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POETRY.

DO AS NEAR RIGHT AS YOU CAN.

The world thrives widely before you,
A light for your music and brain;
And though clouds may often dot o'er you,
And often come tempests and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'erstrike you—
Push forward through all like a man—
Good fortune will never forsake you,
If you do as near right as you can.

Remember, the will to do rightly,
If used, will evil confound;
Live daily by conscience, that night's
Fear sleep may be peaceful and sound.
In content of right never waver—
Let honesty shape every plan,
And life will of Paradise favor,
If you do as near right as you can.

Though foes' darkest scowls may speed,
And strive with their shrewdest of tact,
To injure your fame, never heed,
But justly and honestly set;
And ask of the Ruler of Heaven,
To save your fame from the power of fate,
And all that you ask will be given,
If you do as near right as you can.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THWARTED.

BY BESSIE MURRAY.

Philip Earle's house was filled with guests—a gay, pleasure-seeking throng that had come at his invitation to spend the summer months at his beautiful residence, The Elms. For years the house had been closed while Philip was abroad, but he had returned to his native land once more, and a large party of old friends had been invited to visit him.

Bernice Vaugu was deliberating between Newport and Saratoga when she received Philip Earle's invitation. Not a moment did she hesitate, but packed her most delicate silks, laces, jewels, fans, and all the *et ceteras* that form a New York belle's toilet, with a fixed determination to captivate Philip's heart with her dazzling beauty. She had known him years before, in fact, there had been quite a little love affair between them; but Bernice's flirtations had ended it.

Bernice Vaugu was a brilliant brunette; one of those flashy, fickle creatures that ensnare so many noble hearts by their wit and beauty, only to thrust them away when a new victim presents himself. But now she was tired of flirtations, and she decided to marry Philip Earle for his riches, never doubting her ability to captivate him, for she rarely met with failures; and this prize she thought worth trying for. Imagine her surprise and vexation when she learned from Philip's own lips, the night of her arrival, that he was betrothed to Ethel May.

"You will love her, Bernice, when you know her," said "for she is too pure and good," said for me. Still, we appreciate the good things God gives us if we are unworthy."

While Bernice, hating the girl she had never seen, congratulated him, and told him how anxious she was to see the lady who had won his cynical heart.

It was a lovely June morning. Bernice Vaugu pleaded indisposition, and excused herself from appearing at breakfast. In fact, she was cross, and very well knew she should say something ugly to some one if she appeared; and this, of all times, would not do. In the garden below the flowers were wet with dew; the blush rose and pink-hearted daisy were loaded with glittering jewels, and on the raven's glossy cheek lay shining drops that looked like tears.

Bernice sat on a *dishabille* at her window, unmindful of the sweet, subtle fragrance the breeze wafted up to her, or the red-breasted robin's silver notes as he carolled his morning prayers in an elm opposite. She was watching the party of croquet players on the lawn. The ladies looked pretty in their light morning dresses and sun-hats, and their merry laughter rang out clear and glad on the morning air.

Bernice watched with a critical eye Ethel May's every movement, and she could not but admit that she was the embodiment of grace, and a powerful rival; and she also noted how Phil followed her everywhere she moved, with a proud, fond gaze.

Ethel was very lovely. She was rather petite, with a transparent complexion of pink and white, large deep-blue eyes, and a wealth of soft, golden hair.

"Philip Earle, you shall never marry her," Bernice exclaimed aloud, bringing her jeweled hand down on the window-pane. "This baby-faced girl shall not thwart me. I will make myself more beautiful than she can be. I will exercise all my power over him, and if I fail I can surely win him by strategy."

That night there was a hop in the parlor, comprising the guests of the house, and a few outside friends. Ethel and Philip were enjoying a little *ete-a-ete* in one corner, when Bernice entered, looking perfectly dazzling in her dark beauty. She wore a long, black dress of some thin material, through which her white shoulders and arms gleamed like marble; bracelets of heavy gold, in the form of a serpent with jeweled eyes, coiled around her wrists, and diamonds glittered in her ears and shown among the braids of her purple black hair.

"O Phil, who is that magnificent creature?" Ethel exclaimed.

Philip was gazing at her with a look of deep admiration.

"That is Bernice Vaugu. Is she not beautiful? I must introduce you, dear; she used to be an old love of mine," said Philip, as he went in search of Bernice, for she was already surrounded by a group of admirers.

