

The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. VI., No. 35.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1878.

Single Copies, 3 cts.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

Passengers for Philadelphia leave Lehighton as follows:

8:15 a. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 6:40 a. m.	11:00 a. m. via L. V. " " " " " "
7:45 a. m. via L. V. " " " " " "	10:30 a. m. via L. V. " " " " " "
11:00 a. m. via L. V. " " " " " "	8:15 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "
4:15 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "	7:45 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "
7:45 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "	11:00 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "
11:00 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "	8:15 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "
7:45 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "	11:00 p. m. via L. V. " " " " " "

Arranging leave depot at Perkasie and Atglen, at 11:15 a. m. and 9:45 a. m.; 3:30 p. m. and 8:30 p. m. ELLIS CLARK, Agent. June 9, 1878.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

MAY 12TH, 1878.

Trains leave ALLENSTOWN as follows:—

(VIA FREDERICKS BRANCH.)

For Philadelphia, at 4:25, 5:50, 11:00 a. m., and 3:35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 4:25 a. m. and 3:35 p. m. (VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading, at 12:25, 3:50, 9:05 a. m., 12:10, 2:10, 4:30 and 8:05 p. m.

For Harrisburg, at 2:30, 5:50, 9:05 a. m., 12:15, 4:30 and 8:05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, at 5:50, 9:25 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

Does not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading, at 2:55 a. m. and 4:10 and 9:05 p. m.

For Harrisburg, at 3:10 a. m. and 9:40 p. m.

Trains FOR ALLENSTOWN as follows:—

(VIA FREDERICKS BRANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia, at 7:31 a. m., 1:00, 1:30 and 3:30 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, at 8:05 a. m. and 3:10 p. m. (VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, at 7:45, 1:35 a. m., 4:00, 6:15 and 10:30 p. m.

Leave Harrisburg, at 5:25, 8:19 a. m., and 2:00, 2:47 and 7:53 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, at 8:10 a. m., 12:55 and 3:05 p. m.

Leave Columbia, at 1:10 and 3:25 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, at 7:30 and 9:40 a. m.

Leave Harrisburg, at 5:25 a. m.

Trains marked with * run to and from denot via and Green streets, Philadelphia, and other towns to and from Broad street depot.

Leave Allenstown, at 7:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Trains from Philadelphia, leave through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOLLEN, General Manager.

C. G. HANCOCK, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

GREAT TRUNK LINE

United States Mail Route.

The attention of the traveling public is respectfully invited to the fact that the Great Trunk Line, in the condition of road and belief that no other line can offer equal inducements as a route of through travel.

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THE Pennsylvania Railroad

lands conveniently at the head of American railways. The track is double the entire length of the line, at most points on heavy oak ties, which are embedded in a foundation of rock built in concrete. It is clear in every respect, and is made of iron or steel, and built upon the most approved plans. Its passenger cars, while comfortable and airy, and of the same line made of comfort and elegance.

The Safety Appliances

These on this line will illustrate the far-seeing and liberal policy of the management, in accordance with which the safety of the line, in its improvement and maintenance, has been the question of consideration. Consequently, they may be said to be the Block System of Safety Signals, Janney Coupler, Buffer & Platform, THE WHARFON PATENT SWITCH, AND THE

Westinghouse Air-Brake,

forming in conjunction with a perfect double track road bed a combination of safeguards against accidents which have rendered them practically impossible.

Pullman Palace Cars

Are run on all Express Trains FROM NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON. TO CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS. WITHOUT CHANGE, and to all principal points in the far West and South with a change of cars. Connections are made in Union Depots, and are assured of all important points.

THE SCENERY

Of the Pennsylvania Route

is admitted to be unsurpassed in the world for grandeur, beauty and variety. Superior to the most famous localities are provided. Employees are courteous and attentive, and it is an inevitable result that a trip by the Pennsylvania Railroad must be a

Pleasant and Memorable Experience.

