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WORKS AND DAYS.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

To break the gently undulating sea
With oars that seem to kiss it lovingly
And watch the eddies as they circle back
Along my winding track.

To rest upon my oars, and, as I glide
With wind and current, in the cooling tide
To dip my hands, while something seems to say
"Within me, 'Let us pray.'"

As near as may be to the fringed shore
To keep my boat, and lean her gunnel o'er,
Watching the many-colored floor, unrot
Save by the feet of God.

His ways are in the deep; His sunlight, too,
Pierces his coldness through and through,
And touches many a wonder that abides
Below the lowest tides.

How beautiful the sunlight on the sea,
When waves by millions twinkle as in glee;
But 'tis the sunlight in the sea whose gleam
To me doth fairest seem.

It glorifies the pebbles with its rays;
It turns gray sand to perfect chrysopease;
It plays with the amber tresses of the rocks
As with a maiden's locks.

Anon in some sequestered nook I lie,
And feel the yachts, white-winged, go sailing
By, and see which ever quickest onward flies,
Mine is the truest prize.

I watch the race with neither hope nor fear,
Since none but other to me most dear;
My prize the perfect beauty of the sight—
Unselfish, pure delight.

I sit and wonder what the cliffs would say
If they could speak, remembering the day
When first, "Thus far, no farther," it was said
"Here thy proud waves be stayed!"

Since then what laughter and what cry and moon
The sea has offered up to them alone
What has been kissed, what storms have left
Their battered dories with the shingly shore
Of the long-boarding shore!

So wondering, how strange it is and still,
Save where, a mile away, the drogers fill
Their battered dories with the shingly store
Of the long-boarding shore!

That far-off sound is but a gauge that tells
How deep the silence is, like Sunday bells
When first, "Thus far, no farther," it was said
"Here thy proud waves be stayed!"

These are my works and days: In these I
drown
The cares and troubles of the noisy town,
And let it seethe and rumble as it may,
Day after weary day.

But when the summer days are sweetly fled,
And great fall clouds go floating overhead;
When aster lark along the pleasant ways
With golden rod ablaze;

Then I will back again to faces see
That all these sights more beautiful to me;
Where friendliest voices wait for me to hear,
Than all these sounds more old and new.

A DEAD-LOCK, AND ITS KEY.

"A note for you, ma'am. No answer."

"I was resting in my own room, after riding—it was six o'clock, too early to dress for dinner, too late to dress twice after taking off my habit—sleeping over a book, and comfortable in my white dressing-gown. I was bored by the interruption. The note was no more than this:

"Dear Saleen—I must stay where I am; and you must go by yourself to the Leesters—you won't mind, I saw Jack, and he said there was no party, and would be troublesome with the wedding to-morrow, and the dining-room is given up to the breakfast. I've sent back the brougham. Thine, Fred."

Fred is my brother, and was invited, like myself, to dine quietly with these Leesters, whose pretty daughter was to be married next day to a friend of ours—especially Fred's and mine—Sir John March, commonly called "Jack."

"What keeps Fred?" was my passing thought; and I read a little longer, dressed, and drove to Portman Square. As I turned the corner I saw visible preparations and signs of the morrow's wedding at the Leesters' door. A cart with flowers was unloading; an awning was being put up over the balcony and hall door; men in white aprons came and went. As the brougham drew up, I could see through the open door the bustle and stir within. At home in the house, I opened the dining-room door, to see what progress was being made with the tables. Several maid-servants and some of the confectioner's men were arranging the ornaments and flowers; the cake, with its conventional erection, stood conspicuously. My friend's maid was putting moss into the flower-baskets, and decorating the high dishes containing the most durable part of the feast. "Well, Barker," I was beginning when I caught the woman's eye. She was doing her work with a strange gravity, and her face was full of horror and pain. When she saw me she let fall the flowers in her hand.

"O ma'am! O Miss Sarah! You've come."

