#### VOL. VII.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1877.

NO. 38.

Bide a Wee, and Dinna Fret, Is the road very dreary?

Patience yet! Rost will be sweeter if thou art aweary, And after night cometh the morning cheery. Then bide a wee, and dinns fret. The clouds have silver lining, Don't forget :

And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining Courage! instead of tears and vain repining, Just bide a wee, and dinna fret. With toil and cares unending

Art beset? Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven de Spap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending

And bide a wee, and dinna fret. Grief sharper sting doth borrow From regret :

But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow Unfit us for the present and the morrow? Nay: bide a wee, and dinna fret. An over-anxious brooding

Doth beget A host of fears and fantasies deluding : Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding, Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

### A WIFE'S PRAYER.

For three days a terrible gale drove before it the ship Pembroke, bound to Liverpool from the Sandwich Islands. Under bare poles, with every timber groaning and creaking, with the tall masts bending like reeds, with heavy seas and blinding spray sweeping her decks fore and aft, the vessel boomed on, rolling, plunging and quivering in her desperate struggle with the tem-

At midnight, just before the ending of the third day, a fearful cry, not loud, but hoarse and deep, went through the

ship:
"We have sprung a leak!"
Then the light from the two lanterns hung up in the main and mizzen shrouds fell upon the sturdy forms of seamen, hurrying to rig the pumps.
Soon the dismal clang was heard, as

the stout fellows toiled and toiled, but all to no purpose. "Oh, Henry, what shall we do? The

leak is gaining upon us !" cried despairingly the young wife of Mr. Rogers, the

She was a fine, noble-looking woman, and was liked and respected by every man abourd ship. A true daughter of Eve, her love for her husband was so deep and absorbing that she would have followed him through any hardship or peril sooner than separate from him for

a long period.

Now as the sturdy, good-looking young mate heard his wife's cry of alarm, he flang an arm around her waist and bade her be of good cheer. 'If it should come to the worst," said

he, " we will probably fall in, ere long, Meanwhile the leak steadily gained,

The captain sent his carpenter into the "Captain !" cried the latter, when he returned, "it's all up with us! There must be a big hole in the ship, as the

water in her is already seven feet deep.' A look of dismay settled on every

"Get the boats ready," said the

skipper. While the men were obeying the order, the ship's hull, settling lower and lower. was soon nearly engulfed in the rushing,

The sailors had barely time to put a bag of sea-biscuit, a couple of cans of prepared meat and a breaker of fresh water in each of the boats, when, with a sidelong sheer, the vessel rolled half way over to leeward, as helpless as a log, preparatory to going down.

The mate and his wife, with eight men, took to the long boat; the rest of the ship's occupants, amounting to ten sailors, entered the quarter boat.

Just as the two light vessels put away from the doomed craft, the latter plunging her bows under, a dull report was heard, as the hatches were burst open by the rising water in the hold. A minute later, elevating her stern,

the ship sank out of sight in the stormy In the darkness and amongst the

heavy seas, the mate's boat soon became separated from the other. At dawn no sign of the latter could be discovered by those who looked for it.

Keeping the boat dead all day against the wind, the mate with his companions vainly watched for a sail.

Thus, day after day passed, until nearly a week had elapsed, by which time the scanty allowance of sea-biscuits having given out, there was nothing left to eat in the boat, while in the breaker (a small cask) there remained hardly two

quarts of water. Three days later, neither land nor a sail having yet been fallen in with, the sufferings of the people in the boat, reduced almost to a state of starvation,

were terrible. "Oh, Harriet!" gasped the mate, the morning of the tenth day after the ship had been abandoned, "if I could only obtain food for you-even provided rest of us had none-it would be great comfort to me.'

'Nay," answered the young woman in a faint voice, while tears streamed down her hollow, flushed cheeks, "you should have my share, Henry. I could manage to wait for a sail, which I trust we shall soon behold.

Later in the day, a wild, fierce expression gleamed in the eyes of the men.

They exchanged significant glances,

but at the time said not a word.

Each, however, guessed the horrible thought that had entered the mind of every sailor, although they hesitated, as yet, to express it.

