VOL. II.

DE

RIDGWAY, PA, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1872.

AT . OF POETRY.

- maniovil'i II BY R. W. EMPRISON. Good-by, proud world ! I'm going home;

- To grandour with his wise grimace

- To crowded halls, to court and street: To frozen hearts and hasting feet; To those who go and those who come—
- Basomed in you green hills alone A secret nook in a pleasant land,

- A spot that is sucred to thought and Go-
- I hugh at the lore and pride of man, At the esphist schools, and the learned clan; For what are they all, in their high conceit,

When a man in the bush with God may meet?

"Bayside," as its owner somewhat ambitiously christened the incongruous aggregation of discomforts and wooden balconies at the head of the little cove, was one of those numberless salt-water

It was a quiet sort of place, and the neighborhood was good; but the most remarkable feature of Bayside that sum-mer was the presence of Nellie Martin. Of course, there were other girls enough, possession, week after week, of even one undeniable beauty, is a windfall for a small watering-place. Old Bowers and his managing wife frankly admitted to each other that they could have offered as each other that they could have afforded

to board Nellie for nothing.
"But not her mother," added the good lady; "those tall, thin people are awful

"But I rather like the old gentleman," responded her spouse. "He's a good fisherman, and he brings home his fish;

And beyond all doubt, the willful beauty had been spoiled "to that degree," so that she frankly accepted at male attention and devotion as no more than her due, without the least apporent idea that it could rightfully demand repayment in more serious coin than her

among the veriest babies that came to

her grown-up admirers. Even when her pale-faced mother chided Nellie on her behavior, she could stepped on shore. Little change was re-Even when her pale-faced mother obtain no more than a kiss of peace, and, quired in her simple seaside costume, Nonsense, mamma; I'm sure it won't and in a few minutes she was whirled

And Mrs. Martin shook her head lovingly, and held her peace, for when, among so many young gentlemen as appeared and disappeared at Bayside, a young lady like Nellie could either of them." it was very clear that

undecided whether Jack Loutrel or of the more favored or skillful pair was with Nellie Martin's blue eyes and gold-

about them, and their fathers before

"Either would do," he had said to his wife, more than once.
"Yes; but husband-"

either of them. amused her in just the way she liked to

ups and downs of their doubtful rivalry; he felt sure he was bearing her away from corresponding devices on land permost in the heart of his companion was one of merry anticipation of the disgust of Murray Nesbitt, when he should drive up to Bayside with his new which'll be at Bayside first—I or my should drive up to Bayside with his new turn-out, and find that she and Jack

had "gone to sea." Nevertheless, for she was fond of boating, she fully appreciated the skill and vigor of Jack's rowing, as the gay little craft darted forward over the glassy water. Nellie herself could pull very well, but Jack Loutrel was an athlete of he did not care to be carried too far

no mean order.
"It's a splendid morning for a row," she said; "but we must not stay out too long. The sun will be very hot by-

and-by. "Not too long, indeed," said Jack

Perhaps there was; but Jack had made up his mind that some things should be attended to that morning,

island, at the mouth of the cove," said Nellie. "Did you ever go ashore there?"

ession, and make believe there's a chance

Jack was silent for a little space, as he looked dreamily out to sea, with his

great brown eyes.

When he turned them again at Nellie, frightened her, and she could have wish-

"What is the matter, Jack ?" she asked, with an attempt at banter. Are

"Hush, Nellie; don't laugh at me just now," interrupted Jack, in a voice that was deep, even for him, but very low and sweet; "I've something I want

fore Nellie could muster courage to stop Perhaps Nellie herself had some

panion pleaded for an immediate answer, she sprang to her feet with a laugh ray's heart throbbed quick and fast, that expressed a world of willful mean-

matter of life and death with me . Answer me !--oh, Nellie !"
"Mr. Jack Loutrel, will you have the

"I want to be your oarsman for life,

Nellie, but not just now."

Nellie was already standing by the boat, as it rocked gently at the edge of

there was half a tremor in her voice.

Jack Loutrel could not have spoken

been different; but he sat, without voice or emotion, more like a human barnacle than anything else.