Tickets for sale at the lowest rates at the Ticket Office of the Company in all important cities and towns.

FRANK THOMPSON, L. P. FARMER, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. K. SHORR, Chief Pass. Agent, Middle Dist. 11 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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WHY GO HUNGRY! When you can buy 54 pounds of First-Class Bread—

FIVE LOAVES FOR 25 CENTS!

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FOUR LOAVES FOR TWENTY-FIVE CTS. Cash.

Sugar, Raisin, Cocoa, and Scotch, Drop, Cream and other CAKES, only

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TERMS STRICTLY CASH!

Patrons—collected. J. W. O'NEAL, 11 FORT: Opposite First National Bank. April 21

Gold.

Great chance to make money. If you can get a good idea of how to do it, you can do it as well as others. I need a few more subscribers to my new paper, "The People's Journal," for the month of August. I will give you a copy of it for nothing, if you will send me your name and address. I will also give you a copy of it for nothing, if you will send me your name and address. I will also give you a copy of it for nothing, if you will send me your name and address.

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V. Schwartz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of Furniture. Coffins made to order.

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Attorneys.

JOHN D. BERTOLETTE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Broadway and Nesquehanna Streets, Opposite Court House.

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

May be consulted in German. 108125-13*

P. P. LONGSTREET,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Next door to the "Carbon House"

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

December 16-6m.

W. H. HAPPEL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Deceased a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. N. C. 25.

JAS. R. STRUTHERS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 52^d Office—21 floor of Ribaud's Hall, Mauch Chunk, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27, 17.

P. J. MEEHAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Next Door to First National Bank, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Can be consulted in German. [Jan.]

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Oberst's Building, BANK-ST., LEHIGHTON.

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THOMAS KEMERER,

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Physicians and Dentists.

CHAS. T. HORN, M. D.,

OFFICE: OVER H. A. PETER'S DRUG STORE, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA. General practice attended to, and SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DISEASES OF WOMEN. Aug. 23, 1875-31

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases. Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehighton, Pa. April 3, 1875.

DR. N. B. REBER,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 30th, Bank street, next door above the Postoffice, Lehighton, Pa. Office Hours—Parryville each day from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at office in Lehighton. Nov. 23, '72

W. G. M. SEIPLE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PENNA. N. B.—Special attention given to the Care of Salt Rheum, &c. Jan 15-73

J. FRANKLIN LESH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, (Late Resident Physician of Harrisburg Hospital). OFFICE: Next door to the Union Church, WILKES-PORT, PA.

Special attention given to the Diseases of Women. Consultation in English and German. Aug. 18, 1877-80*

DR. EDWARD BROWN,

SURGEON DENTIST, Of the Pennsylvania Dental College, Philadelphia, has opened an office in LEHIGHTON, on BROAD STREET, next door to Snyder's store. All work warranted satisfactory. LAUGHING GAS used for the painless extraction of Teeth. Aug. 11, 1877-71

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

The undersigned has removed into the New Store-room on WHITE STREET, W. 2nd St., Pa. (Opposite the Winter's Hotel), and is offering a fair stock of Choice

Groceries, Provisions,

Candies, Confections, &c.,

which he is selling at VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES. Persons respectfully so invited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Jacob Straussberger,

March 30 1878 WHITE ST., WILKESPORT.

THE TEST OF LOVE.

Nellie Vallance walked out of the little church in P—— with a proud step and a light heart; she had just become Mrs. Lloyd Whitlow. The husband was fine-looking, moral, intelligent, possessing friends wherever he chose to make them, and was considered the most popular man in the town. Nellie was a pretty little creature, with an innocent face, and a smooth, round, white brow, and light waves of fair hair, which with her clinging, childlike ways, made of her an indescribably charming bride.

They made the bridal tour, and settled down in Lehighville, a very happy couple. Yet, ere two months had passed away, the little wife sat over her untasted breakfast with tearful eyes and pouting lips, giving vent at last to a torrent of tears.

