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Still his feet are dancing feet.

Love Love is older than his birth-So a loving post sung. How can he be so old, so young Born every hour throughout the earth ? Hearts grow cold, And bells are tolled His heart has never ceased to beat :

Blazing in his strong right hand Is the hymeneal torch : He lights the bridegroom from the porch To where the priests and altars stand : Leads the maid. Who, unafraid, Passes then from maid to wife-Knows the secret of her life !

Earth liath kings-he kings them all Their rich palaces are his ; They were, and are not, but he is, He sees great empires rise and fall, Fall and rise. With equal eyes ; Nothing disturbs his happy reign,

So our kissing lips remain When you press your lips to mine, Wh t care I for time or fate ? Death must pass me by, or wait For a moment less divine. Heart to heart,

We caunot part ; Henceforth we breathe immortal breath-Love is mightier than death.

JOHN CADY'S HONESTY.

John Cady was sixteen years old, tall for his age, very thin, with red hair and pale blue eyes, and altogether had a weak and sickly appearance. From the time he could remember, he had lived with his uncle, who was a druggist. Left an orphan at a very early period in life, his kind hearted relative had taken him to raise, and when he was old enough he was set to sweeping the shop and running errands. He increased in altitude so fast that his uncle, who was a short man, was a good deal bothered in making his wornout pantaloons fit the long legs of the growing youth, but he had an ingenious housekeeper, who discovered the art of making a passable pair of pants out of two old ones. To be sure, the legs did not always har monize in color, but the difference was so trifling that it was expected John Cady would never be the wiser of it John, at the age of sixteen, slept in the shop. Perhaps that was the reason the poor fellow's eyeballs were yellow instead of white, and his complexion anything but that of health.

Every Thursday afternoon his uncle permitted him to have a holiday; the rest of the week he was expected to larity n a mule in a treadmill, and never com plain, even if he went to bed hungry His uncle managed his house upon plan so frugal that nothing was wastethat could possibly be eaten and digeste. by man or beast. Poor John Cady had many heartaches He used to watch the boys play, but never found time to join in their sports iim. Gradually he became a quiet, melan choly youth, and grew up with little idea of how he was to make his mark in the world. In the winter months his uncle sent him to night school, and by this means he acquired all the education he ever possessed. But he was honest, strictly so, and notwithstanding the rough lessons he was taught in life, he ever was conscientious in all he did. Like all boys, he had his dreams His uncle could not deprive him the pleasure G--- town. of building air castles, and many such structures John reared while he performed the drudgery of the shop. In various ways, however, he had earned a little money, which he had hoarded up, until the sum amounted to about fifteen dollars. This wealth he had acqu'red in his afternoon holidays, assisting a milkman who lived hard by, and who had taken pity upon the unfortunate youth. By his advice John Cady had demanded a salary from his uncle, who had promised to give him two dollars a week and his board when he should be seventeen years old. John never forgot his friend the milkman for putting him on the road to fortune; and as it wanted eight months of the time when he should receive pay for his services, he looked forward with the eagerness of a child to the coming of the happy day. It was a clear, cold afternoon in September that John Cady stood at the corner of the street waiting for the cars to take him out to G-town. He had an old maid aunt who lived there, and he occasionally made her a visit. When the car came along, John ensconced himself in a corner seat, and gave him-self up to castle building. Pretty soon the car stopped to admit an old gentle man, who took a seat directly alongside our hero. He was a man of some sixty years, dressed in dark brown clothes, the pattern of which went out of fashion about the time John Cady was ushered into life. A heavy gold chain, with an immense cornelian seal, hung on his watch fob, and a white fur hat surmonuted his white hairs. No sooner had he taken his seat than he took out a well stuffel pocketbook, and began counting the notes it contained. Just at this moment John Cady raised his eyes, and coming back to the realms of the world, gaze 1 at the old man with undisguised astonishment. The pocketwas morning. book was crammed full, and the notes were hundreds, five hundreds, and even thousands. Certainly there must have been \$20,000 in that wallet, and the old gentleman thumbed them over so careessly that John Cady was sure that he had thousands more at the back of them. He apparently made no more account of his wealth than John did the seventyfive cents stowed away in the corner of his vest pocket. The longer our hero gazed upon the old gentleman, the more uncomfortable he began to feel in the dreamed that he owned a whole railroad proximity of a person who could sport and a half dozen of the richest gold with thousands in such a manner. Apart from the sense he had of the churches all over the land and fed the utter incongruity between a man with a poor by thousands. He awakened with pocket full of bank notes, and another a shiver, for the window was open and with only seventy-five cents, he felt it was getting light. It was too soon for there was a practical danger ir sitting so close to exposed wealth. The pocket-book by mistake might get into his pocket, a note might get entangled in news. His friend shook him by the

