# County

# Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher-

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. V.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1876.

NO. 51.

## If They Knewelt.

If little flowers knew it. The sorrow on my heart. Their tears with mine would rue it. And less would be the smart.

If nightingales could know it. My trouble and my grief, They would sing me to undo it A musical relief

The golden stars and tender. If they could know my pain, Would step from out their splendor To bring me peace again.

They know it by no token ; Only one knows-and she Herself it is has broken And torn my heart for me."

#### THE DYING OUTLAW.

A True Story

My sands are almost run. My lamp of life is faintly flickering in its socket. I have escaped once more the hounds of justice, but they have given me my death wound; and ere the rising sun reaches his meridian I shall have looked not true; that I was only testing her love my last on earth.

A few more pulsations of the heart, and this old mountain cavern, which has been the scene of so many wild has been the scene of so many wild riots and midnight orgies, whose deepest recesses have often rung with the loud shouts of revelry, and the hoarse cry of rage, shall become my tomb. A few more labored breaths and this deep strong voice, which has so long been used to command a ruffian crew, shall become silent forever. Oh, earth, thou hast never seemed so deer! Oh life hast never seemed so dear! Oh, life,

thou hast never seemed so dear? Oh, life, thou hast never been so sweet as now! Yet, why should I seek to prolong a life so fraught with peril, so abandoned, so futile, so profligate. Already fifty years have gone over me, and how have I consumed them? Whom have I befriended? Whose distress have I relieved? Whose conditions have I Whose conditions have I Whose grief have I palliated? or what tone of pity ever moved my evil course, and hourly prayed for my heart? The last twenty years I have passed as chief of a bold and reckless A year passed, and like a tender flowgang of robbers and desperadoes, who have long infested this region, ravaging villas, plundering houses, waylaying and robbing the luckless traveler by night and by day, sparing no rank, heeding no cry, hearing no prayer. For twenty years I have been branded

a felon, and hunted like a beast of prey. Large rewards have been offered for my capture, and troops of armed men have scoured the country in search of my stronghold. And many a brave fellow has been hurried to his last account while daring to search for my retreat among the mountain passes. Thus far I have baffled all pursuit, and our rendezvous has remained a secret with the gang. But to-day, after a desperate conflict with a body of treops the leaf. capture, and troops of armed men have of the band has been slain or captured, and I have escaped only to die in soli-

Oh, how miserable a life I have led! I would not recall the past, but it will pass in review before me. Gladly would I draw the veil over all save that a blissful vision, rendered tenfold lovely by the sweet face of my sainted mother, radiant with love for her merry happy

Ah, those were haloyon days—days in which my mother strove to guide me in the way of truth and virtue; and with the sacred volume open on her lap, oft drew me to her side, placed her soft hand upon my boyish head, and toying with my early locks, taught me from its priceless pages, urged me to obey its precepts, and emulate the wise and Bidel's custom was to go into the dage good whose names were written there; then with a kiss upon my ruddy cheek, told me how much it would solace her declining years should I become a man of honor, truth and worth.

I grew to manhood; and then my mother's teachings were unheeded and forgotten. I formed evil associations, I drank, I gambled, I fell.

One drear and starless night I robbed a traveler on the moor; tightly clutching his purse of gold, I hurried to my chamber, snatched a bundle from a recess, crept softly down the stairway, gained the bedside of my mother, press-ed one last kiss upon her wrinkled brow, and, receiving a murmured "God bless you" from her dreaming lips, fled, and never saw her more. When she heard of my guilt, with a bitter wail she sank beneath the stroke, and they laid

her in the valley. For two years I traversed the continent, roving from place to place with to definite aim or object except to conceal my crime. I had gold, but there was a curse on every farthing. I drank from every cup of pleasure which human incompity could proceed that blood, and no one in the assembly believed that Bidel could possibly escape. Preserving his presence of mind, however, he kept the other animals at bay until he had subdued the lion and chased him back to ingenuity could prepare; but terror and remorse embittered every draught. The grim and relentless phantom which ever follows guilt pursued me everywhere. At length I joined a band of brigands, shared their peril and their plunder, and, by my daring and success, ere long became their leader, and thus a source of fear and apprehension to the peaceful traveler, of dread and anxiety

to the quiet home. In various guises I frequented society, moving in the higher circles as a information: Speaking of gold, reminds foreigner of rank and wealth. I sat at one of a very well authenticated rumor châtted in the drawing-rooms of the richest nobles of the land. I danced in halls where pride and heart meeting and heart meeting that the great bonanza kings, Messrs. Flood, O'Brien, Mackay and Fair, are going to send one hundred. halls where pride and beauty met. I whirled in the giddy waltz with diamond decked belles, who never dreamed their gallant, dark eyed partner was the dar-ing robber chief.

