County

Advocate.

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

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. VI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1876.

NO. 26.

The Last.

erim corridors : Never a bold boy's whistle to ring through the

silent room; Never a thrill of girlish laugh, like a sun-ray in the gloom.

Nothing to break the order that reigns in the gilt saloon,

Through morning glimmer, or gloaming hush, or sultry haze of noon ; Nothing to break the stillness of the great ancestral house

That lies 'mid its statued terraces, smooth lawns and oaken boughs.

In the proud painted gallery the portraits hang on the wall : You may trace the haughty smile on the lip, the dark eyes' glance in all

Ab, lovely lady! ab, gallant knight! ah, beauty and valor free ! The last pale leaf hangs fluttering upon the moldering tree.

He stermed the breach at Ascalon, at Cour de He held a pass in Wensleydale against Crom-

well in his pride ; She saved her house's honor in a day of desperate fight. For her fearless frown and wooing voice made

Now, shut in the dim east parlor, fragile and white and old. The one lone scion of their line waits till her

every serf a knight.

hour is told : The flickering of the dying flame just shown

in the chiseled face, And the quiet pride of her low, sweet tones, the last of all her race.

Do the spirits of the glorious past come whispering round her there?

Do they peep from the oriel's glowing glass, or ean on the tapestried chair? Do they speak from the blazoned breviary that

lies at the lady's side? O. hide by the hearth where the mighty logs pile in the chimney wide?

Or does there lurk in the pensive blue of the wistful childless eves A yearning for what she has never known, the

sweat home paradise. For the husband's shelter, the household warmth, the clinging of childs h hands. The tender fireside gladness that true woman inderstands?

Who knows? The daughters of her house made never tublic moan ; S arow, or wrong, or bitterness, if they bure,

they bore alone. The wild winds mean around her towers, the snow heaps park and chase,

And there, in stately solitude, sits the last of

THE MISSING RING.

My father had been dead a month, when one morning Mr. Maitland, our family lawyer, one of my father's oldest ds, called on me.

"Mr. Charles," he said, after we had shaken hands, "we have arranged your father's affairs, and found a purchaser for the estate, but".

"Are all outlying debts paid in full?"

I interrupted, quickly.
"They are, out," continued our kind friend, in a troubled voice, "I grieve to say there is hardly anything left for you and your sister; scarcely a thousand dol-

I stared at him a moment in dismayed astonishment.

"Ah!" he went on, "if you had only followed my advice! There were among your father's debts more than one that could honestly have been cut down by one-half. Your father had ever an open hand and a generous heart, sir!" "I regret nothing that has been done,

Mr. Maitland, and have but one more question to ask you: When can I have the thousand dollars?"

"To morrow, if you wish it." A few days later my sister Emmeline and I bade adien to our once happy home-ours, alas! no longer-and departed for New York.

In spite of my efforts to bear up against the sudden adversity that had fallen upon us, the blow nearly overwhelmed me at first. I did not think so much of myself; a man can always make his way in this world with energy and a strong will, but I was troubled for my dear sister. How should I find the means of providing for this fragile, delicate girl of sixteen all the comforts and luxuries she had hitherto enjoyed? When this terrible problem first presented itself to me, I fell a prey for just one moment to utter discouragement and despair. But those of my race are proud and strong of will, and I mentally resolved that I would fight the battle of life so bravely that victory must at last erown my efforts.

Arrived in New York, we took a modest apartment and furnished it with as much comfort as our flender resources would allow. I made out a list of all my father's former friends and resolved to apply to them one after the other until I had obtained employment. Day after day and week after week I solicited, hoped and waited. Promises without number, expressions of interest for myself and my sister and regret for our bereavement were lavished upon me, but that was all. It was the old story, so well known to all those whose hard oom condemus them to solicit aid or cor from their fellows — promises then, oblivion. We had now been months in New York, when one morning I found that only five dollars remained in my purse. Here, then, was the end of all my dreams. But now to face the cruel reality. The winter was approaching, my sister's pale face was growing paler day by day, and a lacking cough begun to harass her.

