me?" I pressed her hand be-

chingly.

Certainly. But really, this is rather curious situation, isn't it? How much onger are we to be imprisoned here?

Please ask the boy."
"How long, oh, Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience?" I shouled. "A man has gone for the carpenter,

Either the man or the carpenter made his haste very deliberately, for Mrs. Birdseye and myself remained in close ommunion in the elevator for an hour

But it was a short hour-indeed, a delightful hour. When we were released I surreptitiously bestowed upon the boy a banknote, to his great bewilder-

I am now engaged upon the memoirs of my late friend George, and find the assistance of his widow valuable.

More Sunshine. The world wants more sunshine in its tisposition, in its business, in its chari-ties, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains, and irritations of men and women, we recommend sun-shine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveler's gash more of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle-fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the siek beds. Not a phial full, not a cup full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for failing for-tunes or melancholy.—Faith and Works.

"He flies higher than he can roost," is the latest addition to the vocabulary

Historical Doubles.

Few historical characters have had more counterfeit presentments than Sebastian of Portugal, who, being found missing after a battle against the Moors missing after a battle against the Moors in 1578, was represented by a succession of impostors for years afterward. Concerning one of these historians are yet in doubt. In 1598 a man presented himself at the Venetian senate claiming to be the last heir of Portugal, escaped from a twenty years' captivity among the Moors. He possessed great personal resemblance to the last prince, was acquainted with secrets concerning the royal family, and had certainly strong evidence to produce in favor of his claims, but he was decided to be another of the long series of impostors who had of the long series of impostors who had assumed the title Sebastian, and was sent to the galleys. To the close of his life, however, he persisted in his tale, and its truth is one of the many historilife, however, he persisted in his tale, and its truth is one of the many historical mysteries that are never likely to be cleared up. Russia, too, has had its historical "doubles." Many counterfeits arose to personate that Demetrins, son of the czar, as "grand duke of Muscovy," who was murdered in 1600. In 1773 an impostor arose who asserted that he was Peter III. He led an army against the Empress Catherine, but was defeated and executed in 1775. There were many claimants to the title of Louis XVII. In the present century a man named Eleazar Williams, residing in Canada, was believed by many persons to be the unfortunate Dauphin, who it was soid had been secretly conveyed to America by a faithful servant, instead of dying in the temple.

In our own day was there not the Tichborne trial, concerning which opinions were so greatly divided? A yet stranger case of disputed identity occurred in the sixteenth century. A certain Martin Guerre, residing in the province of Haute Garonne, left his wife and family and disappeared for eight years. At the end of this time he apparently returned to his home, and was received without suspicion by his relatives. Martin had a number of pe-

was received without suspicion by his relatives. Martin had a number of pe-culiar marks which the new comer also possessed; the returning prodigal was also conversant with all the most private affairs of the family, and knew secrets that the wife revealed to her husband alone. Three years passed away, and two more children were born to the supposed Martin, when a doubt of his real identity began to arise. It is not clear what first roused suspicion. but the rumor once set affoat, evidence began to pour in, till there was, at least, strong cause to believe that the reputed
Martin Guerre was only a "doppelganger" of the real man; that he was in
fact a certain Arnauld de Tilk, who had
made the acquaintance of the real Martin in Flanders, and traded in his likeness and the possession of information
obtained from Martin to personate his
comrade to his family. In the midst of
the discussion the real Martin returned
home, but his appearance, instead of

home, but his appearance, instead of mending matters, only " Made the case darker, Which was dark enough without."

Some swore positively that the first were equally certain that he was an im-postor. The case went for trial, and ostor. the real man succeeded in proving his ount; but Governor Andslott said it identity, the counterfeit Martin (alias was only fun, and afterward poor George | Arnauld du Tilk) being hanged .- London Globe.

About the Teeth.

