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A Sudden Cure.

- A melancholy woman lay In sickness on her bed. And in a faint and broken voice To her sad husband said :
- " Dear David, when my earthly form Has turned to lifeless clay, Oh! wait and weep a little while,
- Nor throw yourself away. "I know a woman kind and true, On whom you may depend, Oh! marry Aramilla Jones-
- She is my dearest friend." "Yes, Hannah, I have wanted long To speak of this before :
- For Aramilla Jones an' I Have talked the matter o'er.'
- "Then you an' Aramilla Jones Have been too smart and sly; I tell you, David Wilkinson,
- I'm not a-goin' to die !" Her dark eyes flashed; her strength returned
- She left her bed of pain; A week had scarcely passed away When she was well again,

"UBERALL DU."

The girl was as gay as a lark; the ball had been a delightful one; the music still pulsed in her ear, until her very heart kept the beat. Young, beau-tiful, beloved and wealthy, this little Jennie of ours had the cream of this world at her feet, and as she took off her jewelry and flowers, and prepared herself for sleep, it was with a smile on her lips and a happy light in her dreamy

trinket, a gold clasp or bar, and swing-ing from it by two tiny golden chains a polished Florida sea bean, dark as ebony, mounted like a locket. A legend was

engraved on the bar in a foreign tongue : "Überall Du." Jennie's eyes scanned the words intently. "How stupid I am not to be

able to translate this German," thought she. "It is something dear, I know, and just the thing, or Royall would not have had it. I wish I could sacrifice my pride enough to ask him the meaning of it; but he thinks I can read it, and I am ashamed to let him know I'm such a dunce, after four years at boarding-school. Never mind, I shall discover the meaning sometime," and, with a blush and a smile she kissed the trinket and put it tenderly away in her casket. It was a trifling thing, but even that is precious from the man you love. Royall Hamlin had been at her feet all winter. People said they were engaged, and considered the match certain, as people will when the principals in the game are not at all sure. It was not so in this case. He had not proposed to Jennie, though he was all devotion, and, to tell the truth, Jennie felt a growing uneasitoo soon; but she could not bear to distress herself with the thought. So, when this eve at the ball he had pinned her clasp upon her shoulder amid her snowy laces, and murmured in her ear in their quiet nook in the window that he would have something to say to her when he returned to town next week, Jennie's heart had given quite a leap that had dyed her sweet little face, scarlet; and he, noting it, had gone off with eyes full of triumph. No wonder her

locket seemed precious to her.

The next afternoon after the ball, as Jennie was walking with Ella Stuart, on the avenue, she asked her, as if it were a sudden thought, if "she remembered her German?'

"Not well, Jennie-pretty rusty! What did you ask for ?"

Because I have forgotten mine, and I saw a few German words in a lovelove story—" stammered Jennie, "and I could not make out the sense of them, and you know how aggravating that is!

"What were the words?" "As near as I can remember the words," smoothly said our dimple-faced deceiver "they were 'Uberall Du'"—
"Uberall—Du—m—m—m," murmured Ella. "Why! I remember, it is a

line out of German poetry! and means 'All is over with thee.' She looked round at Jennie, triumphantly, just in time to catch a perfect expression of dismay on a poor blanched

face, enough to make your heart ache. "Why, Jennie! what is the matter! she exclaimed, catching her by the arm, Jennie just had strength left to totter into a shop near by, and sink into a seat, whispering she "was faint," did not well all day, etc., making at the seme time a sign for her companion not to attract attention, which one Ella was quick to take, and carried out by an energetic chattering with madame with the friz, as to the quality of pink crush roses, which madame insisted were "French," as also her "whole stock of ribbons," etc.

Jennie grew better as suddenly as she had fallen ill, and Ella thought it only over-fatigue after the all. What would she have thought had he seen our poor Jennie an hour later, : bbing, face down on her dainty bed, s e locked in the sacred retreat of her c umber.