A moment more Nellie waited. She would have given something for an answer, for any sign of yielding; but none

She pulled very slowly, and it was alf a mile to the beach in front of the lays le Hotel, but a curve in the land t last hid the rock from her sight, with-

It was a tremendous experience for lie, altogether unlike any she had ings, even more than carelessness, that a drive with Murray Nesbitt, which

Meanwhile Jack Loutrel had remainknew him would have dreamed of, for he had ricked much on one cast, and he had failed to win.

He was not physically uncomfortable, eclipsed the summer sun, and with a

Not so very bad, with due allowances for now the sore-hearted watcher was suddenly aroused by the plash of little waves that were breaking at his very

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "the tide coming in? Of course it is; and what am I to do, now Nellie has carried off the boat ?"

Black and heavy the clouds were gathering overhead, and a sort of mist had settled on the water away to windward.

coming. Drown, sure, if I stay here. This is an awkward piece of business but I've swam twice as far as that, and carried my clothes, too. They got and his outer clothing was quickly into the cove, a thought seemed to strike him, and he suddenly snatched off his

"It's one of those varnished things

If he had any deeper thought, he did not put it in words, but dashed gallantly into the fast-roughening water.

And now the wind was beginning to be something more than a breeze, and Jack's work was all cut out for him, for

Still, there was nothing so impossible in the feat, for a man like Jack, but what, in due time, though pale, and dripping, and exhausted, he dragged himself out on dry land. And then he found it no contemptible job to coax himself once more inside of his water-

soaked clothing.

Beyond him, at a little distance, rose the bald, weather-beaten knob that they called "The View," and which formed a stock attraction of the Bayside "drive." The road itself passed near where Jack had landed, and he waited a moment in

Dr. Doran wrote a book on "Mon-archs Retired from Business," but it has been reserved for the last French Revsee him in his forlorn predicament, and sprang over into the road to make the

> thing to support her children.
>
> This lady is the wife of the Prince Pierre Bonaparte, whose chief notoriety has arisen from his killing the Parisian journalist Victor Noir, an incident which probably precipitated the down-

He was an officer of the army, but has been a poor relation of the Emperor

fall of the Empire, by exasperating pop-

ed his imperial relatives when it took place, shortly after his trial; and it is mostle animals.

Many farmers

and his the cold shoulder now.

The Empress still keeps up her mimic court at Chischhurst, but, not despising economies, has recently advertised her jewels for sale, and they are now on exhibition at a London jeweler's. But the poverty of the imperial pair is of that comparative kind which is very comfortable, for the diamonds alone are worth several hundred thousand pounds sterling, not to mention "nest eggs'

which have been securely put away. We need not condole with them; but our admiration and sympathy are due to the brave woman who has the true pride which prefers independence to dependence, and who braves scoffs and pre-judices in converting her misfortunes, and the historic name she bears, into a support for herself and her family.

An Old Dutch City.

A correspondent of the Transcript writing from the old Dutch city of Am sterdam, says that in the thirteenth century the city consisted of a number of fishermen's huts clustered together on a salt marsh. After the siege of Antwerp, active merchants of the sixteenth cenury, and clever manufacturers, driven by Spanish persecution, sought refuge where they entered into new commercial pursuits. Amsterdam then desplashing terests; and at that period it engrossed the carrying trade of the whole world, and reared a race of bold and hardy seamen, ever ready to fight the battles of their country or to brave the tempests of the deep. The ground plan of the city is in the shape of a crescent, its was not upon the rock.

As for Murray Nesbitt, by this time he measurably comprehended the situation, or thought he did, and insisted on to the outer one, and called, respectively, the Priusen, Keigers, Heeren and Singe Gracht. Each is lined with very handome houses, and some of the publi buildings situated on these broad canals will compare favorably with the finest in Europe. Two hundred and ninety-eight bridges connect the ninety-five islands upon which Amsterdam is built. The daily cost of keeping in repair and the cleansing of dikes, brislges, etc., is calculated at two thousand two hundred dollars. It is said that when Eras mus, in old times, reached Amsterdam he exclaimed, "These people, like crows live on the tops of trees." The Dutch East India Company build some enormous corn warehouses; and in 1822, having stored them with three hundred and fifty tons of corn, the foundation, being laid on piles, could not bear the pressure, and corn and buildings disap peared in the mud beneath. In fact the whole city is founded on piles, so that heavy burdens are always transported along the canals.

An Awkward Mistake.

