VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1881.

NO. 14.

[The following poem is in no sense a mere fancy. On the contrary, the strange, pathetic incident it commemorates actually occurred not long ago in the neighborhood of Jackson-ville, Florida.]

Once, in a land of balm and flowers, Of rich fruit-laden trees,

Where the wild wreaths from jasmine bowers Trail o'er Floridian seas, We marked our Jeannie's footsteps run

Athwart the twinkling glade; She seemed a Hebe in the sun A Dryad in the shade,

And all day long her winsome song, Her trobles and soft trills. Would wave-like flow, or silvery low

Die down the whispering rills.

One morn midmost the feliage dim A dark gray pinion stirs; And hark! along the vine-clad limb

What strange voice blends with hers? It blends with hers, which soon is stilled-Braver the meek-bird's note Than all the strains that ever filled

The queenliest human throat !

As Jeannie heard, she loved the bird, And sought thenceforth to share With her new favorite, dawn by dawn, Her daintiest morning cheer. But ah ! a blight beyond our keu,

From some far feverous wild, Brought that dark Shadow feared of men Across the fated child. It chilled her drooping curls of brown,

It dimmed her violet eyes, And like an awful cloud crept down From vague, mysterious skies. At last one day our Jeannie lay All pulseless, pale, forlorn;

The sole sweet breath on lips of death The fluttering breath of morn; When just beyond the o'er-curtained room (How tender, yet how strong!)

Rose through the misty morning gloom The mock-bird's sudden song. Dear Christ! those notes of golden peal Seem caught from heavenly spheres,

Yet through their marvelous cadence steal Tones soft as chastened tears. Is it an angel's voice that throbs Within the brown bird's breast,

Whose rhythmic magic soars or sobs Above our darling's rest? The fancy passed-but came once more

When, stolen from Jeannio's bed, That eye, along the porchway floor I found our minstrel-dead !

The fire of that transcendent strain His life-chords burned spart, And, merged in sorrow's earthlier pain, It broke the o'erladen beart.

Maiden and bird !- the self-same grave Their wedded dust shall keep, While the long low Fioridian wave Moans around their place of sleep. -Paul H. Hayne, in Harper's Magazine.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

There's no doubt about it that Robinson was a good fellow at heart, and meant well; but it's astonishing what an amount of trouble a man may bring upon himself by undertaking too much for his fellow-creatures. I don't suppose there was another man in our store that took the interest Robinson did in the different wardrobes of his fellow clerks. If a man got a new hat Robinson noticed it right away; wanted to know where it was bought, when and why, and generally concluded by saying that if the purchaser had consulted him he might have made a better bar-And I've no doubt he would. Robinson would have made it a point to favor him with his influence and experience, both of which were considerable. and have the attention and advice of her The same way with coats, or pants, or boots, or anything! But, notwithstanding all this, very few of our boys consulted Robinson in these matters; they the neighboring grocer, butcher, baker, generally bought their articles with a and hired an excellent servant. I leave reckless indiscrimination that was painful to a man constituted as Robinson was. It seemed hard, when a man took the interest in his fellow-creatures that Robinson did, that his motives should be misconstrued and unappreciated. I to be happy when she has nothing to do exceedingly humiliated and miserable. remember when I bought that new ul- but enjoy herself. I've even persuaded I had made an ass of myself in some ster of mine, I disliked, for some reason her to put all her little expenses down way, and innocently outraged the feelor other, to see Robinson. I had a in my book, so that she knows where ridiculous aversion to telling him just every penny of her money goes; and, as where I got it, and when, and how much I said before, I take care of the houseit cost, and what I did with the other one. It was a kindly sympathy on comes to me every morning for orders for him. He wanted to know when she Robinson's part, there's no doubt about that; but it was wasted, so far as our boys were concerned.

Why don't the fellow mind his own business?" they said. "What does he want to manage other people's concerns I'm only a miserable bachelor myself,

So I was glad when he told me, confiden-I felt then that his interest would be too much upon yourself." so absorbed in the one object that it would be impossible to diffuse it all over the universe.