"Very well, come," and he led the Another fortnight passed, during which I had been obliged to part with my

of clothing, to procure the bare necessaries of life. But, worse than all, I was at length forced to acquaint Emmeline with our terrible position. The poor child tried

watch and chain and even some articles

on her quivering lips, and gave place Never the restler of baby feet upon the shining floors;

Nothing I Ah, yes! one last hope remained to me. Some days previous I had written to Mr. Maitland, telling him had written to Mr. Maitland, telling him to bitter sobs. And I could do nothing. had written to Mr. Maitland, telling him of my desperate condition and requesting him to give me some letters of introduction to the New York law offices,

> nade we happened to pass before a restaurant in the neighborhood, whence a which I had just partaken. Tears fell waiter had just issued forth, bearing a luncheon tray, on which, among other listened to me, and, when I had ceased tempting viands, was a dainty roast chicken. My poor sister involuntarily and exclaimed: fixed such a longing, hungry look on the food as it passed before her, that it almost broke my heart. On our return with my hand still clasped in his own, at dinner on that same evening.

As the servant announced me Judge Carleton came toward me, and, taking me kindly by the hand, introduced me to his wife and daughter, and then to several of his guests who had known my father. All were so kind and cordial to me that in a few moments I felt quite at home. The dinner was a brilliant one. I was engaged in an animated conversation with a charming and very witty lady beside whom I was s ated, when suddenly all my gayety fled from me. I had just perceived at one and of the table a splendid roast fowl that a domestic had just placed there. The scene of the morning and the hungry look in my sister's eyes rose up before me, and my heart was wrung by the remembrance. The next instant a portion of the fowl was placed before me. In the meantime the lady beside me, finding I had sudtenly become tacitum and distrait, gave er attention to my next neighbor, and If me to my own devices and the satisaction of my greedy appetite. I made such good use of the liberty thus ac-corded me that in a few seconds every trace of the food on my plate had disappeared. Dinner was nearly over, when the conversation turned on a lawsuit that my host had gained for one of his

clients. "Well," said the judge, laughing,
"the case was one of my best, I'll allow;
but my client deserves a little mention,
too. Just look at the handsome present he has sent me," and he drew from his dager a magnificent diamond ring, and ions of delight and admiration, the jewel was handed from one guest to another round the table, and Mrs. Carleton had just risen and was proceeding to pass into the drawing-room, when her husband exclaimed: "My dear, have you my ring ?"

"No, indeed; Mrs. M. returned it to you a few moments since." Bless me! Then where can it by he said, taking out his napkin, and feeling in all his pockets, one after the other. No one stirred from the table, and for some minutes the room was filled with confused hum of voices and the jinging of knives and forks, china and glass, brought into violent collision by the excited guests in their search after the missing jewel. But the search was all in vain; the ring had certainly disap-

"I see how it is," said the judge, jokingly, "that ring must be some wicked fairy who has maliciously hidden herself away in the pocket of one of our number. Now, I am going to make a proposal, ladies and gentlemen-an odd. extravagant, impossible proposal, if you will-and which you would utterly reject if it came from any other quarter; out which you will accede to, as coming from an eccentric individual like

"Explain! explain!" cried all the quests in chorus.

"I propose, then," continued our ost, "that before we leave this room host. we shall proceed to search each other, the ladies on this side, and we gentlemen youder. Let all who object hold to their hands."

At the word "Search," all the blood in my veins rushed back to my heart, and a cold sweat broke out on my fore head and trickled down my face, which I felt had become ashy pale. I stood there apart, with a rush of sound in my ears, a mist before my eyes, and swaying to and fro like a man drunk with wine And, through it all, I could hear the laughing voice of my host counting the votes in favor of his proposal. Suddenly he confronted me, and said, in a peculiar tone and with a significant glance at my arms, which were tightly folded on my breast: "And you, sir, do you not ap-

prove my suggestion?"
"I do not, sir," I replied, with outward firmness, but with a face paler than ever. A silence as of death succeeded these words, and every eye in

the room was turned in my direction. "I beg your pardon for this foolish ke, sir," said the judge, after a pause, joke, sir," in a tone I shall never forget. "I would rather be the loser of ten thousand dollars than wound the feelings of a guest under the shelter of my roof,' moving toward the door, he added, lightly, "gentlemen, coffee will be rained if we delay here longer." Just as he was passing through the open door Iad-

ed toward him. "I owe you an explanation, Mr. Car-leton," I said; "will you hear me? Pray do not refuse me," I edded, seeing him

way to his study.

