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Passing Away.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE. Passing away; passing away; The sweet summer roses are passing away; Their beauty is wasted, their fragrance has fled, And with ring they lie in their damp, lowly bed, The fair, dewy morns in their splendor will rise, The pale stars grow soft in evenings' clear

But these roses will brighten, ah, never again Passing away; passing away; Bright hopes of my youth-how they're passing

With the beautiful visions that gladden my

skies! Oh, hope may come back to my sorrowful heart; Bright dreams from their long-silent chambers

may start, But those of my youth I may woo all in vain For they ne'er will return in their beauty again!

Passing away; passing away; Friends I have loved-how they're passing away!

I have watched them go down to that cold. solemn tide. While the pale, silent boatman kept close to their side:

I've caught the dull dip of their deep, muffled As he bore them away to that echoless shore !

And my heart cryeth out in its desolate pain. But they ne'er will return to bless me again! Passing away; passing away; Yet I know of a land where there is no decay, Where the balmy air's filled with the richest

perfume From sweet, fragrant flowers, and fadeless their bloom: Where the soul never grieves as it doth here

O'er fair, vanished dreams, o'er hope's fitful

Where linked and forever is love's golden chain, And parting words chill us, Oh, never again !

AFTER DARK.

We used to think, even before we loved her so much, that Mrs. Dalrymple was a representation of charming age that might have made poets celebrate it instead of youth. Her brown eyes were still as soft and large, if not us bright, as ever; and although the rings of hair round her smooth brow were silvery white, her brows and lashes were yet dark. But it was none of that, nor the soft skin with the delicate rosy bloom that sometimes diffused it, that made the charm of the face; it was the soulful expression there, and the smile sweeter than any young girl knows how to smile—a smile full of innocence and love. Her life had not been a very hap py one, we used to fancy, she having had some serious cross in her youth, and afterward marrying a man whom she did not very tenderly love, because he loved her, and who ended by abusing her. She had been now for several years a widow and had gotten away that he might not had been now for several years a widow. able fortune in kindnesses, and making all the young people in the region her

stanch adherents. She lived at The Cedars, and some one or the other of us was always with her, and it would be hard to say where a pleasanter life could be lived than all day long in Mrs. Dalrymple's garden or behind her horses, and all the evenings, with the breath of roses and honeysuckles about the windows, in her delightful drawing-rooms, listening to her old contes, or to the talk of by-gone days in which her contemporaries indulged when

they became her guests. Among these guests occasionally Mr. Stephen, an elderly person who had before, and who lived on the next place, where only a hedge divided the lands-a strange, sad, silent old man, concerning whom, as nobody knew anything, everybody conjectured everything. Some said he was an Englishman, some that he was an New Zealander; it was generally conceded that he had suffered great calamity; and here and there even it was declared that in a distant State he had been imprisoned under a life sentence, but pardoned out for quite behavior after fifty years, taking then the property which it was in his power to take, and coming here. Peaceful and gentle as he was, living among his birds and flowers, giving freely to whomsoever asked, he was yet generally avoided, and as he sought no one, his life was solitary. He had had occasion to look for a lost pet on Mrs. Dalrymple's grounds, which had led to an acquaintance that he had so litself would take one of us and go over into his garden, and often she would tap on the long window, and saying, gayly: "Privilege of an old woman!" insist on bringing him home to dinner. She had done so to-day; for we had

surprised her-we homeless girls whom she had at last made permanently at home with herself-in an unwonted shower of tears in the morning, tears that continued with more or less force all day. "I must have something now to brighten me," said she. "Let us go and get Mr. Stephen. We will have an omelette roump. There was omelette roump on the table fifty-three years ago to-day, I remember now. It is one of my anniversary days to-day, my dears."
"Hinc illa acrima," said we, wiping the dear lady's face and trying to make her smile. Somehow we always

felt as if she were our own age. "Yes, it is one of my anniversary days to-day," said she again, after dinner, as we all sat in the drawing-room about her, Mr. Stephen not far away in his "It is so long ago that it often seems to have been something I once read of rather than once lived and felt and suffered—oh, yes, suffered! I fancy that bright young happy girl with her lovers is a romance. I can think of it all without suffering now; yet, just for the pity of it, just as you cry over a novel, you know, I could not help shed-

ding a few tears to-day. "Was it so very sad, then?" one of us ventured.

