HENRY A. PARSONS, JR., EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,

ELK COUNTY-THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Ayor's

VOL. I.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS. BY PHEER CARY.

I said, if I might go back again

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,

Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt : Have all my happiness multiplied, And all my suffering stricken out ;

If I could have known, in the years now con-The best that a woman comes to know; Could have had whatever will make her blest Or whatever she thinks will make her so ;

Have found the highest and purest bliss That the bridal wreath and ring enclose; And gained the one out of all the world That my heart as well as my reason chose

And if this had been, and I stood to-night By my children, lying asleep in their beds, Aud could count in my prayers, for a rosary, The shining row of their golden heads ;—

Yes! I said, if a miracle such as this Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, atill

i would choose to have my past as it is And to let my future come as it will !

I would not make the path I have trod re pleasant or even, more straight wide;

Nor change my course the breadth of a hair, This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all ; Its weakness—its folly, if you please ; Nav, even my sins, if you come to that, May have been my helps, not hindrane

If I saved my body from the flames Because that once I had burned my hand; Or kept myself from a greater sin By doing a less—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain, Better I sinned for a little time, If the smarting warned me back from death, And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength by trial, will know What strength must be set against a sin : And how temptation is overcome *He* has learned, who has feit its power

within And who knows how a life at the last may

of a promising character, subsequently proving rich. Mining, however, posshow? Why, look at the moon from where we stand !

Opaque, uneven, you say ; yet it shines, A luminous sphere, complete and grand ?

So let my past stand, just as it stands.

And let me now, as I may, grow old; I am what I am, and my life for me Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

PEARLS OF THE OCEAN

Pearls of the ocean, the dark or the fair, Choose as you wish, they are each of them there With tresses of jet, or with tresses of gold, With shyest of eyes, or with saucy and bold.

Pearls of the ocean, fresh from the sea, Brilliant with merriment, sparkling with glee Ah! who is the jeweller fated to fit, Such pearls in a mounting-gold ring to wit.

Pearl of the ocean, soft, fair, and bright, Pearl of the ocean, dark as the night : You each have admirers, either is prized, The fair fondly loved, the dark idolized.

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE OWNER
luck," and retire from the counter with- out paying. "Ho, Shakes."
" Eh ?" "Come and see me."
"No, thankee; don't feel like it now; jest had un."
And the bar-keeper learned that he was duped once more, but dared not at-

weather on the evening of the day he left the Flat, or, as they expressed it, tempt to punish his deceiver. The indignation of the entire camp would most assuredly fall upon the individual who dared to abuse Shakes. He was " friz dead." underneath his ragged overshirt, a packet of letters was found, all of which were Norway Flat's "privileged character." Lakes his whiskey, I know ; but he's a written in the same handwriting, and harmless, good-natured old devil for all that," was the sentiment universally ex-pressed by the members of that little mining community. Inebriate as he was, Shakes was not indolent. He was always in supphine or

Norway Flat, since the time of its dis-

indolent. He was always, in sunshine or rain, engaged in chopping cord-wood, or in riving shakes—long shingles; from which latter occupation he received his which latter occupation he received his nickname. The sun rose on Shakes en-tering the woods; it set upon him ma-indorsed, "Recd. (date.) J. W." One of them was indorsed, "Recd. Novr. 17, 1859, J. W." nickname. The sun rose on Shakes en-tering the woods; it set upon him ma-king a "bee-line" for the "Pony Saloon." Fire-wood was worth \$6 a cord, and abakes \$16 a thousand, in those days, on Norway Flat. Shakes always chopped from two to three cords per day. Three dollars a cord he paid " Billy the boat-man" for hauling it, which, of course, ormiderable, diminibled his carrings.

My dear James: Your last remittance of \$250 has been duly received, and the mortgage on the farm is now paid. * * Have you considerably diminished his earnings; still, there was a good margin left. How it came to pass that he should always be poor, could never be satisfactorily ex-Mother is alling and rapidly declinpoor, could never be satisfactorily exing. Doctor says she cannot possibly live through the coming winter. She longs to see plained. His condition of being, what he termed "flat broke," was patent to you, James, before she dies. * * Emma, Annie, and Gerty are all well. * * O, James, do come home at once; if not, I shall all, and was considered another of the mysteries of his peculiar life that no one cared to solve, and accepted unquestionsell the place next spring, and come to Norway