Dr. Meredith, in his lecture upon The Teeth,' says: Enough has been spoken and written

various times upon the abuses of civlized life, and especially of refined ciety, to induce us to confess that the constitution of man has deteriorated, and that the teeth have shared in the degeneration of the organism. One of the nost conclusive proofs of this is found in the fact that scientific travelers visiting various nations in different parts of he globe have reported that those peo-ble who breathe a pure atmosphere, who frink pure water and eat unadulterated food, who take healthful exercise and sufficient rest, who dress in a manner that favors free respiration and free movement of the body, are wonderfully free from those diseases that are so com mon among people of more civilized nations, and possess teeth that are sel-dom, during a long life, attacked by any

It is a reasonable assertion, then, that we would endeavor to imitate the healthful manner of living of these na-tions-which we could do very nearly and still retain all our claims to civili zation-if we would eat bread made of unbolted flour, and other things containing a liberal amount of phosphates, we could make a decided impression for the better upon the teeth of the following generation. If that generation would pursue the same course, and so on, it would not be many years until the teeth would be restored to their pristine soundness and perfection. But people seldom bestow any thought on this subject until they are forced to do so by the condition of their own and their children's mouths. At that time it is too late to change the construction of the teeth by anything that they may do, and too little interest is felt in the welfare of humanity several generations afterward to induce them to make any radical change in their manner of living, or to leave the beaten track of favorite habits and customs.

How to Write for the Papers.

The Boston Post hits the nail on the head when it says: Communications should be brief, and there are several reasons for this. In the newspaper space is valuable. The modern newspaper is never troubled with the old-time complaint of needing "something to fill up." The editor's scalpel is constantly reeking from the slaughter of live news matter and interesting miscellany. Short communications are much more likely to find readers than long ones are, and unless they are to be read it is much better not to publish them. More contributions can be represented where the articles are short than when they are long, and one man has as strong a claim upon the columns as another, provided he furnishes as interesting matter. A short article is usually more pithy and pointed than a long one. A subject should have many ramifications to demand more than halfa column in a newspaper, while all that can be saved even from that limit up to a certain point is apt to be an improvement. That prince of journalists, the late Samuel Bowles, once apologized for a long editorial, and gave as his excuse lack of time to write a short one. He expressed an im-portant truth in his usual epigrammatic way.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Professor George L. Vose, of Bowdoin college, Maine, who is regarded as an authority upon such subjects, says that over 200 railroad bridges have fallen within the past ten years. He attributes these "accidents" either to the selection of bad material, faulty construction, and imperfect supervision, or all of these causes combined. It is said that, when completed, the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore

will be the most complete and best en-dowed institution of the kind in the

world. The grounds cover an area of fourteen and one-half acres, and there will be twenty-eight buildings in the inclosure. For it and a colored orphan asylum Mr. Hopkins left four million Adam Wagoner was about the most but he was a confirmed swearer. community was frequently shocked by his language, but liked him for his kindly heart. His nephew, Philip, owed him a grudge, and took advant-age of his failing to injure him. When-ever he cursed outrageously before wit-nesses, Philip had him arrested and

nesses, Philip had him arrested and fined under the law against profanity. This went on for several years. At length the justice before whom the cases came refused to inflict another line. Philip was maddened by the failure of his old device, and killed the old man on the spot with a pistol. By an official return relating to English merchant shipping, lately issued, the number of sailing vessels employed, both in the home and foreign trade, has diminished from 19,090 in 1860 to 16,449 in 1879, the tonnage being 3,852,245 in the first year, to 3,918,676 in the last. The height of prosperity for England's merchant fleet was in 1865, since which year there has been a marked falling off. On the other hand, the number of

steamers has augmented from 929 in 1860, to 3,580 last year, and the tonnage from 399,491 to 2,331,157. This increase of about six-fold in the tonnage of the steamers means more than a similar increase of sailing vessels would imply, for the effective power of the steamer as carrier may be three or four times that of the sailing vessel, as the former will make three or four voyages to one of