"What in the world is the matter?" inquired Cousin Kate from across the table.

"I—I believe Lloyd is getting tired of me." "Nonsense, Nell; you always were such a sensitive plant! I can't see that you have any cause to make such an assertion."

"But I have; this is the second morning he has gone off without kissing me, and— and though more to make me know he does not love me as he did."

"You ought to remember that your husband is one of those who attach little importance to outward show of affection. I am sure he does not love you less because he forgets those little lover-like attentions, which, after all, are of little consequence when one is sure of a husband's affections."

"But I am not at all sure that is just it. And this very day I am going to begin to test his love for me; if I can succeed in making him jealous I'll believe he loves me."

"Rather a difficult game to play, Cousin Nell; how are you going to do it?"

"Oh, it's easy enough. You remember Albert Weston? He is practicing law here in Lehighville. I believe that he possesses enough of the old affection for me, and just about little principle enough to make him useful in this matter. His manner when I have met him has annoyed me beyond measure. I'll make use of it now."

"Well, Mrs. Nellie Whitlow, all I have to say is, that you will very likely regret the day you planned this foolish little game."

"To this Nellie only answered—

"I'll write this minute and accept his invitation to drive this evening."

Lloyd Whitlow was home that night before Nellie returned. When at last she did come she was in high spirits, giving as a reason, when her husband rallied her upon the fact, that she had had "such a glorious drive with her old lover."

"Look out, little wife," he said, with a laugh, "you threw that 'old lover' over for me; don't go to throwing me over for him!"

"Oh, stranger things have happened!" she answered.

This conversation ended in making the husband unusually quiet and the wife unusually gay.

"Darling," Lloyd said, laying down his book one evening, about a month afterward, "are you acting discreetly in receiving Mr. Weston here as often as you do?"

"I hope so, Lloyd."

"Well," he said, leaning over and looking in his wife's eyes, "one ought not to care for old lovers, I suppose, when one is sure that he is the only lover now."

"-h!" thought Nellie he is waking up at last. "But she answered with a light laugh, "don't you be too sure of that."

He resumed his book immediately, and looked very grave, while the light danced in Nellie's eyes as she said to herself, "I believe my plan will succeed!"

"Nellie," said her Cousin Kate, as she entered the parlor hurriedly, a few weeks later, and interrupted her in the midst of an old love story, while Mr. Weston was bending over her at the piano, "excuse my troubling you, but I must see you a moment."

Weston took out his watch, said he ought to have been gone half hour ago, bade them good evening, and left.

"Well, Kate, what is it? What are you looking so frightened about?"

"Nellie Whitlow, you have gone far enough in your test! As I came in the front door, Lloyd passed me going out. I never saw such a look on a man's face! He came from the back parlor and must have heard all you said. Oh, Nell, what did you say that caused him to leave looking like that? Did you know he was there?"

"Of course I did; but Weston did not, and Lloyd did not know that I knew it. So I concluded to finish up my task this evening. I did not commit myself, either; I only let Weston talk his nonsense without rebuking him. So, if you think Lloyd is really jealous, I'll stop, for I am very tired of it, and to-night I'll tell him all about it and laugh at him. I do believe he loves me now, Kate; and I am not a bit sorry for what I have done."

"You may be before you are through. Lloyd Whitlow is not a man to be trifled with, as I have told you dozens of times; but you would have you own way."

That evening, the wife who had promised herself so much happiness in confessing all to her husband, was walking the floor,

back and forth; her lips were quivering, her hands working nervously, and her face was as white and as woebegone as three hours of suspense and agony could make it. Lloyd had not returned. The clock struck twelve. With the first chime she threw herself prostrate upon the floor.

"Oh, my love, my darling!" she cried; "so generous, so ready to shield me, how can I live without you? And you are gone—gone away, believing me guilty! Oh, how utterly wasted will my life be without you!"

