A ROMANTIC STORY.

A dispatch from Port Jervis, N. Y., to the New York Times, relates this : Joseph Morse, of Stroudsburg, Pa., ade \$50,000 in 1850 out of a conmade tract on the Deleware, Lackawana and Western railway, which was then constructing. He removed to this place and purchased a fine residence. His family consisted of his wife and two daughters. His wife's maiden name was Coffin. She was a member of a had two younger sisters. Mr. Morse gave both of his daughters a fine education. Frances was a graduate of Seward institute, of Florida, this county, a school founded by the father of the late Secretary Seward, and which has always been conducted by members of that family. Miss Morse was a fine musician and linguist. After returning home from school she becam a contributor to New York periodicals While at school, she, with her thought less companions, inserted an advertise ment in a New York newspaper solid iting correspondence with se ome gen tlemen, with a view to matrimony The advertisrment was answered by F. I. Jenks, of Boston. A corre pondence was carried on between Miss Morse and Jenks for some time, and finally they became engaged without ever having seen each other

Some time after the Morse family came to Port Jervis, Mrs. Morse died Her husbaud subsequently married one of her sisters. In 1854, after Frances returned from school, her be trothed husband came on from Boston to see her. She disliked him as soon as she saw him. Her stepmother, how-ever, fancied the young man, and through her influence Frances was induced to reconsider a determination she had made to break off her engagement, and she and Jenks were mar-They went to Boston. Mrs. ried. Jenks remained in that city only a short time, as she and her husband did not live happily together. Jenks came to Port Jervis subsequently and lived with his wife for six months, when a separation was agreed upon between them, and Jenks went away Meantime, Morse had squandered his fortune. During a severe illness about this time Mrs. Jenks took as medicine large quantities of opium. When she recovered she accepted a position as teacher in one of the New York schools.

It was there that she discovered that she had acquired the opium habit. She became such a slave to the habit that she was compelled to give up her situation in New York. In 1859 her stepmother died, and her father after ward married the remaing one of the three Coffin sisters. Mrs. Jenks gradually obtained control of her appetite for opium. In 1864 her father took the contract for building the Hawley branch of the Erie railway and remov ed from Port Jervis to Hawley. There Mrs. Jenks married a man named Mc-Ray, and the two removed to Connecticut. It does not appear whether a divorce was ever obtained in the first marriage. McRay died a year or two afterwards. Morse somewhat repaired his fortune by the Hawley contract, and removed to St. Louis in 1865, where he amassed a large fortune, and where, it is said, he still resides. His widowed daughter joined him in that city, and by her accomplishments and beauty, took a prominent place in society. The Morses, in 1868, spent the The young wid-

ow captured a young Southerner named George S. Henry, who was also staying at the springs. She married him, and they took up their rosidence on his plantation near New Orleans. They lived there happily for three years, when Henry died. After he died it was found that his affairs were in such shape that his wife and child would be left penniless. The child died soon afterwaeds, and Mrs. Henry fell soon afterwards into her old opium eating habit. She came to New York city. Friends aided her in securing work on the press. The habit of opium-eating grew on her, and she was finally compelled to cease writing. She then engaged in dress-making. From that time her friends in this place lost trace of her. A few days ago it was announced in one of the morning pupers that Mrs. Henry had died at No. 17 Clinton Place, and that she had been so addicted to use of opium that she required from four to five ounces of laudanum a day. This unfortunate woman proved to be the former society belle at Port Jervis, Frances Morse.

gentleman adroitly turned the conver-sation in a political channel.

GREATEST WALK ON RECORD.

COLORED MINISTER AT WASHING TON TELLS THE STORY.

Brother Bells, of the Colored Bethel Congregation, a few nights since, at a prayer meeting, took occasion, in the course of an exhortation upon the duties of life, to fire a passing shot at the walking mania, now so prevalent, and developed some facts in relation to pedestrianism feats that seems hitherto to have escaped notice. He said : "My beloved bredren and sisters,