At last a man named Michael Bruno -a half-breed between an Englishman and a Portuguese—let loose the dreadful

iden. "It must be done," he almos screamed, "Two hours more without food will put the death seal upon us. One of us must die."

One of us must die."

"Oh, no, no," oried Harriet. "We can wait still. We shall see a sail before long. I feel sure we will."

But all her pleadings were in vain. Some paper was cut into strips, and these being held by Bruno, the drawing of lots to see who should die was com-

menced, it having been arranged that he who drew the shortest slip was to yield up his life for the benefit of the rest.

As pale as death Harriet sat watching the drawing. A moment later she beheld her husband looking at a small bit of paper in his hand, while the hoarse voice of Bruno grated on her ear:

"Mr. Rogers has drawn the short slip! He must die!"

"Ay, ay, men," said Rogers; "I will soon be ready!"

His wife flung herself upon his bosom.

"Never! never shall they tear you from me!" she cried, twining her arms about his neck.

about his neck.

"But, Harriet," he said, "it is necessary. It is only fair that I should die."

"You must not; you shall not," exclaimed the young woman. "We can all go without food some hours longer, during which we may see a sail."
"No, no, no," cried Rogers' ship-mates simultaneously, "We must have

food now." Hunger had driven them to despera tion. Their teeth were clenched, their eyes wild and bloodshot, their faces more

"Let me go, dear Harriet," said the young man to his wife. "Let me bid you good-bye, and may Heaven bless

ike those of wolves than of human

Some of the men advanced toward Harriet, who still held her husband in an embrace from which he could not disngage himself. Turning towards the sailors, she said :

" Back, back, never shall you tear me from him. But if you must have a human life, take mine instead of my husband's

At this the men drew back. Even at that dreadful moment they could not endure the thought of killing a woman, The first officer, who had watched his chance, now by a sudden movement taking advantage of his wife's head being suddenly turned, and nerved to ad-ditional strength by the harrowing thought that his shipmates might at length come to the conclusion of accept-ing Harriet's proposition to sacrifice her life, broke from her entwining arms and ran towards the bow of the boat,

There he was quickly joined by the other men, one of whom now placed himself as a barrier between the young woman and her husband, whom she was making frantic efforts to reach.

Perceiving that she could not pass the nan, she fell upon her knees, and, in a voice of the most heart-rending agony, again begged the others to take her own instead of her husband's life. But her supplications were in vain. She sawher husband leaning back pre-

pared to die, while Bruno proceeded to harpen his knife for the dreadful work on one of the hoops of the breaker.

Having at length prepared the weapon, he stooped over the young man to cut his throat, while a companion stood by

with a tin cup to catch the blood. 'For mercy's sake wait," she cried, n sight."

The men obeyed her request. They canned the ocean far an near, but no gn of a sail was to be seen. "How do you know there is not one pointing toward a small fog-bank a

league to windward.
"There is none," one of the men answered. "I feel sure; I looked at that United States with the desire of followvery spot before the fog settled there,

about fifteen minutes since." "No, no; you may be mistaken. conjure you, I implore you to wait till himself there. Luck seemed to be the fog clears up, when you may see a against him. A short time ago he came to the fog clears up, when you may see a

The men exchange glances. "It's no use," cried Bruno; "but to satisfy you, we will wait a few minutes

before we take your husband's life."
At this Harriet started up. With her hands clasped and her hair streaming down her back, she stood, her eyes

turned toward the sky. In this position there came upon her face an expression that had never been seen there before.

It was almost divine, filling the countenance with an unearthly beauty, lighting the eyes with such a radiant gleam look of such strong, concentrated will, blended with heavenly supplication, that the rough men drew back with mingled respect and awe, trembling under a sort of supernatural influence, A moment the young woman stood thus, and then from her parted lips came her voice, full of strange, wierd power, making the blood leap in every

"Oh, heaven, a sail ! a sail !" The words were simple enough, but the manner in which they were uttered thrilled her listeners to the heart.