"An old love of Phil's?" Ethel murmured, and a strange fear crept over her as she looked into Bernice's eyes and dark, handsome face.

"So this is your lady-love, Sir Philip? I am so glad to have met you, and I am sure I shall love you dearly if you will let me," Bernice said, taking a seat by Ethel's side.

They formed a striking contrast—these two girls. Ethel, with her fairy-like form and delicate face, dressed in some fancy material; and Bernice in her dark dress, that admirably set off her Southern beauty. Ethel was fascinated with her as every one was when she exerted herself to be agreeable; and to-

night she was doing her best. Bernice watched her rival carefully, noticed how fondly her eyes rested on Philip's form, and how eagerly she listened when he spoke.

"I wonder if she has a jealous temperament, or does she trust her love implicitly? I'll soon see for myself, for I must study well," she mused.

Very adroitly Bernice managed to keep Phil at her side, entertaining him with her wit and beauty; or she would ask him to take a stroll on the veranda, as the rooms were close and heated. And he was a willing captor, for somehow he was bewitched by her beauty to-night, and did not notice the little, white-robed figure who watched them so earnestly.

Bernice was leaning on Philip's arm, gazing at the jeweled vault overhead, when the band commenced playing a low, delicious waltz, and fairy-like forms flitted past the windows.

"That music is irresistible! O Phil, would you walk with me? We used to walk in old times, you know," and Bernice looked into Philip's face with a tender look in her dark, luminous eyes.

She waltzed superbly, and almost ere he was aware, Phil was whirling away in the giddy dance with Bernice leaning on his shoulder, and her warm, perfumed breath close to his cheek. He had forgotten that this dance was promised to Ethel, and was just excusing himself from Bernice when she exclaimed—

"What a lovely rose-bud you have in your coat! Do give it to me; will you, Phil?"

Ethel saw him give Bernice the flower he had promised her, saw him fasten it in her hair, and she was a little cold toward Philip, and Bernice congratulated herself on her evening's success.

Day after day passed, and still Bernice held Phil a captive. He did not love her, and Ethel was as dear to him as ever; but there was a fascination about her, a nameless something he could not resist when he was in her society. Struggle against it as he might, Fate seemed to throw her continually in his path. She dazzled and bewildered him with her strange words, sometimes as bright and gay as a tropical bird, again as sad and pensive as a nun.

Ethel May resided with her uncle, and she spent nearly every evening there, for Phil desired to have her participate in the amusements the guests had arranged—tableaux, charades, or dancing, there was always something to be enjoyed every night.

About this time Mr. Thurston, Ethel's uncle, was taken very ill, and Ethel was constantly nursing; so while the others were flirting and coquetting to their heart's content, she sat by the bedside of the sick man, a pale and sad watcher. Philip called as often as he could, but his guests claimed him most of the time, and Bernice improved Ethel's absence to make herself as charming as possible.

If Bernice knew when Phil intended to call on Ethel, she would try her best to detain him; challenge him to a game of chess, or by some other trivial excuse strive to keep him at her side. But she did not always succeed, and when Philip was with Ethel he reproached himself for not being more attentive and calling often. He still loved her truly and tenderly, but Bernice was doing her best to lure him away, and such brilliant beauty was hard to resist. Yet he never dreamed of loving her, but being continually at her side, seeing her every day and hour in her radiant beauty, he could not help admiring her.

Mr. Thurston had nearly recovered, and Ethel, for the first time since his illness, was spending the evening at The Elms. The guests had just arranged an impromptu concert; several opera airs had been sung, and a number of difficult instrumental pieces had been executed. Phil turned the music for Bernice to play a brilliant piece that was just suited to her.

"Then Ethel was invited to sing."

"She'll turn your music, Ethel," asked Phil.

"No, I'll sing something from memory."

She looked as fragile as a lily in her soft, white dress and pale blue trimmings. Ethel had a pure, sweet voice, clear as a bell, and she sang in a plaintive tone, that old Scotch ballad:

"Better loved so could be,
Will ye come back to me,
I seemed to Philip as if she sang for him, and he shuddered to think how near he had come to straying away from her love, for admiration, such deep admiration as he had felt for Bernice, is the offspring of love. He reproached himself bitterly as he noticed for the first time how thin and pale she had grown in the past few weeks.

After the song was finished, Philip led her away from the piano, saying:

"Ethel, darling, come into the conservatory. I want to speak with you."