"Ah! very. And we were all so made hi young! I will tell you about it; I always said I would. I do not mind cruel! speaking of it now; it is all as if I were speaking of some one else. They were three brothers," she said, after a mo-ment, "and they were all my lovers, and I—I loved the eldest. He was my lover, as I said; but sometimes I have

brothers of his, half a dozen years their senior. He had been a father and mother to them, and he compassed heaven and earth for their wishes. Ah, well, well! so noble a being never lived be-fore. 'Greater love hath no man'—hath here, 'Greater love hath he man — hath no man." She pasued a moment again, her voice trembling. "How strange," she resumed, presently, "that I should be telling this so calmly! Oh, it was a a storm—it was a storm!" and her old nands clasped and unclasped nervously.
"What a dark and dreadful time of horror, and now so tranquil! But I will tell you. You always do seem so like what my own children might have been —all but Mr. Stephen, I mean," she said, with a quick laugh that restored her to herself. "One day we were in a boat together, alone upon the little river. boat toge her, alone upon the little river. How I remember it all!—the green boughs meeting overhead, the green snadows underneath, the sunlight sifting through, and his face, his proud, pale, passionate face, as he said some simple words that let me know, not that he loved me, not that he wished to know if I loved me, not that he wished to know if I loved him—as if that had always been understood—but that he expected me soon to be his wife. I loved him—oh, how I loved him!" said the old lady, clasping her hands again. "But some evil spirit seized me. I was coquette; I answered him lightly. "How did he know,' I said, 'but that I was already plighted to Ralph? We had hung close to the shore, beneath the great bonghs, and looking up as I spoke, I saw Mark, the second brother, sitting in the boughs —oh, so strange his face looked then!

I beekoned him mischievously, and in a moment he had parted all the leaves and sprays, and was threatening to spring and swamp the little boat if we did not let him in. That night, at the home of the three brothers, there was a earful contest-I was the cause. Ah this soft sweet summer night who could believe it? and could I ever have be-lieved I should sit here calmly and tell

the officers were carrying that brother to prison. He never opened his lips concerning it from that day," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with a sob in her voice. "He employed no lawyer, although the court appointed one, he refused to plead guilty or not guilty. I will hurry. He was sentenced to death; his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. As for me, I would not believe it "-"Never?" said Mr. Stephen, hoarsely. "Never. I sent Mark to procure me

of it to those who were not yet born?

They had grappled; Ralph was killed his eldest brother was found red-handed.

When Mark came home from his ramble,

admission to the prison; he came back saying it was refused. I wrote; Mark brought me back the letter unopened. His brother, he said, would have no further communication with us. At length, as if worn out with my importunity, Mark exacted of me a pledge of secrecy. There was no need! There was no need! He told me that with his lieve it then. I gathered all my ready money; I went to the prison and gave it to the keeper, in my ignorance thinking it necessary. It was the day of the sen tence. I was taken to the cell and left. He stood up hurriedly to meet me. So changed! so changed! White as death, but his great eyes burning—and he held out his arms to me. I waited one moment, one fatal moment. "Tell me first," I cried—'oh, just say yourself that you are innocent! His arms fell. 'You too!' he said, and he folded his arms upon his breast, and stood there,

his head fallen, surveying me from under his eyebrows. 'You too!' Oh, I don't know what there was in the words, but tained, and also have his name on the come into the neighborbood some years I fell upon the floor, fainting dead away, and I never saw him again. Nothing made any difference to me then. Mark was very tender to me in those days. I felt as if he ought to bate the sight of me. It was five years before I married him. I never loved him; but he was nearer than any one else. I should never have married him but for messages of something little short of hatred that he brought me from the prison. Why do I tell you all this, my dears?" she said, suddenly stopping. "And Mr. Stephen too? Only, perhaps, because you are a part of my life now—you and he—and this life is as real to me now as that. That? No, that is a dream : as the dying do not weep, so the old do not suffer in relieving the past. It is no longer my story; there is no sacred secrecy about it; it is the story of that young girl of whom I spoke to you. Well-to