The door had hardly closed behind us when shouts of laughter were heard from the drawing-room, and before I

terrible position. The poor child tried to comfort me with tender cares es and hopeful words, but the words died away just found it."

"There is your ring," she said, handing it to her husband; "a servant has just found it."

" Where ?" stammered Mr. Carleton, rith a look of stupefied amazement.' "Just in your plate," she answered

laughing merrily.

troduction to the New York law offices, and that very morning had received an answer in the shape of a large, official envelope, bearing the address of the Hon. Mr. Carleton, an eminent member of the judicial bench. Taking up my hat, I straightway bore the letter to its destination, and, having read it, the judge said to me: "In a faw days you shall hear from me, and I think I shall have good news for you."

his wife, Mr. Carleton came up to me and seized me by both hands.

"Before you say one word, sir, hear my struggles, my affection for my sister, of my sufferings at seeing her suffer, and, finally, of the heart wringing scene of the morning. "And this is why I preferred to pass for a thief rather than have good news for you." On the third morning after this interview I had persuaded my sister to take a walk with me. During our promehave it known that my father's daughter

home, I found a letter from Judge Car- he threw open the door of the drawingleton awaiting me. Apologizing for the room, drew me in after him, and laying irregular form of his invitation, he said his other hand on my shoulder with he should be happy to see me as a guest affection, he said, in a voice of deep emotion:

"Gentlemen, I present to you the most honorable and worthy young fellow I know, my private secretary. There were two happy, thankful hearts that night in their humble apart-

Servian Mounted Infantry.

The London News correspondent in Servia says: As we talk in the sunshine there is a patter of horses' hoofs on the timber flooring of the bridge, and to these approaches a column of cavalry of a sort. The mounts are not horses, but diminutive rat-like ponies, with long tails and manes and longer necks. They move with a brisk pace, half walk, half amble, and seem good for any distance, notwithstanding the loads they carry, as they jog along in double file. The lead of a Servian war pony-I suppose that is a correct explanation—consists, in the first instance, of a large blanket, then of a huge demi-pique Turkish saddle covered with a sheepskin, then with two huge packs slueg across the loins, then with miscellaneous wallets and blankets, and various belongings fastened on and above the saddle, and on top of every thing, stuck up high above the pony's back, a full grown Servian peasant, carrying across his thighs a musket with a fixed bayonet, a sword and an odd pon-iard or two. This queer column of cavalry forms the escort to a line of proviutoo. Just look at the handsome present the has sent me," and he drew from his dinger a magnificent diamond ring, and handed it for inspection to the lady who hat next him. In the midst of expression, each wagon drawn by its patient team of oxen. "Is that your cavalry i" I ask, with a fine sense of humor, of a staff officer. No, said he, it was but the the volunteer escort of the provision train; the pony riders are but peasant see, a scrap of uniform about them. "But ragged and droll as they look," he continued, "they are pro tanto a solution of the problem of mounted infantry which your army men of western Europe are discussing. These ponies can gallop like the wind under these fellows over ground which, on an English horse, you would rightly regard as impossible. They have only got to slip their packs, lop to the front, dismount, get among the rocks, and commence firing; and i they had decent weapons of precision there would be no finer skirmishers in the world. If pressed, and quick retreat be necessary, the ponies will come to them with a whistle, and no regular cav-alry that ever formed squadron could get near them. Yes, I suppose the bayonets are an incumbrance; but nothin would please these fellows better than but nothing chance at the Turks in a pell-mell irregular skirmish with the white arms." As I hear this I think of the 200,000 Cossacks from whom Russia is said to be taking the lance, and to whom she is said to be giving the breech loading rifle, and training to act on advanceduty as mounted infantry, or perhaps rather as mounted cavalry.