"Of course I've come," I answered. "What is the matter?"

"You haven't seen them, ma'am, have you?"

"Seen who?—the ladies? No; I came straight in here to look at the tables. Is there anything wrong? I suppose we're to dine in the library for to-day? How nice it all looks!"

"Nice! O ma'am, it's a mockery, it's awful! To see it all, and to go on as if—"

"O Lord!" and the woman sat down, and rocked herself to and fro, with the tears running down her face.

"I was thoroughly alarmed now. 'Barker, is there anything wrong? Is any one ill, or dead? Don't frighten me like this. I'll go and see them if you won't speak out; and I went to the door. I just saw that Barker had descended to the floor, and that her head was on the chair, which she clutched, sobbing aloud."

"I met the butler and another man crossing the hall, both with scared, solemn faces, and went on to the morning-room on the same floor. There all looked much as usual. The pride of the house and of my friends' rather valuable collection of antiquities stood facing the door—a huge cabinet, with massive clamped doors, and richly-cut brass-work—made as only genuine brass-work of old-time can be; curiously inland wood-work; marvellous locks, which no one but its owner understood, and no one else dared meddle with it. It was a very old friend, the great armoire; playing with the children of the house in my own childhood, I knew it, inside and outside, by heart. A mystery and a wonder then—an interest later—always a topic to admire and wonder at even now.

It had three doors. The centre one, about four feet wide, and certainly six inches thick, shut in another, which again enclosed, with a space of about eight inches of waste-room, a set of six drawers, of different sizes, and a sort of cupboard above them. We used to stand as the children of the house in my own childhood, I knew it, inside and outside, by heart. A mystery and a wonder then—an interest later—always a topic to admire and wonder at even now.

"I was standing near the carts. 'Come here,' I said. 'You'—to another man—'go and get a blacksmith. Run for your life! Tell him to bring tools to open locks and unscrew every thing. Run. And you get a hatchet; get any thing; come and break open the great cabinet.' I gaped to the servants, who came out to see what it all meant; 'Don't lose a moment. Great heaven! the time that has been lost already!' They obeyed me, dispersing hither and thither. It seemed hours before the men came back with tools. 'Try the hinges first. Are there screws?' There was that chance; and they worked at them, removing several heavy curious nails and screws, but seeming no nearer to the object; the door was fast and firm. 'O, break it down!' I screamed at last; 'break it with the hatchet. What does any thing matter, but her life—her life!'

"'Har life!' said some strange voice close to me, and there stood Jack March swaying like a drunken man, with seared eyes and wild hair. Was his reason gone or going?"

"Don't!" he shouted to a workman who was lifting the hatchet to break in the door. "Not up there. Her head! And then he stooped his ear to the key-hole, listened intently a minute, raised his hand, as if to demand silence, and the intelligence fading out of his face, he rose with a discordant laugh, and walked away. 'Bah!' he said; 'her life against Lester's cabinet—her life against me.' We did not even look round to see where he went stumbling through the hall, where he fell in a fit upon the floor.

Fearing to injure the imprisoned figure—living or dead, who could tell—we left the door, and proceeded to break into the middle compartment from the wings. The grand old workman refused; there seemed no weak point, no crevice, no possibility of breaking into the huge thing without fear of harm to that which it held locked and fast, with in a few inches of our light and air and living life, done to death by a bit of clever machinery, the work of a dead hand. I would not think of beautiful Mary Lester as she might be, if another hour went by. All this time no questions were asked. I never knew till afterwards how it all happened; how her father, only an hour or so earlier exhibiting his wonderful cabinet to a counsellor in such matters, had gone up stairs with his friend to show the key he prized so much, leaving the cabinet door open, intending to return—how Mary and the children, a younger brother and sister, had come in—and how the unusual sight of the open door had attracted them—how she looked in, and told the little ones she had not stood inside it "so" since she was as little as they were in the old place. "I am not too big even now, am I?" she asked, and she ran to see, and pushing the doors against her, the spring caught, and shut her in with death and suffocation; while they went shouting to the others that sister Mary was "in there shut up," and they couldn't let her out."