led to an acquaintance that he had so lit-tle followed up that sometimes she her-I did not love him; perhaps he wearied of me; perhaps to see me only recalled to him his crime. We—we were not happy together. We lived a long life of wretchedness. Yet, being his wife, I tried-yes, I tried-never to fail in my duty. I bore with him. I nursed him faithfully in those final years of article of food, is far underrated. Bein my duty. I bore with him. I nursed nervous illness that wore him to his death and nearly ruined me. It was the mucilage and other nutritive matter, last day that, pillowed in his bed, his apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic ghastly face like death re-animated, he qualities, etc., which act powerfully in told me his secret. All his life he had lived in luxury; his table had been antiseptics, and when freely used at sumptuous with meats and wines; his the season of mellow ripeness horses had been fleet; his bed had been of down; he had married the woman he without doubt, many of the "ills that loved; he had wealth, freedom, all men's honor. His brother," she said, again with that dry sob, "had a prison cot, prison fare, solitude, labor, chains, all more so than potatoes. In the year 1801 men's contumely and contempt; yet, of the two, his brother's lot had been the best : he had lain on roses where Mark had lain on red-hot coals. Let grief and loss and want have been his-he had had the proud inward consciousness of innocence. For it was Mark who was the felon, who was the murderer. It was my husband who had killed Ralph. His elder brother, in that great love of his, had taken all the burden, and Mark had let him do it." Mrs. Dalrymple was

> she cried. "Have I forgiven him? do not know. But with what mad haste I wrote out the statement, called for witnesses, read it to him before them. made him sign it with his dying hand Was it cruel? Oh, he had been doubly cruel! The pen dropped from his fingers with the last faint stroke. I bent and kissed him then, and took his head on my breast. He looked up in my face with such relief in his tortured eyes

was silent again, and we did not disturb

her. "Oh, it was hard to forgive him!"

doubted if he loved me as he loved those the prison to tell his brother, and to make preparation for his freedom; for although we were both so old—sixty sad years had we seen at least—there was time yet for a little happiness in the bit-ter world. He had been pardoned two years before, and had gone no one knew whither. When hope is dead, you live a dull, colorless life; but when hope has been uplifted only to be destroyed—ah, been uplifted only to be destroyed—ah, that is ruin! But one is old, one outlives every thing. So I came over here among my mother's people, a thousand miles from the places I had known all my days. I left all his fortune untouched; I brought only my own. The house goes to pieces, the gardens are overgrown, the place is haunted by its sorrows. But here I found happiness; here I found you, my children; here I found pleasant neighbors, and you, Mr. Stephen. My heart is satisfied. I have no wants. These last years are full of peace."

"Are full of peace," said Mr. Stephen. The wind blew a shutter open; a broad full moonbeam came in and overlaid him as he sat bolt upright in his chair, his face as white as a cerecloth.

"You look like a ghost, Mr. Stephen,"

"I am a ghost," he cried-"the ghost of a dead happiness.—Margaret!" he cried, half rising, "has it never crossed your mind that I am here?"—Harpers' Bazar.

Business Reviving in New York.

A New York correspondent says: The of the peculiar things of our locality. It gives no warning and is heralded by no symptoms. It comes on like the rash in a family. The children go to bed well at night and arise scarlet in the morning. Through all the panics of the last twenty-five years the recuperation has been sudden. The revival does not appear in one department only, but seems to affect every line of trade. Under an in-tuition the whole machinery of trade seems to be put in motion. By general consent it is admitted that business is reviving on all sides; no one can tell why it is. A well known dry goods merchant said this morning: "I don't know how it is, but last week I would not have een unwilling to have taken a journey the White moantains or to the seaside To-day I have no time to see my friends. The small force left in my store were idle, sitting down on boxes, whistling and eating fruit. To-day every man is in his place with everything he can attend to.
I don't allow any of my help to go away, and have called back all my clerks who

one of our heaviest paper houses made substantially the same statement:
"Ten days ago, without a sign of warning, we found ourselves covered with orders. We sold ourselves down short in the spring, and more as an experiment than anything else, we kept our full force on through the summer. It is well we did so. We can only answer our orders, nothing more. There has never been so much money wanting invest-ments as now. Unless all signs fail, we are to have a brisk fall season.'