one of the buttons of his coat, the old hand warmly and congratulated him on gentleman might conceive he had been his good luck. gentleman might conceive he had been robbed, and John might find himself suspected and accused. A shiver passed over him as he thought of these things, and he hastily changed his seat to the and he hastily changed his seat to the opposite side of the car. A poor and hungry looking woman, who was sitting on the other side of the old gentleman, and had been eagerly watching him count his wealth, immediately followed John Cady. When the old gentleman finished counting his notes, he took a small memorandum book from his pocket and made a note of something, probably the

made a note of something, probably the sum total. Then he put the book back in its place, and a few minutes later he crammed the pocketbook in his pocket and called in haste for the car to stop, as he had passed his street. He left the car, followed by the hungry looking woman, and John Cady was the only pas-senger left. He watched the old man across the street until he was lost to view, amid the crowded pavement, and then settled himself for another effort at castle building, when his eyes were at tracted by something lying in the straw beneath where the old gentleman had been sitting. John's heart almost leaped into his

month; he trembled from head to foot with agitation, and he felt a momentary faintness. It was the old gentleman's pocketbook. John Cady give a quick look at the conductor. He was gazing in another direction, and, with a rapid snatch the precious wallet was in John's possession. A hundred thoughts passed

through his mind in rapid succession. What should he do with it ? Should he give it up to the conductor ? Should he call a policeman ? Should he keep it and advertise it, or wait until it was advertised, and then obtain the reward! While these thoughts passed through his mind a sudden impulse seized him to get out, and he spring from the car. "Perhaps I can find the old gentle-mau," he thought, and he forthwith

dashed along the street. Pedestrians looked at hin, as he flew on his way, and no doubt thought he was crazy or in a hurry. Far and wide his eyes wan-

liscovered his loss. "I found it-I found it!" cried John. as he dashed up to the old man and extended his treasure.

For a moment neither spoke. It was a strange picture, the old man holding in silk, his recovered pocketbook, and John "Hee

A Soldier's Wife. John; "can this be May Parsons!" As soon as she eyed John comfortably seat d on the sofa, her nose became more inflamed, and something like a frown sat upon her brow. "Oh! you are the poor yours of who female. "Oh! sou are the poor yours of "Oh! sou are the p Cady, all eagerness and out of breath, John; " can this be May Parsons ! from the haste in which he had been running. The old fellow at length opened his arms, and John fell plump into them. The embrace was short, "Oh! you are the poor young man French. The assailants smashed every-who found papa's pocketbook. He is thing in her father's house, and even however, for the old gentleman immedi ately began to count his notes. When he had satisfied himself they were all so much obliged to you, and he desires dragged a meerschaum pipe out of his mouth, declaring that it was too good correct, he spoke : "Worthy young man !" he exclaimed. John, who had risen to his feet, mechanically held out his hand; astonish- died soon after the siege, and the girl ment deprived him of the power of The young lady deposited Giles, of Colonel Macdonald's Rocket speech. something in his hand and precipitately Troop, was billeted on them, and fell in "No," he ejaculated, "honesty left the room. He put his hand to his forehead like one awakening from a strange dream. He never knew how he found himself At Waterloo she was posted with the out of doors, but when he got on the baggage at the rear of the army. come pavement he examined the reward given ward the close of the day she went for him by Mr. Parson's daughter. It was ward, mounted on a donkey, to see how fifty cents in fractional currency. Alas ! "her Giles" was getting on. A limber alas ! for the visions of youth; alas ! for gunner, seeing her, advized her to atwhich was choking his utterance. castles built in air; alas! for the twelve tach the animal to the carriage and John Cady gazed at the card. It was dollars spent in new clothes. John Cidy was but human. Humilia-did; but a little while after suddenly dollars spent in new clothes. inscribed Phineas Parsons, N--- street, tion and anger took possession of him, discovered that the doukey had disap It was quite clear to John Cady that and his face became as red as his hair. peared, and with it all her baggage. She He gazed upon the earth and found a never saw it again, and late in the evensmall stone. Around this stone he ing found herself alone on the field of wrapped the fifty cent note, and tied it Waterloo, without food, and separated with a piece of string which he happen- from her husband, who had been sent to ed to have in his pocket. Then he took good aim at the upper windows, and the next moment there came a sound of crashing glass, as John Cady bounded away with the speed of a deer. The poor fellow went back to his rents of rain that fell during the night, drudgery in the shop, and vowed that if and, added to the groans of the woundhe ever found thousands of dollars again ed, kept the forlorn Prussian girl awake he would try and be more rational in his expectations; and should that money belong to Phineas Parsons, well-he wouldn't say what he would do-but surely he would have his revenge.

