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NO. 32.

"Forget Thee ?" "Forget thee?" If to dream by night, and

- muse on thee by day;

 If all the worship deep and wild a lover's can pay;
- If prayers in absence, breathed for thee 'to heaven's protecting power ;
- If winged thoughts that flit to thee, If busy fancy blending thee with all my future
- If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed
- shalt be forgot. "Forget thee?" Bid the forest birds forge their sweetest tune.
- "Forget thee?" Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon Bid thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's
- refreshing dew; Thyself forget thine own dear land, its waters deep and blue :
- Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot,-
- When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot. Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm
- and fancy free ; For God forbid thy gladsome heart to grow less
- glad for me ; Yet while that heart is still unwon, Oh, bid no mine to rove,
- But let it keep its humble faith and uncom If these, preserved for patient years, at las
- avail me not, Forget me then-but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot.

OFF NAXOS.

"Yes. We are almost islanders, "Here we have our triangular island. The bay on one side and the river on the other side, and the creek shirting the third side. Isn't it pretty, Ada?

vely. Blue sky and blue water, and the nice picturesque old houses."

The two had elimbed to the top of the ancient Port Royal State-house to sec all this. Dora, peeping over the railing, tried to make out her husbandwho was a lawyer, and had a case in court that day-among the crowd of men standing in front of the courthouse. Ada gazed out upon the glancing, shin-

ing waters of the bay.

Presently, to them a third person; a man—lean, gaunt, as yellow as parchment, but with a look of self-gratulation at present in his eyes which lighted up

"I saw you ladies, as you turned into the State-house. I was two blocks off." Ada laid the ends of her fingers in his. Dora shook hands cordially. But, in spite of Dora's warmer greeting, he seated himself by Ada, and Dora returned to her post of observation. There was a high wind, under the cover of

which the two talked. "I might have known you would not be glad to see me," began the young man. "I am surprised at myself for

"I conclude that I was overcome by the suicidal instinct of the moth."

No answer. "It is a year to-day since I first saw Still no answer

"A year which has not proved altogether propitious to our acquaintance. I wonder why it is that I can not please you? I fancied—I do not think I was entirely mistaken-that we used to be very good friends. I should like to why it is that you dislike me now,' he pursued, plaintively.
"Do not let us discuss it," Ada said,

brusquely. Have patience with her. Her harshness and selfishness are not without parallels in others of her sex and age.

"I would do anything to please you I sometimes think it is my manners that offend you. I know that I am awkward. I assure you that my manners give me more concern than my salvation.'

This had an irreligious sound, as Ada vaguely felt; she was therefore called upon to bestow upon him a look of orthodox reproof, "Of course they do," he continued. "The one matter is entirely my own personal responsibility; the other is not."

Ada gave over the theme. She had no theological opinions. She merely remarked, calmly: "You surprise me, I should have said you were a very selfcomplacent person.'

"On the contrary, I always feel as though every one—you especially—were laughing at me. If you would only give me a hint now and then—"
"Thank you, but I do not feel equal

to carrying on your education."
"And I give you so much! 'A present for a mighty king."

Ada, with hot cheeks, remembered

where George Herbert says that "Love is a present for a mighty king." In a longer experienced in her intercourse with Professor Luce, she had once made the full quotation herself. She said, fretfully, "I was having such a peaceful fretfully, "I was having same,"
time up here before you came,"
"And produced discord. If you
"And produced discord."

would only say how or why?"

"I think it is your clothes," Ada rejoined, recklessly. She longed to add:
"And your hair," but refrained, on the possibility that Dora might overhear and denounce her afterward for her rudeness. It seemed to her intolerable that a man should approach her, basking in the beauty of this perfect day, with that crop of long, lank, light hair, so nearly the shade of his complexion. Professor Luce drew a long breath.