Bernice, standing near, saw the love-light in his eyes, and heard his low-spoken words. Unobserved by the others, she stepped out of the low window that opened on to the veranda, and when Philip and Ethel came in she was crouched close by the open window where she could distinctly hear their conversation.

"Ethel, was that song for me?" Philip asked.

"I thought of you when I sang it, for, somehow, Phil, I think you do not love me as you once did."

"I have never ceased loving you, dear, although Bernice Vaugu can't do that. I am her slave no longer; but I am her slave no longer; that little song awakened my sleeping senses, and now I almost despise her, for I see her motive. O Ethel, I need your pure, sweet presence always. What need is there of longer waiting? To-morrow eve we are to have tableaux; the last one on the programme is to be a mock marriage. Let's astonish the guests by making it a legal one. Will you, Ethel?"

She remonstrated, and almost refused to listen to the proposal, but Philip urged, in his loving way, for a long time, until Bernice heard Ethel's low-murmured consent, and saw Phil's face radiant with happiness.

With clenched hands and a white face

that looked almost ghastly in the silvery moonlight, Bernice stole unobserved over the broad staircase into her own room. Seating herself by the window, she looked out on the calm, peaceful night; but there was a hard, fixed look on her face, and a dangerous light in her eyes. There she sat, rocking back and forth in her rich evening dress, until the gray dawn appeared, never thinking of sleep, or of aught except the black, cruel deed she was on the verge of committing.

The next day the party went on a fishing excursion. Philip excused himself, and taking a book he strolled out on the lawn. Behind the summer-house was a line of thick and shady shrubbery. Throwing himself on the soft, velvety grass, he read for some time, and then dropped asleep. He was aroused by the sound of voices, as he thought, and peeping through the branches he saw Bernice in the summer-house, reading aloud from a large, black book, and first he thought he would speak, but the words she was reading held him fastened as it were.

"This poison is quick and sure, and leaves no trace behind. This is what I want. No trace. But who would dare suspect me—Bernice Vaugu of murder? Oh, that is a fearful word," she said, shuddering. "Sometimes I think I cannot do it. I have never been guilty of murdering a person, for Leslie Leigh died by his own hand; yet I know I was the cause of it. Oh, I shall never forget his words that night at the ball. 'Bernice, you have led me on and on, and now, if you reject me, I shall die.' Mark'n, I shall die!"

"But I spurned him from me; and yet I loved him as I can never love again. That night while I was flirting and listening to the honeyed praises from a stranger's lips, he died. The merciful *rouge* hid the pallor on my face when I heard the news, and my laugh was gayer than ever as I mingled in the dance, for none knew I was a murderer at heart. But he was a poor artist, and I could ill afford to become a poor man's bride. People say of me, 'She is cruel, heartless, and so on; but I cannot forget and Leslie is continually before me. I feel that I am wedded to his spirit,' she said. I suppose Ethel May's white face will betray me. But marry Philip Earle I must and will! My fortune is gone, but when I am mistress of The Elms, I will plunge into society the gayest of the gay. I will be their acknowledged queen, and in my reign of triumph I shall forget Ethel's death. Yes, I have planned it well. I will let her be glad to anticipate the tableau before the marriage, then she shall drink the poisoned glass of wine, and—never mind the rest, for my path will be clear, and Philip all my own. Nonsense!" she said, starting to her feet. "I have been talking aloud as usual. I must be more careful, for sometimes this habit may betray me. But now there is no one to listen except the birds, and none can interpret their songs. Well, I must go back to the house, for if the party return they'll say my headache was a poor excuse to remain at home."

And she stood up the lawn, leaving Philip almost gaped by the astonishing revelation he had just listened to. He could scarcely realize that he had heard a woman so coolly plan the murder of a fellow-being; and he shuddered when he thought how near she had come to accomplishing the deed.

The excursionists were already returning, and he must return to the house or they would wonder at his absence. He had formed no plan, and upon, only to watch and wait without Bernice's knowing that she was suspected.

Evening came, and the tableaux were passing off finely. Every one was pleased with the success of the entertainment so far. Philip had watched Bernice's every movement. Unsuspected by her he followed her footsteps from room to room, seeing her both go and come in his watch. Just before she was to go to Ethel to dress for the marriage, Bernice gazed into the open window, saw her prepare two glasses of wine. Into one she dropped a white powder, saying to herself—

"The right hand glass for the bride. Hal! ha! the bite of death!" and she stole softly out of the room.

