

NIL DESPERANDUM.

County

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VOL. X.

In the Long Run. In the long run fame finds deserving man. The lucky wight may prosper for a day, But in good time true merit leads the van. And vain pretense, unnoticed, goes its way There is no chance, no destiny, no fate, But fortune smiles on those who work and

In the long run.

wait.

In the long run all goodly sorrow pays, There is no better thing than righteous pain, The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned

days. Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain.

Unmeaning joys enervate in the end, But sorrow yields a glorious dividend In the long run.

In the long ran all hidden things are known The eve of truth will penetrate the night. And good or ill, thy secret shall be known, However well 'tis guarded from the light. All the unspoken motives of the breast Are inthomed by the years and stand contest In the long run.

In the long rus all love is paid by love, Tho' undervalued by the hearts of earth; The great eternal government above Keeps strict account and will redeem

work. Give thy love freely; do not count the cost So beautiful a thing was never lost

In the long run. -Ella Wheeler.

PEG'S PUG.

The father was almost straight nosed. and the baby was undecided, but all the rest of the family (with the exception of Peg), consisting of the mother and three elder daughters, were aquiline.

Peg, brown haired, gray-eyed, cherry-mouthed Peg, was unmistakably pug. Her nose, I mean, of course. Somebody says that lovely eyes are as plentiful as blackberries, but a handsome nose is rarely met with. And somebody adds-which is also my nown experience—that which is also my own experience-that when met with it usually belongs to an intensely stupid person. It seems as though brains never did go hand in hand—no, that won't do—never did lodge above—that's better—a faultless

Peg's pug was not the puggiest kind of a pug, but with the sauciest little tilt to it, enough that way to be unable to deny its relations. A third or fourth cou-sin, as it were, of the old original pug. Mrs Thrush, Peg's mother--a tall

woman, with fair, lusterless hair, rather prominent light blue eyes, rosy com-plexion, wid: mouth, and gleaming white teeth, in all of which particulars ber daughters Aurelia, Amanda, and Arabella closely resembled her-had never ceased to bemoan and bewail the fact of Peg's prover 2," she

have much octter kept it to themselves instead of bequeathing it to an unfortu-nate child of mine." During which re marks, and others of the lil

never relaxed their vigilance a moment. But at last all that could be done was done; and then Bella, the least aqui-line and youngest of the three, said, with a slight twinge of conscience: "Why. Peg has nothing to wear." "You may have my white Swiss. "You may have my white Swiss. Peg," said Arabella, still answering her conscience. "It's torn all across the back breadth; but you can darn so nicely, and I never could, and if I could, I can't bear a darped dress, and you don't care." cussed.

I can't bear a darped dress, and you don't care." They came. The captain, the artist, the merchant, and the festivities began. The first on the list being a croquet party given by Mrs. Sparkman in honor of her son a few days after his ar-rival. And the very first guests the old bedr head the alegence of greeting were some artist." "And we must go for wild flowers"— going for wild flowers admitted of strolling in many directions in Laureltown—" this morning before the

hady had the pleasure of greeting were the three elder Misses Thrush. Peg had been invited, for although Mrs. Sparkman had only seen her when her sisters had sent her to borrow or re-

sun is high, the dining-room vases are empty." said all three together. "So, Peg, bring our walking-shoes and hats, and be quick about it." turn a book—the house boasted of a voluminous library—she had taken a great fancy to the innocent young face, and had particularly requested that Peg "And, Peg," added Amanda, "have lunch ready at one, and set the tabla with the best china. We may meet one of the gentlemen, and bring him home

But Peg had nothing to wear but her should be present. But Peg had nothing to wear but her sister Belling cast-off white dress, and of course that wouldn't do for a croquet party. So Cinderalla looked with wist-ful eyes, it cannot be denied—for what young girl delights not in music, ice with us." "And make custards and sponge-cake," said Bella. "And see that the bread and ham are cut very thin," commanded Amelia.

