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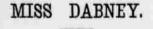
Living on a Farm.

VOL. VII.

How brightly through the mist of years, My quiet country home appears My father, busy all the day In plowing corn, or raking hay My mother, moving with delight Among her milk-pans, silver bright : We children just from school set free. Filling the garden with our glee ! The blood of life was flowing warm When I was living on a farm.

I heard the sweet church-going bell As o'er the fields its music fell. I see the country neighbors round Gathering 'neath the pleasant sound They stop awhile beside the door, To talk the homely matters o'er-The springing corn, the ripening grain And "how we need a little rain. " A little sun would do no harm, We want good weather for the farm.

When autumn came, what joy to see The gathering of the husking bee. To hear the voices keeping tune, Of girls and boys beneath the moon. To make the golden corn-ears bright, More golden in the yellow light ! Since I have learned the ways of men I often turn to these again, And feel life wore its highest charm, When I was living on a farm.



It had been universally conceded among Louise Dabney's friends that she was not a favorite with gentlemen—that fortune so essential to feminine well-being. Whether it was from lack of beauty (though about that there were diversities of opinion), or because of a cold and critical manner, a certain reserve, irresponsive to the masculine touchstone, an innate detestation of flirtation, of making an effort to please one sex more than another, who could say? Louise was herself aware that she inspired the masculine heart with no serious sentiments, and she may have wondered secret-ly by what spells other girls who were not so well bred nor so intelligent, and certain y no fairer, gathered groups of lovers about them, while she stood by, alone gathered flowers instead; and when the sunset had begun to fade, and warned them to return to their party, they found it was something more easily said and uncared for-not that she coveted a plurality—but what charm had they to which she could not aspire? Every woman loves admiration, and it is not to be supposed that Louise Dabney was than done. After some time spent in a vain search for the right path, they seated hemselves on a mossy log till Louise should recover breath and strength, and superior to this amiable weakness.

"Louise has never had a flirtation, a love affair or a proposal," her friends would have told you; but they were not quite correct in their verdict. She had studied such fragments of constellations as peered through the branches over quite correct in their verdict. She had had "an interest," to put it mildly, ever since that dreadful night on the Continent when her uncle had been brought lifeless into the little out-of-the-way place among the mountains, and had left her alone among people speaking an unfamiliar jargon, with the sea rolling between herself and home; and Loring Northcote had come to her aid, though a total herself and home; and Loring Northcote had come to her aid, though a total had come to her aid, though a total stranger, had taken her burdens upon himself, and had been like a shadow in woone lend to the deelete rid and the stranger in love, Miss Dab-ney?" he asked. "Scores of times ; from the age of six. a weary land to the desolate girl, and

speak. As she doesn't want to marry him, she can afford to be audacious." "I didn't think she would condescend to flirt."

How dared he mention love to her! But had she been blameless? Hadn't she flirted deliberately with another girl's lover? What disaster had she not to flirt." "You seem to have made a study of Miss Dabney. I think she didn't wish to be left out in the cold. All my guests seem to be paired off this season. You will have to devote yourself to me, Mr. Northcote, unless I import another 'blessed damosel.'" wrought in her mad pursuit of an ad-miration which she did not value! What should she say to him ? How could she send him back? At what expense had her vanity been flattered? Just to prove

"Don't, I beg ; I am content with the blessings the gods have provided." "You might dispute Louise with Mr. Leroy, to be sure.

"True. Let us begin by interrupting the *tete-a-tete*." "Mr. Northcote," said Louise, "this is a pleasure for which Mrs. Furniss had

not prepared us." "Excuse me, but your friend doesn't look as if he regarded it in that light," said Northcote, aside. "I hope I am

not de trop." "I didn't know that such humility as that hope suggests was a trait of your

"Shall I go away again ?"

"Shall I go away again ("Why, certainly not, immediately; it would look as if I had snubbed you." "And I'm not sure but you have."

""Tears, idle, tears,' Louise," whis-pered some one whose neighborhood she had not heeded. "Can I help you! It was doubtless pleasant to have a spectator witness her refutation of the popular prejudices respecting her want of attraction, and that the spectator should be Mr. Northcote added piquancy to the affair. "At leat he will see that somebody finds me worth cultivating," Shall I stay and try ?" "Nobody can help me, Mr. North-cote I have done such a dreadful thing !

