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**Childless.**  
My neighbor's house is not so high  
Nor half so nice as mine;  
I often see the blinds ajar,  
And though the curtains are,  
It's only music, and the stars  
Aronet of stone at all—  
And yet I long for her small home  
To give mine all in all.

Her lawn is never left to grow—  
The children tread it down,  
And when the father comes at night,  
I hear them clatter down  
The gravel walk; and such a noise  
Comes to my quiet ears,  
As my heart's been waiting for  
So many silent years.

Sometimes I peep to see them seize  
His coat and hand and knee—  
All three so anxious to be first;  
And hear her call: "Don't tease  
Papa"—the baby springs—  
And then the low brown door  
Shuts out their happiness, and I  
Sit wishing as before.

That my neighbor's little cottage  
And the jewels of her crown  
Had been my own; my mansion  
With its front of granite brown,  
Its damask, and its Houghton—  
It's lawn so green and bright—  
How gladly would I give them  
For her motherhood to-night.

## WHO WAS THE THIEF.

It was not because Rhoda Chaucney was not exceedingly pretty that Mrs. Havers objected to her marriage with her son Allen, nor because she was not an exceedingly nice and accomplished person, and all that a mother might wish her son's wife to be, but simply because she was what Mrs. Havers called a nobody, and that family potentate felt the necessity of alliance with somebody.

Rhoda Chaucney was simply the friend and companion of Mrs. King; an adopted child, without any of the privileges of adoption, as you might say—that is, comfortable in the present, and unprovided for in the future.

"I shall tell her plainly what she may expect if she accepts you," said Mrs. Havers to her son one day. "Your father and I disapprove of that day."

"Oh, please! What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Havers, "you will find to your cost, if you try. We have reached our position by bitter effort. We cannot give our consent to being pulled down from the height we have struggled so hard to gain for the mere whim of a love-sick boy. If I must have a rival with my son," cried Mrs. Havers, "the fire of her anger dried her sparkling tears before they fell, 'let it be somebody who will bring some sort of compensation with her. Rhoda Chaucney—a beauty, maybe; I never saw any beauty in her; but a beggar, certainly. No, you shall have the money to go abroad and forget her, you and Mr. King at the dinner given by the latter to young Governor Armistead, of whom Mrs. Havers had spoken to her son, as the two ladies stood side by side at the fire a few moments after they had left the table, while Rhoda sung and young Havers turned the music, and a general hum of voices filled the air of the lovely room at any moment. 'You know, my dear Mrs. King,' she said, 'the color burning on her cheek as the freight burned upon the purple luster of her velvet robe, 'that a young man has heights to ascend, and must not overweight himself. It is not what his father has made him, but what he makes himself, that counts. If he has ambitions, he is foolish to marry at all till he can, as dealers say, command the market; if he does marry, he must marry to help, not hinder. To start on a race handicapped,' said Mrs. Havers, assuring herself with her white hand that her splendid diamond stones were still in their nest of lace on her breast, 'that explains the failure of so many careers that looked so brilliant at the outset.'"

"We should scarcely agree with you here," said Mrs. King, smiling; "we think that a good wife is the best start in life a young man can have."

But Mrs. Havers was already listening to the remark of the other joining the group. It was a few moments later that she beckoned the passing Rhoda to her side on the deep lounge, where she had ensconced herself luxuriously. Never anybody was more aptly named than this sweet girl, for she was always blushing like a rose. But of course Mrs. Havers could only think it the guilty blush of the one who had snatched her son, and could not look his mother in the eye. She was not the person to appreciate the lovely, lofty innocence of that snowy brow, that violet eye, that dewy lip. Rhoda came obediently, and sat by Mrs. Havers, doing her best, as any member of a family does, to entertain a guest; and they talked of one indifferent thing and another, till, in a moment of comparative quiet, Allen's laugh was heard ringing from another part of the house.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Havers, looking in his direction—"poor boy! You can hardly tell how a mother feels, Miss Rhoda," and she paused with emotion, "when I hear my boy laugh so gayly, and think of the sad way he is living before every aspiring youth; and Allen is so ambitious!"