Instinctively they all glanced around upon the ocean, as if expecting that the

prayer would be answered. North, south, east and west they looked, but they saw no sign of a vessel. When about five minutes had passed, however, Bruno was seen pointing toward the strip of fog, which, slowly rising like a curtain, revealed a sail.

Yes, there it was, sure enough, and with a cry of wild joy on seeing it, Harriet, no longer kept from her husband, flung herself upon his breast, while the others gave expression to their feelings by hoarse shouts, sobs and frantic laugh-

Signals were made, the vessel bore down for the boat, and the occupants were soon on deck, to be kindly treated by the captain of the bark Java, bound

The half-starved men were agreeably surprised to find aboard this vessel their shipmates of the quarter-boat, which, it seems, had been picked up four days

In due time the vessel arrived at her home port, where the sailors related to their friends how Harriet Rodgers had saved the life of her husband.

Some of the men insisted that ten or fifteen minutes befere she uttered her prayer, there had been no vessel at the oint where it was discovered. Of course they were mistaken, having doubtless looked in some other direction; but this they firmly denied with the common superstition of seafaring men, de-claring that the sail appeared just when and where it did, in answer to the

Never tell a man he's a fool; in the first place he won't believe you; in the next; you make him your enemy.

#### A REMARKABLE RECORD.

An Epidemie of Suicide in New York-The Cause Generally Intemperance, Business or Domestic Troubles Some

The record of suicides and attempt at suicide from August 24 to October 16, says the New York *Herald*, is remarka-ble in the fact that the number of cases far exceed those of any like time in the previous history of the city. Many reasons are advanced for the apparent epidemic of suicide, and it is urged that unless some method is devised to check it an increase may be expected. The laws of England until within a comparatively short period were very severe against felo de se. The property of the suicide was confiscated and the rites of Christian burial were denied the body, which in many cases was buried in the open highway with a stake driven through the breast. These laws were confirmed during the reign of George IV., and were continued in force into the present century, when public opinion forced their disuse. It is argued that the season known as Indian summer has the effect of stimulating suicide; and indeed the records of past years show more deed the records of past years show more suicides during that period than at any other time of the year. At any rate, whatever the cause, the death rate by suicide during the two months has been

The total number of suicides was twenty-two and of attempts fourteen. It is a somewhat curious fact that of the total number of persons wanting to die sixteen were of German birth. The other nationalities are about equally represented, and, although, in some cases it was difficult to ascertain the birthplace, the following figures may be relied upon as accurate. Of the suicides, ten were born in Germany, four in America, two in Ireland, and one each in England, France, Norway, and Cuba. Two persons were unknown. Of the attempts six were of German birth, two each of English, Irish and American birth, and one each of Russian and

French. It is an exceedingly hard matter to ascertain the real cause of many attempts, particularly where the attempt is suc-cessful; but there is little doubt that the majority of cases are due to intemperance and domestic infelicities. The classification that follows was made from a careful investigation of the facts in each case. Under the heads of "tem-porary insanity," which is unjustly ap-plied in many cases, "melancholia" and "family troubles" there will be found ases differing widely as to their nature and yet properly classed under those

Of the suicides five were due to temporary insanity, two to family troubles, three to business troubles, three to melaneholia, two to drunkenness. Of four cases the cause was unknown, and in one case a man jumped from Niagara Suspension Bridge through grief at the Rutherford rushed to her sister's assistdeath of a son who had some time pre-Of the attempts four were due to melancholia, two to family troubles, two to

ealousy, one to drunkenness, one to unquited love, and the reasons for four thers were unknown. Vaisel Procheski, a native of Bohemia, as at one time a practicing physician ing his profession here. His money went by degrees, and as he became poor er he removed to Boston and established New York and, after wandering about the streets for some days, gave up in despair and took a dose of laudanum. He was taken to the hospital, and his life may be saved. He is sixty years of age. During the month of August Dr. Edward Stein committed suicide at French's Hotel, in this city. His father, Dr. Lewis M. Stein, a physician of estab-lished reputation in this city, was so overwhelmed with grief that he could not remain in the city where his son had died. Restless and apparently heartbroken he wandered from place to place, at last reaching Niagara Falls. On the 1st of September Dr. Stein went out on the Suspension Bridge. After remaining there some hours he was seen to clasp his hands to heaven, and a moment after went plunging down to the water. Geneve Kaiter on the 7th of September died from a dose of Paris green. which she took intentionally. The cause, as given, was that she had considerable trouble with her husband, brought about by his jealousy. Not wishing to pro-long the struggle, as she expressed it,