I have-yes, I have been flirting with another woman's lover. She has written to tell me so—to beg I will send him back to her. He is all she has, she says. she reflected. But in spite of this she found herself incapable of entering into the spirit of flirtation with the same un-And I-I don't care a fig for him ; and concern after Northcote's arrival. She what shall I do if he asks me to marry felt a perpetual insane desire to shorten him, as he may, you know ?" "As he would have done, if I hadn't the walks and drives, that she might

hasten back to his neighborhood, and urived in the nick of time, to-night." "What shall I do? How shall I send know just how he was passing the time, that she might see his face and hear his him back heart-whole ?" "You would avoid the dreaded ques-

seemed to tear her heart asunder.

voice. But the further she withdrew, the closer Leroy pursued, the old adage that a bird in hand is worth two in the tion, I fancy, if he were to hear to-morrow that—that you belonged to some-body else; that some one had stolen a march on him—if he were to hear that bush not holding good in love affairs. The family had been picnicking in the woods one afternoon, where the pine needles made a carpet, and a frolicsome brook capered and bubbled down from you belonged- -to me."

"Oh, Mr. Northcote, to you ! You don't want to own such a mischiefits mountain source. Leroy and Louise had wandered away to collect brush-wood to boil the tea-kettle, but had maker. "I want to own you, Louise."

"I want to own you, Louise." Mr. Leroy, strolling out from the smoking-room, was petrified by the shadow of a pair of embracing lovers, cast by the late rising moon. "Check-mated, by Jove !" he muttered, reflec-tively. "No fun hanging about here any longer. I had better go back to Lizette."—Harper's Bazar.

An Editor's Sanctum

A few mornings ago, just after we had swept up and made our bed look as plump as a soda biscuit, we were sur-prised at hearing a modest rap at the door. Callers seldom rap-they usually kick. When we answered the summons we found two ladies awaiting entrance. They told us they'd always had a curiosity to see how an editor's sanctum looked and begged the privilege of entering and looking 'round. They spent the next half hour in extravagant praise of our

read. Mr. Leroy had been trembling on the brink of a proposal that very night, and yet he was engaged to be married. The Crop of Potatoes.

The Crop of Potatoes. Many farmers have large crops of potatoes that cannot be sold readily. Now, what is it best to do with them? Shall they be sold for what they will bring, or is it best to put them in the cellars? Or in the absence of cellar-room, is it best to cover them in the field? When they can be sold at a fair profit, my advice is to sell them in the fall; but if they cannot be thus sold, either store them in your cellar or bury them in the field, and trust to your chances to be able to sell them during that she was attractive like other women, she had worked this wrong. To be sure, she had had no experience to guide her. She had supposed that the boundaries of flirtation and love-making were more clearly defined. She had never meant the winter around home, or to forward them to a market early in the spring, where there is transportation by water in April. Canals are of little benefit to potato make Leroy love her ; but, whatever she had meant, it was all one to his poor foolish Lizette. Her regrets and selfoes growers except in the fall, as they are not open early enough in the shift, as they are not open early enough in the spring. A great many potatoes can be sold in villages and large towns during the mild weather, and they must be sold before they sprout much, Potatoes are worth twenty-five cents a bushel to feed accusations beset her so sorely that she was obliged to leave the gay raillery was obliged to leave the gay railery about her and take refuge upon the ver-anda, where the shadows hid her; and leaning her head against the lattice, where the dew-drenched passion-flowers shook out their sweetness, the hot tears filled and overflowed her eyes, and sobs to stock-raw to cows and horses and

To buy potatoes in the field, select a place a little elevated and dig down as low as you can drain the excavation. It low as you can drain the excavation. It may be two feet, one foot, or but a few inches, according to the drain that will command it. Suppose that you have 200 or 300 bushels to bury, the bed sheuld be made about eight feet wide and as long as necessary, with the pota-toes four or five feet deep in the center. When all are in position take long rye straw and set it against the two sides of the heap thick enough to shed rain. Then throw earth against the sides of the pile six or eight inches thick, but none at the top where the straw meets, as an air hole must be left open here till about the time when the ground may be expected to freeze, when a thick covering of earth all over must be applied. In cold climates, as in the Northern States, this covering should be from fifteen to eighteen inches thick; and if the straw is well applied, the potatoes will stand any weather that may be expected. This system is better than to put them into does nits as more the anter fifte into deep pits, as was the custom fifty years ago. - T. B. Miner.