No, they could not let her out. Mr. Lester and his friend had gone off with the key, to show it to some one who had doubted its date—so it appeared from one of the boys who now came in; he had heard them talking on the stairs as they went out.

"He said: 'Jarvis knows nothing about it; he has never seen it,' said the boy, sobbing. 'I heard him. I know he said Jarvis—'"

"That will be Colonel Jarvis, in Charles Street, ma'am," said Davis. "Maybe, if we sent there—"

There were voices outside, and Barker looked in with a white face of horror. "It's master coming in," she said, in a sort of whisper.

We all stood back. Who would tell him? Who was to say, your girl is behind that immovable door?"

But the boy, frightened enough at his father at other times, went up to him, trying to speak quietly. "The key, sir, quick, for God's sake!"

"Key! What—what's all this? Good God! sir—seizing a servant by the collar, and flinging him to one side, like a cat—do you know what you're doing meddling with that cabinet? Why, it's worth thousands! God bless me! what does all this mean?" He was purple with anger. "Don't stand staring. Sarah Heriot," he thundered, "you are not a fool; be good enough to explain this to us—"

"The key is in his sick with horror. 'The key is wanted, I managed to say. 'There is some one inside—dying.' 'Some one—dying—in there! Who? What? Who is it, girl?' He shook me by the shoulder till I winced with pain. 'O, the key, the key! Never mind any thing else, sir. Only open it quick, and lose no more time.'"

He looked sharply round—Mrs. Lester and Kate were standing at the door, with their terrified, miserably pale faces. He took in the rest of us with a glance.

"Where's Mary?" he said, suddenly. No one spoke. "Why the devil don't you answer me? Who is shut in there? How could any one be there? Trash!" But his face was growing ashy gray, and his lips whitened as he spoke. "Ah, my God! I never shut the door. It's not Mary, not my girl that's—"

He pointed, with a shaking hand, to the heavy door. "And—I haven't the key."

He made one rush into the street; the servants standing about were swept right and left, as he tore past them, down Orchard Street into Oxford Street. They could see the hatless, feasting figure disappearing in the distance.

Mrs. Lester came into the hall. The door and others were busy about Jack March, who lay on the dining-room sofa with closed eyes, happily unconscious. The timid mistress of the house stood by the staircase, her face, her voice, her whole appearance changed and aged in the last hour.

"He has gone for the key; he can't be back," she said, speaking like a woman in a dream, "not for half an hour." She looked around stupidly and smiled. "He will kill me, you know, but the cabinet shall be broken open—broken to pieces. Never mind. Fancy waiting for the key," she laughed. "Break it down, I tell you! I give the order. Do you hear me?"

Two workmen came from the side-door, where a fresh and useless attempt had been made to remove the panel without injury to the front or to the imprisoned girl.

"We might loosen the wood-work, and strike it out, mum, and go on taking out screws same time."

"Do it."

Sharp blows upon chisels now, and several screws removed from lock and hinges.

"Strike at the hinges with the hatchet," came Mrs. Lester's altered voice, and wily, usually so low and hesitant harding. "Cut them through; it can be done—"

They struck with a will; the hatchet edge was pressed to the weakest part, and heavy blows from a mallet upon that. The hatchet edge was turned, and a dint made; some of the work injured and broken—but no more.

"Cut through the panel," suggested Kate. "Surely wood can be broken." "It's as lined with iron, mum," said Davis; "it is as good as a safe. But we might try."

