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A Picture.

Two little souls, a boy and a girl, Wandering on to the foot of the hill. Bushes of green and blossoms of pearl Laugh at themselves in the roadside rill. Crossing the lane a gorgeous jay, Bathed in the light of a flattering ray, Jauntily chatters, "Some day, some day!"

Two sweet souls, a man and a maid, (Beechen branches twisted above.) Picking the daises which sprinkle a glade, And trying their luck at a game of love : "This year!" "Next year!" What do they

And out of the beeches the curious jay

Peeps and chuckles, "Some day, some day!" Two old souls, and the end of the day Follows them home to the end of the hill : One late gleam which has wandered astray Breaks from a copse and dimples the rill. Autumn leaves are strewing the way,

And hourse from the larch the hungry jay

Shouts out to the night, "Some day, some day Two poor souls, in the dead of the night, Side by side, lie stiffened and still ; And the winter's moon just softens her light, As it solemnly rests at the foot of the hill. Remembering the bees and the buds and the

May. The summer gold and the autumn gray, And the warm green lane where the beetl

In the crisp cold night the shivering jay Creaks out of his dream, "Some day, some

THE STAIN OF PARENTAGE.

In the woods forming what remains of the forest of Ardennes, about a mile from a small village called Solenthel, a narrow path leads to a high spot ence occupied by charcoal burners, but now abandoned. It was a gloomy place. The ground for about an acre was black, where charcoal had been burned and stored, while a small fringe of green grass stretched itself forward from the road, and commenced regaining the lost ground. In the center was a deep hole, to be entered only on one side by a path of narrow dimensions. In this was a small hut, of wretched aspect, one of the millions in France, where glitter 000 of panpers. This hut had no win-It was curved in shape and closely resembled a wigwam of the poorest class. It consisted of three poles stuck in the ground, meeting at the top, these tidy, and she plied her needle with unceasing energy. She was sewing for a

A short distance off, on the edge of the wood, another woman, or rather a young girl, dressed in the same manner, was picking up wood and laying it in an outspread cloth on the ground. She, too, plied her work industriously for unti sufficient fuel had been collected she could not cook their humble dinner. Presently she seemed satisfied with what she had done, and was about to proceed, when two horsemen issued from the wood and came along, walking their horses slowly. One was a young man about five-and-twenty, rosy-cheeked, handsome and full of health; the other was ten years older, and evidently an habitue of the boulevards and the cafes His pale face, made paler by the thin black mustache and jet black hair, his hollow, sunken eyes, spoke of the man of late hours and pleasures. His face was cold and repulsive, while that of the other was open and frank.

What a wretched occupation for so pretty a girl," said the young man, riding quickly on, so as to speak first; "surely, ma chere, you might put your taper fingers to a better use. Here's will buy you firewood for months. And he cast a double Napoleon at her

The girl raised her angelic face to his sadly, reproachfully. She was about eighteen. Her white skin, her blue eyes, her curly, golden hair, her simple, child like manner, was something he had never seen before. Her expression was timid, and yet proud, and looking into her eyes, the young man was not surprised at the reply he received.

Monsieur, I have done nothing to give you a right to insult me. What you have done may have been meant kindly, but I ask alms of no one.'

"Pardon, mademoiselle," exclaimed the other, confused and stammering. "I meant no insult. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I pray you. I thought you poor, and my impulse was to aid you." sight he turned his horse's step and gal-Thank you, monsieur, for the first kind word I have heard these fifteen years, except from my own mother," said the young girl. "But go your way, or else the whole country will shun you

"Begone, wretch!" exclaimed the other, riding up and raising his whip menacingly; "begone, viper, and dare not speak to an honest man.

The young man listened in amaze-"I did not speak to monsieur; mon-

sieur spoke to me," said the girl gently, with, however, a smile of pity and con-Raise your accursed lips to again," cried the other furiously, "and

I will scourge you with my whip.
"Monsieur is perhaps a coward," said the gentle girl, stung to anger for once, turning at the same time to face his in-

"What! you dare answer me," and he raised his hand again. " Nay, Edward, you would not hit

"A woman! Do you call Madeleine de Pierrepont, the child of the assassin of my uncle Dubois, a woman? Say rather a fiend," screamed the usually

calm dandy.
"Madeleine de Pierrepont," replied
the other, staggering so that his friend
had to turn his assistence to him.