Poor child! she had her battle fight, and well she fought it. 'So it is all over with me, is it?' thought she; "and I imagined he loved | zling manner the next minute. me as well as I did him! How ashamed I feel, that I did not hide my feelings better. Now I know he was just trifling. I'll never love a man again as long as Never, never! and he shall never

speak to me again-shall never see in my face bow badly I feel !" Poor Jennie. The day arrived upon which he had promised to be in town, and also to take her to drive. Jennie s in a fearful state of excitement all

uat afternoon, late, a well-known them in its waves, was not of heaven or ring was heard at the door. Jennie's earth, it was rose-colored! Jennie could heart gave a perfect surge; but when the servant looked at her inquiringly, she answered his glance with a cool "Engaged John," and hurried to her

room, to cry over her mortification. Next day came a note in Mr. Hamlin's well-known hand, but she declined to read it, and sealing it in another enve-

She pined so visibly that her friends thought her health flagging, and sent her to visit some relations in another State, She tried to be happy, but was not particularly successful, in fact, her efforts were a miserable failure; it was hard to see which was preying upon her most, disappointed love or a perfect agony of mortification, at the thought how transparent her heart had been to him, and how he had treated it like a toy. She was always seeking a solution toy. She was always seeking a solution of his apparently gratuitous insult, and she could not find it! Had somebody been laughing about her patent devotion to him? Did he mean to taunt her with the utter hopelessness of her love? She ground these bitter questions over in a hundred ways, and was like to break

Spring came and Jennie gradually regained a degree of her old serenity, but

she did not wish to go home.

In the family of her friends was a charming girl of her own age, and they were fast friends, but Jennie never spoke of her mortification to her.
One day they were talking over the

approaching marriage of Aunt Norah.
"Jennie," she said, "I never showed
you the dear little ring Leonard gave
me last fall, did I?" "No; let me see it."

Norah brought it, it was a beautiful turquoise in a heavy gold hoop, and something was engraved inside the hoop. Jennie tried to read it; Norah One piece of jewelry she held in her clasped hands lingeringly, as if it were too dear to lay aside. It was a pretty Jennie, isn't that sweet in Len to tell me so in such a darling way.' "What is it?" asked Jennie in a quak-

ing, uncertain voice, feeling somehow as if her life hung on a thread, that thread the significance of the words, "Uberall Du," words which had proved so fatal to her happiness.
"Why, 'Thee, over all.' Jennie,
where have your eyes gone to? You
studied German at Madam Armand's

with me; forgot so soon?"
"So that was it, 'Thee over all,' and what a fool she had been, eh?" were Jennie's last cheerful thoughts as she slipped quietly down by Norah's side in

Miss Norah was horrified by Jennie's sudden attack, but when Jennie revived she assured her cousin she was in the habit of fainting at actually nothing, and the parlor must have been too warm. She deceived Norah thoroughly, but not her own poor heart.

Then she went up stairs and pondered upon "the situation."

The more she pondered the worse it seemed. She was too proud to own her mistake, and take back her hateful words and manner, and seek him in any way,

and pride "carried the day."

Her father sent her into the mountains that summer, and, with a few friends, wandered about; but the grace and charm of God's country, of rocky ledge, and balmy whispering pine, and trickling mountain brook, cold and clear, had no charm for her. One day they planned a fishing excursion to a large forest stream which crossed the stage road a mile or two beyond the hotel.

Jennie crept away from the others with a rod and line, and strayed along the brookside, through quivering lights and shades, among green leaves and shadowy places, she went so far she was lost with out perceiving it.

As she stood quietly on the bank watching a floating leaf, a voice behind her made her start with astonishment; so well known was it-so dear.

"Can you tell me, miss, how far I am from the stage road?" Jennie turned deliberately and looked into the face of Royall Hamlin. She actually relished his look of utter dismay

and disconcertment. "I-beg your pardon, Miss Dane, said the amateur sportsman, stiffly; "I did not recognize you, or I would not have intruded upon you.'

"You did not disturb me in the least, Royall," said Jennie, quietly, with scarlet face; "but I am sorry I cannot tell you which way the road lies, I think I have come so far I must be lost myself.

He stood gazing at her, speechless. At last he stammered: "Miss Dane— Jennie-you called me 'Royall;' you do not seem angry now. Tell me, in the name of God, what got you so furious at me last winter," and he pressed closer to her side by the brook bank.