Flat myself. Your affectionate wife, ELLEN WILKINSON.

covery in '52, had continued to be a The bright side of Shakes's character, prosperous mining camp The fabulous yield of many of its claims had been rewhich he had so carefully concealed from the sight of his fellow-men, was here reported in the columns of the leading vealed. And he had now gone to anothnewspapers of the civilized world. Numer home to receive his reward .- The Overerous opportunities had been offered land Monthly, September. Shakes to become the possessor of ground

night had overtaken him there, and that

he had determined to spend it in one of the deserted shanties. The fire-place had

the deserted shanties. The fire-place had been filled by him with wood, ready for the match; but it remained unkindled.

of all who heard the story was that he

had fallen a victim to the severity of the

In an inside pocket of a vest worn

v ; Why, no one could answer. The verdict

The Great Indian Famine.

ssed no attractions for him. There existed no affinity between his nature and The Gazette of India has just published the excitement of the average gold-miner's life. He never owned a foot of a painful but deeply interesting report of the *tir kal* or threefold famine of grass, mining ground, "and didn't intend to," he was acc stoued to say; "I go fur the sure thing." Even when the Wake-up grain, and rain, which fell in 1868-69, with frightful severity on 100,000 square miles of Rajpootana, surpassing in in-tensity any which has occurred since 1812, and almost equalling that of 1761, Jake Company struck a two-ounces-tothe-pan prospect, Shakes declined staking off the adjoining ground, then va-cant, and upon which he was at the of which the record is preserved that three-quarters of the cattle died and that time chopping wood. The same piece man ate man. The visitation having of ground afterward proved the richest spot on the whole Flat, nearly 1,200 been chiefly in native States, accurate statistics are not forthcoming ; it is imounces being obtained from it as the possible, therefore, to come to any accuproceeds of one day's washing. This lack rate conclusions as to the mortality which the famine caused, directly or inof enterprise-this disinclination to vendirectly. The scanty crops which in ture-was supposed to be the morbid offspring of his dissipated career. The spite of drought struggled up, were only things for which he appeared to have swept off the earth by a plague of lothings for which he appeared to have care were his axe, cross-cut saw, custs; cholera fastened on the starved

A Story of Charles Dickens,

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1871.

BY J. T. FIELDS. "I chanced to be travelling some years ago," he said, " in a railroad carriage myself there were two ladies and a gentieman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the Times, when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing 'Bleak House' then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed

to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected; but when he attacked the author's private character and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a travelling bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which if they had been true would have consigned any man to a prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied limself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital

of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statements which I had just heard, touching the author of 'Bleak House,' and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and an impertinence. You seem to speak,' I said, ' from personal knowledge Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?' He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking, not from his own knowledge of the author in question ; but he said he knew for a certainty that every state-ment he had made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving. The ladies sat by in silence listening intently to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation

of the clergyman's charges. I was taking

Country Life For Women The following extracts are quoted from an address delivered at Stockbridge, Mass., recently, by Mrs. Henry M. Field, wife of the editor of the *Econgelist*: Everywhere now the voice of woman

is heard claiming new rights, advocating new theories as to her future destinies and in her newly-awakened ambition she is in danger of overlooking or desshe is in danger of overlooking of dea-pising the opportunities for good and for happiness within her reach. To assert to-day that the limited sphere of country life can afford her these opportunities, would perhaps accord little with the spirit of the time. But here, women possessing talents and social advantages of no common order, have thrown such a charm on secluded life, have stamped it with such a character of culture, refine ment, and dignity, that, thanks to them, Stockbridge is known all over the land as a place of social and intellectual privilege, as well as of natural beauty. Here then, and on this occasion, country life for women may well become the theme of the hour.

To be born in the country is a great advantage. Not only it prepares the strength and health of the body, but it begins the moral and intellectual developement in the right direction. Nature is an admirable teacher, and she has lessons for all ages ; she speaks to the imagination of the child with as much power as to that of the poet and the artist. At the outset in the young life, truth and simplicity are the foundations of the character.

And as to the training of the mind, the district school, with its inexorable lev-eling democratic spirit, is, I am inclined to think, the most favorable beginning of education. It has a rough strength which tells well on the character. With no smoothing of difficulties, no false pre-tense, it asks from the child what his good sense tells him at once is of absolute ecessity for his success in life.