'she is not a woman."
The other imitated him, and they rode The other imitated him, and they rode off, leaving the young girl to weep alone. In a few minutes, however, she wiped her eyes, and then, fearful she might be suspected of appropriating the gold piece, she took it up, wrapped it in a piece of paper, with the intention of returning it to its owner. She then lifted up her bundle and walked slowly towards the hut.

vards the hut.
"Tell me the story of this girl," said

the young man, gravely.

The other told it: "Fifteen years before, the father of Madeleine de Pierbeigen Dubois, a rich report and a Monsieur Dubois, a rich proprietor, had been intimate friends. De Pierrepont was comfortably off, from the fact of his having several occupations. He was collector of the rent of a rich member of his noble family; he was tax-gatherer and adjoint to the Maire. The Maire was M. Dubois, a rich man, but somewhat of a miser. It appeared that one afternoon Dubois and adjoint to the property of the state o asked Pierrepont to walk over to a small er at the Soleil d'Or, drank rather more than they were used to, and then, despite every representation, set out to walk home, though De Pierrepont wished to hire a gig. Next morning the body of Dubois was found about a hundred vards beyond the house of De had been married; but he said he had been married, and was not inclined to try the experiment again. He looked with alarm at the prospect of my settling in life, and did all he could to reserve unto himself one bachelor friend. dred yards beyond the house of De Pierrepont, which was at the foot of a hill that led up to the village. All his

"A search took place instantly, and De by the police agent. De Pierrepont de-posed that Dubois, on reaching his house, bade him go in. for that he could go the hill safely alone; but still he requested him to leep a bag of 1,000 tranes in silver, because it was so heavy, antil the morning. This 1,000 francs he gave up to the police. Of 16,000 francs in notes he solemuly declared he knew nothing. On this he was arrested and glory hide misery worse than that of Ireland in her worst days, where sound and show conceal from us 16,000. wish her husband good-night, and say, laughingly: "I'll send a cart for the silver in the morning." But instead of benefiting him in the eyes of the world in the ground, meeting at the top, these tied together, and then, of course, thatch and mud. A hole was left in the top for the smoke to pass through. The floor the smoke to pass through. The floor ere her husband's trial was over, she observed by the constant of the village, and every penny being spent the smoke to pass through. was of mud. In one corner was a pile of straw, which, with two chairs and a table, formed the whole of the furniture. It was occupied by two women and a large dog. At the moment when our narrative commences only one was at home. She was about fifty, poorly but not meanly clad. She was clean, neat and sidy and she plied her needle with unstant would be provided when we would lepers, and to live she was obliged to walk nine miles in search of work of the coarsest description. Leave he country she would lepers, and to live she was obliged to walk nine miles in search of work of the coarsest description. her husband would be ultimately par-

"And you join, Edward, in the infamous persecution. Supposing the father guilty (which to me is not clearly proved—and you know I am a lawyer), why should this poor child suffer for the sins of her father? Why, the savages of North America, where I have just come from, are more civilized than you. I see in this heroic couple subjects wonder and admiration, but not of hate. Poor creatures! Fifteen years of misery have not satisfied you all, but you must still treat them as outcasts."

"My dear Arthur ; you have just come from America, where it appears to me you pick up very singular notions. For my part the wife and daughter of an assin, and the assassin of my uncle. are detestable wretches whom I must hate," said the other in his usual cool way. His fit of anger was passed. "Injustice, infamous injustice! I

think I see her meek face now, looking at me so proudly and yet so sweetly. I never saw auything so levely in my life. Why, the man's in love !" exclaimed Edward Dubois, the heir to the murdered man's property.

