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### The Model Church.

Well, wife, I found the model church I worshipped there to-day!  
It made me think of good old times, before my hair was gray;  
The minister's 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 door;  
He knew 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 singing; it had the old-time 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 diadem 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 a glimpse of shore;  
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,  
And anchor in the blessed port, forever from the storm.  
The preacher? Well, I can't just tell all that the preacher said;  
I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;  
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightness of his eye  
Went flashing long from pew to pew, nor passed a sterner 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 bleed;  
'Twas 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 falling dew;  
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 friends shall meet 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 model church to-day.  
Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory won;  
The shining goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run;  
O'er the river we are nearing they are thronging to the shore,  
To shout our safe arrival where the weary 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 wise:  
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 saved anything.  
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 childless as she was, had a way that some girls do have of leading their admirers into extravagance. Of all the trials of that never-to-be-forgotten time, I think the greatest was appearing niggardly in those blue eyes. I did not mind wearing plain suits, discarding hid 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 a 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 I 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 when they are thirty.  
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 granma.  
She was eighty, grandfather ninety, and they died one bright autumn day, before prosperity came to us, died within an hour of each other—for granma just said: "I think I'll lie down a bit, now Lemuel don't need me. I'm very tired."  
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 honeymoon.  
And we could none of us feel the wedding 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 perceptibly out of 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 lived 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 for years. I knew he had married a young Kentish girl, and knew no more; but now he told me that she was dead, and that his death would leave a daughter an orphan.  
"She was 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 get a penny of it. I am now your guardian; it is a dying man's last request."  
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 them.  
And the result of that letter, and of 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 ladies in white, 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 grasses left behind; and I, who had gone to meet a child, and a woman, and 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 boyish 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 as every truth."  
And I took her home to the old house and to my old mother. I thought only of those; somehow, I never thought of Ashton.  
Shall I ever forget how she brightened the somber rooms! How, as her sadness wore away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a something which made the return home, and the long hours of the evening seem so bright to me as I 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 singing. Sometimes I caught her eye, her great unattractive brown eyes, for she had a habit of looking at me. Was she wondering how a face could be so stern and grim? I used to ask myself.  
Ashton used to look at her also. He had been away when she first came. He was when he returned she was a grand surprise to him.  
"Oh, how lovely she is!" he had said to me.  
"She is very pretty," I replied.  
"Ashton laughed."  
"May I never be an old bachelor if it brings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said; and I felt conscious that my cheek flushed, and felt angry that he should have spoken of me thus, though I never cared before.  
They liked each other very much—those 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 exquisitely 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 lamps, the nearest approach to 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 forgot—that I never shall forget as long as I live.  
She stood with her back to me. Ashton was kneeling at her feet. The sound of the opening door dissolved the picture; 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 passion, but earnest, heartfelt love.  
I in love! I arose and looked in the mirror, and my broad-shouldered reflection blushed before my gaze. The springing of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamt of love's bud and blossom.  
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 saw me making a fool of myself just now, I suppose?"  
"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 believe she likes me, but she won't say so. I'll 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 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—indeed, 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.  
"I did not know how kindly you had always felt to me 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 it for you, Ashton," I said at last.  
"I'll tell you my best."  
And he hung his arm about me in his own boyish fashion, and left me alone—alone with my own thoughts.  
He had said truly; I had been like a father to him. I was old enough to be his, and no one should know my silly dream. I would hide it while I lived.  
"I had said so often: '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 settle the next day was quite done. Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her and took her hand."  
"Olive," I said, "I think you know that Ashton loves you. I am sure he 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 else could make him. I told him I would tell you so."  
"And then she spoke."  
"You wish to marry Ashton?"  
"Approach was in the tone—approach and sorrow."  
"If you can love him, Olive," I said.  
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. I love you all," she said; "but I cannot stay here now. Please to let me go somewhere else. I must—I cannot live here."  
"Go home to your mother," I said.  
"We are not tyrants; and once assured you do not love him, Ashton will—"  
"Hush!" she pleaded—"hush! 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 unfeeling 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 brought me here."  
"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 cheek."  
"Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you happy."  
"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 know, but the 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 can for me. I am old enough to be your father."  
"And again I saw in her 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 would 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 the autumn blossoms of my heart will only fade on earth to bloom again through all eternity in paradise.  
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 head-dresses fashions of the women.

### What they Wear.

Among the handsome dresses worn by ladies present at the leading stylish party in New York—the infant asylum ball—was a pearl blue silk with four point applique and full skirt. Instead of across the shoulders 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 ivory. 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 short to the elbows and trimmed with a dress of flesh colored silk and maroon velvet and one of black net over black silk, the train inserted into the skirt, which was tied back very tightly so as to show a little pocket, made of moss leaves and roses and supported by two strings of roses. There were two of the handsomest in the hall. The dresses were very full and much admired, was of white tulle over white glaze 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 bouillottes of tulle. The corsage, cut low, was trimmed with Spanish blonde and dazak and black roses, worn in a bunch in front. A dress, known as a maitene de cour, of sapphire blue faille and velvet, trimmed with velvet foliage and plaited tulle, covered with a lace flounce, was worn by only one of the front boxes.  
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### A Colorado Zephyr.