Self-Sacrificing.

This is a true story. The happy circumstances occurred on a Sunday even-He escorted her to and from ing. church, and upon arriving at her home their discussion of the sermon and the extreme heat suggested an invitation, readily accepted by Charles, that they step into the house and partake of a cooling glass of lemonade. She led him to the dining-room, and there found naughty brother Ben about to squeeze the last lemon in the house for his own individual benefit! Calling him aside she induced Ben, by means of sundry threats and promises, to dissect that lemon and make Charlie and herself a A self-sacrificing thought struck her! "No, Ben," said she, "put the juice of the whole lemon into Charlie's glass and bring me a glass of water. He won't notice it-there is no light in the

Ben was making one good strong lemonade, as directed, when Charlie quietly slipped out and remarked: "I say, Ben! put the juice of the entire on in your sister's glass and bring me some ice water-there is no light in the parlor and she won't notice it! Ben's forte is in obeying orders.

With a merry twinkle in his eye he drank the lemonade, then carried them each a glass of water, which they drank with much apparent relish, asking each other, between sips, "if it was sweet enough!" And naughty brother Ben, with the taste of that lemonade in his mouth, stood out in the hall and laughed till his sides ached, to hear them assure each other that it was "just right! so palatable and so refreshing!'

The official returns made in the United States bureau of statistics show that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, there arrived in the United States 22. 572 Chinese immigrants, of whom only 262 arrived in San Francisco, 515 in THE DYNAMITE FIEND'S END,

Love Story Begun in New York and Ended in Bremen-The Fortunes of a Beautiful Freuch Girl -- An Indulgent Husband and his Petted Wife.

Jane G. Swischelm writes the following romantic story from Saxony : Some years ago a Scote man migrated to America. By unknown ways he suc-ceeded in getting enough money to give him the appearance of great wealth. He spent freely; was of eminently pleasant manuers and social instincts; iked society, and made himself a most delightful member of it; was a matri-monial catch, and might have married money, but he saw one who put out of his mind all thought of making it by marriage.
The lady who sealed his fate was

much younger than himself-a French gist in New-Yerk, without a permanent home, or friends on whom she could rely for support. She was beautiful— surpassingly so—accomplished, grace-ful and elegant; had been born and brought up in Paris, where her mother still resides; spoke several languages with fluency, and was fitted with everything but money for adorning the circles of upper tendom. Our Scotchman became deeply enamored of the beautiful, friendless girl; proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

His wife's tastes were expensive. She believed him to be a person of almost unlimited resources, and spent freely for the adornment of the levely person he loved so much to see beautifully adorned. He proved to be an almost adoring husband, gentle, affectionate, devoted, attentive—often performing with his own hands for his wife and children services usually rendered by servants, and for the performance of which he had plenty of paid attendants. For instance, he thought no one could prepare his wife's coffee and carry it to her bedside in the morning so well as he, or wrap her shawl around her so carefully when she sat up to drink it. If baby cried, nurse and mamma gave place to the superior tenderness with which he soothed its sorrows. Their style of living was superb, and his out-lay lavish. His resources were suplay lavish. His resources were sup-posed to be very great, and, when he begun to complain of his wife's bills, she thought him stingy, and spoke of it to her intimate lady friends, who spoke of it again to their husbands, and it was

Scotchman being alarmed by the milliners' bills of his beautiful young wife.

Years ago they came to Continental Europe, and here he passed as a Southern American; and, as a matter of course, they were all the possessors of untold wealth. The war might have deprived them of their slaves, but the aroma of vast estates and great expectations, as well as of past magnificence. attached to them,

Our Scotchman and his bewitching French wife lived here in Leipzig in fine style, and had many warm The lady's almost perfect knowledge of several languages fitted her for society. They had plenty of money, and had a very nice time. A gentleman made a short journey in his company, slept in the room with him, and concluded that, notwithstending his great good humor and pleasant manners, something must lie heavily on his conscience.

