

### **MENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher**.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

### Two Dollars per Annum.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1880.

#### August.

Gay trips along through morning dew Bright August, clad in rosy hue; And all the hills their voices raise And myriad songsters sing her praise.

VOL. X.

Her reign is one of quiet grace: The softest blushes wreathe her face: Sweet scents she pours out to the breeze-She gilds the fruit on bending trees; Her wand she lifts o'er fields of grain, And gladdens earth with tides of rain. The sun may scorch, but still she showers Refreshing dew on drooping flowers; And hoards of good cheer August flingeth And bounteous blessings August bringeth.

So pleasantly, sweet month, thou comest now; At thy approach the curled corn blades bow, And, as thy perfumed breezes slowly pass, New daisies smile above the freshened grass; Or when thy copious moisture fills the land The parched lips of earth with joy expand.

Now gather we the pumpkin yellow, With luscions apples, ripe and mellow; Safe from the rain the sheaves of grain The bursting granaries fully fill; While 'neath the hill the cider mill Awaits the heavy-loaded wain.

In shadeless paths the levered, panting sun Its stilly flight through fervid paths ascends, Till sullen Sirius his race hath run,

And August's dreamy, dallying influence blends

With lustier September in the end; Then gladdening breezes from the sighing west At eventide shall bring us longed-for rest. -Luther G. Riggs.

# GUY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

As little Miss Bertha Finch came down the village street to the railroad station in a high wind, with that dry brown hat of hers curling up acutely on her head, and a glimpse disclosed of the sweet pink face which she carried tent down against the dust-clouds, you might naturally have thought of aroutus blossoms in their pale brown leaves. She was so small and young, and flower-like and shy. As I remembered her she seemed to be looking down half the hands on a cane which he keptremarkatime, or eise it was only that she was so short as to make direct glance into her face no easy matter; so that when she looked into one's eyes she had to turn wind to the depot; and, as luck would looked into one's eyes she had to turn her own upward

wind to the depot and a stream of the second depot and a stream would have it, when she entered the car-true have it, when she entered the car-true to her instinct of preferring age to youth, and finding all the seats half the seats half the by very dapper young men, or very was a good deal of independence about this small slip of womanhood, in spite of her shyness, her pathos, and her tiny figure. "Bercha," her mother once re-marked, "is, as set as a cat if she marked, chooses to be; and you can't tell why she takes her whims, no more than you can why a cat does thus and so; but when she's once got a notion, she acts it out

And she had taken a whim, this par-ticular day, to go to town by the rail-road th t went poking around the country in the neighborhood of Glyddon as intormally as a plow, running such mild little trains up and down, that Bertha felt as if all she had to do was to call out "Gee-whoa!" to the engine, and it would aben her car, so affably modu-lated that she felt as if it could hardly

would obey her. taking the cars was of

where he had just seen his own image lying so seductively, occupied his mind as a facile though watery solution of his trouble. Then he thought how fine as a facile though watery solution of his trouble. Then he thought how fine it would be to marry another girl, and let Miss Finch mature into an old maid. But to this there were three objections. In the first place, it was not certain an-ether girl would have him; secondly, Miss Finch might not become an old maid; and finally, he loved Miss Finch. At last he said to himself, "I know what I'll do; I'll disappear." And he did. No young man could have been better situated for indulging in this popular modern pastime. He had no family in town; his accounts were correct to a cent; his habits were irreproachable. There could not be, consequently, any distress to parents, or suspicion of pecu-lation, or disgraceful reason for his dropring out of sight; and the mystery of the thing would be complete. In fact, when it became known that

In fact, when it became known that he was no longer in the village, the theory of suicide was the one immedi-ately adopted. for the usual reason that ately adopted. for the usual reason that there was no evidence to sustain it. Sui-cid.? And how? For what motive? Nobody could tell, but it was settled that the cause must have been disap-pointment in love, although all testi-mony on the subject went to show that for a day or two before he was last seen the missing young man had been in the missing young man had been had been in the missing young man had been had been in the missing young man had been ha for a day or two before he was last seen the missing young man had been in exceptionally good spirits. It was pro-posed to organize a search after him, and even to drag the river and the ponds; but Postmaster Pound an-nounced that this would be useless. "Atlee left a message," he said, "stating that all such doings would be labor thrown away," in corroboration of which he produced a paper signed by his late clerk. It could not be learned, either, that any one had seen him near the water, or, for that matter, any where the water, or, for that matter, anywhere about the railroad. The last person who had had sight of him had met him on