We go very wrong in the city in this matter of elementary education. The poor little city scholar cannot, as well as his country cousin, comprehend the ne-cessity of his task. Why, he asks, learn this French jargon or thrum a piano for hours? Do we half the time know ourselves? And when we see in the child indication of great talent, we often put on such a high pressure that we destroy the germ in the bud; while in the mind of the sturdy free child of the country it slumbers and grows in silence, and bursts forth at last in all its vigorous individuality, for in this coun-try opportunities for this development

are never wanting. In the village school a girl learns what is absolutely essential; she is inspired with no morbid or exaggerated ambition. If of dull limited faculties, on no false pretense, but on the strength of her character, and based on her love for knowledge. She does not dream of ty, or of writing for magazines,-she wants to learn for the sake of knowledge itself. For society has not yet tempted her, has not offered her a stage for the display of a frivolous vanity. I have known some of these

work of an hour of inspiration one of her most charming characteristics. In the same manner many little gardens, kept with care, increase every day the charm of this place, and indicate the presence of women for whom flowers are

Advocate.

a love and a delight. Yes, the appearanco of our homes is of importance in the summing up of our social influence; and the little details, however simple in themselves, may speak powerfully to the imagination. One evening this spring we were in one of the cosiest homes of the village, sitting around a table, a group of women and children, the lamp ighting brightly the whole room, when one of the family came from outside, and elclaimed, "What a picture this makes from the street! I will not close the shutters, it does the heart good to see it." So it is, the "light in the window" cheers many who are in the darkness. In attempting in these few words to point out the pleasures and resources of country life, I would not be supposed to ignore as unworthy of attention the just claims of women for better chances of culture and work; but the question is too important, and demands too serious

consideration for the place and the hour. What I have tried to prove is, that from the country woman starts with real ad-vantages; that there her life, beautiful in its security and refinement, does not dwarf her intellect or the developement of ber talents, for it is from rural retreats that come the best works of our feminine literature.

The Society of the Cincinnati in France

Americans observe many pleasant changes in France since the essablishment of the Republic. Among them is the fact that the descendants of the French officers who assisted us during the war of independence appear on public occasions displaying the American decoration of "The Society of the Cincinnati," and wear its badge constantly. Among them is the Marquis de Lesteyrie, grandson of the Marquis de Lafay ette, who received the medal originally from George Washington, the first and only President of the Society during his lifetime. The former recently stated to Dr. Evans, the eminent American physician of Paris, that although he had been decorated by Napoleon with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, he was prouder of the American decoration received by his illustrious grandfather from the hands of Washington, and handed down to him, than any other. Marquis de Lavalette has always worn his badge—even during the rule of Louis

Napoleon. The decoration or medal of the society is a solid, highly wrought gold eagle, about the usual size of such decorations. Upon the breast of the

Two DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NO. 29.

station Advorate.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Minnesota is at work on ten railroads. Missouri has an enormous grape crop his season

One of the best doctors at Columbus Ga., could not read when twenty-three vears old.

Pianos are mounted now on glass castors, which is said to improve the tone very much.

Here is a new sort of casualty. A boy has just been killed in Boston by the explosion of a beer barrel. Liquor barrels usually kill in a different way from this, but the expeditious method is perhaps to be preferred to the slower pro-CESS.

Several girls are now employed in Milwaukee as carriers of newspapers to city subscribers. They are prompt, quick, and so for have been found relia-

A French sewing machine is now on exhibition in London which is driven by clock-work arrangement, to be wound up in the usual way. The speed is in-geniously regulated by a set of vanes, which may be adjusted to offer a greater or less resistance to the air. The invention saves both time and trouble, but the price is so high as to prevent its coming into ordinary use.

If we are to believe the medical ex-perts and official returns, upward of 3,000 infants are yearly murdered in England. In London itself as many as 481 infants were found in the streets in less than a year and a half, and numbers disappear without any trace. The results of a government inquiry, as just made known, are a scandal to the country and the age.

Beverly, in Massachusetts, is known as "Bean Town." No virtuous citizen of that place thinks of passing Sunday morning without baked pork and beans for breakfast. Formerly they went to the different bakeries Saturday nights, each man with his bean-pot. Each pot was numbered with a check as received, and the number given to the owner, and crowds would gather around the bakery door Sunday morning, each man calling his number and receiving his pot. But now they have a pottery in the town, and each householder has had his bean-pot made to order, with his name or initials baked into the sides, and the plan works beautifully. The bakers charge six cents for baking beans, and it is no mean source of revenue.