A business man in New Carlisle, Ind., "I hope uncle will give me this day off," sighed John, "for I must go and see my benefactor." "I'll attend to that," replied the has issued a circular letter to his credit-

"I'll attend to that," replied the milkman. I'll see your uncle for you and explain matters. Leave it all to me." "How good you are," answered John. "We'll take milk from you—that is, when I marry Mr. Parsons' daughter, May. Oh! we'll be good customers, in-dead we will." deed we will."

The milkman saw John Cady's uncle, and made matters so easy that when he asked for leave it was granted at once, and a half dollar was also placed in the palm of his hand, with injunctions not to spend too much money.

throbbed as he got into the street car and begun his journey to G — town. Three o'clock found him standing on Phineas Parsons' doorstep. Was May expecting him? A servant opened the door; John entered. The odor of a fine dinner pervaded the house. Mr. Par-sons was waiting dinner for him. What an excellent man !

Walking into the parlor, which was beautifully furnished, John careleasly threw himself on a cherry colored broca-tel sofa, and begun to build castles. Presently the servant returned.

"Are you the boy from Last's, the bootmaker ?" she asked. John wanted to brain her on the spot. but he didn't dare do it.

"The what?" John cried. The blood flew to his face-he was getting angry. He who had found a fortune and returned it to the owner, been invited to his house evidently to dine, and ultimately to receive his daughter in marriage, was mistaken by a servant for a shoemaker's apprentice 1 Oh ! this was too much for human endurance. Gathering himself up to his full height, and extending his up to his thit height, and extending his long, lank arm, he replied, with wither-ing accent: "Woman, go and tell your master that it is the gentleman who, yesterday, found his pocketbook." Then he threw himself back on the

cherry colored brocatel sofa, and gazed dered to discover the owner of the pocketbook, but the old man was no-where in sight. After a half-hour's fruitless search he happened to cast his eyes across the street, and perceived the old gentleman standing on the pave-ment examining his pockets, while his face exhibited much dismay. He had discovered his loss. after the retreating servant with a se-

woman with hair as red as his own. Her face was thin and pinched, and she had evidently had the erysipelas in her nose. Her voice was sharp and weak, and she was cross-eyed even if she was robed

Central African Dwarfs. A Remarkable Dun. The prevailing indigenous races in central and southern Africa are the Caf-