Jennie hung her head.
Unresistingly, she permitted him to gather the little hand up in his strong fingers, and take a seat by her side on the moss, and draw her down beside him on the turfy bank ; there they sat like a couple of idiots, for very gladness; Jennie's fishing tackle, fly, line and rod went sailing leisurely off down stream; Jennie struggled with herself, and finally managed to answer:

I misunderstood - something couldn't read-that stuff on the locket, and-Ella said it implied it was 'all over with me '-and-that would have been abominably impertment of you, Royall! you know it would," she flashed through her tears at him, smiling in the most daz-

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed excliedly, as a light dawned in upon him, 'you don't mean to say my little German motto on that clasp was misrepresented and the cause of all this misunstanding! Why Jennie!" and his tone was full of chagrin, "why I thought it was so neat !"

So Jennie told nim all about it as they nestled among the leaves, the hush, and dreaminess of the forest. The light and air that surrounded them, that bathed complain no more of Royall's uncertainty, because he was very explicit in his remarks, and later, when they went hunting for the road, and found the rest of the fishers, Jennie's health was visibly improved, judging by her beautiful color and happy eyes.

It turned out Royall was due at her lope, she returned it, and with it the lopeket, "Thanking Mr. Hamlin for his kindness in permitting her to inspect it, and pronounced it very pretty, and her-

The stylish costumes of dark blue or green, trimmed with wide white braid, occasionally intermingled with a thread of gold, are very effective; and the close cut of the long polonaise, the princess sweep of the small train adds grace and

beauty to the figure.

Dark green costumes will be fashionably worn, including dark green petticoats, hosiery, felt hats and trimming. The petticoats are enlivened with figures of embroidery, in which all the bright colors are introduced, and the hats have

pretty bright feather and gilt ornaments. Quite new in style and well adapted to two materials is the "Camile." It simulates a vest, has a quaint and very dressy show, and may be used to advan-tage in making over an old handsome dress in combination with new materials. But it is also most strikingly suited to a stylish contrast of shades in new rich fabrics.

Among the new basques suitable to be among the new basques suitable to be worn, either for home or street, is the "Delphine," which is long and tight fitting, double breasted, having the fronts lapped from right to left and worn with a belt attached at the side seams and fastened in front. This design is most effective when used in combination of different materials or colors and is appropriate for a great variety of goods; it may, however, if desired, be made of one material alone and the trimmings varied to correspond with the goods se-

A very handsome shawl of American manufacture, is named "the Premiere."
It is of very fine texture, the same on both sides, and is introduced in plaids and checks, also in all shades of grey and brown, with or without borders. The material of these are of so fine a texture that when the wearer becomes tired of them they can be made into a polo-naise or into children's dresses.

Gloves are things that not only perish

with the using, but, as every woman says, "they are gone before one knows it." For evening wear pale colors are relied upon to bring out the effect of the brighter portions of a toilet, and for the street dark shades are advised. They also reduce the size of the hand they cover. Handsome gloves are brought out in dark shades, similar to those which prevail in silks and dress goods, but at the same time it is more elegant to wear a glove brighter in tone than the costume. For general wear, less than

three buttons are not considered stylish. Sleeve buttons of all kinds are quite arge, the linked styles remaining the most fashionable. For gentlemen's col-lar and sleeve buttons link buttons of two flat disks of plain gold, about the size of a dime, and with square edges, are extremely stylish. Studs to mate are about the size of a half dime.

Flowers are not used on round hats for city streets; they are confined to shade hats for the country.

A novel idea for round hats is that of

covering the wing or one or two long slender feathers with gilt or with silver, All black hats are still shown, and are always stylish. The most dressy materials for these will be black plush trimmed with black satin. Helmet-shaped hats, like those worn

by gentlemen during the summer, are offered for young ladies. Their only trimming is a wide galloon band and a slender wing.

The frame of the bonnet is plainly

covered with any of the fabrics with long pile; the plush cannot look too heavy or too much like fur, and the velvets are of the richest quality.

Words of Wisdom.

Upright walking is sure walking. Virtue and happiness are near kin. Small faults indulged are little

thieves. You never lose by doing a good turn. The boughs that bears most hang

One hour to-day is worth two to-mor-Not to hear conscience is a way to

silence it. Zeal without knowledge is fire withou light.

