VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1881.

NO. 38.

Little Dancing Leaves.

Little dancing leaves In the garden bower, Which among you grieves Not to be a flower? Never one !" the light leaves say, Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves, Roses lean to kisa you; From the cottage caves

Nestling birds would miss you-We should tire of blossoms so, If you all to flowers should grow Little dancing leaves-

Grasses, ferns and sedges, Nodding to the sheaves Out of tangled hedges-What a dull world would remain If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves, Who could do without you? Every poet weaves Some sweet dream about you. Flowers and grain awhile are here; You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves, When through pines and birches The great storm-wind heaves, Your retreat he searches; How he makes the tall trees roar ! While you-only dance the more ! Little dancing leaves,

Loving and caressing-He most joy receives Who bestows a blessing. Dance, light leaves, for dancing made While you bless us with your shade! -Lucy Larcom, in St. Nichelas,

THE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A lighthouse on a rocky coast. Outside, thunder, lightning, wind and rain, and great black waves dashing up against the rocks at the foot of the tower. Inside a winding flight of stairs leading to an octagon-shaped room containing the plainest furniture. The occupants, a girl of eighteen, tall and lithe, with black hair hanging in massive braids to her waist, and luminous gray eyes under straight black brows. Her dress of gray waterproof cloth was short and scant, and hung in wet folds about her limbs; and strangest of all girdles, a coil of rope encircled her waist and trailed one end on the floor. By her side a boy of fourteen years, with his blue blouse open at the throat, and a faded plush cap on his dark curis. These two were bending over a man who lay in all his magnificent length on the floor. A picturesque-looking man, with fair hair clinging in dripping masses to his fore head; a curling golden beard and a white firm throat, and one might be persuaded that the closed lids with their she faltered, "and I liked it so muchong fringes covered a pair of steel blue

eyes. "Rekon he's a goner, Liz," said the bing of the man's hands.

The girl was forcing some liquor from a tin cup between the blue lips, and did not answer directly; but when their patient gave the faintest possible sigh. she exclaimed, joyfully: "See, Neddie, he breathes! Now work fast," whereupon they both fell to rubbing him at a great

When Allen McIntyre opened his eyes he looked about him confusedly. The odd little room, the girl with her black braids, and the boy looking so like her that one would at once recognize the relationship; the drenched condition of all three, and the strange languor through all his frame-what did it mean? He closed his eyes wearily, and then the boy spoke up in this bouff fashion:

"You came near going under, cap'n, but L zzie pulled you out." Then Mclutyre remembered all, and languidly raised himself into a sitting

"It is too wild a night to be affoat in a little craft like that," said the girl, making a gesture seaward, where a tiny boat had broken up an hour before. "It was fair when I left the shore,

replied the man. "I ventured further than I intended. Then the wind went down, and I could only drift until the upon the elegant dissipation carried on storm arose. I have a recollection of a fierce rush of wind and wave that upset A sudden glow warmed his heart as he my boat, and a blow on my head, probably from some part of the boat as I went over."

"We're used to that sort of thing eh, Lizzie?" Lizzie nodded, and the boy continued, animatedly: "You see, my father keeps the light, but he is sick her play?" now, so Lizzie and I tend the light-we always do when father is sick or gone to the mainland-and we've pulled out more than one fellow more than half dead. Why-

"Never mind that, Neddie," interrupted his sister, gently, and the unspoken reproof in her voice had the effect of making the lad look somewhat shamefaced as he went back to the first part of his story.

Well, sir, we ran down the slope at the side of the cliff out there, where the waves were tearing up like 10,000 wild horses. And every time it lightened we could see you bobbing aroundout there like a piece of cork. We were afraid of your striking against the ledges, so Lizzie fastened one end of schools in the city, and surely your father the rope about her waist and I held the must have known that it was his duty to other while she went straight in and give a girl like you an education, to say struck out for you."

McIntyre uttered a low exclamation such a splendid young fellow."
and turned his gaze from Neddie to Neddie's sister. The boy wagged his things of Neddie and me; we are com-

head proudly.

