RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1876.

VOL. V.

The Model Church.

Well, wife, I found the model church ! I worshiped there to-day ! It made me think of good old times, before my

hair was grav:

The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago,

But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built

for show. The sexton didn't seat me away back by the

He know that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor; He must have been a Christian, because he led

me through The long isles of that crowded church to find a place and pew.

I wish you'd heard the singin'; it had the oldtime ring : The preacher said, with a trumpet voice, " Let

all the people sing!" The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled. Till I thought I heard the angels striking all

their harps of gold. My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit

caught the fire : I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir.

And sang as in my youthful days, " Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal disdem and crown Him

Lord of all. I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;

I felt like some wrecked mariner, who gets glimpse of shore; I almost wanted to lay down this weather-

beaten form. And anchor in the blessed port, forever from the storm. The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all

that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't rend: He hadn't time to read it, for the lighten' of

Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor pased a cinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple gospel truth : It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful

youth; Twas full of consolation, for weary hearts that blood:

'Pwas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed. The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and

in Jews: He shot the golden sentences down in the

And-though I can't see very well-I saw the falling tear That told me hell was someways off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled, within that holy place:

How brightly beamed the light of Heaven from every happy face; Again I longed for that sweet time, when friend

shall most with friend, "When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has no end."

I hope to meet that minister-that congregation too-In the dear home beyond the stars that shine

from heaven's blue; I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray, The happy hour of worship in that mode

church to-day. Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won;

The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race nearly run; O'er the river we are nearing they are throng ing to the shore.

To shout our safe arrival where the wear; weep no more.

Autumn Blossoms.

How was it that I came to be an old bachelor? Not because of hating women, I am sure, for I liked them very much, and never could have spoken to one rudely or discourteously for my life. As nearly as I know, it was in this

My father died, leaving a family of children, a wife, and an old father and mother, of whom only myself was able to earn a shilling. He had never sayed

So, after the first great grief, when we had calmed down and were able to look matters quietly in the face, there was a wretched sort of prospect for us. I was only an accountant, and had a young fellow's habit of wasting my small salary in a thousand different ways. I had been "paying attention," too, to Elsie Hall, who, young and childish as she was, had a way that some girls do have of leading their admirers into extrava-gance. Of all the trials of that neverto-be-forgotten time, I think the greatest was appearing niggardly in those baby blue eyes. I did not mind wearing plain discarding kid gloves and renouncing the opera; but not to lay those bouquets, and books, and music, and dainty bits of jewelry, and multitudinous trifles at Elsie's feet, was a very terrible ordeal. I passed it, though; and if ever man had reason to be thankful I had, for the acquisitive little beauty jilted me in month for Tom Tandem, who was rich and lavish of gifts, and who ran away from her after a marriage of ten months. I worked day and night, and managed

to keep the wolf from the door. Sometimes I used to think how well it was for Elsie that she had not really loved me, for she could have had nothing but a dismal prospect of wearing out her youth in a dreary, hopeless engagement to one too poor to marry. That was until Tom ran off. Then I thought it would have been even better for her to have shared our humble home and poor fare and the love I could have given her than to be deserted so. And pitied her, as if she had not proved herself heartless. But I never went near her, of course; and I never even

spoke of her to my mother. I grew no younger all this while, and every year seemed to add five to my looks. I had never been very handsome

or very merry, and soon I became conscious of a peculiar middle-aged look, which settles down upon some people very early.

Strangers, too, began to take me for the head of the family; and once, in a new neighborhood, the butcher alluded to "my wife." I found out that he meant my mother, and only wondered that it was not dear old grannic.

She was eighty, graudfather ninety, and they died one bright autumn day, before prosperity came to us, died within an hour of each other—for grannie just said: "I think I'll lie down a bit, now Lemuel don't need me. I'm very

Then she kissed me, and said:
"You've been a good boy to your grandpa, Edward. You'll have that to think
of."