the street toward evening; Atlee had passed on into the dusk, and that was the last seen of him. It was with some idea of relieving her mind, I think, that she betook herself to

crowned felt hat, who sat placidly at one of the car windows, reposing his as Guy and other young men. bly perpendicular, was a good deal struck by her fresh and sweet appear-

dirty and disagreeable middle-aged ones —Bertha selected the unoccupied por-tiou of this very seat where the old man was meditating, and nestled down into it as cozily as a young martin in the maternal martin box. It was in keep-ing with the slight recklessness of her general character that she should im-

mediately extract a paper novel from her pocket, and begin to read, despite the industrious efforts of the train to joggle her eyes out of her head and the

be the voice of a stranger. It was the old man speaking to

wouldn't marry me. Atlee used to have the name of being too level-headed for anything like that. He wouldn't be such a fool, would he?"

used to live: and learning news of Atlee this way. Queer enough! Well, I must see his folks when I git back, and find out if they know where he's gone."

was really an entertaining one.

"Maybe I shall see you again," he suggested, as they descended to the platform together.

platform together. "Do you ever come to Glyddon?" she inquired, with polite reserve. "Guess I shall before long," he re-plied. "You wouldn't be surprised, I suppose, if old Gifford shouid drop in to see you some day? And now I think of it, what's your name? Will you tell me?" She told him, and he promptly wan-

dered off, after giving her a nod, appar-ently intent upon his own affairs. "I should think he might have said good-bye a little more as if he was interested." mused Bertha, not wholly pleased at having him appear to dismiss her so easily. And yet, what else could a mere town. An old man with copious white hair, gold-bowed glasses, and a flat-crowned felt hat, who sat placified and a flat-

> When she got home that evening, she bethought her to inquire of her father whether he had ever heard of an old man named Gifford who had lived in the village. Mr. Finch dimly recollected him years before. "But I thought he him years before. " was dead," he added.

"No; I met him to day in the train," his daughter informed him, "and had a yery pleasant chat. He was so nice. I do so like old men. Somehow when they pay you compliments it doesn't embarrass you, and they seem to be true; for what can an old man expect to gain by paying a compliment that he doesn't

"I'm afraid the appetite for feminine approval only increases in us with age,' laughed Mr. Finch.

In less than a week from the time of his departure the village was aston-ished by Guy Atlee's reappearance. "I went up to Woodruff to see my folks," was the explanation; and he expected to make light of the manner of his going. But though his escapade was a good deal criticised, he appeared

with such a delightful man? He might

"Oh, yes, he would do you ever so much good," she assured him. "I'll be on the lookout for him," said the young man, cheerfully. "Good-night."

high." He sauntered down the lane toward the woods, and Bertha remained stand-ing under the apple tree where he had left her, enjoying the rising sunset light. Thus employed, and idly pulling to pieces a bit of grass, she did not notice the approach of another person, until an aged voice close by her hailed her with, "Good-evening, Miss Finch," seeming almost to prolong Atlee's "Good-night," which was still in her ears. It was Gifford. It was Gifford.

She turned her head and greeted him with decided coolness.

She turned her head and greeted him with decided coolness. "Glad to see ye at last," he continued, sitting down on a stone. "It's awiul warm." And he removed his felt hat, to sponge out the interior carefully with a bandana which he produced for the purpose. "Did you get those pills? First-rate to brace up with this weath-er. Good for lassitude, rheumatism, gout, neuralgy, headache-but I sup-pose you read the bill?" "No, I haven't yet," announced Bertha, with threatening revity. "Now that disappoints me," said Gifford. "You don't know their vir-tues. Why, my second wife, she couldn't get along without them." "Horrid old wretch !' commented his listener, internally, and proceeded aloud : "You mean they saved her life?"

"You mean they saved her life?" "Yes, yes," returned the dealer, de-liberately, "they did—as long as she

lived." "Well, mine seems to be pretty well saved without them," said the girl; "and anyway I don't have any of those troubles that you mention. So I don't think I need the pills." Gifford ad-

"Not just now, maybe," Gifford ad-mitted; "but then you won't always be so young as you are now, and you're bound to have rheumatism. You'll be an old woman before you know it, and an ounce of prevention's worth a pound of cure.

