

George Sumner in St. Petersburg.

Mr. Dallas was sitting in his office at the Legation in St. Petersburg on a certain morning, when a young man, or rather a boy, presented himself, with the arms of his jacket out at the elbows, and remarked that he "would like to see the Emperor."

"You would like to see the Emperor?" inquired, rejoined Mr. Dallas, adding the further interrogation, "What do you want to see the Emperor for?"

"Oh I have a little business with him," replied the youth.

"Well," said the Ambassador, "you can't see the Emperor."

"Why not; can't you introduce me?" earnestly inquired the boy.

"No I could not introduce you," said the minister smilingly.

"Aren't you the American minister?" said the boy.

"Yes; I am the American minister, but I should not dare to introduce you, if I am."

"But I am an American," replied the boy, "and I have come all the way from Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington, on business with the Emperor, for whom I have a present, and I must see him; and I call on you as the Ambassador of my country to introduce me to his Imperial Majesty."

"The most I can do, my lad, is to introduce you to one of his ministers," said Mr. Dallas, "and if he pleases, he may introduce you to the Emperor."

"Very well," said the boy, "that will be one step gained; just introduce me to the minister of His Majesty, if you please."

At this point of the dialogue the American minister took the boy to one of the Imperial Cabinet, remarking to the dignitary as he approached him, "Here's a boy who says he has come all the way from Mount Vernon, in America, and that he has some message for the Emperor and demands an introduction; can you gratify him?"

"I cannot introduce him without first consulting His Majesty," replied the autocrat's minister. "If he is willing, I will introduce him."

After a brief lapse of time the minister returned from an interview with the Emperor, to whom he had related in substance what had been previously said of the boy. The curiosity of Nicholas being excited as to the boy's errand, he was induced to command the ministerial functionary to "bring him along."

"He says he will see you," said the minister, addressing himself to the Yankee lad. And immediately they set off for the palace, where the following interjectory discourse took place between Nicholas and the ragged boy:

"Well, my little fellow, I understand you wish to see me; what is your business?"

"I came all the way from the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, in America, and understanding that you had liked the character of Washington"

"I have great veneration for the character and memory of that illustrious personage," interrupted the Emperor.

"Well," continued the youth, as he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, "I brought this acorn from the tomb of Washington, thinking you might like to plant it in your grounds and raise an oak to his memory. Will you accept it?"

"Certainly," replied the Emperor, "and we will go out at once and plant it."

No sooner said than done. They proceeded to the palace grounds; and, having raised the soil with a spade, the Emperor committed the acorn to the earth with his own hand. Thinking the youth for the simple but agreeable present, the Emperor inquired, "Is there anything more that you wish of me, my lad?"

The boy replied: "I should like to see Moscow amazingly."

"What do you want to see Moscow for?" interrupted his Majesty.

"Oh, I have had a long desire to see that city, and as you were pleased to inquire into my future wishes, and as I know you could gratify my desire, I thought I would honestly tell you."

"Well, you shall see Moscow," said Nicholas, and at once a barouche with six horses was ordered, and the boy was tossed off to the ancient capital by His Majesty's imperial command.

"The last I saw of the youth," said Mr. Dallas, "he passed my office in St. Petersburg in a coach with six horses, and, as he deigned to look at me, he joyfully waved a white handkerchief, of which he had become the possessor, and triumphantly cried out to me: 'Hurrah! I am going to Moscow! I am going to Moscow!'"

Ancient Relics.

Discovery of a Prehistoric New Jersey Saurian.

Trenton Gazette.

A couple of days ago a miner, while at work in shaft No. 2 of the Weehawken Tunnel, 165 feet below the surface of the ground, found a young alligator, twenty inches long, in a crevice at the heading. The reptile was hermetically sealed in the "pocket" where it was discovered; and although it has been dead for countless thousands of years, it is remarkably well preserved, and has not undergone the slightest putrefaction. There is a deep, swampy peat formation over this shaft, and it is probable that there were extensive overglades here once, which were inhabited by the various saurian reptiles. Popular opinion to the contrary, New Jersey was among the first places on the earth to be created, as the tracks of extinct animals, such as the brontozoon, have been found in the red sandstone quarries in various parts of the State; and also large numbers of warlike weapons belonging to the Jerseyans who flourished in the old stone age. The axes, spear-heads and arrow-points of these first families of New Jersey—for they were here before the mound builders, and the latter before the Indians—were not made from the trap-rock, but from

basalt, which composes our Palisades and the columns of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. How and when the baby alligator got "left" is a very interesting matter to scientists, as it is supposed that men, plants and animals were scattered to the southward of this continent about 90,000 or 100,000 years ago. At all events it must have been at a very remote period when alligators were indigenous to Jersey. The remarkable find is on exhibition in Ed. Ruth's, in Union Hill.

A Champion Snake Story.

The Great Snake Den that Exists Near Warren, Pa.

Philadelphia Times.