Once, while on a brief visit to a pretty rural village, I rescued a beautiful peasant girl from drowning; and as I bore her fainting form to the cottage of her widowed mother, near at hand, I thought I had never seen a face of such marvelous beauty and loveliness. Being restored to consciousness and learning the situation she thanked me with such a depth of earnestness and sincerity, shipment, and the balance was and such a look of gratitude, as thrilled in due season. Few people ever saw such a vast sum as ten millions of dolard sides, all in one or several and silver, all in one or several and silver. granted, and thus began an acquainteral piles, and I think the proposition ance which grew to friendship and of Messrs. Flood & Co., if carried ripened into visitor at the cottage. I found her in-telligent and educated beyond most of of the exposition.

her class; artless and pure as the un

her class; artless and pure as the undesigning infant.

"Oh! how bitterly my conscience—hardened though it was—reproved me for the deception I practiced. Ignorant of the deceitand craftiness of the world, she placed implicit trust in me, believing me the soul of honor. Ah! little did she think as we rambled in the leafy grove, or sat beneath the spreading vine; as we strolled beside the moonlight stream, or lingered near the cottage door, that her tall and courteous companion, in whom she placed such child-like trust, was the bold outlaw of the

Alps.
I told her I had rank and wealth, told her of my vast estate and my castle on the Rhine. I asked her to be mine, and share my fortune and my gorgeous home. She consented, and we were married. On pretense of taking her to my boasted palace, I brought her to my cavern. Then, as deception was no longer practicable, I revealed the startling fact that her husband was an entitive fact that her husband was an entitled. ling fact that her husband was an out-law—the famous bandit chief—and this cave must henceforth be her home. On hearing this, she gave me a look of terfor me. But as the terrible truth became more apparent from the surroundings, she grew almost wild with grief. She knelt before me, and with her hands clasped upon her bosom, implored me amid a torrent of bitterest tears to forsake this awful career, to leave this dismal place, and fly with her to some far distant land, and there in future lead a life of penitence and peace. She soon became exhausted, and with a heart-broken cry of anguish sank senseless on the ground.

When at length aroused she appeared more calm and tranquil, but the sun-light of her young life was gone forever. The roses never came back to her cheeks. Day by day she slowly lan-guished. She always tried to wear a smile when I was near, though grief was gnawing like a canker at her heart. She often tried to persuade me to abandon

er plucked from its parent stem, she had drooped and declined. One day I assisted her to the entrance of the cave, and as I took a seat beside her, I observed that she looked paler and lovelier than usual. Leaning her head upon my breast, she said: "I feel that I am dying. The autumn leaves will soon strew my forest grave; but I could go ing. clasped my hand with a look of joy on her face that had not rested there be fore for months.

That night she sweetly breathed her last. And within that woodland grave my earthly happiness was buried

my name became a by-word of terror throughout the surrounding country Thus have I lived, an enemy to myself, and a curse to mankind. And thus die, neglected, friendless, and alone,-Rev. I. P. Booth.

# A Terrible Encounter.

The Journal du Havre recounts a terrible encounter between the lion tamer Bidel and a number of wild beasts, of the e ferocious animals, accompanied by a sheep, which was by his presence kept safe from attack. On a recent occasion he proceeded to the lion's cage, and his first act was to place the sheep on the back of a lioness, as he had frequently done before. No sooner had be accomplished this than a powerful lion sprang upon the poor sheep and buried his teeth deep into a vital part of its body. There was a large number of spectators present, and, as may be imagined, the sudden act of the lion created an instant and general panic. Bidel stepped forward, and, with the utmost coolness, struck the lion a blow on the mouth with a heavy stick, which the feet of the conrageous performer. In another moment, however, all the wild beasts were lashed into fury by the sight of the blood, and no one in the as-sembly believed that Bidel could his cage. He then fought his way back through the other animals, and, amid the bravos of the assembly, came out triumphantly, carrying his wounded sheep with him. The poor animal, which was a great favorite of the lion tamer, died of its wounds.