He who had hitherto professed to hold all outside shows in lofty contempt had condescended to debate the external of his manners; but to be quarrelled with for such mere superficial considerations as coat and trousers! He had gone on enduring Ada for some time past, as some women are sometimes endured by some Now he wanted to get up and Only he did not know exactly That wretched awkwardness of

"every one says so. Papa says he will make his mark. He discovered two new stars last year. So of course he is eccen-tric. But I rather like that; and you did too when he first came to the college. You are so contrary. You set yourself against him now because he shows his devotion too plainly. All the same, you

"Well, I might have liked him," They clambered down the dark, dusty stairway and came out into the spacious entrance hall of the State house.

"Why," Dora said. "there's John."

Her husband was showing off the architectural features of the hall to a stranger. He presented Mr. Vane to his wife and her sister. The two girls "If I must, then: It's something I've always been assemed of childishly. wore fresh white dresses, Ada's with a green bordering, and their blonde hair and blue eyes were shaded by pictureque palmetto hats. Mr. Vane viewed them with the spontaneous admiration of the man and the artist.

since I had nothing to do with it. But wasn't it aggravating of my sponsors in baptism to give me such an outlandish name as Ariadne?"

"Really?"

"Mr. Vane brings me a letter from my friend Stevens, Dora," John said.
Then, to his sister-in-law; "Ada, Mr.
Vane is fresh from Rome, where he has
been painting for a year or so. You
can talk art to your heart's content." "When I talk art it is to my heart's discontent," Philip Vane said, as they walked away, he and Ada together. Dora, of course, put her arm through John's. She had not seen him for three

hours, and fifty things had happened in the interval she must tell him about. "Because your ideal eludes you? answered Ada to Philip. "No; for a more commonplace reason: because I am lazy. I work fast enough when I am once at it, but I hate to get

to work. I am an inveterate procrastinator.' "What a pity!" Ada said, seriously.
"I can't understand that, If I were an artist with a gift, I should be breathless antil I had reached my goal. There is

lways the possible immortality. Philip was impressed. Ada was nothing if not in earnest. In this instance a breath of her enthusiasm passed into her susceptible companion. He looked

backbone into me."

She laughed. She was accustomed to act as a kind of mental tonic. But the stimulus took effect with unwonted suddenness upon this new patient. How unconventional he was!

Ada followed in the wake of Dora and John down one of the queer little dark alleys, of which there were many in Port Royal, and which served as short-ents from street to street.

"Where are we?" laughed Philip "Ah! I see "—as they emerged at the other end. "'O strange new world that hath such people in it!" (this with a half-deprecating, lingering infection and a little smile). Your quaint little city is a tangle of labyrinths, in which you play the part of Ariadne to my The-

His companion slightly started and blushed, and gave a low, odd laugh.
"What is it?" he began; but she put him off with a gesture, and he continued: "But what skies you have! And what an atmosphere! When I woke up this morning I thought I had sailed into Paradise during the night."

" Sailed ?" "Yes, My friend Sinclair brought "Yes, My friend Sinclair brought me here on his yacht. There she lies now. I am to pitch my tent on shore, while he cruises in and out of the harbor for a while. I want to make some sketches of your old houses.

Ada had deserted the college, and her hand be remembered his engage-

own housekeeping for her father there, and was spending a few days with Dora. They all had dinner in the middle of the warm, sunny May afternoon; then they variant statement of the violets. Violet Bank was famous for these. They bloomed early and lingered late. Dora picked a great bunch, and divided them between Philip and Ada. Philip held his thoughtfully, and smelled them ten-derly. He had a habit of theorizing about people; he was thinking now that Dora was full of unselfish womanly traits. There was something even in

her way of doing little things which pleased him, rested him. Dora said: "Violets are my favorite flowers. We have such quantities of

And Philip answered: "It would seen to be their native soil. They al-ways suggest to me, with their subtle, penetrating perfume, the most precious thing in ife—sympathy."

There were more in this than the mere words, but it escaped Dora. Ada, how-ever, as she said "Yes," smiled softly. She laid great stress upon sympathy. She was always talking about it or the absence of it. It was a pleasure to her to infer that Mr. Vance felt in sympathy

sea from day to day. It is like life, freighted with surprises."