she put an end to her existence. Catharine Stines was forty-eight years of age when she died, on the 8th of September. She was a drinking woman, and when under the influence of liquor evinced an almost insane desire to destroy her life. On the day in question she found her opportunity in a fourth story window, through which she jumped

and was instantly killed. The case of George Geier, who was an old man of seventy-two years, and whose suicide was as deliberate as any in the list, was due to a somewhat curious cause. He was a man of considerable means, or at least had been before his business misfortunes. Bogus insurance ompanies were his financial ruin. After having invested his money in them and losing it, he decided that he had nothing further to live for, and so he jumped into the river.

Andrew Nelson died on the 5th of October from a dose of two ounces of prussic seid administered by himself. Just prior to his death he explained at length, in a letter to the Herald, his reasons for his taking off. A charge of improper conduct, brought against him by a former servant in his house, worried and annoyed him. He appealed to the law, which he thought was too slow, and harassed and despondent he left his case unfinished here and went to plead his cause in the Court of Courts,

Henry Roseman was fifty-four years of ge and a cartman. In his younger days he had amassed considerable property in is business, but acquired with it the habits of excessive drinking and gamb-ling. He drank away his health and gambled away his property, and on the 7th of October hanged himself to a beam in the cellar of his house. Andrew Cooper was seventy-seven years of age and siling—an old man, with scant and whitening locks—and yet

seemed to have no terrors for him. He carefully laid his cap upon the stone, and as carefully mounted and stood upon the parapet, his white hair streaming in the wind. A moment and he was over, and a splash below announced the reception of his corpse by the river.

Charles Martin, a Frenchman, forty-five years of age, lived for the nine years immediately preceding his death, which occurred on the 2tth of September, in a small back room in the house No. 156 Forsyth street. He lived as a hermit, and for a living made children's toys.

and for a living made children's toys. He had no friends and made no acquaint-ances, and the sole desire of his life seemed to be alone. His business was a good one, even during the financial troubles, and after his death orders for found on files in his rooms. His was certainly one of those cases where "unknown" might be justly answered when the question as to the cause is asked. He was found dead with a bullet wound in his head with the pistol on the floor beside him. He died as silently as

he had lived.

A Sister's Devotion. Never have we been called upon to bronicle a more heart-rending accident, nor one which has enlisted a more general and genuine sympathy with the af-flicted family, than that which occurred at Union Mills on last Friday afternoon, says a recent issue of the Nicholasville (Ky.) Jessamine Journal. Misses Blackford, Misses Bourne and Charley Bourne composed a party at Mr. Clai-bourne Rutherford's hat day. In the morning some of the company attended the protracted meeting in progress at East Hickman, but they all met at the dinner table, when one of the young ladies proposed to go to the the flouring mill, stating that she had never seen one working. Consequently the party named above, with Miss Julia and Miss Annie Rutherford, went down to Steele & Bronaugh's mill, and Captain Steele, with his usual urbanity, was showing them around. They had been looking at the bolting-cloths, and passed over some shipstuff. Miss Annie Rutherford shook her skirt to rid it of the dust which had adhered to it, when it caught in a mitre eog-wheel, about one foot from the floor, which drew it into the machinery, and there was a similar wheel about three feet higher, in which her left arm was caught and was taken clean off, together with the flesh and bone off her breast, Clinging to the shaft, her skirt fast in the bottom wheels, he was whirled round at the rate of thirty-four revolu-