Ten Millions of Gold in One Pile. A San Francisco correspondent of the Philadelphia Press gives the following going to send one hundred and fifty tons of the gold and silver bullion from their Consolidated Virginia mine to the Centennial, and pile up the glittering bars in some conspicuous spot, so that all the world can see what one mine produces in five months. The value of the bars will be ten millions of dollars in United States gold coin! If the idea is carried out it will be the gra dest sight among a million of grand sights, and I venture to say more people will visit this "mountain of wealth" than any other single thing in the building. Five millove. I became a daily through, will add much o he charm, sottage. I found her in-

A Notable Work for the Centennial. The city of Mexico correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle writes as follows: Undoubtedly one of the most interesting, novel and unique works of art exhibited at the American Centennial will be an architectural plan of this historic city. The dimensions are 330 feet from north to south and 231 feet from east to west. All the characteristics of the capitol will be portrayed with the greatest fidelity, as, for instance, the ir-regularity of the heights of buildings, the color of the frontings, the signs of the business houses, the number of doors, windows and balconies on each street, the pavements and sidewalks. This model city will be peopled by 60,-000 human figures of good size, made of lead and adorned exquisitely, represent-ing men in various fashionable national costumes and otherwise, ladies elegantly dressed for the opera, ball and social party, besides types from the common people. Fruit venders, ice cream ven-ders, porters, water carriers, etc., with fantasticoutfits, will be given true to life. There will be no less than 1,900 coaches and an equal number of other vehicles, besides artillery pieces mounted on carts. Nearly all the noticeable buildings will be visible, the grand cathedral, the principal Catholic churches, the mint, offices of the railroads, the national library, the school of fine arts, the Hotel Iturbide, and others. The national palace and other notable buildings are not constructed in the plan, but ings are not constructed in the plan, but proper steps have been taken to get permission to do so. When included the work will be complete. The idea of this novel undertaking originated with Don Francisco Tajardo, Antonio Fomas, Francisco Cervantes, Manuel Acosta, and Andoquio Sanchez, all well known and enterprising citizens. They have assembled with them Don Vincente Her. sociated with them Don Vincente Hermandez, an eminent mechanic and artist. When the project was at first broached, nearly two years ago, it was thought that so daring a piece of enterprise could not be completed in time, but the gen-tlemen having it in hand went to work energetically and will have it ready at the proper date for shipment to Philadelphis. A Mexican writer speaking of the work says, satirically, that the dis-tinguished foreigners who believe that he Mexicans still dress in feathers and hoot with arrows will be astonished to gaze upon the magnificent toilets of the ladies, the walking capes of the fashion-ables, and the love of handsome, picturesque costumes which characterizes the descendants of the Aztecs and the Spaniards. When the whole plan alluded to incompleted and set up according to the model in the Centennial building, it is certain that no other notable object can attract greater attention.

## Courage and Fear of Death.

The Chinese of the southern deltas. who have little active courage, though conflict with a body of troops, the last I said I gave the required promise. She plenty, will die for a bribe to save a richer criminal from the sentence he has would I draw the veil over all save that of early life, which rises before me like came more reckless than before; and hero, and will encounter an inevitable and agonizing death without a flutter of the pulse. His nerve is as great as and warmth of my political friends in Wainwright's, who died without a perceptible change in the steadiness of heart-beats, but who-unlike the Ben galee-with an object before him would probably have rushed upon the cannon. The Mulay, who cannot be induced or compelled to face rockets, dies as tranquilly as Casabianca; and the Cingalese of the coast, who will fight nobody, meets death without a murmur or a

> An English sailor of the old type, who fear of death as the cultivated woman who can endure death by a deadly operation resignedly, yet faint in the presence of any noisy danger. The wild romancer, Gustave Aimard, states, as a fact, within his knowledge, that a Spanish officer shot himself dead rather than cross a rope suspension bridge; and we can vouch for the following story, though we must not give the names: An Engish ensign, just joined before the first sikh campaign, went to his commanding officer, a relative, and told him that he could not face the shot, made him crouch and yell with pain and that he should disgrace himself, and throw his bleeding victim trembling at must resign. His relative comforted him kindly, told him that he was only nervous, and thought he had soothed his fear; but the lad, as he stepped out of the tent, shot himself through the brain, inviting death rather than a call npon his courage.