"Ah," said he, with gleaming eye,
"that's nothing for our Liz to do! She
caught you, and I pulled you both in. But you're monstrous heavy! I thought we'd never get you upstairs.' McIntyre laughed as he rose rather

doubtfully to his feet. "I feel a trifle shaky," he said; and tyre, at your service, Miss Lizzie," and he cowed in a fashion that gave the lie to his declarations of shakiness. "Of

course I realize that you and your gal-land brother here have rendered me a great service—one for which you shill not go unrewarded, although I can never hope to fully recompense

Lizzie raised her head haughtily. "Sir, such work as we have done tonight we do not for wages. If you feel strong enough, I will walk with you to the house. I think the storm is passing over. We live a quarter of a mile from the light. Our accommodations are plain enough, but there is no other house on the island."

"Oh, I am as good as new, now," said McIntyre; "but will you leave this boy here all alone."

"Ned is not afraid, and he can tend the light as well as I."

"Very well I will go with you." He waved a smiling adieu to the boy, and followed his guide down the narrow

stairway.
Two days later a small sailboat put out from the island, which, when it returned, brought McIntyre's luggage. Lizzie's father, who was laid up with an attack of rheumatism, had taken a

fancy to the young man, who expressed a desire to spend a few weeks there at any price they might charge. Captain Clyde straightway ordered Neddie off in his new boat to the mainland for the gentleman's traps. The youngster obeyed this order with alacrity, for the good-humored ease of the stranger, to-gether with his evident appreciation of "our Liz.," had wrought favorably on our Neddie. Even the maiden aunt, who kept the house, smile? frostily at the prospect of this pleasant addition

to their family.

McIntyre, who had been wandering about three or four hundred miles from home in search of a quiet place to spend the summer, congratulated him-self on having drifted to the very

" Although it was an expensive style of drifting," he remarked, with a smile, as he inclosed a bank note in an envelope, to be sent to the owner of the little craft which had slipped him out into the waves abreast of the lighthouse.

A week later, as he sauntered shore-ward, there came to his ears a wildly sweet strain of melody. As he listened in amazement, for he had seen no musical instrument about the place, he be gan to realize that it was a part of Strauss' artist life walizes that he heard -a strain that he often whistled. He stepped round the jutting of the cliff, and there, leaning against the granite wall, was Lazzie, her chin dropped care-lessly on a little red violin, as she drew the bow across the strings. She flushed ike a guilty thing when she saw Mo-Intyre.

"You whistled that the other day, it haunted me all the time.'

eyes.

"Rackon he's a goner, Liz," said the boy, as he paused in his vigorous rubblack the boy as he paused in his vigorous rubplay like that without notes?" I don't play much now." drawing her dark brows over her eyes 'A party of ladies and gentlemen

came here to visit the lighthouse once and overheard me playing. I heard one of the ladies say: 'The idea of a girl with a fiddle!' So I thought perhaps it didn't look well."
"Not look well, indeed!" and he

laughed in merry scorn. "Why, child, did you ever hear of Camilla Urso?"

"Well, she is a lady, and she makes the most exquisite music on a fiddle and thousands of people go to hear her Why, Camilla Urso herself would listen pleasure to your music, Lizzie," said McIntyre, extravagantly. "Who

taught you to play?"
"No one. This violin belonged to my father, and he learned me how to tune it. I pick up tunes that I hear, but I never heard anything half so swered: beautiful as the tunes I hear you sing and whistle."

McIntyre smiled; his repertoire o music consisted of snatches of operas, waltzes, redowas and German airs which had dimly associated in his mind with nights of brilliant gayety; and he wondered dreamily how this pureminded, healthy-souled girl would look by the set of which he was a favorite thought that not one of the fine ladies who had swung languidly through the mazes of that very waltz of the great "Yes," said the boy, "there came a composer's could have rescued him so flash of lightning, and Lizzie and I, bravely from the jaws of death as Lizzie looking out, saw the boat capsize. So had—Lizzie, who stood there so quietly, Lizzie caught a rope and ran, and I with her little violin hanging from her breast, and her fingers straying lovingly

over the strings. "Tell me about Camilla Urso," she said, presently. "Did you ever hear

"Yes, indeed! I have a paper in my trunk containing a little sketch of her life, which you may read for yourself, and which will tell you better than I can of her talent."