"Sad, Mrs. Havers?"

"Ah, yes, sad indeed, when, as a rule, he must surrender either his ambition or his happiness—that is, surrender what he calls happiness now, suppose Allen would regard it, as all young men do, happiness now to marry a penniless girl, if he should think that he loved her. Twenty years from now he would find it the misfortune of his life, of his whole life, and the one thing that had ruined his career. Do you understand me, my dear Miss Chaucney?"

"Not at all," answered Rhoda, calmly. "I think if he loved a girl, however penniless, he would be better to marry her, and have her comfort on his way."

Mrs. Havers' face grew white, and then grew purple, with her suppressed vituperation. "But it would be an outrage!" she exclaimed, unable to keep silence wholly. "It would be his death-blow, his ruin in more ways than one. For if he were my son, I would never forgive him. My foot should be shod upon him. Do you hear, Miss Chaucney?"

Miss Chaucney did not reply. Young Governor Armistead was stooping to speak with her just then, and taking his arm, she rather abruptly left Mrs. Havers, and Mrs. Havers presently rather abruptly left the house.

It was on the next morning that Mrs. Havers appeared at Mrs. King's door, and on meeting the lady of the house, declared that she must excuse her for the early intrusion, but she was really in great distress, for she had lost last night the central diamond from her brooch; and she begged that the rooms might be examined, to see if by any chance it had been dropped there.

Of course the household was instantly in commotion. Everybody remembered that diamond—you were not likely to forget it, once having seen it, especially on Mrs. Havers' person—a very uncommon stone, worth, perhaps, a couple of thousand dollars; everybody was upon the search for it, in all disinterested eagerness; and in less than five minutes Miss Chaucney had espied it where it had been flung by Mrs. Havers in the sudden movements of her anger on the night before, and had driven it to Mrs. King, who placed it in Mrs. Havers' delighted and grateful hand—a plump, fair hand it was, but it closed over that stone, nevertheless, much as the crooked talons of some old Hindoostanee trader in diamonds would have done.

"My dear madam," said the jeweler, as Mrs. Havers took from her portfolio, on entering his shop shortly afterward, the little roll of silver paper in which she had wrapped the loose stone, and then passed it over to him, "do you mean that you wish me to arrest the diamond out of the brooch I sold you, and substitute this for it?"

"It is out already, and I wish you to put it back again," said Mrs. Havers. "I lost it, and came directly here with it when found."

"This," said the jeweler, holding it up contemptuously between his thumb and finger. "You have made a curious mistake, Mrs. Havers, permit me to say."

"A mistake! I have brought you the stone exactly as it was picked up."

"Indeed! Then some one has practiced a great knavery upon you. This is a very prettily cut piece of glass."

"Glass!"

"May I ask where the rest of the pin is?"

"It is at home," whispered Mrs. Havers, with white lips.

"Let me drive home with you, Mrs. Havers. I should like to look into this matter a little. Some thief has your diamonds."

"The color came back to Mrs. Havers' lips; her eyes flashed; her whole soul lightened with a new idea. She directed the coachman to drive to the central police station, and from there she sent an order to her husband to deliver her diamonds to the detective, who was to bring them to Mrs. King's. "Drive to the Kings!" she cried to the coachman. And she lost in a triumphant thought, she did not utter a word to the jeweler till they arrived at the latter place. Then she sprung from the carriage. "Come!" she said; and she was in Mrs. King's drawing-room before the astonished footman could read her card. She was walking up and down the floor in a kind of giddy way when Mrs. King came in, and she said that diamond was near gain.

"You have a thief in your house, Mrs. King!" she cried. "The person who gave me a bit of glass for my great diamond!"

"Repeat it, Mrs. King. Where is Miss Chaucney? Has she seen her?"