The Wabash (Indiana) country has always been celebrated for the persist-ency and quality of its fever and ague. A local physician thus describes the genuine Wabash article: "It comes creeping up a fellow's back like a ton of ambition. If of dull limited faculties, she is contented with her lot; harmoni-ous and healthy in every point, she is prepared for her humble work in life, and will do it well. But if her ambition is quickened, it is in the right direction; thinking of anything but Greenland's Icy Mountains. It isn't the 'everyother day' kind, but gets up with a man at daylight, and sleeps in the small of his back all night. His teeth feel about six inches long, bis joints wobble like a loose wagon wheel, and the shakes are so steady that one can't hold a conversation except by putting in dashes. The Toronto Leader says that an asso ciation of French gentlemen has entered into arrangements for the purchase of fifty thousand acres of land, in one of the counties on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, between Quebec and Three Rivers, for the purpose of establishing a colony of Alsatians. Many of the inhabitants of Alsace view with abhorrence the idea of living under German rule, and it is thought a sufficient number to form a large colony could easily be persuaded to emigrate from their native land to Canada. They would form a valuable addition to the population of the Province, for the Alsatians are an industrious and peaceful people, different altogether from the turbulent classes who keep Paris and some other parts of France in almost constant turmoil. The difference between the diet of the ancients and that of us moderns is very striking. The ancient Greeks and Ro-mans used no alcoholic liquor, it being unknown to them ; nor coffee, nor tea nor chocolate, nor sugar, nor even butter, for Galen tells us that he had never seen butter but once in his life. They were ignorant of the greater number of our tropical spices, as clove, nutmeg, mace, ginger, Jamaica pepper, curry, pi-mento. They used neither buckwheat, nor French beans, nor maize, nor tomatoes, nor spinach, nor sage, tapioca, arrow-root, nor pumpkin, squash, potato, or its varieties ; not even the common but a sort of marsh-grown bean-not many of our fruits, as the orange, tama-On the contrary they ate subrind. stances which we now neglect-the mallow, the herb, ox-tongue, the sweet acorn, the lupin. They liked the flesh of wild asses, dogs, the dormouse, the fox, and the bear. Chicago claims to be able to compete in the sale of foreign goods with New York. The *Tribune* argues that foreign goods can be delivered at Chicago twenty per cent. less than they can be purchased from New York jobbers, cr less than they will cost after going through our Custom House. There has just been an importation of dry goods from Liverpool to Chicago, by steam all the way, in twenty-two days, and even this time can be shortened. The Tribund thinks " there is no reason why St. Louis should not import through Chicage all the foreign goods it now gets from New York, and upon which it pays such ex-cessive tolls-the freights from Montreal to Chicago, and thence to St. Louis by rail, being as cheap, if not cheaper, than from New York to that city by rail. by rail. A very large proportion of the imports at this port find a market in the West, fy them, they never alter the kind feel-ing which renders the name of neighbor almost synonymous with friend. * * When a yonny woman living near by almost synonymous with friend. When a young woman living near by, and whom you all will recognize, guided by a natural artistic instinct, tormed over her door a simple arch of the golden rods and wild flowers of our forests, she gave pleasure to all who passed her dwelling, and revealed to them in the

and frower. These constituted his entire

any

SHAKES.

Everybody in and around Norway Flat was acquainted with Shakes. Shakes was every one's favorite, and every one's laughing-stock. What his real name was, no one on the Flat, excepting the Postmaster, knew or seemed at all anxions to ascertain. In outward appearance, he was a specimen of debased humanity. Debauchery was indelibly stamped upon every feature. It was deemed a rare sight to see him with a clean face. Streaks of gray forced themselves through the accumulations that clung to his long matted locks and untrimmed beard. A coarse blue woolen overshirt, with tattered sleeves, covered his back, from whence many doubted whether it had been removed since the day he first put it on, in Griffin's store, twelve months ago. His duck pants had completely lost their original whiteness, and were tucked into a well-worn, much-patched pair of gum-boots. The veritable felt hat, worn by him in '52, still maintained its usual position on the side of his head. The only change it had apparently undergone since then, was that a piece of an old rubber coat now constituted the crown.