A curious story was current in West End circles some years ago. The Duke of Wellington received a note which he believed emanated from the Bishop of London, requesting permission "to sketch the Waterloo breeches." The Duke, though both alarmed and surprised, immediately ordered the "small clothes" to be forwarded to St. James square, with the following characteristic epistle: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington ment of Mr. Jones there can be no presents his compliments to the Bishop of London, and is not aware that the breeches he wore on the occasion of the battle of Waterloo differ materially from has disappeared except the relics thus many other pairs in his Grace's possession, but they are very much at the Bishop's service, and he can make any use of them he thinks proper." Bishop's consternation on receipt of the gard to the aborigines of the country. above, with its accompanying parcel, had the effect of inducing him diately to order his carriage and drive to the Prime Minister with this sad proof of the wreck of his Grace's mental powers, whilst the "Duke," on the other hand, mounted his horse and rode to the residence of the Lord Chancellor with a similar announcement in respect to the Bishop, producing the note he had that morning received. On a closer examination it was discovered that the writer was not the Bishop of London, but "Miss Loudon," daughter of the great landscape gardener, and herself an artist of some celebrity, asking his Grace's permission to sketch not the "Waterloo breeches," but a clump of the "Waterloo breedles, known as the trees at Strathfieldsaye, known as the trees at Strathfieldsaye, known as the trees at Strathfieldsaye, known as the mistaken "Loudon" for "London," the Bishop's usual signature, the initials being, singularly enough, the same in both cases.—Miner's Journal.

Cause of Chills and Fever.

Dr. Doran wrote a book on "Monarchs Retired from Business," but it has been reserved for the last French Revolution to convert princesses into milliners. In the advertising column of a London journal we find an advertise-ment in the French large amount of vegetable matter in a large amount of vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, and this occurs pupils in the Industrial School. ment in the French language, announce more especially in times of drouth. In ing that the Princess Pierre Bonaparte dry seasons, rotting wood and vegetahad opened a millinery establishment, Mayasin des Modes, at 17 Bend Street, in that city, and solicits the patronage of the fair ladies of the English aristocracy.

An editorial notice in the same journal particular of the fair ladies and states the real particular of decaying vegetable matter on a dry soil, though it may be very any effect to the fact and states the real particular of the same journal particular of the same journ racy.

An editorial notice in the same journal refers to the fact, and states the reason to be the poverty of the Princess, son to be the poverty of the Princess, large is an essential factor in the causes.

But all awampy lands are more or less But all swampy lands are more or less productive of this type of fever in dry seasons, and the prevalence of intermit-tents in their vicinities always corresponds with the quantity of decaying, or-

ganic matter. Another source of the disease not often thought of, and seldom alluded to in medical books, is rotting wood, and other decaying vegetable matter, in the for a long time, and dependent on the pension granted him while the latter had control of the public purse. He is afflicted not only with this, and the other evil of a very bad temper, but a the immediate vicinity of houses or martyr to the gont also.

His marriage with his mistress, the mother of his children, who was a woman of obscure position, greatly offendthough analogous affection in the do-

Many farmers wonder why the members of their families are sick, and how their domestic animals become diseased, when, if they would only look at the stagnant water, decaying offal, and accumulated excrement in the immediate vicinity, they would find the explanation

Saving Money.

There is, perhaps, no one in this world

nore to be pitied than the poor manthe man who has got into the habit of saving until he saves from sheer delight in seeing his wealth increase, and of the reading-room, Elder Boring officiatsaving until he saves from sheer delight in seeing his wealth increase, and of counting every dollar of expenditure as though its loss was something that could never be repaired. Yet it is the duty of bride wore a drab travelling dress, gloves, and will and a white hat trimmed with all the difference between happiness and misery, and no man, especially with a family dependent on him, can be truly independent unless he has a few dollars reserved for the time of need. While reserved for the time of need. While the ceremony, Elder Boring presented extreme carefulness as to the expenditure of money will make a rich man residence of the elder brother, and last poor, a wise economy will almost as cer-tainly make a poor man rich, or at least make him, to a considerable extent, independent of the caprices of employers and of the common vicissitudes of life. man than the habit or stenthe some thing; but his little hoard will soon beprise and gratify him. Every workingman ought to have an account in some savings bank, and should add to it every week during which he has full employment, even if the addition is but a dollar at a time. If he does this he will soon find the dollars growing into tens, and these tens into hundreds, and in a little time will be in possession of a sum which is constantly yielding an addition to his income, which secures him a reserve fund whenever one is needed, and which will enable him to do many things, which, without a little money, he would be powerless to do. - Pittsburgh

Indian Relics in Indiana.