fres, Negroes and Hottentots; the first ors couched in the following terms : fres, Negroes and Hottentots; the first two have woolly hair, while the Hotten-tots grow their hair in tufts or bushes, while some of the these tribes are called Bushmen. They are closely related to the Papuas of the Polynesian islands, and evidently belong to the original stock. Another nearly extinct branch of this race are the dwarfs, found in the interior of Africa. The knowledge late-My DEAR SIR-I want to ask you plain question in all kindness and sin-cerity, and I would like to have you an-swer it honestly and candidly, not in two or three years or months, but now, this or three years or months, but now, this week. Supposing you were as poor as Job's turkey and had invested \$2,000 or \$3,000 in an enterprise which you de-signed to make an exclusively cash busi-ness; supposing, as a matter of accomo-dation and good nature, you had trusted it out all over the country, from Carlisle interior of Africa. The knowledge late-ly obtained in regard to the reality of their existence is highly important in an ethnological point of view. Their pres-ent existence was doubted for a long time and was enumerated to below to the time, and was supposed to belong to the history of the past. Aristotle and Plipy palm of his hand, with injunctions hot to spend too much money. Oh! how wildly John Cady's heart throbbed as he got into the street car and begun his journey to G — town. Three o'clock found him standing on Phineas Parsons' doorstep. Was May expecting him? A servant opened the than you would to see an Indian, and supposing those whom you had accomo-dated felt perfectly easy and contented, shied the track when you went to see them, and told the wife of their bosom to answer "not at home," or come into town and left without even paying a part; supposing that they held your money and waited patiently for wheat money and waited patiently for wheat to come up to ninety cents or one dol-lar, or pork to bring five or six dollars a hundred, what would you do? Would you let your debtors go and smile and be a villain, or would you sue every mother's son of them that did not pay, if it was the last thing you did in town If you were an honest man you would do the latter, and that's just what I'll be compelled to do if there is a king in Israel. I don't want money to look at; I can earn enough for that; don't want any to salt down (I never could make it keep), but out of several thousands trusted out I humbly want a few hun-dreds, and I'll be hanged if I won't have it or an execution returned nulla bona. I love you myself as a mother loves her first born, but I love to pay my debts better than I love any man, woman or child on the face of God Al-mighty's green earth, and by the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress I tain the opinion that these African dwarfs are related to the Bushmen, and tain propose to do it, if I have to make costs propose to do it, if I have to make costs for every man in Olive township or in St. Joseph's county owing me. Now, let us have the "spondulix" and see how sweet and pretty I can smile upon you. are the remnants of a people originally largely diffused through the interior of Africa, and, being of very low intel-lectual development, were oppressed and almost exterminated by the larger and

spoke of pygmies in Africa, but their reports were interspersed with many in-credulous fables. Herodotus, however, gave a description, founded on fact, of There were men there who had given him money, and women who had fed him. They knew that he was old and weak and poor, but they had not thought of his dying, and his white face shocked them. They had not stopped to think that one could not go on fighting hun-ger and bitter poverty forever. The old man's heart was like a flint. He did not seem thankful for the good given little men in Africa. In 1840, the missionary Krapt, in eastern Africa, was in-formed that such a dwarfish people actually lived far in the interior, and were there called Dokos. These Dokos are only four feet high, of olive-colored complexion, living in a perfectly savage condition like animals, and Krapt him-self saw such a Doko. Later, in 1864, the well known coville huntar Dr the well known gorilla hunter, Du Chailln, saw not far from the shores of equatorial western Africa such a dwarfish people, whose height was from four feet to four feet eight inches, and who were called Obongo; they also had a dirty-yellow skin, and hair like the shine. Bushmen. Further south, on the shores of the Loango, Bastian found dwarfs which he names Babongos, and which had been brought as slaves from the indead wore a smile. When the human heart has been imbittered against the world-when an old man has been wronged by men, followed by hunger terior to the coast. More interesting even were Schweinfurth's discoveries in 1871, when he found, three degrees from the equator, among the Mombuttus, a people among whom cannibalism was people among whom cannibalism was legalized, a few Akka dwarfs, who called themselves Ticki-ticki, and were only four and a half feet high. These people lived eighty to one hundred miles from Lake Nyanza. Schweinfurth at-tempted to bring one of them to Eu-rope, but he died on the way. At last darkness and felt the touch of death at and he grimly rejoiced that his oching limbs were to find rest at last. He did Miani brought from his tour in this region two Akka dwarfs, the arrival oi whom in Europe, after Miani's death, settled all doubt about the existence of the pygmies. Anthropologists enteron the bed of straw. Then the angels threw back the gates and the light came. Then came with it, singing so sweetly and tenderly that the old man started up