"I think I'll wait," said Bertha, find-ing her venerable idol very repulsive on this second interview; "and if you'll excuse me now, Mr. Gifford, I must go into the house." into the bouse.

"To get the box?" he inquired. "All right. But I wish you'd wait a minute. I've got something particular to say to

you." "Something particular?" "Yes. Thinking of that young Atlee. I made some inquiries, and, as far as I could see, you are the young lady." "What young lady? Anyway, Mr

"Oh yes, I know that. But you never fancied hin much, and I guess he don't stand in the way.

"I don't understand what you're talk-

"That's just what I've come to now," said Gifford. "I'm sort of lonely, but I've got some property laid by, and I'm looking round for a wife. What do you

"You! I think you are horrible," "You! I think you are horrible," Bertha cried, frankly. "An old, old man like you, that' been twice married, looking for a wife!" She recoiled invol-

untarily. "There's nothing like an old fellow that knows his own mind, and the ways of the world," he argued. Then sudto have gained rather than lost in pubdenty-Bertha could hardly believe it true-he dropped on his knees. "Won't you have me?" he entreated. When he went to see Bertha Finch

Forestry, so neglected in the United States, now receives very careful atten-tion in France as well as Germany. One western portion of Texas, a private in Company K, Duff's regiment, C. S. A., and stationed at Fort Davis. While on a scout two companions and myself became detached from our company, of the French under secretaries of state is director of forests, and has a large staff. An eminent French scientist, who complains that meteorologists too often neglect observations on animal or and camped on Providence creek, a few miles northwest of the fort. We were attacked at night by the Indians, my two companions killed, and our horses stampeded. I escaped in the darkness vegetable physiology, recommends that the dates of the arrival and departure of migratory birds, the leafing and flowering of plants and the ripening of corn shall be noted in each district. with only the clothes on my back, my revolver and bowie knife. The next Notes, too, are to be made oy foresters of such natural-history phenomena as fall within their notice.

TIMELY TOPICS.

▲ horrible case is reported from London where the punishment received by the culprit seems wholly inadequate to the culprit seems wholly inadequate to the enormity of the offense. A nurse in Guy's hospital becoming enraged at a trivial offense committed by a patient, a young married woman, dragged her from the bed and plunged her into a bath tub filled with cold water, whereby the woman's disease was so aggravated as to result in her death. For this crime the nurse was arrested, convicted of manlanghter and sentenced accord. keeping the limb as quiet as possible, and frequently renewing the clay poul-tice. After the second day I experienced no pain from the fracture. Dur-ing the first three or four days I suffered much from hunger. I used water spar-ingly, and kept my belt comfortably tight about my waist, which apparently afforded me relief from the griping pains of manslaughter and sentenced accord-

The position Illinois has occupied since 1870, at which time it passed Pennsyivania, which previously had been the leading State. The railway mileage of the former State is 7,578; Pennsylvania is second, with 6,069 miles; New York follows close behind, with 6,008 miles; injured limb. I then cautiously and slowly, with the assistance of a forked Ohio is fourth, having 5,521 miles; Iowa fitth, with 4,699 miles, and Indiana sixth, with 4,336 miles; Missouri, Michistick that answered as a crutch, worked my way for several hundred yards, when I became exhausted and sought gan, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Texas, Georgia and California follow in the shelter of a shelving rock where I soon dropped into a fitful sleep that I was aroused from by the howling of a cayote wolf, which was but a few yards the order named. There is no State or Territory which is totally devoid of railroads, though Montana Territory can boast of but ten miles of completed road.

until I had swallowod a pint or more, when I was compelled to stop by violent hightly howls of the feline race. The board of aldermen have passed what will be known as the "cat ordinance," cramps in my stomach. After suffering untoid agonies for an hour or more the pain gradually subsided, and I fell into which orders the capture and destruc-tion of all the cats at large "in any of the public streets, lanes, alleys, high stomach for twenty-one days. When I awoke it was late in the night. An always, parks or other places within the corporate limits of the city of New York." Should this not include the backyard fences, it may be a very seri-ous omission. The war projected againt the cats may not seem so uscless in view death to do so, and partially relieved my hungry cravings by chewing the flesh of the fact that a wealthy and promi-nent citizen of San Jose, California, died a short time ago from the effects o a bite on the thumb by a kitten a few weeks previous. The hand began to swell soon after it was bitten, and the poison extending up the arm, finally caused death.