# An Expensive Breakfast,

Long years ago, way back to 1814, when our wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts were calico dresses, the material of which was cheap, and made from seven yards, and it cost as many shillings, three young men of capital and high standing, indulged in a night's debauch at a hotel in Northampton, Mass. In the morning they summoned the landlord to their presence, and or-dered a breakfast, which they stated must be the most expensive that had ever been given in the State. The principal dish ordered was ham and eggs, of which they would go to the kitchen and superintend, personally, the cooking. When the fat was hot, each deposited in it their gold watches; chains, lookets, and signet rings, which were fried with the ham and eggs. The cost of the jewelry alone was at least \$1,500. All of the parties are dead now, but they lived long enough to know the want of their foolish extravagance.

A correspondent of a Terre Haute paper who accompanied the recent "editorial" excursion, says that among their number were "mayors, clerks, grocers, livery stable keepers and doctors," declares that at Altoona, where they stop-ped for (free) lunch, "as the party hur-ried out of the room, it was amusing to see the proprietors counting their spoons," and says that though it was impossible to say how they spent Sunday "the generally bunged-up appearance of all the party at night spoke vol-

## MIKE WALSH'S CANDIDATE.

How Mike Made a Colored Man's Canvass for Third Assistant Doorkeeper his Per-

sonal Matter. Did you ever happen to hear how Mike Walsh conducted a canvass for his Mike Walsh conducted a canvass for ms candidate for doorkeeper, once when he was in the Assembly says a correspon-dent of the Albany Journal: Once when poor Mike came to the Assembly to be sworn in as a legislator, he was met at the Delavan or at the Mansion met at the Delavan or at the Mansion House of those days, by a colored gentleman of fine address, who requested his influence in getting him appointed third assistant doorkeeper. The office seeker was received with that urbanity with which Mike treated everybody, and after he had exhibited sundry indorsements from several prominent citizens, he produced, evidently as his best card, a long and beautiful specimen of chiroga long and beautiful specimen of chirog-raphy, which he informed his listener was his own letter addressed to the Assembly in behalf of his own nomination. Mike took it, hastily read a sentence or two, and then, lighting a fresh cigar, to the delight of the would-be doorkeeper, proceeded to read the whole of it. When he got through he was taken with a hearty fit of laughter, and on coming out of it, to the joyful astonishment of the other, he said: "Mr. Bensen, leave your canvass in my hands. I'll make it a personal matter." Mr. Bensen wrung his benefactor's hand and departed. In the evening at the caucus Mike presented no name for doorkeeper, or for first, second, or third assistant doorkeeper. Poor Bensen, who, from his place in the gentlemen's gallery in the Assembly chamber, saw the prize which he coveted, and the obtaining of which for him Hon.
Mr. Walsh, from New York, had promised to make "a personal matter,"
given to another was sorely angered and grieved. Mike spied him, and just as soon as the caucus was adjourned, but before any of the members had dispersed, he asked for order, and exclaimed in a loud voice : "If Mr. Ben-sen, who was a candidate for third assistant doorkeeper, is in the building, he is wanted at the clerk's desk." caucus saw that something good was up, and not a man moved from his place.