Three tappers. The room suddenly darkened, a chill sough of wind from the window, and the door swung to with a bang. Every one looked round. A grovelling of distant thunder, and a faint flash of lightning accounted for it next moment. Mere blows, and a long, ominous roll, and the lightning playing across the great armoire; then an avalanche of rain and hail—all strange and incongruous on this fine evening. The room was nearly dark. One of the men spoke. "Is there a step-ladder in the house? It was brought. 'I'll try the top, with your leave, ma'am. Ah, if I had a light now.' He was given a taper from the library table. 'Bill—to his companion—' look here; hold the light, and keep a hand on the side.' He lifted the hatchet, and gave a swinging blow—another—a swirl of clap of thunder, and the next flash showed every face to the other. Quick steps in the hour went by. All this time no questions were asked. I never knew till afterwards how it all happened; how her father, only an hour or so earlier exhibiting his wonderful cabinet to a counsellor in such matters, had gone up stairs with his friend to show the key he prized so much, leaving the cabinet door open, intending to return—how Mary and the children, a younger brother and sister, had come in—and how the unusual sight of the open door had attracted them—how she looked in, and told the little ones she had not stood inside it "so" since she was as little as they were in the old place. "I am not too big even now, am I?" she asked, and she ran to see, and pushing the doors against her, the spring caught, and shut her in with death and suffocation; while they went shouting to the others that sister Mary was "in there shut up," and they couldn't let her out."

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Double Suicide in Lewiston, Me.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE TRAGEDY—SPECULATIONS AS TO THE FINDING OF THE BODIES.

The Lewiston (Me.) Journal gives some further particulars of the fearful tragedy in that town. The details are as follows:

Friday morning a gentleman noticed two girls sitting on one of the piles of boards in the rear of Lisbon street, just south of Ash street. Their conduct seemed so moody and strange as to attract attention. They answered to the description of Ada and Anna. When these girls left their resting-places on the lumber they proceeded to Cook's drug store, where the shorter of the two—Anna, if she was either—inquired: "I want some chloroform for a girl that's got the toothache down on the Bate's corporation."

"Would you like about half an ounce?" inquired the clerk.

"Oh, no," replied the tall girl, "we want a lot of it."

"We can't sell you over half an ounce," replied the clerk.

The tall girl turned quickly, and with a pout of the lips, said: "Well, I guess we can get it somewhere else."

This was about 10 o'clock, three hours before the suicides. The taller girl wore a heavy shawl when Mr. Cook's store. Anna wore a heavy shawl, and such a shawl was left on the West Pitch shore.

MR. AND MRS. STARBIRD'S STATEMENT. We have already stated that the two girls apparently met last evening at Mrs. Starbird's, on Hanover street, Auburn. Mr. and Mrs. S. make the following statements: They had known Ada and Anna—Ada more than Anna. Ada was Mrs. S.'s cousin by marriage. Ada, says Mrs. S., had brown hair, brown eyes, very tall for one of her age (14 years); quite smart. She it was that turned out. He found on the rocks identical—the same—a waterproof, a light shawl—the same found on the West Pitch shore—and a dark print dress. Anna wore a heavy shawl, black overskirt, and red and white dress, with coarse straw hat. Part of the outer-clothing found on the rocks she identifies as Anna's. The two girls came to the S.'s house at 4:30 P. M. Thursday. They seemed weary, and said they had been searching all day for work, without success. "I'm quite dead broke," said Anna, and she showed two ten-cent bills as much as to say, "that's my all." "The two girls carried on very lively," says Mrs. Starbird—meaning they were unusually cheerful. At Mrs. Starbird's urgent invitation they remained to supper, though Anna seemed loath to stay. Both ate heartily, and each took a pinch of snuff, and he took a pinch of snuff. "We shall eat you out of house and home, if we stay here long," said Anna. The two girls spent nearly five hours at Mrs. Starbird's. The last thought I should have had that these girls intended to kill themselves," says Mrs. S.'s deduction from their gay bearing. Once in a while during the evening Anna made remarks in a laughing way like this: "I've been coaxing Ada to jump into the canal with me, but she says the water is too cold." Anna says to Mrs. S.—showing her a brooch—the same was found on the shore—"This is a pin—gave me."