posing herself to, and at the same time loing his utmost to extricate Annie, but Julia persisted that she could not stand to see her sister in such a place, and putting her arms around her, had her right arm taken off by the same wheel. Annie's clothes were so twisted that it was impossible to pull her away until the engine was stopped by Captain Steele, which took about one minute to do, and Mr. Samuel Gosney, perceiving there was something wrong, instantly lowered the stones. The scene now paffled description. There were the cogs filled with flesh and bones. An arm lying on the floor, the glove still on the hand, two lovely girls prostrate in their blood, Charley Bourne with his left fered intensely, and was threatened with lock-jaw, but is now probably out of danger. Mr. James Bronnich danger. Mr. James Bronaugh, Jr., took Julia home in a buggy, and Mr. Steele fixed Annie on a board and presented her to her distressed parents, company who, a few minutes before, were happy and joyous, were plunged into inexpressible grief by a shocking and deplorable accident. Drs. Jasper, Welch and Skillman have been indefatigable in their attendance on the sufferers, and at last accounts they were improving.

fects of the shock for forty-eight hours, but since reaction has taken place fully she bids as fair to recover as Miss Julia, whose arm was amputated on Saturday.

## A Robber's Wife Suing a Sheriff.

The wife of J. M. Berry, the Union Pacific Railway robber killed by Sheriff Glascock, of Fayette county, Mo., has brought suit against that officer for \$20,-000 damages. Sheriff Glascock, after the wounded robber had been brought into the town of Mexico, where he died, stated that he first called upon Berry to surrender, and only fired when he attempted to escape, thus committing an excusable homicide by the fact that it was committed in the lawful discharge of official duty. It is stated that the real fact is that Sheriff Glascock crept up on Berry while he was asleep in the brush, and fired both barrels of his gun without calling on him to surrender. This statement is made the more plausible by the significant circumstance that eighteen buckshot entered the robber's leg just above the knee, ranging upward, and lodging in or going out through the hip, thus showing that he must have been in was discharged. It is furthermore stated tint the sheriff, and one or two of his posse admitted this to be true, and justi-fied the act by the fact that Berry was a desperado of the most dangerous and savage type; that he had sworn never to be taken alive, and that, being a dead shot, he would certainly have killed one or more of his pursuers had he received a moment's warning. It is also charged against the sheriff that he permitted the wounded robber to bleed to death; and that with timely medical assistance, which was available, he would have undoubtedly recovered from his wounds,

A man near Winsted, Conn., while high on the limb of a tree. As he was about to fire a bawk pounced upon the squirrel and was bearing it away, when the man took a second aim and brought them.

he was impatient to meet the dread destroyer. On the 9th of October the old man took his way to High Bridge, and walking to the centre gazed for a time over the parapet. The distance below was nearly two hundred feet, but it seemed to have no terrors for him. He BRIGHAM'S "AVENGING ANGEL." A Page of Secret Mormon History Fall of Interest.

A correspondent writes to a Cincinnati paper. "What I have told you must not find its way into print while Brigham Young lives?" These words were ad-dressed to your correspondent in Decem-What I have told you must ber, 1871, at Omaha. The man who spoke them was George P. Case, for several years a resident of Bay county, Michigan. I found him in Omaha at the date mentioned, sick, penulless and seemingly about to die, and it was only when he had become convalescent and was about ready to start for Mexico that he gave me the information used below. I had heard rumors that Case had passed several years of his life in the employ of Brigham Young, but he denied these rumors in the most positive manner un-til he felt assured that he would not be betrayed. Partly because I pressed him to, and partly from gratitude at the little I had been able to do for him, he gave me such a history of five years of his life as made me almost hate the sight of him. A year ago, when the John D. Lee excitement was at fever heat, certain officials were informed where Case could be found, and were given an inkling of what he could swear to if he would, but he left Vera Cruz about that time and sailed for South America, where he now is, if

living.

George P. Case was no more or less than one of Brigham Young's paid assassins or avenging angels. His acquaintance with Young was brought about rather curiously. He was at Salt Lake City, on his way to California. This was in the spring of 1866, and the Gentile population of Utah was fast increasing. Being on the street at a late creasing. Being on the street at a late hour one night, the prophet was recog-nized by three or four boisterous chaps, and they were ready to give him a rough handling, when Case came up and took the old man's part and beat them off. He was asked to call on Young the next day, and before the interview closed Case bad hired to the prophet as a detective. He was led to believe that his duties would be the same as those of an ordinary detective, but it was not long before he aliscovered that his associates were assassins, and that assassination would beome part of his duties.