Presently the mystified Bensen ap-

peared, and in response to Mike's request took his place at the clerk's desk. like rose and with a great show of solemnity informed the caucus that he had a personal explanation to make to them and to a late candidate for the third assistant doorkeepership. Then, turning to Bensen, he said something to this effect: "Mr. Bensen, on the occasion of your coming to see me this morning and asking my humble influence to secure you the position on which you had focu ed, I informed you that I would make your candidacy my personal matter. Mr. Bensen, I have done so. Be-lieve me, sir, I haven't met a Democrat since I parted with you but I have taken earnest voice and moist eye: "Whatearned. The Bengalee, who alone among ever you do to-night, don't vote for Ben-

mankind says, calmly, "Arme bheroo," sen for third assistant doorkeeper." To a man, Bensen, they said they would go ter of moral and social indifference, or back on Bensen, and for the kindness rather creditable than otherwise, goes to thus shown me by my fellows I am, I execution, as Macaulay noticed, like a hope, duly grateful. This is one of the proudest moments of my life, for I realize as I never did before the sincerity their relations to me

By this time the defeated candidate, the perspiration running down his face, was so torn with his emotions that he didn't know whether he was afoot or horseback. He probably realized only this one thing clearly—that public life had lost all its charm for him. The caucus, too, was in a state of complete bewilderment, since nearly every man composing it had, indeed, gone back on Bensen at the earnest solicitation of would face anything earthly except a black cat, has probably twice as much be had promised to make Bensen's canbe had promised to make Bensen's canvess his "personal matter." When Mike had got to this point in his speech, he requested one of the boys on the floor to bring him a glass of water. When it was brought he drank with great deliberation, wiped his mouth very slowly, and then, in the midst of the most intense silence, took from one of his breast pockets Bensen's letter and read it aloud. He had a pleasing, sympathetic voice, and the letter, good in itself, gain-ed immensely in Mike's rendering of it.

When he had concluded he suddenly struck an attitude and vehemently exlaimed, with the letter held high in air : "I tell thee, Benren, that when I had read that eloquent document three or four times the conviction with which I became possessed on first reading it deepened and crystallized until it took shape in the resolve that I would not insult such an accomplished scholar, such an eloquent and polished writer, and such an earnest and effective patriot by tendering him the comparatively inconquential recognition that attaches to the office of third assistant doorkeeper. No, Bensen, I could not do it, I-could -not-do-it. Justice to thee as a pe-uliarly gifted individual and to the policy of the party whom we both so absorbingly love alike forbid it."

The caucus just howled, and even Bensen himself joined in the bursts of aughter that set the pendents of the big chandelier jingling. The next day the Senate proceeded to elect officers, and Mike, when the office of third as-The next day sistant doorkeeper was reached, amid applause which the speaker did not try to check, moved to substitute for Democratic caucus nomination "the name of Mr. Bensen." The caucus Lominee, by Mike's arrangement, was a man of straw, and his motion was carried by acclamation. The performance was brought to a fit termination by Mike's rushing from his seat to the lobby, and profusely and with the utmost ostentation congratulating the reassured, the proud, the happy Bensen.

How to Raise Prize Squashes .- A farmer at Orrington last season, the Portland Express says, fed a squash, in the hope of being able to bring it up to two hundred pounds. The feeding was done by cutting off the vine about six feet from the squash and putting the feet from the squash, and putting the end in a pan into which fresh milk was daily poured. By this means the vine absorbed about two quarts of milk per

#### CONFESSIONS OF A SELFISH MAN.

A Bit of Sarcastic Advice Given Free to All. To-day I am seventy-five years of age, and I have been reviewing my life. Of all men in the world we think a selfish

man is to be the most despised. It is the selfish man who aims to gratify his own pleasures and desires, regardless of the consequences which may be all oth-ers. At the age of nineteen I married, and candor compels me to say that my partner for life was one of the loveliest of God's creatures. Though previous to our marriage she had received many offers of marriage from men of wealth and high position in the world, still this true noble-hearted woman preferred me above all others, though fully cognizant that she was marrying a poor man. Three years after our marriage a legacy of \$10,000 was bequeathed to my wife. In those days a man was looked upon as wealthy who could command \$10,000. wealthy who could command \$10,000. In a short time I purchased a fourth interest in the firm with which I had been engaged for a number of years. The profits were immense, and at the age of twenty-six I was, indeed, a wealthy man. At the age of twenty-eight six children had been added to the family, and right here is where my selfishness began to show. Though our business was still in a flourishing condition, I began to im-press upon every member of the family the necessity of being economical. The children were denied every pleasure when a pecuniary expenditure was neceswhen a pecuniary expenditure was necessary to contribute in any way to their enjoyment. My family dreaded to acquaint me with their slightest wants, knowing that the reply would be: "You must practice economy." How many times have I insisted on my wife wearing the same bonnet and dress "just one more season," and have seen her wear-ing the same cloak four or five winters; but I must have a new overcoat each pring and winter and a new beaver as often as the styles. I must also have the finest patent leather boots and shoes, but my wife almost feared to mention that she needed a new pair of gaiters. I have seen her economize in various ways to enable her to purchase some article she fancied and, in truth, actually needed. My children grew up in ignorance, cause I could not spare (?) the means to properly educate them. It was my own useless expenditures that prevented my doing full justice to my family. My

