VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1874.

NO. 7.

The Infinite Presence.

I gaze aloof. On the tissued roof Where time and space are the warp and weof Which the King of Kings As a ourtain flings

O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things, But could I see, As in truth they be. The glories of heaven that encompass me, I should lightly hold The tissued fold

Of that marvelous cartain of blue and gold. Soon the whole, Like a parched scroll. Shall before my amazed sight uproll; And without a screen.

At one burst be seen The Presence wherein I have ever been. Oh! who shall bear The blinding glare Of the Majesty that shall meet us there? What eye may gaze

On the unveiled blaze Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of Days ? Christ us aid ! Himself be our shade,

That in the dread day we be not dismayed. -WHITEHEAD

THE STORY OF JEFFREY,

Eclipses, comets, and extraordinarily high tides can be predicted with accuracy; there even seems to be a probability that in time the weather will also strike its flag to science, and that means will be found of disentangling the conflicting influences which send an aneroid up and down. But in the art of foretelling the probable current of public enthusiasm there is no sign of progress. The keenest observer of human nature can no more guess whether the career of any particular suitor, warrior, explorer or criminal will simply appear in the newspapers and excite no more attention, or will be generally tak'an up as a matter of national im-portance, than the merest tyro can. It was more than a million to one that Robert Jeffrey's wrongs would remain unnoticed, or raise but a feeble and passing notice. He became a popular dol, however-a representative victim of the press-gang system, and the tyran-

of it, and so a very carious story has been handed down to us. In 1807 a privateer, named the Lord Nelson, was fitted at Polperro, in Corn-wall, England, a place famous for its hardy race of smugglers, the entire population being brought up to look upon coast-guardsmen as natural enemies, who might be killed with as good conscience as though they were

Frenchmen. The profits of privateering were often greater even than those of smuggling, and the Lord Nelson had no difficulty in gathering together a first-rate crew. ongst them was a man who had been brought up as a blacksmith, but had found both excitement and profit in an occasional sea-trip, and indeed was as good at the tiller as at the forge, per-

nishman was Robert Jeffrey, and his man had been rescued by some passing career as a privateersman was a short vessel, and let the matter rest for the one; for the Lord Nelson, at the very commencement of her cruise, was ferent opinion, and suspected that forced to put into Falmouth, where Jeffrey had come to some violent end; she was boarded by a press-gang. It and when the squadron returned to was a perfectly illegal proceeding, the England the affair was taken up by press-gang had no more right to take a people at home, and made so much man out of the Lord Nelson, than you noise that, after two years had elapsed, or I have to break into a house and take the captain was brought to a courtthe plate-basket. But at the com- martial, condemned, and dismissed the meacoment of this century private service. This, however, instead of aprights were very little respected where peasing the public excitement, only inthe public service was concerned, un- flamed it the more, by the authentic less the person whom it was proposed to injure had plenty of money or political influence. Robert Jeffrey had neither, and he was carried on board pressed at all—the veniality of his of H. M. S. Recruit, and converted into a man-of-war's man quite against his will, and in defiance of his clear and allowance of water in so hot a climate, undoubted protection.

young officer at that time, well-known in the navy as a reckless, self-willed, passionate man, the foibles of whose nature were forced and exasperated by despotic powers and drinking habits. As if his normal thirst were not enough, he was now sent to cruise in the Caribbean sea, where the heat of the sun whetted it to such an extent, that he was seldom or ever sober, the mildest potation that he used to quench it being spruce-beer, of which he kept a gings to death, were not so very under the time as to cask always on tap in his private

Before he had been on board many days, Jeffrey's proficiency as a smith was discovered, and he was made armorer's mate. So that there was a fair chance of his making his enforced trip pretty comfortably, and returning after a few months to his native place, with a pocketful of prize-money after all.