The outlines of Cobham's Rocks can be seen miles away. In itself it is a lonesome place. A great, gloomy pile of ponderous rocks, rising grim and bold above waving branches of oak and hazel bushes; above stretches the sky, blue as the sky of June below, hundreds of feet almost, straight down, a grand sweep of water lies cradled between steep mountain sides. Far away down the valley the river is dark with the shadows of the great hills; and far beyond in hazy waves of grandeur the outlines of the Alleghenies lose themselves in a broad belt of crimson sunset. I stand on the very top of the giant rocks and look down. To the left, near the Allegheny River, and fronting an island of trees and bushes, with glimpses of summer arbors between stands the old McWilliams homestead, brown with the storms of almost forgotten years. To the right, in a little valley running straight back from the river, nestle the clustered buildings of another branch of the McWilliams family. Beyond and over the brow of a small knoll the old-time glory of the Lacy homestead stands as an imposing barrier against the encroachments of the spik-and-span eastern side of the town of Warren, a mile below. Everywhere is peace and beauty. Nature was in her most pleasing mood when that picture of water and mountain and forest was made and crowned with a monument of stone.

Since the days when the first settlers chased the Indians from the broad and fertile valley and played a lone game against panthers and bears and wolves, the great rocks have had few visitors. Although the top of the great pile is a key-note to one of the finest pictures in the Quaker State, yet no photographer has ever shown the hardihood to plant a camera on the extreme summit. The place bears a bad reputation. For miles around the rocks are synonymous with almost everything that is weird, ghostly and uncertain. Years ago some human bones were found at the entrance to one of the unexplored crevices in the rocks, and it has only been a short time since that other bones, partly human and partly animal, were found in the same place.

To lend an additional abhorrence to the gloomy pile in the midst of the people, nature infested the rocks with rattlesnakes. Hundreds upon hundreds of the reptiles swarm about the holes and hollows of the sombre monument, multiplying year by year, until the number is almost beyond conjecture. An effort was once made to destroy the snakes by burning the leaves and brush across the mountain. A man who stood on the top of the rocks to watch the effects as the flames swept toward the summit, said yesterday that even now, years after the occurrence, the scene recurs to him in his dreams and will waken him from the soundest sleep with thrills of horror.

As the fire was borne upward hundreds of snakes, driven from the bushes and shallow holes by the smoke, rushed over the ground to a hole which seemed to lead directly into the center of the largest rock on the pile. The snakes, nearly frantic from fright, dashed into the hole one after the other with remarkable rapidity, the big ones forcing the others aside and monopolizing the means of escape. As the fire drew nearer the rush of snakes became greater. It was a perfect stampede of reptiles. The utmost confusion took possession of the escaping things; big snakes hissed defiance at the approaching flames, but did not stop a moment; little snakes darted under large ones, and all were driven to the center of the hole. One monstrous serpent, in trying to crawl through the hole in the rocks, stuck fast, half of his body hanging outside. The other snakes squirmed about the struggling victim of his own size in a frightful way, striking the defenseless tail and writhing together nearly a foot deep as the fire crowded them against the wall of stone. The fire swept up to the summit with a rush, and as it came upon the living mass it seemed as though a thousand snakes leaped high in the air and struck fiercely at the bursts of flame, only to fall, writhing and helpless, into the fire. The sight of the air full of snakes and fire proved too much for the lone spectator and with a howl of terror he rushed down the mountain in breathless haste.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well-developed ideas of the responsibilities of life, and a firm resolution to discharge them. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue, and a perfect housewife.

She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marries a white man she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. Home is her sole comfort, and his comfort her sole ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy.

At the agencies of the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after

Martin Naylor against the borough to recover damages for the negligence of the city in not keeping the board-walk in proper repair. During the trial her first marriage was found out and it was found necessary to change the caption of the suit so that she might appear to have sued in the name of her first and lawful husband, Wm. Finney.

The case was allowed, and going before the jury, resulted in a verdict of \$1,000 which was afterwards reduced to \$700 in favor of the injured woman. The borough of Renova appealed to the supreme court, claiming that the court below was in error in refusing to charge the jury that if they believed from the evidence in the case that Bridget Finney was married to Martin Naylor in the year 1870, after deserting her husband, who was then in full life, and continued to live with Martin Naylor until this suit was brought, and that as this suit was brought at the instance of Bridget without the knowledge of William Finney, she could not recover. In an opinion filed in the supreme court this morning it is stated that such a principle as that asked for substantiation by the borough is entirely new in common law, and has no support in any authority. The decision and judgment of the lower court was therefore affirmed.

From Poverty to Wealth.

How a Lieutenant-Governor Became Wealthy—Riches and Domestic Unhappiness.