wife is wrinkled and gray, and we are both "passing down the hill of life."

The hand that writes this is a trembling one. More than once have I had to wipe my "specs" so that I might see the lines more clearly. It is too late to make atonement for my cruelty and past neglect; but I make this true and hon est confession as a warning to all mean-ly, selfish persons, that they may not follow in my footsteps. For forty-five years my expenses have varied but little each year. My night lunches have cost me each week \$2.50; for one year, \$130. I have often attended the theater five ights a week, and my expenses in that ne have cost me not less than \$125 per nnum. When not at the theater I spent the remaining nights in some billiard hall-for, much to my regret, but few of my evenings were spent with my family and added \$75 more to my expendi-

tures each year. My tobacco bill was 60 per year.

WAR ...... These figures may seem startling, but they are, nevertheless, true. It really appalled me when the sum total was added up. To recapitulate for forty-five

Night lunches per year	\$130	<b>\$5</b> ,
Theatricals per year	224	5,
Billiards per year	75	3.
Cigars per year	146	6,
Bar bill per year	175	7.1
Champagne at table per years.	60	2.
Carriage hire each year	50	2,
Total per year	8786	<b>\$35</b> ,

Suppose, at the age of thirty, I had put the \$786 out at interest, and comounded it for forty-five years, a calculation would astound any man to see what a wealthy man it would make me to-day. Let those who are following in my foot steps take warning in time.

# He Borrowed No Trouble.

He was an elderly man, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, but his well-preserved countenance expanded in a genial smile that made him look ten years younger, as he said: "I never allow myself to borrow trouble. Some people are trying to effect that loan, but am not of their sort." And again he smiled, diffusing light and cheerfulness over the group with whom he conversed. Some five hundred miles away, the poor, overworked sister of the man was boarding, and striving to bring under control, his six worthless and troublesome children, and at the same time seeking to teach her own ill-clad, ill-fed and numerous progeny to walk in the way of righteousness. This was why the elderly man with the genial smile spoke so cheerfully, and when his good sister's health finally departed from her, and she lay down and died, he still bor rowed no trouble.

# Match-Making,

The Binghamton Times says: There is no class devoted to intrigue whose abors are more dangerous to the community than the professional match makers, There is in Binghamton a woman whose efforts have in less than a year brought about three marriages. The first was so manifestly lacking in affinity that the parties separated after an unhappy experience of a few months. In the second case the wife is now an inmate of the insane asylum, and is known to have lived unhappily after marriage. The third marriage was between a man of sixty and a girl of twenty-five, and ended before time was given to learn the natural result, in the accidental death of the man. These are facts.

A gentleman in company with Dr. Johnson, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, add of this: "You know, sir, drinking drive, away care and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for day, and the squash gained about a that reason?" Johnson replied: "Yes, pound a day in weight.

A story is told of a lady who acted strangely at the altar, and with good rea-son, for she made it serve her well. She was a girl who had been gently reared and well educated, but on account of family misfortunes had been forced to earn her own living. Not faucying the course usually taken by such unfortu-nate ladies she determined neither to write for the magazines nor teach school, feeling that she would never excel in either vocation. She studied bookkeeping, and then secured a place in the office of a large factory in one of the manufacturing towns of Massachusetts as assistant bookkeeper. She paid strict attention to her business and secured the respect of every one, and the love of two men. One was unfortunately unworthy of her, but being her employer's son, he was enabled to persecute her cruelly. She persisted in her refusal of his offers of marriage until he managed to place her in a position where it was thought that her reputa-

A Girl's Stratagem.