They have some furious winds, or, as the 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 Cairo about Chetras, and judging from the reports received from that quarter it must have been a pretty severe zephyr. Considerable damage was done along its track, and all work and business was performed suspended during the prevalence of the gale. A Chetras correspondent of the *Chetras* relates the following among other effects of the storm: "While the proprietor of the Chetras sample room was at breakfast one morning, the back door of his establishment was burst open by the force of the wind, and his bar and bar fixtures 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 horse aways 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 arrived from Walsenburg that the most numerous storm of wind known in that section commenced about daylight 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 done saved the roof of a certain barn 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 a 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 brush and attacked them, killing and wounding the officers and some men and two of the three musicians. Our escort was driven back, and the mule train, which was in confusion, and ran back; so did the little drummer boy, with his drum over his shoulder. The 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, reviewing in our hands, as the infantry came running back toward us, a 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 began beating the "long roll," which means "fall into line."  
The little black-headed 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 all of them were in battle order and going away at the coming enemy. The drum, however, could still be heard 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 enemy 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 by his coolness and courage had stopped the panic and saved the train from capture. "Well," 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 a stuff, but its star, unlike that of empire, wends its way eastward. If people would take a common sense view of such things, they would not write to ask our opinion, says the *Agriculturist*. The opinion 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, enticing people to buy the compound, a box of which will make one hundred pounds of butter, at fifty cents wholesale? Not much. 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 but won't hold water.  
A Tramp Turns Hangman.  
Thomas Love was arrested in Worcester, Mass., for a peculiar crime. Love is a 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 morning 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 coils of Love. Love had a long rope and one end around the neck of Duncan. Love pulled at the other end fiercely. A struggle ensued, which ended in the escape of Duncan from an untimely end and the hasty flight of Love from the 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 national census was taken, about sixty cities in the United States having 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, 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 exceeding 3,200,000, New York alone containing 942,292. The aggregate population of the second group of seven cities did not exceed 1,000,000, Cincinnati, the largest, containing 218,239 inhabitants. The remaining cities of the sixty had an aggregate population of about 2,000,000, so that the whole urban 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 United States. So rapid is the increase of our urban population, however, that in the year 1875 the eight cities containing more than a quarter of a million inhabitants each have an aggregate population of not less than 4,000,000; the ten next largest, 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 will have a larger city population 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 Boston, in which so many of the industrial classes now dwell, or shall they be smaller houses in better localities owned by the occupants like the houses of Chicago, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Detroit, Worcester, and so many of the smaller American cities?  
How Robberies are Carried Out.  
The New York *Tribune* has the following account of a robbery in Hartford, Conn.: A banking house was robbed in broad daylight of some \$4,100 in cash and a large 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 property 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 in communication with the victims of the robbery for the purpose of negotiating a settlement between them and certain 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 securities stolen. So that as the matter stands, these clients of the attorney, having planned and carried out their little enterprise, and found themselves in 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 to do what? Well, to the unprofessional mind it looks very much as though they employed him to finish up the work they had only partially 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 and attorney.  
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 accustomed to bring their luncheon, which at noon they ate together, but one day the teacher noticed that this little girl 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 occasion the teacher observed that the little thing had apparently brought her lunch with her; but when the noon hour 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 exclaimed, sobbingly: "Don't touch it, teacher, and don't tell, please!" It is only looks. And that was the fact. Having no dinner to 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 luncheon.  
Came Back.  
Newport is excited over a curious matrimonial complication. Some forty years ago a three-day-old bride suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Some 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 round of fornicals to do with. He is only looks. And that was the fact. Having no dinner to 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 luncheon.  
Limited Assets.  
The most complete failure on record is 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 cents each; and being in for the whole he bargained the old wagon for \$3, making total assets of \$16.20 to offset \$21,000. As the expenses of settling 'the 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 lawsuit of an unprecedented kind. Kruger sued Schalkwyk for damages to reputation. A game of forfeits was in progress at Schalkwyk's house, and Miss Schalkwyk, a pretty damsel, incurred the penalty of having to kiss every man in the room. She kissed a dozen persons, but stopped the oscillatory process when she came to Kruger. In the very next round of forfeits it devolved on Kruger to kiss Miss Schalkwyk. He refused. The male Schalkwyk then denounced Kruger as a drunken hotentot. Hence the suit, which resulted in a farthing damages for the plaintiff.

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