Robinson seemed to have found a treasure. Of course everybody thinks dently had the best intentions in the so; but I knew that Robinson would world. He loved his wife. He even know more, and see more, and be less esteemed his mother-in-law. I never likely to be deceived, than other men, saw a man work so hard in what he conand he had, as I supposed, gained the sidered his line of duty, and so utterly confidence of the family into which he fail to recommend it to others, as poor proposed to marry. I was afraid his Robinson. But he began to be brighter projected mother-in-law might object to and apparently happier. The anniversome of Robinson's ways, but he told sary of his wedding was close at hand, me he got on with her splendidly. I and he was interested in a gift to his thought she was a remarkable woman, wife. not altogether because she got on so well with Robinson, but from Robin-son's conversation I imagined she must everything, Smith; her wedding presbe very clever.

are mutually interested in the same We sit and talk about domestic matters for hours together, while Annie thums over her new piece on the piano, she'd rather have the money and buy it and Mrs. Page has told me, time and outside; but I persuaded her that again, if there's one thing more than another she admires in my character it's to choose the trimmings this afternoon, the interest I take in little domestic and if she comes while I'm out you'll details that most men despise or hold in take care of her, won't you?"

article, Robinson taken great pains to inculcate in her

"Well, she's young yet."
"She's as simple and pliable as a lit-

tle child. I'm a happy man, Smith."
I was delighted to hear him say so and told him so, and at the wedding I expressed it as my opinion that his hap-piness would last. I was charmed with little creature, so unaffected and simple in her manner, and had a wonderful magnetism about her. She was as plump and round as a little partridge, with big black melting eyes and a pretty little mouth. I can't say I was so much drawn to her mother. She was a fine-looking woman, with a deep voice, and some-thing very firm about the contour of her jaw. Mrs. Page had more of what they call character in her face than her daughter would ever have; but I haven't the admiration for a face with character that some men have. Robinson always said he liked that kind of thing, and he certainly had it in his mother-in-law. Robinson spent the better part of an hour talking with her that night, while I was chatting with his wife. I came away convinced that marriage must be a very pleasant thing, with a little wife like Robinson's, and my bachelor quarters looked exceedingly dingy and

forlorn. I don't know how it was, but I took an extraordinary interest in Robinson's marriage, and was sorry to see a cloud on the matrimonial horizon before six

months were over. "We've gone to housekeeping, you know," said Robinson. "I was afraid Annie would want to board at home with her mother, but Mrs. Page agreed with me it was better to build a little nest of our own. She took the kindest interest in everything, and wanted to go house-hunting with Annie and to help her pick out the furniture. But I had already secured a house, and bought the furniture of friends of mine in the business, who would favor me in prices. As to bed-linen, carpets and things of there any reason why a man shouldn't the dearest, best of husbands." hire his own house and purchase his

own furniture?" "None whatever," I replied, "unless friendly fervor it may be that his wife desires the same

privilege." "But she didn't Smith. Annie said she was glad to leave it to me. I took the dear little woman in my arms and kissed her, and felt my heart lightened of a very heavy load that somehow had rested there since my last interview with her mother. But Mrs. Page's manner is very unpleasant, Smith-very. I don't want to say that she accuses me of robbing Annie of any legitimate happiness, but she conveys some such impression to my mind, and it makes me feel like a malefactor. I'm so fond of my wife that the thought of depriving her of the smallest joy is mistry to me. "Well, these little trifles will all come right, Robinson. It isn't as if your

mother-in-law lived with you." "She's only round the corner, Smith. I thought of that when I took the house, that it would be so comfortable for Annie to live near her old home, mother. As heaven is my judge, Smith, counts, when we begin again with a clear for dinner. Could a man do more than that. Smith ?"

"Perhaps he might do less, Robinson. and know nothing about women; but the question is, if you're not erring on tially, that he was about to be married. the generous side-if you're not taking

> "A man can't do too much, Smith, for the woman he adores." Just then a customer came in, and I was glad to get away. Robinson evi-

"I was puzzled what to get," ents embraced so many little adorn-"The fact is," said Robinson, "we ments and knickknacks. At last I hit hear." upon a black silk dress-a woman can't have too many, and I can get a bargain claimed. down in the store just now. She said would be foolish. So she's coming in added, for I thought I noticed a grow-

details that most men despise or hold in utter indifference. You see, Smith, marriage is a sacred obligation."

"Undoubtedly, Robinson."

"And requires study, Smith. I bring all the sunshine with her, wouldn't have been a successful buyer

take care of her, won't you?"