But an unfortunate group of circumstances get in the way. The captain was not the only thirsty man in the ship; his armorer's mate, for example, sionally had a drought upon him, which was considerably aggravated by the extremely hot weather, and the small allowance of water served out daily, for the ship was running short of that treasure, which we never prize while we have. During this state of affairs, Jeffrey was sent to execute some job in the captain's room, and being left alone with the barrel of sprucebeer, he began to ogle it. There was a drinking cup, which had been used, lying very handy; the captain was on deck; no one could see him; he was very thirsty! He snatched up the cup. and desisted from his work a moment to draw off half a pint and toss it down. | ger gave place to the severer sufferings Very good it was, and very refreshing; if stolen waters are sweet, what must swallowing the sea-water, and that of purloined spruce-beer be? Presently course made matters worse. another drink was taken, with equal success. A third, however, was spoiled by the thick and wrathful voice of the captain, who had come below unheard, unnoticed, in time to witness this outrageous act of daring presump-

It would burn a hole in the paper to write down Captain Lake's remark upon the occasion. Seventy years ago all gentlemen swore a little; naval officers swore very much, increasing in vehe-

hardest of all. You may imagine, then, what the language of a drunken sea-captain must have been when he saw his beloved spruce-beer flowing down the throat of a common armorer's

mate.

That audacious wretch was clapped in irons presently, while his infuriated commander, having refreshed himself, returned to the deck, which he paced with unsteady steps, revolving in his mind what punishment would be sufficient for a crime so heinous. It ought to be something unusual, startling, appalling as the act which it avenged. Suddenly his eves caught sight of a Suddenly his eyes caught sight of a small island, now turned into a jewel by the rays of the sun, which was sinking in the west, and the inspiration

came. "Lieutenant!" he cried,

"Man the gig, and send for that fellow I have had confined." It was done, and then, to the lieutenant's horror, his superior officer ordered him to take the prisoner, land aim on the barren rock, and leave

him. Till have no thieves on board my

ship," he said.

The captain was evidently the worse for drink, and his lieutenant hesitated. "Do you hear me, sir!" thundered the astonished commander, and discipline prevailed.

Deeply as he loathed the act, the lieutenant had no option but to obey; the crew, though they murmured, did not mutiny, and Robert Jeffrey was put ashore without food or drink. He had his knife, and one sailor gave him his handkerchief, and another a long stick which he had thought to throw into the boat as they shoved off, for the de-serted man to signal with. By this time the sun had sunk, and when the boat returned to the ship it left the poor fellow behind, alone, in the dark.

He fully believed that the captain only meant to frighten him, and bore up pretty well through the night with that dea. But when the morning dawned the Recruit was a mere speck in the distance, which slowly but surely passed away beyond the herizon. Then the unhappy man realized that he was tion, and in the excited state of public a castaway.

The Recruit, indeed, had caught a favoring breeze, which carried her quickly to Barbadoes, where she joined nical customs which naturally grew out the squadron under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. Her officers and crew, mingling with those of other ships, spoke freely of the affair, which presently reached the admiral's ears, who sent for the captain, questioned him, and finding the story true, severely reprimanded him for his brutality, and ordered him hash to refer the captain.

ordered him back to rescue the man. The island upon which Jeffrey had been so barbarously left was one of the Leeward group, a desolate rock called ing his wife and daughter in great pov-Sombrero, and the Recruit got back to erty. it just a fortnight efter the event. A careful search was instituted, but all not Jeffrey's, and a tomahawk-handle no trace of the missing man being dis-

coverable. This result being reported on the aps a triffe better.

The name of this amphibious Cor.

ship's return to Barbadoes, Sir Alexander Cochrane felt satisfied that the But a good many formed a diftime. details which were brought to light in fense, especially considering the cir-cumstances of thirst caused by short and the ready temptation to appease it The commander of the Recruit was a placed directly in his way, combined with the inhuman cruelty of his abandonment to stir the public indignation, Meetings were held, articles written, petitions signed, urging the propriety of endeavoring by all means to discover what had become of the missing man; and Sir Francis Burdett lost no opportunity of keeping the question before the Govern-

ment, in the House of Commons. common in the navy at that time as to account for the usually indifferent pub lic's espousing Robert Jeffrey's cause so warmly; but it did so, and made a representative man of him.