For a moment Lizzie's eyes met his own, a look of shame and distress gathering in them. "Mr. McIntyre, that will be of no use-I cannot read."

" Lizzie !" Her violin slipped from her grasp and would have fallen to the ground had not McIntyre caught it, and she cov-

ered her face with both hands. "But Lizzie," persisted her companion, in some perplexity, "I do not understand. There are good public nothing of Neddie, who is growing up

mon people, and ours is a common life. Neddie did spend two years with our uncle who lives in York State. He went to school there. But father doesn't think much of book learning. Aunt Jane never had time to help me, and Neddie is too restless to keep still long enough, I suppose." She continued quaintly, "You who live out in the feel a trifle shaky," he said; and quaintly, "You who live out in the "It is easy to see that you are world look at these things in a different

cannot read or write. Once in three months, perhaps, they go to the mainland. I scarcely ever go. I suppose I shall always live here, and I am contented—I think," and a look of doubt gathered in her eyes; "at least I was. But lately I have wished so much that I could read and had books—for it is so longly here in the winter."

lonely here in the winter."

"Well, dear child," said the young man, gently, "this gives me the privilege of paying my debts, doesn't it?"

"Your debts?" echoed Lizzie, in sur-

prise.
"Certainly. Did you not fish me but
of the water a week ago? Well, now
you shall put your six feet of driftwood to some service. I will teach you to read and to write."

After that McIntyre proved the most fuses t faithful of teachers, and his pupil made where. steady progress in her lessons. Neither "Say was the violin any longer in disgrace.
Lizzie played to attentive ears while
learning a deeper lesson than either at
first realized. McIntyre was the first to wake up. He was a man of the world, and understood himself, or thought he did, thoroughly. Accordingly he started one morning for a stroll along the beach to think it over.

"As the case now stands," he soliloquized, as he lit a cigar and threw away the match, "it is either Lizzie or the world; and I confess the world has charms for me."

His gaze wandered absently over the swelling waves; and lingered on a far-off sail that dipped and rose, dipped again, until it sank below the horizon. His lip curled involuntarily as he thought of the delicate ladies in his set, and how wretched they would make the poor girl's life in their own high-bred fashion. No-but would they, though?"

A faint amusement lingered in his face as he recalled Lizzie's rather stately carriage and stately dignity that redeemed her from being commonplace. He laughed out.

"It would be fun to see her among all those peacocks. Poer Lizzie! What a shame that she has been neglected! If she had received half the advantages of any one of my acquaintances she would have surpassed them all. Well well, it is high time I returned home I have been here six weeks. Yes, I will go away to morrow and forget her, as she will forget me."

So saying, McIntyre threw away the end of his cigar and started into a brisk walk slong the shore, coming directly upon the object of his thoughts, who was pacing to and fro, drawing primitive music from her violin. She wore a scarlet jacket over her gray dress, and a white handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin. His peart throbbed faster at the sight of

"Fool!" he muttered, "to think I could leave her. Now, then my man, "It's all for love, and the world well lost,"

Lizzie greeted his approach with a sitting room, the door was opened hesitatingly, and who was this before little German air that he had taught

'Is that right?" she queried, as she finished. "I cannot tell von."

Then, meeting her look of astonishment with his own earnest gaze, he

"Lizzie, will you care very much when I go away from here?" Her eyes dropped, the red blood dyed her cheek and brow for a moment, and then faded away, leaving her quite

"I think it will be well for you to go," she said. "And why, Lizzie, will you tell me! You need not fear to tell me anything, he added, as she hesitated.