He was "paying attention" to her, she said. She was not engaged, Anna said. "There," she interjected—it being 8 o'clock—"I promised to be at my boarding-house at half-past 7; I was going to call and see me; I guess he will think I'm a queer girl." Another young man was spoken of as "Ada's fellow"—a young man now living in Boston. Anna said during the evening that she had been over to West Pitch. In fine, the evening's gossip was pleasantly ordinary—with here and there a word which, in the light of the suicides, shows that Anna had meditated the act. Mrs. S. said that she had seen the girls in the park, but that she had most magnetic influence over Ada—she seemed to be completely in her power. Ada was the taller. Mr. Brown adds that Anna was only 14 years of age—the same as Ada. Both were "very good looking." Ada wore short hair; Anna long hair. The false hair left on the shore was Anna's. At 9:15 the girls left Mrs. S.'s. She urged them to remain, but they declined, and went off apparently very cheerful. Before leaving Anna said to Mrs. Starbird in a half earnest and half-jocose tone: "I wish I was married and had a home and somebody to care for me."

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS. Ada Brown's elder sister, Ella, states that Anna had an aunt who was said to be insane—"but I think she makes it"—said Anna. Ella had said to Ella, many times: "I have no friends, or home, and no one to care for me. I am going to kill myself." Ella says: "I talked her off the notion of it always."

Mrs. Starbird went into the Bates Mill immediately after hearing of the tragedy, and sought out Ella to inform her. As soon as Ella saw her, she screamed: "O, my God! don't tell me that's Ada." She was quite frantic with grief. "O, what will my poor mother do?" she said. "I was just going to see who it was that had drowned themselves. I feared who it was." She had just glanced at the clothes the suicides left behind, and uttering a shriek of horror, left the place. "I cried all the forenoon," said Ella. "Ada promised me, faithfully, she would come over to the mill to see me at 8:30 o'clock, Friday morning. I knew she was out of employment and had decided to send her home in the afternoon. I thought when she did come that something dreadful was going to happen."

There are slight proofs of the movements of the two girls on Friday morning. Wherever they appear, they seem moody, brooding over their lot—apparently meditating suicide one moment and hosingwork the next—Anna evidently the ruling spirit of the two, both disheartened—not caring to go home, but hating the mill, and finding hosingwork tedious. At 9 o'clock on Ash street they were seeking chloroform at the drug store, then wandering through the streets. Soon after noon they appear on the rocks beside West Pitch, where their moody and morbid state of mind became wrought into insanity, and whence, doubtless, in a rash moment, they plunged into the terrible fall and into terrible death. We have carefully reported the last few days of the suicides that a better understanding might be had of the case. Enough appears to indicate that Anna Wood was of a disponding, moody temperament, perhaps tinged with hereditary insanity; that she had wonderful influence over her associate, Ada; and Anna thought she was without friends—"nobody cares for me," she said—and she had concluded she could not find employment; that Ada was made to feel similarly by the influence of Anna and by unsuccessful attempts to obtain employment; that at last by West Pitch, Anna succeeded in bringing Ada to her mind, and both plunged into suicidal death, locked in each other's arms. It has been suggested that the bodies might be recovered from the undertow of West Pitch by drawing down the water in the river, but Mr. Straw and others acquainted with the facts, state that not more than one-third the volume of water now flowing over the dams could be drawn through the gateways—as there are now two feet of water on the dams. Persons who investigated the foot of West Pitch in last summer's drought, report a deep opening in the rock under the fall. Here, it is thought, are the bodies of the suicides, and if so their recovery is exceedingly doubtful.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Whiskey distilled from Canada thistles is said to induce a penetrating and exhilarating effect, the sensation being the same as if a jehwarp in full tune was attached to every nerve.

About two-thirds of the metal of the Chicago Court House bell has been cut off with cold chisels and converted into relics by the veneration inhabitants of that city.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon's income is stated by a German paper to be \$25,000 per year, which will be increased to \$80,000 by the proceeds of the property recently sold in Spain by the Empress.