Proud looks make foul words in fair Learning makes a man fit company for

From the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height. We often hate for one little reason, when there are a thousand why we

As indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading. Gold is but a poor legacy in compari-son with immortal thought. The one is human, worthless; the other divine, in-

Lost, Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone for-

A Tarantula's Nest. The nest of a tarantula (spider) has been found in California of the most singular construction. It is about three inches in length by two in diameter, built in adobes, the wall being nearly half an inch thick. Inside of this is a projection, which nearly divides it into two apartments, about an inch in diameter. The inside is lined with a white downy substance, not unlike velvet, and presents one of the cleanest and most idy little households imaginable. But the most curious part of it is a door, which fits into an aperture, and closes it hermetically. The door is secured by a hinge, formed of a like fibrous substance as the lining of the house, and upon which it swings with freedom. The nest is occupied by a dozen little tarantulas, which seem to subsist on a yellow secreted substance, that appears upon the walls of the front apartment. The arrangement of the door for the protection of the little inmates indicates great in-

ment situated above the middle of the bone. When very large, it may cause lameness. As a rule, however, it never gives inconvenience to the animal.

The true ringbone is quite another matter. There are two kinds—the high and the low. It is called high when it involves the bone immediately above the

Ringbone, whether high or low, varies in size; but the degree of lameness does not depend upon the size of the formation. An animal may be very lame with but little deposit, and another may show but little deposit, and another may show but little lameness with a very large ringbone. Very often the circle of the ring is defective, and the deposit appears only on one side of the limb, or on both sides, and none in front. When at the sides they do not cause the same degree of lameness as when in front.

Ringbones are not the cause, but the result of disease, being the result of an

result of discase, being the result of an inflammation originating in the bone.

Shoulder Slip.—This is a sprain or laceration of the fibres of the spinatus muscles, together with, probably, the abductor magnus and teres exturnus. The humorus, lacking the tension of these muscles, rotates outward at every step with unusual freedom. Pain is expressed in recent cases, and westing of expressed in recent cases, and wasting of the muscles just named. In the majority of cases actual lameness does not oc-cur. There will be a hollow space upon either side of the scapular spine, extending its whole length.

Shoulder Lameness.—The gait of shoulder lameness is indicative of the seat of disease. The patient does not carry his limb straight forward, but with a rotary motion, the limb being thrown outwards, and the toe made to form the segment of a circle; in other words, he brings the leg forward, with a sort of sweep, and the toe is dragged or trailed

on the ground.

In shoulder or knee lameness, the signs of pain are more discernible during the elevation of the foot from the ground whereas, in foot and other diseases below the knee, the converse is the rule.

Stringhall .- An involuntary, convulive motion of the muscles of one or both

Speedy cut—Is the name of an injury to the knee. It is inflicted by the horse striking his knee with the opposite foot. The symptoms are inflamination and swelling of the skin, collection of fluid in the sub-cutaneous areoler tissue, constituting a serious abscess,

Seedy Toe.—This term is applied to a
perverted secretion of horn at the lower

margin of the ospedis (lower bone of the foot), by which the crust becomes detached from the horny laminar.

Thorough Pin,—Thorough pin is a bursal enlargement situated on the lower

part of the thigh and upper and back part of the hock. Thrush .- A discharge of feetid material

Spavin,-A violent twisting or strainng of the soft parts around the joints. According to the degree of the sprain, the fibrous parts of the joint may be simoly stretched, or they may be ruptured. The symptoms are swelling around the sprained part, attended by lameness. Sprain of the Metacarpi Internus.-

This is visible over the trapexinn on the inner and lower part of the knee. Sprain of the Metacarpi Extensor Magus. - Indicated by a swelling in front of

the knee and above it. Sprain of the Metacarpi Externas -This is made visible by an enlargement on the outside of the knee, over the

small metacarpal condyle.

Sprain of the radical Ligaments—Is manifested by lameness, a difficulty in flexing the knee, with swelling, heat and tenderness immediately above the knee. Sprain of the Psoa Muscles.—Inability to rise when down; a knucking over at the fetlock joints when standing; when made to walk he drags his legs or trails them. There is scarcely any elevation of the foot or flexion of the joints, and a great tendency is shown to knuckle over

at every step.