She looked away from him, and her voice was almost inaudible as she an-"Because-because - Oh, I cannot

tell von! You know-" I have thought of going, Lizzie; but I realized to-day that I cannot leave

you-ever again, dear." He put one arm about her, but she drew away from him, trembling from head to foot. "Don't, Mr. McItyre! I want to

remember you kindly, and I cannot it you use such language to me." "For heaven's sake !" he cried, in astonishment, "tell me, have I said any thing wrong to you? Is it wrong to love you? If that is a sin, then I am

the greatest of sinners' "I do not forget that you are a gen tleman, and I but a poor, ignorant girl, who knows only what you have taught

But, Lizzie, I ask you to be my wife, and you have not answered me. do not boast when I say my suit would not be rejected in most families of high standing where I am known."

"Ah, that is the idea," she exclaimed hastily ; "if, as you say, you do care for me"—she stammered a little over the words, "you would soon grow weary of my stupid ways. I should shame you every day of your life, and your grand friends would wonder at your choice, and I should die of homesickness."

"With me, Lizzie?" "Yes, even with you!" smiling and blushing as she met his eyes. He laughed-he was so sure of

ning her-and kissed her mouth. "Well, sweetheart, I will live here then, and turn keeper of the light after your father. Will that suit you?"
"Don't deceive yourself, Mr. Mc n-We would not be happy together,

and think how terrible it would bebound together forever. He laughed exultantly and with great deal of amusement. Faith! I think it would be mighty pleasant thing. Come, Lizzie,

you can deny me no longer. Do you not see that your own happiness depends upon your answer? Now kiss me, dear, and tell me that you will take the life you were so brave to save into your own keeping."

He drew her gently toward him, but she faced him suddenly, with great tears trembling on her long lashe

It is for your good that I refuse to accept what seems like a heaven to me." And then, swift as a deer, she flew along the shore, leaving McIntyre to struggle between anger, amusement and wounded self-love.

and wounded self-love.

All that day he tried to speak with
Lizzie alone, but she gave him no
opportunity. At last, in very desperation, he tapped at the door of her
father's room. Captain Clyde was
again suffering with rheumatism, and the young man found him in the easychair, while Lizzie hovered about him.
"Captain Clyde," said McIntyre, as
he blocked the doorway with his broad

shoulders to prevent Lizzie from escaping, "I wish to say a few words to your daughter in your presence, since she refuses to grant me that privilege else-"Say on, my lad, she would be proud

to hear whatever you have to say to "Well, Lizzie, I will go away from here to-morrow, and stay as long as you bid me. When the time is up I will return to claim you for my wife. You shall see that this is no idle, passing

fancy. His eyes, grave and sad, rested on the girl's flushed face, and the bluff cap-tain's eyes widened in amazement. "Speak out, gal," he commanded. "Have you anything to say to this

young man, who woes you like a gentleman? Shall he come—or no?"

And Lizzie answered, with downcast eyes: "If he comes one year from this time, and still cares for me, I will be

"And is that all, Lizzie?" he said, stepping toward her with outstretched

"No, I'll be bound!" said the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "When I went courting, my little girl used to kiss me" And reaching over he gave Lizzie a little push that sent her into the arms of her lover; whereupon they all laughed, and Lizzie, after the Sabbatarian feeling among a large kissing McIntyre, shyly slipped from number of the people that tens of

A whole year passed by, and not unhappily to Lizzie, who had faithfully endeavored to improve herself. She spent the winter "on the mainland, with some friends. She studied, read watched the people about her, and, never coarse herself, despite her com-monplace life at home, she fell easily into the new groove. Although not unhappy, the girl's cheek was paler than of yore, and her eyes held a wistfulness that had grown in them since parting from her lover, for occasionally this thought crossed her dreams for the future: "He may not come at all-he may

forget. But Allen McIntyre was truer than most of his kind; for the early fall brought him again to Lizzie's house. White he waited in the old-fashioned

Allen had left a young gypsy, magnifi-cent in her way, with coal black braids and flashing eyes, et scarcely the figure for a drawing-room in her short gown and thick coarse shoes; a daughter of the sea, sun-browned and fearless. Bu this—was this Lizzie? A graceful woman in trailing robes, and the shin-ing hair braided and coiled about her head, resting in a coronet a queen might envy, above the low broad brow. Paler than of old, her eyes downcast but shining softly through their happy tears, her mouth smiling triumphantly Was this Lizzie? Why, not a woman in all his brilliant throng he remem-

bered could compare with her, Every summer a handsome gentleman and his dark haired wife visit the lightkeeper's home; and every fall they return to their stately home in a faraway city, where the lady does the honors of her grand house with a grace that charms all.