The city of Szegedin, in Hungary, which from time immemorial has been was put in the hospital, and under the kind care and skillful dietary managegreatly troubled with gypsies, and which has imprisoned, flogged and threatened them with the wheel and the gibbet, but all in vain, has lately revived an old device which it seems did once before drive them away. Expelled one day they would is six feet one and a half inches. return the next and steal everything they could lay their hands on, until the heads of the city authorities came near bursting in their efforts to devise some means of securing immunity from the both the curse and blessing of American life that we are never quite con-tent. We all expect to go somewhere thieving hands of the "Pharaohs," as they are called by the Hungarians. At last the authorities caught a caravan of before we die, and have a better tim gypsies and shaved them clean, leaving when we get there than we can have at not a particle of hair on their neads or home. The bane of our life is discon faces. Thus sacreligiously handled, the Pharaohs long gave the town a wide and then we will enjoy ourselves. But erth. The memory of the truly bar-parous treatment having grown dim pressed it, "When I was a boy," he barous treatment having grown dim with the lapse of wears, the gypsies have settled down again upon Szegedin. So Szegedin has revived the old tactics, and in spite of the wanderers threats of dire vengeance has once more shaved them all, without regard to sex or age. They have departed in wrath and hu-miliation, and Szegedin hopes again to that every boy born in America dreams pass some years in the peaceful enjoy-ment of its own eggs and thickens.

At Evening.

A Scout's Long Fast.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold, "Big Foot" Wallace, the noted Texas The sweet young grasses wither on the wold, cout, tells the following strange story : In the year 1862 I was in the north-And we, oh, Lord, have wandered from thy

NO 26.

fold; But evening brings us home

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks, Where the brown lichen whitens, and the for Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks:

But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat their pititul complaints-oh, test is sweet, morning while attempting to reach a When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hnuter's darts, Jur eyes are very heavy, and our hearts Search for thy coming-when the light departs, At evening bring us home.

darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star

Rises to guide us. We have wandered far. Without thy lamp we know not where we are-At evening bring us home

The clouds are around us, and the snow drifts thicken.

Oh, thou, dear shepherd, leave us not to sicken In the waste night-our tardy footsteps quicken:

At evening bring us home.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The rest of the week-Sunday. Machines for catching cold-Iceongs.

If an old sheep 'an only jump a fence hey call it a spring lamb.

An attack has been made on Chicago umholes for selling liquor to minors. California's census shows a population f 863,000, being an increase of over 303,000 since 1870.

Great Britain now has 1,763 news-papers, against 624 in 1854. There are from me. I took as good aim at him 151 dailies, against 20 in 1854.

with my revolver as my nervous and ex-hausted condition permitted and blazed The shark is the most sociable of fish. away, providentially killing him; then I cut his throat and sucked his blood He never calls upon a bather without wanting to stop and take a bite.

A picture recently appeared in the London *Times*—the first ever admitted to the columns of the "Thunderer."

Chicago claims to have the largest bookbindery in the United States nex to that in the government printing a sound and refreshing slumber. This was the first food that had gone into my office at Washington.

Several of the brigand chiefs of Italy have, in the course of their careers, figured as champions of Mazzini, of the Pope, of Victor Emanuel, and as Garimost insatiable desire seized me to fill my stomach with the raw flesh of the wolf. I knew, however, it would be

An apple tree in the orchard of Wm. Plymive, of Washington ounty, Pa., bears nine varieties, some of which are and only swallowing the juice. As soon as daylight appeared I collected brush and wood, made a rousing fire, and soon roasted the hams of the wolf, on which I subsisted for the next two days, swall now ripe, while others will not ripen until late in the fall.

The barley crop of Canada is esti-mated at from 9,000,009 to 10,000,000 bushels, which, after allowing about lowing very little of the flesh, but all the juice I could extract by constant chewing. During the two days I walked eight miles and reached the fort, where 2,000.000 bushels for home requirements, will leave a surplus of 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 bushels. I was received as one of the dead.

It seems that New York city is sink-ng beneath the waves at the rate of

morning while attempting to reach a pool of water in a rocky ravine I tell and iractured my left leg about midway between ankle and knee, both bones being broken. At the edge of the water pool was a deposit of tough, tenacious wet clay. I bound my broken limb with my shirt torn in strips, and then plastered it over thickly with the clay, keeping the limb as quiet as possible.