one ting I'm bound to say to dar is you befo' I close de exercizes dis nite, and dat is, don't you take no stock in dis here walkin' business. Let dem white tramps men and wimmin, alone; don't you spen' your money or your preshus time runnin' 'round arter dem ; and for de Lord's sake an' your own, don't you try to make fools ob yourselves by trying to do likewise. You men will find plenty of exercize in attending to your work, and you wimmen enuff to do ober your washtubs and nussin' your babies, instead of trampin' roun' an' roun' de sawdust, day on and day off, jess to please a ob fools and ruin your own passel helf. Besides, my beloved frens, all de braggin' dey duz about dere long walks, long times and what dev call fizzikle ondoorinse ain't wuth shucks when you comes to compare dem wid one pufformance dat tuk place thousands of years ago, and de reason dey don't mention it is bekase none of desc sportin' folks eber reads dere Bibles Well, I'll tell you what it waz, and Well, I'll tell you what it waz, and it's de greatest sportin' match, as dey calls it, dat ever come off on de face ob dis yearf. None of your hippy-drum bisness heah. No, sah! No, Fair heel-an'-toe walkin', judge appinted, track measured, time kep' accordin' to de Skripturs, an' a ree kord made-yes, and a ree-kord dat can't be denied, 'cause here it is-yes, here it is, in dis preshus book ! Now. ess turn ober your Bibles, my frens, and look at de fifth chapter ob Gene-sis, twenty-second vass, an' what do Why you fin' dat ' Enochwalked-wid-God!-(after he begat-ted Meefoosaly) - three - hundredyears!' Three-hundred-years? Dar war a walk for you! Jess shut your eyes an' 'flect on it ! Three-hundred Besides, de ree-kord says vears! dat when de ole man made dat match. an' had dat chile (who kep' on living until he was nine hundred and sixty nine years old-monsus good stuff in dat family !)-I say, when de old man made dat match, and had dis chile, he was sixty-five years ob age, an' den walked-three-hundred - y e a r s! Talk 'bout yo' 'fizzikle ondoorinse' arter dat! Talk 'bout yo' 'pluck' and 'grit' arter dat! Why, de ole has done laid out all ob dese man nowadays blowers as flat as a dead shad! So much for dis 'strordinary oufformance.' But dat ain't all ob Dere's mo' yet. If you'll jess look at de twenty-fo'rth vass ob de same chapter you will fin,' my beloved frens, what a orful warning is in dat vass to po' foolish creeturs who has de coneit to make sich onekel matches. Did any good come ob de ole man Enoch's walk? Did he make anyting outer Did he make anyting outen No! my bredren an' sisters. No

no! He loses by it-loss eberyting by it-neber 'pear'd in de ring aginin fack, he 'went up.' Jess read de vuss : 'An' - Enoch-walked-wid -God-an'-he-wuz-not'-(dat is, he warn't nowhat)-' for-God-tuck -him.' 'God tuck him !' To be shuah he tuck him ! He was bound to be tuck ! He held out for a long time, de ole man did ; he was game to de last ; he wuz doin' his level best. but Ole Master wuz too long in de stride, an' too sound in de wind for him, an' tuck him on de last round. Yes, my beloved frens, an' he'll take anybody dat tries dat game on him, an' h'ist him 'higher'n a kite,' jess as Ole Bos Enoch. warnin' by dis orful lesson ; let all dis kind of foolishness alone, an' 'tend to yo' proper callin's like good Christ-An' now let us prav !' shuns.

passed anywhere. The peak com-mands a view of 100 miles radius, a wild mountainous region, containing many lakes, and the sources of four great rivers-the Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, and Colorado of California.

NO COLOR-LINE IN HEAVEN.

Perhaps no sermon that was preached Sunday, says the San Francisco Alla, surpassed in fervor and effectivelate plea of Rev. Plato nesss the Johnson to his congregation to lead a goodly life. He said in part : "Bruddern, the lub ob de Lord am a wonder-ful ting. Nobody would tink dat a pore old darkey's life was wuff much ennyhow; but de scripter says dat de life; also, because of the great ambi-fust shall be last and vice versy, and life; also, because of the great ambi-tions and powers ascribed to her, her dat is de chief hold we hab; for I 'clude from that sayin' dat de cullud pusson wot shines boots and charges nly the regular price has a tol'ble show fur the next world, tho' he hain't much ob a chance here. From a 'ligious point of view it's jest as portant to shine boots well as to run first-class saw-mill. De Lord he neber axes you wot you ben doin', but how you ben doin' it. An' when ou get to de judgment day, some ob ou pore washerwomen who wasn't ean 'bout de starch, but put plenty mean it in de clothes, will be flutterin' yer wings in Paradise while de white man wat made you wait for yar munny will be a lookin' an' a lookin' for a shady spot, an' a wishin' dat he'd a bit ob ice. You knows wot I's tinkin' jest at this time? I's tinkin' dat some of dese white folks wot 'm-agines dat dey'll hab a fedder bed in de nex' world, an' free or for de nex' world, an' free or four angels to keep de flies off, will fin' wen dey's lookin' roun' fur der reserved seat in lookin roun fur der reserved seat in glory dat dey's got a cinder in dere eye, an' can't see it. How'll you feel white man, wen yo' fin yo'self 'mongst a big crowd ob ornary folks way up in de family circle, while some pore darkey, who did your chores like an honest man, is 'ducted by de heben' honest man, is 'ducted by de hebenly who bore so much for ambition's sake ushers to a orchestra seat, right down clus to de music? An'how'll you feel realized. In church I sat where I "Tain't no matter what color you may, and that of his beautiful wife." He be, your names been called and we's bore a strong resemblance to the por d'ricted to show you a seat on de plat-form.' Yer old black faces 'll shine ike de moon, and you'll feel like strik- He did not seem to inherit his mother's in' out wid de dubble shuffle right on de golden pavement. 'Member, all ob you, dat it ain't de pocket-book, nor color, but de shape ob de wot gibs you a right to a front seat up vander.