The New Albany, Ind., Ledger of ecent date contains the following : Mr. Samuel Jones, near New Amsterdam, Harrison county, sends us an account of having drained a lake in his place covering over seventy acres, which has probably existed there for hundreds of years. The work was one of great labor and expense, but restores to use a fine body of land, and Mr. Jones is certainly entitled to great credit for the work performed. He informs us that after the draining had been completed he found that the bed of the lake had at one time been occupied as an Indian camping ground, probably the site of one of their villages. As evidence of this, he states that in digging a cellar large quantities of bear and deer bones were thrown up. At other points on the place, when digging holes to set posts, bones of Indians were found. Several Indian graves have been discovered on the place, which appear to "to have been covered with mussel taken from the bed of some of the neighboring creeks, or the Ohio river. Indian implements of various kind have also ocen found on the place, and in the immediate neighborhood. From the statedoubt that the locality, at one time, has been the home of a large tribe of North American Indians, every trace of which accidentally discovered. This is an in-teresting field for the investigations of archeologists, and may enable them to gather some valuable information in re-

> dressing the teller, who was something of a wag, inquired, " Is the cashier in

"No, sir," was the reply.
"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier." "I suppose it will," said the teller.

Very well; I will wait." After sitting in a chair, with which the teller politely furnished him, for an hour and a half, the pen-peddler asked How soon do you think the cashier will be in?

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller; "but I expect him in bout eight weeks. He has gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should be back in that time."

Peddler concluded not to wait

Romantic Marriage.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the history of Miss Arlingdale is as follows: She was brought to Plainfield, Ill., by Capt. James Baker, of the Union army and for six months had a home in his family, when she was sent to the Home for the Friendless in this city. Having been taught to read and to sew, she was adopted into a family at Clinton, Iowa, but the death of her benefactor caused her to be returned to the Home. On her way hither she attracted the atten-tion of her future husband, who placed her in the hands of Mrs. Grant and Miss Bowman, and requested permission to visit her. For two and a half years he has watched over his protege, only to claim her yesterday as his bride.

Mrs. Esmay is sixteen years of age. etite in figure, and a brunette with flashing black eyes. She has been fairly educated, is amiable in temperament, and was a general favorite with the lady managers of the Home.

Mr. Esmay is twenty-nine years old, bears a high character, and has two brothers in this city who are greatly

A wedding based upon such commute circumstances necessarily created a great sensation. For some time the lady Directors of the Home have been prepar-ing for the event, and the fair bride was forced to accept an outfit at the hands of those whose hearts she had reached. The arrangements for the dress were made by Mrs. Perry H. Smith, Mrs. Ed-ward Ely, and Mrs. H. M. Buell, and material therefor was contributed by several parties. Mrs. William C. Dow decorated the reception-rooms with flowers, and Mrs. Martin Andrews sent

drab, and relieved by rose-colored rib-bons. In her left hand was an elegant ouquet. The groom was attended by his two brothers. On the conclusion of evening repaired to Oak Park, to spend the honeymoon with a relative.—Chicago Tribane, May 3.

A Trip to Florida. visiting Florida. hr is our ope from

moss-draped trees, and alligators thrown in, are not to be found in Jersey. Or-range groves are not frequent in Westchester County. By all means come to Florida, if you have no disease of the lungs or bronchia, and if you are a pru-dent and sensible man. If you are a nervous, fidgety Wall Street man, the lazy, tortoise life here will do you good. A look out upon the cypress swamp will calm your nerves, if any thing will. The very splash of the terrapin and the heot of the owl will lull you. The blue heron flaps his big wings as if they were made of lead, and the alligator lies sprawling on the log, as in a paradise of dream. After all, there's the secret. It's New York that's killing you, ye workers. Your overwrought brains need a lullaby. You'll find it in Flori-da. This is the real Antipodes. Six scenery and atmosphere are such, on this St. John's, that you can't think of stocks and ramount if you try. This is the land where towns consist of one house; where steamboats make eight miles an hour; where railroads carry you four miles an hour (on my honor, they are four hours going sixteen miles, from Tocoi to St. Augustine); where the happy maxim rules, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow;" where the mail comes semi-occasionally where the newspaper is almost as rare as a snowstorm; and where telegrams are unknown .- Howard Crosby.