"Miss Chaucney is not at home," said Mrs. Havers, clasping her hands as if she longed to lay them on the culprit. "Let me see this thief meet him!"

"What will Allen say when I tell him?" she cried. "Why, if I had known she was to have been bought off, I would have paid her the price of the diamond, and welcome, and she would have spared herself this disgrace. But now I shall not rest till I see her head shaved and her prison gown on. Of all things, a thief—the most loathly!—on whom themselves are not so fond to see. Yes, Miss Rhoda Chaucney, you will not soon again defy me when I tell you my determination! Much comfort on his way would such as you be! I wish Allen were here; you would see love turn into scorn on his face like a transformation. If you robbed me before you married my son, what in the world could I expect after?"

She paused, because just then Rhoda entered the room, and stood before her white and radiant, all her rosy blushes gone, but her face shining in wrathful fire. She had come down just as she was, her splendid hair flowing loose over her bright white dressing gown like a veil—an apparition of magnificent beauty and long hair.

It was the detective whom James wondrously admitted, Mr. King, murmuring a swift apology to Mrs. Havers, who stepped to Mrs. Havers' side, and in a few words gave her to understand that she was a little premature, and had perhaps better first go home.

"Premature!" cried she. "When I lose a diamond, and that girl gives me a bit of glass, it is premature for me to say so! No! I do your duty, officer, and arrest the thief at once! Have you been at my house? Have you brought me the pin?"

"Yes, Mrs. Havers."

"You ought to have brought my son."

"That is true."

"Let me have it!" she cried, stepping forward imperiously and taking it. "There! Do you see? That is the vacant place of the missing stone, and here is the piece of glass. Will you let me have it, Mr. Dimitry? This is the pin you sold me, is it not? And this is the glass you gave me."

"This is the setting of the pin," said the jeweler, gravely, "for there is your own name upon it in my own marking; but these are not the stones I sold you. They also are glass—four pieces of glass. The stone that you lost last night was undoubtedly glass also, and that is it. You were deceived, on last night, but long ago, Mrs. Havers."

"It is impossible!" gasped Mrs. Havers, her face darkening and darkening with her feeling. "I was robbed last night, and I demand the arrest here and now. No paltering because it is in this house and in this company. Here and now do your duty, or I will see to it that you are removed from your post."

"You force me to be very explicit, Mrs. Havers," exclaimed the officer, reddening. "And since you will arrest, you shall have it—if you want to arrest. Last March, when you were ill, your pin was taken from your house to a certain jeweler, while the stone was removed and sold, the crystals were put in their place, the pin was taken back and put in your jewel box—the only person who knew where its key was to be found. We have long been cognizant of all the facts, and waiting on your movements. The money speaks in riotous living. The thief, Mrs. Havers, was nobody that you suspect. I grieve to say, it was your son."

"My son?" she shrieked.

"Your son. It remains with you to say whether or not the arrest shall take place."

"It is false!" she cried. "It is false! It is false! I am in the midst of a conspiracy! Take me home, oh, take me home! Oh, Allen, Allen!"

And as she cried the name her wonderful face seemed to grow older by years, and she staggered and groped with outstretched hands as she walked. But as the jeweler handed her out, she turned her head as if for some malediction, and the last thing she saw was Rhoda, her face hidden in his breast, clasped in the arms of young Armistead.

**Asiatic Cholera.**  
Dr. Bonnafont, in a communication upon the Asiatic cholera, read before the Academy of Medicine of Paris, enunciates the following general propositions: First, this disease cannot originate spontaneously in any other country than India, but must reach other regions by transportation or by germs of the disease, atmospheric currents, or some other vehicle; second, all hygienic methods to avert the disease are in vain; it is not in the country of its origin; third, that it is not the dead bodies of animals abandoned on the soil by caravans of pilgrims nor the number of human bodies thrown into the Ganges, that produce the eruptions of Asiatic cholera, as the practices have prevailed for ages; fourth, the appearance of epidemic or Asiatic cholera in Europe, Africa and America dates only from the beginning of the present century; fourth, other causes, therefore, must exist for the frequent movements of this disease, and it is in India that these are to be investigated; fifth, secondary epidemics may perhaps be developed in points already infected; but with very rare exceptions they never assume the exact features of genuine cholera, and they will generally fade out and disappear until re-enforced by a new eruption from the original starting point. Therefore the special points to be considered are questions which have remained for centuries in an epidemic and stationary condition in India, and why it has recently emerged, though the atmospheric conditions and the manners and customs of the Hindoos and pilgrims apparently remain unchanged.