It was but the work of a moment for Phil to empty the poisoned draught, and fill the glass with water colored with wine; and when Bernice returned with Ethel, the glasses appeared as she left them, and everything was the same as before.

"See here, darling," Bernice said, "you are looking pale and tired, so am I, and I got some wine, knowing it would do both good."

"I don't care for any, Bernice, thank you," Ethel replied.

"Oh, yes, drink it; that's a dear; you surely won't refuse when I got it on purpose for you."

"Did you? You are very kind, Bernice," Ethel said, as she raised the glass to her lips.

Bernice hurried from the room, leaving Ethel to dress, saying exultingly—

"It is almost over."

The marriage ceremony had been performed, and there was a perfect buzz of surprise throughout the rooms, but Bernice stood silent and motionless watching eagerly Ethel's every movement. As moment after moment sped away, and there was no change, Phil noticed the surprised and perplexed look on her face, and shuddered to think how near she had come to robbing him of a life-long happiness.

Every one excepting Bernice had wished the happy couple joy, and she kept silent, thinking the poison must soon take effect. But now she felt she must say something, or be conspicuous, so she stepped forward to offer her congratulations. These two words, "Allow me"—had scarcely passed her lips when Phil interrupted her, and there was a hush throughout the room.

"I can accept no congratulations from you, Miss Vaugu, for I have proof that they are not sincere. Here is your book that you left in the summer-house yes-

terday. A curious book for a young lady to read, is it not, my friends?" he said, reading the title aloud, "All about poisons." But you would not wonder at the selection if you had heard her soliloquy, her fendiish plot to poison her bride. Does it seem possible that a lady of heart is a murderer at heart? None but a fiend could be capable of such a cold-blooded deed! But, most happily for us both, I thwarted you. The poisoned drink you prepared for Ethel she did not taste, for I emptied the glass. And now, Miss Vaugu, leave my presence. I have just ordered your maid to pack your trunks immediately, and may you go out into the world a wiser and a better woman for this night's sad lesson."

"Thanks, monsieur, for your kind wishes; but only a week since you thought 'the fiend' was very wise and beautiful, you know," said Bernice, with a low laugh, as she returned to the door.

A year later Philip and Ethel read of her marriage to a man old enough to be her father, but who was as rich as Croesus.

"Poor Bernice," Ethel murmured.

"Why poor, dearest?" Phil asked.

"Because she has sold herself for gold, and can never know the joy of being 'the loved,' was her reply."

—*Waterbury Magazine.*

Liability of Telegraph Companies.

An important legal decision was announced at the last term of the law court in this district, which settles the law in this State as to the liability of telegraph companies to their employers in case of failure to transmit or deliver messages. As the case (George W. True *vs.* the American Telegraph and Cable Co.) is of novel interest in our courts and of interest to the public, we give a brief statement of the facts. In 1870, George W. True & Co., of this city, sent a dispatch to their correspondents in Baltimore, accepting an offer of a cargo of corn at a given price and freight. The offer had been made by telegraph, and the dispatch, which was sent on a "night blank" of the International Telegraph line at the usual night rates. The dispatch, on account of the carelessness of some operator at the line west of Boston, was not duly forwarded, and True & Co. failed to secure the cargo of corn. As the market price of corn and freight advanced immediately, they were obliged to buy other corn to meet the wants of their business at a price largely in advance of that offered. A claim was immediately preferred against the telegraph company for the damage resulting from their failure to promptly transmit the message to its destination, which was resisted by the company on the ground that one of the conditions printed on their "night blanks," subject to which the message was sent, was that the telegraph company should not be liable, in case of failure to deliver the message, to an amount greater than the sum paid for its transmission—in this case, forty-eight cents. Suit was therefore brought to recover special damages; the case was argued July, 1870, and has been under consideration two years; the court has now rendered a decision in which the claim of the plaintiffs is sustained in full.

THE ARIZONA DIAMONDS.

Important Letters from an Eminent London Firm—Mysterious Purchases of Rough Diamonds.

From the London Times.

The following from an experienced London firm seems to throw light on an important step in the gradual preparation of the Californian diamonds and rough diamonds.