In Zurich, Switzerland, the use of cortable water power, so to speak, is being extensively used for household ourposes. Firewood, for example, is to sawn into convenient lengths for burning. A small sawing machine on wheels is drawn by two men to the front of a house. They connect by a flexible tube with the nearest hydrant; the water flows to the machine; the saw dances, and cuts up the wood with saw dances, and cuts up the wood with surprising rapidity. A portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the same city, in driving a Gramme machine for the production of electric light. Water is very abundant in Zurich; but there are other towns in which this domestic water power could be advantageously introduced. Where it is any object to keep a record of the water used an indicator showing the quantity might be discovered by the same of the seems to have a hydrophobic horror of the Bloomer, the latter the inventor of the Bloomer, the latter the inventor of the Bloomer, recently celebrated their forword.

The Baby.

The Baby.

The baby is a revolutionist. He ruthlessiy upsets established customs, breaks in on confirmed habits, and sways despote command in his realm. There can be no conservatism where there is a baby. He is a radical of radicals, and he seems to have a hydrophobic horror of the Bloomer, the latter the inventor of the Bloomer, the latter the inventor of the Bloomer, the latter the inventor of the Bloomer, recently celebrated their forsuches. They water word in the series of the series of the water used an indicator showing the quantity might be advantageously introduced. Where it is any object to keep a record of the water used an indicator showing the quantity might be advantageously introduced. Where it is any object to keep a record of the water used an indicator showing the quantity might be advantageously introduced. Where it is any object to keep a record of the water used an indicator in the series of the series of the series of the series of the location of the Bloomer, the latter the inventor of the Bloomer to have a bloomer to a succession of the second of the water water of the latter the inventor of the Bloomer, the lat

dicator showing the quantity might be affixed to the machine. During a recent performance in the Teatro del Girco, at Madrid, a madman forced his way into the house, armed with a hatchet, and contrived to climb from the auditorium upon the stage, where, brandishing his weapon furl ously, he announced himself to the terrified audience as the "Avenger of Mankind." All attempts to remove him having proved in vain, and his fury nomentarily increasing, a detachment of soldiers received the order to load with ball and fire upon him. A minute later the wretched man lay a corpse upon the stage, three bullets having passed through his head; and, this highly sensational dramatic episode having been thus brought to a close, the audience returned to their places, from which they had fled in terror when the maiman made his first and last appearance upon the stage, and the evening's performances were resumed at the point at which they had been interrupted by Mankind's Avenger.'

How Gibralter was Captured. It was a sudden inspiration which in

duced Sir deorge Rooke, as he lay, with

a combined fleet of British and Dutch

ships, inactive off Tangler, to make a dash at the great Spanish fortress on the opposite side of the straits. Reports, which proved well founded, said that Gibralter was but weakly garrisoned, and that its defenses were wholly inadequate to protect it from a vigorous attack; a bold and sudden descent might wrest it therefore from Spanish hands. Accordingly, upon the first of August, 1704, the fleet appeared in the bay, and summoned the place to surrender. A certain Don Diego de Salinas was its governor, and he had at his disposal just eighty regular soldiers, to which, by great exertions, he added a few hundred volunteers and militia. With these all il'-armed and ill-found as they were, and with but few guns and small stores of powder and shot, he made what show he could; but the British blue-jackets and marines landing at three points-at the Old and New moles, and at a bastion now known as Jumper's from the naval captain of that name who here led the assault—carried all before them. As a last resource the nuns of Santa Clara, followed by a crowd of serrified women and children, went in procession to the shrine of the Virgin de Europe, to intercede for divine interposition; but they fell into the hands of the enemy, who had by this time made themselves musters of the New mole. Successful also at the other points, Don Diego had no alter-native but to capitulate and haul down his flag. The captors then took formal possession of the place in the name of Prince George of Hesse, who was present, and who claimed the throne of Spain. But it was the union jack which was hoisted, and which, has continued to wave over the rock of Gibralter from that day to this.