"Men have sneered at your gray locks and trembling limbs, but you must forgive them," whispered the angels. "I do-I do!" he replied. California correspondent says After tea, accompanied by the old German guide, we armed ourselves with stont Alpine staves, and went down the ravine at the side of the house to the springs. A gulch only a few feet wide, and some half a mile long, contains steam, smoke, boiling springs of all colors, and rocks covered by salts and minerals of various hues. Copperas, alum and sulphur lie in thick powder around some of the springs, and cinnabar and magnesia color the ground under our feet. We passed all the weird places which have been so often described. We them.' walked over ground from which steam was spurting, and which was so hot it burnt our shoes; the steam keeps puffing from the subterraneau engines, and some day the boiler will burst and scatter these rocks and visitors to the four winds of the heavens. A short distance from this smoking gulch may be seen the crater of this extiuct volcano. The ground was hollow beneath our tread, and on every hand were pieces of lava which had in past time issued in a molten state from the crater. It is truly a fearful and wonderful place. All night our ears were saluted by the strange muffled sound of steam and water forcing their way through the fissures in the rocks just back of the house, and in the morning we saw preat volumes of steam rising from the gulch and floating upward in feathery lines. Of course, the volume of steam increases in proportion to the lowness of the temperature of the surtounding atmosphere.

Two Dollars per Annum.

NO. 32.

Items of Interest.

It was said of a certain judge that he was so reserved in his manners that one died in his bed. The papers said be would never suspect that he had any.

That was a neat satire of Rabelais on ostentatious charity: "I owe much; I have nothing ; I give the rest to the poor.

died in his bed. The papers said be was a poor old man, friendless, living on charity, and that his life had been drear and full of bitterness. The old man died alone, the darkness of night hiding the darkness of death until his eyes opened to the brightest, fairest vi-ion human eyes ever beheld. There was a kind and tender smile on his pale face when they found him dead. Men wondered at it, knowing how sadly and hopelessly he had fought the battle of life, and women whispered to cach A city young man who read "Now is the time for husking bees," chased a bee fifteen minutes to assertain what kind of a husk it had on.

A noted desperado who was killed the other day out West is said to have caused the violent death of no less than life, and women whispered to cach other : "Perhaps an angel's hand smoothed two hundred human beings.

The Boston Methodist ministers voted forty to eight, "that we hereby disapprove of the policy of holding camp meetings on the Sabbath."

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine says that the moon has no more effect on the weather than red herrings have on the government of Switzerland.

Cotton pickers in Georgia are now paid forty cents per hundred, without rations; in Mississippi and Arkansas, sixty cents, or fifty cents and rations.

not seem thankful for the good given him, and sometimes he was harsh to the children as they blocked his path. But, Between May 1 and August 11 there were shipped from the various fish-eries on the Columbia river, Oregon, when men and women and children to San Francisco, 105,309 cases of salwalked softly in to look upon the dead, mon.

they forgave him everything, forgot overything, and said : "He was a poor old man, and we sorrow that his life was not full of sun-A man, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention It was not strange that the face of the

Colored persons, who have heretofore been considered exempt from the at-tacks of yellow fever, form a large pro-portion of fatal cases in the epidemic in Savannah.

About 150,000 persons in the United States are constantly employed in pro-ducing sawed lumber, and 1,395,000 laths, 2,265,000,000 shingles, and 12,750.000,000 feet of lumber are manuthe dying man's eyes and soften his heart until he will say: "Men have not dealt by me as they should, but I forgive each and all." factured annually.

A three-year-old boy in West Wardsboro, Vt., wandered into a field re-cently, where he met and played with two wild bears. The beasts did him no harm, though they had been killing his heart, there were no tears in his eyes, sheep in the region. not care whether any one missed him, or what men would say when they entered his desolate room and found his corpse

A post mortem examination of the body of a German who died recently at Plainfield, N. H., revealed the fact that the principal internal organs were in a reversed position, the heart on the right side and the liver on the left.

in fear that he might lose a single note. They walked around him—they floated above him, and all the while his hard and the rest immediately abandoned the claim, although it was a rich one, for they felt that the spot was cursed.