"Half; and what's more, Edward, do you knew I'd marry that girl to-morrow if she'd have me, but I know she would

"By my faith," said Edward, "you amaze me; and I am not easily amazed. Of course you are joking.' "Time will show. But now, my dear follow, adien ; you follow that path in

search of pleasure, I this on business." "Adieu, a demain." "Yes. You breakfast with me at the

little inn, you know." "Agreed, my philosopher. Adieu." And Edward Dubois galloped down a narrow path leading to the chateau of a certain Count de Jesson, who that day gave a grand dinner and evening party. As soon as Arthur saw that he was out of

loped hard toward the charcoal-burner's When Madeleine returned to the hut and began making a fire, she told her mother what had passed and showed her the gold piece. They were used to this kind of treatment, and the mother did not feel it much now. The scorn of fif-teen years had made her despise the

world. But Madaleine seemed hurt, "I do not care," she exclaimed aloud, at last, "for what young Monsier Du-bois said: but I am vexed that the goodlooking stranger should have said that I

was not a woman.' "You are not a woman, but an angel," exclaimed Arthur, solemnly. He had approached on foot and had heard a portiot of their conversation. The mother and daughter stood still

in dumb amazement. "You seem surprised, madam," said the young man, addressing the mother. You will be still more so when I add that I have returned with the deliberate intention of imploring you to give me your daughter's hand in marriage; not ow, instantly, but when you know me better."

" Monsieur!" exclaimed the mother, ndignantly, "this is too much. Go. The felon's daughter is still too good

for insult. "Madam," said Arthur, respectfully,
"perhaps your astonishment will cease
when I add that your husband is inno-

be joyful indeed to your filial heart."

Madeleine blushing, her color going and coming, obeyed, and seated herself on a log near the young stranger.

"I am a young Frenchman, and about seven years ago I immigrated to Peru in search of fortune. I started as a lawyer and found business plentiful enough. I knew many Frenchmen in the place, but a merchant of the name of Gaillard was my most intimate friend. He was town at some distance to receive with twice my age, grave, even sullen and him a large remittance, with which he saturnine; but he had quaint ways, was had to pay a body of workmen employed very charitable, and I liked him. Beon public works, and other expenses incurred in the building of a church and schoolroom. Dubois felt safer with a companion. It was afterwards proved that they received the money, dined together at the Soleil d'Or, drank rather more at the Soleil d'Or, drank r

doctor at once intimated to him that he money was gone as well as his watch and would not recover. Apart from the dis-ease it was a general break-up of nature. "When he found there was no hope

he sent for me.
"'Versan,' said he, 'listen to a dying man, and interrupt me not. You see on this bed an assassin, a thief, a murderer. Fourteen years ago, sitting in a hotel, I saw two men dining, one of whom had just received sixteen or seventeen thou-sand francs. A dreadful thought came into my head. I was not poor, but I was wicked. I followed these two men. They walked on their way to Solenthel together. I dared not attack both, and once or twice I thought of giving up my fearful design. But at the house of one De Pierrepout they parted, and my vic-tim, Dubois, advanced alone

" 'I was monster enough to think that heaven gave him up to me. I bounded after him; I gave myself no time for thought; I stabbed him in the neck; killed him; took his money and fled. I spare you my thoughts and my fifteen years of suffering. I fled my country; I became a merchant—rich—respected; I became a merchant—rich—respected; non the swell of the neel. This collar but I have never had one happy moment.

Not only had I murdered him, but Pierreport was suspected, and sentenced but I have never had one happy moment. honest man, and sent his family to beg their bread!'

"He paused. I spoke not; too ab sorbed in my horror. " 'De Versan, listen to me, my friend. Do not turn against me. I have left you my sole heir.'

'Never will I'--, " Hark; you must and you will. Take my property, and think when you enjoy it with pity on its guilty present owner, and I will make a public confes sion, pay the heirs of Dubois their 16,000 francs, and, by proving my own guilt, obtain the pardon of the innocent De Pierrepont. Refuse and I will die impenitent, for my only friend will have deserted me.

"I accepted." "And may heaven bless you!" said the weeping and sobbing mother, while Madeleine laid her head in her mother's

"An hour later, in presence of the French and English consuls-four Englishmen and four Frenchmen, two priests and the alcade—Gaillard, or rather Mes nard, made his solemn confession, which was signed by all present, sealed, and one of two copies gived to me. That copy is now in the hand of the minister of justice, and here," drawing forth a letter, "is a copy of your father's free

A wild shrick from both wemen was "And now, Madeline," said he, tak-

ing the girl's hand, "before I have the chance of rivals may I renew my request for your hand and heart?" Monsieur, no man on earth can ever

do for me what you have done. In an hour I have lived years of joy; that joy I owe to you. Give me my father, and the love of my whole life, if you value it, shall be your reward."