A horse biscuit is being manufac-tured in Russia to take the place of oats. Is is made of crushed oats and the flour of gray peas, mixed with hempseed oil and salt, and is four in-ches in diameter. A day's rations weighs about four pounds, and is equal to ten pounds of oats. The hor es like the biscuits when soaked in water, and if fed exclusively on them, though they lose in flesh, are still fit for fatiguing

A Modern Jacob.

The Philadelphia Telegraph's Paris

The Philadelphia Telegraph's Paris letter says: I was recently told by a young French gentleman (the son of the prefect of La Rochelle) one of the strangest romances of real life that ever came to my knowledge. Some four years ago a peasant boy who lived on a farm near the town of Clermont-Ferrand saw and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a gentleman of good fortune and position, he being at that time seventeen years of age and that time seventeen years of age and the young lady was just sixteen. The new "Claude Melnotte" was so madly in love that he went straight to the house of the young girl's parents and de-manded her hand in marriage. The father treated the preposterous proposi-tion with good-natured scorn. "Come back when you have an income of \$40,-600 (200,000 francs)." was his answer, "and then we will see about it." The infatuated youth took him at his word, and for thwith set to work. Now one of the peculiarities of the town of Clermont-Ferrand is a scarcity of water. There is no river near it, so it relies for its supply on springs and wells. Under these circumstances a spring is a valuable piece of property and com-mands a relatively high price. So the young peasant lover set on for an adjacent mountain, there to search for hidden springs. My informant said that he had honey-combed the whole side of the mountain with his works, constructing at one point a tunnel over two miles in length. All this was executed with his own hands. He worked from dawn to dark, lives upon potatoes of his own planting, and never spends so much as a sou upon a mug of beer. Every Sunday he goes to church in the town, after which he proceeds to the house of his lady-love, to ask if she is married or likely to be. On receiving a response in the negative he plods contentedly homeward, and starts out afresh to his toil on the morrow. This life has continued now for full four years. Up to the present time he has life has continued now for full four years. Up to the present time he has discovered three important springs, each of which he so.d for \$5,000, but, though now possessed of what a man in his condition of life is wealth, he abates none of the hardships of his exitence. He has one idea, namely, to become the possessor of a fortune sufficient to enable him to claim the hand of the object of his blind passien. Yet no one who knows the parties ever

no one who knows the parties ever imagines that the young lady will ever consent to marry him. She is now twenty years of age, and is pretty, refined and accomplished, while he is coarse and unlettered, without even physical comeliness, as he is short and thick set with a broad stolid generate. was read over a man when he became a leper, and he was from that time sep-

of anything and everything that savors

i the old order of things. He is an in-

definable compound of arrogance and

amiability; is amusing and exasperat-

ing; tyrannical and condescending; affable and dictatorial. When he sucks

his fists and protrudes his cheeks, or

crossing effort to dine off his toes or the

house cat's tail, he becomes an object of curious and affectionate interest.

When he learns to creep and takes it

into his small head to try the effect of

mild solicitude, that is equaled only

by the emotions he arouses when he

manages to get hold of the paternal

razor with the evident intention to try its edge on his tongue. Such manifes-

tations of eccentricity as a heels-over-head tumble downstairs, pulling the

the china crash, mutilating your Sun-day coat with the newly ground family

seissors, or making the souls of horse

car drivers quake by his squatter sover-

eignty predilections in favor of the

track, soon lose their terrors on the

tempt. If there is any danger, near or remote, into which he has not projected

himself before he reaches the age of two years, he is of a verity the far-famed "most wonderful baby in the world." But it is the month-old baby to whom

(or which) the grown-up world pays

profoundest homage. The acutest ob-servers of human nature must fail of

anything like intelligent classification of him. He is a law unto himself, inex-

plicable, elusive, never of the same

mind on two occasions, and a creature of most doubtful issue in respect of his

intentions about permitting a quiet night to pass. In short he is The Baby,

the most helpless object in the universe

and the incarnation of an absolute monarchy. With reference to every-

thing else, animate or inanimate, the terms big and little are merely relative;

correspondingly pronounced. He is presumed to have originated the adage

about making hay while the sun shines,

and the huge winrows he piles up attest

Detroit Free Press.

slaves.

nis appreciation of his own wisdom.-

Ancient Wonders.