"Wherever you find many men, you find many minds," exclaimed a public speaker, "Tain't so, by jingo!" re-sponded one of the auditors. "If you'd only ask this whole crowd out to take a drink wou'd find 'am all of any a drink, you'd find 'em all of one mind." An Englishman, regretting the present uselessness of Mount Vesuvius, sug gests that the crater be converted into a receptacle for dead bodies, and proposes the formation of a company which will rnn funeral trains from different parts of Europe to the volcano. Some one says : " Learn this lesson : o one cares about the size of your feet except yourself ; therefore be comfortable." But a young man who is going to see a girl who has an eccentric father cares more about the size of her parent's foot than he does about his own. Few persons not familiar with geography will believe that the Pacific ocean boundary of the United States hus a greater extent of coast line than the Atlantic line. The aggregate of our shore line on the Pacific is 12,784 miles, while on the Atlantic it is 11,860 miles, and on the gulf of Mexico, 6,843 miles. Of 13,000 letters received at the dead letter office in Washington daily, fully one-half cannot be returned to the writers or persons addressed, because the letters themselves do not contain any clew to the names of the places from which they are sent, the names of the writers or those of the parties addressed. A teacher asked one of his pupils who sat on the extreme end of the bench, where the sun struck with full force all the afternoon, what business he'd like to follow when he grew up to be a man. "Well," said the lad, "father wants me to be a lawyer, but I guess if I've to sit in the sun all my life, I'd rather drive au ice cart." The Erie railway furnishes section masters with blanks to fill out in case of accident, so that the utmost accuracy may be had in following up the case. A cow was recently killed, and the section master in filling up the blank came to the words : "What disposition." After chewing his pencil a while he wrote : "Mild and gentle." A Providence boy went to a birthday party, and describes it as follows : First, we all had some bread and butter ; then we had some lemonade, cold enough to freeze us; then we had a piece of birthday cake ; then we had lots of ice cream ; and then we all had the stomachache ; then we all lay down, and the big girls gave us some peppermint; then we all went out to play. A gentleman of Arbroath recently beat 'his wife after his champage. In the morning he forgot all about the quarrel, and called to his wife : "Jean, gie me some water." "Ay, will I, gude man." Rising and seeing his wife's face in such a state, he said : "Lord preserve us a', lassie, whaur have ye been i'' So he was told it was himself that did it last night, on hearing which he exclaimed, in agony : "Oh dear, oh dear me ; it's awfu' thing ye winna keep out o' harm's way." The Burlington Hawkeye says: The thoughtless man who, in the wild, reckless frenzy of pain and rage, hurled all the stovepipe from every room in the house into a disjointed mass in the woodqurke in South America; Loss of the house into a disjointed mass in the rusty proceeded, and finished the account. His shed, last spring, weeps over the rusty scrap heap and wishes he had blacked scrap heap and wishes he had blacked them and put them carefully away in a dry place. But what good does it do to repine? He will stand on the back porch and shoot them all out into the woodshed again next spring, all the same.

"Honest youth-permit me"-and he grasped a handful of notes. Then he paused, as if a new idea had struck like this can never be rewarded by a few dollars. I can never repay you. Such conduct as yours is not to be measured by money. I shall never forget you. Here," and he presented his card, and see me to-morrow at three o'clock. Sharp three, remember-I'm precise. Adien, noble youth, adieu;" and the old fellow turned away to hide the emotion

his fortune was made. Here was an old gentleman evidently of great wealth, to whom he has restored a large amount of money. The old man was grateful, there was no mistake about that, for was he not on the point of giving him a handful of notes by way of reward? He was going to do better, no doubt. He had given him his card and invited him to his house. "Come and see me to morrow;" these words rang in John's ears, and he could think of nothing else. He didn't go and see his aunt that day he couldn't. His heart was too full o unutterable joy for a commonplace visit to a relative. He turned back to the city, and went to a cheap restaurant to get his dinner. He hadn't much appetite, however, and he soon was at castle building again. No, it wasn't castle building this time, it was some-thing tangible. The card of Phineas