And yet Allen McIntyre laughingly accuses his wife of "fishing for him.

Preparations for a Scandinavian Marriage.

Preparations for a wedding feast be gins weeks beforehand, and are so extensive that M. Du Chaillu was utterly amazed at the quantity of solids and liquids that he saw stored against an approaching marriage feast. Invitations to weddings are sent out well in advance of the happy day, so that the guests may prepare for two or three days' absence from home; and the poorest person invited is never without weading garment. The happy couple eat, drink and dance with everybody; and it seems never to have occurred to the people to inquire how they do it. There is a limit to the endurance of the native head and stomach, and this generally is found on the third day; then the guests, on bidding good-bye to the bride, tender their wedding presents, which always consist of money, and are deposited, without being examined, in a box which the bride wears at her side. How many American girls will wish-only to themselves-that a similar custom might prevail here cannot easily be estimated, but all of them will understand why there are but few bachelors in the land of the midnight sun. Long as are the wedding festivities, those of Christmas far exceed them, for feasting and fun are industriously kept up from Christmas-eve to Twelfth-night, and quaint and charming are some of the attendant ceremonies .- Harper's Magazine.

Twelve Good Recipes. For preserving the complexion-Tem-

To remove stains-Repentance. For sweetening the breath-Truth. Eary shaving soap-Ready money. For improving the voice—Civility. For whitening the bands—Honesty. A beautiful ring-The family circle. To keep away moths-Good society. For improving the sight-Observa-

The best companion to the toilet-A good loving wife. To become prosperous - Advertise your busines in your home paper. To get to heaven-Always pay printer's bills promptly.

PACTS AND COMMENTS.

In view of the number of land slips which have lately taken place in various parts of Switzerland, it is proposed to organize a Swiss Land Slip commission, with subcommissions in every canton, whose duty it will be to inspect locali-ties where land slips are likely to occur, to devise means to prevent their occurrence, and to warn persons whose lives may be imperiled.

The late Dr. Holland, the author, would seem to have met the usual experience which authors undergo. His Titcomb Letters" were refused by two prominent Boston publishers, and a New York publisher refused even to look at them. He carried them to Mr. Scribner who asked him to read specimens from them. At the end of the third he agreed to take them, and they attained an issue of 60,000 copies.

To discover spurious greenback or national bank notes, divide the last two figures of the number of the bill by four, and if one remains the letter on the genuine will be A; if two remains it will be B, if three, C; and should there be no remainder, the letter will be D. For example, a note is registered 2461; divide sixty one by four, and you will have one remaining. According to this rule, the letter on the note will be A. In case the rule fails, be certain that bill is counterfeit or altered.

The crops were in such a state that every hour counted, but so strong was thousands of farmers conscientiously refrained from work on Sunday, although by so doing they sacrificed in the aggregate an immense amount of

It was only in 1830 that the first cheese from America crossed the Atlan-tic. From September 1, 1880, to September 1, 1881, the quantity of cheese sent across from New York has been 127,311 boxes, but the gradual diminution of the export for the last four months has caused great uneasiness among the hotel keepers and restaura-teurs of London. Of late years, rows upon rows of gigantic American cheeses might be seen piled up on the shelves of the dining hall of every great Lon-don dining house. More there than here clerks and commercial men are cheese devourers, and the bread-and-cheese lunch and bread-and-cheese supper are the ne plus ultra of epicureanism to these classes of consumers.