He rose and folded his hands. A more graceful man would have folded his arms, but his hung limp at his side.

"I tremble to think what life may have in store for me. 'Prophet, said I, thing of evil,'" declaimed Ada.

"Yes. Of discipline. Some natures would seem to demand purgatorial fires before they rise to their highest possibilities."

"You well may. I have a most excellent opinion of you. Have I not paid you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman?"

"You well may. I have a most excellent opinion of you. Have I not paid you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman?"

"You certainly are fully sensible of the honor you have done me." Nor is it to be denied that there was a self-assertion in Professor Luce's tone which most women would have resented under the circumstances. Dora now sauntered toward the pair. She did not approve of the intonations of voice. Professor Luce's nice and golden hair and mustaches, to him to approve of the intonations of voice. Professor Luce's had dance as much left.

"Luce said "Good morning" stiffly, and left.

"You care as a lick in the foundation of his furthers he dedicated to be interpretation of beauty, to whom a sunset should be dedicated to be interpretation of beauty, to whom a sunset should be dedicated to be interpretation of beauty, to whom a sunset should be dedicated to be interpretation of beauty, to whom a sunset should be of infinitely greater importance than logarithm or a title deed. The men of Port Royal all gravitated either John. The men of Port Royal all gravitated either toward the law, like John, or toward science and letters, like her father and Professor Luce. Ada made not serve to ward the was a bit effeminate. But he was a little, deed the law, like John, or toward the was a bit effeminate. But he was a little deed.

"You certainly are fully sensible of the honor you have done me." Nor is i of the intonations of voice. Professor for him as Professor Luce's had a month to do for that gentleman. So a month went by. Philip and Ada went rowing "Ada, you treat him abominably,"
Dora said; "and you certainly encouraged him at one time."
"I liked him at one time. How is one to tell one will change one's mind?"
"He is a genius," Dora commented; this loveliness to canvas," Philip said, the like to transfer some of this loveliness to canvas," Philip said, the like to transfer some of the like to transfer some of this loveliness to canvas," Philip said, the like to transfer some of the like to

this loveliness to canvas," Philip said, breaking off a bough that hung down into the water; "but I despair. It is maddening that one has nothing more ethereal than mud to work with."

ethereal than mud to work with."

"Mud? Oh, you mean your paints."
He laughed. "I mean my paints.
How literal you are!" Then, as her face changed: "I like it; I applaud it,
You never let me wander long off the track; you are my friendly Ariadne, as I told you the first time I saw you. What is it? You smiled in that same odd way then."

always been ashamed of, childishly, since I had nothing to do with it. But

"Really !" He laughed. They both laughed. "So you are undoubtedly she. The coincidences have it. It is charming! Ariadne! It has such an unusual sound that one might call you that and not feel that one was taking a liberty with your Christian name. Do you know I wish I might-sometimes?"

"Very well, you may."
Occasionally after that he did so. And the name, hitherto detested, became music to her ears.

"I wish you would paint this laurel,"
she said, "this particular bough. Call
it a sunset study. It looks as though it
had been dipped into a rose-colored sun-

"I should have to engage in a sharp tussle with my Minotaur of laziness if I were to paint that before it fades." She sat in the stern of the boat holding the laurel. "I wish you would," she said, seriously. She was making his doing so a sort of test in her mind. He saw through her, and col-

ored, but not from annoyance. He was always pleased to inspire a woman's clear blue eyes with his liquid dark ones.
"There is oxygen in your voice and in your words," he said. He passed his hand over his brow, "You have put backbone into me."

She layer to the depths of her steady, "since you ask it." In reply to which she looked up to him with shining, happy eyes. The earth was transfigured for her. That was no longer Port Royal in the distance; this no longer the plant of the layer than the light of the layer than it was a land of romance : the same land, let us say, in which the fabled Cretan maiden strayed with her beautiful Greek and listened to his fleeting

> "It is all of a piece," Vane laughed, presently. "You—Ariadne; this island you live on; the laurel. Quantities of aurel grew on Naxos.'