Weights and Ages. Somebedy who has been "studying

our weights" reports that "upon an average, boys at birth weigh a little more, and girls a little less, than six pounds and a half. For the first two years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus young men of twenty average one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty average one hundred and twenty pounds.

Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average about one hundred and sixty-two pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is one hundred forty-nine pounds. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times Not In.—A pompous, well-dressed person entered a bank one day, and adpounds, women from eighty-eight to two hundred and seven pounds. actual weight of human nature, taking the average of all ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls, and babies, all included, is very nearly one hundred pounds. These figures are given as avoirdupois weight but the advocates of the superiority of women might make a nice point of introducing the rule that women be weighed by Troy weight—like other jewels—and men avoirdupois. The fig-

Facts and Figures

NO. 13.

The sum of \$250,000 was realized last year by the sponge gatherers on the lower gulf coast of Florida.

The hair of a gray-headed old patri-arch of 88, in Calais, Vt., is turning black

without any patent appliances. Gov. Caldwell, of North Carolina, has just pardoned out of the penitentiary a convict who died about six weeks ago.

It is said that the number of American books in the British Museum is greater than in any library in the United States.

Thieves "went through" a Fort Wayne reporter and came out with three lead pencils, a broken comb, and a deadhead circus ticket.

A little girl in New Hampshire got two beans up her nose the other day. A doctor and a bottle of other were necessary to save her life.

"Spank this boy and send him home," is the label which anxious Detroit, mothers stick on their boys when they send them out to play

Smart boys in Quincy, Ill. cut off rats' tails, plant them in flower-pots, and sell them to unsophisticated florists as a new species of cactus.

The English papers have ceased deriding the Tichborne claimant, and admit that his case is "rising almost to its former dignity and interest."

The American Medical Association at Philadelphia has resolved that its members should discourage the use of alcohol as a stimulus in their remedies. A man in Lansing, Mich., has a crow

that associates with the hens and crows like a healthy rooster. Who has a bet-ter right to crow than a crow? A female infant was found on the porch of a house in Germantown, Pa., and carried to the poor house, where it was registered as "Dolly Varden."

A census has just been taken of the members of Brigham Young's family, which returns him 68 children, of whom 40 are females. His wives number 32. A queer individual at Keokuk, Iowa, called on the undertaker and got meas-

ured for his own coffin. He said he wanted no measuring tapes about his re-Somebody is responsible for the assertion that Queen Victoria has an American can young lady as waiting-maid. She

is a Bostonian and a general favorife, we are told. An Alabama paper was not issued at the regular time, lately, one of the editors being on the jury, and the other having been married. Both expressed

their regrets in the next issue. Somebody in Wisconsin has discovered that the northwestern boundary of the Commonwealth resembles a profile of and new it wants to be called the Wash-

A Kansas crack marksman was latel acquitted on a charge of assault with intent to kill by showing in the back yard that if he had fired at a man inending to kill him, he would surely have done it.

The New Albany (Ind.) Ledger says: Fifty newspapers and periodicals are taken by one man at this post-office. He is an old farmer, and little known in literary circles, yet one of the most in-telligent men in the county.

The latest fashion at a church wedding is for a wreath of flowers to be stretched across the aisle, instead of the customary white ribbon or cord, and when the bride arrives, it is spread on the ground for her to step over, so that she may literally walk upon roses.

A prudent father in Lovell, Ky., has da. This is the real Antipodes. Six days will bring you here; and the scenery and atmosphere are such, on effective enough, but not to be encouraged on general principles. He placec a loaded pistol in the hands of his little son, aged seven years, and told him to shoot his half sister, a poor imbecile. The child did not hit the right sister, but the family circle was diminished to the same extent.

Santanta, the notable Indian chief, now in the Penitentiary with Big Tree, sentenced for life for the murder of Texan citizens, has made a proposition to Governor Davis to leave Big Tree as a hostage for his fidelity, and let the Governor send men with him, and he promises to go to all the tribes, return all the captives in their hands without ransom, and gather in all his wild tribes on any reservation which may be selected by the Government, and that they shall keep the peace hereafter.