In one of the surveying parties of the Macon and Brunswick extension in Georgia there were nine boys Of these eight were graduates of some university with diplomas in their pockets. They were working for about \$1 a day, and engaged in the hardest of manual laborcheerful, ambitious and rather proud of their hard and rough work than otherwise. "This group of boys," remarks the Atlanta (Ga) Constitution, " is one of the signs of the times. Such a thing it would have been impossible to find in the olden days. The sons of rich men-graduates of universities-were then seldom found at manual labor. A last, however, labor is made honorable in the South, and no man stands higher there than the man who lives by the sweat of his brow."

China seems to retain a monopely in Chinese tea and canton matting. late commissioner of agriculture believed he could enter the United States in the race with the former, but so far the success is not promising. In regard to canton matting, an enormous amount is shipped to the United States every year, with no attempt to make any of it in the United States. Indeed, it has been difficult to ascertain pre cisely what plants are used in the matting manufacture. It has at length been found that it is made of a kind of galingale, or sedge grass, another sedge wooden trays, bundles of sugar cane, being used for finer work. These sedge camote (a kind of sweet potato), and to grasses are gathered wild from swamps or damp places, by the poorer classes, and sold to the factories. The yellow coloring matter is made from the flowers of Sophora Japonica, a tree now common in American gardens. The blue is obtained from a sort of wild buckwheat. It is not yet known what plant they use for the green dye, though its vernacular name is "Lam Yip."

Mr. Scoville, the brother-in-law and counsel of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, wrote to General B. Butler, requesting his assistance in de- heaps of stones supporting the fatal fending the prisoner at the forthcoming trial. Owing to previous engagements General Butler was unable to accede to one cut off in his sins. We enter the the request, but in his letter of declinamountain passes, dark with pines and tion speaks as follows: "If the trial was set for a time when I could possibly devote myself to this case, I should very carefully weigh your application before I refused it. I hold it to be a part of the chivalry of my profession that no lawyer within the circuit where he practices ought, without good cause, to refuse to stand for a man whose life is in danger before a court of justice, whether his personal belief might be that the accused was innocent or guilty; and, of course, the amount of compen- Truxillo, and drove them back upon the sation in the case ought not to become a make-weight in the question. The admirable example set by Otis, one of the Sons of Liberty, in face of popular prejudice, detending the king's offi cers for shooting down the citizens of Boston in King street (now State street), has been the rule of my pro-fessional life and ought to be the guide of every lawyer."

The governor of Michigan, following the lead of Nebraska and other States, set apart the 28th day of April as a time man never for tree planting in that State. The about him.

growth of this enterprise on the part of State governments, says the Christian at Work, must be looked upon as an encouraging sign, indicating as it does, a new interest in the subject of tree planting and growing. It is indeed high time some such measures were taken to keep the supply of val-uable woods from being entirely consumed. A few years ago we seldom heard a word to the effect that not only walnut, but even maple, hickory, ash, etc., would be scarce. Unless proper protective measures are taken in a short time they will be entirely unable to supply the demand. It has been ascertained that a forest of mixed wood on medium soil grows about a cord of wood a year on an acre of land. If much more than a cord is removed from an acre in a year, the production is reduced. But to keep the production from diminishing, it makes all the dif-ference in the world what trees you take away, whether you take those which are beginning to decay, or those which are in the rapidest growth. It is only by the best judgment in thinning out that the capital of growth can be kept whole after a forest has become well established.

SCIENTIFIC INOTES.

The precision of modern engineering is forcibly illustrated by the recently-accomplished feat of picking up a long unused ocean cable from a depth of 2,000 fathoms. The scientific engineering which locates a fault with so much exactness and so readily finds a mere The agricultural distress in England thread two miles under the sea must has in a curious way led to the discus-sion of the Biblical injunction against ocean telegraphic property. ocean telegraphic property.

work on the Sabbath day. It has so happened that several Sundays have come as pleasant days, preceded and followed by days of inclement weather.

In his address at the York meeting of the British association Professor Huxley predicted that fifty years hence, or in the centennial year of the association. or in the centennial year of the association, whoever undertakes to record the progress of paleontology will note the present time as the epoch in which the law of succession of the forms of the higher animals was determined by the observation of paleontolgical facts.