A Valuable Table for Farmers. The following table contains the number of pounds in a bushel of the

	different articles named :		
	Of Bran	12	Ibs.
	Blue grass	14	.64
	Shorts	18	44
	Dried apples		. 64
H	Oats	32	. 66
1	Dried peaches	33	
	Hemp seed	44	
	Timothy seed	45	.44
	Castor beans		44
	Barley		- 66
	Flax seed		
	Rve	56	44
	Shelled corp	56	44
	Onions		44
	Wheat	60	. 64
	Clover seed		
3	Mineral coal	70	44
	Salt		44
	Corn on cob	75	44
	and an	1.00	

Norway Women and Weddings.

A TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER.

The Political Meeting that Ended in a Horri-fying Combat Between an ex-United States Minister and a Mail Agent. Tbrilling Story of the Siege of a Russian Fort in Asia Minor, as Told by One of the Garrison.

A writer in a Western paper, giving some reminescences of Cassius M. Clay, once United States Minister to Russia, One of the most remarkable episodes of the present war, which, however, has not as yet received all the attention it once United States Minister to Russia, tells the following story of an appalling incident in his career : Mr. Clay's duel with Robert Wickliffe, Jr., grew out of some remarks made by the latter in a public speech when they were running for the Legislature in Fayette county, Ky. They fought on Mr. Clay's challenge, near Louisville, May 15, 1941, shots be-ing exchanged without effect, owing, Mr. Clay has always held (since both were dead shots), to the inferior quality of the not as yet received all the attention it deserves, is the defense of the fort of Bayezid in Armenia by a Russian gar-rison, 3,000 strong, against a Turkish army numbering 20,000 men. The Mos-cow *Gazette* gives the following interest-ing extracts from the private journal of one of the officers of the garrison :

A DESPERATE DEFENSE.

"June 10 .- The enemy has blockaded us on all sides, and intercepted the aque-ducts. One cistern and a few bags of biscuits is all we have to live on. At dead shots), to the inferior quality of the powder employed. His seconds, one of night, by the light of the burning whom was Albert Sidney Johnston, re-fused to countenance Clay's demand for another fire, and the duel ended thus, but without a reconciliation, Three years later, when Garrett Davis was runtown beneath us, we saw the atrocities perpetrated by the Kurds on the help-less inhabitants. It was horrible beyond description. Women and children were thrust alive into the flames and carried years later, when Garrett Davis was run-ning (in the Whig interest) against Wickliffe for Congress, Mr. Clay warmly opposed Wickliffe, and followed him through the canvass, making a habit of publicly contradicting Wickliffe when he spoke. Wickliffe declared that he did about the streets on lances, horribly mutilated and shrieking with anguish The sight was so sickening that one of our officers was quite overcome by it and had an attack of brain fever that night. June 18 .- General assault of the Turknot notice these interruptions because he ish forces, which we succeeded in repuls-ing towards nightfall. Our rations have thought Clay wanted to fasten another quarrel on him. Clay declares that been reduced to half a pound of biscuit Wickliffe's friends conspired to provoke him into a brawl at Russell's Cave, where and one glass of water per diem. June 20.-A parlimentary came with a sumhim into a brawl at Russell's Cave, where a political meeting was to be held, An-gust 1, 1844, a mail agent, Samuel M. Brown, being summoned to Kentucky to do the work. The meeting was held; Wickliffe spoke, and Clay interrupted his statement with a denial, pulling a paper from his pocket and announcing that he was prepared to prove his words. Brown then called him a liar and struck at him with an umbrella. Clay retorting mons for us to surrender. Our com-mander answered that being so much stronger, the Turks could well try and take the citadel by storm, * * * June 26.—Our ration has been further diminished to a quarter of a pound of biscuit and two spoonfuls of stagnant, rotten water. We suffer terribly from hunger and thirst. After a day's hard fighting I am utterly prostrate and scarcely able to write these few words. at him with an umbrella, Clay retorting with the butt-end of his whip. Suspect-ing a concerted attack, Mr. Clay at-tempted to draw his knife, but was June 28.—For two days and two nights we have been exposed to a terrific cantempted to draw his knife, but was seized and dragged a distance of fifteen feet. Releasing himself he heard Brown cry out, "Clear the way," and a line was immediately opened between them, Brown with a cocked pistol in his hand taking deliberate aim at him. Clay ad-vanced upon him with his knife. Brown meited to draw his knife, Brown watch a general assault, which we repulsed, followed by repeated injunctions to surrender, to which our answer was the same as before. July 1. —Our ration to-day is one-eighth pound of biscuit and one spoonful of water. Starvation is approaching rapidly. I have seen some of our men cut out waited until they were within four feet of each other, and fired. The bullet slices of flesh from the half-putrified bard of Clay's knife, directly over his heart. He was staggered by the shot, but reached Brown, and dealt him a tercarcass of a horse and eat them. July 4.—Again a summons to surrender, this time written in Russian by a Pole in the Turkish service, Colonel Komaroff. Of rible blow directly on the top of his head, laying the skull open and exposing course our answer remained unaltered. head, laying the skull open and exposing the brain. The friends of Brown again seized Clay, and caught his arms just above the elbows, which interfered with his handling his weapon, but in spite of it he continued hacking away at Brown's head and face, inflicting horrible injuries. He cut out one of his eyes, split his nose, cut off an ear and sliced his face in a General Tergukassoff, who comes to save us. I am so weak that I feel utterly un-able to write or move a finger. But we dozen places, so disfiguring him that his most intimate friends subsequently failed to recognize him. Clay binself was struck with chairs, canes and fists by are saved. After the siege had been raised there remained of the garrison about 2,000