Nineveh was fourteen miles long,

ight miles wide, and forty-six miles fround, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.

Babylon was fifty miles within the

wails, which were seventy-five feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen

roof. It was 100 years in building.

base covered eleven acres. The stones

are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 350,000 men

in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers and twelve halls.

Thebes, in legypt, presents ruins

twenty-seven miles around, once con-taining 350 000 citizens and 400,000

The temple of Delptos was so

torgets his autocratic state in the en-

thick-set, with a broad, stolid counten-ance. What will be the end of this dream, I wonder? Will he go mad or break his heart the day he finds his bearated from the rest of mankind, except others like himself. When the glass-stopper of a bottle sticks pour some warm water on it, or ved either married or betrothed? lay a cloth saturated in warm water around the neck of the bottle and the stopper can be easily removed. will he die some day of privation and overwork, with a vision of success be-

break from even a slight jar. The old-

est, Sylvester, has already sustained twenty-six fractures. An ant, three-eighths of an inch long, earrying a burden of one-sixth of grain, moves at the rate of one mile in

eleven hours. The weight (a small one compared with that they can carry) is eighteen times their own. The secretary of the Liverpool vege

tarian society states that he has walked 500 miles in fifteen days-an average o thirty-five miles per day-on a diet of nothing but raw fruit, and this without overturning a kettle of hot water on unusual fatigue or bodily strain. himself, or an experimental plunge into the cistern, he excites rather more than Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort, has

bought the celebrated service of plate made in the sixteenth century by the goldsmith Jamitzer, and which has been long on exhibition at Numberg in the museum devoted to German art, The owners are said to have received \$200 000 for it.

table-cloth off for the delight of hearing A man stopping his paper wrote to the editor: "I think men ottend to spend their munny for paper, my dad didant, and everybody sed he was the intelli-gences man in the country, and he had the smartest family of boys that ever dug taters." Of course he didn't need a principle that familiarity breeds con-

"Well I declare," said a stranger the other day, as he looked at a Roman's boots, "when they were dealing out teet they were pretty liberal with you, weren't they?" "Yes," replied the Roman, "they seem to have been more liberal with me in that particular than they were with you when dealing out brains." The stranger turned red in the face and walked off. He has not been seen since, and it is presumed he has hidden himself away to meditate privately on physiological extremities and the anatomy of cute remarks.

Too Much Steep. The effects of too much sleep are not

privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular but the baby is a living defiance of that and all other laws. He is at once the smallest and the largest factor in the human problem. His rule being of short duration its despotic character is energy is enfeebled and the sensations and moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed. The functions are exerted with less energy, the digestion is torpid, the excretions are diminished, while, in some ins.ances, the secretion of fat accumulates to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of hebetude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted when sleep is too pro-longed or too often repeated To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed i. c., they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that chilgates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the dren and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that over-indulgence The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet in height, and 853 on the sides. The be not permitted. Where the habit for children is to lie in bed until eight or nine o'cleck in the morning, the last two hours at least, do not bring sound, dreamless sleep where the hour for re-tiring is 8 or 9 o'clock F. M., but are spent in dozing, and, in fact, such ex; cess cannot fail to insure the harmful results described by the authority quoted. What is called laziness among rich in donations that it was plundered of \$59,000,000; the Emperor Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles children is in very many cases disease. and is largely due to this as well as the other causes mentioned that undermine the foundations of health. — Go'den Rule.