At a teachers' institute in St. Louis county, Missouri, a school-master argued that it was not possible to get along with boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age without flogging them or dis-missing them from school. It is to the credit of the institute that none of the other teachers present agreed with him. One was sure that "schools could be controlled without the infliction of bodily pain;" while another member said that "in nine cases out of ten pupils were flogged in the heat of passion.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald vouches for this, if true, certainly very remarkable fact: "In the blooming, beautiful, balmy May of 1863, one of those dreadful battle-stained years never to be for-gotten, General Tiligham fell, shot dead, at the battle of Champion Hill, gallantly struggling in defence of his cherished principles. His noble life ebbed away on the spot where he fell, and the sad earth drank his blood with greedy thirstiness. But upon that immediate spot grew a peach tree that had reached maturity, while its roots steeped themselves in the martyr's blood. Singular to relate the leaves and fruit of this tree ures will then stand: young men of twenty, one hundred and forty-three pounds each; young women of twenty, one hundred and sixty pounds.

The propagations from the tree are of the same peculiar color. There is something very peculiar about this. We have seen the leaves and must confess A San Francisco court has decided that opium eating is not intemperance. they do look and even (to us) smell like blood. The fact can be witnessed by those taking the trouble,"

GOOD-BY.

- Thou art not my mind, and I'm not thine.
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
 A rive-ark on the occan brine.
 Long I ve been tossed like the driven foam
 But now, groud world; I'm going home.
- Good-by to flattery's fawning face; To upstart wealth's averted eye; To supple office, low and high;
- Good-by, proud world ! I'm going home. I am going to my own hearth-stone.
- Whose groves the frolic fairles planned Where arches green, the livelong day. Echo the blackbird's roundelay. And vulgar feet have never troc
- Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home, I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome! And when I am stretched beneath the pine-, Where the evening star so holy shines.

THE STORY-TELLER.

WASHED ASHORE.

summer refuges with which the shore of Long Island Sound is studded.

but I don't believe he's rich." "If they ain't pretty well off," said his wife, "they've no business to have spoiled Nellie to that degree."

own smiling approval. extended to her dealings with even the ever had before; and it may have been children; and she seemed as happy the tumult and excitement of her feel-Bayside as with the most persistent of led her to accept so eagerly the offer of

hurt either of them.'

there were two in particular. Both of them knew very well which two, for Nellie's other worshippers were Murray Nesbitt were most deserving their bitterest resentment. One at least sure to be in the way of anybody else

who dreamed of aspiring to a tete-a-tete en hair. Fine, presentable fellows were they both, and old Mr. Martin knew all

"Oh, now, Nellie must choose for herself; and I ain't at all sure she fancies No more was Nellie; but they both

Jack and Murray gallantly maintained an outward semblance of personal good-will to each other, through all the Jack Loutrel was a man of action but who shall blame Jack if he experienced a keen sensation of triumph at dle, and fastened at the back of his finding Nellie Martin actually in his neck. Then, as he stood and watched boat, one splendid July morning, when the swift surrent of the tide sweeping Alas! for Jack's triumph! If he could light chip hat, and sent it spinning out only have known that the feeling up- upon the water.

"but I've a notion there's a storm brew-

storm or shine. There's that desolate-looking little

of finding something?"
"I don't care," said Nellie, and in a
few minutes more they were seated cozily on the low ledge in the centre, and

they had a look in them that almost ed herself in the boat again.

to say to you.' And so he had, and he said it all be

Do you mean to mock me, Nellie Martin Do you not know—can you not feel that I am in earnest? It is a

goodness to pull me ashore, or shall I take the boat, and go alone?"

the little islet.
"Shall I wait for you?" she said, and

from a man in earnest. Perhaps if he had spoken, or had turned his great brown eyes upon her for a moment, the result might have

came, and her proud will carried her into the boat, and seated her at the oars.

slightest change of posture in the figure she had left sitting on the ledge.

away behind the new team. ed, in almost sullen fixedness of musing, for a much longer time than those who

for the fast-rising clouds had now good provision of fishing-tackle, perhaps the rock would not have been so bad a place.

feet, and he felt the fresh wind of the sea upon his face.

"Looks like something rough was

hat."

into the cove by the tide.