And away they went, Peg looking after them again, but this time with no longing in her eyes, until they dis-appeared at the turn which ied past Lilac house, when she flew to the kitchen, made the custards and spongecream and merry company?-after the retreating forms of her sisters, arrayed in their dark grenadines freshened with in their dark grenadines freshened with knots of blue and lavender ribbons, with their broad-brimmed, quaint looking hats garnished with grasses, buttercups and daisies, shading their aristocratic noses; and then tying her old flat on her head by passing a faded crimson scarf-one of Aurelia's gifts-over the crown and knotting it under besching shat och a backat on her arm cake, and then donned her scoop hat, and a cunning white apron with a bib and a cuming white apron with a bio and pink pockets, and taking Effie by the hand, away they went for wild flowers—"The girls will never remem-ber them," said Peg-but not in the same direction the aquilines had taken, oh, no, but along a shady lane that led to the foot of a hill where grew many fragment lorgin blossens at their own her chin, she took a basket on her arm and went into the back garden to pick blackberries for supper. Peg always had the berry-picking to do, for the while hands could not be stained and fragrant, lovely blossoms at their own

sweet wills. Peg and the baby danced gayly on until the place of destination was reached, and a world of floral wealth lay before them. Up the hill they toiled, thorn-torn, and old Lucy had as much as she could accomplish in the house. And as she picked the berries she sang loud and clear-Peg had a voice ike a and stopping midway to gather some tall brilliant flowers that grew in their path, the very first stem baby grasped and pulled at broke off with a jerk in bird's, full of sweet little trills and

'' I love you well, my bonnie maid, my bonnie maid, said he,
' And I have come, this summer day, to ask it you will be
My own dear wile, my sweet, true wite.' 'Per-haps I will,' said she.''

shakes

And stopping suddenly to put a thorn-wounded inger in her mouth, became aware of a strange face looking down upon her from over the high fence-a said the owner of these arms, demurely raising a pair of violet-blue eyes to Peg's white face as he placed the child beside "How can I thank you?" said Peg, in a trembling voice. "But for you, Effle might have been killed."

her.

"I know of no better way than com-"I know of no better way than com-ing down into the road immediately" -twirling his long golden mustache-"and then ny mind will be relieved about Effie. Though, if you say so, I'll stand at the bottom of the hill with pleasure until you are quite ready to descend, so as to be on hand to rescue her if she tumbles again." I have been walking fast and am ex-

I have been walking last and am ex-ceedingly thirsty." "Certainly," said Peg, with a painful consciousness of her extremely short called dress and scoop bonnet; and the stranger came in, hat in hard. "I will bring you a glass." said Peg, drooping toward the ground in a vain order to leasthor theastier

endeavor to lengthen the skirt. "Oh, no, indeed; this is famous!"

her if she tumbles again." "I think I'll go down," said Peg, the color coming back to her cheeks. He held out his hand to assist her "I can take care of myself, thank you. Mr. Thorne," said Peg. "Mr. Thorne," repeated he. "How did you know I was Mr. Thorne?" "By your cress, your mustache, and drinking from the bucket; and then, as he let it fall again, he added, looking about him with an air of recognition. "Captain Thrush's place, is it not?" "Yes," answered Peg.

Amanda, sarcastically, never dreaming that the child had really done so. "Yes," acknowledged honest Peg. "You did?" cried her tormentors, in

"There, that's what comes of your "user in the second seco table, you may be sure the three newcomers to Laureltown were well dis-"The captain is my favorite," suid Aurelia. "I suppose father just dragged

"No, mamma; he came without coax-ing. Was it wrong to ask him? I thought," turning to her sisters, " that him in yesterday." "Mr. Onion is mine," said Amanda. "You're welcome to them both," proclaimed Bella. "Give me the hand

thought." turning to her sisters, "that you went out on purpose \neg meet some of them, and bring them howe with you if you could." "Oh! hear her! hear her! Mother, you'd better lock her up."cried Amanda. "That is the only way to prevent her acting like an idiot and hoiden, and bringing us all to grief." Peg fled to her room. "I wonder if he thinks me an idiot and hoiden?" she said, with burning cheeks.

what he did think was: "She's worth all three of her sisters. It's a great re-lief to turn to her dear pretty pug-nosed face after so much aquiline;" and he took out the sketch and smiled at it, and-artists are very enthusiastic, you know-he actually kissed the face looking out of the scoop hat full of child-like

ing out of the scoop hat full of child-like trust and happiness. Poor Peg was kept a prisoner in her own room for three long days; but at the end of that time, partly because the old captain, summoning courage, peremptorily demanded the release of his darling, partly because they were enjoying themselves so much they could afford to be generous, and most'y because they could not do without her nimble feet and fingers, the aquiline party magnanimously forgave her, and Peg was free once more. And with another twinge of con-

eg was free once more. And with another twinge of conscience Bella actually proposed one day, after Peg had spent the whole morn-ing in ironing their flounced and ruffled finery, that she should accompany her sisters to the musical party to be given at the old bachelor's that evening.