Shakes's history, outside of the precincts of Norway Flat, was wrapped in complete mystery. Even the time of his arrival in the camp was unknown Brown, the proprietor of the "Occidental" -Norway Flat's principal hotel, drinking and dancing-saloon-and also one of the pioneers of the place, asserted, "Shakes bummed around here when I fust 'rived, in '52." It was generally believed that he hailed from the temperance State of Maine. Shakes, however, was no "temperance man" himself: to the contrary, he had earned the unenviable reputation of being an inveterate "whiskey bummer." No one had ever known him to pass a single night on the Flat "out of his cups." It is true that these constant imbibings had so enfeebled his system as to cause him to readily succumb to its influence.

A lonely log-cabin stood on the hillside. Shakes owned it, and professed to be its occupant; but seldom, if ever, crossed its threshold. The bar-room of some one or other of the numerous drinking-hells was his home; the floor, a bench or a faro-table was his bed.

Although a slave to his appetite for intoxicating liquor, none its venders on Norway Flat were much the richer for having Shakes as their customer. It was seldom that a coin passed from his hands to the barkeeper's drawer; but drink he must have, and somehow or other he always managed to obtain it. The manner in which it was obtained was but a secondary consideration to him. Nothing was too humiliating or too degrading for him to do for it. When begging failed, strategy was immediate-ly resorted to, and in this he was invariably successful. He would enter the saloon, go up to the bar with thumb and foretinger inserted in his pocket, and address the bar-keeper thus :

" I say, bar-keeper, hurry up; give me a 'brandy straight.'

The bar-keeper would first cast glance at the position of the hand, and then tender the bottle to Skakes, who would unconcernedly drink. "Here's

stock in trade, and for them he cherished something bordering upon affection.

Shakes was viewed as one of Norway Flat's fixtures. It had been settled long ago in the minds of its inhabitants that | ree districts they rose as high as one his bones would decay in the little cemetery on the knoll overlooking the Flat. The idea of his removing was never for a moment entertained by any one in that secluded community. Shakes and Norway Flat had grown up with one another. Norway Fiat was Shakes's home. If he possessed a home elsewhere, he had never been heard to speak of it.

The winter of '59 had set in. It about the middle of November. The ground was covered with several inches of snow. The tinkling of sleigh-bells was heard in the distance, and the little town on the Flat was instantly thrown into a commetion. It was all occasioned by the arrival of "Barnard's Monthly Express." The arrival of the express was an important event in the otherwise monotonous routine of every-day life at Norway Flat; for be it remembered that the era of wagon roads and railways had not then been inaugrated, and communication between that mountain retreat and civilization was at best infrequent and uncertain. Among the anxious faces awaiting the opening of the little wicket of the Post-office and the distribution of letters appeared that of Shakes. Shortly afterward he was observed intently perusing a letter.

"Dam'd 'f I don't make tracks fur hum," he suddenly exclaimed, and as suddenly bade farewell to Norway Flat and its surroundings.

That evening Shakes was missed from his usual haunts, and it soon became generally known that he had left the Flat. This was an unprecedented episode in Norway Flat's history. Nothing had ever occurred before to disturb its uniform equanimity, excepting the shooting of Red Alick by Russian Bill in a moment of frenzied excitement, produced in the heat of a discussion as to the merits of the parties then engaged in the Crimean War. His departure was the universal topic of conversation around every fireside and in every bar-room in the camp. The speculations as to the cause were as varied as they were improbable.

The thermometer at Brown's that evening, indicated 15° below zero; but no fears were harbored in the mind of any one as to the safety of the one who had so unceremoniously left the camp " homeward bound."

Weeks passed on, and nothing had been seen or heard of Shakes since his departure. Norway Flat had almost forgotten him. Brown, the landlord of the "Occidental," was standing in his doorway, gazing abstractedly at the distant windings of the "down country' trail. It was only the previous day that a prospecting party had passed along it from the Fiat, bound for the deserted mining camp of Diggers' Delight, situated about ten miles distant. His thoughts naturally recurred to their departure and prospects. Suddenly, his quick eye detected in the distance a group of men slowly trudging toward the Flat, and was somewhat astonished to recognize in them the prospectors of Diggers' Delight returning, bearing with them a heavy burden. The news soon spread that Shakes had been found dead at Diggers' Delight. It was evident that