"Island?" replied he. "Yes, desolate enough. "It's dry now, at low water, but the waves go clean over it when the tide's up. Shall we land, and take posassume that their understandings are

breasted, but within his own heart Princesses as Milliners. things were at a terribly low ebb. Nearer and faster came the rattle of the wheels, and then there swept past him, at their best gait, the new team of Murray Nesbitt, and Nellie Martin herself was sitting beside the handsome driver. She seemed to be looking up at him, too, with more of earnestness and emotion in her face then Jack Loutrel had ever seen there. True, it was but a glimpse he caught as they flashed past him; but he cared no longer who might

best of his way to the hotel. That had been an eventful morning for Nellie Martin. It was a long drive that Murray Nesbitt had planned for her, and that, too, not without a purpose of his own. The swift motion was a good thing for Nellie, and aided ever known her before. How could he and bewildered.

At all events, when her elequent com-

> They were not driving very fast just then, but were coming out upon the seaward slope of "The View." Nellie's face had been half-averted, and there was a dreamy look in her eyes that her companion did not see. Suddenly she exclaimed, with a sort of half-

with a glow of coming triumph.

electric start : "Where is the rock? Why, it is othing but foam; and how the wind is blowing." "Oh, that rock," he said, coolly.
"Why, that's nothing. he water has been over it this half hour." "Home! home! Drive back to the

hotel instantly!" gasped Nellie. "Oh! if anything has happened to him! I left him on the rock without a boat!"

Even Murray's disappointment did not prevent his obeying so scrious an injunction, and so they sped, past Jack Loutrel's ambush, little dreaming that he would come striding on behind them. It was a short drive, long as it seemed

to Nellie's conscience-stricken haste;

and she ran breathlessly from the car-

riage to the beach. Careful hands had hauled the boats

up high and dry, for the waves were hasing one another in a rough and tumble that was momentarily becoming more boisterou-. No one seemed at hand to help, and Nellie's own fair hands were quickly ugging vainly at one of the gayly

minted wherries.

and her the voice of the boat-keeper. Why, yer into the water yourself. "Oh! but we must save him! I left him on the rock!"

Just then, a long, crested, wave died away from around her feet, and left behind it, on the sand, a round,

water-soaked chip hat. Nellie saw it,

"Wait a moment, miss!" shouted be-

and covered her face with her hands, for now she knew that Jack Loutrel doing his uttermost to get one or more of the boats into the water, having it in mind to row all over the cove in search of any hope of aiding his unfortunate rival; while poor Nellie, after a few moments, mechanically picked up the wave-tossed wreck of a hat, and turned back toward the hotel, without vouchsafing a word of explanation to the curious and anxious inquirers, who were now rapidly hurrying down to the water-side. So general, in fact, was the exodus, that when Nellie entered the veranda, she found it altogether deserted. On she walked, like one in a dream; out at the further end, toward the road,

a tall form, clad in garments that clung forlornly close to their wearer, passed stiffly by her, as if it had been one who knew her not. "Oh, Jack " exclaimed Nellie, and she grasped him hard by the arm as she spoke. "Jack Loutrel, is it you? Jack,

here's your hat." Jack had turned upon her a pale, reroachful, almost a stormy face; but Nellie's blue eyes were streaming with tears, and her lips, that had been so

willful, were quivering as they never

"Oh, Jack! if you had not come

ashore, I should have died!"
"Nellie!—Nellie Martin!

had before.

" Yes, Jack ; I found it out all at once, when I saw there was nobody on the rock. And, then-oh! when I thought nothing but your hat-Please forgive me, dear Jack.

of his new team had departed, for Jack Loutrel had got his answer.

Alas! for Murray Nesbitt! The glory

Old Leather. What becomes of all the old leather We know that the scraps and trimmings that fall from the shoemaker's bench are collected and sold, and that these finally reach manufacturers of leather board, which, in cheap shoes, is used to give thickness to a sole which has but little real leather in it. But what becomes of worn out boots and shoes, and all other articles made of leather which have been cast aside as of no further use? It was in pursuit of this inquiry that we learned that worn out hose and belting are cut up into soles for boots, and that the "uppers" of boots and shoes whereof the soles have become demoralized, are carefully separated, subjected to various processes, which make them take on the semblance of newness, and then trimmed round, leaving them sufficiently large to make the "uppers" for smaller feet than they covered before. Thousands of such "uppers" are marketed annually, and it is not safe for those who buy their boots without regard to the standing of the dealers to