"She can wear the white dress I gave her, and, Relia, you can let her have your pink sash to drape over the darn,

your pink sash to drape over the darn, and you, Amanda, can lead her your jet necklace and bracelets." "Well," said Aurelia, with the air of one granting a very great favor, "if she'll promise to remain in a corner all the evening, and if any one should speak to her, make none of her absurd remarks, I've no objection." "Nor I and with a few flowers in her tiny hand, and away she rolled backward down hill until she rolled into a pair of arms outstretched to catch

Nor I, and with a few flowers in her hair, and my gray gloves-they're too large for me-she'll do-in a corner," chimed in the amiable Amanda. So Peg put new rosettes on the tips of

her slippers where they had begun to wear, and worked over the faded em-broidery on a pair of silk stockings Aurelia loaned her, and looped up her white overskirt here and there with sprays of honeysuckle vine, and was as happy as her three sisters with their fine organdies, to purchase which their fa her had to go without a new coat and hat that summer, if not happier.

hat that summer, if not happier. And when she came shyly after them into the music-room of Line house, she looked indeed "a sweet wild flower," "a sunny-faced brown daisy." And so thought David Onion, Esq.; and while he saluted the others with a county how he hed out his hand to

courtly bow, he held out his hand to the little stranger, and led her to a seat

"Why have we never met before, "Why have we never met before, Miss Margaret?" he said, as soon as she was scated. "Did it need a musical temptation to lure you from your seclu-"By your eyes, your mustache, and ur hands," said frank young Peg.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The iron workers of England include 140,000 laborers in furnaces and forges, 169,000 in the manufacture of machinrey, 5,500 in the manufacture of machin-ery, 5,500 in steel works, 48,000 in ship-building, and about 200,000 in various branches of iron and steel manufac-ture, making about 570,000 in all. The mining population is about 530,000, and the laborers in cotton mills about eno 000 600,000.

Twenty years ago the deepest mining shafts in the world reached only about 2,000 feet below the surface. The very deepest, we believe, was a metalliferous mine in Hanover, which has been car ried down to the depth of 2,900 feet. The deepest perpendicular shaft to-day is the Adelbert shaft in a silver-lead mine in Prizibram, in Bohemia, which, in May last, had reached the depth of

1,000 meters-3,280 feet.

An incident which occurred recently in Paris shows with what aversion com-pulsory military service is regarded by industrial classes in France. A young

seller of sponges, aged twenty-onc, shot himself with a revolver in prefer-

stantaneous.

Sherrard Clemens, who died in a St. Sherrard Clemens, who died in a St. Louis hospital a short time ago, was a notable figure in the politics of twenty years ago. He represented a Virginia district in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses and was one of the most promising orators of his day. In 1856 he fought a duel with O. Jennings Wise, son of Henry A. Wise, receiving a wound that lamed him for lite. Wise, who was also a man of heilliant talents. One single circumstance connected with this discovery was the fact that not a single tooth was found in either mouth except in the one incased in the clay

Roanoke island. Clemens never for-gave himself for his part in the duel, being at heart opposed to that method of settling disputes. The last years of On the south end of the mound was erected a stone altar, four feet and a half wide and twelve feet long, built on an earthen foundation nearly four feet high, having in the middle two large flag-stones, upon which sacrifices were un-

Tristan d'Acunha is the name of a small group of islands lying midway be-tween South America and the African cast. Two years ago the ship Mabel llark was wrecked on one of these slands, and the crew kindly rescued by County Historical s ciety, and the things alluded to in this letter, or dispatch, can the islanders, for which noble conduct they received a suitable reward from the United States government. These islanders are estimated at 109 in number, mostly decendants of one Hayes, an English corporal, and one of a garrison cute the investigation, for such remark-able developments in mound-opening placed there by Great Britain while placed there by Great Britain while Napoleon was a prisoner at St. Helena. There have been but four deaths there in thirteen years, says the *Forcign Mis-*sionary, and no death in infancy has ever been known on the island, even though no vermifuge or soothing syrup are very rare, and are therefore fasci-nating in the extreme. Their future labors were also rewarded with ad-ditional developments. which, if they was ever known to those mothers and nurses. The greatest want felt there is that of a missionary or some clergyman, result of the excavation may in time become the key to unlock still further a ysteries that centuries ago were com-monplace affairs. I refer to a stone whose services are much desired, and for whom not a few would-be brides and bridegrooms are anxiously waiting.

that was found resting against the head of the clay coffin above described. It is an irregular-shaped red sandstone, The Argentine Republic, in which eivil war is reported to have broken out, is a confederation of the Rio de la Piata, fourteen states or provinces con-taining a population in 1570 of about 1,800,000. Its area is some 543,000 square miles, and it is situated between weighing about eighteen pounds, being strongly impregnated with oxide of iron, and bearing upon one side two es of hieroglyn