HOW THE NEGROES ARE DUPED.

Georgeously illuminated chromo-lithographs of Kansas scenes have been distributed among the blacks. A gen-tleman who has seen some of these chromos writes that the most ravishing presentiment of rural life in Kansas is depicted. The negroes look on the State as a second paradise, compared with which old Canaan is a Florida swamp. One of these pictures entitled "A Freedman's Home," represents a fine landscape, with fields of ripening grain stretching away to the setting

In the foreground, illuminated by a marvelous sunset, stood the freedman's our mean ?' home. It was a picturesque cottage, with gables, dormer windows and wide verandas. French windows reached down to the floor, and through the open casements appeared a seductive scene in the family sitting room. The ness colored father, who has just returned from his harvest fields sat in an easy chair reading a newspaper, while the children and babies rollicked on the floor of the piazza. Through the open door of the kitchen the colored wife could be seen directing the servants and cooks who were preparing the evening meal. In the parlor, however, was the most enchanting feature, for at a grand piano was poised the belle of the household and beside the piano where she was playing stood her 2 000 ' colored lover devouring her with his eyes while he abstractedly turned the leaves of her music. Just to one side of the dwelling appeared a commodious barn and carriage house and workmen busily engaged in putting in order their reapers and mowers for the flew following day. In one of these pictures the "Old Auntie" sits on the veranda knitting stockings while she gazes on the herds of buffalo and antelope, which are feed-ing on the prairies beyond the wheat fields. Approaching the gate a handsome young colored man is seen com-ing in from a hunt, with a dead buck no statistician. and a string of wild turkeys slung over his shoulders. These agricultural cartoons, in vivid coloring, the writer re-Sir Wilfred Lawson in Nineteenth Century. "Let me conclude by relating what ports are doing much to influence the minds of the more ignorant negroes.

THE LATE MADAME BONAPARTE.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes : Since the recent death of Mme. Bonaparte calls forth many incidents characteristic of the woman, perhaps it will interest your readers to know of one or two of her personal peculiarities. She was, as a girl, willful, high-spirited, beautiful and imperious. When I was a little girl I remember hearing that she boasted among her companions that she would marry a Bonaparte, and left her father's sick-room after a violent quarrel, to go to Baltimore, meet sharp, cutting speech, her disdain of women in general, and her great desire to place her family in high position in Europe.

She attended to her business, and as I lived opposite her I could see her at her desk writing busily, then going out with a green bag such as the attorneys carried. She had grown very stout, although the traces of her beauty were left. In general, she dressed shabbily, cared for no one's opinion, and seemed engrossed in the accumulation of money, going several times to Europe to attend to her business affairs. When occasion required, and she chose, she would dress handsomely and be the fascinating woman of old. She had a beautiful hand and arm, of

afternoon, she would pay great atten-tion to her hands, scemingly polishing and caring for them ; then would de scend to the parlor and seat herself at bore a strong resemblance to the por-traits of Napoleon, and was an interesting study because of the resemblance. force of character nor her ambition.

STATISTICS FOR GIRLS

A young English statistician who paying court to a young lady, thought to snrprise her with his immense erudition Producing his note book, she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following question : How many meals do you eat a day?

"Why, three of course; but of all he oddest questions-

"Never mind, dear, I'll tell you all about it in a moment.

His pencil was rapidly at work. At last fondly clasping her slender waist :

"Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years I can give you the exact figures." "Goodness! Gracious! What can

"Now just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happi-

"Don't you want to hear ?"

"Ah, you are surprised, no doubt, but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen: You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed-oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 100 games of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs, 3,120; vegetables, (bunches.) 700; fruit, baskets, 603; cheese, 103; bread, cake, etc., in sacks of flour, 40; wine, barrels, 11; water,

They are taken to a trough full of water, with a small pipe continually running into it and supplying it. They are given a ladle, and told to empty it. They They who have not regained their senses keep ladling away, while the water flows in as fast as they ladle it out; but them as isn't idiots stop the tap.