outsiders to make him desist, but with-out effect, owing to his prodigious strength, until finally it was found men, who were mostly so utterly worn out effect, owing to his prodigious strength, until finally it was found necessary to throw Brownover an adjoin-commander of this equally gallant gar-

A grave old man told his son that if he grow less dissipated he would

At a social party in Virginia City, Nev., says the Gold Hill News, Sam Davis bet an oyster supper with one of the gentlemen that Capt. Jack Crawferd could, in less than four minutes, write acrostics on the first names of any four ladies in the room. The four names were selected and handed to the poet scout, and in twelve minutes and nine seconds the following productions were finished

An Expeditious Poet.

finished Esteemed and most bewitching little creature Truth and honesty I see in every trace ; Tis sweet to watch the sunshine in each feature And say, may heaven bless your pretty face

Louise, I scarce know what to say Or how to write fair girl of you ; Unknown by me until to-day, I'm sure I can't tell what to do, So strange we meet, so strange we part, 'E'en as heart oft speaks to heart.

Rose, sweet Rose ! Fairest of your sex ! Oh, how sparkle those blue eyes of thine ; Sweet your face, without one care to vex ; Esteemed by all the good and most divine.

Henrietta, fair, bewitching ! Ever bright be thy sweet face ; Never may thy life be clouded, Radiant beams life's pathway trace. In the future may with gladness Ever be thy prospects bright, Till the traces of all sadness

Turn and leave your heart to-night-Anxious, waiting heart, good-night.

Items of Interest.

difficult lock to pick-One from a bald head.

A woman in Ohio recently married her eighth husband.

Kansas is almost exactly in the center of the United States.

A householder advertises rooms to let to gentlemen furnished with gas.

The Forty-fifth Congress contains one hundred and seventy-five lawyers.

In Los Angeles, Cal., they mash grapes and feed them out to the bees.

"That's only a wedding trip," said the groom, as he stumbled over the bride's trail.

About thirty-three millions of dollars of fractional silver have gone into circulation.

At San Antonio, Texas, the citizens have requested the mayor to allow bullfighting.

A woman in Polo Pinto, Texas, gave birth to a child on a Thursday, and on the following Saturday gave birth to two more.

When a man and woman are made one, the question is : "Which one ?" Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before the matter is settled.

In many parts of Australia the gradual disappearance of the natives and their dogs has led to an immense increase in the herds of kangaroos.

had finally escorted her home across the sea, with his widowed sister as chaperon. e that period there had been more or less intercourse between them, to be sure, but the half-tender regard he had manifested toward her had seemed to crystalize, without developing into anything more personal and particular.