And when next we looked at her she was dead, with her cheek upon her hand like a sleeping child.

So two were gone, and we were sadder than before. And then Jean, my eldest sister, married at sixteen a physician, who carried her off to Hindostan in her oneymoon. And we could none of us feel the wed-

ding a happy thing.

But prosperity did come at last. I had worked hard for it, and anything a man makes his sole object in this life he is very sure to attain.

We were comfortable—easy. Ah, what a word that is after years of struggle! At last we were rich. But by that time I was five and-forty—a large, dark, middle-aged man, with a face that looked to myself in the glass as though it were perpetually intent on figures. The girls were married. Dick had taken to the sea, and we saw him once a year or so, and Ashton was at home with mother and myself—the only really handsome member of our family, and just two-and-twenty. And it was on his birthday, I remember, that that letter came to me from poor Hunter-the letter which began: "When these lines reach you, Ned Sanford, I shall have my six feet of earth all I ever owned or would if I had ived to be a hundred."

We had been young together, though he was really older than I; and we had been close friends once, but a roving fit had seized him, and we had not met or years. I knew he had married a young Kentish girl, and knew no more; out now he told me that she was dead, and that his death would leave a daugh-

ter an orphan. "She is not quite penniless," he wrote; "for her mother had a little income, which, poor as I was, I was never brute enough to meddle with, and it has descended to her. But I have been a rolling stone, gathering no moss, all my life, and we never staid long, enough in one place to make friends. Will you be her guardian? it is a dying man's last

And then he wrote some words, coming from his heart, I knew, which being of myself, I cannot quote even here-I could not think that I deserved

And the result of that letter, and o another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one soft spring day found me on board of a steamer which lay at rest after her voyage in the protecting arms of Liverpool, with two little hands in mine. and a pair of great brown eyes lifted to my face, and a sweet voice choked with sobs saying something of "poor papa, and of how much he had spoken of me and of the lovely voyage, and the green graves left behind; and I, who had gone to meet a child and found a woman, looking at her and feeling toward her as I had never looked upon nor felt to any

other. Not to Elsie Hall. It was not the bovish love dream come again. Analyzing the emotion, I found only a great longing to protect and comfort her—to guard her from every pain and ill; and I said to myself: "This is as a father must feel to a daughter : I can be a parent to George Hunter's child in every truth." And I took her home to the old house and to my old mother. I

thought only of those; somehow, never thought of Ashton. Shall I ever forget how she brightened the somber rooms! How, as her adness were away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a some-thing which made the return home, and the long hours of the evening seem so much brighter than they had ever been before, stole into my life! I never went to sleep in church now; I kept awake to look at Olive Hunter-to listen to her pure contralto as she joined in the sing-Sometimes I caught her eye, her ing. great unfathomable brown eye, for she had a habit of looking at me. Was she wondering how a face could be so stern Was she

and grim? I used to ask myself. Ashton used to look at her also. He had been away when she first came to us, and when he returned she was a grand surprise to him.

"Oh, how lovely she is!" he had said

"She is very pretty," I replied. Ashton laughed.

"May I never be an old bachelor if it prings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said; and I felt conscious that my cheek finshed, and felt angry that he should have spoken of me thus, though I never cared before.

They liked each other very muchthose two young things. They were together a great deal. A pretty picture they made in the Venetian window in the sunset. He a fair-headed, blue-eyed, Saxon looking youth; she so exexquisitely dark and glowing.

Every one liked her. Even my old clerk, Stephen Hadley, used to say her presence lit the office more than a dozen amps, the nearest approach to a poetical speech of which old Stephen was ever known to be guilty; and I never knew how much she was to me until one evening, when, coming home earlier than usual, I saw in that Venetian window where Ashton and Olive had made so many pleasant pictures for me, one that I never forget-that I never shall forget as long as I live.
She stood with her back to me. Ash-

ton was kneeling at her feet. The sound of the opening door dissolved the pic-ture; but I had seen it, and I stole away to hide the stab that it had given me. I sat down in my own room and hid my face in my hands, and would have been glad to hide it beneath my coffin-lid. I knew now that I loved Olive

Hunter; that I loved her not as an old man might love a child, but as a young man might love the woman who ought to be his wife-better than I had loved Elsie Hall; for it was not boyish pas-

sion, but earnest, heartfelt love.