-mo

ingly. The barbarity of hospital nurses is very frequently the subject of remark, but the crime spoken of above is a little beyond the ordinary run usually charged

that occasionally annoyed me. For one day only, I think it was the ninth or tenth. I became flighty at intervals, but not sufficiently so to banish from my mind that absolute rest of the injured against these officials. Illinois still leads all the other States in the number of miles of its railroads. hand that accessary. The twenty-first day after the accident I removed the bandase, and found, to my great joy, the broken bones were reunited. After a few efforts I raised myself erect, and stood on my feet, holding on to a little tree until I became satisfied I could trust the

The denizens of New York city may now look forward to the prospect of peaceful slumbers, undisturbed by the

mild one, however, compared with her freak of a few days before. Not to put the reader in suspense. I will state that she had refused a proposal of marriage from Guy Atlee, a reasonably good and promising young man, who had been to the high school with her in earlier days, and proposed now to graduate from the position of a bashful lover to that of a proud husband.

Guy had a position as clerk in the postoffice and chief store of Givddon. while Bertha's father was a not very well-to-do larmer; so that the young man had the argument of worldly prosperity on his side. But then he might lose his position; and somehow Mr. Finch, though he lived in a rather broken-down old house, was always important in town affairs. At any rate, Bertha rejected the young man gayly, yet with a sense of her superiority that was quite serious. "What is your reason? Don't you

love me?" asked he, in a business-like They were standing at the time way. on a little, unfrequented stone bridge. with a blue and white sky reflected in the water below, and birds singing around them in the young green boughs

"If I did, do you suppose I'd tell you," returned Bertha, with irrepressible mirth.

"I suppose it's because you're proud, en," Guy inferred, becoming gloomy. then,' " I think I am proud of knowing my

own mind," she admitted, " which all don't." girls 'I wish you'd tell me the real reason,'

the unfortunate lover resumed. "Well, then," said Bertha, more

roguishly than ever, "you're too young.

Guy kicked the bridge in his impa-ience. "I'm a month older than you tience. are," he declared, peremptorily. "I never should be able to look up

to you," his companion assured him. This was so absurd that Guy laughed in spite of his state of provocation. He was nearly six feet tail, and she hardly five, so that, taking the proposition in its linear or perpendicular instead of its spiritual sense, Bertha was egregiously wrong. However, "Then you can look down to me," he replied. And as they were both at that moment pearing over the side of the bridge, she adopted his counsel literally; for there he was, or appeared to be, gazing up out of the neighbor, with a quaver in his voice. But immediately he added: "No, he acid steam from the midst of a mimic sky. A white cloud reflection encircling his head made him look prematurely venerable, and Bertha confessed to herself that he was really handsome.

"Well, I'm going home now," she id, presently. "You wait here. I said, presently. "You think-it will be better."

Upon this Guy became sarcastic, 'How long shall I wait?" he inquired. "About thirty years, I suppose, till my hair turns gray." "If you like," said Bertha Finch, not

daunted in the least. "It's nothing to you, I see," the

young man replied, bitterly, suddenly feeling very suicidal. "What! waiting thirty years?" laughed she. "Oh, yes, that would be

a very serious thing to me. But I don't suppose I shall.'

down. She could not fib, and s e could not confide; so she said, simply, "I can't tell." Her lips trembled a little. "Oh, well, he'll turn up all right, I guess," concluded the other, soothingly. "It reminds me of a foolish thing I did waveld when L was young. Lwant off She had turned back to say this, but asshe resumed her retreat immediatedly, he was left alone in another moment debated with himself what he Guy debated with himself what he would do. He was terribly stung by what he considered Bertha's hearless-ness, and for a moment or two the idea of throwing himself into the river,

"Yes," she assented, pleasantly; "I thought it would blow me away." ic esti \_ ation by it. "You air rather a mite of a body to fight it out with such a breeze,' he declared that jealousy had brought him back. "I learned of a flirtation re. marked her new acquaintance. " But it don't seem to hurt ye, to judge on it from the roses in your cheeks. Lord, I you were carrying on with an old genfrom the roses in your cheeks.

tleman in the cars-old Gifford; and knowing your preference for mature remember in the days when I was courtin' how I used to like a day like men, I thought my chances, if I had this. It made my gal's face shine just any left, were in danger. ' 'You are very impertinent to supso; and I ain't too old to take pleasure in it yet."