people, and a terrible fever followed, striking down the entire population. The deaths from this latter cause alone are put down at 20 per cent. of the inhabitants, while in some of the Marwathird. Taking the most moderate of the statistics furnished, the local authorities calculate that in Marwar and Ajmere and the other districts, no less than one and a quarter million of human beings died of disease and starvation. What could be done to alleviate suffering was done; but it was very little, for the stricken districts were cut off from the

possibility of adequate aid. How this appened is explained in the report, which says that the Rajpootana lamine bore a strong resemblance to the Orissa famine in one particular; that for some months, though for a different cause, Rajpootana, like Orissa, was shut off from the receipt of supplies at the most critical period of the year. In Orissa this arose from the impossibility of ships approaching the coast to unload during e monsoon months. In Rajpootana the same result was produced by the utter failure of forage, the price of which was in many cases dearer than grain, so that no carts could travel, nor could the pack-bullocks of the Bunjaras, of which there are hundreds of thousands in Raj-pootana and Central India, traverse the country. The result was the same. The sea in one case, and the want of grass in the other, isolated the famine tract from the rest of India. It must be admitted

that great efforts were made to relieve the sufferers. The chiefs of Oodeybore and Jeybore set a noble example, which was followed by almost every other chief whose States were stricken, and by many who were beyond the famine. Famine relief works were started and maintained at comparatively enormous expense during the whole of the visitation; the United Presbyterian Mission, which has made Rajpootane its field for missionary enterprise, labored both in purse and person ; the Marwarees in Bombay, actcontribution; and the government of

426,000 inhabitants of its own province of Ajmere, fifteen and a quarter lakhs of rupees, or nearly three years' gross revenue of the country. It is perhaps, a pity that, in justice to itself, the Government did not publish the report earlier, as till now, while many have seen

the suffering, but few knew what had been done to alleviate it. The moral to be drawn from the history of this and other famines is that though scarcity may prevail, actual famine is preventable by the two great measures to which Lord Mayo and his government have so steadily addressed themselves, namely, railroads and works of irrigation-railways to convey grain to the great centres of population, reservoirs to store the rain supply and canals to direct it. The famines or periods of unusual scarcity which afflict Rajpootana, have hitherto recurred at intervals of some ten or twelve years. Long therefore before another visitation may be looked for, the railroad from Agra to Ajmere, which is the heart of the country, will have been completed, and reservoirs, of which

there are even now some magnificent

up his vile stories one by one and stamp ing them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious, and asked me if I knew Dickens personally. I replied, 'Perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do; and all your stories about him from beginning to end, to these ladies, are unmitigated lies. The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card. 'You shall have it.' I said coolly, and taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing. We were it to him without bowing. just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my truthful companion ; but, if I were to live a hundred years, I should forget the abject condition into not which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and bidding them 'good day,' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven, that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution. . Be fore you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after Truth, and avoid Lying as you would eternal perdition.""

The Suez Canal and the Pacific Railroad.

The trade of Asia with America is a good deal overrated, and the reason sems to be because it has latterly been in the hands of a few houses. There are, however, single dry-goods houses in the city which annually sell merchandize to twice the amount of all the China trade of the country. Our tea trade is not so large as it is supposed to be. We use but 40,000,000 pounds a year, the value ing with the Bombay Government and the Chamber of Commerce, sent liberal quantity of silk exported to us The quantity of silk exported to us from China is \$3,000,000 in value. The rest India expended in relief works for the of our trade with China does not amount to much. They send us yearly some \$3,000,000 worth of matting, camphor, drugs and fire-crackers.

We have no trade with India at all. It was once thought that the Suez Canal would interfere with the Pacific Railroad in the transportation of goods from Asia to New York, but there seems to be no ground for this. The reason why there is not likely to be any competition is because the canal route is so much slower than the railroad. The shipping often begins in June or July, alth the bulk leaves China in August and September. So that by the time the vessels carrying the Asiatic freights have passed the canal and reached the Straits of Gibraitar, the storms of the Atlantic have set in, and the voyage hither is delayed. The smallness of the steamers engaged in the canal traffic is also against it. The canal is deep enough for large steamers, and to sustain these there must be a large passenger business. Very few passengers pass between China and the Atlantic coast of this country, and so small steamers are employed to carry the tea, and these canexamples, will have been constructed wherever the greatest need for them has been shown. I have been constructed for them has been shown. I have been constructed wherever the greatest need for them has been shown. I have been constructed for them has been constructed for them has been shown. I have been constructed for them has been shown. I have been constructed for them has been shown. I have been constructed for them has been shown. I have been constructed for them has been shown. I have been shown been shown been constructed for them has been shown. I have been shown been