I in love! I arose and looked in the mirror, and my broad-shouldered reflection blushed before my gaze. The springtime of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamt of love's bud and

I knelt beside my bed and prayed that I might not hate my brother—that I might not even envy him. His touch upon my door startled me. He came in with something in his manner not usual to him, and sat down opposite me. For a few moments we were silent. Then he said, speaking rapidly and blushing like a girl: "Ned, old fellow, you—you saw me making a fool of myself just now, I

"I saw you on your knees," I said.
"And thought me a silly fellow, eh?
But you don't know, Ned. You can't understand-you've been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She's driving me mad. Ned, I do be-lieve she likes me, but she won't say yes. I'd give my right hand for her love. I must have it, and I think you can help me, Ned. From something she said, I believe she thinks you would disapprove; perhaps you are one of those old fellows who want every one to marry for money. Tell her you're not, Ned— dear old fellow—tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it—in-

deed, I won't!"
"Tell her I have no objection," I repeated, mechanically. "You know you are master here, and as much my father as if you really were one instead of a brother," said Ashton. "If I did not know how kindly you had always felt to us both, I shouldn't confide in you, for it's a serious thing to be in love, Ned, and you may thank Heaven you know nothing about it."

Know nothing about it. Ah, if he could have read my heart just then!
"I'll do what I can, Ashton," I said "I'll try my best." own boyish fashion, and left me alonealone with my own thoughts.

father to him. I was old enough to be hers, and no one should know my silly dream. I would hide it while I lived. As I had said once: "I've only the old folks and the children now," I said then; "I will only think of mother and of Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing; I have lived for them—if needs be, I will die for them."

But I would not see or speak to Olive that night, nor until the next day was quite done. Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her and took her hand.

has told you so. And you—can you not love him?" She drew her hand from mine, and

said not one word. "I should rejoice in my brother's happiness. I should think him happier in having your love than anything could make him. I told him I would

tell you so." And then she spoke. "You wish me to marry Ashton?" Reproach was in the tone-reproach and sorrow.

"If you can love him, Olive," I She arose. She seemed to shrink from me, though in the dark I could not see her face.

"I do not love him," she said. And we were still as death. Then suddenly Olive Hunter began to sob. "You have been very kind to me.

love you all," she said; "but I cannot stay here now. Please to let me go comewhere else. I must—I cannot live "Go from us, Olive?" I said. "Nay,

we are not tyrants; and once assured you do not love him, Ashton will "-Please let me go away! Please let me go away !" The moon was rising. Her new-born light fell upon Olive's face. Perhaps its

whiteness made her look pale.
She leaned against the wall with her little hand upon her heart, her unfathemable eyes full of pain. How had I hurt so? A new thought struck me. "Perhaps you love some one else, Olive?"

And at that she turned her face from me, and hid it in her hands.
"Too much—too much. You might have saved me that," she said. "Let me go away. I wish you had never And I arose and went to her. I bent

over the woman I loved. I touched her with my hand; her soft hair brushed my "Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you

And my voice trembled, and my hand shook, and she turned her face towards me again and looked into my eyes, What she saw in mine I do not knowthe truth, I think. In hers I read this I was not old to her; not too old to be

loved. I stole my arm about her, she did not untwine it. I uttered her name, "Olive," huskily. Afterwards I told her of my struggle with myself, not then. I said : "Olive, I love you, but it cannot be that you care for me. I am old enough to be your father. And again I saw inher eyes the happy

truth and took her to my heart. But we kept our secret for a while for we both loved Ashton, and both knew that this wound was not too deep to find a balm; and within a year, when the boy brought home a bride, a pretty creature whom he loved, and who loved him, I claimed Olive. And she is mine now; and theautumn blossoms of my heart will only fade on

Mrs. Timothy M. Allyn, of Hartford, who has been blind for seven years, has had an operation which partially restores her sight. One of the first things that astonished her was to see how old all her friends had grown; the next was the queer headdress fashions of the

earth to bloom again through all eternity

in paradise.