She lay there until morning, weeping convulsively at intervals, and choking with the flood of sorrow and remorse. And then another thought took possession of her. Suppose some harm had come to him! She could endure his reproaches, his desertion, even, but never the sight of him wounded or dead for her sake. She would bear her suspense no longer, she said; she could know the worst by going to his office and questioning the clerks, and go she would.

Before she reached the street a servant handed her a letter.

"Left here for you this morning, ma'am."

Nellie retraced her steps hurriedly, and with trembling fingers opened her husband's note. It was written the evening before.

"I am going out on the river for a few days, to stay until I conclude how to arrange affairs between us. I shall take steps to give you back your freedom. Until then; try to act discreetly."

That was all; not even a reproach, believing of her what he did; only cold, constraining words. And the bitter part to her was, that she knew her husband's forbearance grew out of his great love for her.

A week passed; she never wanted to remember how.

"Have you heard from Mr. Whitlow?" she asked again of his clerk, as she had done every day since he left.

"Yes; just received a letter. He is at Leavenworth."

Nellie turned away with a "Thank you," and a lighter heart than she had known for many a day. She decided instantly to go to him, believing that she could make all right if she could only see him. Four o'clock found her en route for the village on the Ohio, on board the steamer Gray Eagle. There was an electric party on board for the same place, from whence they were going to Wyandotte Cave. Many of her acquaintances were in the party, and among them was Weston. On arriving at Leavenworth she found that her husband had gone on down the river, but would return in a day or two. Her friends urged her to join their party. She was willing to do anything to pass away the time that must elapse before her husband came, so went with them to explore the renowned cave.

They had not been gone an hour when Lloyd Whitlow returned to Leavenworth. Learning that one of the party just gone had been anxious to see him, started after them on horseback, little thinking that his wife was of the party, yet faintly hoping that he would hear from her. He overtook them just as they had arrived at Blue River. He was astonished at seeing his wife there, and only recognized her by a distant low. He supposed that Weston's presence was the cause of hers.

The fording-place was a little high now from recent rains; the water was muddy, too, so one could not see the bottom, which right there was a level rock extending across the stream, and was several yards wide, but which had an offset of a number of feet; yet in the muddy, high water it was safe enough if one kept one's eye on the road at the other side and drove straight for it.

Lloyd was going over last, so Nellie waited purposely to go in the last buggy load. They were not half over before the horse, frightened at the splashing of the water behind it, reared, plunged, upset the buggy in the deep water, and left the driver and Nellie in a fair way to be drowned. The driver helped himself; Lloyd was at Nellie's side in an instant.

To Nellie, the chill of the water seemed like the visible presence of death. She did not scream; she believed she should drown, and the only pang to her was the thought that she would die unrepentant to her husband. But the thought had scarcely become one ere the strong arms and nerves of Lloyd Whitlow had saved her. His heart went out to her when he caught sight of her bloodless face turned so beseechingly toward him. They stood alone on the ledge of rocks in the middle of the water. Nellie spoke first.

"Lloyd," she said, "you will forgive me. I am not so guilty as you suppose. I love you, so I came down here to find you. And oh, Lloyd, as she saw his face softening toward her, "you do love me, too; you cannot say no!"

He laid his hand over the little fingers quivering so piteously, remembered himself, and drew away. His voice was hard as he said:

"I might have listened to you, and believed an explanation possible, if I had not found you with him to-day."

"Then why did you not let me die?" she moaned. "Why did you save my life to torture me?"

And she commenced sobbing.

"Woman, this is acting. Have done with it!" was the husband's only answer.

Her excited sobs came faster. A gleam of pity came into his eyes; he hurried with her to the shore, wrapped her in shawls provided by the company, placed her in a carriage and told the driver to hurry with her to the hotel, six miles distant; he would follow on horseback. As he put her out of his arms, her great pleading eyes were turned toward him, searching for some look of affection, some faint recognition of all that she had been to him. But finding none, the anguish of her disappointment broke forth in a single word—"Lloyd!"