No innocent man could make night so aideous with groans and execrations uttered in the unconsciousness of sleep; but he did not often sleep in the room with strangers, and it afterward became a question whether he ever awakened he suspicious of his wife by the horrors that attended his sleep. Those who knew them most intimately think she never knew his secret; but she did know that with all his lavish expenditure of money, he did object to her milliners

His objections being overruled, he put bem into the form of commands and probibitions; but these proved as unavailing as remonstrances in a milder form; and, while they were here in this quaint old city, he made a determined stand about one dealer in particular. No more credit was to be given to his name there-no bills run on his account-and when a larger bill than usual came, there was a flerce altercation; but the lady's tears and loveliness, her pretty airs pouting defiance, martyrdom, and mis ery disarmed him, and he retired to his own room and bed to meditate on ways and means. These came up before him in ghastly procession.

The ways he had followed; the means he had taken to clothe those delicate limbs in the next room in purple and fine linen; the price he had paid for the jewels that sparkled on those dainty ingers; the soul he had exchanged for baubles; the misery, the anguish he had sent into other homes that his might be a nest of luxury for birds in gay plumage; the confiding friend of his youth doomed to a sudden and terrible death that this woman might dawdle away her life in ease and indolence, and disregard all his admonitions and orders about carelessly lavishing the money won by such terrible expedients! These thoughts maddened him, until, springing up with foam on his lips and furious revenge in his eyes, he rushed into her oom, dragged her from her luxurious bed, dashed her to the floor, and, with repeated and furious blows, sought to make an end of her. Her cries brought all in the house into the hall; but no one nurse who had been with them a long time, who rushed in to her mistress

The sight of her diverted the maniac's attention from his prostrate wife, so that he left off beating her, and darted after the nurse. The wife made good use of the diversion to get to an open window which the speaker, construing into a and throw herself out, although the denial of his assertion, turned fiercely the diversion to get to an open window room was in the second story. vines and trellis caught her, and she held on shivering lest he should murder the children. The nurse got out of his way; and after searching for them both for some time, and making every one tremble with his horrible oaths and im-259 were females. Of this number 21,- precations, he went back to bed. The nurse helped her mistress back into the had time to utter a word, Mrs. Carleton burst into the room, holding the missing ring in the palm of her open hand.

Oregon, and 395 in Puget sound. Durbon. She was terribly bruised and blackened. She kept her bed, and refused in the total immigration to the United fused to see her husband for days the total immigration to the United States from China was 16,437, of whom would have left him, but she had no trout. It has always been known that The end course she had triumphed.

was full of humiliation for the cowardice of his conduct, full of contrition, and

eager to appease her anger. She, victorious, dictated terms of reconciliation.

They left Leipzig; went, I think, to Dresden, and lived in the old way. He was from home a good deal on business; was from home a good deal on business; and, one day, she received a telegram from Bremen, asking her to come to him. She passed through Leipzig, and called on her friends as she went; could not think why her husband had sent so peremptorily for her, but went on by the first train. Arriving at the end of the inverse we officer who seemed to the journey, an officer, who seemed to have been expecting her, accosted her, inquiring if she was Mrs. —. She

was the person, and he put her and her children into a carriage and took them to a hotel, where them seemed to have been expected. But her husband did not appear, and there was a strange confusion about everything. People looked terrified, and hurried about. The officer behaved like a man conducting a funeral. She asked to be taken to her husband, and he answered her evasively. Where was he? His chief could tell tell her. Next day the chief came, and questioned her closely about many things that she thought her own private affairs, but gave her no information about ber husoand. After sone time he began to give her a history of the recent events in his city. He led her up to them gradually, and watched her closely. After an hour of torture, she understood that a terrible crime had been committed, and the chief was convinced that she was innocent of any participa-tion in it, when she exclaimed: "And my husband did it!"