"With pleasure," I said. And it so happened that she did come while Robinson was away, and seemed to bring all the sunshine with her, into my confidence, for she's going to help me. You know I'm to have a new "It's

serve her. "Ah, Smith, the one I've secured now is beyond price. She's just the about this declaration that impressed "An, Smith, the one I've secured and the secured law is beyond price. She's just the kind of goods a man wants to rest his declaration that impressed will make it ourselves, and take the money we'd have to give Mrs. Jones for the present. That will be really my eyes upon when he's tired of shams and that I was able to show her some little shoddies. Annie isn't brought up to dazzle and deceive. Her mother has many that her husband had done for dazzle and deceive. Her mother has many that her husband had done for my very own. Isn't it a capital idea?"

"I know it, Robinson.
"I know it, Rob me. I had told her I was under oblidaughter qualifications of mind and gations to Robinson. Of course I down to the store what an amount of character that will make her a good wife didn't explain that it was in his desirand mother. Mrs. Page is an excellent | ing to help me select my hat and coats and boots; it wasn't necessary to enter "And I suppose her daughter is like into these little details, but she underher?"

"Well, no, Smith. She can't converse and reason as her mother can, nor has she her mother's appreciative qualities. Annie's mind is less astute."

"Well, she's young yet."

"Well, she's young yet."

"Well, she's as simple and pliable as a liture of the she's happy to serve her, came of the she's happy to serve her.

"You are so good and kind," she said. Then all at once an eager wistfulness leaped into her eyes. "I wish I could dare ask you to do me a favor, his wife. She seemed such a nice, jolly Mr. Smith-a very great favor," she

> "Do," I replied. "I won't abuse our generosity."
> "Oh! I wonder if it will be right?"

she said, clasping her little gloved hands, and looking up in my face with a charming air of indecision. "I wonder if I ought to do such a thing?"

'The fact that you desire to do it is proof that it is blameless," I replied. "I do desire it, ever so much," she said; "and it is perfectly blameless. I've set my heart on giving my husband a present upon our marriage anniver-

"Is that all, Mrs. Robinson." "All!" she replied, tapping her foot with her parasol, with an air of vexation. She was looking upon the floor now, and a warm color burned in her cheek. "It's so hard to explain to you," she said. "I don't like to borrow money of mamma, because she don't understand my husband, and makes so many unpleasant remarks, and it's quite a large im I want for the present. I'm afraid will cost ten dollars." Here she sitated, and her color grew more and nore vivid.

"Ten dollars isn't a very large sum," said. I had decided now that she vanted to ask me to lend her the money, but didn't know how to go about it, and I was at loss how to help her. I had two crisp five-dollar bills in my vest pocket, but how to get them into her mother? Wi hand was a problem. In the meanwhile anniversary?" time was flying and Robinson would be back.

"You understand my husband, Mr. Smith. You know how kind and good that sort, I got them here in the store at cost. In heaven's name, Smith, is confides in you. You must know he is

"Of course I do, Mrs. Robinson. We are like brothers," I said, with intense

tell him afterward; but I want to surprise him. I wouldn't care to give him nything if it wasn't a surprise. "Of course you wouldn't, Mrs. Robhumdrum and commonplace. I know

ast how you feel about it." "And my husband is so thoughtful, e is so anxious to relieve me of every care, that he knows just where every enny goes; and, oh dear, it's too bad! tears gathered in her beautiful eyes; it was too much for me.

"I understand it all, Mrs. Robinson, trifle as this," and I thrust the two fivedollar bills in her hand.

She was on her feet in an instant. White now to her lips, and an awful expression in her eyes of reproach, rage, regret, heaven knows what and all. The five-dollar bills had dropped on the

"Good-morning, sir," she said. "I I have tried to take every burden from have been mistaken in you. Please tell my wife. I've opened accounts with my husband I could not wait for him." She was a little woman, but she seemed about ten feet high as she swept some time before I could pick up the ings of this excellent little woman whom was most desirous to serve.