To his dying day he never forgot that cry. A slight quiver about the mouth, a swift quailing of the eye were all the signs he gave that he heard her. She knew that all was over between them. One thought took possession of her; to act so that the company would suspect nothing. So she declared herself restored upon their arrival at the hotel, and insisted upon going with the party into the cave.

At one o'clock they started, with lighted candles and guides. Weston kept near Nellie. Whitlow was here, there, everywhere. He became interested at last in some magnificent stalactites and his party got far ahead of him. He discovered this and hurried after them. He could see their lights in the distance. When nearly up to them his candle went out. He went sauntering along until he came within hearing of the two nearest him, and recognized his wife and Weston.

"You cannot deny," Weston was saying, "that you have encouraged me to think that you cared for me, Nellie, and, by heaven! you shall not say me nay!"

"I confess to having done wrong. I was so afraid I did not possess my husband's whole heart, that I determined to test his love for me by trying to make him jealous."

"So you made a cat's paw of me! Very kind of you. May I ask what prompted you to select me?"

"Because you were respectable enough in the eyes of the world to make it look right, and you were unprincipled enough to make it practicable, and heartless enough to have no feelings in the matter."

"Then you love your husband?"

"Love him? I idolize him! I would give my life to occupy the place in his heart I did a month ago. I love him so well that I cannot imagine how heaven can be heaven to me without him!"

"That is enough, Mrs. Whitlow. I believe that you will enjoy yourself more in his company than in mine; so I will step ahead and send him back to you."

Weston went on, when out of the darkness a pair of arms encircled her. Nellie looked up, terror-stricken, and saw the face of her husband, wearing so different a look, that she knew he had heard all.

"Nellie, darling, you are my own pure wife after all, but you were very, very indiscreet."

"I was trying to make you jealous."

"And you succeeded with a vengeance. I never thought my love needed that trial."

"But you acted so differently from what you did before we were married."

"I was your lover then, Nellie."

"Yes, Lloyd," she said, as she clung closer to him; "and you are infinitely more to me now—you are my husband."

"I believe I understand you," he said, with a smile. "What you ask is easily given; suppose I commence now," and Lloyd Whitlow clasped his little wife to his breast and nearly covered her with kisses.

"Thank God, Lloyd, that we once more understand each other! I will repay you the pain I have cost you by a life-time of devotion."

"Which I must encourage by a little petting now and then, eh?"

"Yes, Lloyd, please."

That excursion party thought in the morning that Mr. and Mrs. Whitlow were the most matter-of-fact bride and groom they ever saw; but concluded in the evening that they were the most devoted.

Nellie's advice to newly married wives is "don't test your husband's love."

Unintentional Suicides.

Dr. R. S. Tracy, in Popular Science, for July, says: Drowning and hanging, then, are painless modes of dying, because the asphyxia which causes death is complicated by other circumstances, which render the dying man so soon unconscious that the pangs of suffocation are unfeeling. And the insensibility which results from hanging is so insidious and painless in its approach, that experiments on the subject are very dangerous for any one to make alone. It is probable that many persons, who are supposed to have committed suicide in this way, had really no intention of bringing about their own death. Some have been led, like the two gentlemen mentioned by Morgagni, to try the experiment out of curiosity. Others may have done so out of pique. It is not impossible, nor perhaps improbable that high-spirited boys or girls after a degrading punishment, should rush off, as we read of their doing, and hang themselves. The child puts a cord around his neck and steps off from a chair, expecting to be followed, found choking, and released by the anxious parents. If he is not followed and his absence not noticed nothing can be easier for him than to step up on the chair

again, loosen the rope, and no one will ever know of his folly. In the first case he would obtain his childish revenge for the wrong he had received, and in the second place he would lose nothing; for he is his only accomplice. But the laws of nature are too stern. Utterly ignorant of his danger, and intending only a prank of childish folly, he steps from his chair into eternity. Such a possibility should make us charitable, and in cases of suicide by hanging lead us to remember that, although the case may be evidently one of suicide, and the hanging plainly intentional, nevertheless the death has been undesired and unlooked for.