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, writing about the remains of a giant race found in Mussingum county, Ohio, says: The mound in which these remarkable discoveries were made was about sixty-four feet long and thirty-five feet wide, top measurement, and gently sloped down to the hill where it was situated. A to the hill where it was situated. A number of stumps of trees were found on the slope, standing in two rows, and on the top of the mound were an oak and a hickory stump, all of which bore marks of great age. All the skeletons were found on a level with the hill, and about eight feet from the top of the mound. Now to a more particular description of these antiquated remains: In one graves there were two skeletons

Remains of a Giant Race in Ohio.

Advocate.

In one grave there were two skeletons one male and one female. The female face was looking downward, the male being immediate y on top, with the face looking upward. The male skeleton measured nine feet in length, and the female eight feet.

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In another grave were also found two skeletons-male and female-with the female face looking upward and the the male face looking downward. The male frame in this case was nine feet four inches in length and the female cight feet.

In another grave was found a female skeleton which was incased in a clay coffin, holding in her arms the skeleton of a child three feet and a half long, by the side of which was an image, which, upon being exposed to the atmosphere, crumbled rapidly.

The remaining seven were found in single graves, and were lying on their sides. The smallest of the seven was nine teet in length, and the largest ten.

ourned to death at one time

The first real discoverer of copper on Lake Superior, whose exploration led to the development of the Cliff mine, is now an old and poor man, living on charity, in an obscure village in the Wisconsin lead region.

omery county, Ky., was found dead on fence near his home, and is supposed to have died of strangulation caused by his clothes becoming fastened to the fence as he was climbing over it.

The total cost of the Gothard tunnel, the most gigantic work of the kind in the world, will not exceed \$10,000,000. be verified by a number of witnesses who were present and watched the work as it progressed. It was pu, sued with great interest and diligence, there being the strongest incentive to prose-It has been very costly of human lite as well as money, no less than 150 work-men having been killed, and 400 dis-abled during its construction,

Michigan to enter the show business. His show is a unique affair, combining golden chariot and a tent for holding religious meetings and for exhibiting a harness which he has invented.

Going home from church, she re-marked to her husband: "Did you notice that baldheaded man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before, with a baldhead." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was baldheaded before I was a year old."—Syracuse

notice by the exposition at Nashville is a boy only five years old who is able to read promiscuously in books and news-

NO. 17.

Watching the Dawn. The shadows fill the vale below. The mountain tops are all aglow, The dew is clinging to the thorn,

The lark salutes the rosy morn; With fragrance all the air made sweetdawn with perfect charms replete !

The clouds in pearly vapors lie, A slumb'ring silence fills the sky; Still wider grows the harbor-bar, Still dimmer grows the morning star. How like the mazy fancies of a dream

This soft bewilderment of shade and sheen! -Frank H. Stauffer, in Golden Days.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The early cucumber catches the best ramps.

In California there are about 800,000 attle and 8,000,000 sheep. Take care of the onions and the scents

will take care of themselves. Advice to a young man who is about o settle down-Settle up.-Kokomo

"A new broom sweeps clean." It has been known to sweep a husband clean out of the house.—Danielsonville Herald.

Boston has about five thousand students of elocution and oratory. Many of them study only for the purposes of private life.

Two hundred and seventy-two trains arrive at and depart from Chicago every twenty-four hours. Forty-four railroads have offices in that city.

A man living at Rimmorsburg, Pa., is the father of thirty-four children, twenty of whom are living Nine were

John R. Smith, the coroner of Montdoubtedly made, for upon them were found charred bones, cinders and ashes. This was covered by about three feet of earth. This excavation was made un-der the direction of the Muskingum

James Fisk, of Brattleboro, Vermont, the father of James Fisk, Jr., has gone

Sunday Times. One of the prodigies brought into

ence to taking his turn of military ser-vice according to law. Death was in-

who was also a man of brilliant talents, edited the Richmond *Enquirer*, lived to be killed in the Confederate service, at

his life were passed in obscurity.

old captain would retire a moment or two behind his newspaper or book, and then emerge with smiling face to bestow a caress upon the brown-haired little girl at his side. Poor Peg (1 needn't say poor Peg.

however, for she had the happiest, sunniest disposition, and sweetest nature, and trightest face in all Liureltown), on account of her nose-1 can see no other reason-became the Cinderella of the Thrush family. Not that she sat totally neglected among the ashes, like the Cinderella of the old fairy tale-for she was the darling of her lather and baby sister-but she fulfilled the duties of waiting-maid and seamstress to her elder sisters, thankfully accepting their cast-off clothing in return for her services (the captain had but a small income for so large a family), and she took almost entire charge of the youngest who had made her appearance in the most unexpected manner when Miss Aurelia was twenty, and she assisted Lucy, the servant-maid, at odd moments. and read to her father whenever she got

a chance. Well, things went on this way-Peg's sisters reading, dressing, walking and playing the piano and croquet, and Peg baking, sewing, sweeping, dusting and taking care of baby Effic and her father -until Peg was eighteen, and then arose a great commotion in the quiet country place in which the Thrushes lived.