25 GAZELAN ST., LONDON, E.C., 27, 1872.

Sir: In your City Article of to-day, commenting upon the reported discovery of diamonds, rubies, sapphires in the Arizona district, of North America, you allude to a circular of London diamond merchants issued last week, discussing the probable influence of the discovery upon the diamond market. That circular emanated from us, but there was a slight error committed in styling us as diamond merchants, as we act exclusively as brokers, a specialty in our position in the diamond trade to which we attach great importance. At the conclusion of your remarks you observe very judiciously that all that is wanting seems to be some guarantee that the gems should be less fugitive than the silver and gold of the Pyramid mines. Now, without totally discrediting the existence of the finds of some diamonds or precious stones in the localities named, yet a strong suspicion has crossed our minds that real rough diamonds, rubies, and sapphires may be procured as evidence of the new diamondiferous locality, and yet never have had an existence there, but have come from the Cape, Rio, Ceylon, or Burma; and our reasons for the impression are based upon the following circumstances:

Several months ago one of our most important constituents, a diamond merchant, with a large keeping an appointment with us for two or three hours, and on his arrival at our office he excused himself for the delay by laughingly recounting an occurrence which to him was exceedingly mysterious, and for the reason of which he could not form any idea. He then told us that when on the point of starting for our office he was interrupted by the arrival of a person who presented all the appearance of a hard-working digger, and who from his general roughness and uncouthness in no wise prepossessed our friend in his favor. From his peculiar accent he evidently hailed from America, which his subsequent remarks and statements led us to believe were large railway contractors over there fully confirmed. To our friend's great surprise the visitor asked to see rough diamonds, and on being somewhat reluctantly shown some, proceeded, to our friend's great astonishment, to put aside several lots as suiting his purpose, and said he would take them.

Skoptsy in Roumania.

Among the numerous religious sects found in Russia the strangest and most unnatural is that of Skoptsy. Born of an interpretation as barbarous as it is literal of the text—"If thy eye offend thee, pluck it out," etc.—the fundamental dogma of this sect is mutilation, which is a sort of baptism or consecration of its converts.

In spite of the endeavors of the Russian Government to prevent their making proselytes, they have not only maintained an existence in certain parts of the empire, but actually seem to increase, as their number is variously estimated at from seven hundred and fifty thousand to one million. Indeed, some writers say their number is much greater than even a million. They are generally well-to-do, and many of them are rich, which accounts, doubtless, in a measure, for the non-success of the government in its endeavors to destroy them. They buy immunity from the provincial authorities, and thus have been able to maintain an existence for four or five hundred years, although, owing to the nature of their fundamental dogma, they would soon die out if they made no proselytes.

Nevertheless, the energetic measures resorted to from time to time by the Russian Government have driven a certain number of them to Moldavia, where, owing to the corruption of the courts and the instability of the government, they can live in greater security. In fact, although Prince Michael Stourz showed a disposition to rid his dominions of the sect, which in his time was represented by about eighty members, his measures remained a dead letter, and to-day the city of Jassy alone contains six hundred Skoptsy, who are among the most thrifty of its citizens.

A deplorable circumstance recently called public attention to them. The corpse of a young Russian girl that had been clandestinely buried was discovered, and it was found that she had died while submitting to the operation practiced by the sect in the removal of the eyes. The discovery, as was very natural, created a great excitement, and the government took the matter in hand. At first it seemed that energetic measures would be adopted to put an end to these shameful barbarities; but the Skoptsy have found means to silence the officials. The courts have decided that there is no law under which the sect can be proceeded against. The laws of Moldavia, it would seem, are alike insufficient for the protection of the Jews and for the abolition of the barbarous practices of the Skoptsy.

Facts and Figures.

A Minnesota editor speaks of another editor as a "senile slinger of unsavory English."

Mr. Holloway, the English pianist and eminent man, is going to erect a hospital. Which is as good a way as any of expiating the sin of selling patent pills.

Four bales of palmetto leaves were recently shipped from Savannah to England, where they will be tested and their value determined as paper-making material.

Fashionable patroness to charity girl, who has been away for a holiday? Well, Betsy Jane, and what did you do when you went to see your friends? Betsy Jane—"Please m'm, I wore a panier."

A new and profitable branch of business is invented in Georgia, by a genius who sprinkles salt on the railroad to allure cattle upon the track. The animals are killed by the trains, and the railroad company has to pay for them.

A Superintendent of police made once an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract: "The prisoners set upon me and called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scare-crow, raganuffin and 'dolt—all of which I certify to be true."