A Poor Girl's Hair.

A young and poorly clad girl en-tered a barber shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that "he must buy The friseur examined her her head. long, glossy chestnut locks and began to bargain. He could give eight florins, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other phrases of the kind. The little maid-en's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks She finally threw herself in a chair. and said :

"Then take it quickly." The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clinch it with his chears, when a gentleman, who sat half-shaved looking on, told him to stop. "My child," said he, "why do you

sell your beautiful hair?" "My mother has been nearly five

months ill. I cannot work enough to support us; everything has been sold pawned, and there is not a penny in the house."

No, no, my child; if that is the case I will buy your hair, and give you one hundred florins for it."

He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which dried her tears, and he took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand he took the long est hair, cut it off and put it carefully in his pocket book, thus paying one hundred florins for a single hair. He He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. He is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city.

Childhood, Youth and Manhood.

It is man's destiny still to be longing after something, and thus the grat-ification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the coneption of another.

The child of a year old wants little food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient supply of either of these things, than he begins whimpering or yelling, it may be for the other.

At three, the young urchin becomes enamored of sugar plums, apple pies and confectionery. At six, his imagination runs on kites,

marbles and tops, and abundance of playtime.

At ten, the boy wants to leave school, and have nothing to do but go bird nesting. At fifteen, he wants a beard, and a

watch and a pair of boots. At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure

and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry ; he wants sadly to be in love, and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him.

The young man of twenty-five wants a wife ; and at thirty he longs to be single again.

From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making mon ey than spending it. About this time he dabbles in politics, and wants an office.

At fifty he wants excellent dinners and considers a map in the afternoon indispensible.

The respectable old gentleman of ixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four thousand, to marry his daughters set up his sons, and live in the country ; and then, for the rest of his life, he wants to be young again.

THE SABBATH .- We are more and more sure, by experience, that the reason for the observance of the Saband disgusting besides, and I will not stay to listen to you," upon which she cessities of human nature, and that as long as a man is man, the blessedness of keeping it, not as a day of rest only, but as a day of spiritual rest, will never be annulled. We certainly twelve hours out of twenty-four, her jaws would in twenty years travel a distance of 1,332.124 miles." feel by experience the eternal necessi-ty of the Sabbath. The soul withers without it. It thrives in proportion without it. It thrives in proportion to its observance. The Sabbath was made for man. God made it for men in a certain spiritual state, because they need it. The need, therefore, is deeply hidden in human nature. He who can dispense with it must be holy and spiritual indeed. And he who, still unholy and unspiritual, would yet dispense with it, is a man that would fain be wiser than his Maker.

A Curious Circumstance.

A well-known lady of Albany, New York, awoke from a sleep last Monday and at once broke out into a fit of vio lent weeping, which attracted the at-tention of all in the house. When quieted, she said that her husband, quieted, she said that her husband, long since dead, had appeared to her in a dream and told her that her daughter was dying. This incident was related to persons in another part of the city, during the same day, and before the person who told of it had any knowledge of what is recited hereafter. That the mother, who knew that her daughter had been for some time sick, should become impressed with the idea that she was dying was not singular, as that might easily have resulted from apprehensions which had no doubt been entertained. The remarkable fact is this: On the same day, and as near as can be ascertained, at the exact time when the mother was manifesting distress of mind, the daughter roused herself in a bed of sickness, in a house on Ar-bor Hill, and said to her attendant, "Why how my mother is crying!" and a moment later, "Don't you Hear her cry?" The nurse heard nothing, and was obliged to say so, although the sick woman repeatedly asserted that her mother was crying, and endeavored to convince the nurse that she heard her. The young lady died on Wednesday and was buried on

A Stupid Witness.

The stupidity of some witnesses, and the perplexity occasioned by the "says I" and "says he" are thus illustrated : In a recent trial at Winchester, a witness failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reason his fondness for "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin, with the lowing result

"My man, tell us now exactly what passed." "Yes, my lord; I said I would not

have the pig." "And what was his answer?" "He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he-'

"No, no; he could not have said that; he spoke in the first person." "No, my lord, I was the first person that spoke."

"I mean, don't bring in the third

person ; repeat his exact words. "There was no third person, my lord, only him and me."

"My good fellow, he did not say he

had been keeping the pig; he said 'I have been keeping it.'" "I assure you, my lord, there was no

mention of your lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there; and if anything had been said about your lordship, I must have heard it."

The Baron gave in.

One Drop of Ink.

"I don't see why you won't let me lay with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always Kirk. mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little; but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it." "Oh, mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a

glass so!'

"Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at One drop, or a dozen, or fifty me. won't do that.

" No, my son; and, therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."

Saturday .- Ex.

SHE CAME DOWN.

A young lady gave her skating rink experience as follows :

You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the min-ister. "I'd just got the skates on and made a start, when down I came on my_" "Maggie !" said her mother.

"What? O, it was too funny? One skate went one way and the other t'other way, and down I came on

my-""
"Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father.

"Well, what? They scooted from under me and down I came on my-" "Margaret?" yelled both the parents.

"On my little brother who had me by the hand, and liked to have mashed him. Now what is the matter ?"

Scenes at Pike's Peak.

Some curious natural phenomena are witnessed from the summit of Pike's Electric storms are so remark-Peak. able there that those who have witnessed them are eloquent as to their splendor. Little thunder accompanies them ; but the whole mountain seems to be on fire, and the top one sheet of flame. Electricity comes out of every rock and darts here and there with indescribable radiance. An observer says that it played around him continuously; shot down his back,

glanced out at his feet, and so completely filled him that he became charged like a Leyden jar. He could not retain his foothold; he bounded and rebounded from the rocks after the manner of an india-rubber ball the manner of an induardober ball; he felt as though a powerful battery were throbbing and thrilling through his frame, and, fearing consequences, he hurried into the signal station. The signal officers stationed at the peak e some wonderful sights, and if they had as much imagination and rhetoric as they have patience and power of observation, they could furnish some very vivid descriptions of what they

witness. Several men of science who have watched electric storms from the The girl's mother emerged from be-hind the coffee pot, a sigh of relief es-nomena the grandest and most imposhind the coffee pot, a sigh of relief es-caped from the minister, and the old ing, and that they can hardly be sur-hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

An exchange says: "Arthur B. Mann, local of the Coudersport Jour-Mann, local of the Coudersport State nal, recently sold his farm in Potter county for \$7,000,000." Only got county for \$7,000,000." Only got seven millions for his farm, eh? Newspaper men seldom have any luck. We had a niggardly offer of six millions for our farm in Bradford county a few years ago, and have the refusal of eight millions for our summer palace and grounds at Chest-nut Hill, in Philadelphia county. Because a man is connected with a newspaper it is necessarily supposed that he is "hard up" for money and will accept almost any trifle for his property.—Norristown Herald.

WHY is beefsteak like newly-made

At this the maiden revolted, and, umping up, exclaimed :

"I think you are very impertinent into the house.

He gazed after her with an abstractd air and left, saying to himself :

"If she kept talking at that rate

The maiden, within two months, married a well-to-do grocer, who was

"STOP THE TAP."

occurred at a meeting in one of our northern counties. It was a species of temperance meeting, Three excellent clergymen spoke. They harped on the elastic and indefinite word 'mod-Three excellent eration, condemning intemperance, but setting up Timothy as their model man, morally and constitutionally; lauding and magnifying sobriety, but commending the temperate consump-tion of alcohol. When they had concluded, an elderly farmer rose and said : 'I've heard that kind of talk for the last forty years, and I can't see that people are a bit more sober now than when it commenced. It reminds me of what I once saw take place at a retreat for imbeciles. It is the custom there, after the patients have been

In a late German story the hero gives rhapsodical description of "the first kiss" in these ebullient words: Am I really dear to you, Sophia? I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes; she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, and my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars; the earth went from under my feet." All of which is very pretty and poetic, but very indefinite. What the practical American reader wants

to know is, if that is the transcendant German way of saying that he was at that particular moment lifted by a in residence for a certain time, to put them to a kind of a test to see whether they are fit to leave the asylum or not.

THE shrewdest of men are some-imes taken in. Barnum, wanting to be shaved went into a barber shop. The place was pretty full of customers, anxious to save time, Barnum got and an Irishman to give him his turn on connition that he paid for both. Next day he found Pat had made the most of the opportunity, the knight of the razor presenting the following little bill for payment : To one shave, 20 cents; to one hair-cutting, 20 cents; to one shampooing, 50 cents ; to one hair dyeing, \$1; to one bottle hair dye, \$1; to one bath, 75 cents; total, \$3.65. Barnum settled up and turned the bargain to account by having a picture painted for his museum repre-senting the Irishman as he appeared before and after he had passed through the barber's hands.

A LEARNED clergyman in the State of Maine was approached in the fol-lowing manner by an illiterate preach-er who despised education : "Sir, you er who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the farmer, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similiar event," replied the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence in the present day."

THE man who was tossed over the back of an irate bull was reported as not dead, but only gone beef o'er.