"It is only his way with all women. she said, and excused him in her heart. And when she had thanked him for all his kindness, and said: "How can I "I hear footsteps-pardon the digres-ever reward you?" "By always com-sion, 'Lo, the conquering hero comes !" ever reward you ?" "By always com-ing to me when you need kindness," he had answered, but he thought: "She glad I am to see you ! I didn't know as had answered, but he thought : "She is less emotional that a sphinx." And though Louise had more than half ex- that ger sman waved the brand he had pected that their relations would grow stolen om their gypsy fire and shouldd, closer as time sped, had, perhaps, some right to expect it, yet Mr. Northcote had never advanced a spearer; and if she had abandoned the flame

still smouldered, ready the rekindled by a word, a touch and abody the wiser, not even the intered of friends, friends, who thought Louise neglected her op-portunities; that any other girl would have had an offer, at least, under the circumstances.

It was the following season, which she spent at the fine old mansion of a friend, when, seeing the company dispersing day after day by twos, she resolved to amuse herself like the rest-to do as the Romans. Every woman likes to believe that she has her own little attractions and how was she to make sure of it if she attracted nobody? Besides there was nothing else to do. To abstain from the popular amusement seemed like reproaching those who engage in it. Mr. Leroy appeared to adopt her views. If she walked, he followed like her shadow; asking." if the river allured, his boat was at hand; if driving were in order, he handled the reins like a Jehu. Their acquaintance had begun, moreover, der the most favorable auspices, take a romantic view of it. She had discovered that her pocket had been picked on the cars of both money and tickets. handsome stranger steps forward to the relief of the distressed damsel ; gratitude on one hand, gallantry on the other: he has established a claim to conversation, and discovers that they are both bound for the same hospitable roof at Valley Farm. Could a flirtation be ushered in more

propitiously? "Really," whispered Mrs. Furniss, "Really," whispered Mrs. Furniss, a fornight later, sitting on the veranda and looking toward Louise, who sat in the hammock which Leroy was lazily swinging, "I believe Miss Dabney has made an impression."

"Who is Mr. Leroy ?" asked the gentleman to whom she spoke, and who had just arrived in the last train.

A capital catch."

"Alliterative at least. And has Miss Dabney landed him ?" "She could if she would. It isn't his

fault if she hasn't." "I shouldn't say that Miss Dabney

was susceptible.'

"How did you find that out, Mr. Northcote ?" laughed the hostess.

"By natural processes, I believe." "I'm told she isn't a favorite with your sex; but exceptions prove the rule. I never knew her to have a flirtation

efore, I confess." "Is this a flirtation?"

"On her side, yes. It's her very in-difference that attracts Leroy. He's used to being made much of, and to have the girls thrown at his head, so to

" Not mine," he returned. urniture, never in love but once."

Isn't that everybody's experience ?"

"And who was the happy creature ? she asked, recklessly, thinking he re-ferred to some hobbledehoy era. "Who was she? Why do you speak in the sad imperfect ?"

"You don't mean to say-"I mean to say that the only woman ever loved, or shall love, is-'

"Oh, hark !" cried Louise, rising we shoul get home till morning," 13.5 'Euresa !'

"I didn't know but I was de trop again, when I found you and Leroy taking it so cozily," said Northeote, later, as he opened Mrs. Furniss' garden gate for Louise to enter, Leroy having been already captured by the hostess. "I feared I had mistaken my vocation, and had not been cut out for a discoverer. "Indeed, I was never so glad to see you in my life.

"Really? Was it so bad as that ? "We were so hungry.'

"I thought Leroy looked as if he would like to eat me.

"I doubt if you would be tender. "I could be, Miss Dabney, depend on it-both tender and true. There, don't

start. You thought you had es-caped Charybdis only to fall upon Scylla. Upon my word, I was afraid you would have accepted Leroy before I could find

you." "You thought I was to be had for the

"I feared you were not to be had at all."

"But why should you have cared if I had accepted forty Mr. Leroys? "Because, in the first place, it would

be a little unusual, and because I thought you might do better."

"Thank you. I will go in now. Were there any letters to-night, Mrs. Furniss?

"Here are two for Mr. Loring Northcote, ditto for Miss Mellish, and one-yes, one-for Miss Dabney," replied that ady. "I don't know the hand," said Louise,

tarning it over and studying the post-mark. "Fairfield. I never heard of the place before. Some mistake, I fear.' "Fairfield," repeated Leroy, catching the word, and speaking on the impulse, with a heightened color. "It's a new summer resort. There's some sort of water there good for blues and bilious-

Louise opened the letter.