What they Wore. Among the handsomest dresses worn by ladies present at the leading stylish party in New York—the infaut asylum ball—was a pearl blue silk with four bias flounces put on lengthwise instead of across. The flounces were very full, standing straight out at the back, the skirt was pulled back very tight and covered with a long blue tulle overskirt edged with silver fringe and adorned at the hip with a wreath of berries and ivy. Pearls and coval were the lewels worn. Among the handsomest dresses worn the hip with a wresth of berries and ivy. Pearls and coral were the jewels worn. Another lady wore a dress of navy blue velvet and salmon colored silk, with a train composed in equal parts of velvet and silk, and trimmed with silver and velvet leaves. The sleeves were shirred between bands of velvet, and were cut when to the albert and trimmed with silver and between bands of velvet, and were cut short to the elbows and trimmed with point applique and tulle. A dress of flesh colored silk and marcon velvet and one of black net over black silk, the train inserted into the skirt, which was train inserted into the skirt, which was tied back very tightly so as to show a little pocket, make of moss leaves and roses and supported by two strings of roses, were two of the handsomest in the hall. Another dress, which was much admired, was of white tarletan over white glass silk, one side very tightly shirred, and the other trimmed with a number of little flounces extending back to a long train formed of four large bouillions of tarletan. The corsage, cut low, was trimmed with Spanish olonde and damask and blush roses, worn in a bunch in froht. A dress, known as a manteau de cœur, of sapphire blue faille and velvet, trimmed with velvet foliage and plaited tulle, covered with a lace flounce, was worn by a lady in one of the front boxes. Most of the dresses were worn with high necks and very long trains, the latter thrown gracefully over the arm while their wearers were dancing.

A New Year's Diary.

The Detroit Pres Press says : A large number of the Detroit young men have purchased diaries for 1876, and have taken up their pencils with a firm de-termination to keep track of every day And he flung his arm about me in his own boyish fashion, and left me alone—thone with my own thoughts.

He had said truly; I had been like a father to him. I was old enough to be fars, and no one should know my silly lives.

I try my best.

Every young man should keep a diary. When he is old and gray his grandchildren will fish it out of the rag bag and find it more valuable than gold or silver. There is no set style of jotting down thoughts and events, but perhaps it may be well to every day in the year. perhaps it may be well to give the record of 1875 as taken from the pocket

diary of an everage young man:
"January 1—Went to see my girl. "January 1—Went to see my girl.
Shall leave off swearing, drinking, euchre, smcking, chewing, being out nights, betting, going to the opera, and shall try to see \$10,000 this year."

"January — Went to see my girl.
Lost a box of cigars somewhere."

"Extracevelating on a

beside her and took her hand.
"Olive," I said, "I think you know dog fight. That's the way to scoop 'em. Am trying to get along on fifteen cigars

per day. Went to see my girl. says I shouldn'tswear." "April 20—Vent to see my Nothing new.' "July 4-This is the glorious Fourth.

"September I—Went to see my girl."
"November 11—Glorions weather. Went to see mygirl." "December 1—This is the first of

"December 3—This is Christmas." December 3.—This is the last day of the year. I nust commence to-morrow to save money and break off my bad habits. Went to see my girl last night, and made her happy by telling her that I was going to save \$10,000 next year."

A Disgusted Miner.