Victimizing New York Pawnbrokers. One of the most ingenious methods of frand lately developed in New York city occurred under the following circumstances. A large jeweler, dealing very extensively in Juergensen watches, sold to three brother three Jurgensen movements. They were to be put in three cases exactly similar, but differed very

naterially from the cases in which they were imported to this country. Juergensen's watches bear a leaf on the cases and the boxes in which they are conworks. The jeweler, after deciding upon the cases which the gentlemen wanted, removed the Juergensen works from their original cases and put them in cases to suit. Subsequently he endeavored to sell the old cases to the agent of Juergensen, but that gentleman declined to buy them. Afterward he sold them at the price of old gold. They were purchased by a man who put inside of these cases common works which cost him a few dollars, and then taking them, with the original Juergensen cases and the boxes in which they were imported, to a pawnbroker, he wa enabled to pawn them, pretending to be a thief who had stolen them from a ewelry establishment, for about three times their cost, the pawnbroker supposing them to be genuine Juergensen watches. Frauds of this sort are very frequent in the sale of diamonds, sharpers purchasing old and discarded rings without setting, and putting into them

they impose on pawnbrokers, at two or

diamonds with flaws and off color, which

three times their value. Apples. sides containing a large amount of sugar, they preflesh is heir to." The operatives of nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year 1801 -which was a year of much scarcityapples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively; so do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples, nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great and so little appreciated, - Water Cure Journal,

Until lately it was not uncommon for the excited and delighted Cubans to throw doubloons in place of flowers to a favorite actress or danseuse, upon the stage. Miss Adelaide Phillipps was thus greeted at the Tacon Theatre on a cer-—and then he was dead. I published tain occassion; that statement up and down. I went to and Jennie Lind. tain occassion; so were Lola Montes

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Sketch of the Life of the Mormon Lender. The New York Evening Post tells the story of the life of Brigham Young, who died August 29, as follows: Brigham Young, the prophet and king of the Mormons, was born at Whittingham, Vt., on the first of June, 1801. His father was a farmer, and his grandfather an army surgeon. He had ten brothers and sisters, and was the ninth child of his parents. In early life he worked on his father's farm in Sherburn, Chenango county, N. Y., received what is known as the rudiments of an education; then became a painter and glazier, and worked at these trades until he was thirty-one years old. So far he displayed

thirty-one years old. So far he displayed no especial aptitudes, and was not considered a man of unusual promise.

The turning point in his life was reached in the year 1833, when he was thirty-two years old. Samuel H. Smith, a brother of the notorious "Joe" Smith, at that time converted him to Mormonium. ism, "Joe" was then preaching in the neighborhood the doctrines of the Book of Mormon—a treatise two years old. The first company of Mormons had al-ready assembled at Kirtland, Ohio, and Brigham Young repaired to that place, where he received the appointment of "elder." With great zeal he espoused the cause of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ, as the com-munity called itself; and, with more than the ordinary earnestness of a proselyte to a feeble sect, he set about converting others to his newly-adopted ways of thinking. His influence rapidly in-creased, and on the fourteenth of February, 1835, he was ordained one of the twelve apostles of the church. The next year he became the president of the

twelve. The Saints soon moved from Kirtland, O., to Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, and, soon afterward, to the town of Nauvoo, in western Illinois. In Ohio heir troubles arose chiefly from their lebts, which they were too poor to pay; in Missouri, from religious persecution. Governor Boggs, of the latter State, called out a force of fifteen thousand militia, and threatened to exterminate the Mormons. But the new settlers in the town of Nauvoo received them kindly; and from that town, in the year 1840, Brigham Young went forth to make converts in Great Britain,