This sudden resolution of the young girl, so natural under the circumstances, was approved of heartily by the mether. Next morning there sat in a small inn in Solenthel, waiting for breakfast, a man, not old, but bowed by years of woe, gray-haired and pale. each side of him sat a woman-one his wife, the other his daughter. They had been talking for hours, and were not yet wearied. A young man sat opposite, his face beaming with delight. Several times the waiter had announced breakfast, but the young man had always bade him be quiet and wait still awhile.

At length a hurried step was heard, and the young Edward Dabois entered. He started as if bit by a snake, and would have left the room.

"Stop!" said Arthur, sternly, as he aught him by the wrist, "Rather eaught him by the writt. kneel and ask for pardon than fly. Read this, man," and he put in his hand the printed bill proclaiming the injustice of Pierrepont's sentence, his free pardon, and containing the certified confession of Mesnard.

Edward Dubois read it in silence When he had finished he turned and grasped the convict's hand. "No apology can make up for my onduct," he said, "but what I can do conduct," will. This bill will satisfy the whole country."

"Monsieur," replied De Pierrepont in husky tones, "you did but as the world did. Appearances were against me and all condemned me."
"Edward, my friend," said Arthur,

"you see the danger of judging from appearances. Had De Pierrepont been truly guilty, his wife and child should

"Madeleine de Pierrepont? And this is Madeleine de Pierrepont! Truly," he muttered, as he remounted his horse, "You are—speaking—seriously?" have been pitied, not scorned. As it is, a vile prejudice has made these two women for fifteen years outcasts and Farm and Garden Notes.

"You are — speaking — seriously?" gasped the poor woman.

"On my soul and conscience," said Arthur solemnly.

"Oh joy! oh joy!" shrieked the girl, clasping the stranger round the neck; "the savior has come at last."

"Be calm, my dear young lady, and I will tell you my story in a few words. You will then understand my motives in coming here. I scarcely expected te find you here at Solenthrl, but at last determined to try. I came vesterday night, and I soon heard of your heroic resignation and courage. Be seated, dear girl, and listen to tidings that will be joyful indeed to your filial heart."

women for fifteen years outcasts and pariahs."

Edward made no reply, as the breakfast came in. He, like all the county round, was horrified now they found how unjust they had been; and never was wedding more tumultuously hailed and feted than that of Arthur de Versan and Madeleine de Pierrepont. Still I have not heard that one man, women or child in the forest of Ardennes has been cured of the evil habit of judging always from appearances, and visiting on the innocent the sins of the guilty.

Dogs and Dog-Sledges of the North.

Dogs and Dog-Sledges of the North. We take the following description of We take the following description of dogs and dog-sledges, used in the far North, from the letter of a Winnepeg (Manitoba) correspondent to the New York Evening Post: But here comes the winter vehicle of the North. The Hudson's Bay dog-sledge consists of a board, usually not more than half an inch thick transfer. inch thick, twenty to twenty-four inches wide, ten feet long, and turned up at the front end two and a half feet, on which is built a box of very light wooden framework, so covered with parchment or dressed skins as to resemble the front of a shoe. A sufficient space is left behind behind for the traveler's baggage, or upon which the driver may occasionally stand when tired of running. Generally speaking, such passenger sledges are attended by two drivers, one going before the dogs to guide them, the other following the sledge to steady it and keep it from the sledge to steady it and keep it from the sledge in the The freight dog-sledge is upsetting. upsetting. The freight dog-sledge is simply two thin cak or birch-wood boards lashed together with deer-skin thongs; turned up slightly in front, like a Norwegian snowshoe, it runs over hard snow or ice with great ease, its length is about nine feet, its breadth sixteen inches. Along the outer edges runs a leather lashing, through the loops of which a long leather line is passed to hold in place whatever may be put upon it. From the front, close to the turned-up next, the traces for deradth.