**A Live Gorilla.**  
A live gorilla has been brought to London from Africa. This is the second specimen that has reached that country, the first dying a few months after its arrival. A correspondent thus speaks of it: I found the creature romping and rolling in full liberty about the private drawing-room, now looking out of the window with all becoming gravity and sedateness as though interested, but not disconcerted, by the busy multitude and novelty without, then bounding rapidly along on knuckles and feet to examine and poke fun at some new comer; playfully mumbling at his corners, pulling at his beard (a special delight), clinging to his arms, examining his hat (not at all to its improvement), curiously inquisitive as to his umbrella, and so on with visitor after visitor. If he becomes over-excited by the fun, a gentle box on the ear would bring him to order like a child, like a child only to be on the romp again immediately. He points with the index finger, claps with his hands, pouts out his tongue, feeds on a mixed diet, decidedly prefers roast meats to boiled, appreciates strawberries, is exquisitely clean and mannerly; the palms of his hands and feet are beautifully plump, soft, and black as jet. He has been eight months and a half in the possession of the expedition, has grown some six inches in that time, and is supposed to be between two and three years old.

**Custer and Rosser.**  
The Alexandria *Sentinel*, in publishing some incidents in the life of Custer, says: Grant's cavalry had been thoroughly reorganized, under Sheridan, with such Hennesants as Custer, Torbert and Wilson. The Confederate cavalry, too, was in the flower of its strength and confidence. Each was feeling for the enemy's lines in the dense forests of Spectylvania, and frequently sudden encounters were the result. In one of these a regiment of Rosser's command became suddenly engaged with a portion of that of Custer, at very close quarters, necessitating a charge through a narrow open space, up to the edge of a wood in which Custer's men were posted, and from which, being partly protected by a fence, they delivered a destructive fire, which, with their visible knowledge of the enemy's superior position and strength, made the Virginians falter. Rosser, as was his wont, dashed into the open field to rally them, commanding a striking figure, he did not dream that over that line of foes, directing and controlling their fire, flashed an eye like Mars to command, but impressive as a woman's to the claims of friendship, and which, even in the moment of bloody strife, recognized him as an old friend of West Point, was being upon him in kindness and good will. There was many a horseman who wondered that day why the enemy's fire so suddenly ceased, when Rosser, recognizing the uselessness of a further attack, withdrew his men. But the next day, as they kept moving by the flank, following the Federal cavalry and the line of the Confederates, whose horses they passed handed a Confederate trooper a note addressed to General T. L. Rosser, which had been left with him by a Federal officer. The note was delivered as addressed, and read somewhat thus:

DEAR —: [The name used was the old familiar nickname of West Point, you now remembered by this writer.] You expose yourself too much on the field, old fellow. I recognized you yesterday, and am doubly sorry to see you stopping my fire. Don't do so again, but live to laugh over old times after the war with your friend,

G. A. CUSTER.

As Rosser rode along, at the head of his column of bold riders in the gray, his dark face lighted with a pleasant smile as he read the letter, and he broke into a hearty laugh, remarking that "Fanny" (the nickname given to Custer by his comrades for his fair complexion and waving blonde hair) always was a good fellow, but a little too fond of bragging.

**An Experience with Fleas.**  
A fair correspondent thus describes her experience among the fleas of California. For his fair complexion and waving blonde hair) always was a good fellow, but a little too fond of bragging.