Experiments by German scientists in ascertaining the peculiarities of the electric light, establish the fact that it is not only healthier than other methods of illumination in leaving the air purer, but that it increases the power of the vision in some respects, especially in distinguishing colors. Red, green, blue and vellow are made much more distinct and marked under

this light than by daylight. When the earth in which a plant grows is much warmer than the air the plant grows very thick, ceases almost altogether to increase in height, and finally shows deep transverse rifts which make further growth an impossibility. These effects were produced by M. Prilleux, who used a large dish of earth, in which he planted the seeds, and kept the earth ten degrees warmer

than the moist air of the chamber. The Monitor Industrial, in an art on the influence of temperature on the resistance of steel, states that it is the presence of phosphorous which is the main cause of the variation in strength. Iron, which contains none of it, maintains the same breaking strain in various temperatures, and gave only a slight ariation of the limit of elasticity. follows from this that one of the best means of avoiding the breakage of wheels, tyres and axles of cars and locamotives is the employment of pure steel free from phosphorous.

On a Diligence Road to Mexico.

In Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's "Diligence Journey in Mexico," in the Century Magazine (recently Scribner), occurs the following: Thus far we had met no vehicles except the two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen-wheels wi hout tires, hewn out and showing the separate strokes of the ax, but many humble travelers on foot, trotting into Mexico with back-loads of market stuff. Fruits and vegetables were carried in a foursided hamper or cage called a huncal made of osiers; often it was filled with live fowls, the tail-feathers of the cock gayly fluttering through the bars of the cage, or was divided into compartments, with eggs below and fowls above. We met huge masses of pottery ingenionsly weven together with the cords of the agave, and towering perilously above the bearer's head; rolls of matting, matoes wrapped in green leaves. A pair of live hens never came amiss. swinging by the legs from a disengaged hand, or tied to an available corner of the load. Whole families were en route, even to the baby, rolled in one end of the long cotton scarf which the Indian mother wears over her head, or suspended in its folds at her back. I do not think a stranger procession could be met with on the high-roads of this

century Steadily climbing, the country growing poorer and wilder, we pass many cross-the place of a murder-making a mute appeal to the traveler to pray for mountain passes, dark with pines and firs, and ascend to the battlefield of Las Cruces, on the divide which separates the valley of Mexico from that of Toluca. We pass the monument to Hidalgo, and I ask with shame who was Hidalgo, and am answered: " He was cur Washington-this is our Bunker Hill! It was here on the 30th of October, 1810, that Hidalgo with his Indian insurgents, armed chiefly with slings, bows, clubs, lances and machetes, met the troops of the Spanish government, under Colonel capital. The loss of the Indians must have been frightful; in their ignorance of the nature of artillery, they charged Truxillo's guns and "tried to stop the mouths of them with their straw bats, until hundreds had perished by the discharge." After the battle a sad train of Indian women went up on the mountain to bury their dead, and the many crosses that were raised by their hands gave the spot its name.

Life has its compensations: A deaf man never hears the evil that's said

CONFIDENCE MEN.

They Operate Between New Work and Philadelphia, A Philadelphia letter to a New York paper says: The bunko men who operate between this city and New York operate between this city and New York have been reaping a harvest of late. The leader of the gang has in foar instances represented himself as a nephew of Anthony J. Drexel or a member of the well-known banking house of which Mr. Drexel is the head. One of the victims was Mr. Evan Randolph, an experienced business man, whom he swindled out of \$110. The second was Mr. Hazlehurst, a leading member of the Philadelphia bar, whom he caught for \$2 400. The third was Mr. J. A. J. Sheets, a prosperous lumber merchant, who lost \$2,900 by his confidence in the scoundrel. The fourth victim is no less a personage than the Hon. George Sharswood, chiefjustice of the supreme court of Penn. ylvania. In the latter case, however, the amount involved was only \$10-The story of this operation was given to your correspondent as follows: ,.As I was strolling up Broadway, in New York, a well-dressed young man