New-England girls-and such I have seen nowhere else-who worked two or three years in a factory to earn the means for better schooling; who taught patiently for a paltry salary so as to secure better opportunities of instruction. They were in the right path. They had still a great deal to learn, but very little

"Oh !" said to me one day a pretty girl of New York, speaking of a youth-ful millionaire. "These young men give us bouquets, escort us to the Park, or to the opera ; but they love and marry country girls !" And I said, "They are right

But let us imagine woman settled in the country ; living no longer in a land of dreams, but in her own home, with her simple household duties before her. A home in the country-what a vision for some of duliness and monotony! to others of sweet, pure, tranquil happiness. The woman married to the man she loves and respects, mother of children who promise to fulfill the desire of her heart, is so blessed by Providence that she ought to be happy in any sphere. Household labor, "doing her own work," is not drudgery when done for those she loves.

Country life was for your forefathers a stern reality, an incessant struggle for existence; but Nature, even in her rudest aspect, is always a loving mother, and she gave them the strength of character, the steadiness of purpose, which they have transmitted to their descendants.

Our country homes are very different from what they were in the old time. In accepting the advantages of the present we ought to guard jealously the modest simplicity which belonged to the past.

In the country, whatever her circumstances of fortune, woman finds that which is an imperative want of her nature-a refined home. In a city, if poor, she cannot escape, or shield her children around her; the tenement lodging, or the second rate boarding-house only remain to her. But under a pure sky, in a balmy atmosphere, the humblest cottage nestling at the foot of the mountain,

breast. Accompanying each decoration is a neat badge made of the same kind of ribbon described above. It forms a being an accoomplished woman of socie- sort of rosette button, and is worn on all occasions, when it so pleases its possessor, in the uppermost button-hole of the coat on the left side.

Several American residents in Paris,

members of the Society, wear the badge. Among them is Dr. Evans, referred to above, and Mr. George S. Patridge, who brave received the decoration from his grandfather, Col. William Few of Rhode Island.

At the time of the coup d'etat of Louis Napoleon, the original French members of the society were making arrangements to revive it in France, but the success of Napoleon's dynasty put a stop to their efforts. So distasteful to petty tyrants

was this American decoration, that Gustavus III., King of Sweden, forbade officers in the French army who had been in America, and were his subjects, from displaying the decoration or wearing the badge, on the ground that the So ciety of the Cincinnati had a Republican tendency not suited to his government.

Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, is now President of the Society. Among its honorary members may be mentioned Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, Chancellor Livingston, Gouverneur Morris, Rufus King, Stephen Van Rennselaer, John C. Warren, W. H. Prescott, and Daniel Webster. The Society was formed after the peace of 1783. It was originally composed of officers of the American army and continued in their kinsmen and representatives.

Walt Whitman.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press thus describes Walt Whitman

I take it for granted, reader, that you have been to Washington. If so, you have certainly seen upon the Avenue a medium-sized individual, whose pants are baggy, whose coat is much too big for him, whose hair is white and long, whose

beard, of the same color, flows far be-neath his chin; whose shirt is open, displaying to the admiring multitude a naked breast, and whose enormous slouchhat is not the least remarkable part of the attire of this remarkable man. His hat he carries in his hand as frequently from, the noisy vulgar life swarming as he wears it upon his head. In answer to your inquiries you will be told, if your companion knows whereof he speaks, that it is Walt Whitman, the poet, the author of "Leaves of Grass," "Drum Taps," etc., and government or under the shadow of one of our ma-jestic elms, can be the fitted home, I will not say of a lady—the word is asso-(for he is a faithful, hard-working officer) ciated with too many vulgar pretentions he passes upon the street and in other -but of a gentlewoman. This just public places. He delights in being equality between the cottage and the seen. I have seen him on a warm day more costly residence, establishes at once promenade the Avenue in his shirt easy social relations. If the circumstan- sleeves; have passed him near the postces of position and education may modi- office, seated upon the curbstone, reading fy them, they never alter the kind feel- his mail; have looked at him drinking