up part, the traces for draught are at-Dogs in the North are harnessed in a number of ways. The Esquimaux run their dogs abreast. On the coast of Hudson's Bay they are harnessed by many separate lines into a band or pack; while in Manitoba and the Saskatchewan they are driven tandem. The number constituting a train is generally four, though three and even two are used. The train of dogs are attached to the sledge by means of two long traces, between which the animals stand in line, the head of the head of one dog being about a foot behind the tail of the dog in front of him. Each one is fastened to the traces by a round collar of moose-skin, which slips over the head and ears, and rests also the collar, and many ribbons, porcupine quills, fox tails and beads upon it. Great care is taken in turning out a train of dogs in good style. Beads, bells and embroidery are freely used to bedizen the poor brutes. A most comical effect is produced by this finery placed on the person of a dog new to the harness, when he is invariably the picture of fear; and the ludicrous effect is intensified when the victim happens to be young in years, and still retains the eculiar expression of puppyhood. It is safe to assert that, in the North, the whole canine race haul a sledge during the winter months. There is no excep-tion of age, sex or condition; from the miserable mongrel to the thoroughbred Esquimaux, all are destined to howl under the driver's lash, to tug wildly at

Railway Foreclosures.

the moose skin collar, to haul until they

can haul no more, and then to die.

Eighty-four roads, with a completed mileage of 7,721 miles, or one-tenth of the entire railway system of the United States, and representing an apparent investment of \$400,000,000, also about one-tenth of the total railway capital of the country, have in two years been sold under forclosure, and have been "scaled down" to perhaps something like fifty per cent. of their original valuation. During the past year, proceedings have been commenced against forty-four roads with a mileage of over 5,500 miles, and it is safe to estimate that as a result of the two years work, at least one hundred roads are soon to be sold. with an aggregate mileage of some 12,000 miles, and representing some-thing like \$500,000,000. This fearful array does not by any means include all the roads already doomed to foreclosure, but still when these have passed through the ordeal and, like their predecessors, started anew on the basis of real values, the awful era of foreclosures, it is safe to say, will be practically over, and capital, even though invested in railways, will again receive some return. - Chicago Railway Age.

A Shower of Alligators. The Aiken (S. C.) Journal says: Dr. J. L. Smith, of Silverton Township, while opening up a new turpentine farm, noticed something fall to the ground and commence to crawl toward the tent where he was sitting. On examining the object he found it to be an alligator. In the course of a few moments a second one made its appearance. This so excited the curiosity of the doctor that he looked around to see if he could discover any more, and found six others within the space of 200 yards. The animals were all quite lively, and about twelve inches in length. The place whereon they fell is situated on high sandy ground about six miles north of the Savannah river. The animals are supposed to have been taken up in a water-spout in some distant locality, and dropped in the region where they were found,

Nothing can be more absurd than the Nothing can be more absurd than the idea "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his 'ace "ready made." The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man cheeks nine times out of ten.

There are some things it never pays to doctor. If you have a sick fruit tree of any kind dig it up at once, and in so doing dig a big hole ready for a thrifty

tree next spring.

It is the opinion of an intelligent dairyman that there is a difference of two quarts of milk a day between a cow comfortably housed and the same one exposed to the cold for half the day, as

we see them.

The English feed for fattening sheep consists of cotton seed and turnips. They claim that it will put on the most fat, is the safest food, makes the best mutton at a less cost, and produces the best and strongest manure.

If you want to keep your hogs, horses, cattle and sheep healthy, give them salt regularly. There is no better vermifuge than salt. Much of the so-called hog cholera is due to intestinal worms. Plenty of salt would prevent the accumula-tion of these worms. All animals desire salt, showing that it is a want of their

nature, and undoubtedly for wise pur-poses.—Colman's Rural World.

A correspondent in the Cincinnati Grange Bulletin makes this important statement: I am now milking seven farrow cows, to which I feed one bushel of corn per day and one shock of fodder; and we sell butter enough to pay sixty cents per bushel for the corn and have all the butter we want to use in a family of four. Besides we have the milk for the pigs. This is better than selling corn at twenty-five cents a bushel.

A farmer at home should be found, And often looking at his ground— Inspecting fields, repairing fence— For dollars come by saving pence. Clear the soil from moles and slugs, Prime the trees, keep off the large— Then fruit and melous, rich and fair, Will recompense for all your care. Put a tablespoonful of sulphur in the

nest as soon as hens or turkeys are set The heat of the fowls causes the fumes of the sulphur to penetrate every part of their bodies, every louse is killed, and, as all nits are hatched within ten days, when the mother leaves the nest with her brood, she is perfectly free

from nits or lice,
Drainage, plenty of manure, and heavy dressing of coal askes, with frequent stirring, is the very best treatment for all soils of a close, heavy texture. It is by such simple means that we have converted a comparatively barren soil into a high degree of fertility and production.—Cottage Gardener.