"MISS DABNEY" (it began),-" You may think it an intrusion for me to ad-dress you, but I hear that you are staying t Valley Farm, under the same roof with Mr. Leroy, and that he is falling a victim to your cruel spell. I beg you send him back to me. He is mine; he is all I have. I can not live without him. Before he met you, he was all my own. Have mercy, and send him back to me heart-whole! What will it signify to

your scores, while it will mean either lifelong misery or happiness, as you may choose, to LIZETTE LAYTON."

How spotlessly clean he keeps his Brussels carpet-it looks as the old Norse costume, the chief feature fresh and bright as if it had just come of which is the bodice, which is often from the loom," said one; and the other made of some bright-colored velvet. chimed in with "Yes, and do look how sweetly that bed is made up. Those pillows look like snow heaps and the symmetrical plumpness of the bed is something wonderful." And thus they went on, now bestowing the most extravagant laudations upon our statuary and oil paintings, and then going into ecstaies over the diamond studded chandelier. They looked with admiration upon our gold-mounted spittons and wondered were we got the enchanted soap with which our towel had been washed. They fairly shrieked their appreciation of our beautiful lace curtains and stared in mute admiration before our golden-framed full-length mirror, "Is this indeed an editor's quarters, or are we in fairy-land?" one of them gasped, and the other, sinking on the luxurious sofa,

sobbed, "I do not know-I am bewildered by the magnificence around me. Heigho! The above, alas, is merely a fable. It is true that we were called upon by two ladies, but ye gods ! what a When they spectacle met their gaze. When they entered we crawled under the bed among the old boots and sardine cans and remained there till they left. Their derisive laughter still rings in our ears.

Their sarcastic remarks still lacerate our bosom.-Franklin (Ky.) Patriot. A Brave Russian General's Origin.

The Skobeleffs have a singular origin. In 1839 the Emperor Nicholas, while at a review of his whole army, ordered a General Skobeleff to select the finest men in the army to form into a body of imperial guards. In the first regiment examined, the general came across a stalwart young soldier, who far surpassed his comrades in appearance. The soldier said that his name was Kobeleff, and that he came from a village in the province

of Novgorod. The general, upon hearing this reply to an inquiry he had made, seemed greatly interested, and being told that it was only the youth of Kobe-leffs that had hindered his advancement

from the ranks, at once gave orders that he should be made a non-commissioned officer. That evening General Skobeleff, at a dinner given to the officers of the regiment to which Kobeleff belonged, told an anecdote. He said that many years before, when he was a private soldier, he was on guard one day at the Winter Palace. While keeping guard the empress passed by, and, after looking at him a few moments, asked

him his name. He replied that it was Kobeleff. "Kobeleff," said the empress; "I don't like the sound of that name : for the future you are to be called Skob-

eleff." From that time the empress took an interest in his welfare, and eventually, through her favor, he be-came aide-de-camp to the czar. "I have only one more remark to make," said the general, "and that is that the young fellow whom I raised to be an officer today is the son of the brother I left at home to look after our village home-stead." The nephew took his uncle's

name, and subsequently himself be-came a general. It is his son, "Skobeleff the younger," who has just dis-tinguished himself before Plevna. About the most uncomfortable seat

man can have, in the long run, is self-

right. The last blow Clay aimed at him struck the top of the fence, and the mark remained there for many a year. turned down in front with white silk, and When the combat was over Clay raised laced before and behind according to his bloody knife aloft and cried out . "T reiterate my statement, and defy any one n this crowd to dispute it.' however, cared to challenge the accuracy better threaded through double rows of of his information under the circum eyes (in themselves strikingly pretty stances. For the offense of mayhem articles of silver), that run in four lines Mr. Clay was subsequently put on his up the back and front of this showy trial, but Brown's evidence was so straightforward and truthful that it aciece of Scandinavian haberdashery Both men and women are very fond of quitted him. Mr. Clay, impressed with large bright buttons and of silver or his adversary's manliness, sought a replated ornaments. A Norse wedding is conciliation, but Brown rejected all his always preceded by a series of presents overtures. In October, 1845, Brown was killed in a fearful steamboat exfrom the bridegroom to the bride. First, there are about two dozen mealplosion; his son afterwards was an tubs of various sizes, elaborately painted officer under Clay in the Mexican war and last and crowning glory of the trousand his warm friend. seau, there is a wonderful clothes-press. Inside, as far as regards drawers large The Diamonds of Burmah. and small, and brass pegs and racks for crockery, it is a marvel of ingenuity; while outside it is a perfect triumph of The Indian princes and nobles are greedy of diamonds beyond all people,