**Why She Planted Roses.**  
A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was at one time a member of the temperance society, and was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after he observed his wife one morning busily engaged in planting rosebushes and fruit trees. "Marry," said he, "I have owned this lot for five years, and yet I have never known you to care to improve it in this manner. 'Indeed,' replied the smiling wife. 'I had no heart to do it until you gave up drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that should I do it some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessings this oat will be ours, and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit.' And they did. Their cottage was known as the prettiest in the neighborhood.

**Wanted to Sign the Declaration.**  
A well-dressed and respectable looking man entered the Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and made a determined effort to enroll his name, that of S. M. Sullivan, with the patriots and the founders of the country on the original Declaration of Independence. By force he was ejected from the room where this sacred document is kept, and was no more allowed to enter. He then went into Independence square and sealed up a lightning rod and reached the roof of the sheriff's office. Infused with patriotic feeling, he succeeded in reaching the steeple in some way and began to ring the new bell with vigor and violence. This led to his arrest, and he spent the night in a cell at the central station. Sullivan resides in New York, and he said he came over to the Centennial and to sign the Declaration of Independence.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Beaded laces are seen on important dresses. The success of the scarf as a wrapping is assured. Foulards and louisines are much used for children's dresses. The increasing furor for red is especially noticeable in Paris. Gay Scotch tartans are seen in costumes for seaside resorts. Misses prefer the jaunty and becoming toque for a summer hat. Comparatively few overskirts are seen to the suits for little misses. The fashion of fastening ladies' dresses at the back is but little used. For home wear there are loose flowing morning or breakfast dresses. Velvet striped grenadines are at present in higher favor than the damassee. As the season advances, the tints in gloves become more and more delicate. The popular braid for the "coaching-hat" is the rough and ready American. White linen lawn dresses are now worn in the house by ladies in mourning. Ruches of cream or white tulle are still very fashionable, worn around the throat. Imported silk half handkerchiefs are taking the place of the black lace scarfs formerly worn. In place of ribbon bows lophophore rings will be worn by those who can afford them. Recent importations in children's clothing are in buff, navy blue and brown glazed linen. The newest linen collars are high at the neck, flaring in front, and have wide round-cornered ends. Canvas grenadines of silk in every fashionable shade are very generally used for elegant summer dresses. New models of bonnets have ribbon strings forming a strap under the chin, and a bow with no ends at the side. Corsages, cut heart-shape in the neck, both back and front, are intended to wear over a chemisette of white muslin or organdy.

**Why Should Custer be Censured.**  
The more the evidence in relation to the movement of General Custer comes to light the more we are convinced that in all respects this gallant and gifted officer did his duty. It is clear that he was sent off on an independent command—that his duty was to fight the Indians. If he saw no evidence of their presence he was to return to the point of junction agreed upon with Terry. If he did find the Indians it was his duty to follow up the trail and attack them. This is shown by the capture visited upon Major Reno by Gen. Terry for not pursuing the trail which he found, and which led to the scene of the late massacre. We see now either in the orders of Terry to Custer, or in the correspondence which we have published direct from the expedition, and which reflected the intentions and the opinions of Custer and his command, to show that it was the purpose of Terry to simply reconnoiter the Indians. What would have been the opinion of the army? Terry might well have said: "You have done simply what Reno has done. You tell me the Indians are on the Rosebud, and that I know. You came back for infantry, and you know that my infantry can never come within fifty miles of the Indians." General Sheridan himself would have said the same, and, much as he loved and honored Custer, never would have allowed him to ride at the head of another cavalry regiment. If Sheridan had found this Indian trail, as Custer did, he would have pursued it. He would have ridden night and day, as Custer rode. If he had found the village he would have attacked it as Custer did. He would have been justified in doing so by every law of Indian warfare.—*New York Herald.*