There had always been a dearth, a great dearth, of men in Laureltown. The fact is, all the boys born in that beautiful but secluded place rushed away as soon as they became old enough to sek their fortunes in neighboring cities, and with the exception of Tamisin Brook, the vestmaker, who married Jeremiah Toothaker, the blacksmith, there had been no one married in Laureltown for the last eight years. No, there had not even been an engagement, let alone a wedding.

But the welcome news? Three most eligible men, according to the Laureltown standard, were coming to spend the summer among the hills and valleys of their native place-Captain Sparkman, son of Mrs. Sparkman, of the big house; Arthur Thorne, artist, brother of the two old maids of Honeysuckle cottage; and David Onion, Esq., the wealthy bachelor merchant (woolen goods, I think) proprietor of think villa. Of these gentlemen, Mr. Onion had been in Europe for three years, and before that had never spent more than a week or two at a time in Laureltown, Captain Sparkman had only paid flying visits to his mother and sister for the ast ten years, and Arthur Thorne had lived in a Southern State ever since his nurse carried him away from the oldfashioned cottage where his sisters still dwelt. Imagine the excitement when all three proposed returning together and staying three months!

And Peg was im nediately commanded to leave father, baby, parior, and kitchen, and devote herself entirely to her sisters' service. Old silks were turned, new morning dresses made, half worn muslins altered and retrimmed, hats bought and decorated, saw Peg unless he peeptd in at the sit-ting-room door, where she sat smoth-ered in dry goods, and wee Effic cried by the hour, and would not be com-forted, almost breaking the heart of the little seamst:ess; but until her tasks were completed, Peg's task-mistresses

How I'd like to see Is he at home? the dear old boy! Many a dime he's given me in days gone by. And I will see him, too; though my mothe and sister must be celling me all sorts of hard names, for they are at this moment giving a party in my honor. I went to the city last evening and promised to be back to-day two hours ago; but I missed my train, missed the phaeton which was to have met me at the station, and

missed the road." Then you are Captain Sparkman?" and Peg, who had forgotten the short dress and scoop hat in the delight of hearing the handsome young fellow call her father "a dear old boy."

"The same, at your service," said the captain. "And may I have the honor "Oh, I'm only Peg-I mean Mar

garet Thrush. The little curly-headed three-year

old I kissed good-bye the day I left this place to start upon my wild career!" exclaimed the young man. "Is it possi-ble? But pray, Miss Margaret, why are

you not at my party?" And now Peg was in a dilemma. She had never told a falsehood in her life, bless her innocent young heart! She looked at the captain, and she looked She down on the ground, and in her confu-sion began hurriedly eating the berries she had gathered, wishing from the bottom of her heart meanwhile that Effic would cry-but she didn't. The young man watched her for a moment,

and then coolly intercepting the berry on the way to her mouth, repeated the question. "I had no dress to wear," at last said

Peg

Captain Sparkman burst out laugh-Peg couldn't see why-it was no ing. laughing matter to her; and his laugh awakened Peg's father, who was taking his afternoon nap in his big armchair on the back porch, and the old gentleman came out in the garden to find there, to his great surprise and delight, the son of his old chum and brother officer Colonel Sparkman. And instead of going straight home, as he should have done after shaking hands with his senior, the young man marched into the house, played with Effie, smoked with his host and looked at Peg for another nour, and so arrived at the croquet party just as it was on the point of breaking up.

And when Mrs. Thrush and the Misses Thrush returned with clouded facesthe merchant didn't play croquet, and the artist flirted abominally with Jenny Starr and didn't care how he played, and as I said before the captain only arrived in time for an introduction all aroundand learned that their rude host had actually been, while all Laureltown was waiting to welcome him, wasting his time with "father, Effie and Peg," their indignation knew no bounds. the same.