Those who have the appliances should

emember that they can have radishes and young lettuce early in February, by sowing in hot beds at this time, should the winter not be terribly cold. Every good gardener, however, should by this time, if the weather permits, have his compost-heap prepared for next spring's use. There is always something to do about a well-cared-for garden; and where repair in the shop-for there should

a small work-shop attached to every garden.—Germantown Telegraph Forest leaves are excellent to mix with ot-bed material, and where practicable should be saved for this purpose. They do not heat so rapidly as stable manure, and in this have an advantage as tempering its violence, making it last longer, and maintaining a more regular heat They are excellent material to put round cold frames to protect half hardy plants. A board is put up the height of the frame-boards, and about a foot or more from them, and the leaves filled in between. If the plants are somewhat tender, the bottom of the frames may be filled in a few feet with the leaves. Much heat is thrown off during the decomposition of the leaves, which, though not enough to keep out a severe frost, yet modifies somewhat the temperature. These leaves, after they have been two or three years decaying, make admirable stuff for potting and

flowers in general, - Gardener's Month Winter Daleving.

It was plain that this subject is fast taking possession of the mind of the pro-gressive dairyman. Those who are engaged in milk production for cities and villages are obliged to keep up a gener ous and healthy flow of milk through the winter. This has stimulated experi ments in regard to winter feeding beyond the mere keeping of the animal through the winter for summer use. It is found that, by providing comfortable and cleanly stables—no stable can be really comfortable unless it is cleanly—and feeding generously, cows can be made to profita bly convert a surplus of hay, meal, and roots above what is required for their sustenance into milk; and it is found that by providing a proper dairy house, in which an even temperature of the de sired degree can be maintained, regard less of the temperature or changes of the weather outside, butter and cheese of excellent quality can be made in winter as well as in summer. Furthermore, it is also found that freshly-made butter made in a clean dairy house, disconnected from the kitchen and sitting room, and free from foreign odors and taints - is not only more relishable, but will find a readier market and command better prices, than butter having the flavor of age and the package, however well made and kept. Besides, the tastes of consumers are becoming cultivated and demand a better article than they did years ago and there is a loud call for sweet, new made butter the year round. This demand our live dairymen are going to successfully supply, and avoid the annual and injurious accumulation of stale packages at the great market centres.

From Poverty to Riches.

A singular and romantic piece of good luck has befallen a poor young man aged eighteen, named Augustus Kable mann, a bill clerk in a wholesale drug house in St. Louis, working for \$3 per week. A few days ago he received ad vices from San Francisco that a batch elor uncle, Henry Kablemann, of whose existance the youth knew nothing, had died, leaving him a fortune of \$300,000. Young Kablemann was incredulous, but

BEN HOLLADAY'S NOSE.

Ben's Ride Across the Pinius - His Nose Itches and a Kind Strauger Scratches It. While traveling in a Washington train recently with a number of acquaint-ances, old Ben Holladay, the California stage-coach proprietor, became unusually communicative. He climbed the Rocky mountains, waded through the Great Salt Lake, jumped across the Black Canon of the Colorado, danced in the Death valley, cooked grizzlies in the Yellowstone geysers, scudded down the Shoshone Falls, and told a score of stor-

Shoshone Falls, and told a score of stories so thrilling that the hair of his hearers arose in protest. One of his yarns was both startling and amusing.

"One night," said he, "long before the Pacific Railroad was built, I was bouncing over the plains in one of my overland coaches. My wife was with me. She was sick, and lay asleep on the bottom of the stage on a bed of buffalo skins. The night was fearfully dark, and a drizzling rain was falling. Mrs. Holladay and myself were the only passengers. Several stages had been robbed within two months, and the driver was ripping along as though a gang of blades. land, a cripple.

was ripping along as though a gang of prairie wolves were after him. Suddenly the horses were thrown on their haunches, and the stage stopped. I was heaved forward, but quickly recovered, and found myself gazing at the muzzles of a double-barrelled shotgun. By the aim light of the stage lamps the barrels looked as big as nail kegs.
'Throw up your hands, and don't stir,'
shouted the owner in a gruff voice. Up
went my hands and I began to commune with myself. The fellow then coolly asked for my money. I saw that he did not know who I was, and I was afraid that my sick wife might awake and call me by name. My coat was buttoned over my bosom, but hardly high enough to hide a magnificent emerald that cost me over \$8,000 a few weeks before in San Francisco. I hardly breathed through fear that the light might strike

the stone, and its sparkling brilliancy attract the attention of the robber. had about \$40,000 in a money belt close to the skin, and several hundred dollars in my pocket. "Suddenly my friend shouted 'Come,

shell out, quick. "I passed out the few hundreds loose in my pockets, and handed him my gold and ctain. They were hefty. I think the chain alone would weigh five pounds at least.