The first authentic news came from George Hassel, mariner, who deposed on oath before the Mayor of Liverpool that he had just returned from Beverly, a town in Massachusetts, and that a man was living there who was nicknamed the Governor of Sombrero, whose real name was Jeffrey. Whereupon this Jeffrey was communicated ti. and in due time a letter in reply purporting to come from him was re ceived, giving a full account of his adventures.

When the Recruit had quite disappeared, he remained for sometime overwhelmed with despair, but after a while he grew calm, and felt very hungry, so he explored his island to see if there was anything to eat upon it, but could find nothing except birds, which flew away, as birds will, when he tried to catch them. At last he discovered an egg, but, alas! it was an election egg-a very good missile, but not edi-ble. Soon, however, the pangs of hunof thirst, which he tried to appease by

But heaven, more merciful than man, sent him a shower of rain, which lodged in the crevices of the rocks, and inflicted the punishment of Tantalus upon him until he thought of cutting the quills, of which there were plenty strewn about, and sucking up the pud-

dles as we moderns do sherry cobblers. In addition to hunger and thirst, he

him waving the stick to which his handhim waving the stick to which his hand-kerchief was tied. The master, John Dennis, sent a boat, and brought him off in an apparently dying state, so ex-hausted as to be unable to speak. With care and kindness, however, he recovered, and was carried to Marble-head, in Massachusetts, where he sup-ported himself by his trade of black-smith.

This circumstantial account satisfied people at first, but when the letter was shown to Robert Jeffrey's mother she pointed out that not only was it written in a strange hand, but that it was not even signed by her son, who could write well enough, and was very un-likely to make his mark, as the man who vouched for the genuineness of this epistle had done. The objection naturally carried weight, and many people sus-pected that the evidence of George Hassel and of the letter had been got up by the captain, who was anxious to prove the man alive, and so escape from the odium which attached to him.

Finally a ship was sent to bring this professing Robert Jeffrey to England, where he arrived in due course, and proved to be the right man safe enough, a certain shyness and diffidence which he felt in the presence of the gentle-men who had drawn up his report be-ing the cause of his making a cross in-

stead of signing it.

He landed at Portsmouth in the October of 1810, three years after the event which had caused him to become a public character. The Admiralty forwarded him under the charge of a navel officer to Polperre, where the entire population recognized him, and his ar-rival was made the occasion of great public rejoicing.

But before settling down in his native himself for a certain number of nights, and as it became the rage to go and see "Jeffrey the Sailor," he made rather a good thing of it. These profits were presently swelled by a sum of six hundred pounds, which was paid him by the femily of the captain in acquittal of all claims he might have against that officer who was still liable to sail officer, who was still liable to civil acopinion was likely to be cast in heavy

After the lapse of a few months, when he ceased to "draw," Jeffrey returned to Cornwall with money enough to purchase a coasting schooner; married, it this were fiction, would have lived happily forever afterward. But the story being a perfectly true one, Robert Jeffrey was subject to all those ills which afflict ordinary mortals who have never been the subjects of popular sympathy or curiosity.