Frank Gobdwir, a Black Hills miner, arrived in St. Loe, in the condition known among financiers as busted. Goodwin says he left Baltimore, Md. last summer and arrived in Omaha about the first of August. From that point, in company with four others, he set out for the Black lured by the promise of gold held "Hush!" she pleaded — "hush! out by that new country. From Chey-lease let me go away! Please let me one the party proceeded on horseback to the hills, experiencing little or no difficulty in running the gauntlet of United States soldiers. Goodwin and his comrades made a thorough survey of the country, but met with little or no gold. At last, completely impoverished, they returned to Omaha to engage in a more legitimate pursuit of wealth. Goodwin says that Omaha is crowded with returning miners; that there are fully one hundred in the city at this time. As for himself, he is completely disgusted with gold hunting. He says there is some surface gold to be found in the Black Hills territory, but then only in exceedingly small quantities. Goodwin is a native of Maryland, is about twenty-four years of age and a painter by trade.

Leap Year Parties. Louisiana, Mo., leads in the leap year festivities. The young ladies of the Harmonica club gave a centennial leap year hop January 1st. The young gentlemen were invited by the ladies and requested to assemble at a certain dry goods store, where the girls called at the appointed hour and escorted them in an omnibus to the hall. Instead of gentlemen rushing around with pencil in hand to mark engagements on the programmes the order of the evening was reversed and the fair damsels besieged their gentlemen guests, calling for their cards and engaging their partners for the different dances. When the inter mission for refreshments arrived, fair ladies were to be seen leading brave men to the oyster supper. Supper was served under the hall, where the girls showed true leap year grit by paying for the boys' supper. The gentlemen wore their coats pinned back, and were addressed as "miss," while the bewitching ladies assumed the role of "mister. It was altogether an enjoyable affair, and conducted throughout in genuine leap year style.

The Pall Mall Gazette, of London, has a special telegram from Copenhagen as follows: I am authorized to contra-dict the report of the proposed sale of

A Colorado Zephyr.

They have some furious winds, or, as he local papers call them, zephyrs, out West. The Denver News tells us of one in Colorado that is worth an item. It says: The heavy wind registered on Pike's peak the other day seems to have struck earth about Cucharas, and judg-ing from the reports received from that quarter it must have been a pretty se-vere zephyr. Considerable damage was lone along its track, and all work and business was perforce suspended during the prevalence of the gale. A Cucharas correspondent of the *Chieftain* relates the following among other effects of the storm : "While the proprietor of the Cucharas sample room was at breakfast one morning, the back door of his es-tablishment was burst open by the force of the wind, and his bar and bar fix-tures were carried through the front window and scattered over the broad pampas in wild and dire confusion. Mr. Mitchell, one of the leading merchants here, has been engaged all the morning removing his goods from the shelves and putting them in a place of safety. His house sways and vibrates so much that he fears it may go down at any moment." He also relates a touching story of a mule being blown out of its harness, at a grading camp, and carried away bodily. The same paper also learns from a gentleman just in the year 1875 the eight cities containarrived from Walsenburg that the most tremendous storm of wind ever known in that section commenced about day-light in the morning. The air was full of flying dust, the roar of the hurricane was deafening, and it was almost impossible to stand on one's feet on account of the power of the storm. Houses were unroofed, and the timely use of ropes alone saved the roof of the Masonic Hall from being carried out on the prairie. Doors and windows were blown in in all parts of the town, outbuildings overturned and unroofed, and the whole place looks as though it had experienced heavy bombardment. Fortunately during all the uproar no one was injured, though the air is said at times to have been full of flying boards, shingles, etc.