"But Ariadne lived on Crete." "At Naxos afterward, Don't you emember? It was there she parted from Theseus.

"I had forgotten that she had parted from Theseus.

"Oh, certainly. She was not for 'the false Athenian youth,' but for 'Bacchus bright—a god in place of mortal.'" It suited Ada to compare Philip just here to this latter personage; although, drolly enough, Philip hailed from the modern Athens, as it happened. Rowing home, he sang an exquisite Venetian gondola song that filled her eyes with

tears. She held out the laurel branch a parting. "You have no time to lose," she said. "You had better take it." "No. You keep it for me. I'll come

noon, and he remembered his engagement, and hurried to the college. He found Ada's bright face clouded for the first time. "I beg ten thousand par-dons," he began, his own countenance kindled with eagerness, in the way Ada found so irresistible. "Have you thrown away the thread, Ariadne?"
Her brow cleared. "No. Of course

was business letters. It always is with business men. Those horrid business letters !"

"You know all about them, don't you?" he rejoined, neither affirming nor denying. Then he made a few marks with his pencil. Then Dora came in and "The students are to have a band here on the campus to-night, and the town are invited to stroll about in the

town are invited to stroll about in the moonlight. Ada, I want you and Mr. Vane to dine with John and me, and then we can all come back together."

Agreed. On their way to Violet Bank a stylish woman, unknown to our sisters, walking, however, with a Port acquaintance - Mrs. Smith-Royal stopped with an exclamation of surprise, and put out her hand to Philip. Mrs. Smith then presented Mrs. Forsyth, her guest, adding: "Mrs. Forsyth wants to come up and see President Field about

A mere passing speech; but Ada sprang to her feet, and confronted her flaming face and angry eyes in the mir-ror close at hand. She pulled out the laurel blossoms she had adorned herself with, and stamped on them. She hated them; she hated herself. A stupid affair! And they had been together; and when they parted he had kissed the rose she gave him. The next moment rose she gave him. The next moment the three guests were announced, and she cooled down, as we all taust on such occasions. The morning went by aimlessly. Philip lingered a little behind Mrs. Forsyth, as she was leaving, to say, "I notice that our laurel is beginning to be worn about the edges. Hardly worth while to attempt it, is it?" And Ada answered, "No, it is only worth throwing away." Then Philip followed in the wake of his stunning friend, careless, charming, idle. His fit of work was over for the present. Ada, for her part, tossed away the laurel bough with icy fingers and a silly head and a stupid

part, tossed away the laurel bough with icy fingers and a silly head and a stupid heart that sched in unison.

And actually that was the end of a foolish dream that only lasted four weeks, after all. A morning or so later Philip called at Violet Bank to say good-by. Ada was again staying with her sister for a few days. Mrs. Ray was indisposed—a bad headache—so could indisposed—a bad headache—so could not see him. She sent him down, however, a cordial little pencilled note of farewell, begging him to wait a few moments for her sister's return. Ada had gone out for a little while. Philip was sincerely sorry not to see Mrs. Ray. It seemed to him now that he had always referred her to her sister; she was less preferred her to her sister; she was less positive. He looked at his watch. Yes, he would wait awhile. He picked up a book, but had not turned over a page before Ada entered. I am inclined to think that it was Ada's fault, upon the whole, that the meeting was cold and constrained. But on parting Philip smiled a golden smile and said, "I sm delighted to have seen you. They told me you were out, but I wouldn't be turned off. I insisted upon waiting till you came in." To do him justice, this was the way the case presented itself to

him at that moment. "Ab, darling," Dora annotated to this, in time to see Mr. Vane. I sent him

word to be sure to wait for you. Our Ariadne seated herself by pen window and looked out at the shifting water without replying. That shift-ing water was to her still like life—as inconstant. A parting equivocation! A very trifle, yet still the "little flaw within the lute." Then she looked up at the clear blue sky with gathering "I am glad there are some things that do not deceive," she thought.