When Robinson came back he thought before I go to business, so that Annie came, how long she staid; whether she scarcely knows what she's going to have sat down or stood up, or said she'd come in again, and if so, when. At last I was mamma, and fell back into Mrs. Page's domestic life in this country is worthy desperate, and went out into the street. Before I knew what I was about I was uptown, and ringing the bell of the brown-stown house that Robinson hired. had furnished. His wife came right down to me, and the moment she entered the parlor I saw that her good sense and kind hear; had gained their own

again. "Not another word, Mr. Smith," she said, when I began pouring out apologies and explanations. "I was myself instead of beating about the bush in that way! But I've given up that idea, because he'd be sure to know if I parted with anything, he's so interested; he'd know if a silver thimble was gone, But I've hit upon another plan, and I'll tell you all about it, if you'd like to

"Of course I'd like to hear." I ex-"You are an adorable little woman to forgive that stupid blunder of I was so miserable to have offended you; and your husband," I ing rigidity in her manner from the word "adorable," "we are like brothers, you know, Mrs. Robinson-twin he cried. "I have been a sneak and a

The Dead Child and the Mocking-Bird.

[The following poem is in no sense a mere fancy. On the contrary, the strange, pathetic incident it commemorates actually occurred integrated in the little intricacies of our line of business."

"You certainly can judge of a good intricacies of our line of business."

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"You certainly can judge of a good in I suppose there was an honest fervor will make it ourselves, and take the about this declaration that impressed money we'd have to give Mrs. Jones for "I know it, Robinson."

> down to the store what an amount of fond of me. We settled upon a dressing-case for Robinson before I left that day, and Mrs. Robinson and I had to go together to look at the different varieties of these articles, and I didn't want to the settled upon a dressing-case for him to stop at home and tidy up a bit, get shaved, and have some breakfast.
>
> "That servant must go," said Robinson, savagely.

thought of nothing else. The anniversary of Robinson's wedding came upon a Saturday evening, and the next morning I was walking in chambers did look whe the park, thinking it all over—how them!—Harper's Weekly. happy Robinson must have been when she surprised him with the dressing-case, and what a confoundedly lucky fellow he was anyway. I fell into quite a sen-timental mood. I suppose the scene around me had something to do with it. It was one of those delightful mornings in May, when happy ripples run through the grass, and young shrubs burst suddenly into bloom and verdure. "That's a thundering price Birds sang gayly in the hedges and the said Tom. air was full of a vague perfume. Some white-winged butterflies flitted by. I took off my hat. Though a little bald,

bowed, his hat jammed over his eyes; misery and despair.

"has anything happened to your wife?"
"To my wife? Yes," he said; and I sank into one of the iron benches. I thought she was dead, and was relieved

though startled. Why, wasn't last night your

and persistently deceived me, and yet, miserable wretch that I am," added Robinson, sinking into the seat beside actual damage to Gilmore of \$1,500. me, and covering his face with his

hands, "I love her still."

the universe. I went home early, and \$86.90. on my way stopped at Mrs. Jones', my wife's dressmaker, to see if her black silk was done."

"What?" I shricked. "Her black silk, you know," said Robinson—"the one I told you about. She said at least a dozen times that it I blurted out. "Don't fret over such a | was in the dressmaker's hands. I gave | eating-house and moved to Chicago. He her twenty dollars long ago to pay for carried his deep affliction along with it, and I thought I'd step in on my way him, gnawing like a cancer at his vitals. home, so that there would be no disappointment. That was perfectly natural, wasn't it, Smith?"

"Go on," I groaned. bell; Mrs. Jones came to the door, and from the expenses of bogus telegrams she said that she hadn't seen my wife for six months, that she never heard anything about a black silk dress. I tured Gilmore. was stunned, bewildered. I tried to persuade her she was wrong; she shut the door in my face. I hurried home, naturally vexed and indignant. My wife came to meet me, smiling and fond, Smith-it breaks my heart to think of it. I asked her about the black silk. Was it done? Not quite, she said. Was it at the dressmaker's? Yes. At Mrs. Jones'? And was it to cost twenty dollars? Yes; but why was I so troubled about it?

"' Because, madam,' I cried, 'you have deceived me; I have just stopped at your dressmaker's. She hasn't seen you for six months."

"My wife turned pale, called to her ing, amiable women in the world, and

arms in a dead faint. "Mrs. Page then flew into a violent penny that I didn't know when it was attention or catching male butterflies. oined, and how she spent it; that The fashionable hotel or boarding-house Annie had no more to do with her own house than a Dutch doll, and the sooner she was out of it the better. She sent couple, when they marry, settle down my servant for a cab, and before my in their own little house, however wife had fully recovered she took her to blame for it all. I wanted you to sell something of mine for me, and with Smith. I shall never go back to the home. There are more marriages "for the money help me to get the present at cost. There, now, that's the whole there's something behind all this, Smith: combined. Cupid holds firmer sway If I had only told you at once, my servant told me last night that my wife has been in the habit lately of seeing a gentleman, of going out with him and remaining a couple of hours; he is Not that it is at all necessary for them stout and dark, a little bald, and wears

spectacles." I burst out laughing. "That's me!" I cried.