He failed to make his schooner pay,

and he died early of consumption, leav-

New York Milk Trade,

The milk trade of New York city and its vicinity is a very large one, and gives employment to a great number of persons, besides forming an important portion of the traffic of seven lines of railroad. In order to give a clear idea of this trade it may be interesting to show the plan of operations between the producer and the consumer. milk dealer first arranges with the farmer or dairyman as to the price to be paid to him per quart, delivered at the station of the railroad, and the probable quantity to be supplied daily, after which the former has to pay the freight to this city, and provide means to transport it to his customers. In numerous cases the dealer will agree to take from the farmer the whole of his production, and in these instances the trade is sometimes uncertain, and often unprofitable. When the weather is hot or the winter severe, there is often a greater demand for milk than the farmers can supply, and the dealer is compelled to buy the required extra quantity from speculators; and in these in-stances \$5 has often been refused for a can of 40 quarts. Should the weather be cool, or a large number of consumers be absent from the city, the supply will exceed the demand, and the dealer will often be unable to sell his extra stock for even \$1 per can, which, in some instances, is lower than he pays the farmer, and he also loses the cost of freight. Before a farmer can enter upon the work of supplying a milk dealer he requires some capital, as it is necessary for him to have a double triple set of cans, and in some instances four or five cans for every 40 quarts of milk he sends to market. First he must have one can to hold the milk. This is filled on the day prior to being sent during the night to market. This can is held the next day—the day of arrival-by the dealer, and returned to the milk depot the next night, at the same time when removing the following day's supply, and is forwarded to the farmer by the returning train. can has then to be thoroughly cleansed, and placed for a time in a running stream to cool off, so as to be fit for the reception of milk. Should there be the slightest particle of old milk or cream left in the can the probabilities are that the whole can of new milk will be spoiled. Where streams are not convenient ice is often used. Meanwhile the milk has to be sent to market, and cans are thus detained, others must take their places. As each can costs from \$4 to \$5, a capital of about \$100 is necessary to send even five cans, or 200 quarts of milk, to market daily. Some large dairymen have over \$1,000 thus invested in cans alone, and many have lost a large amount in consequence of

cans having been lost, stolen, or misappropriated by the consignees and others. The total daily supply from all sources is between 9,000 and 10,000 cans, averaging 40 quarts each, and the revenue to the railroads from freight of milk alone aggregates about \$6,000 daily. About 2,000 cans of milk come in on private wagons, or are supplied from cows in the city and suburbs.

There is scarcely a fashionable caprice that doesn't do good to some one. Thus the ornaments of white and black endured the agony of hope deferred, for ships were constantly passing, but failed to see his signals till the ninth day, when some one on board the in a state of great distress before the mence as they rose in rank; men in day, when some one on board the in a state of great distress before the liquor swore, as at the present day, Adams, an American schooner, noticed revival of the taste for jet trimmings.

KILLED BY RATTLESNAKES.

House Full of the Reptiles Burned with the Corpse of its Owner,

A distiller named Jones, who lived with his family near the lower bench of the Big Smoky Mountain, Tennessee, had been annoyed a great deal by the revenue rangers last fall, and determined to change his location and business to a more secluded spot.

To carry out this purpose he selected the head of a deep gorge some four miles distant, walked in with cliffs, where during the winter, assisted by some of his friends, he erected a log building.
As soon as the cold weather was over
and the spring fairly opened, the still
and other things necessary were moved
to the place, and the work of violating the revenue law was resumed. Several "runs" were made, and Jones began to congratulate himself that he had at last found a refuge beyond the prying eyes of the Government hirelings, where he could pursue his avocation in peace

The still-house being some distance from where his family lived, Jones rarely visited them more than once in a fortnight. Everything went on well enough until about four weeks ago, when he failed to appear at the accus-

tomed time. Nothing was thought of this for a day or two, but when another week elapsed without the return of Jones, the family became alarmed, and they thought that he had been captured by revenue jayhawks and carried to Knoxville or some other place where violators of the law are occasionally convicted and punished. The alarm was given through the sparsely settled neighbornood. A small number of men gathered, place, he accepted an offer from the manager of a London theatre to exhibit age, they started up the gorge in the

direction of the still-house.

On reaching the building they found the door closed and fastened, and no sign of Jones or any one else could be een. Mrs. Jones called the name of her husband several times; no response, however, came back to relieve her anxiety. But upon attempting to force an entrance they were greeted with those peculiar notes of warning which the ear of the East Tennessee mountaineer never fails to recognize. The door was at once broken down, and a sight met them that caused all to start with fright

and horror. The form of the distiller lay upon the floor, with eyes starting from their sockets, the features horribly distorted, and body swollen to twice its usual proportions, while the whole interior of the building was alive with rattlesnakes, some in coil and ready for battle, but the larger proportion stupid and inert, as though they had been im-bibing liberally of the illicit fruit of the still. The mother and son fled horror stricken from the place. A consultation was had, and it was impossible to secure the body of poor Jones without incurring fearful risk, it was determined to reclose the entrance and other apertures and fire the building, which was done. The party stayed until the house was entirely consumed, and nothing remained but the now useless still and the calcined bones of the

miserable distiller. It is supposed that Jones had built his manufactory close upon a den of the deadly reptiles in the overhanging cliff, and that attracted by the heat, or possibly the fumes of the whisky, they found their way into the buil ing in large numbers after he had closed the door and laid down to sleep.