Sprain of the Fetlock Joint,—In inflammation of the fetlock joint, from whatever cause, the lameness is characterized by inability to flex the joint, by

heat, swelling, pain or pressure.
Wounds.—A wound made with a cleancutting instrument is an incised wound. A wound inflicted by some blunt object, without perforating the skin, is a contused would. When the skin is divided and torn, with ragged, uneven edges, it is called a lacerated wound. Chicago

Recipes.

(From Miss Corson's "Fifteen Cent Dinners Workingmen's Families."] HOMEMADE BREAD.—Put seven pounds flour into a deep pan, and make a hollow in the center; into this put one quart of luke-warm water, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and half a gill of yeast; have ready three pints of warm water, and use as much of it as is necessary to make a rather soft dough, mixing and kneading it well with both hands. When it is smooth and shining strew a little flour upon it, lay a large towel over it folded. and set it in a warm place by the fire for four or five hours to rise; then knead it again for fifteen minutes, cover it with the towel, and set it to rise once more; then divide it into two or four loaves and bake it in a quick oven. This quantity of flour will make eight pounds of bread, and will require one baking to two pounds of dough. It will cost about thirty cents, and will last about two days and a half for a family of six. In cold weather, the dough should be mixed in a warm room, and not allowed to cool while rising; if it does not rise well, set the pan containing it over a large vessel of boiling water; it is best to mix the bread at night, and let it rise till morning, in a warm and even temperature.

PEA Sour .- Use half a pint, or seven ounces of dried peas, for every two quarts of soup you want. Put them in three quarts of cold water, after washing them well; bring them slowly to a boil; but is, probably, the largest girl of her them well; bring them slowly to a boil; add a bone, or bit of ham, if you have it to spare, one turnip, and one carrot peeled, one onion stuck with three sloves, and simmer three hours, stirring occasionally to prevent burning; then pass the soup through the sieve with the aid of a potato masher and if it shows any sign of settling stir into it one in the sieve with the abundance of flesh, than most girls at twice her age.

self his respectfully," etc.—very "high and mighty."

She was horribly wretched the next few weeks, and did not go in society. She had a morbid idea her story might be out, and, as it was, Lent came just in time to give her an excuse for being so quiet.

Self his respectfully," etc.—very "high and mighty."

Some Common Allments of Horses.

Ringbone is of two kinds—true and false. The false ringbone is an enlargement situated above the middle of the bone. When very large, it may cause lameness. As a rule, however, it never settles give her an excuse for being so quiet.

STEWED LENTILS .- Put a pint of plain boiled lentils into a sauce-pan, cover-them with any kind of pot-liquor, add one ounce of chopped onion, two ounces of drippings, quarter of an ounce of chopped parsley, and stew gently for twenty minutes; serve hot. This dish

costs about ten cents.

STEWED TRIPE, -Cut in small pieces one pound of tripe, half a quart each of potatoes and onions, and put them in potatoes and onions, and put them in layers in a pot, seasoning them with one tablespoonful of salt, and one level tea-spoonful of pepper; mix quarter of a pound of flour with water, gradually using three pints of water, and pour it over the stew; put the pot over the fre and boil it gouth for an hour and a and boil it gently for an hour and a half.

RICE PUDDING .- Put in an earthen pudding dish quarter of a pound of well washed rice, (cost three cents,) three pints of milk, (cost twelve cents,) ounces of sugar, (cost three cents,) and a little spice, or flavoring; bake it in a moderate oven about an hour and a half. It costs about eighteen cents,

"The Champion Idiot." Most of these incurable idiots are unable to speak—says a writer in the New York Herald, speaking of a recent visit paid by him to the asylum for idiot children on Randall's Island, New York—incapable even of learning more than "champion" among these is unquestionably Johnny Rouse. He is now thirty-eight years old, and has been in the Idiot asylum fifteen or twenty years. Johnny was born in the Sixth ward in this city, and it may be said that he never had an idea in his life. His only sense seems to be that of sensation. has been blind for some years, but his hearing is not impaired, and he possesses a faculty which is something like memo-"What time is it, Johnny?" asked