After this episode Ada was gentler,

more tolerant even of Professor Luce's lothes. However, he marked an era in his life just here by purchasing a new suit. He also put himself into the hands of a barber; perhaps some one suggested to him that his hair was too long; not Ada, however, I am positive. The result was marvelous. It is incredible what an effect the outward man has upon the interpretation of the inward When two young people love each other, and marry, they restore the picture of the Apostolic church. They are of one heart and one soul; neither do they say man. But I am convinced that it was for some cause still deeper than this that they had both undergone a transforming power. Professor Luce, for his part, mentally and with contrition revoked those harsh remarks I quoted above about purgatorial fires. Ada was once more the girl with whom he fell in love at first sight in the good old-fashioned

People thought it was a strange match. He might be brilliant, but he was unde-niably uncouth. However, Ada told Dora: "He may not have the outward making of an ideal lover; but no one

else has such a true, true heart."

Moreover, he gave her abundant cause to be proud of him in other ways. In fact, there is no telling what reflected onors may not be in store for her through him. Some new planet may yet be called by her name.—Harper's Bazar.

Decidedly Demoralizing.

David Doldrum dotingly desired Doly Doublechin. David devoted days decorating, doubting Dolly's devotion.

David's deeds delighted Dolly, dear
duck. David dubiously dogged Dolly
daily, devouring doughnuts desperatedaily, daily, devouring doughnuts desperately, drinking deeply, disgusting dainty, delicate Dolly. David decided different doings, dutifully digging ditchesdirty, difficult duty. David's doleful demeanor depressed Dolly dreadfully, dictating dreadful dreams, disturbing diggestion, developing, developing digestion, developing dyspepsis.

David drove doctor down, diagnosing disease, directing divers doses, discreet diet, diluted decoctions, domestic drugs. Dolly demurred, desiring dancing driving, diversion. David dismissed doctor, delightedly devoting double de-voirs, directly dispelling Dolly's dole-ful disposition. Dolly deprecated David's dubious demonstrations, dis-David's dubious demonstrations, dis-approving dillydallying. David, dainti-ly dressed, demanded Dolly's decision, declaring definite devotion. Dolly, de siring dancing delay, ure. Ada spoke next, quite cheerfully, since she had silenced him, the least in the world afraid that she had gone too far.

"I love the bay. One never knows what new shape it may bring in from the"

"I love the bay. One never knows what new shape it may bring in from the"

"I love the bay. One never knows what new shape it may bring in from the "They saw much of him after that. He was easily magnetized, although the impression was apt to wear off soon, and Ada had magnetized him in a fit of energy. He took a fresh departure in his profession during those days, painting more diligently than he had done for stupidly displeased.

"Mrs. Forsyth's stunning, isn't she?" inquired Philip. At which Ada was stupidly displeased.

"Mrs. Forsyth's stunning, isn't she?" inquired Philip. At which Ada was stupidly displeased. Dick Digworthy's

TIMELY TOPICS.

Prussia has what is said to be a sure exterminator of the Colorado beetle,

The well-known steamship Great Eastern—the largest in the world—is to transport cattle from Texas to England

It is estimated that 5,000,000 sheep, ralued at \$12,500,000, perished in Aus tralia, last year, in consequence of the drought, which cut off the pasturage. The largest piece of belting in the world is to be seen in the American department of the Paris Exposition. It is

Mr. W. F. Parker, of Nashua, N. H., puzzles the doctors with an annual attack of the measles. For twenty years they have broken out upon him, on the same day of the year and at pre-cisely the same hour.

A Chinaman found a nugget of gold in the Dunolly district of Australia weigh-ing over twenty-two pounds. A rush of miners to the place was the result, but thus far none of them have been lucky. Australia's yield of gold has been steadily declining for years.