ion was compromised. The poor girl thought so herself, and saw only one way out of her trouble. She encouraged her persecutor, and when he again offered to marry her she accepted him. After the usual pre-liminaries she appeared in the church and stood at the altar with him. The news of the wedding had spread, and all her friends were present. She was very pale, but when she was asked, "Witt thou take this man?" her voice rang out thou take this man?" her voice rang out like a bugle call: "No, not to save my life would I marry him." Of course there was a scene, but as she had promptly fainted, any explanation was at that time entirely out of the question. The willingness of her persecutor to marry her had demonstrated the untruth of the stories he had drivestened to tell, when the part day the other of her. The "leap year necktie" for the stories he had threatened to tell, when the part day the other of her. and when, the next day, the other of her las a spring which, being touched, lovers called on the clergyman and explained to him the exigency which had shows a disc inscribed "No." plained to him the exigency which had forced her to such an act, and asked him to solemnize her marriage with the man gardener to put his hedge in order. His reply was: "Ah, yes; you gest want me wrath was appeared. of her choice, the reverend gentleman's wrath was appeased.

#### A Wonderful Wheat Country.

The Portland Oregonian says: We the Willamet valley was the greatest wheat growing country on the habitable globe, and have felt like indulging in an inglorious boastave been in the habit of supposing that indefinite amount of vainglorious boast-ing over the record of fields producing fifty bushels or more to the acre, and whole farms averaging thirty-five or forty bushels. But we receive some information concerning wheat raising in eastern Washington Territory which sur-passes the best-showing we remember to

C. Maler, living near the base of the Blue mountains, in Walla Walla valley, in 1873 raised on a sixty-acre field 4,020 seven bushels to the acre; and in 1875,

fifty-seven bushels to the acre. Mr. Masterson, residing four miles acres 850 bushels, eighty-five bushels to

the acre. Mr. Kennedy, whose farm is on Dry creek, six miles from Walla Walla, harvested 5,252 bushels from 150 acres, thirty-five bushels average; and this was a volunteer crop, that is, the second

crop from one sowing.

These crops, says our informant, were produced on ordinary wheat land—land that is "no better than hundreds of the control of the con thousands of acres now lying vacant in find his French barber's charges so Walla Walla and Whitman counties, high: "Ten francs," exclaimed he, especially north of Snake river, where there is a country vast enough to promonsieur, not for cutting your hair, but duce more than 25,000,000 bushels per for finding de hair to cut. aunum, and where a failure of crops has never been known."

# Suicide on a Good Dinner.

One evening, says a writer, I saw a crowd in front of a Paris restaurant, and learned on inquiry that a man had taken his own life inside. It appeared that he had installed himself in a "cabinet," and ordered a regal repast, dwelling with unction on each course. His repast occupied a couple of hours, and coffee, cognac and cigars were furnished toward the close of it, he informed the waiter that he would require nothing else, and he need not return until he rang for him. About fifteen or twenty minutes afterward—the time to sip his cognac and smoke a cigar—the report of a firearm was heard proceeding from his cabinet. On opening the door he was found lying on the sofa dead, with a smoking pistol at his side. On searching him, not a sou was discovered in his pockets. The inference was that being nearly starved, he determined to regale himself in a sumptuous marner for once, and then canceled this and all other debts by paying with his life. The proprietor of the restaurant said he would have willingly given him his din-ner if he had only killed himself elsewhere than on his premises. This was the practical side of the question. The man who paid such a price for his dinner was evidently a disciple of Brillat-Savarin.

# An Illustration.

The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, though a very elever man, sometimes met with his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said: "And you attended the class for mathematics?

" Yes." "How many sides has a circle?"
"Two," said the student. "What are they?" "An outside and an inside."

nded the philosophy class also?" "Yes." "Well, you would hear lecture various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

The doctor then said : "And you at-

"Does an effect ever go. before a cause ?" " Yes."

"Give me an instance." "A man wheeling a barrow." The doctor then sat down.

It's a curious incident of matrimony, says the Cincinnat Times, that if you tell your wife to get up and build the fire, she exhibits her dutiful obedience by forthwith proceeding to fire up.