What must he have thought of that pug?" said Amanda, with a sneer. And then the questions came fast and thick, and in answering them truthful Peg repeated the excuse she had offered for not going to the party. Oh. what a rating th

Oh, what a rating the poor child got! Just think of it! Four highly aquiline women scolding at once! stranger?" And Cinderalla went sobbing to bed that night, wishing that Captain Sparkman had gone somewhere else for a

drink of water, at the same time that that gentleman was sitting with his feet on the window-sill in the smoking-room gazing at the moon, and saying

Thorne smiled, and earnestly. "And you?" looked at he "I'm Margaret Thrush, whose sisters

you met at Mrs. Sparkman's yesterday. "You do not look a bit like them. "I do not," said Peg, with a sigh. And they strolled along together, talk ng pleasantly, until Peg was half way

home, and then he begged her-oh, sly Arthur Thornel-to rest awhile, and t him take a sketch of the baby Please sit down on that bank, Mis Thrush, and hold her upon your lap," he suggested. "I think she will remain

Please, ma'am, here's your baby,

quieter that way." And the sketch was made. Peg or the bank leaning against the trunk of an old tree, her bright face glowing with purity and mirth, surrounded by rough breeze-tossed brown curls, peep-

ing archly from under the scoop; and little Effic, with curious eyes and sweet puzzled look, half reclining in her arms. "Why, you have drawn me too!

said the girl, rising and looking over his shoulder. "Do I really look like that? Effic is very pretty; but I— Oh, dear, it is a funny nose! Couldn't you straighten it just a little?"

Not for worlds!" replied the artist, with emphasis. "Shali you call it 'Wild Country Girls?" asked Peg, blushing, for some

thing in his tone implied that he liked the "funny nose." "No; I snall call it 'Wild Flowers-Brown Daisies.' By Jove!" pulling out his watch, "it's near lunch time. Let me see you and Effic home, Miss Mar-

garet, and I'll bid you good-afternoon. And he tied up his sketch book, took the tired baby in his arms, and thus they arrived at Captain Thrush's door.

And arrived there, it only needed a cordial invitation from Peg to induce Thorne to enter, to the intense astonishment of the three elder sisters, who were already seated at the lunch table. having apparently been unsuccessfu

in their search for wild flowers and other things, as the vases were still empty and the guest chairs unoccupied. However, with great self-possession they managed to conceal their surprise, and greeted the visitor in the warm-est manner; and he, with the boyish absence of formality that characterizes his kind, was perfectly at home in five minutes, and discussing politics (of which, be it said in passing, he knew absolutely nothing) with the father, adroitly flattered the mother and her favorite daughters, told stories of impossible animals to the baby, and are

Peg's custards and sponge-cake like a schoolboy. In short, he made himself so agreeable that the unanimous verdict after his departure was, "charming," and Bella declared herself wildly in love with him. But they opened on Peg all

"Where did she meet Mr. Thorne? Why did she let Effle roll down hill? Did she do it on purpose to attract his attention? Did she wish to utterly dis-grace them? Wasn't it enough that she had exposed their poverty to Captain Sparkman? What possessed her to enter into conversation with an utter

"He spoke to me first," said Peg, "and I had to thank him for saving baby's life; and I didn't feel as though he were an utter stranger, for I > new he was Miss Thorne's brother by his eyes and his hands and hissnut tache. "As you told him, I suppose!" said

sion? For that you love music your face plainly tells me."

"Indeed I do," said Peg; and Mr. Thorne appearing, the host left her to welcome other guests, but not to stay away long; oh, no, but to come back at short intervals to chat pleasantly with and gaze admiringly upon dear, happy little Peg the whole evening through. And Peg did not remain in a corner as her sisters intended she should. Quite the contrary, I assure you. And,

what's of much more consequence, the three eligibles were devoted to her. And a tew weeks after that musical

party there were three proposals in one house in one day in Laureltown. Such a thing had never been heard of before, and probably never will be heard of ngain. And they were all to Peg, the "disgrace to her family," the "idiot and hoiden," the "pug nosed!" And as she couldn't accept them all, she

said: "I'm very, very sorry," to Mr. Onion and Captain Sparkman, and held up her sweet mouth for a kiss to Arthur Thorne, the artist. "Well, after this nothing will ever

astonish us," proclaimed the aquilines, and the old father went about openly exulting, and baby Effie joyfully sang over and over again, "I's doin wiff my Peg, my Peg, my Peg!"

And Peg was married in September. and went away with her husband to the great metropolis, where she became the pet and delight of all the good fellows who throng the studio buildings. But every summer she returns to Laureltown, to pay a long visit to her sistersin-law, who, improbable as it may seem, love her better than any one in the world, excepting. of course, their brother .-- Harper's Weekly.