Robinson glared at me in a dazed but desperate way. I saw that he was upon the point of frenzy, and hastened to tell him all about his dressing-case. Before I was half through, he had absolutely thrown his arms about me, and cried like a baby. "My mother-in-law was right, Smith,"

I took my leave, thinking all the way life she has led! I wonder she remains

"Well, I can vouch for that," I re

anything in a hurry, and then be sorry afterward; and altogether it was astonishing how absorbed I became in the purchase of that dressing-case. I on his knees at her feet and began his protestations. I thought it best to leave them alone together; but how exceedingly lonely and forlorn my bachelor chambers did look when I reached

High-Priced Beans.

Tom Watrous, commercial traveler, stopped off at the Marshall, Mich., eat-ing house several years ago. He was not very hungry, and called for a plate of beans, which he received. He inquired the price, and was informed "That's a thundering price for beans,"

"That's the price," said the proprie-

took off my hat. Though a little bald, I enjoyed the soft radiance of the sun-I began to understand how at and his indignation on toward Detroit. certain seasons a man might slip into This was on Saturday. On Monday, rhyme, or matrimony.

All at once this celestial silence was broken by an advancing figure. It was Robinson—and alone. His head was "A thundering price for beans."

Gilmore, the eating-house man, received a telegram, collect on delivery, \$1.25, which he paid, and read on opening it: "A thundering price for beans."

Thirty days from that date a neat the only part of his face that was at first visible was of an ashen hue. His whole aspect was one of unutterable for the privilege of opening it to discover a lot of sawdust, on the top of to their inhaling the nutritive principles "Good heavens, Robinson," I cried, which lay a slip of paper with the caba- of meat, and a French physician of emirushing up to him and seizing his arm, listic symbols: "A thundering price for beans!"

to hear the next sentence. Relieved, handed him a letter conveying the

During Gilmore's absence his son gone home to her mother."

During Gilmore's absence his son
"Left you? Gone home to her paid for two telegrams and one express anniversary?"

"Yes; that was how it came about; that was the way I found her out, Smith. She's deceived me—shamefully and persistently deceived me, and yet, location in the same and yet, and persistently deceived me, and yet, location in the same and yet, location in the same and its with at word and lover the town barehaud but drove all over the town barehaud ed, as many young butchers do now. This inhaling idea is, like all others, location in the perfect glove, the well-fitting shoe, the pretty stocking, the neat

A year rolled away. Gilmore ordered a case of Mackinac trout from Detions, as the following table will show: she occasionally gives too much thought moment, Mr. Smith. Of course I shall mistake of your own. I know that your and a shingle met his eyes marked with wife is the soul of integrity and honor." a blue lead pencil: "A thundering "God bless you, Smith!" he cried, price for beans!" Trouble arose begrasping my hand fervently. "Would tween Gilmore and the Detroit fish to heaven I could believe what you say! house, and they went to law, Gilmore inson. Any other way would be so but the facts are too convincing. Up winning the suit, \$25 damages, and all to yesterday I was the happiest man in at a cost for the attorney's services of

Gilmore grew dejected. Life looked gloomy. Letters poured in on every one of his family at regular intervals from all parts of the world, bearing the unpleasant information that it was "a

thundering price for beans." At last Gilmore sold the Marshall The persecution never ceaed. Gilmore drooped, faded and finally died. The terribly afflicted family followed him to his last resting-place, and the widow, "I went to the dressmaker's, rang the with what little money she had saved and express packages, erected a marble slab to the memory of the tor-

The following Sabbath the mourning family went out to the cemetery to plant some violets on Gilmore's grave. riving on the ground they observed in silent horror that another legend appeared above the name of Gilmore, on the tombstone. It was chalked on a small blackboard and read:

A THUNDERING PRICE FOR BEANS. -Central City Item.