Cyprus.

The island of Cyprus, which Lord Beaconsfield has so cleverly acquired and welded into the chain connecting Europe and India; the other links whereof are Gibraltar, Malta, the Suez Canal and Aiden, is the most easterly island of the Mediterranean, being butly sixty-five miles from the Syrian coast; on the north it approaches to within forty-four miles of Asia Minor. Its length is about one hundred and forty miles, and breadth from fifteen, at the northeastern extremity, to forty, the total area being 3,675 square miles. The population is estimated at 200,000 souls, of whom perhaps two-thirds are Greeks, the remainder being Ottomans, Jews, Catholics, Maronites and Armenians. Hitherto it has formed part of the vilayet of the islands of the Mediterranean, having as its capital Nicosia, where resides the Archbishop, through his title is Metropolitan of Constantia. Since the council of Ephesus in 431 he has retained his independence of any patriarch, and the Church of Cyprus forms one of the independent groups into which the Greek Church is divided.

Cyprus early belonged to the Phoenicians of the neighboring coast; then it was colonized by the Greeks, and became the seat of several independent kingdoms; then it passed under the power successively of the Pharaohs, Persians, Ptolemies and Romans, excepting a short period of independence under Evagoras in the fourth century B. C. Here was one of the chief seats on the worship of Venus, as the name Cyprus will remind the reader; Paphos and Salamis were among its famous cities of old time. The Crusaders took it from the Greek Emperor and made it a kingdom for Guy of Lusignan, whose descendants lost it to the Venetians; the employers, as readers of Shakespeare will recall, of *Othello*. After a siege marked by prodigies of valor and immense slaughter, the Turks took the island 397 years ago, and have held it ever since, except during the period of 1832-40, when the Viceroy of Egypt administered its affairs.

The island is fertile and rich, though the frequent drought shrinks its principal stream, the Pedio, to a mere rill and compels the inhabitants, the waters of the wells being brackish, to have recourse to cisterns. Minerals abound, including copper and precious stones, though the mines have hitherto been sadly neglected. Among the vegetable productions are fruits, cotton, tobacco, dyewood and drugs; silk is also produced; and wine. In old times the wine of the Commanderia, a vineyard taking its name from the Knights of Malta, enjoyed a wide fame, but as the population has fallen off from 1,000,000 in Venetian times to its present low figure, so the wine production has fallen off from 2,000,000 gallons to 200,000. There is some demand in Egypt, though none in Europe, for the common red and black wines of the country, against which Europeans have a prejudice, because of the taste they acquire from being kept in tarred casks.

The island has one splendid port—Famagosta, the Arminio of the ancients—which, though so choked with silt as only to afford anchorage for a few small craft, might easily be restored to its prominence under the old Venetian rule, where hundreds of vessels rode within its roosted at ease and in safety. Despite the locusts which scourge it ceaselessly, and the even more rapacious Turkish tax-gatherer, Cyprus has of late years been increasing in prosperity. Its grain crop is small, and both its wheat and oats are inferior, but *colocynth* is extensively cultivated; large exports of madder are made, and cotton and carob-beans are sent abroad to the extent of some thousands of tons annually.

To Americans, and especially to New Yorkers, the island will be familiar through the Di Cesarian collection of Cypriot antiquities. According to that distinguished Assyriologist, the late George Smith, and other eminent authorities, the language of their inscriptions is a Greek dialect approaching the Arcadian, but possessing many peculiarities, the characters (not Greek, but of unknown origin) being usually from right to left and syllabic; some of them, however, representing different forms of the vowels and other consonants only.—N. Y. World.

—It is lovely at the tender vesper hour, when the rose fraught zephyr curls the lakelet into ripples, and coquets sweetly with the rose or mandarin, as the case may be, to sit and watch the stars twinkling in their spheres, to press Germaine's velvety little hand and tell her soft things to the tune of the peripatetic organ-grinder.