The enemies which the British soldiers encounter in Cyprus are deadly fevers, mosquitoes of the most numerous and pertinacious kind, wasps of a remarka-bly energetic character, and huge centi-pedes that have a sociable way of in-sisting on sharing their camp beds with

Of Longfellow's five children, Onslow, the eldest, is married and in business in Boston; Ernest is a rising young painter, studying in Europe; Alice, the eldest daughter, is a pleasing writer; Edith is now Mrs. Richard H, Dana third, and Anna is decidedly literary in her inclinations.

Frank Palmer, who was in the fight in which Custer was killed, tells how those who buried the bodies discriminated They carefully interred the remains of the officers, piled stones over the graves, and inscribed them; but the privates "were not buried at all, only covered, a little earth being thrown on them, and their bones are now strung from one end of the prairie to the other.

Last year in Massachusetts 12,737 couples were joined in the bond of wed-lock. Of these there were 9,915 bache-lors who chose maidens to be their wives, and 608 who chose matters to be their wives, and 608 who chose widows; while 1,396 widowers married maidens and 818 mar-ried widows. From this it appears that 788 more widowers than widows were married again, and that 1,396 maidens married widowers, when only 608 bache-The Pioche (Nev.) Record has this to

say of Red Kenner: "He was a wild and reckless 'sport,' and has lived in the mountains for a number of years; he never forgot his old mother back in the States, and after selling his mining property down at Silver Reef for some \$55,000 or \$60,000, he took a trip home, purchased his mother a nice and comortable homestead, and gave her nearly \$40,000 to keep her from want in her old age, then returned to his wild mountain home with a light heart, knowing that his mother was well provided for the balance of her days on this earth. No matter how many Red's sins may be, his sindness to his mother will obliterate hem all in the eyes of the people."

The Home and True Society. True society begins in the home

that anything they possess is their own but they have all things in common. Their mutual trust in each other, their entire confidence in each other, draws out all that is best in both. Love is the angel who rolls away the stone from the grave in which we bury our better nature, and it comes forth. Love makes all things new; makes a new heavens and a new earth; makes all cares light, all pain easy. It is the one enchant-ment of human life which realizes Fortunio's purse and Aladdin's palace, and turns the "Arabian Nights" into mere prose, in comparison. Think how this old story of love is repeated forever in all the novels and romances and poems, and how we never tire of reading about it; and how, if there is to be a wedding in a church, all mankind go, just to have a look at two persons who are supposed, at least ,to be in love and so supreme happy. But this, also, is not perfect society. It is too narrow, too exclusive. It shows the power of devotion, trust, self-surrender, that there is in the human heart; and it is also a prophecy of something larger that is to come. But it is at least a home, and before real society can come, true homes must come. As in the sheltered nook in the midst of the great sea of ice which rolls down from the summit of Mt. Blanc is found a little green spot, full of tender flowers, so, in the shelter of home, in the warm atmosphere of household love, spring up the pure affections of parent and child; father, mother, son, daugh-ter; of brothers and sisters. Whatever makes this insecure and divorce frequent, makes of marriage not a union for life, but an experiment which may be tried as often as we choose, and abandoned when we like. And this cuts up by the roots all the dear affections of home; leaves children orphaned, destroys fatherly and motherly love, and is a virtual dissolution of society. I know the great difficulties of this question, and how much wisdom is required to solve them. But whatever weakens the permanence of marriage tends to dissolve society; for permanent homes are trituration, the jaw is fixed to the skull, to the social state what the little cells so as to allow the former to have a rotaare to the body. They are the com-mencement of organic life, the centers from which all organization proceeds.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke

An Aeronaut's Horrible Death.