The Mexican ladies, writes a corre-

spondent, are the most lovable, charm-

Mexican Homes.

the admiration of our people, and might be imitated by Americans. As there are -that pest, that curse of our land-is, happily, unknown here. Each young humble it may be, and their children girls ought to have a more solid, liberal education than they generally receive. to puzzle their brains over Euclid and the exact sciences, but they ought to burn their embroidery frames, stop "Look at me, Robinson. I'm making wax flowers (an absurdity in this beautiful, fertile land), and study modern history, natural philosophy and mark the present course of events, and take some interest in the political status of the world. In the higher class the ladies are generally accomplished, are good linguists and excellent musicians, but the great middle classes seem to have no higher ambition for their daughters than to have them taught to number that she is "a girl, with all a

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Extended crop reports recently published in the Chicago Times indicate that the Northwest will more than make up for the partial failure of the winter wheat crop by an increased acreage and assured yield of spring wheat. Minne-sota and Dakota alone promise to make good the deficit.

George Morton, a Canadian cheese ex-porter, will undertake a scheme for a great dairy colony in the Northwest. There are to be 224 farms of 160 acres each, stocked at the outset with thirty cows each. The novelty will be a nar-row-gauge railroad, with a station on each farm, so that milk can be carried to a central cheese factory twice a day.

A dangerous counterfeit of the stand ard American silver dollar has made its appearance. They have the ring of the genuine metal, the milling is perfect, and there is an absence of that greasy substance which is found by running the thumb over the general run of base coins. They are, however, too light, and a trifle thicker than the genuine.

The days when nothing was sold in San Francisco for less than a dime, and even that minimum price was almost a badge of disgrace in the eyes of people who remembered the golden days of the half-dollar, have passed away forever. Californians have passed their period of contempt for small coins and the chink of the nickle is heard in the land. The Bulletin regards this fact as an indication of the healthy financial condition of the community. People purchase less of what they do not want and of necessary articles only what they need. and have ceased to fear the derision of those who still refuse to recognize any sum of money smaller than one "bit."

A writer in a French paper ascribes the exceptional healthiness of butchers nence deduces from this the desirability of vapor baths charged with vitalizing Two months from this Gilmore was principles. Cooks, at this rate, ought summoned to Chicago to meet a former business partner, and the hotel clerk handed him a letter conveying the hough startled.
"My wife has left me, Smith. She's price for beans!"

A thundering air, the same cause which gives so many more years of life, on the average, to the grocer's clerk than to his dry goods paid for two telegrams and one express package, all bearing directly on the sub-

Reformed (Ger.), one minister to every . . Colored M. E., Reformed (Dutch), Methodist Episcopal, Baptists, "African M. E. Zion, " nited Presbyterian. longregationalists, "Protestant Episcopal, "Methodist Protestant, "

Cumberland Pres. " " United Brethren in Christ, one minister to every..... Average......141

Recent advices speak of the discovery of a new gold field in the most inland part of New South Wales, which is caus ing some excitement among the goldmining community. The scene of the find is the Grey Ranges, a wild elevated country in the extreme northwest of the colony, and on the borders of South Australia. Apart from the nature of the deposits, which are said to be rich, the discovery is interesting as a matter of science, as being a deviation from the rule which has hitherto prevailed that all of the mineral wealth, and especially the gold deposits, in Australia have been found within a short distance from the coast. The nearest village to the Grey Ranges is Wilcannia, on the Darling river, some 600 miles from Sidney, and 200 miles from the gold field. Water is scarce, and only to be met with at distances of fifty miles apart, so that intending prospectors will have to

encounter more than the usual amount

of difficulty.

Educating Oysters Although it has been doubted that an yster had been so far subjugated as to follow its master up and downstairs, a consummation which might be acrage, and abused me shamefully. She no summer or winter resorts, families used language, Smith, that it is painful are not separated three or four months the rise toward ultimate civilization, at The servant he had selected came to the door, and showed me into the parlor he a petty tyrant, a spy and a miser. She urge her daughter to excel in the art of Studies," oysters are susceptible of declared that her daughter never had a dress for the purpose of attracting being educated to a small extent. In the great establishments on the coast of Calvados the merchants teach oysters to keep their shells closed when out of the water, by which means the liquor retained keeps their gills moist, and they arrive lively in far distant Paris. The process may be worthy of extensive publicity; it is this: No sooner is an oyster taken from the sea than it closes its shells, and opens them after a certain time-from fatigue, it is said, but than Plutus. I admit that Mexican more probably because the shock it received by removal into the air causing its muscles to contract has passed away. The Calvados men take advantage of this to exercise the oysters, and make them accustomed to be out of the water by leaving them daily in the atmosphere for longer and longer periods. This has the desired effect; the well-educated mollusk keeps its door closed at least for many consecutive hours, and so long as the shell is closed its gills are kept moist .- All the Year Round.