It was on the sixth of April in that year that he landed at Liverpool. He preached immediately. He reprinted the Book of Mormon. He established a newspaper called the *Millennial Star*, which is still in existence. Within one year he returned to America with 769 converts. Three years afterward there was a riot in Nauvoo. The Saints had proclaimed and put in practice their destrine of polygumy, and had meddled with the civil government. They were becoming numerically strong in the re-gion. "Joe" Smith and his brother were arrested and put into jail, and then were murdered by a mob. His first councillor, Sidney Rigdon, seized the presidency. Brigham Young, who was in Boston when the riot occurred, hurried to Nauvoo, gathered about him what Mormons he could find, cursed Rigdon, proclaimed himself president, fin-ished a meeting-house, and built a home for himself.

But the saints were altogether too unoopular in Nauvoo, and Brigham Young ecided to seek a distant settlement which they could entirely control, and into which they could bring their converts without objection. He led them across the Mississippi, not knowing whither he went. It was winter, and they were almost starving. Hundreds of them perished by the way. In the following spring of 1847 they reached Council Bluffs; in the autumn they rossed the Missouri and built log huts near the present site of the city of Omaha. Five hundred of them were there enlisted by the national government as colunteers in the Mexican war. Brigham advised them to enlist, received for their enlistment \$10,000 bounty money, and, it was said, kept the funds. Certainly he was able to make an exploring ex-pedition, and to send one hundred and forty-seven men and seventy wagons to Salt Lake. To that place he soon determined to transport the Mormons in Ohio, Missouri and Illinois, who had been left behind, and all the converts whom he could make. He forthwith clothed himself with power in the eyes of his followers by styling himself prophet seer and revelator as well as president of the Mormon people, "The mantle of Joseph Smith," said the people, "has fallen upon Brigham Young." Ever afterward his sway over them was

well nigh absolute. In September, 1850, Congress gave a territorial government to the region, which it named Utah, and President Fillmore appointed Brigham Young to be governor of the territory for four years, his service in jurnishing recruits for the Mexican war seems to have been remembered in his favor. Soon the official showed that there were more than eleven thousand persons in the territory. In two more years, the practice of polygamy had doubled the population. caused many memorials to be sent to Congress, and Congress replied by cutting the territory into pieces and giving big slices to the leaders of the church. In 1854, when Brigham Young's term of of office as governor of Utah had expired. Colonel Steptoe, of the United States army, with three hundred men spent winter at Salt Lake, and received from President Pierce an appointment as Brigham's successor. Brigham frightened the colonel into resigning from the office and recommending him to be his successor. The President of the United States acted upon the recommendation and reappointed Brigham, who proceeded to get rid as quietly but as rapidly as possible of all the federal officers in Utah, That brought to Utah three thousand soldiers of the army to assert the power of the national government. Brigham declared martial law, raised an prettiest lasses ventured to inquire : army of his own, entered into negotiation with the national authorities, and professed to recognize their appointee, Governor Cumming, as governor of Utab. At the same time he commanded his people to leave Salt Lake City. They obeyed him, going south fifty miles. In six days President Buchanan sent a proclamation of peace, and Brigham agreed

sufferings, to Salt Lake City. Meanwhile the Mountain Meadows massacre had oc-curred, for which Bishop Lee was exe-

cuted last spring, and the responsibility for which Brigham Young is believed to have shared. Brigham has often come into conflict with the federal officers in Utah, and to-day the question whether Mormon or federal officers shall summon jurors is still unsettled. The history of Utah during the last twelve years has been little more than the history of Brig-

ham Young.