The Corn Crop.

The August returns to the U.S. Department of Agriculture from New England show a general improvement in the corn crop during July, though it is still backward. Maine averages 92 per cent. of a full crop; New Hampshire, 98; Vermont, 97; Massachusetts, 101; Rhode Island, 100; Connecticut, 107. It is very promising in portions of the Middle States, but in other parts it was injured either by drought, or excess of rain.

A decline is noted in New York, it averaging 94 and New Jersey 91; Pennsylvania and Delaware have both risen to 1 per cent, above the average of the South Atlantic States ; Maryland averaging 96, shows the crops damaged by drought, especially on stiff soils; Virginia averaging 90, also shows a decline from the same cause and from insect ravages; North Carolina 91, it lost 1 per cent.; South Carolina and Georgia have risen to 10 per cent, above the average; Florida 102, maintains her July average; Texas declines from 106 to 102.

A Deadly Spring. A writer in the Colusa (Cal.) Independent says: "About one-half a mile over a mountain from Bartlett Springs there is what is called the Gas Spring. This is probably the greatest curiosity of the mountains. The water is ice cold, but bubbling and foaming as if boiled, and the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No live thing is to be found within a circuit of 100 yards near the spring. The very birds, if they happen to fly over it, drop We experimented with a lizard dead. on its destructive properties by holding it a few feet above the water; it stretched dead in two minutes. It will kill a human being in twenty minutes. We stood over it about five minutes, when a dull, heavy, aching sensation crept over us, and our eyes began to swim. The gas which escapes here is the rankest kind of carbonic, hence its sure destruction of life; also, quenching of flame instantaneously.

Theodore Geer, a crazy man of De-wittsville, N. Y., nearly cut off his thumb with a chisel last winter. It was properly dressed, and the wound healed. Lately Geer got the idea that the piece of thumb should not have been put on again. So he took an axe, and chopped it off. Then he looked at the stump for a moment in reflective eriticism, decided that it was still too long, and cut off another piece. He is now perfectly satisfied with the job.

Somebody defines flirtation to be tention without intention.

The Old Letter.

I found it this morning where it had blown with the dried leaves, under the porch, faded and creased and yellow as Flanders lace, and written in a fine cramped hand, with school-girl flour-ishes and queer, old-fashioned d's.

"DEAR JOHN (it ran)-" You say you have lost all love for me since last night, at the ball, because I flirted with the doctor's son.

"Oh, John, I meant no harm; you do not know—I was always such a silly little thing, and it is so pleasant to be

told one has bright eyes and a sweet voice! When you passed me without speaking, I thought my heart would "Only forgive me, and I will be so good you won't know it is Olive at all you will think it is some one else. Emma and Henry will go to the concert to-night, but I shall be alone, and

shall always now be so discreet, so pro-per, so careful; and I love you, John. OLIVE WILDE." No one would suppose that the little old maid, who lives with her brother on Bleecker street, was ever young and girlish and impulsive enough to have written that letter; but here is her

name in full, on the faded margin. name in full, on the faded margin.

I saw John pass yesterday in his family carriage with his fleshy, comfortable-looking wife and his four rosy children, a wealthy, portly, lofty old gentleman. Perhaps Olive saw him, too, knitting by the same south window where she had sat and watched in yain twenty years ago, till the sky and vain twenty years ago, till the sky and

her life darkened together. Little things make mountains of difficulties to lovers, and John never came, He married some one else, and perhaps soon forgot entirely the saucy, af-fectionate, coquettish Olive Wilde, whose bright oddity had chiefly at-

Women do not forget so easily as

Olive thought of him when the morning colored the bit of sky at the end of the street; when the evening clouded the south window; when her parents died; when her brother and sister married; through every joy and sorrow of her life she carried this one memory. Poor Olive! if there was anything harder than to get a fixed idea in her

head, it was to get that idea out again when once there.