**The Professional.**  
The *New York Herald* says: The most debasing creature in the professional Irishman and the professional German, the professional Catholic and the professional Orangeman. By this we mean a representative of that class, who only prefers a certain faith and avers a certain nationality for political ends. Whenever we hear of a man seeking office because he is a German or a Catholic, or opposing the election of some other candidate because he is an Irishman or an Orangeman, we feel that it is an impertinence. In this country we are all Americans. Let our race be what it may, let us worship God as we please, and we are all American citizens, and only Americans. We do not elect men to office because they are German or Irish, but because they are honest, capable men. This business, which comes with every canvass, of rebelling politicians arranging to transfer the Irish vote to the German vote, is every officer's and soldier's business. It supposes that they are like cattle, to be driven and bought and sold, and not conscientious, reflecting citizens. The whole business is quackery. The German vote and Irish vote will go, like the American vote, wherever the wisdom of the voter wills it. It is every officer's and soldier's business to be wholehearted, to deliver it to one candidate or withdraw it from another, is an impostor. Let us therefore bear no more of the "Irish vote" or the "German vote."

**A Charge Similar to Custer's.**  
A letter is published here in regard to Gen. Custer from Gen. A. F. McReynolds, a captain of the Mexican army, and a general commanding Michigan troops in the late civil war. The letter is to Gen. Rosser, and is as follows: "Gen. Custer may have been too impulsive, but after all the great force of cavalry is reckless dash. Custer's only fault, if fault it may be termed, consists in failure. If it had been a success, as doubtless he had every reason to anticipate, imperishable laurels would have crowned his brow. His charge on the Indians could not possibly have been more reckless than the charge made by Kearney and myself at the gates of Mexico, where, with 100 dragoons, we charged 3,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry, covered by a battery, with Santa Anna at their head, and drove them into the city, with a loss of more than our entire number. Our charge changed to be a success, the Mexicans having been demoralized, and on a retreat from their terrible slaughter and defeat at the battle of Churubusco. For this charge Kearney and myself each received the brevet rank of major, whereas, if it had been a failure, and we escaped the Mexicans, we would doubtless have been court-martialed, and perhaps dismissed the service, if nothing worse. Would it not be a grand opportunity for you to rally around you a mounted force of Minnesota men accustomed to the horse and rifle, which you could readily do, and tender your services to the government to avenge the death of the brave boys of the Seventh cavalry who fell so bravely on the field of duty?"

Gen. Rosser, who was formerly a Confederate general, and afterward engineer of the Northern Pacific railroad, and who was with Custer on his Yellowstone expedition, replies as follows: "I should like to be commissioned by my country to avenge the death of my gallant friend and old enemy, but to do so I should like to go back to old Virginia and get my division, who once so heroically fought him, and who, like myself, have learned to respect, honor and revere the high soldierly qualities and exalted manhood of Gen. Custer."

**A Woman's Ingenuity.**  
A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travelers into eleven bedrooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have eleven separate bedrooms:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

**How Indians Carry News.**  
The *St. Paul Pioneer* says: During the war we used to hear a great deal of the grapevine telegraph by which the people of the South heard the news in advance of everybody else, particularly of victories and defeats; and the Indians have some way of communication that is equally difficult of explanation. On Wednesday, at midnight, we had the first news by telegraph of Custer's defeat, but we are informed on the best authority that during that day several Indians, looting about for stores in this city, made anxious inquiries if such news had been received, and voluntarily stated the substance of what came fifteen hours later by telegraph. Soon after the Indians made themselves scarce, fearing that excited public sentiment would make of them an expiatory sacrifice for the Custer disaster.

**Behold the King!**  
In the "Life of Dr. Norman Macleod," the following narrative occurs: Tom Baird, the carter, the handle of my workman's church, was a noble fellow, a fellow every inch a God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the workman's congregation, and when I thought he was unable to do so in his working clothes. "If," said I, "you don't like to do it, Tom; if you are ashamed of me, he turned round upon me. 'I'm mair ashamed o' yersel', sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' his raiment on the cross, and that I—Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door.'"