In an advertisement by a railroad company of unclaimed goods, a letter dropped from the word lawful, and so the advertisement appropriately reads: "People to whom these packages are directed are notified to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

A lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. "Ma be you don't know what a phenomenon is. Well, I'll tell you. You have seen a cow, no doubt. Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree. Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon."

What are we to say of a father who, having a little girl three years old running about the house, carelessly leaves her outside in a storm of potatoes, within her reach? This is what Mr. La Route, photographer of Cambridge, Mass., did recently. The child found the poison—enough to kill seven men—drank it, and was dead in half an hour.

A youth while traveling in California was ambitiously displaying a small pistol before a brawny miner, whose belt was weighted with two heavy six-shooters, when the miner asked what he had there. "Why," replied the youth, "that is a pistol." "Was," said the rough, "if you should shoot me with that and I should find it out, I'd lick you like fun."

A Utica man has invented a travelling trunk with this improvement: Taking hold of the handle and lifting one end from the floor, a sharp pull draws out a hand-bar similar to those which a horse cart is drawn or propelled, and at the same time two strong wheels drop beneath. The trunk is at once a box on wheels, and the traveller can draw it away independent of porters or expressmen.

From the 10th of July, 1872, to the 26th of August, inclusive, there were forty-eight days when the thermometer in Washington rose to ninety degrees or above; fourteen days when it was at ninety-five degrees or above, and one day, July 3, when it rose to 101 degrees; these temperatures were indicated by thermometer fully exposed to the air, but protected from the sun or reflected heat.

Following the example set by the Japanese, the Chinese Government has sent forty students to the United States. These young men, who are of the Mandarin class, are to receive a collegiate education in this country, in a course that shall embrace a knowledge of our language, and practical art and science. The intention at first was to send these students to England, but the advice and influence of Geo. F. Seward, U. S. Consul-General, caused them to be sent to our country.

A London letter says that the striking mania is prevailing all England. The chairmakers of Wycombe, the coalmen of Lowestoft, the silk weavers of Sudbury, stone-masons of Preston, bakers of Dublin, engineers of Birkenhead, the china and earthenware manufacturers of Staffordshire, are all on a strike. The London carpenters, painters, bricklayers, bakers, and cabinet-makers are also on a strike. The Post-office employees have petitioned for an advance of wages. The journeyman butchers of London have formed a union for the purpose of getting higher wages.

The Paris *Figaro* warns its readers against placing too much confidence in the announcement of a hotel whose proprietor informs the public that "English, German, Italian and Spanish are spoken here." An Englishman, it says, who lately "descended" at the hotel in question, and could find no waiter possessing even the most rudimentary acquaintance with the English language, asked for an interpreter, and being told there was none, demanded an explanation. "By whom, then," he inquired, "are English, German, Italian and Spanish spoken?" "By the travellers, sir, who come to the hotel," was the reply.

The demand for false hair is increasing. Even the colored sisters find it necessary to supply the parsimony of nature by the prodigality of art to meet that demand; those who have must directly or indirectly supply the deficiencies of those who have not. One set of lambs must be shorn, in order that another set may have fleeces. In the novel, the woman sells her flowing tresses as a last resort to erect a tombstone over her dead child or to save the honor of her husband. In real life, she does it to buy a silk dress. Here, she will not do it at all, for what is the use of selling what would have to be replaced from a shop? But since she will not sell, the Rape of the Lock must be renewed on a grander scale. Trimming must ensue, and the blonde tresses of the Scandinavians and the dark locks of the Irish girls must be stolen from them.

Quoted in Full.

You have doubtless heard the story of the Chinaman who, in making a new pair of breeches for the American Captain, with an old pair for a pattern, followed his copy so literally as to reproduce a stitched rent and two patches. But the ludicrousness of this following was entirely thrown in the shade by the mistake of the workman who had taken the job of the finishing stone work of a new church in Briarport. The presiding clergyman of the parish was chairman of the committee on ornamentation, and it was decided that a suitable quotation of Holy Writ should be graven upon the cap-stone of the portal over the main entrance. In accordance therewith the workman was directed to carve upon the stone the sentence—"My House shall be called the House of Prayer." The man acknowledged his literary deficiencies, and in order that he might make no mistake, he asked for an exact copy of what was wanted. The clergyman, having in somewhat of a hurry, and being a small pocket Testament with him, took it out, and opening to the twentieth chapter of Matthew, and pointing to the thirteenth verse, he said—

"There, my man, you have it just as we want it."

The craftsman took the book, and the clergyman went his way.