The chief was sorry that it was even so, and of course she fainted. Again and again she was questioned and crossquestioned, and at the end of two days was taken to a hospital to see her hus-band. As she passed through the corridor to his room her blood was curdled by cries as of a panther in extremity. The noise increased as she neared the door, and, admitted, she found a man writhing on a bed in the furthest corner. There was no other occupant in the room but a man in attendance, and the howling wild beast was her husband! A suicidal wound had shattered his jaw so that he could not articulate a

word. His tongue was swollen and protruding. His head and face were enveloped in blood stained bandages, and his blood stained soul glared forth from his horror stricken eyes. For a time she covered her face with her hands to shut out the frightful vision, and tried to stop her ears against the more frightful cries. Then she went forward, and, throwing herself on her knees at his bedside, exclaimed passionately: ' How could you? How could you bring this disgrace on me and on our chil-

This reproach added fuel to the flames of torture in which he writhed, so that his strugglings and howlings became terrific, yet she continued to pour out the story of her wrongs, and to upbraid him with his crimes, until the attendant, with tearful eyes, interceded for the monster, saying:

"Do not, madam! Do not! He is dying now ! Say a kind word to him, if you can.

Then she controlled herself ; thought of his kindness to her, their children; spoke gently; took his hands; assured him of her forgiveness. His panther shricks sunk into groans! He clung to the hand she gave him; nodded intelligent answers to her questions; seemed comforted by her pardon and the hope that God would not withhold His; and soon the soul of the dynamite flend passed to its account! The indulgent husband had paid his last milliner's bill. and gone to that other reckoning, leavhis wife and children in absolute

Adventure of a Conductor.

Conductor B. is always polite to polite to dies. All conductors are ladies, particularly so when they are young and handsome. Miss C. anded on board at the station as care fully as though she was "glass—to be handled with care." An extra seat was turned over on the shady side of the car, and the conductor took a seat by her side to do the agreeable, having met Miss C. on the train before,

Presently, as matters were going along sicely, an old man, in his shirt sleeves. threw himself into the seat in front which the conductor had unlocked and turned over for the benefit of the pares more immediately concerned. B. spoke up sharply :

"Go away from here!" But the man didn't go.

Conductor says, still more sharply : "Go away, or I'll make you!" But still no go, while a vacant, provoking smile sat upon the face of the in-Whereupon, Conductor B. truder. grasped the old farmer by the nape of the neck. At the same the young lady seized the arm of the conductor, and exclaimed:

"Please don't, Mr. B. This is my father." Ever since Conductor B. always asks young ladies if they are traveling alone.

Colonel Boozer's Remarks.

At the centennial celebration of a Western town, the chairman called upon "our esteemed fellow citizen, Colonel Boozer," to make a few remarks all in the house into the hall; but no one | The colonel, who was "pretty well dared to enter the room, except an old loaded," commenced firing after the following style :

"Fellow citizens, er hundred years 'go th' Injuns were thicker'n fury 'round here"-Here one of the committee, noticing the colonel's condition, shook his head

Some on his adviser and continued: "Tell ye they were-thicker'n flies 'round a m'lasses cask. Why, a man couldn't go out to weed his garden 'thout gettin' the seat of his breeches

stuck full of arrers" Here, amid a general roar, the colonel was persuaded to postpone the remainder of his speech.

Hartford fishermen have discovered eighty-two were females. This shows an home to which she could go, and of the trout is more greedy than discriming increase in 1876 over 1875 of 5,135.

Silk Culture in Pennsylvania.

A little more than one hundred years ago, says an exchange, some of the wiser heads in and about Philadelphia conceived the idea that women, girls and boys could find useful employment for their idle hours by imitating the industrious habits of other countries, where necessity compels them to use every moment of time and to seize every oppor tunity for making a living. Dr. Cadwallader Evans, who lived near Gwynned, was much interested in this enterprise. He, and probably his neighbors, planted mulberry trees, with seed obtained from Italy; they got silkworm eggs from France, raised the worms, and learned to reel the silk. A letter from Dr. E. C. Evans (the son) states that "many pounds were manufacted into clothing for the family during the Revolutionary war, and some sold." Dr. Benjamin Franklin, while in England, interested himself in this culture. His correspondence with Dr. Evans is among his letters of that period. He urged the establishment of a "filature," as the place was called, where reeling and manufacturing silk was carried on, and under his advice a filature was put into operation on Seventh street, in Phila-delphia, just above Arch. Why should a work so well begun a hundred years ago be now among the "lost arts" so far as Philadelphia is concerned? It would be well for us to begin it again. The Centennial Exhibition will direct attention to it, as there are many things suggestive of the usefulness of this ele-gant industry and of the appropriate-ness of it to the women of the United States. There are beautiful articles of silk there from all parts of the world, but the silk mills of Philadelphia are not behind any in the beauty of their products. There are silks from Paterson, from Connecticut, from New York, from California and Kansas. There are cocoons and raw silk from China and Japan, from India and Australia, and from Brazil; there are some also from California and from Kansas, as well as from France and Italy. There are also some grown forty years ago on our own soil of Pennsylvania; and part of a silk dress whose silk was grown at Lancaster, and worn as a wedding dress by the lady who raised it. Other like pieces from siik of Pennsylvania raising are to be found at the rooms of the Historical Society and at the Philadelphia (Frank-