addressed me by some name not my own, which I do not recall and seemed both confused and incredulous when I told him that he was mistaken. He, however, apologetically said that I bore a striking resemblance to the gentleman who he supposed me to be, and that he would be grateful if I would tell him who I was. I gave him my name, and he left me with every mark of courtesy. I had not gone much further when another gentleman, youthful, well-dressed and of remarkably pleasing manners, crossed the sidewa'k toward me, and extending his hand, addressed me by name and professed to be delighted to ave met me. His face did not seem unfamiliar to me, but I could not recall his name, and I supposed my puz-zled lock led him to relieve my mind, as he said: 'Ah, I see you don't remember me. I am F. A. Drexel, Jr. I have been studying art in Paris, and returned only last week.' He then asked many questions about the welfare of prominent Philadelphians, with whose names, occupations and social standing he seemed thoroughly familiar. He also conversed very interestingly on art matters abroad, mentioning incidentally that he had been an extensive purchaser for the account of his uncle's as well as himself. We walked uptown, chatting thus pleas-antly, and not a suspicion that my companion was not what he represented himself to be entered my mind. At length he mentioned that he had just received a very expensive painting from Paris—one for which Belmont's and Vanderbilt's agent had bid against him. but which he had bought for 50,000 francs. 'It was a very steep price, and I don't know how father and Uncle Tony will like it,' he said. He then invited me to look at his treasure, which, he said, was only a block or two away. Nothing was occupying me particularly at that time, and I consented. Tarning down one of the cross streets we came to a handsome brown-stone house, into which we entered afterringing the bell. While we stood on the steps my companion told me that he had drawn the grand prize, 11,000 francs, in a lottery designed for the benefit of some Parisian art association, and was only waiting in the city for the money to come to hand. He then would go to Philadelphia and visit his relatives. The door was opened by a liveried porter, and we were admitted to a saloon parlor that seemed to have been turned into an office. Mr. Drexel introduced himself to the gentlemanly individual who occupied the desk, and said that he had brought me, mentioning my name, to see his famous picture. The gentlemanly individual was sorry that the picture had just been sent to Philadelphia, and he showed the express receipt in confirmation. Apologizing for the disappointment, my companion made a move as though to go away, when the gentle-manly individual, after a brief consultation of what seemed to be a book of entry, said : 'Mr. Drexel, I received the remittance of your grand prize, 11,000 francs, this morning. Here is the money, and he counted out what seemed to be that amount. The gentlemanly individual then suggested that it would be well to take some tickets in another lottery drawing for the benefit of some other art association. Drexel was willing. He said he patronized such schemes for the benefit of art, and always turned his prizes over to deserving artists. I had scruples against such methods, but he insisted, and I handed him \$10. Then they brought out a numbered chart, and gambling implements. I saw at once that the whole thing was a trick and device, and I repossessed myself of the \$10 which I had given my companion, and which was lying on the table, and made my way out of the room without opposition. The pseudo Drexel came along, and agreed entirely with me in my estimate of the character of the place. I still had confidence in him, losing it only atter suits had been brought to recover money falsely so obtained.

The World's Shipping.

From statistics recently compiled in regard to the shipping of the world, it appears that, omitting vessels of less than fifty tons measurement, Europe possesses forty-two tons to every 1,000 inhabitants; America, forty; Australia, seventy-nine; and Asia and Africa only two tons per thousand. Liverpool, with a tonnage of 2,647,378, ranks as the most important port in the world; followed by London, with 2,330,688; Clasgow, 1,432,364; New York, 1,153,676 tons. The nine leading ports of Great Britain have a tonnage of 8,724,123, while the first four ports of this country have only 1,976,940 tons. Twenty years ago this country carried sixty-six per cent. of its foreign trade in American built and American registered vessels, but it has gradually declined until now it is less than eighteen per cent. The gross tonnage of Great Britain and Ireland amount to about 12,000,000 tons, and including that of the colonies the British flag protects 14,000,000 of the world's tonnage of 27,000,000.