Stopping a Panic. In the spring of 1864, says a writer, we were marching along in a broken woody country in southern Arkansas, southward, when one day the infantry, about two hundred strong, acting as escort to my mule train of about one hundred and sixty wagons, was moving just in advance of it. As they passed a sharp turn in the road by a corner of a field fence a strong body of the enemy suddenly rushed out from the timber and bursh and ottended the limber. and brush and attacked them, killing and wounding the officers and some men and two of the three musicians. confusion and ran back; so did the little drummer boy, with his drum over his shoulder. head of my train was just approaching the turn of the road, but I had now halted. Five of us-myself, clerks, and orderly—were sitting on our horses, re-volvers in hand, as the infantry came running back toward us; but the little drummer boy, on arriving at the fence corner just before me, looked up, bareheaded as he was, and, seeing us and the train, at once wheeled round and be-

gan beating the "long roll," which means "fall into line." The little black-haired fellow played his level best, and the flying men hearing the roll call, and seeing the brave boy beating so furiously and resolutely, with his face to the approaching enemy, began falling into line, and soon nearly of them were in battle order and blazing away at the coming enemy. The drum, however, could still be above the din and rattle of the musketry. We discharged our revolvers at the enemy across the corner of the field fence, and the fire of our now rallied escort was so hot and effective that the nemy soon retreated and ran into the timber out of sight, leaving many dead and wounded. I rode up to the little drummer boy, and, patting him on his head, told him he ought to have a captain's commission, for he by his coolness and courage had stopped the panic and saved the train from capture. said he, "the long roll will stop a panic if anything will."

That Butter Compound.

The butter compound man has now turned up in Connecticut. Ohio was not long ago the headquarters of the stuff, but its star, unlike that of empire, its way castward. If people would take a common sense view of such things, they would not write to ask our opinion, says the Agriculturist. The circular claims that butter undistinguishable from the true article can be made at a cost never exceeding four cents per pound. Now, if there was any truth in this claim, do you suppose that the makers of the compound would send out elaborate circulars entreating people to buy the compound, a box of which will make one hundred pounds of butter, at fifty cents wholesale? Not They would make the butter themselves. On one hundred pounds of butter costing four cents per pound, they would make from \$20 to \$25 at fair market rates, while by selling the compound, if it were all profit, they make only fifty cents. That tub won't

A Tramp Turns Hangman.

Thomas Love was arrested in Worceser, Mass., for a peculiar crime. Love is vagrant, with no ostensible means of support, and has part of the time lived on the bounty of A. J. Duncan, who resides in Worcester. The other morning Mr. Duncan went to his barn to feed his cattle, not in the meantime seeing Love, and, after he had finished, came down on a ladder from the loft, going down backwards. When Mr. Duncan had nearly reached the foot he felt a rope touch his head, and a slip-noose was thrown around his neck. Mr. Duncan turned round and found himself in the toils of Love. Love had a long rope and one end around the neck of Duncan. the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, to Germany. The idea was mooted in 1873 of exchanging St. Thomas for North Schleswig, but was dismissed as barn. Love was captured.

Living in Cities.

At the late annual meeting of the American Social Science Convention, the committee on social economy in their report made the following statement:

In general terms it may be said that there were in 1870, when the last na-tional census was taken, about sixty cities in the United States with a population exceeding 25,000, of which seven
—New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn,
St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, and Boston-had each a population exceeding 250,000, and seven more-Cincinnati, 250,000, and seven more—Cineinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, Washington, Newark, Buffalo, and Louisville—had a population of more than 100,000 each. The aggregate population of the first-named seven, then somewhat exceeded 3,200,000, New York alone containing 942,292. The aggregate population of the second group of seven cities did not only only procedure of the second group of seven cities and part only the second group of seven cities. did not quite reach 1,000,000, Cincinnati, the largest, containing 216,239 in-habitants. The remaining cities of the sixty had an aggregate population of about 2,000,000, so that the wholeurban population of the United States dwelling in towns of more than 25,000 people was not far from 6,200,000, or nearly one sixth part of the whole population of the ng more than a quarter of a million inabitants each have an aggregate population of not less than 4,000,000; the ten or twelve cities containing more than 100,000 inhabitants each have an aggregate population of more than 1,500,000, and the seventy or eighty cities ranking above the 25,000 standard have probably more than 8,000,000 inhabitants, or nearly one-fifth of the whole present population of the United States. Ten years hence it is probable that the United States. years hence it is probable that the Uni-ted States will have a hundred cities arger than Boston was at the beginning of the century, and that nearly a fourth part of all our people will dwell in such cities. Hence the great and growing importance of the question we are now considering—the ownership, situation, and quality of the homes in which so many millions of our people are to live and where their children are to be brought up. Shall they be tenement houses like those of New York and Boson, in which so many of the industrial classes now dwell, or shall they be small er houses in better localities owned by the occupants, like the humble homes of Chicago, Philadelphia, Syracuse, De