Case was rough and reckless, but he was neither a robber nor a murderer. When he found himself pointe l out on the streets as an avenging angel, he sought an interview with Young, and stated his desire to resign his position. "It would be safer for you to continue

" was the prophet's reply.
"But I don't want to," protested Case,
I want to go on to California."

'Men who leave our service after being entrusted with our secrets do not always get along finely," continued Young.
He spoke very pleasantly and he scemed very friendly, but there was something in his look and tone that gave ance. Charley Bourne did his best to Case a feeling of uneasiness. He was given a day or two to reflect, and he and adventure of the new calling were a great temptation, the pay good, and the

Michigander went back to duty. Case had no incentive to deceive me in any particular. He was then free from Morinon influence, about to leave the county, and he was giving me information which he knew would be locked up for years; and he made no statements which he could not back up by dates, names, personal descriptions and other incidents sufficient to prove that he was telling the truth. He said that when They might put him out of the way at was imprisoned for a time, in order to extort information, or for reasons best known to the Church. When once the dungeon doors had shut behind him, no man came out alive. In some cases the dead bedy would be left on the street, and it would be made to appear that the man had been waylaid. In other instances it would be carried out on some highway or flung into the lake. Many of the Gentiles, and more perticularly those of wealth and standing, had nothing to say against the Church, but in many cases gave it more or less support. Such people had no cause to fear. Other Gentiles were fierce in their denunciations, and sometimes provoked quarrels: but unless they heeded the contents of a

warning letter their tongues were soon silenced One day in 1867 a man named William Foster Buckley, a resident of Birmingham, England, arrived at Salt Lake quest of his sister, a girl of nineteen, who ran away from home and joined a party of Mormon converts ready to sail America. On her arrival at Salt Lake she married a Mormon named J. Y. Thomas, living about fourteen miles from the city. She was his fourth wife and was by no means contented with her lot. She ran away from him two or three times, and was once punished by being shut up in the cellar for two weeks and bread and water. No one knew fed on of Buckley's presence in the West until he had reached Salt Lake and begun making inquiries about his sister. found out where she was and rode out to the house, and, when he learned from her own lips how she was situated, his hot English blood fired up to the boiling a recumbent position, with his feet point. He returned to the city to secure toward the sheriff when the gun an interview with the Prophet. At such interviewhe was plainly given to understand that his sister must remain where she was, and that Salt Lake City would not be a safe place for him after twentyfour hours more.

Buckley purchased two horses, ad ditional fire-arms, and at eleven o'clock at night set out for the ranch, his object being to rescue his sister from the house and ride away with her. Spies had been watching all his movements. When he left the city three avenging angels, one of whom was Case, rode after him. In mentioning this affair, Case said: "He fought like a tiger. As soon as he knew we were after bim he dismounted, let his

we were after him he dismounted, let his horses go, took cover behind the rocks, and we did not get the drop on him till one of our angels had been killed and another wounded. We left his corpse in the road and it was generally believed that he had been killed by robbers or Indians,

Buckley's sister knew enough of Mor-monism to suspect who had murdered her brother, and the tragedy preyed upon her mind till she became a lunatic

and one day destroyed her own life.

In the summer of 1868 one of the wives of a Mormon, named Johnson, a ranchman, fled from his home on horseback, leaving the place early in the morning. Word was sent to the city, and Case and five other "angels" were detailed to overtake the fugitive and bring her back. The woman had made considerable trouble for the Church one way and another, and it was the intention to put her out of the way after she had been recaptured. The "angels" found her just at dark in the camp of four hunters, where she had taken refuge about noon. A demand was made for her, but the borderers refused to give her up, having promised her that she should be taken to one of the forts in Colorado. Arguments and threats were of no avail, and the avengers drew off and began an attack on the hunters.

They soon discovered, however, that they had more than they could handle.

Two of them were killed and a third wounded, and when they drew off and despatched a messenger for reinforce-ments the hunters broke camp and made a safe escape.