Considerable has been said of late conceruing the time, place and manner of the death of Prof. LaMountain, the wronaut. Notwithstanding it has been only about five years since his death occurred, and notwithstanding the fact that his death was simply horrible to think of and was simply horriose to think of and was given great publicity at the time, scarcely any person could remember it. This illustrates how quickly important events even pass from the minds of the people, On the fourth of July, 1873, Prof. La-

Mountain made an ascension from Ionia, Mich. The arrangements of the ropes world is to be seen in the American department of the Paris Exposition. It is seven feet in width, and is made from 130 hides,

The cultivated land of France is held by 5,500,000 owners. Five millions do not own to exceed six acres each. A similar state of things exist in Belgium. But in Ireland one-fifth of the soil is held by 110 persons.

Mr. W. F. Parker, of Nashua, N. H.. the unfortunate man descended, cling-ing to the basket. That he was con-scious was evident from his struggles. He strove to raise the basket above him, evidently hoping to use it as a parachute. He succeeded in his object, but when about one hundred feet high, he loosed his hold, folded his hands and arms before his face, and, feet first, struck the ground with a dull heavy thud. Then ensued a panic among the multitude almost indiscribable. Women fainted; men wept, and to add to the confusion, the state of the confusion of the confusion of the confusion of the confusion. the canvas came flying over the crowd like a huge bird. Some one cried to get out of the way, as it would fall with crushing force. At this a general rush was made for safety, in which many were injured, and some for life.

La Mountain was crushed into a literal

pulp. Not a sign of motion of life was visible when his body was reached. Medical examination disclosed the fact that hardly a whole bone was left. Many were ground and splintered to powder. His jaws fell upon his arms and were pulverized. Where he struck there was an indention made in the hard gravel ground of several inches deep. The corpse was laid out in the public square and was viewed by thousands.

"Renaissance."

The word "renaissance," much used by newspapers when discussing about art, is thus explained by the New York Tribune:

Renaissance is the name of a style of architecture which originated in Italy in the first half of the fifteenth century, under the influence of the awakened enthusiasm for classical literature and art, and which, in the following centuries, wholly superseded the gothic style all over Europe. After the fall of the Roman empire, many western artists retired to Constantinople, and founded a school, the great features of which are the circle and dome, the round arch, and the various details of form which and the various details of form which of which may be seen in the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople and the church of St. Mark at Venice. The gothic nations in the west introduced modifications into the style of architecture they found, whence arose the Romanesque order of architecture. Before the age of Constantine, one style pervaded the whole empire east and west. After a period of transition, the gothic style emerged, and reached its culmination in the thirteenth century, when the most beautiful buildings were erected that the world has ever seen, Then, after a pause-with the dwindling of the old faith, the reformation, and all the elements that made the six teenth century a period of revolutioncame another great change in architec ture, which is called the classic revival, or the renaissance. In Italy and France, the architecture of the renaissance produced its most splendid fruit. The chief monument of the renaissance in Italy is the church of St. Peter, and in London the church of St. Paul.

Russian Female Duclists, A good deal has lately been heard of the progress of female emancipation in Russia, but it is somewhat of a novelty o find the Russian ladies figuring in the character of duelists, as was the case not ong since with two belles of Petigorsk. well-known fashionable resort on the orthern slope of the Caucasus, A dispute arose between the rival beauties. springing out of the attentions paid to ach in turn by a handsome young cav alry officer quartered in the neighbor-hood. The quarrel ran so high that one of the Amszons at length dispatched her maid to the other with a formal challenge, which was instantly accepted. The belligerents met without seconds in a lonely place outside the town, each armed with a brace of loaded pistols. Before, however, they had even taken up their respective positions, the trembling of one lady's hand caused her pistol to explode prematurely, sending a bullet through the dress of the other, who shrieked and fell down in a swoon. The assailant, frightened out of her wits, flung away her weapon and rushed to raise the supposed corpse; but her un-grateful antagonist, recovering her sen-ses as suddenly as she had lost them, clutched her by the hair with one hand, while boxing her ears with the other in the mest energetic style. The firing having now ceased, the battle proceeded hand to hand. Locks of hair, ribbons, and shreds of clothing flew in every di rection, and but for the timely advent of three or four policemen the affray might have ended like the somewhat similar combat of the cats. The military Lothario's only recats. The military Lothario's only remark on hearing the story was, lucky they took to clawing each other instead of me."