People in Troy, N. Y., who don't want to pay their bills, ask the collector to congratulate them on being so nearly recovered from the small-pox. A continuation of credit is the invariable result.

The Racine Journal says a thief was caught with ten express horses a few miles back of Kenosha last week; that the horses were brought back, and that the attendance at the funeral was very light.

The ladies of a town enjoying the classical name of Arcadia, in Wisconsin, went around in 1869 and demolished several drinking saloons. The liquor dealers have prosecuted this feminine syndicate, and the latter have to pay forty-eight dollars for their fun.

A table just printed of the daily wages paid in this country for mechanical labor shows that for nearly all kinds of handicraft work the average rate of wages is higher in the New England States than in the Middle, the Western or the Southern States.

A Grand Jury at Washington have found seventeen indictments against a counterfeiter. The punishment for each offence is fifteen years in the State Prison, making the aggregate imprisonment 235 years. Serious effort will be made to have it commuted to imprisonment for life.

The Milan (Texas) Telegram says: "We have been asked why we stopped publishing the list of marriage licenses issued by the clerk. Because a great big stand-up-in-the-mud, out-there-in-the-sand-hills, said we published his daughter as married when she wasn't, and that he would hit us on the head hard enough to knock our ankles out of joint for it. Is the explanation satisfactory?"

It is not perhaps generally known that what is now a favorite summer resort for citizens of New York was once used for a barrel of iron. It is a fact that in 1670 the tract of country including what now are Long Branch, Shrewsbury and Eatontown, was in the possession of the Indians, but was purchased of them by one Lewis Morris for that consideration. Millions could not purchase the land now.

To the long list of fires, tempests, earthquakes, tornadoes and volcanic eruptions for which the year 1871 is already distinguished, is now to be added the fall of a thunderbolt, which occurred near Bangara, in India. Yet it is a fact that in 1670 the tract of country including what now are Long Branch, Shrewsbury and Eatontown, was in the possession of the Indians, but was purchased of them by one Lewis Morris for that consideration. Millions could not purchase the land now.

A novel scheme is proposed by the Milwaukee Volksfreund. This is an organization of single men for the purpose of establishing a joint-stock hotel for their accommodation. The management of the institution is to be in the hands of a board of trustees, and the great object of the association is to furnish an economical home for unmarried men, securing for them also an asylum in case of sickness. The movement is a good one and, if successful, worthy of imitation.

Do not be above your business, no matter what that calling may be, but strive to be the best in that line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there is no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to traders. Above all things avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed upon it, and we must go to work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

A Kentucky journal tells of an extraordinary mother-in-law, dwelling in the neighborhood of Louisville, who must be a peculiar member of that much-maligned class. Her diminutive son-in-law desired to witness the parade of a German battalion, but she forbade his leaving his business. However, he eluded the old lady's vigilance for a moment, and stood gazing at the warriors, when he was suddenly seized by the left ear and made the recipient of a fearful chastisement, ending in his being laid at full length upon the street, while the virago took a seat upon his prostrate form, and officiated the amused crowd by fanning herself with her sun-bonnet.

Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. Spillman remarked: "I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman. "No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy." "Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman." "No, my dairy." "Say our dairy, say our—" screamed she. "My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the husband.

"Our dairy! Our dairy!" screamed the wife, emphasizing each word by a blow on the back of her cringing spouse. Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bedclothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover for several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrust his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell. "What are you looking for?" exclaimed the lady. "I am looking for our hat, my dear," said he.