The dedication of the church was postponed a week to await the finishing of the cap-stone. It was done in time, and raised to its place, and the consecration of the good minister, and his companions of the committee, can be better imagined than described upon beholding how literally with a vengeance the workman had copied the text of Scripture. Commencing at the point designated by the clergyman, he had reproduced the whole verse, and the stone bore upon its face the startling sentence—

"My House shall be called the House of Prayer; but ye have made it a Den of Thieves!"

There was a further postponement of the dedicatory services, and in the end the lower half of the cap-stone was adorned with a network of chisellings and clippings not contemplated by the original plan.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Romance of the Telegraph.

A telegraph clerk of London, who was engaged on a wire to Berlin, formed an acquaintance with an attachment for a female clerk, who worked on the same wire in Berlin. He made proposals of marriage to her, and she accepted him without having seen him. They were married, and the marriage resulting from their electric affinities is supposed to have turned out as well as those in which the senses are more apparently concerned. These young clerks, however, were not very rash, nor did they marry without due acquaintance with each other, as many prudent persons might suppose—for, according to Mr. Southmore, a clerk at one end of the wire can readily tell, by the way in which a clerk at the other does his work, "whether he is passionate or sulky, cheerful or dull, sanguine or phlegmatic, ill-natured or good-natured."

A Connecticut editor says: "Our early peas came up in two days after they were planted, this year. Anybody's will, if the hens are allowed to run in the garden."

English Cutlery.

The importation of wire and steel goods into England was at first restricted by Queen Elizabeth, in order that home manufactures might be fostered. There was a guild of London cutlery in the time of Henry V., but the important corporation in Sheffield was not legalized until 1624. During the next century, the progress of scientific invention benefitted the iron and steel manufactures. The production of cast steel furnished the common use of knives, and many other cutting instruments, besides rendering them cheaper, better and more abundant. Improved methods of smelting, casting, forging, rolling, drawing, sharpening, polishing, damascening and gilding, raised the cutlery art to a high state of perfection.

Great as was the progress of this art in the eighteenth century, it has been far outstripped in the nineteenth. Shear steel began to be made in Sheffield in 1800. The inventions of Muesel and Lucas in 1800 and 1801 further extended the manufacture. Forks and scissors were made by rolling in 1805. From this time, immense cutlery works sprang up in England, France and Germany, and the competition between the three countries has been highly beneficial, for while England stands undoubtedly foremost, yet both France and Germany possess their own peculiar excellences.

Amongst the imports connected with cutlery, there is in Sheffield an annual consumption of more than seventy tons of ivory for the handles of knives and forks, and about three thousand operatives are employed in forging and grinding the blades. An equal number of work-people are engaged on pen and pocket knives, made annually to the value of £100,000. Very many are occupied in fabricating razors and scissors. The great Exhibition of 1851, and subsequent exhibitions, both in England and elsewhere have afforded opportunities to the Sheffield cutlery of proving their matchless skill in domestic and other branches of cutlery. Swords, perfect masterpieces of artistic design, were displayed, their blades damascened, decorated with elaborate etching and gilding upon a ground of blue.

How they Shave in China.

A fellow who has been shaved in China says that his barber first stropped the razor on his leg, and then did the shaving without any lather. The customer remonstrated, but was told that the razor was entirely new, and had a tenderness to the hair that was not to be feared, and was, therefore, never used by persons who had any knowledge of the face and its appendages.

After the beard had been taken off—and it was done in a very short time—the barber took a long, sharp, needle-shaped spoon, and began to explore his customer's ears. He brought up from numerous little crevices bits of wax and dirt, that had been accumulating since his childhood. The barber suddenly twisted his subject's neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebrae had been dislocated.

"Hold on!" shouted the party, alarmed for the safety of his neck.

"All right," replied the tonsor, "we shall hurt you," and he continued to jerk and twist the neck until it was as limber as an old lady's dish-rag. He then fell to beating the back, breast, arms and sides with his fists, then he pummeled the muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over his man, dried the skin with towels, and declared that his work was done. Price, two cents.

In the parish of St. Damien, county of Berthier, Canada, there is living a woman who has attained the extraordinary age of one hundred and eighty years. She was born in 1794, at Marquette, Mich., which was then a trading station. Her father was a Frenchman named Auger, and her mother an Indian woman. She is quite blind and nearly deaf, but still enjoys a degree of physical health and soundness of mind which are remarkable in a person so aged.