#### Too Late.

Each on his own strict line we move. And some find death ere they find love. So far apart their lives are thrown

From the twin soul that halves their own And sometimes, by still harder fate. The lovers meet, but meet too late. The heart is mine. True, true! ah! true Then, love, thy hand. Ah, no ' sdieu !

### Items of Interest.

A man can find fault in any direction he is pleased to look for it.

The art of life is to know how to en joy a little, and to endure much

It is said that 15,000,000 boxes of blacking are annually manufactured in the United States.

Tragic satire! The author of "The Art of Becoming a Millionaire" has just died of starvation in France. An exchange wants to know, since

w-o-r-k is pronounced wirk, why pork should not be pronounced pirk? The Carthaginian inscriptions to the number of 2,084, which went down in the

Magenta, have been all safely recovered by the divers. The governor of Virginia pardoned a

criminal on condition that he shall never use ardent spirits, wine, or any other intoxicating beverage. An English medical journal says that

women are getting the monopoly of neu-ralgia because so much of their heads Said a dry goods dealer : " Of course

we lose money on every piece of these goods, but, my dear madam, we sell such The "leap year necktie" for gentlemen

A gentlemen was directing an English

An Atlanta pastor died a few days after his Sunday-school children placed on their Christmas tree a present for him in

the shape of a life insurance policy.

A breed of dogs without tails has been discovered in Africa; and how the mischievous boys there utilize old tin kettles and fruit cans, we cannot pretend to say.

It has been suggested that if young men will marry on the twenty ninth of February they will be able to save many presents expected on wedding anniver-

A bill has been introduced into the bushels of wheat, an average of sixty- Pennsylvania Legislature making it a penal offense to " point" a pistol or gun from a sixty-acre tract, 3,420 bushels, or or any firearm at a person, whether in iest or in earnest.

Mr. Masterson, residing four miles "What do they always put D. C. after south of Walla Walla, raised on ten Washington for !" asked Mrs. Quilp of Mr. Q. "Why, my dear, don't you know that Washington was Daddy of his Mr. Q.

Century ?" said Quilp with a snicker. In Germany 1,520 out of every 10,000 of the population are under school in-struction; in Great Britiau, 1,400; in France, 1,160; in Belgium 1,140; in

Mr. Drum, of Beatrice, Nev., has ever so many little Drums in his house, besides a drum in each ear, and yet he is not a drummer, says an exchange. But it would seem that such a family must lead a humdrum sort of life.

In the last illness of poor Hood he was reduced to a skeleton. As he noticed a very large mustard poultice which Mrs. Hood was making for him he cried 'Oh, Mary ! that will be a great deal of mustard to a very little meat ! Two men seeing a naturalist in a field

collecting insects, thus spoke of him : "What's that gentleman i" he's a naturalist." "What "What's that?" "Why, one who catches gnats, to be " Maria," observed Mr. Holcomb, as

he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now no way; I'm too busy." "Well, give methe patch, then, an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth. There was consternation at Verona, N. Y., one Sunday, when an old barnyard ram was found standing, like an

angel with a flaming sword, at the doorway of a Presbyterian church, butting fiercely at everybody who attempted to enter the sanctuary. Finally two of the brethren seized the intruder by the forelock, and returned him to his fold. A Danbury couple have a nice little

daughter of some five summers. A lady visitor observed to the mother: "What a pretty child you have ! She must be a great comfort to you." "She is in-deed," said the fond mother. "When I'm mad at John I don't have to speak to him. She calls him to his meals, and tells him to get the coal, and other things that I want. She is real handy."

The Courrier de Lyon quotes an exception to the rule that only people with empty pockets drown themselves. A spinster of the tender age of forty-seven threw herself into the Saone, having previously tied her pet pug to her waist. The act was noticed, and the two inseparables were rescued, when, to the amazement of all, 40,000 francs in bank notes, and 1,500 francs in gold were found on the person of the erratic young lady.

Two boys, aged six and twelve years, entered a Cincinnati police station one night, and the eldest told an affecting story of parental abuse. They had, he said, been driven from home, and were exhausted with wandering, besides being hungry. They were fed and housed. In the morning their frightened mother found them, and the truth came out found them, and the truth came out. They had left a comfortable home, having made up their minds to travel as