She never saw any one she fancied, perhaps no one ever fancied her. Her reshness and vivacity (she had no beauty) were soon gone. The red in her cheeks and the light in her eyes began to fade. She ceased to take any pains with her dress.

The Slave Trade of the Nile. In 1870 or 1871 Sir Samuel Baker, the well-known English traveler and ex-He was ordered to suppress the slave trade of the White Nile and to re-establish the Government of the Egyptian Viceroy in the Nile basın of Central Africa. His expedition to that country was partially successful. He reclaimed much territory, which was added to the dominions of the Khedive, and he captured many slavers and rerestored their victims to liberty.

But notwithstanding his glowing and self-congratulatory accounts of briliant victories, it may well be doubted whether Sir Samuel Baker succeeded in seriously crippling the slave traffic. It is true that he had a great deal to struggle against. The feeling of the Egyptian people is strongly in favor of the continuance of the slave trade, which is regarded by them as a domestic necessity and as a source of commercial profit. Nor was the suppression of the traffic the main object in view with the

Khedive. Sir Samuel Baker has very recently written a letter expressing his surprise that Abou Saood, the great slave hunter of the White Nile-to whom he at-tributes much of his trouble on the expedition-should have been appointed by the Khedive to be the right hand man of Col. Gordon, Sir Samuel's suc cessor in the present expedition. According to this letter, Abou Saood is a most unmitigated rasca!. He is the son-in-law of the head of a Cairo firm of slave hunters, Agad & Co., and every year he leads an armed force of 2.500 cutthroats on a slave hunt from Khartoum in the Soudan. He massacres, plunders, and burns through the interior, and kidnaps the women and children to sell them into slavery.

Home Luck.

A young lady in San Francisco is engaged to a gentleman who, through his recklessness, has well nigh caused her leath on several occasions. About three months ago this young man, when on the point of separating from his affianced until the next evening, made a mistake in his selection of overcoats in the hall, and, finding a revolver in the pocket, he drew it out and commenced toying with the weapon. It was accidently discharged, as a natural consequence, and the young lady received a severe wound in the arm. mishap retarded the courtship for a time, but the maiden finally recovered. and the current of true love was gliding very placidly again, when she accepted an invitation to ride out with her lover. The couple had scarcely started when the horse ran away, the buggy was capsized, and the young lady was thrown down a bank, sustaining a fracture of the leg and severe bruises. This accident will again defer the culmination of this disastrous courtship for several months longer, With patience and the exercise of much prudence, however, they may be happy

WHAT TO Do.-That was shrewd advice of a learned lawyer to a pupil: When the facts are in your favor, but the law opposed to you, come out strong on the facts; but when the law is in your favor, and the facts are opposed to you, come out strong on the law." "But," inquired the student, "when the law and the facts are both against me, what shall I do?" "Why, then," said the lawyer, "talk around it."

PROPERTY IN LONDON.

The Vast Possessions of the Nobility in the Metropolis.

The "City" of London is a mere vil-lage, right in the light of a vast wilder-ness of houses, says Mark Twain-like the central square of a chess-board; and, as the hordes that has it it daily dwell miles away on the outskirts, it has a ridiculously small population in the night compared to what it has in the day time—800,000 in the day and 50,000 at night.

Anybody, a mechanic, or anybody else, who rents or owns a house, has a

vote-that is to say, a man who pays rates, or taxes—for there is no law here which gives a useless idler the privilege of disposing of public money furnished by other people. The "City" has its own police, and its own government. The rest of the metropolis is composed of a great hive of once separate villages, watch for you at the south window. I which still retain their own names-as Charing, Holborn, etc.-but they are welded together into a compact mass of houses now, and no stranger can tell when he passes out of one of these

towns and into another.