art. The ground tint is a warm bright and there is but one country in the world in which any product of nature vermilion, painted all over with green held more precious than this wonderful and yellow scrolls, enlivened with wreaths of gorgeous flowers, and piles of brilcombustible gem, whose nature, indeed, liantly hued fruit, pleasingly interspersed with quaint lover's knots and bl eding hearts transfixed upon Cupid's darts, in the midst of which are the names and birth-dates of the liberal donor and tered in the earth's breast are found, and are rated far above diamonds.

blissful recipient of this magnificent wedding-gift. A Norwegian maiden. who is generally as sober as a linnet in her ordinary attire, appears on her bridal day glittering in all the colors of the rainbow. On her long fair hair is set an antique crown of silver gilt : and her bodice, stiff as a cuirass, is thickly studded with beads, silver-gilt brooches, and small mirrors. This bridal adorn-ment is too valuable to be the individual private individuals. property of any Norse belle, but belongs to the district, and is hired out for the to see the king's wonderful ruby-"the day.

About Thiers.

The prints abound now with pen sketches of Thiers. A writer in Appleton's Journal says of him :- To us he appeared a short, thick-set, squareheaded, bristling-haired, pugnacious lit-tle man, with a good deal of sparkle and good deal of obstinacy, brimming with irony and "fight;" nervous, petulent, uneasy, and charged throughout his diminutive body with a seemingly inexhaustible vitality and force-a physical trait well fitted to his strong, determined, and bellicose character. Rather German than French in physiognomy, he was all Gallic and Marseillaise in his impetuous vivacity and demonstrative manner. Most engaging, no doubt, in conversafound. tion, and when talking in the social cir-cle showing at once his brightest and his most amiable side, it was evident that he best enjoyed political life, especially when that life was freely checkered by a pandemonium of strifes of the forum. To see him in the tribune, with his cup of coffee or his glass of claret by his side. his handkerchief in his hand, and his coal-black eyes glaring out from beneath the big, square spectacles which he al-ways affected, was to see him when his fullest force and genius were in play. He was a good hater, and probably never an orator lived who felt more keenly the

luxury of forensic combat than Thiers did in his old-time contests with the prim and austere Guizot.

ing fence to prevent his being killed out- rison is Captain Stockvitch.

A War Romance.

The war correspondent of the Loudon Times relates this incident of the battle of Rasgrad : As the Russians began to waver and their fire to slacken as the No one. Turks were pressing forward with increased vigor, a young Russian officer was seen standing just behind one of their batteries waving his sword and boldly encouraging his men to stand their ground. Over and over again he rallied the troops who were pouring out of the trench, but it was of no use ; it was not in his power alone to stem the tide of victory. His men, animated by his example, turned and held their own for a few minutes, but the fire was too heavy for any human thing to stay and They could not bear it. They fell live.

on their knees and entreated him to fly but not an inch would he stir, and a last he stood for more than a minute ab. solutely alone, save for the dying and

the dead piled in heaps around him. It could only end one way amid the storm of bullets which were raining around him thick as hail : one at last found its way to that noble heart, and he we know, but whose genesis is still a fell dead. As the Turks swept over the mooted question for science. That counparapet and dashed past the spot where try is Burmah, the land of the white he lay, the colonel, struck by the boy's elephant, where the finest rubies shelextraordinary courage and devotion, gave orders that he should be decently buried. In the evening he reported to the com-

As the King of Siam prizes his cats, mander-in-chief that the body was that so the King of Burmah prizes the rubies of a girl. I give this most astounding of his country, jealously prohibiting the leclaration of the colonel upon the auexport of them, so that the beautiful thority of one of the English officers of duminous stones-which do but glow the serdar's staff, who tells me that he with a clearer and richer color when exwas really present when it was made. It posed to a fire in which the diamond would be consumed and disappear-can seems almost incredible; but, true or false, no braver heart ever beat than now only be procured by stealth or favor of sleeps in that little grave on the sunny slope of Kacelyevo.