Miss Eva C. Kinney has assumed editorial control of the Ellis (Kansas) Headlight, and announces in her first spy, and perhaps a miser."

"You meant well, Robinson; but it's better to let women manage their own affairs."

"It's better te mind one's own busi-

FOR THE LADIES.

A Royal Bride's Trousseau. The New York Telegram says of the trousseau belonging to the Princess Stephanie, of Belgium, married to the Crown Prince of Austria: It had been exhibited at the royal palace at Brussels, and the descriptions of its fairy-like materials, and the exquisite works of art in gold and silver embroidery and laces of marvelous delicacy, were most exciting. Amid all the bridal glories one table in the middle of the hall was heaped up with linen and household goods, which attracted the attention of the ladies. It may interest lady readers to know that the chemises are fringed with costly lace and with lovely bosoms of artistic workmanship. Then there were jackets, corsets, jupons, handkerchiefs, fichus, cravates and other most charming objects necessary to the femi-nine toilet. Near these were costlier presents of dresses and jewelry. The bridal dress was of the traditional cloth of silver, richly ornamented with embroidery designs representing oak, laurel and rose branches, intertwined with bouquets of orange blossoms, the whole, both for design and harmony of color, forming a robe such as connoisseurs declared was never seen before. The waist and arms were decorated with delicate silver lace, the train of the same material as the robe and embroidered to match. It was four meters long and four wide. The bouquets and designs in high relief on the train have occupied many industrious hands for over three months. The queen of the Belgians wore a dress at the wedding which was composed of azure velvet, the train, with rich silver embroidery, falling over a similarly embroidered under-dress of dead blue satin. It was very

How Women Should Dress.

tastefully decorated with silver lace,

and the draping and arrangements of

An American authority says: No lady need be ashamed to dress plainly or cheaply; she can, with the help of the modern guides to dress, appear like a lady on very little money. She can lay down three rules for herself: Never to pretend to anything, never to wear jewelry, and, affirmatively, always to be neat. A young girl with a white muslin and a fresh flower is dressed for a queen's ball. A lady of maturer years, elry or none, and her own hair-all the tents were sent to live over cow-houses shoe, the pretty stocking, the neat frills, the becoming bonnet. The American woman, to do her only jus-

Fashion Notes.

Scarf draperies grow in favor. Vermicelli lace is out of fashion. Colored Spanish lace is made into hats. Steel lace bonnets are trimmed with

estrich tips. Tuscan cream is the name of a new color in lace.

Crosswise draperies are much used for short skirts.

Triangular sticks are the newest for sunshades. Surah serge is trimmed with batiste

embroidery. Soft thick ostrich feathers are put ou onnets of steel lace.

The frills on summer silk dresses are cut in points this season.

Wall flower tints reappear again in flowers, ties and ribbons.

The Watteau is the favorite style for illuminated foulard dresses.

Paste jewels set in steel are used for buttons on foulard gowns. The pinkish white color of the new

laces is called baked earth. Some of the summer piques have lesigns like those of brocade. Surah is made into blouse waists for

children's wear. It washes as well as linen. Chenille dotted net is not tied when used for bonnet strings, but caught by a

flower. Flat collars to be worn on silk dresses have a point behind and a point on each shoulder.

Watered silk appears as panels in skirts, and also as waistcoats in evening costumes.

Black satin parasols are frequently edged with plaited satin ruffles of gold color or searlet.

Shirred cuffs edged with lace, accompany shirred collarettes and fichus of the same material. The fastening used with surplice

waists is three buckles placed slantwise at the waist. Some of the light summer mantles

are trimmed all around with black lace over white lace. White pique bonnets in the poke shape have muslin crowns which are

fastened on by buttons. White waists under overdresses with square neck and no sleeves are to be worn by little children this summer.

Summer gowns for young girls have skirts of thin wool, and waists of surah with silk ruches and ruffles of choice Some time since a letter was received

in New Orleans directed "to the Biggest Fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the youngest clerks in the office informed him of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so I opened the letter myself!" what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," responded the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou postmaster. art the man!'

Iris colors are the soft hues of the ar flower, and are becoming to young irls with yellow hair.