troit, Worcester, and so many of the smaller American cities? How Robberies are Carried Out. The New York Tribune has the follow-ing: The other day in Hartford, Conn., banking house was robbed in broad ylight of some \$4,100 in cash and amount of valuable securities. The sufferers kept to themselves the fact of the robbery, and quietly went to work to recover so much of the stolen proper ty as they could. It is now said that shortly after the robbery a well-known attorney of New York city, of some prominence as a politician, put himself communication with the victims of the robbery for the purpose of negotiating a settlement between them and cer tain clients of his who had possession of the securities and the cash, the object being to arrange for the return of the securities upon payment of a stipulated sum. The negotiations ended in the payment of \$1,250 in addition to the \$4,100 cash proceeds of the robbery, and the return to the bank of the secur

ties stolen. So that as the mat er stands these clients of the attorney, having planned and carried out their little enterprise, and found themselves possession, among other proceeds of the same, of certain securities which they could not use and which were of no value except to the owner, went immediately to their attorney, and informing him of all the facts employed him towhat? Well, to the unprofessional mind it looks very much as though they employed him to finish up the work had only partly done, to secure for them not only immunity for the offense but \$1,250 additional profits from the robbery. That is the way it appears to the unprofessional mind, but we are aware that the relation of counsel and client is not thoroughly apprehended by the average layman. They "retained" the legal gentleman then as their counsel

Keeping up Appearances.

A touching incident is related in a St. Louis paper of the way a little girl in the public school attempted to "keep up appearances." The pupils were ac-customed to bring their luncheon, which at noon they ate together, but one day the teacher noticed that this little gir. looked wistfully at her companions as they went out with their lunch, but never brought any herself. The child was neatly but poorly clad, and always attentive to her studies. On another ecasion the teacher observed that the little thing had apparently brought her lunch with her; but when the noonhour came she still remained in her seat, with the package wrapped in paper on the desk before her. The teacher went to the child and asked her why she did not go out with the rest, at the same time putting out her hand toward the package. Quick as thought, the little girl clasped her hands over it, and exeffimed, sobbingly: "Don't touch it, teacher, and don't tell, please! It's only blocks." And that was the fact. Having no dinner too bring, and too proud to reveal the poverty of her family, the child had carefully wrapped up a number of small blocks in paper, and brought the package to present the appearance of a lunch.

Came Back. Newport is excited over a curious natrimonial complication. Some forty ears ago three-day-old bride suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. time after she returned, announced that she had obtained a divorce, and again vanished. Nearly half a century goes by, and the husband has now a family and is rich. The other day, after forty years of silence, she put in an appear ance and asked for her husband, claiming that her story about a divorce was a falsehood. The matter will probably come before the courts.

Items of Interest.

Seeing is not believing. There are many men you can see, and yet cannot

NO. 49.

A beautiful seven inch centipede will be one of Texas' contributions to the centennial.

"But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney, and say there is no place like home, at the same time."