Too Much for an Adventurer.

A Newport correspondent writes Adventurers are plentiful here; and, apropos of adventurers, the best story ever heard was told me the other day about one of this class. Of good family, and a small fortune, he was set well in the race of life, but of exceeding beauty, an Adonis in face and figure, and a vanity and social ambition which kept pace with each other, his small fortune soon went, and Adonis is launched upon a life of debt and stratagem. He tical display, which are the size of marbas an eye for beauty, and a susceptible fancy, not heart, mind-that is entirely absorbed with the image he sees in the looking-glass. He would like beauty, therefore, as well as money, in the wife he is diligently in search of. After many attempts and failures, he comes at last upon the paragon of women. She has good looks and money, or her father has, and this father notoriously indulgent. My gentleman pays his devoirs. Most young women are attracted to Adonis. He is not a fool, except in the way of van ty, but he has a skill in keeping this out of sight for a while This shows his wit. And so he makes a decided impression upon Miss Crossus and gossips begin to say that a match is imminent. Papa Crossus, who is the pretty Swede girl to elope with him, and wisest man I ever heard of, watches program for the state of the state o ceedings, and does not by any means fan the flame in his daughter's heart by opposition. Instead, after taking the accurate measurement of Adonis, he invites him to stay beneath his roof, while he is in the city, and Adonis falls into the trap with great alacrity. Bag and baggage ne descends upon the Crosus mansion and installs himself at his ease, feeling that his troubles are over. Day after day Miss Crossus rides and drives with Adonis. Day after day she sees him in every light. And by-and-bye she begins to avoid him and to wonder what on earth possessed papa to invite such a vain egotist to be his guest. Then papa comes to the rescue, and Adonis is as skilfully invited away to fresh fields and pastures new, without opportunity to declare his sentiments even. comes too near who comes to be de-Adonis came too near. The recipe of cure was perfect, and Miss Crossus to this day does not know what a wise father she has.

Desolated.

Sebastopol has been in a ruined and dismantled condition since the close of the Crimean war. It does not now contain more than 9,000 inhabitants, who are scarcely able to exist upon the remnants of the once flourishing commerce of the port. The life of the community shows signs of reviving of late, some military vessels having been constructed on its new slips. Forts Constantine and Catharine are still standing, badly battered with cannon balls. Forts Nicholas and Alexander and the quarantine are completely dilapidated, some hundreds of dwellings having been built with the stones which once formed their ramparts. The principal public buildings of the city are all destroyed. The reconstruction of the fortifications among the possibilities of the situation complications with England ensue. as a hint for more elegant language,

An Expensive Mistake.

The proprietor of one of the numerous igar stores with which Detroit abounds, so the Free Press says, now on a visit to Philadelphia, recently wrote to his boy clerk giving him certain instructions relative to business matters, and newspaper man? Well, you sabbe, my closed by telling him to "Give my regards to all the folks who come in."
The clerk read "segars" for regards, and in his reply to the proprietor he dwelt eloquently upon the encomiums ing. I likee you please no put he name which had been freely bestowed on the 'segars" by those to whom he had been industriously giving them away since his receipt of the letter.

Items of Interest.

Fourteen newspapers are supporting the greenback ticket.