Grave of the Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

A letter from Tunis, Africa, says: I must tell you of our visit to the Prot-estant cemetery to see the grave of John Howard Payne, the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home." This man, who never knew the joys of real home died alore and unhappy in this far-off land. We called upon our American consul at Tunis, who told us some interesting things in connection with the last years of our unfortunate countryman, who died in the same room in which we were then sitting. In a small inclosure, planted with cypress tress, and shut in with high walls, we found this quiet resting place of the dead, among many tombs of foreign consuls, English, German and other nationalities. Our attention was first attracted to the plain white marble slab, resting on a square foundation, and overhung by an immense pepper tree, whose long graceful branches reminded us of the weeping willow of our own land. We stood with uncovered heads as we read this simple inscription :

"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE Twice Consul of the United States, Died April 1, 1852. Born at Boston, June 8, 1792.

Sure, when the gentle spirit fied To realms beyond the azure dome, With arms outstretched, God's angel said,

Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home

Mexico, with its vast and productive territory has only 584 miles of railway in operation.

Bolivia on the north and Patagonia on the south, the latter country being claimed as part of its possessions There are in the Republic about 200, 000 foreigners-Americans, Italians Spaniards, French, English, Swiss and Germans. Except the Andes, in the west, and other mountainous ranges in the northwest, the whole region is composed of vast plains, covered alternately with rich pasturage and huge thistles. The climate is both temperate and tropical. As agriculture is very backward, less than 1-1,000 of the soil being under cultivation, rearing live ctock is the chief employment of the people. Millions of cattle graze on the plains, along with great herds of mules and horses. Mines of rock salt, which plentifully incrusts the broad levels, are of much benefit to the roaming beasts. The name, River of Silver, is a misno mer, though silver, with gold, copper, sulphur and coal, is found to a moderate extent near the Andes. Very little mining has yet been done.

How Russian Peasants Killed a Witch.

The Penza Provincial Journal, a Russian paper, says: In the village of Mor-dovsky Parok lived a woman, Agraphena Chindaykina, known among the This village population as a witch. opinion she rather encouraged than otherwise, reaping substantial profits on the port side struck the 'berg with terrific torce, parting her lanyards and allowing the mainmast to go by the board. It came down with all the top from her alleged witchcraft. In order to keep up her dangerous reputation Agraphena, from time to time, appeared hamper over her side, and the mizzen at midnight, her hair disheveled, and in a white dress, walking in the streets and even entering the yards of the peas-ants. In the night of May 3 Agraphena

three seconds, before we could de anything, even to shelter ourselves from the was discovered in the cellar of one of her neighbors. Enraged at the thought of the troubles that might ensue from falling mass or utter a cry of warning. The bark rolled on her side on a big wave, with the weight of the mast and all that clung to it dragging her over, her visit, he furiously assaulted her, grasping her by the hair and beating her and it looked as if we were going to capsize, but happily she righted, axes mercilessly with a fence stake, which is popularly held to be the only effective were quickly brought, and the wreck was cut away and we were saved. Under the lumber of the fallen rigging, weapon sgainst witches and sorcerers. The members of the family rushed out of the house at his outery, and took an close by the starboard rail amidships, we found Harigo-the man who had active part in the chastisemen: of Agraphena. They dragged her by her hair over the ground, and inflicted number-less blows with sticks. Then the neighbeen on the main royal—lying senseless. Near him was an Irish boy named Tom Rafferty, one of the crew, with a broken bors, aroused by the confusion. appeared eg. Nobody else was hurt. In addition to the injury to her rigleg. on the scene. In order to prevent the witch from mysteriously vanishing, the ging, the vessel suffered severely. Thirty feet of the port rail, stanchions peasants tied her firmly to a pillar with old reins, which, according to the cur-rent notions, witches are unable to and waterway were carried off, and the injury where the struck first was very serious. Still, we patched things up as . The husband of Agraphena and her father-in-law used their utmost efwell as we could, and managed to get forts to pacify the villagers and to save into port all right. the life of the wretched woman. But all was in vain. The enraged populace Harigo had no bones broken, but was badly bruised and suffered some serious shouted : "Beat her squarely, break her arms and legs!" And the beating was internal injuries from his fall. afterward he waked up sensible for the first time since the accident, and wanted resumed with an increased ferceity At last the local authorities made their

The average speaker uses 120 words a minute. John Sherman once delivered a speech at the average of 170 words a

minute, and Ben Pitman reported it so plainly in phonography that his wife (who was recently cremated) copied the signs into longhand without having heard a word of it. \$1,500,000