pose you have any chances," was the Bertha felt her face "shine" still retort to this. more than before at this speech, which "But is it true about Gifford?" he she rated as a trifle familiar, coming f.om a stranger. But then the man had persisted. "It is true that I met him. Oh, he's a perfect lovely old man!" white hair, and, after all, it was not unpleasant. She smiled, with some em-"He would be very much flattered if corrassment, but said nothing, and rehe knew you said that. Snall I tell

sumed reading, while her fatherly comhim "You can if you like: I don't care," said Bertha, airily. "I believe he's coming to call on me." panion seemed to become absorbed in reco.lections of his youth. Before long, however, he said : "I suppose it hurts your eyes a good deal, reading in the train, don't it?" "Did he tell you so? Then he prob-

ably wants to sell you some pills." "Mr. Atlee, what in the world do you "It does sometimes," she admitted, somewhat annoyed at this second open-ing of a conversation, for her story was mean "Simply that he's a patent-pill pedinteresting. But determining to resign herself, she laid the book down dler

"How disgusting!" exclaimed the astidious maiden. "Never mind, he's abruptly, and looked straight at the old fastidious maiden. "Never mind, he's a real pleasant old fellow." "It's part of his trade to be so," ex-plained Guy. "But I judge, from your man, who returned her gaze genially from the midst of his whiskers and plained Guy. "But I judge, from your admiration for him, that you still scorn

pectacles. So you live in Glyddon?" he inquired

Yes." "I'm acquainted there some. I used

to live there." "You did!" exclaimed the young girl,

can't be. I should have heard of it. Per-

At another time Bortha would have

laughed at this absurd juxtaposition.

His young friend hesitated and looked

haps you mean he's married?'

brightening up at once. The old man began asking questions

doing now?"

ness of his fate.

you to make us all think it was cruel of haps committed suicide. It was cow-ardly to make me feel I might have caused it." about various people in the village, and inally mentioned Atlee. "He came from the place where I live-Woodruff, "I didn't mean it so," he pleaded. "I hardly thought. I wanted to go away out of sight, and I didn't want any search. Couldn't you forgive me Vermont-and folks thought he was a likely enough young man when he for being foolish, and, as you call it, 'cowardiy?'" started down to Glyddon. How's he

" I don't know."

Poor Bertha blushed and shook with "You see, I didn't suppose, from what you said, that you cared what became as much feeling of guilt as if she had personally superintended the closing of Guy's career with a violent death. Somehow this bland, fatherly old per-The little face that so often seemed to

he looking down was really bent with some confusion at that moment; its owner, obeying a whim, said, son's interest in him gave her a new but perception of the mystery and awful-"Peraps I didn't, after all." "Oh!" she exclaimed, "hadn't you heard?" "What! he ain't dead!" responded her

Guy's manner changed at once. "Oh, do forgive me!" he cried, mock-

ingly. "I would do almost anything to secure that-even to growing several years older, if you would only stop growing, and wait for me." There, that's just like a boy. You

can't be serious two minutes together,' Bertha railed back at him. And so they parted. The very next day Gifford drove by in

and even now had the impulse to answer, "No, it's not quite so bad as answer, "No, it's not quite so bad as that." But the mention of marriage came too near her last interview with a withered little buggy, apparently fresh from Vermont, and stopped at the Finches'. But Bertha was not at home, Guy to make it wholly comical, so she merely said: "He's gone away, nobody knows where; it was quite sudden and unaccountable." so he went on, after leaving a box of pills, wrapped up in a boastful adverisement

After a good many expressions of grief and wonderment, the old man wound up with: "And so you can't Toward evening, a few days later, Guy came to see her again, and persuaded her to walk out in the little lane that ran bethink of any possible reason? That seems singular. What do you suppose?" hind the Finches' house.

He did not talk about himself, but discussed the arrangements for a picn'c in which they were interested. As he was leaving her, however, "Old Gif-ford," he observed, "has been seen

about here lately." "The dear!" said Bertha, provok-ingly. "How sorry I was to miss his

She moved toward the house rapidly, as if escaping from a hideous sight. "Stop! stop!" cried the ancient suitor, in a remarkable vigorous voice. "If you do that I'll tear all my hair out.