The trotting stallion Thomas Jefferson has been sold for \$26,000. The Danbury News man says: "If we had nothing else to do we should like to

be sick." A man in New Orleans walks so slow

that his shadow frequently falls asleep on the sidewalk.

One who knows says that the worst behaved children in the country are those at the watering places.

They pretend to have a young lady in St. Louis so kind-hearted and lazy that

she will never beat an egg. The city authorities of Boston have

given notice that only one cow for every 3,000 feet of land can be kept in the It was rather personal of a California

newspaper man to chronicle the purchase of a mule by a brother editor as "a remarkable instance of self-possession." Says an Omaha obituary : "He was a splendid penman, a systematic book-keeper and a systematic drinker." It explains everything.

The happiest life of a woman is perhaps attained when she adopts the opin-ions of a reasonably intelligent husband and conscientiously thinks they are her

A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a pretty answer, saying: "It is to feel as if you wanted to give up your things to your little sister."

There is nothing half so sad in life as the spectacle of an auctioneer attempting to sell \$15,000 worth of goods to an audience whose aggregate and tangible assets foot up thirty cents.

It is said that the subscription book trade has fallen off in late years, but that the profits to the authors from this method of sales is still more than by the usual manner of publication. A New York policeman arrested a boy while in the act of drinking milk from

milk cans under the stoops of private houses by means of a rubber tube insert ed through the iron grated door. A Georgia theorist, who wishes to in-

crease the production of corn in the South, proposes a tax of \$20 an acre on every acre of cotton more than five which may be raised by any planter. On one of the bodies found on Cuyter's battlefield, that of a German sol-dier named Ackerman, there were no

fewer than seventy-five wounds. All the

limbs had likewise been backed off.

A man named Bodda turnsup in London, who states in court that he "gets his living by making claims on singers who sing copyrighted songs in public, and taking out summonses in the names of the proprietors.

A Centennial Exhibition correspondent tells of pills, in the Chinese pharmaceubles, neatly covered with wax, and other wise decorated with Chinese characters in gold and vermilion.

A young second warder of New York,

who was thirsting two months ago for a

life of romance and adventure among the Black Hills, has experienced a change of heart, and is now digging lams for a living at Fire island. Church fairs work as follows : Some adies borrow money from their hussands, buy materials and make up fancy

articles, which they give to the fair. Then they change places, borrow more money and buy the articles back again. A married man from L'Ause, Mich., Waupaca, Wis., arranged with took the money, told the scamp's wife

about it, and went home and stayed there. Sister—"Well, you know, Bobby, your eye's very inflamed; you can't go out with Tommy Brown till that speck of dust's out of it!" Bobby (auxious to be off)-" I'm all right, I know it's out now (earnestly); I-I think I heard it fall!

It is said that no one can remember ver having seen a living evergreen that had been struck by lightning. It has, therefore, been suggested that a building well surrounded by such trees would be comparatively free from danger of being rent by lightning. An exchange says that while two Ohio

ramps were working to pay for their dinners, the other day, they were both struck by lightning and killed. It was the first time the lightning ever got a lick at a tramp at work, and it struck as if it was going to be the last. A cockney at the falls of Niagara,

when asked how he liked them, replied: They are 'andsome, quite so; but they don't quite answer my hexpectations; besides, I got thoroughly vet-ted, and lost my 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in an hengraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse. Conversation between an inquiring

stranger and a steamboat pilot : "That is Black mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest mountain above Lake George. "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." Why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

The estimates for the Paris exposition of 1878 have been made. provide for a total expenditure of 35, 313,000 francs. The receipts are estimated at 19,225,000 francs, which will leave a deficit of some 16,000,000 francs to be borne by the government and city. The exposition will be upon a much larger scale than that of 1867, which only cost 23,000,000 francs.

Even Chinamen now ask to have their names kept out of the police column, as witness the following request made of a California editor: "You allee same cussin, he velley good man; he worked barber shop long time, and everybody likee him. He catchee tluble and pleecesman allest him, but he do nothin newspaper. My name Ah Joe, allee same, and I keep washhouse. Plaps it makee me no good you put he name in