Hotel Rents in New York.
Fully a score of hotel failures have occurred in New York since the panic, writes a New York correspondent. Among the principal hotels which have changed hands from this cause are the St. James, the Astor House, the New York, the Grand Union, the Winchester and the Coleman. The Rossmore may be added, with the explanation that the lessee, Mr. Leland, surrendered it to the owner because he could not make it pay, not in consequence of actual failure, for he has not failed. The transfer of the Metropolitan and the Rossmore took place on the same day. In almost every instance of hotel failure within the time named the chief cause has been exhorbitant rent. Managers have tried to push on under leases made at war figures, and many have finally had to succumb. The many have finally had to succumb. The rents still paid by the principal hotels are decidedly steep. The Fifth Avenue Hotel property, including the six stores fronting on Broadway, brings an annual rental of \$200,000. The rent of the hotel proper is about \$150,000. The rent of the stately Windsor, which had just been brought up to a paying point when the owner, Mr. Daly, wandered off to a desolate spot near Cayalry cemetery. to a desolate spot near Cavalry cemetery, and committed suicide, is \$125,000. Next to this in steepness was the rent of the Metropolitan before the late reduction, lately been cut down somewhat. Mr. Breslin pays \$40,000 for the handsome Gilsey. The Lelands pay the same for the Sturtevant, which, though not so stylish in its structure, is considerably larger than the Gilsey, and the Hoffman, about the same size as the Gilsey also about the same size as the Gilsey rents for \$40,000. The New York and the St. Denis are each \$35,000, and half a dozen others, including the Coleman. Albemarle, St. Cloud, Grand Central

and Continental, range from \$20,000 to A Wild Pigeon Roost in Missouri, Timid and harmless animals become ormidible and even terrible when congregated in great numbers. They take no notice whatever of man, and in their congregated capacity become his foe. A herd of buffalo on the plains is a terror once a Gentile had been given over to the avenging angels he was a dead man. ern Europe attacks all living things that come in its way, and even a flock of pigeons, if big enough, becomes a great nuisance, if not a danger. A pigeon roost is a big thing, and they have a big pigeon roost on the Aughaize river near odson's camp-ground, Camden county, Missouri. It is an annual roost, and disturbs the quiet of the people of the section. The newspaper man finds it difficult to edit and print his paper in a pigeon roost. Millions of pigeons cover a great man were made by his fortunes— the trees and sometimes break them his enemies by himself; and revenge is down. There is a frightful confusion of noises in this pigeon pandemonium—the crashing of limbs, the roaring of multitudinous pigeons, and the cracking of shot guns sweeping the birds down by hundreds and thousands, all night long. Nobody can sleep in such an uproar any

more than they could amid the thunders of a raging battle. Besides this, there is a darkening of the air by the birds in their flight, which makes continual cloudy weather. But the people of this pigeon roost are making the pest of the situation. The pigeon has become a leading article of commerce in the country. Last year over 100,000 pounds of pigeons were shipped from Stoutland, and the pigeon yield this year promises to be as good. But everything else stops in the pigeon-roosting season except the newspapers .- St. Louis Dem-

## New York Fashions.

The princesse dress, with waist and skirt in one, is the popular style for wedding dresses. Newer than this is the empress dress with the brocaded back and train, having side gores added to the waist that extend upward to the neck, while the plain satin or gros grain front is made to represent a vest and apron drapery.

The black silk house dresses are in

the new empress style, partly of brocade or of embossed velvet, or else satin. If they are entirely of silk they are made dressy by having plastrons or vests and sleeves of jet or of clair de tune beads.

Embroidered gloves are o lered, but the refined choice is for plain, untrimmed gloves without ornamental stitching and with the long wrists that make the hands look slender. Those fastened by three or four buttons are most used for the street. Old-gold-colored gloves are the dressy choice for wearing with black and dark dresses. Undressed kid gloves are more fashionable than at any previous

Bonnets are chosen with reference to each dress, but there is more latitude and less strict matching of bonnet and dress than formerly.