Something in the tone arrested Bertha Finch's flight, and she looked around. At the same instant the anomaold man, standing up very tall, lous flung his entire head of white hair at her feet, and stood revealed, felt hat in hand, as Guy Atlee!

She covered her face in confusion, but both of them burst into a hearty laugh the next instant, as he advanced "This is more foolish than toward her my disappearance," Guy was confessing, "but the temptation was too great. Are you angry?'

"It was you all the time?" demanded she, still slightly bewildered. Ol" course. The real Gifford died a

couple of years ago. That day in the train I was just going to get out here to try my experiment, when I saw you at the depot, and you walked right in to sit down next to me."

Bertha turned hot and cold as she ran over the car conversation in her mind to see whether she Lad committed herself in any way. "You have rejected me twice now,

poor young boys like me." "I never said 'scorn," she an-swered, "and I think it was cruel of continued Guy, coming very close, and standing in tall humility before her --"once for being too young, and once for being too old. Don't you think you could make a sort of compromise now. and take me apart from my age, as a man who is willing to devote himself to "No," said Bertha, looking down very much indeed. "I have been fool-ish too Guy."

ish too, Guy. She made the compromise.-Harper's

Bazar.

#### An Enormous Rattlesnake.

While Mrs. Charles Wells, residing at Woodtowa, Pike county, Penn., was passing through a piece of woods a short time ago, she was suddenly startled by a rattling noise, which seemingly came from no great distance. She stopped to listen, and the sound was repeated. Mrs. Wells knew it to be that of a rattlesnake. Thinking the reptile was in the brush alongside the road, she started on. She had taken but a few steps when she saw, a few feet in front of her, lying coiled in the road, with its

head erect and its tongue darting, a monster rattlesnake. The reptile coninued to rattle, and showed no inclination to get out of the way. Mrs. Wells was accustomed to seeing snakes--the local-

ity abounds with them—and she gath-ered up several large missiles, and, approaching within a few feet of the reptile, opened warfare upon it. The battle was of brief duration, for a welldirected stone struck the reptile, render-ing it helpless. She then showered a

voiley of stones upon her antagonist, and soon dispatched it. The snake measured nearly five feet, and was the measured nearly five leet, and was ingest one of his species that has been killed in that neighborhood for several years. Within five miles of the spot years. Within five was killed is the where this snake was killed is the famous Ball Hill rattlesnake dens, at

which

snake catcher and tamer, used to capture most of the snakes which he exhibited throughout the different States.

### A Book of Beauty.

A New York publishing house has

While we are going steadily along commenced work upon a subscription book designed to illustrate American beauty. This volume is to contain one to whatever future awaits us, the grand est thing we can do is to feel sure that hundred choice steel-plate engravings of what we are doing for a day's work living American women, remarkable for their beauty. Daintiest of letterwith all that we do besides, is just the most blessed thing, so far as we can do, press, on highest grade of printing pa-per, is to explain the portraits of the one and that we are very likely having the best time that can ever come to our life; hundred beauties, and the binding is to be executed in the highest style of the that this work, and wife and home and

children, all they are and all they mean bookbinder's art. Our large country beat the world. The saddest thing in our life is our notable for the number of its beautiful women, and one hundred could not bediscontent when we ought to be more contented. It is our birthright to get gin to do justice to the aggregate of contented. It is our birthright to get American feminine loveliness. Who is the good of life as we go along, in these to select the comely ladies, who e coun- s mple and pure things that to all true man and womanhood are like rain and sunshine to an apple tree. But when we do not believe this, and dream that the best of our life is to come when we have made our fortune, then we sell our

lisher may be satisfied, but the omitted beauties will not. Even the courageous canvassers for subscriptions to the book Mr. Kavanagh, the Jrish member of parliament whose lack of arms and legs canvassers for subscriptions to the athy are deserving of general sympathy whenever they happen among a group of ful life. After the early death of his father and mother, he was under the father is two elder brothers, who, is accompanied by a plentiful supply of