Parsons told him it was tangible. "He means to make a friend of me," murmured John. "He'll introduce me to his family--to his daughter-ah!

that's it. I'm sure that's what he meant. He wishes me for a son-in-law. His daughter must be beautiful-and her name-her name-is May. I have no doubt of it. I always loved the name of May. May Parsons! What a charming name. The old gentleman will join our hands together and say: "Tal her, of, noble youth! She is thine !" " Take John Cady went straight to his home and took twelve dollars from the spot where he had hidden it. He then went to a clothing store and purchased himself a new coat and vest. All the evening he paraded before his little cracked

looking glass, and wondered how May Parsons would like his appearance. He slept poorly that night, and awoke at least a dozen times and wondered if it

He dreamed that he owned a largo manufactory; had hundreds of hands in his employ; that he lived in a splendid mansion surrounded by every luxury that May always stood in the magnificent saloon to welcome him on his re-turn from his business. He dreamed that he had been elected mayor of the city; that he had been elected to Congress; that they wanted to make hin, a candidate for the Presidency. He mines in California; that he built grand

Origin of the Paletot.

Count d'Orsay, during his reign as

the king of fashion in London, was one day returning from a steeple chase, mounted on a racehorse, followed by a jockey, when he was overtaken by the rain-a common accident under the ami-able British climate, but sgainst which he found himself entirely unprotected. The jockey had forgotten to provide for his master the supplementary overcoat that he usually carried carefully folded and attached to his back by a leather The shower increased, and the belt. king of fashion was threatened with taking cold, when he perceived a sailor dressed in a broad and long jacket of coarse cloth which enveloped him comfortably from the chin to the middle of his legs.

"Here, my friend," said Count d'Or-say, stopping his horse, "will you go into this shop and drink to my health till the shower is over ?" "With pleasure," replied the sailor.

"Well, then, take off your jacket and sell it to me; you will not want it while you are in the house, and you can buy another after it is done raining."

"Willingly, my lord." The sailor threw off his covering. Couut d'Orsay gave him ten guineas, put the clumsy jacket on over his frock coat, and, thus equipped, spurred his horse and rode into London. The rain had ceased while the bargain

was going on. It was the hour for promenading in Hyde park, and here h made his appearance in the midst of the elegant crowd, with the sailor's jacket worn as an overcoat.

"How original! how charming! It

is delicions !" said the ladies. The next day all the fashionables of London had similar coverings, and the paletot was invented—the paletot which has made the tour of the world, and which still flourishes after many years' wear. This was its origin. in Russia.

for a "pig of a Prussian." Her parents went to live with her aunt. Private love with her. She accompanied her husband to England, and when the war broke out went with him to Belgium. To

till morning, when her husband returned from Brussels and found her. Mr. Giles remained in the army until his time was up, and then, with the savings he had amassed while in the service, he built a

little cottage at East Wickham. He died about fifteen years ago.

Wolves in Russia.

Russia is still a good deal behind the

a source of income to the borderers of Wales, and of which the last were slain in Scotland by Cameron of Lochiel, make a considerable figure in the agricultural returns of the Russian empire. According to a pamphlet which M. Laz-arevsky has circulated, the wolves in 1873 did nearly as much damage as a Tartar invasion might have inflicted. vide by six. They carried off 179,000 cattle and 562, 000 smaller domestic animals from the

forty-five governments of Russia in Eu-rope. In the Baltic provinces fell 1,000 head of horned cattle, and in the Polish provinces 2,760 oxen, and 8,600 sheep,

pigs, and goats. The Journal des De-bats calculates that if a cow be reckoned as worth thirty roubles, and a sheep at four roubles, the gross sum of the tribfour. ute levied by the wolves in Russia must

reach 7,700,000 roubles. This is an amount of money quite well worth look-ing after, and it represents a number of

wolves which must be dangerous even to human life. In the forests of France, and in the Pyrenees, the wolves last winter attacked some shepherds, and

they now and then venture within the walls of lonely chateaus and farmhouses. But their numbers, of course, cannot be

compared with the enormous hosts of savage beasts in Russia, which one may perhaps guess at from the quantity of wolves which must band together to kill and carry off one able-bodied ox. The writers of good little books, who invariably illustrate the virtue of self-

sacrifice by the story of Erci, the faith ful serf, who rescued his master's family by throwing himself as food to the wolves, will be pleased to learn that opportunities of practicing devotion in the

best style will long continue to be found

Computing Interest.