When Horace Greeley visited Brigham

When Horace Greeley visited Brigham

to his own in 1859, Brigham, according to his own account, had fifteen wives, and "knew no one who had more;" and when Mr. Greeley asked whether the Apostle Paul had not commanded that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, Brigham replied in effect: "Yes, of at least one wife, and of as many more as he pleases. In 1866 he had twenty-nine wives, and it is believed by some that when he died the number had not increased, and by others that it amounted to forty or more. The exact number it was almost always difficult to learn. His favorite wife in later years was Amelia Folsom, and his best known one, Ann Eliza.

Brigham's personal appearance in 1870 is described as follows by Mr. Bayard Taylor, who saw him at Salt Lake City in that year:

"He is both short and broad, but his "He is both short and broad, but his thickness gives the impression of strength rather than corpulence. Although sixtynine years old, there is no gray in his sandy hair, and his small blue eyes are keen and full of power. His head is large and approaching to squareness in its form, and his complexion is a strong, health, and his complexion is a strong. healthy red. His thin, firm-set mouth and large jaws express an indomitable energy. The general expression of his face is at once reticent and watchful. In his greeting there was the blandness of an acquired, rather than a natural cour-His voice is mild, even-toned and tesy. agreeable, and I can imagine that he might make himself fascinating to women, most of whom find a peculiar charm in a playful and purring lion."

A Fastidious Tramp. He was very gentle in manner; he had a mild blue eye and a nasal twang, relieved by a lisp charmingly beautiful not to hear. His pull on the bell was gentleness itself; and when Mrs. Spriggs decided to answer the ring she felt certain it was some amiable friend. The 'good mornings were said with a hearti ness only to be acquired by long self-denial and training, "Have you an overcoat, missus? I'm a poor man-a widower with seven small children-five that I adopted out of pure charity—and I thought I'd drop in and see about a

Mrs Spriggs heart moved with pity. She folt that she could never stand to be a widow long, and she joyfully replied: "Oh, yes! I have one of Mr. Sprigg's that he had made to order last March." Oh! then it is not of the latest style?"

"Oh, no! I am sorry to say one of those dreadful tramps stole his best." The man's face flushed up a little as he asked:

"Buckhorn buttons or gutta percha?" "Gutta percha," said Mrs. Spriggs,
"Oh, they have a disagreeable odor. "Oh, well," said Mrs. Spriggs, notic-

ing his look of disappointment, , 'it's a very nice coat. I'll run up and get it

out of the camphor."

"No, no you need not. Camphor I detest, and gutta percha buttons!

Au revoir, madame," and he passed down the steps, the very picture of grand manhood.

Too Long Whiffletrees on Ploughs.

Most ploughmen have so long whiffletrees that it is often impracticable to make any plough work satisfactorily. Excellent ploughs are denounced as worthless, and rejected, simply because the double whiffleiree or the ox yoke was too long. Yet the ploughman never suspects wherein consists the true cause of the difficulty. Our own practice from boyhood has been to make double whiffletrees for ploughing never more than two feet between the points of at-tachment of the singletrees, which were about twenty-three inches in length. When it was desirable to plough narrow furrow-slices, the singletrees were attached only twenty-two inches apart. Let a ploughman attempt to plough with a double-tree six feet in length, and he will readily understand why a plough will not run correctly when the double-tree is too long. The plough | fited. will be drawn too far from the furrow to the unploughed ground, unless the every detection of what is false directs will be drawn too far from the furrow ploughman makes a constant effort to prevent the implement from cutting a turned over.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get on with the household affairs "as your mother did;" she is doing her best, and no wo man can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long weary nights she sat up with the little babe that died—remember the love and care she bestowed upon you when you had that long spell of sickness. Do you think she is made of castiron? Wait-wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes-the old light for the old Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and "out of sorts." He worked hard for you all day -perhaps, far into the night; he has wrestled, hand in hand with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demands that follow in the train of moneymaking. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

Her Watering-Place Home.

It is a strange thing to see a city chap at a country party, but he was there, and in his conversation with one of the

at one. "Indeed!" exclaimed he, growing in-

terested, "where might it be?" "Uh, just out here a little way, her reply, "my father keeps the rail-road tank,"

The city chap, wondering whether she to yield obedience to the laws. He soon brought his people back, after great there dropped the subject.