No European has ever been permitted More Telephonic Discoveries.

size of a pigeon's egg, and of extraor-dinary quality;" and the sale of the two Still another development of the powmagnificent rubies which were brought ers of the telephone has been made. An to England in 1875-the finest ever experiment in New York demonstrated

known in Europe-caused such excitethat the current of one telephone would ment that a military guard had to escort divide itself into numerous smaller currents, sufficiently strong for at least six and adventurous journey through Africa telephones, a discovery unparalleled in were two young Englishmen, brothers, the persons conveying the package to the ship. Five days' journey southeast of Ava lies the home of the blood-red gems, the

jealous earth in which the people believe six other places in the city, and a cornet that they ripen, becoming from their played in the central office was distinctly heard in the other six offices, original colorlessness yellow, green, blue and last of all, the matchless ruby-red. A rather embarrassing discovery was Next to these rank the rubies which are found in the Tartar wilds of Badakshan, a new line, the person engaged in the Next to these rank the rubies which are and which the people there believe are always found in pairs. When one of the seekers has discovered one he will and the residence of one of the propriework accidentally dropped the wire of a frequently hide it until its mate be tors, and overheard a conversation between an employee, at the place of busi-

ness, and the wife of the proprietor, at home. Fortunately no dangerous secrets Some half-dozen Scotchmen passed were betraved.

Out of the World.

through Duluth, Minn., recently, on their way from McKensie's river, which Thirty - one miles from Colorado Springs, starting out by the grand Uta pass road, is to be found one of the is 1,300 miles to the northwest from Duiuth, and which runs to the Arctic ocean. They went to that barren counocean. They went to that barren coun-try some ten years ago from the islands to the north of Scotland by ship direct in Hudson's bay, and until they got to Fisher's Landing, on the St. Paul & Pacific railroad, on the'r return, they had never seen a railroad. They knew nothing about the Franco-Prussian war, nothing about the Franco-Prussian war, in fact they had been practically out of feet in diameter and forty to fifty feet in the world. circumference.

shorten his days. "Then, dad," said the boy, "I shall lengthen my nights." It is estimated that over 150,000 per-

sons in this country are engaged in the keeping of bees. This includes farmers and others who make the production of honey a portion of their occupation.

The Boston common council recently resolved, by a vote of thirty-six to nineteen, that no wines, cigars, lager, cider or mineral water should be furnished at entertainments or with refreshments paid for by the city.

San Francisco has the first and the only endless wire-rope street railways. The cars stop and start easily, and run more rapidly than horse-cars. In east-ern cities the frost and snow of winter would render them useless, but in San Francisco they promise to entirely supersede horse cars.

She sat upon the parlor lounge, And William, he sat by her, And neither spoke a single word, But both gazed in the fire, At last he clasped her dimpled hand, And told her of his love, And swore he would be true to her, By moon and stars above. He said he could not live without— Bactor he could asy more Before he could say more Her dad came in, and with a club Enticed him out the door

A California paper describes "the latest thing out" as a new horse-shoe made out of three thicknesses of rawhide, compressed together by heavy It is said to last longer, pressure. weighs only one-fourth as much as the common shoes, never splits the hoof, and has no bad influence on the foot. It is so elastic that the horse's step is never uncertain. This will remind the farmers who drove cattle and horses across the plains in early days of the fact, now almost forgottten, that this is no new invention, for the sattle, and horses, too, were often shod with shoes made out of buffalo hide, cut from the neck, where the skin is almost an inch

Stanley's White Companions.

thick.

The two companions selected by Mr. Stanley to accompany him on his pamed Francis and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker. In all his letters from the interior Stanley writes of these in the warmest terms of friendship ; and a perusal of the letters of the Pococks shows clearly that this feeling was re-ciprocated heartily by them. The melancholy fate of these brave Englishmen, so far from their homes and family, casts a shadow over the bright-ness of Stanley's success. All three have fallen victims to duty, and their young lives have been tributes to the cause of science, which their countrymen cannot fail to remember. Two lie in their lonely graves near the south shore of the Victoria Nyanza, and the other in the depths of Congo, in which river he was lost by being swept over the falls of the Massasa on the 3d of June. greatest curiosities of the continent—a Though separated in body by the broad grove of mammoth trees in stone, the respirits such as theirs must dwell in happy union in the other life. Their from Africa-first from the two brothers, and then from the survivorhave attracted considerable attention on

account of the unaffected honesty style and filial piety that characteriz