For finding the interest on any principal for any number of days. The anrest of Europe in the matter of welves. swers in each case being in cents, sepa. These animals, whose heads used to be rate the two right hand figures for dolrate the two right hand figures for dol-

lars and cents. Four per cent.-Multiply the principal by the number of days, separate the right hand figure, and divide by nine.

Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by seventy-two. Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure, and di-

Eight per cent.—Multiply by number f days, and divide by forty-five. Nine per cent.—Multiply by number

of days, separate right hand figure, and divide by four.

Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by thirty-six. Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by num-ber of days, and divide by twenty-

Twenty per cent,-Multiply by num-ber of days, and divide by eighteen.

Gave Him his Preference.

" If you prefer the keg of lager or the bottle of wine to me," said-Mary, " just take them down to the magistrate and get married to them." "What do you mean ?" said John

"Just what I say. I don't want a young man to come here evenings chew-ing cloves to hide his breath and his habits of drinking. If you like lager more than you do me, just marry it at once, and don't divide your affections between woman and wine, for a woman and lager, love and liquor have no af-

finity." "Why. Mary, how you talk !" ex claimed John.

"Yes, I means just what I say. Un-less you sign the pledge and keep it you had better not come back here again." John did sign the pledge, and he kept it, and he married Mary.

Poverty has oppressed you-mis fortune has walked with you-woe and sorrow have been your companions, but you must not blame the world," they whispered.

heart was growing softer and filling with such feelings as it had not known for

When the old man awoke in the

Advocate.

How the Smile Came,

An old man died the other night-

down his gray locks as the dampness of

death gathered on his wrinkled fore-

There were men there who had given

bead.

"I forgive all men !" he answered. "Behold the light from heavenlisten to the music which is never heard outside the golden gates except by the dying-look yonder and tell us what you

Peering into the glorious light, while the film of death gathered over his eyes. the old man read :

"None so old and poor and hopeless that heaven's gates are shut against

A spirit soared away with the flood o light, and it was only clay which the men and women looked upon the next day. They wondered at the tender smile on the white face-they had not heard the music nor seen the flood of glory which lighted up the bare old room.-Detroit Free Press.

Fruit for Food.

If a child's digestion become impaired and the gastric juice become weakened or defective in quantity by over-eating or bad food, the whole alimentary canal becomes clogged and filthy, and furnishes nests for such worms as will breed there, In this weakened condition of the system they cannot be destroyed by the process of digestion, and hence great harm comes from them. Now, it is an interesting fact that fresh, ripe fruit is the best preventative for this state of things. Dr. Benjamin Rush pointed this out one hundred years ago. He made a series of experiments on earth worms, which he regarded as more nearly allied to those that infest the bowels of children than any other, with a view to test their power of retaining life under the nfluences of various substances that might be used as worm medicines. The results proved that worms often lived longer in those substances known as poisonous than in some of the most harmless articles of food. For instance, in a watery solution of opium they lived eleven minutes; in infusion of pink root, thirty-three minutes ; but in the juice of red cherries they died in six minutes; black cherries, in five minutes; red currants, in three minutes; gooseberries, in four minutes ; whortle perries, in seven minutes, and rasp berries, in five minutes. From experiments Dr. Rush argued that fresh, ripe fruit, of which children are very fond, are the most speedy and effectual poisons for worms. In practice this theory has proved to be correct.

Wanted it Shot.

It is the custom of the workmen in the various departments of many large iron works to subscribe and buy the morning papers. The practice is followed in a small rolling mill, about five miles south of Gateshead, England. When-

ever there is a cessation of work, or "spell," as they term it, the men gather together, and one of them reads the latest news. During one of these intervals, a workman commenced to read paragraph headed : "Fearful Earthqurke in South America; Loss of 400 Live." Beceiving encouragement by ing the awful details. One of the num-