Words of Wisdom.

Humor is wit and love. Years do not make sages ; they only

It is no use running; to set out be mes is the main point.

Honesty coupled to beauty is to have noney a sauce for sugar.

History is neither more nor less than oiography on a large scale. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocent-

y and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

A good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as the world can make him. The most happy man is he who knows

how to bring into relation the end and beginning of his life, Character is like cloth. If white it can be dyed black; but once blackened

it cannot be dyed white. You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading; but thought is

the winnowing machine, The loveliest faces are to be seen by

moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy. "Too late" and "no more" are the mournful sisters, children of a sire

whose age they never console. He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love and honor and courtesy flow in thy

Show yourself, at all times, so great a lover of truth, that more credit may be given to your simple word, than to others'

Everything may be mimicked by hypocrisy but humility and love united. more rare the more radiant when they meet.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

May exalting and humanizing thoughts forever accompany me, making me confident without pride, and

modest without servility. It is base to filch a purse, daring to embezzle a million, but it is greater beyond measure to steal a crown. The sin

decreases as the sin increases. A man should insure himself to voluntary labor, and not give up to indulgence and pleasure, as they beget no good con-stitution of body nor knowledge of

Wealth and want equally harden the human heart, as frost and fire are both alien to the human flesh. Famine and gluttony alike drive nature away from the heart of man.

All the nice things of this world are of no further good to us than they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to others we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

Honest and courageous people have very little to say either about their honesty or their courage. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness nor the moon of her effulgence.

Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life, presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, and grasps at mpossibilities; and consequently snares men into beggary, ruin, and dis-

honor. A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces spirations, the other ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man

aspires. In all governments there must of necessity be both law and the sword. Laws without arms would give us not iberty, but licentiousness, and arms without laws would produce not subjection but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke and temper the force.

No man knows any one except himself whom he judges fit to set free from the coercion of laws and to be abandoned entirely to his own choice. By this consideration have all civilized nations been induced to the enaction of penal laws; laws by which every man's danger becomes every man's safety, and by which, though all restrained, yet all are bene-

us towards what is true ; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. furrow-slice wider than can be properly Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form is without some latent charm derived from

Large-Sized Hail.

A special from Mt. Vernon, Illinois, says: Farmers and others who arrived in this city yesterday from that portion nobody came to claim the seat, whereof our county called Elk Prairie, twelve miles distant, report as having occurred on the previous evening one of the most terrific rain and hail storms ever experienced in the locality named. It was in never sit near a liar if I can avoid it; some respects a most remarkable visita- I would rather stand up." Then appealtion. The storm embraced an area of only four or five miles. Within that I sit next to you. You don't look like a limit the rain fell in torrents, flooding liar." We need hardly say that he got the previously parched fields and roads until the water rushed about like a foaming river. But the startling and interesting feature of the event was the enormous size ane quantity of the hail stones that fell. Old fathers who in their time have seen many strange sights, agree in the opinion that no such spectacle has ever been witnessed in these parts. The size of the hail-stones and the vioence with which they descended may be imagined from the number of birds chickens, etc., known to have been kill-ed. Of the former one man picked up a "Were you ever at a watering place?" subsided. In the matter of poultry, the loss is reported as very great. Brief as was the storm in its duration, yet a genwas the storm in its duration, yet a gen-tleman of veracity informs your corre-spondent that the hail lay so thick on the ground that it was scooped up by bucketfuls, many of the stones being as large as goose eggs, and some much larger. The corn growing within the injured,

A Reflection.

When, in the stillness of a summer night We watch the brightness which the planets

They say that oftentimes this glancing light Comes of a star that is for ages dead. So we-most like the stars-when living seem But darkness; and a moment thence we die;

Items of Interest.

Then for all the time our deeds of glory gleam

In the vast Heaven of our eternity.

Potatoes are so plenty in Kansas as to

be hardly worth marketing. Ten thousand glass eyes are sold an qually in the United States.

The only religious daily in this country, the Witness, of New York, has just died.