Coronet bonnets are suddenly restored to favor. The coronet is very high in the middle, very plain and very close on the sides. The jet and clair de lune coronets with a drawing fair. tune-coronets with a drooping fringe on the edge are very handsome for black bonnets

### Items of Interest.

The young Prince Napoleon resembles his father, in the ends of his mustache. A man in Hartford, Ky., has a watch three hundred years old that is still a

good timepiece. A woman in New York recently dropped dead on hearing of the arrest of her

on for burglary. Von Moltke says that it is not possible to form any just estimate of the German army, because it has not been beaten

It has been discovered that the higher up you go the further you can see down into a body of water. Victims of the last steamboat explosion will please write out their observations.

The way we see now to get rich, is
To follow the style in vogue, which is
Peculate with propriety,
Till you're bounced from society—
There's where the only real hitch is.

A newspaper thus heads the report of a fire: "Feast of the Fire Fiend—The Forked-Tongued Demon Licks with its Lurid Breath a Lumber Pile !-Are the Scenes of Boston and Chicago to be Repeated?—Loss, \$150."

A farmer's wife in Jay, Vermont, awhile ago became displeased with the hired man of the place, and while her husband was away discharged him and did all the household and farm work herself, digging fifty bushels of potatoes in doy.

A New York jeweler, from whom a stranger ordered \$800 worth of watches in the name of a well-known man in Stamford, Conn., took the goods to Stamford instead of sending them, because he feared a swindle. He found his suspicious verified, and felt so good to think he had not been cheated that he got drunk and was robbed of his \$800 perceived by a third. package by a thief.

As near as we can ascertain, there are in the States of Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia 80,000 more females than males in a total native population of 3,000,000, and in New England a like overplus of 20, 000 in a native white population of 2,500,000. These facts indicate that we shall, perhaps, by the time we write 1900, have a two per cent. surplus of females as an aggregate of the whole population (in 50,000,000, 1,000,000).—Cin-

cinnati Commercial There have been fifty-three steamers and seven hundred men engaged in porgy fishing on the Maine coast this eason, but fewer fish than usual have been caught, as the fish have been smaller and have escaped through the namely, \$110,000. The proprietors of the St. Nicholas have been paying \$80,000, but I understand the figure has long and a mile wide, and long and a mile wide, and long and a mile wide, and long and a mile wide.

## Words of Wisdom.

In being angry we punish ourselves. The only way to make a friend is to

Men are like words; when not properly placed, they lose their value. Let no one descend so low as to con-

der money to be the chief good. Men are never so ridiculous by the qualities they possess as by those they affect to possess.

"Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame and the pleasure in regret," Universal love is a glove without fin-

gers, which fits all hands alike, and none

closely; but true affection is like a glove with fingers which fits one hand only and sets close to that one. The reason why great men meet with so little pity or attachment in adversicy would seem to be this: The friends of

a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude, Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for our-selves is given us. There does not live on earth a man, be his station what it may, that I despise myself, compared with him. Man is made great or little

# The Sequel to an Elopement.

by his own will.

A fine-looking, middle-aged lady of Philadelphia recently called upon overseer of the poor at Newark, N. J., and told the following story: "Eight years ago my daughter eloped with a married man named Glese, and her whereabouts I was unable to ascertain until a few days ago, when I was in-formed she died in the poorhouse of Inquiry was made, which this city." resulted in finding that the young lady had died a year ago at the hospital, and at the time of her death Giese was an inmate of t e city prison on a charge o. drunkenness. Further, that she had two children. The eldest child was found at the orphan asylum supported by the German residents of that city; the other was found in the possession of a woman, who had had the child since it was six months old (it is now two years of age), and implored the overseer to permit her to retain the baby, as she had become much attached to it. Notwithstanding her tears and exhortations the little girlfor such it was was torn from her and giv n, with the other, into the keeping of the grandmother, who returned to Philadelphia.

Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies of. A puff of the idle wind can million of the seeds of a thistle and do a work of mischief which the husbandman work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long to undo, the floating particles being too fine to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so diffi-cuit to be gathered up, and yet so per-nicions in the fruit. The slanderer knows that many a mind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by his insinuations, without ever seeking the antidote, and the mischief is done,