**Furnace for Burning Hay, Straw, etc.**  
The necessity for some practical device whereby vegetable refuse of various kinds, such as straw, hay, dry leaves, saw wood, etc., may be conveniently utilized as fuel in those regions where coal is expensive and timber scarce, has long been recognized, and several attempts to solve the problem have been made. The following is a description of one of the most promising inventions for this purpose. It consists of a box of stove sheet iron in which is a heavy furnace, the whole being by a simple mechanism can be moved up and down, and thus arranged to maintain a steady pressure upon the hay, or similar material, placed in the fire-chamber. The supply of fuel is regulated by a feeder, and a suitable attachment adjusts the grate relatively to the follower, according to the quantity of material placed thereon. The inventor claims that by this arrangement, the fuel being under pressure, combustion can go on only around the sides to which the heat and air have access; the consumption of fuel is, therefore, very slow, and can readily be graduated to the draft supplied. One hundred pounds of fuel, as it is claimed, will be sufficient to supply the stove during the coldest weather, and six or seven tons will suffice for an entire winter.

**Why He Planted Roses.**  
A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was at one time a member of the temperance society, and was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after he observed his wife one morning busily engaged in planting rosebushes and fruit trees. "Marry," said he, "I have owned this lot for five years, and yet I have never known you to care to improve it in this manner. 'Indeed,' replied the smiling wife. 'I had no heart to do it until you gave up drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that should I do it some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessings this oat will be ours, and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit.' And they did. Their cottage was known as the prettiest in the neighborhood.

**Wanted to Sign the Declaration.**  
A well-dressed and respectable looking man entered the Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and made a determined effort to enroll his name, that of S. M. Sullivan, with the patriots and the founders of the country on the original Declaration of Independence. By force he was ejected from the room where this sacred document is kept, and was no more allowed to enter. He then went into Independence square and sealed up a lightning rod and reached the roof of the sheriff's office. Infused with patriotic feeling, he succeeded in reaching the steeple in some way and began to ring the new bell with vigor and violence. This led to his arrest, and he spent the night in a cell at the central station. Sullivan resides in New York, and he said he came over to the Centennial and to sign the Declaration of Independence.

**Banjo Ben's Last Walk.**  
The *St. Paul Pioneer* says: The following brief paragraph appeared in these columns: "Banjo Ben announces that he will walk the 'tiller rope of the suspension bridge at three o'clock, this afternoon.' Ben further intimates that he would like to see a crowd present, so that the hat may be profitably passed at the close of the performance."

True to his promise, "Banjo Ben," as he has been familiarly known at St. Paul and Minneapolis, walked down to the new suspension bridge towers a little before three o'clock, and with a feeble and a body of insanity or strong drink, and with the agility of a cat, clambered up to the working cable stretched over the east and west piers of the uncompleted structure. This "cable" is a bunch of wire not more than one inch through, over one hundred feet above the ground, and stretching like a thread between the river banks. Had Ben's past career been of such a nature as to create a presumption that he was in earnest concerning his rope walking venture, or had any estimate been placed on the value of his life, it is probable that the authorities would have prevented the "exhibition." But Ben was queen and many thoughtlessly gathered at the suspension bridge at three o'clock, the majority believing, after looking up to the thread swinging at its dizzy height, that Ben would back out.

But the venturesome or insane Ben, wearing a pair of dirty white cotton gloves and old rubber shoes, clambered up to the cable and promptly began crawling down the slender wire, hand over hand, and with his rubber feet crossing it. The crowd began to suspect that a sickening sight was near them, but they continued to gaze at the dark object high overhead. Ben crawled down the slope for a distance of perhaps fifty feet, when it became evident the cable was hurting his feet. As if to rest them, he swung his feet from the wire and sustained the weight of his body with his hands alone for several minutes, and then began to struggle as if trying to raise himself up to the wire again. But his strength or courage had deserted him, and after a few more ineffectual efforts to regain his position on the cable, his hands lost their cunning, and the crowd suddenly had its surfeit of tragic horror.