Mr. Osborne. He reached out for the steward's watch chain, and, not finding it, he seemed puzzled. When the watch was put in his hand he placed it to his car and, after listening to it awhile, he exclaimed: "Two," With Johnny Rouse it is always two o'clock, and dren here, and when they do come they say 'I wish the poor thing was dead.' more remarkable curiosity than Johnny Rouse cannot be found the world over. He is diminutive in size, being scarcely four feet nine inches in height, with a face of corresponding meagreness. His head and face are of the true idiotic type, and both together are not much larger than an ordinary baseball. There is no brow and only an excuse for a forehead. The top of the head measures less than two inches in any direction, and the coal black hair, which seems stuck on like a wig on the back part of the cranium, only adds to the absurdity of this pitiful freak of nature. When the Herald reporter saw Johnuy Rouse he was in high spirits and seemed intent upon going somewhere on a picnic. He frisked and capered like a child, and "boomed" away the happy moments which to him make up the span of an aimless existence. An emineut New York physician, the reporter was told, has made Johnny's organization and history the subject of a learned paper and has made a plaster cast of that

vonderful head. A Strange Theft By a Mouse.

A very amusing incident occurred one night recently at the residence of H. A. Bennett in New Preston. Mr. C. C. Kenney and wife, of New York, were staying there for a short time, and on the night in question they retired to their room at an early hour. Mr. Kenney took the precaution to place a large roll of bills in the heel of his boot. The outside bill happened to be a ten-dollar note. Accordingly, after arranging his money carefully in the boot, and thinking no burglar could find it, he retired for the night. What was his astonishment in the morning to find the ten-dollar bill was gone! Search was made throughout the apartment, but no trace of the missing money could be found. It was certainly very mysterious. Only one of the roll of bills was gone. After spending many hours in the search, Mrs. Kenney removed a stand and noticed one corner of the lost bill protruding from a small mouse hole. The little burglar had entered the apartment and succeeded in dragging the bill the whole length of the room to its hole, where it luckily caught on a nail. The hole was so small that the bill could only be extracted in small The burglar is still at large, although the owner of the house offers a large reward for his apprehension .-Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer.

People of Weight.

The champion fat man of North Carelina is Captain James F. Jones. He is six feet one inch and kicks the beam at 647 pounds. Barnum has been after

A pair of boot lasts have been made for Leonard Wilcox, of Rome, N. Y., who is seven feet in height and weighs 600 pounds. The lasts are twenty-two inches in length, seven in height and

age in the world. Her height is about five feet, and she weighs 148 pounds Her features are even and pretty, and her manner is lively. One would take her to be about eighteen. She can do

TAKING A SWORDFISH.

Terrible Struggle with an Air-tight Barrel Attached to a Harpoon. It was some time before we could distinguish the speck, rising and falling with the sea, which had attracted the old whalemau's attention. Soon he pronounced it a "fish," and after putting us on the other tack to run down partly to leeward of it, went below to bring up the irons. When we had worked perhaps a mile before it we leave to rea final in

a mile before it, we lay to for our final instructions, the skipper took the wheel to "keep her head on if yer can," and the one who held the air-tight barrel was told "When y're sure I've struck him, over with it."

He was as cool as a cucumber, as he took the harpoon and cutting spade forward, coiling the line (one end of which was fast to the harpoon, the other to the barrel) carefully on deck, with the caution: "Ware when it flakes out," and tion: "Ware when it flakes out," and taking only enough with him to his roost on the bowsprit end to give him ample elbow room. His station reached, he fixed the shade in the support ready to receive it, laid the iron in front of him across the cage, waved his hand, and we filled away, close hauled. Never was a mile more slowly sailed by the little group in the pit of the White Cloud. Never had our hearts beaten faster than as we neared the fifteen feet fish, rolling, asleep, in the trough of the sea. rolling, asleep, in the trough of the sea. Now the pilot is almost over him; slow-ly he raises the iron, braces himself, and hurles it with all the strength of sinewy arms. The iron sinks deeply into the sleeping fish; there is a mighty surge, the line flakes overboard as quickly as thought, the float splashes as it disappears beneath the water, then all is still. We luff and wait. Presently up bobs the float. The fish finding the strain of the air-tight barrel too severe is coming to the surface. Now the water bubbles and boils just under our lee, and the swordfish breaches himself savagely, and swims at lightning speed for the barrel. He strikes it again and again with his sword, but it rests so lightly on top of the water that he can-not injure it. Then he stops, looks at us an instant, and darts toward the boat. We have not time to bring her head around, and if he strikes it will be amidships. The pilot comes quickly aft, bringing his long-handled, three-cornered spade, and, as the fish comes within striking distance, aims one swift, unerring blow full at his forchead. The terrible sword drops harmless, the up-per muscles at its base are severed, and he passes under us, jarring the boat and splashing us with water as he