A Ship's Collision With an Iceberg.

topmast and the fore topgallant went

It all seemed to be over in two or

York.

long.

by the after watch.

lo not throw additional light upon

this giant race ofpeople that once in-habited this country, will at least

stimulate research. What is now a profound mystery the

papers, never stopping to spell a word, emphasizing well and enunciating slowly and distinctly, like a well-edu-cated man. His name is W. C. L. Wetmore, and his home Wilson county. Captain Nyberg, of the Russian bark

Humming birds are very skillful and secretive in their nest-building. A Georgia paper thus describes one of their abodes : Condor, teld a reporter of a thrilling ex-perience while on the voyage to New It was set upon the limb of a tree the thickness of a man's thumb, and was It was during a heavy fog, he said, and a sailor named Harigo was making the main royal fast, when sudcoated outside with the moss of an oak so as perfectly to represent a knot, denly there came a cry from the lookout in the bow, to "keep her off." My nephew, W. Nyberg, is mate and was at was about the size of a large hickory nut, an inch high, and constructed of cotton and hair. It contained two little the wheel at the moment. He instantly white eggs about the size of a common beyed the warning, which was echoed snap bean.

At that moment I came out of my The clipper ship Wandering Jcw, which has made the passage between cabin by the after companion way, and as it seemed to me, in that exact second of time the crash came. The bark was moving at about the rate of four knots, Hong Kong and San Francisco in thirtythree days, the quickest run on record, in February last, touched at Pitcairn's island, twenty-three days out from San and fortunately obeyed her heim read-ily, else we would have struck the 'berg Francisco. The Pitcairns, it will be re-membered, are descendants of the muti-neers of the English ship Bounty and squarely, and beyond question would have gone to the bottom. As it was she sheered off so that she struck first their Tahitian wives. They exchanged with her port cathead, broke the chain and whirled the anchor upon deck. At hospitalities with the crew of the clipper ship. The lady passengers were delighted the same time her maintopsail yardarm smashed into the 'berg, as did the fore with their visi. on shore, and brought away many interesting presents. A present of a barrel of beef, another of hour, and a third of bread, made the topgallant mast and the mizzen top-mast. The great pressure against her yards caused the masts to bend and the Pitcairns happy, who, in return, gave generous gifts of fruits and fowls. vessel to keel over on her side partially, and as she did so the main chain plates

Did you ever notice the little rag-muffin in the street with a supremely dirty face? Taffy, bread and butter and molasses form the groundwork for the accumulation of dust and grime, and his cheeks look like twin maps o the oceanic archipelago; his hands and wrists look like animated tree roots. they are so dirty, and his feet and ankles partake of the mud they contact with. Of course you've noticed him And he is the lightest-hearted bunch of human nature you ever saw. Dirt doesn't strike any deeper than beauty and within his heart is as clean a little soul, and a great deal treer one, as ever grew inside the neatest and slickest young devotee of soap and water that ever lived, washed and suffered .- New Haven Register.

Land Birds at Sea.

During a recent passage of the White Star steamer Germanic from Liverpool to New York, and when about one thousand miles from Queenstown, a strange bird was discovered in the rigging. The sailors and passengers endeavored to catch it, but without su cess, until Dr. C. W. Goff, of this city, one of the passengers, came on deck, when the bird at once flew into his hands. The doctor

cared for it, and upon the arrival of the steamer presented the bird to the col-lection at the Central park. The bird is known as the whimbrel—a peculiar land bird resembling the curle win habits A week and about the size of a prairie hen, black to know what had happened. He had and gray plumage, wings like a bat, with a long whalebone-like bill in shape not seen the 'berg, and knew nothing of what had hurt him. Now both he and similar to that of a woodcock. Great interest was attached to the bird by the the Irish boy are doing well. None of us on deck, though we tried to do so, could make out the height or the width officers of the ship from the fact of its being a land bird found so far at sea, with wings but poorly calculated to sustain it

for any length of time. The owl "Kate Field," captured under similar circumstances in midocear hat autumn by one of the crew of the White Star steamer Celtic, is still at the Central park, thriving, contented, and going honor by the wisdom of her countr-nance to the name she bears .- Scien if

of that iceberg, it was so enormous. During the past year thirty divers in the pearl fishery of the Persian gulf lost their lives, most of them by sharks. The value of the pearls taken in the Persian gulf in 1879 is estimated at

appearance and put an end to the savage work, but it was too late to save the life of Agraphena. When untied from the pillar, she fell on the ground a corpse.