Louisa Alcott used to feel that it was a mistake that she was born a girl, be-cause she did not like girls and did like

The wonderful man in Detroit who puzzles the doctors by being able to make his heart shift sides can rest as-sured that he will be beautifully cut up as soon as he dies. Mr. Meagher, the present owner, has offered to the Centennial commissioners

a portion of the gallows on which the thirty-eight Sioux Indians were executed in Mankato in 1862. "Why," asks an exchange, "do they

why, asks an exchange, "of they bury a Japanese with his head downward when he dies?" We really don't know, unless it is because they think that's the only proper time to do it. A pauper inmate of Horsham work-house, England, died on Christmas day from the effects of gluttony. He attack-

ed his Christmas dinner so ravenously that in a few minutes he was choked. Snowfalls under a cloudless sky are common in Virginia City, puzzling strangers. The snow is blown from Mount Davidson, which is close by the town, and is whirled through the streets

by the wind.

An exchange says: The other day, when they stopped the Columbus convicts from making counterfeit nickels, the said convicts rolled up their eyes and sighed: "How werry wirtuous they expect a jailbird to be!" The United States ships St. Lawrence

and Macedonian were sold at auction at Norfolk recently. The former brought \$17,900, and the latter \$14,071. These are among the oldest ships in the navy, and have been famous in their day. A San Francisco saloon keeper, grateful for business prosperity, gave to each patron a bottle of whisky. Lewis Losee inished his botile, went home drunk, and whipped his wife to death, inflicting

nearly two hundred great and small It is said that since his release from confinement, Brigham Young acts as a changed man. It is only necessary for one of his wives to bint that the fire is getting low, and he will trot dut to the

woodshed as if he was thankful for the exercise. Commodore Stephen Decatur who died lately at Boston, when three of his neigh bors were attacked by ship fever, and no one dared to nurse them, tended them through their illness, and when they died he dug the graves and buried their bodies himself, reading the funeral ser-

vices over them. You just imagine five big loafers working all Saturday night and Sunday to pound a safe to pieces and divide up three cents and a bundle of latters, and you have a faint idea of what took place in Iowa a few days ago. That much hard work on a woodpile would have returned \$10 in cash.

A rhyme for "month" is now in demand. Here is one that is very old, but the best we know of: "I've tried a hundred times I guess,

To find a rhyme for month ; I've failed a hundred times, I know,

But succeeded the hundredth and one-th. While service was being conducted in the parish church of Cherry Burton, an English village, the other morning, the lock weight came crashing through the selfry roof and alighted on a young girl, housemaid at the rectory, who was injured beyond hope of recovery. A young man sitting by her was also hurt severely. The rope on which the weight was iung was renewed only the week before. The two injured were to have been mar-

ried the next day. Mrs. Buffington was missed by her family, in Lansingburgh, N. Y., and, after an absence of three days, was found in a room of an otherwise unoccupied house. She was standing in a corner, and she begged to be allowed to stay there, declaring that the Lord and the devil had commanded her to stand immovable until she died. nearly obeyed the imaginary injunction, for hunger, cold, and the fatigue of the position had almost killed her.

Limited Assets.

The most complete failure on record s recorded of a man in Hatfield whose liabilities are some \$21,000. Several of his creditors proved their claims the other day. The assignee visited the place to inventory his property, and found only sixteen spring chickens and an old wagon. Fearful that the chickens might take to their wings and fly away, he at once sold them for seventy each; and being in for the whole job he bargained the old wagon for & making total assets of \$16.20 to offset \$21,000. As the expenses of settling 'he estate will be about \$100, the remainder, besides the \$16.20, will be assessed upon those creditors who were so unfortunate as to prove their claims,

A Court Case.

The chief justice of Cape Colony, South Africa, has given a decision in a law suit of an unprecedented kind. Kruger sued Schalwyk for damages to reputation. A game of forfeits was in progress at Schalwyk's house, and Miss Schalwyk, a pretty damsel, incurred the penalty of having to kiss every man in the room. She kissed a dozen persons, but stopped the osculatory process when she came to Kruger. In the very next round of forfeits it devolved on Kruger to kiss Miss Schalwyk. He refused. The male Schalwyk then denounced Kruger as a drunken Hottentot. Hence the suit, which resulted in a farthing damages for the plaintiff.