"'There,' said I, 'there's every cent I've got. Take it, and let me go on. My wife is very sick, and I don't know what would happen to her if she knew what was going on.

"' Keep your hands up,' was the reply, while a second robber received the watch and money. Then a search was made for the express company's box, but the double-barrelled shot gun did not move. Its marghes was within a move. Its muzzles were within a foot of my nose. For my life I did not dare to stir. My nose began to itch. The for my crime, only not to death, because ribs or stomach. The back band is genthe jury hesitated. I thus ruined an erally decorated with little bells, as is after another and tickled it until the sensation was intolerable. I could stand

it no longer. " Stranger,' I cried, 'I must scratch my nose. It itches so that I am al-

most crazy.' "'Move your hands,' he shouted, and I'll blow a hole through your head big enough for a jack rabbit to jump through. I appealed once more. 'Well,' keep your hands still, and he answered. I'll scratch it for you. I hate to see a

partner suffer.' "Did he scratch it?" asked one of

Ben's interested listeners. "Sure," said Mr. Holladay.

"How?" asked the breathless listener. "With the muzzle of the cocked gun, said the great overlander. "He rubbed the muzzle around my moustache and raked it over the end of my nose until I thanked him and said that it itched no longer."

The robbers soon afterward took their leave, with many apologies, and Ben continued his journey to the Missouri with his big emerald and \$40,000.

The Soldiers of Monenegro. In a recently-published account of the Montenegrin army, some details are given of extraordinary marches which have been made by its soldiers during the present war with Turkey. Before the battle of Butschidol the force engaged had marched for fourteen hours across country, over hill and dale, having moreover, been previously under arms for six hours. On this occasion the men had not a monthful of food from daybreak until midnight; the day was intensely hot, the country traversed was mountainous and difficult, and yet not a man was left b.hind. When marching from place to place the Montenegrins never follow the reads, but straight across contry. Although heavily laden, the men easily climb the teepest rocks or descend the most precipitous slopes. Besides their weapons they carry invariably a "torba" and a "struka." Their arms consist usually of a rifle, a cutlass, and a revolver or a brace of pistols. The "torba," or bread bag, contains generally an enormous loaf of bread, biscuit, a flask and a re-serve of cartridges. The ammunition for immediate use, as well as money and any other small articles, are carried in the belt. The "struka" is a large, heavy plaid, which serves as a cloak, a rug or a covering. When it rains and the army is halted the soldier wraps up his head in his "struka," rolls it around his body, puts his gun in its leather case, and lies down and sleeps, heedless of the weather.

Origin of Nail Terms.

Many people are puzzled to understand what the terms "fourpenny," "sixpenny," tenpenny" mean as applied to nails. "Fourpenny" means four pounds to the thousand nails; or "sixpenny" six pounds to the thousand, and so on. It is an old English term and meant at fact "the sixpenny" six pounds to the thousand, and so on. It is an old English term and meant, at first. "ten pound" (the thousand being understood erstood); but the old Englishman clipped it to "ten pun;" and from that to "ten punny;" and from that it degenerated until "penny" was substituted for "pounds." Young Kablemann was incredulous, but upon inquiry, he learned that the news of the good fortune was true, and he left for California to take possession of the wealth left him. He was accompanied by a legal friend, who goes along to see that his legal rights are properly entered. a thousand nails weigh less than one pound, they are called tacks, I rads, etc., and are reckoned by ounces.

Items of Interest.

Worth, the great Parisian milliner, employs 1,200 assistants.

Two widowers, in Perry county, Tex., married each other's daughter. What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? The window. A florist on Fifth avenue, New York, has a sacred palm tree over five hundred

years old. The man who promised to get his boys some new skates this winter, has since concluded to "let 'em slide."