sounds. Again the float goes under and is out of sight a longer time than before. Again the fish throws himself out of Rouse it is always two o'clock, and "two" is perhaps the only word he can utter, except "boom," with which he accompanies a rifle practice in which he is constantly indulging, "His mother was here to see him last week," said the nurse, "and she said she wished he was dead. But it's the way with all of them.

The same of sight a longer time than before. Again the fish throws himself out of water, showing his sword down at an angle of forty-five degrees. He swims once or twice around the barrel, then starts to windward at too furious a speed to last with the float ploughing behind him. When we beat up he is feebly dead. But it's the way with all of them. him. When we beat up he is feebly It's seldom they come to see their chil-fighting it. He sounds for a short time. but comes up exhausted. Once or twice he rolls over on his side, but recovers himself and swims on in short tacks, We press him too closely, and he charges us again, but we make no effort to avoid him, knowing that now he is powerless to injure us, nor does he try to strike, other side.

apparently realizing that his weapon is useless, but goes under, coming up the And so he sounds and swims, fights and runs, until at last he succumbs to exhaustion and lies still. We work up alongside, and as we luff the pilot puts a lance into his very life. There is a shudder along his whole body, his fins work convulsively a moment, and then he lies motionless and dead. We rig a tackle to our mainmast, and after considerable labor get him aboard, where we can examine at our lessure his peculiar shape, and admire his graceful "clipper build." Our Nantucketer estimates his weight at between 500 and 600 pounds. His sword is over three feet a length, its broken point and nicked edges proving that its owner was an old

as well as a fighting fish. Our fish is on board, and after reserving a few choice cuts, turned over to our pilot, who asks that we run into Martha's Vineyard that he may dispose of him before he spoils. And so we set gaff and iib topsails, haul off before the wind, and lay our course northward. -Forest

Charlots of Ancient Britons.

When Caesar first landed in Britain, the most flourishing branch of the manufacturing industry was the coach, or rather the chariot, building business. The Romans had seen pretty samples of chariot work in Gaul and Belgium, but the British car, or chariot, was a big improvement on the continental article. It was to the foreign car as the curricle is to the gig. When the Romans captured Cassibelannus, they took with them no less than six hundred cars, and the British car, soon after it was known, became the fashion for people

who could afford to keep one.

Cicero thought there was little in the island worth transporting to Rome, except those masterpieces of workmanship and painting, the British war chariot. "May I trouble you," he writes to a friend in Britain, "to bring me over one as a pattern!" There can be no question that when a dozen or so distinguished gentlemen in Rome first ap-peared on the highway in the novelty of novelties, a British chariot, with its coachman on the pole, and half a dozen grooms running by its side, there was a sensation in polite circles only to be paralleled by a meet of the four-in-hand at Central Park, New York.

What He Sighed For.

A young gentleman hearing a young lady sigh, asked her: "What do you sigh for?" She replied: "Nothing," upon which he wrote and handed her the

following: U o a o, but I o thee; O o no o, but O o me; O let not my o a o go, But give o o I o U so. And here is the solution:

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee; O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me; O let not my sigh for a cipher go, But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so. Turkish general to Turkish colonel

Strikes. Strikes are quite proper, only strike right : Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight; Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame; Strike right and left, till you win a good name; Strike for your freedom, from all that is vile : Strike off companions who often beguile; Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the ax Strike off bad habits with burdensome tax ;

Strike out unaided, depend on no other; Strike without gloves, and your foolishne smother; Strike off the letters of fashion and pride ; Strike where 'tis best, but let Wisdom decide : Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;

Strike, keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

Items of Interest. Japan has 33,000,000 inhabitants. A single county in Michigan has standing pine equal to 2,311,120,000 feet of lumber.