The divorce suit that has been instituted by Mrs. Tabor, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, is another illustration that wealth does not always bring happiness with it. Mrs. Tabor asks for divorce and \$50,000 alimony per year. The facts are thus related by the Cleveland Leader: The unhappy couple were married at Augusta, Me., in 1857, and their career since that period has been marked by transitions from domestic felicity to the most violent family jars; from absolute poverty to princely wealth; from the rude hovel of the frontier to the most luxurious home that the purse of a millionaire could command. In 1859 they started for Pike's Peak in a parlor car drawn by two oxen, taking all their property with them, and after drifting about the country for some years they settled down in the place where Denver now stands. He searched in vain for "pay gravel," and while he was prospecting she cooked bacon, made bread and kept up the household expenses by boarding miners. Finally Tabor built a log hut and started a store and boarding house combined, which was a general rendezvous for the miners. All the hard work of the establishment fell upon Mrs. Tabor. She was the only woman within one hundred and sixty miles, and she did the cooking and washing for the miners, attended to all their wants in the store, weighed their gold dust on the only pair of scales in the neighborhood, making herself the waiter and drudge of every one. In the meantime the husband yielded to the irresistible fever that seldom lessens its grip upon one who has once become its victim, and continued his search for gold. He moved from prospect to prospect, from digging to digging, always believing himself on the brink of fortune, and while he reveled in golden dreams the wife drudged and toiled to procure for herself and her royal dreamer the substantial of life. In 1876 he began to realize some of his grand expectations, and he was soon known as a millionaire.

Labor continued to prosper at a wonderful rate, and is now considered one of the wealthiest men in the State. His wife's petition says he is worth \$10,000,000, and has an income of \$100,000 per month. He spent his means lavishly and surrounded his wife with every luxury that money could buy; but, adds the Leader, she says that he grew hard hearted in proportion as he became rich; that he absented himself from home for weeks and months, and on one occasion he offered to give her a portion of his large fortune if she would apply for a divorce. All he has to say is that he gave her \$100,000 a few years ago, which she invested, and which now yields her \$14,000 a year; that she is a woman and he hopes she will receive all the sympathy growing out of the case. Both sides of the story will only come out on trial. What is certain now is that their domestic happiness took wings the moment wealth rolled in upon them; that as soon as they ceased fighting with poverty they began fighting with each other. Their happiest days were when they were poor, and as they now sit in the midst of luxury and plenty it is probable that their memory holds no pleasanter period than when they sat together behind the ox-team and were being dragged out into the Western wilds to seek their fortune nearer to the setting sun.

Indian Wives.

Montreal Star.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well-developed ideas of the responsibilities of life, and a firm resolution to discharge them. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue, and a perfect housewife.

by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom to remain quiet until after the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his projected mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place. The process is a little out of the usual run, and a description may be of interest.

The aspiring bridegroom must be well known to the tribe before he can hope to win a wife. Her people want to thoroughly understand him and know if he can support not only her but also all her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a kind-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any climate, and he must have a good lodge, and at least half a dozen of horses. If he be, and have all these, he can a-wooing go. Selecting the lady, he makes application to her mother, and at a council the price is fixed upon, and if the girl be especially pretty, her mother will demand a gun, two horses and a lot of provisions, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at \$50, a horse at \$20, and he must furnish material to bring the amount up to from \$100 to \$150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and if he succeeds he knows there is some reason for letting the girl go; if not, he understands that he is making a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother.

"What would you do if you were me and I were you?" tenderly inquired a young swell of his lady, as he escorted her home from church. "Well," said she, "if I were you I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch chain underneath my coat, and stay up at nights and pray for brains." The walk was finished in silence, and it is presumed that for once in his life the young man thought.

NIGHT LIGHTS IN BEDROOMS.—The common practice of having night lights in the bedrooms of children is deprecated by Dr. Robert H. Bakewell. He says that it has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system of young children. "Instead of perfect rest the optic nerves ought to have and which nature provides for by the darkness of the night, these nerves are perpetually stimulated, and of course the brain and the rest of the nervous system suffer. Children thus brought up are excessively timid for years after on going into the dark."

Treasurer's Sale

UNSEATED LAND FOR TAXES FOR 1890 AND 1891, AND PREVIOUS YEARS.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of an Act of Assembly, passed the 12th day of June, A. D. 1815, entitled "An Act to amend an Act directing the mode of selling unseated lands in Centre county," and the several supplements thereto, there shall be exposed at public sale, on the following tracts of unseated lands in said county for the taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on MONDAY, JUNE 12, A. D. 1892, at one o'clock, P. M.

Table with columns: ACRES, FER., WARRANT NAME, TAXES. Lists various land parcels and owners across different townships like DENVER, BURKSIDE, HUNTON, etc.

Table with columns: ACRES, FER., WARRANT NAME, TAXES. Lists various land parcels and owners across different townships like FERGUSON, HOWARD, MARIOTT, etc.

Table with columns: WARRANT NAME, TAXES. Lists various land parcels and owners across different townships like GEORGE M. PHIPSON, M. T. MILLER, etc.