The estates of the nobility are strictly entailed, and cannot be alienated from when you come out, the family. The town property which "Papa, do you the family. The town property which these great landlords own is leased for long terms—from half a century up to ninety-nine years; in Scotland nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I was visiting a house in the West End, the quarter where dwelling-house property is the most valuable. We host said he is every wants to know why rang won't quarter where dwelling-house property is the most valuable. My host said he bought the lease of the house he was tell him whether beechnuts are ripe. living in (a three-story brick, with basement) twenty years ago, for seven thousand five hundred dollars, when it

don, and especially at the West End, that if this lease were for sale now it would require something like a fortune sterling." to buy it, and the ground rent would be placed at one thousand dollars a year, instead of the one hundred and fifty dollars the present owner will go on paying for the next twenty years. The property belongs to the Duke of Bedford, and when he reflects upon what that property will have soared to, ten or fifteen years from now, and still pay-ing him only the trifle of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, he probably wants to go and dig up his late ancestor and shake him.

This house is one of seventy-five just like it that surround a beautiful square containing two or three acres of ground ornamental grounds, large old trees, broad, clean-shaven grass-plots, kept scrupulously swept free from twigs, fallen leaves, and all other eye-sores. His grace the Duke owns all those seventy-five houses, and he owns the ornasquare, and nobody can get in these but the occupants of the seventy-five houses and such persons as they choose to invite. They do a deal of croquet. The

seventy-five pay a small sum yearly to keep the square in repair. It was a pleasant day, and we walked along down the street. Every time we crossed a new street my host said :

"This property belongs to the Duke of Bedford also—all these stately blocks of buildings-both sides of the street,' By-and-by we came to another ornamental square like the other, and surrounded by large dwellings.

"Who owns this square and these houses?" "The Duke of Bedford."

We turned and walked about half ornamental square is his; this is the statue of the late duke; all the smoky statues we have seen represent dukes of the line, of former generations. We are pretty well tired out by this time, else we might go on till we could show you the great Covent Garden Market one of the sights of London.'

"Who owns it?" "The Duke of Bedford."

"I suspected as much. Does he own the property around it?" " He does." "Does he own any in the country?"

"Whole counties. I took a cab and drove about seven teen miles, or such a matter, to my hotel. No candels in my room-no water—no towels. I said to the land-lord, "I have a very serious notion of complaining to the Duke of Bedford about the way you keep this hotel." He said, "What has he got to do

with it?"

"Well, he don't do anything of the

kind; I own it myself." The item was worth something, any way, and so I entered it in my diary :
"London is owned by the Duke of Bedford and a one-horse hotel-keeper. But I found afterward that the Duke of Portland, the Marquis of Westminster, and other noblemen, own as largely here as Bedford does. Indeed, Westminster is much the richest peer here as Bedford does, Indeed, in England—perhaps the richest man in the world. His income is some twenty thousand dollars a day, count-ing Sundays, But what it will be next year or the year after, baffles arithmetic, for the old cheap leases and ground rents are constantly running out, and the property being let at more than quadruple prices. The Duke of Port-land owns the huge piece of ground on which the British Museum stands.

It is no hardship here to own real estate, for the taxes on it are trifling, as they are also on foreign wines and luxuries which only the well-to-do indulge in. The revenues come from the manifold things which Tom, Dick and Harry of the great middle and working classes have got to have and cannot do without.

If any carriage upsets or injures an other carriage in the streets of St. Petersburg, or if any passenger is knocked down, the horses of the offending vehi-cle are seized and confiscated to the use of the Fire Brigade.

Items of Interest.

This is called Ministers' Leap Year because the vacation month, August, has five Sundays.

Phineas Battle, who committed suicide at Orange, Mass., gave \$10,000 to the Universalist church of that town.

A wealthy English widow, whose passion is small feet, offers to marry the man who is over five feet tall and can wear her shoe, number three's,

Talking of Goldsmith Maid, it may be well to state that she is seventeen years of age, is owned by Henry N. Smith, of New York, who says be won't sell her for one hundred thousand dol-

Fifteen hundred persons are em-ployed at Key West in making cigars. More than half of them are Cubans. This industry has raised the place to one of the most prosperous communities in the South.