A crusty bachelor's objection to ladies with beautiful teeth is that nine out of ten of them would laugh at a funeral. A man would never lose his character provided he could fasten it to a jack knife with a cracked handle and broken

Little "All Right," the first of the boy performers brought to this country from Japan, is now living in his native

It is calculated that if all the insects of the world were piled in one mass the heap would be greater than of all the beasts and birds.

A Cedar Key, Miss., man advertises for sale a curiosity in the shape of a pig with four ears; five toes on one foot; no holes in the ears, and now three months

A cloth made from the down of birds is coming greatly into favor in Paris. It is waterproof, and estimated to be five times lighter and three times warmer

than wool. There is an old German proverb to the effect that a great war leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, au army of mourners and an

army of thieves. An English clergyman says that the chattering of the South African apes is a language, and that if he could live long enough with them he could learn to understand it.

Mr. Henry Stanley is to receive a gold medal from the King of Italy; and this will be its legend: "To the intrepid explorer of Equatorial Africa, Stanley; given by Victor Emmanuel."

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert

except oranges. "Sing Sing," shouted the brakeman, as a fludson river train slowed up to the station. "Five years for refreshments," yelled a passenger with short hair and bracelets, as he rose to leave the car in charge of a deputy sheriff.

The amount of the fund for the relief of the widows bereft by the Custer fight has been rendered; it shows a total re-ceipt of \$14,068, of which \$7,477 was distributed to the widows of officers, and \$5,773 to those of enlisted men.

The Pope has accumulated a fund of \$6,000,000, which is held by Toctonia and some French and Brussels bankers. for the pay of ex-pontificial soldiers and officials, and divers other purposes incidental to the papal interests.

Mrs. Dalby, of New Orleans, locked ner baby, five months old, up in a room with a pet terrier, and when she returned found that the dog had almost eaten off the little one's foot, which was so badly mangled that it had to be amoutated.

Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, has just had a monument unveiled to his memory. Too poor to get the means of printing his own works, he sought some cheaper mode of multiplying copies, and by a happy accident invented lithography.

A family in Springfield, which was disturbed by an untimely ringing of the door bell the other evening, at first supposed it was done by unruly boys, but after a while discovered their dog with the bell-pull in his mouth, and ringing to be let in out of the cold.

TO A COW. Why, cow, how canst then be so satisfied! So well content with all things here below,

So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eved, So meek, so lazy and so awful slow! Dost thon not know that everything is mixed— That naught is as it should be on this earth, That grievously the world needs to be fixed, That nothing we can gain is any worth, That times are hard, that life is full of care, Of sin and trouble and outwardness, hat leve is a felly, friendship but a snare? Part, cow, this is no time for laziness!

Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy dreams. — David L. Proudfit. A Tree that Bore Bears.

The cud thou chewest is not what it seems

The St. Louis Republican says : We have received a communication from a correspondent of Pendleton, Umatilla county, Oregon, recording a recent ex-ploit of Mr. John McCracken, an Illinoisan, who is now herding sheep in the "where rolls the Oregon." Cracken left his sheep one day for a ramble in the Blue Mountain, with his trusty gun on his shoulder. He had not gone far when he was faced by a very large gray she-bear. The bear was so "unac-quainted with man" that she made for McCracken without hesitation, but soon reconsidered her motion when she liscovered that the man didn't scare. McCracken cracked away at her. She retraced her steps and commenced climb-ing a tree near by. Another shot brought her down all in a heap at the foot of the tree. McCracken reloaded and crept up softly to see if the bear was quite dead. He heard a noise overhead, looked up and saw another big bear coming lumbering down the tree for business. waited for a dead shot and fired both barrels for a sure thing. The second bear came down with accelerated velocity and fell all in a heap at the foot of the tree. Another noise overhead. Eyes up. Another big bear was scratching bark, coming down to see what was the matter with the others. McCracken had no more loads-had no time to load and he ran away from under that bear-bearing tree. He made rapid tracks to camp, and reloading, mounted his horse and rode back to the slaughter of bears. The other fellow was still around, and having ascertained the fate of his fellows—and observing the reinforcement of the enemy—he took to the tree. McCracken drew a bead on him, fired and the third bear fell all in a heap at the foot of the tree. There were no more bears to come down, but there were three dead bears lying all in a heap under that bear-bare