Beethoven's Experience as a Cook. The great musician extended his genius to his household, producing chaos. He strictly forbade the things in his room to be put in order. Only with his special permission was the broom used to sweep the floor. He used this as a waste basket, throwing all envelopes on it, and sometimes the torn letters too. Books or notes were lying on every chair. The dishes, even from breakfast, were sometimes left in the room till the next morning. When he was searching for something the chaos became alive. Loosened manuscripts fell in their several ways to the floor, and wine bottles came rolling from the corners. But what he was searching for he could not find, because the cooking-grocery still worse by his impatient, unsystematic searching. He frequently mislaid something, however, and searching was therefore a common occupation of his. The active composer on such occasions often chided his housekeeper, whom he strangely called Mrs. Schnapps. He asserted that all the trouble, all the disorder, was her fault, stating that he himself was strictly orderly and could find even a pin again at night-time, if everything in his room had not been changed by her. The principal cause of this disorder was the discontented, morose composer's frequent change of residence. He frequently changed his residence, but never took necessary time to fit up his new home properly. Once he missed a most precious manuscript, the score of his favorite symphony, copied completely and neatly. Poor Beethoven searched for it over a fortnight. Finally he found it. But alas, where? In the kitchen, where it was placed under butter, bacon, and other provisions! Quite beside himself from fire, he threw all the eggs at hand at his cook's head and turned her out of the house. He determined not to admit such a person to his kitchen again. The meals moreover, he said, for a long time had not been to his taste, remarking that cooking was not more difficult than composing, that he determined to take the kitchen himself. He went to the market and made his purchases. Glad of the chance, and cheapness of the provisions, he invited several friends to dinner, and went to work to prepare all the dishes himself. When the guests came they were astonished to see their host in the kitchen. He wore a white cap and apron like a cook by trade. The fire on the hearth blazed, the pots seethed, the butter in the pan sizzled, but nothing was ready at the appointed time. Beethoven stood in despair, menacing now with the ladle, then with the carving-knife, the un-governable pots. He overset and set them up again; he burnt his fingers, but he burnt the roast meat far more. The guests waited impatiently for the results of Beethoven's labors as a cook. At last he came triumphantly from the kitchen, like a warrior from the battlefield. But his victories were not great. The soup looked thin and poor. Beethoven did not know that it had to be skimmed, and let it boil too long, continually adding water. The vegetables had not come in contact with the water. They were covered with sand, and swam in grease. But the most horrible of all was the roast meat. Nobody could eat anything, except Beethoven himself, who did full justice to his cookery. The guests asked for some bread, butter and cheese, and drank of the good wine which had just been ordered in addition to the dinner. On the day following, Mrs. Schnapps entered into Beethoven's kitchen again. He had seen that cooking must be learned, like his own sublime art, and he thought best not to meddle with it any more.

Who is Old?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe he will be doing for himself, his neighbor, or for posterity. Who is old? Not the man of energy, nor the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom.

In an Iowa town a citizen had rendered himself obnoxious to the rest of the community, so he was placed in the hands of a Vigilance Committee for treatment. The Chairman of the Committee made the following report: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice and proceeded to duck him, but he slipped through our hands and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him out failed, and he has now retained his point of advantage some hours."

An ingenious photographer has lately come to grief in Paris in this wise: Being being slack—personal vanity not having revived sufficiently, since the Commune, to call for his aid and the sun's—be looked up his collection of negatives, and selecting those of the least well favored of his lady clients, he took off impressions of the same, and sold them as portraits of the petroleuses, or women arrested for firing houses with petroleum. A collector of these curiosities was astonished one day to find the counterfeit presentation of his respected mother-in-law among those of the fair incendiaries. Some men might not have found fault with this disposition of that particular relative, which seems to be the bete noire of English and French husbands. This son-in-law, however, did not look long to that category, and with him arrested and punished. In mitigation of sentence, he pleaded that he was by no means the only sinner of his class, the same industry being profitably pursued by others of his profession.

A Wisconsin Justice of the Peace granted himself a divorce.

Mr. Spillman had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. Spillman remarked: "I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman. "No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy." "Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman." "No, my dairy." "Say our dairy, say our—" screamed she. "My dairy! my dairy!" yelled the husband.

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