A beggar posted himself at the door of an English chancery court, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir! Only a penny, sir, before you go in." "And for what, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have one

The South Kensington Museum, in London, has cost the nation since its establishment \$5,958,549. A corresthousand five hundred dollars, when the had forty-one and a quarter years to run. Every year he has to pay one hundred and fifty dollars ground rent. The these days property has so overstate its actual present value, when overstate its actual present value, when

> sterling. Hamburg, Conn., has recently had a curious love affair. Two brothers courted the same girl, and she engaged herself to the younger, but as the time set for the marriage drew near, the youth had difficulty in obtaining a cer-tificate. Meanwhile, the girl trans-ferred her affections to the older one, and, he having armed himself with a certificate, they were married on the very day set for the marriage with the younger brother.

A Romantic Story.

Excellent material for a sensation story is furnished by the following well-established facts: Victorine Lafourgade, young, beautiful, and accomplished, had a great number of admirers. Among them was a journalist named Jules Bossouet, whose chances of being the successful suitor seemed to be the best, when suddenly Victorine, contradive of Egypt for the period of three open any of the numerous gates (there years, at a salary of \$50,000 per annum. is an iron railing all around) to the of a rich banker named Renelle. Bossouet was inconsolable, and his honest heart ached all the more when he learned that the marriage of his lady-love was unhappy. Renelle neglected his wife in every possible way, and finally began to maltreat her.

This state of things lasted two years. when Victorine died-at least so it was thought. She was entombed in a vault of the cemetery of her native town. Jules Bossouet assisted at the ceremony. Still true to his love, and wellnigh be side himself with grief, he conceived the romantic idea of breaking open the vault and securing a lock of the de-ceased's hair. That night, therefore, when all was still, he scaled the wall of the cemetery, and, by a circuitous route, approached the vault. When he had broken open the door and entered mile in another direction. Still the had broken open the door and entered ame. All the way it was, "This all the vault he lighted a candle, and probelongs to the Duke of Bedford; this ceeded to open the coffin. At the mo ment when he bent over the supposed corpse, seissors in hand, Victorine opened her eyes and stared him full in the face. He uttered a cry and sprang back; but, immediately recovering his self-possession, he returned to the coffin, covered its occupant's lips with kisses, lifted her out, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in the full possession of all her faculties. When Victorine was sufficiently recovered they left the church-yard and went to Bossouet's residence, where a physician administered such remedies as were necessary to affect the complete recovery of the unfortunate woman. This proof of Bossouet's love naturally made deep impression on Victorine. repented her past fickleness, and re-solved to fly with the romantic Jules to America.

There they lived happily together, without, however, ever being able to fully overcome their longing to return to their native land. Finally, their I said, "He probably has a good to their native land. Finally, their deal to do with it; I suppose he owns desire became so strong to revisit the scenes of their youth that they decided to brave the danger attendant on a return, and embarked at New York for Havre, where they arrived in July, 1830. Victorine, in the interim, had naturally changed very greatly, and Jules felt confident that her former husband would not recognize her, In this hope he was disappointed. Renelle had the keen eye of a financier, and recognized Victorine at the first glance. This strange drama ended with a suit brought by the banker for the recovery of his wife, which was decided against him on the ground that his claim was outlawed.

> DUELLING.—Duelling is to be legalized in Germany, and "Councils of Honor" are to be formed, to consider personal difficulties between officers in the army, to adjust them if possible, and if not, to officially authorize a duel. Officers fighting under such circumstances, will not be subject to criminal prosecution. This regulation may seem of questionable propriety, but there can be no doubt, that it will have tendency to diminish the number of duels. It will probably be the determination of this council of honor to prevent all duels, if possible, by effecting a compromise, and not to give permits au-thorising parties to fight it out, except in very rare cases. As it is, officers having personal controversies will insist upon settling their grievances with sword or pistol, but hereafter they will be compelled to refer their difficulties to the council of honor for arbitration,