The new Gatling gun shoots 1,000 rounds a minute—faster than a profes-

sional gossip can talk.

If our country should become as densely populated as Holland, it would contain 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Three are a mob according to law. This is what a young fellow thinks when

he and another chap are courting the same girl. Many men regard a newspaper as they do a brick-bat; they like to have one handy when they are mad, but pay no

attention to it at any other time. A Prohibitionist estimates that about \$100,000,000 more is expended yearly in this country for rum than the total gross earnings of all our railroads amount to. A blighted female in San Francisco,

65 years old, has brought a suit for

breach of promise of marriage against a gay deceiver of 70, the damages being laid at \$15,000. Baron Rothschild, of Paris, and his German cousin, Adele, who were recent-ly married, "begin housekeeping" with he snug little sum of twenty million

Archibald Forbes, war correspondent of the London News, receives a salary of \$5,000 a year, war or no war. Therefore we should infer that the voice of the News is much louder for war than that of Mr. Forbes, says the Norristown

Herald. GLORY.
What is glory? What is fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an arrant naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day,
Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow.

Martha's Vineyard, Mass., has an eccentricity in Nancy Luce. Born, no-body knows where or when, she lives en-tirely alone with her hens, and when they finally depart she has them decently interred in a graveyard at the back of her house, and erects marble stones over their graves. Her support is gained from the sale of her "book," which, in a

self and hens, The corn husks are thin, indicating s mild winter; the woods are full of masts; there are myriads of spiders, mild winter; acres of caterpillars, hard winter; the squirrels are idle and listless, mild winter; the squarrels are noisy and busy, hard winter; the goose bone is white and gray, mild and hard winter; the woodchuck has gone in, mild winter; the woodchuck stays out, hard winter. It is indeed, only a question of time when the system of weather prognostication will become one of the exact

"Cross and Crescent" in a Back Yard. Few persons suspect the interest which the younger portion of our population feel in the progress of the European struggle, and the familiarity with its de-tails which they evince in their daily conversation and intercourse. An uptown gentleman on reaching home the other afternoon found his wife out and the house all upside down. The beds had been stripped of blankets and coun-terpanes, the tables denuded of their covers, table cutlery, broomsticks, and various kinds of household hardware were strewn over the stairs and floors; in short, it looked as if burglars had been

hurry. Just as he contemplated the devastation, Bridget, the cook, came rushing up stairs with despair depicted on every lineament of her face. "Och, Misther B—" she gasped out, "I'm so glad yiz have come home. Shure thim boys is a murtherin' each other in the back yarrud."

In an instant he threw open the back

window, and the sight that met his eyes

through the establishment and left in a

showed the situation at a glance. the boys in the neighborhood, from six teen down, were there engaged in settling the Eastern question in a style that would have made Von Moltke howl with envy. For a moment the Turks, led on by one boy in baggy trowsers (which proved to be his father's red flannel drawers) and armed with a cheese kuife in one hand and a dirty white towel on a stick (representing the banner of the Prophet) in the other, appeared to have the advantage, and had cornered the Russian army, composed of six boys with rakes and pitchforks, between the hen house and the back fence. Several other boys with bloody noses and black eyes sat on the grass-plot, personating the Christian victims of the atrocities in Bulgaria. The ezar had already lost one of his front teeth, and the Khedive of Egypt was to be seen secking safety by inglorious flight through a back lot, carrying off the parlor table cloth, rolled up on his head as a turban. Just at this moment England interfered in the shape of ten boys, who had been concealed in the back area, but who now charged forth with rolling sticks, flat irons and pokers, simultaneously with a grand onset of Cossacks and Mamelukes who had lain in reserve behind the fence, the manœuvering was superb, the con-tending hosts described flank movements around the clothes posts which would have outwitted Sherman himself, and there is no telling but that the Crescent would have wave victorious over all Europe had not Mr. B -- suddenly appeared on the scene, scattered the armies like chaff, and ended the contest by sending the Sultan off to bed, and in-terviewing the Duke of Cambridge with the flat side of a shingle,