Ten or a dozen years ago an entermortified by this strange deformity, are prising publisher issued a book of por-traits of ladies called "Queens of Amersaid to have secluded him in the country from the sight of mankind. The boy, ican Society." The pictures purported full of intellectual z sal and manly spirit would not allow his mind to rest or grow morbid; and when, after several to be likenesses of leaders of society, few of whom made any pretensions to sur-passing beauty. We believe the novel years, his brothers died, leaving a very work was a pecuniary success; there was no disputing the social position of large estate to his guidance. he emerged from his library a rarely cultivated and brilliant man, with a brain and will so the leaders of society; but who can or dare decide as to who are the one huntrained that it was a very easy matter for him to grasp practical life and affairs. dred transcendent beauties of America's array of feminine loveliness? How that So delightful are Mr. Kavanagh's intelbook will be praised and pitched into by the critics! how it will be pro-nounced charming and stupid by hosts for a wife a very beautiful and charm-ing woman. His children are all bright of fair readers! how publishers will be overwhelmed with indignant letters! but how American literature is to be benefited by so invidious an illustrated by both them and his tenantry. In spite of his bodily misfortune Mr. Kavanagh is a noted Nimrod, riding after hounds —in a saddle which he himself invented work we cannot for the life of us see-Printer's Circular.

several inches every century, and the Rochester Herald is already beginning S. A., I slowly recovered my health and strength. My ordinary weight prior to to worry about the future fate of the obelisk-Buffalo Courier. my starvation was about 205 pounds. The second day after my return to the fort I weighed 1261 pounds. My height

Never Quite Content.

"Edward, you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps." "Grandma didn't tell us to, papa. She only came to the door and said: "I wouldn't jump down those stairs, boys;

Rev. Robert Collyer holds that it is and I shouldn't think she would, an ady like her."

The Viking's ship lately discovered at Sandhord, in Norway, has been taken to Christiania, and placed under cover in the Uni.ersity garden, near the old boat found at Tunoe some years ago. The damaged part is to be restored, and the colors, which rapidly faded in the sunlight, freshened up.

A cow that wore a bell having been run over and killed on a railroad, the owner brought suit against the railroad company for damages. It was proved that the engineer rang the bell and tried to frighten the cow off the track, but the farmer's lawyer also proved that the cow rang her bell and tried to frighten of being President. No man has any right to be content to do his best, and the engine off the track, and so the jury not to do better to-morr. w than he is doing to day. But all that will come by keeping close to a manly and dutiful

decided in his favor. What difference is there 'twixt a boy That as a stoker caters, And some good editor at war With wicked legislators? Of course you give it up. Because

The one, he lights the fires, And t'other, the editor, He flercely fights the liars.

-Meriden Recorder.

The boy was never known to dislike work. He is always willing to do anything required of him, but he always finds it difficult to parcel out his work to fit his time. That is to say, he finds it difficult to make up his mind. In the morning he is firmly of the opinion that the evening is the proper and only time fitting for labor. This would be all it is a supplementation of the proper and the supplementation. right and as agreeable to his parents as himself, but it so happens that when evening comes his matutinal convictions have undergone a complete revulsion. and he is now thoroughly convinced the morning hours should alone be conse crated to toil.

#### Words of Wisdom.

Patience and gentleness are power. Character is a perfectly educated will. More lives have been bettered by afflictions than by sermons.

He who goes through the world more purely and nobly than other men, does so because he wills to do to.

Hope is the very soul to an heroic action. Hope is the main-spring to every well-regulated life. Hope is the morning star to every brighter day,

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence, how endearing the sympathies of love, how sweet the solace of friend-ship, how lovely the tears of affection! These combined are all characteristic in woman. They are the true poetry of humanity, rich pearls clustering around the altar of domestic happiness.

How wonderful and how true are these words of Heine: Quite a strange lectual and spiritual graces that he won elevation of soul take possession of me when I walk alone at gloaming by ing woman. His children are all bright sea shore; behind me nothing but flat and h ndsome, and he is greatly beloved dunes; before me the beaving, immeasurable sea; over me the sky, like a great crystal dome. I seem then, to myself, so ant-like in my insignificance, -in a saddle which he himself invented andyet my soul takes such a world wide -with the greatest energy and daring. flight.

# birthright for a mess of pottage. But worse than E-au, the pottage gives us the dyspepsia, and then we lose the good of birthright and pottage together. The Wonderfal Man Without Limbs

terfeit presentments are to embellish the forthcoming volu i e of loveliness, is not stated. To say the least of it, the task is one of great delicacy, and, no matter how impartially performed, will be certain to give grave displeasure to the tens of thousands of acknowledged American beauties whose pretty pictures will not grace the volume. If the friends of the

one hundred favored fair are numerous and chivalrous enough to subscribe for one or more copies of the work, the pub-

"Sam" Heims, a celebrated