A farm hand for harvesting is paid in Central Italy seven cents a day, and considers himself a lucky man to find employment at that rate.

Three men were found hanging from a tree in Texas, and one of them was placarded: "They stole horses; here is where we found them, and here is where

we left them. The great Corliss engine in Machinery hall, Philadelphia, has been taken down and packed ready for removal to Providence, R. I. Seventy railroad cars will

be needed to carry it. "Gentlemen, I introduce you to my friend, who isn't as stupid as he appears to be." Introduced friend, with vivaci-ty—"That's precisely the difference be-

ween my friend and myself." Blue glass is coming to the surface again. Now it is related that a boy in Vermont put a blue crystal on his five dollar watch, and in three days he had a

300 movement and a gold case. In the Mount Auburn cemetery, Beston, is a lot containing five stones, one at each corner and one in the center. The latter is inscribed: "Our Husband," and the others respectively bear "My I Wife." "My II Wife," "My III Wife," and "My IV Wife."

When you see a woman standing on a kitchen chair, looking up at a ragged hole in the plastering, while she holds a hammer in her right hand and her left thumb in her mouth, there is your chance for a candid opinion about the nail works.—Burlington Hawkeye.

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it until Monday morning, when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying: "Darling Susie! Darling He kept it up all day, too, and

the old folks are much interested in the A machine has been invented in New York, mounted on wagon wheels, which is intended for use on farms in the West. It deluges the ground behind it with smoke from burning chips and brimstone, and holds the smoke down long enough to suffocate every potato bug, locust and other insect that comes within

ts influence. Dr. Tye, a San Francisco Chinaman of some prominence, carries a six-shooter and a bowie-knife to protect himself against hoodlums. Inside his shirt he wears a coat of mail, and decorates this with Chinese account books, which are long and flexible, and almost imper-

vious to a knife thrust,

The Petaluma (Cal.) Arous says James English is still at work on the redwood tree he felled at Russian river station months ago. He has already made from it 250,000 shingles, 1,000 fence posts, 6,000 shakes, lumber for a dwelling house and outbuildings, and has timber left for 300,000 shingles, The tree was fourteen feet in diameter. A young man of twenty-one named Boyer, lately drawn in the army con-scription at Beaune, in France, was in despair at the thought of being separated for five years from a young sewing girl to whom he was betrothed, and re-tired with her v. Verjus, on the river Saone, where they agreed to drown themselves. With his cravat he tied her right arm to his left, her left arm being thrown aroud his nenck over his right shoulder. The handkerchiefs of each were then linked together and tied around the bodies of both. They walked steadily toward the center of the stream until the

"Is This Seat Occupied?"

rapid current carried them away, and their

bodies were found, still enlaced, at some

distance below.

An old but vigorous-looking gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked its full length without receiving an invitation to sit down. Approaching one gentleman who had a whole bench to himself he asked: "Is this seat occupied?" "Yes, sir, it is," impertmently replied the other,
"Well," replied the broad-shouldered "Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturist, "I will keep this seat until the gentleman comes," The original proprietor withdrew himself haughtily to one and and looked insulted. After a while the train got in motion, and still upon the deep-chested agriculturist turned and said: "Sir, when you told me this seat was occupied, you told me a lie"—such was his plain language—"I ing to another party he said : "Sir, may his seat, and that the original proprietor thought that there was something wrong about our social system.-Baltimore

Dreadful Fate of a Boy.

A few days since an accident took place at Berea, O., the like of which, perhaps, has never occurred. Some workmen were raising a block of stone out of a quarry by means of a derrick and had gotten the stone in position to be dropped, and let go the power, when a boy named Datie Sabin, about twelve years of age, got caught in the rope-spool and was dragged into the coil head foremost. The stone, two tons in weight, had just started, and nothing could prevent the calamity. The spool whirled thirteen times, wrapping the rope as many times about the boy's body, crush ing every bone except in one leg from the knee down. The weight of the stone was upon each coil, and of course death was in earnest or making fun of him, limits of the damaged part was much was caused instantly. It took some time to get the rope off.