Ben's hold was broken, the cable gave a perceptible bound upward, and a human body shot down to the earth with the speed of a rocket, slighting with a sickening "thud" on the sloping bank of the river, about twenty feet from the water. In the frightful descent the body had partially tumbled, so that it fell sideways on the hard ground, and the spectators rushed to the scene of the mortally wounded street musician and amateur rope walker.

Dr. Elliot was summoned, and found Ben breathing when he came, but pronounced the injury fatal, and in a few minutes Banjo Ben had breathed his last, some of those near him averring that he was unconscious until he faintly murmured the words he had often spoken in his life: "Guilty, your honor."

**Behold the King!**  
In the "Life of Dr. Norman Macleod," the following narrative occurs: Tom Baird, the carter, the handle of my workman's church, was a noble fellow, a fellow every inch a God-fearing, true, unselfish. I shall never forget what he said when I asked him to stand at the door of the workman's congregation, and when I thought he was unable to do so in his working clothes. "If," said I, "you don't like to do it, Tom; if you are ashamed of me, he turned round upon me. 'I'm mair ashamed o' yersel', sir. Div ye think that I believe, as ye ken I do, that Jesus Christ, who died for me, was stripped o' his raiment on the cross, and that I—Na, na, I'm proud to stand at the door.'"

**Furnace for Burning Hay, Straw, etc.**  
The necessity for some practical device whereby vegetable refuse of various kinds, such as straw, hay, dry leaves, saw wood, etc., may be conveniently utilized as fuel in those regions where coal is expensive and timber scarce, has long been recognized, and several attempts to solve the problem have been made. The following is a description of one of the most promising inventions for this purpose. It consists of a box of stove sheet iron in which is a heavy furnace, the whole being by a simple mechanism can be moved up and down, and thus arranged to maintain a steady pressure upon the hay, or similar material, placed in the fire-chamber. The supply of fuel is regulated by a feeder, and a suitable attachment adjusts the grate relatively to the follower, according to the quantity of material placed thereon. The inventor claims that by this arrangement, the fuel being under pressure, combustion can go on only around the sides to which the heat and air have access; the consumption of fuel is, therefore, very slow, and can readily be graduated to the draft supplied. One hundred pounds of fuel, as it is claimed, will be sufficient to supply the stove during the coldest weather, and six or seven tons will suffice for an entire winter.

**Why He Planted Roses.**  
A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was at one time a member of the temperance society, and was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after he observed his wife one morning busily engaged in planting rosebushes and fruit trees. "Marry," said he, "I have owned this lot for five years, and yet I have never known you to care to improve it in this manner. 'Indeed,' replied the smiling wife. 'I had no heart to do it until you gave up drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that should I do it some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessings this oat will be ours, and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit.' And they did. Their cottage was known as the prettiest in the neighborhood.

**Wanted to Sign the Declaration.**  
A well-dressed and respectable looking man entered the Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and made a determined effort to enroll his name, that of S. M. Sullivan, with the patriots and the founders of the country on the original Declaration of Independence. By force he was ejected from the room where this sacred document is kept, and was no more allowed to enter. He then went into Independence square and sealed up a lightning rod and reached the roof of the sheriff's office. Infused with patriotic feeling, he succeeded in reaching the steeple in some way and began to ring the new bell with vigor and violence. This led to his arrest, and he spent the night in a cell at the central station. Sullivan resides in New York, and he said he came over to the Centennial and to sign the Declaration of Independence.

**Banjo Ben's Last Walk.**  
The *St. Paul Pioneer* says: The following brief paragraph appeared in these columns: "Banjo Ben announces that he will walk the 'tiller rope of the suspension bridge at three o'clock, this afternoon.' Ben further intimates that he would like to see a crowd present, so that the hat may be profitably passed at the close of the performance."

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