In herbivorous animals, which have to grind down their food by constant trituration, the jaw is fixed to the skull, tory movement; but such a movement would be useless to carnivorous animals, where the grinding operation is not re-

Items of Interest.

A smashing business-Hail stones. The raw material-Underdone steak. There are 246 bones in the human

Balloon races are the latest Western By chemical means linen can be made

nto sugar. How much of the landscape can

bird's eye view?

"You are very pressing," as the wal-nut said to the nut-cracker. Laplanders can travel a hundred

miles a day with a pair of deer. Says a Chinese proverb: The inquis-itive man thrusts his head into a bee

Snodgrass, speaking of a very tall actor, says he is tall enough to act in two parts. The best way to spell a Russian or Polish name is to sneeze three times and

say, "ski." A patient is undoubtedly in a very bad way when his disease is acute and

his doctor isn't. The pressure of the sea, at the depth

of 1,100 yards, is equal to 15,000 pounds to the square inch. The Atlantic, if drained, would be a

vast plain with two mountain ridges crossing each other. There are on the earth's surface 147,-

000,000 square miles of water to 49,500,-000 square miles of land. When a woman sees a flock of birds she cries, "How beautiful!" A man invariably says, "What a shot!"

Let there be an end to the palpable falsehood that figures won't Lig.—New Haven Register. Yes, figures will stand on their heads. They will also ∞ ∞ .

-Norristown Herald. Two superfluous thumbs were cut away from the hand of the child of Oliver Metty, of Monroe, Mich., when it was but a few hours old. This is the youngest victim of the scalpel on record.

In 1817, when President Monroe visited Plattsburg, N. Y., the corporation used up all the money that had been appropriated for a new fire engine in entertaining him, and went without an engine till the next year. A man may be brave enough to face

dire danger, even at the cannon's mouth, but let him "pop the question," to a merry maiden, and he'll wilt like a paper piccadilly on a hot summer day. -Hackensack Republican. Dew forms most abundantly on cloudless nights, since the heat which is radi-

ated by the earth does not return to it. The temperature of the earth, and the air immediately upon its surface, is therefore lessened, and dew is formed. A dashing miss dropped in at a printing office, the other day, and inquired of the diffident foreman if he could print a kiss. He replied that he could if she would allow him to lock her up.

She thanked him for the in-form-ation are derived from the lily, the cross, the nimbus, and other symbols. This style is called the Byzantine, the culmination of the seconds proposed they should Two nervous duellists, having disshake hands. The other second de clared this would be unnecessary, as

they had been shaking for a half hour. 'Iis now the spirit of beauty dwells To languish in Southern fields of roses.

"Tis now new styles of hats eclipse Anything heretofore worn by women;
Tis now that the schoolboy puckers his lips,
As he sinks his teeth in the vague persim -New York Graphic.

The Tomb of Daniel O'Connell.

A letter from Dublin says; The stranger in Dublin seldom fails to pay a visit to the tomb of Daniel O'Connell, in the cemetery out Sackville street. The attention paid to the graves of de-ceased friends is a feature that is very generally observed in Irish cemeteries Widows, mothers, sisters and daughters can be seen wending their way with little paskets of fresh flowers to the graves of their hopes and their loves, and with tearful eyes strewing over the sod or hanging to tombstones and monuments wreaths and garlands. In winter wreaths of immortelles are substituted, of yellow, pink or blue, with a cross of sol-emn black suspended. Shortly after entering the gate a finger-board is observed with the words "To the tomb of O'Connell," which leads to about the center of the cemetery. Looking through the door of the vault, the crimson coffin of 'the great agitator" is visible under a canopy. The number of pilgrims to this tomb is credible; and it is a touching sight to see many a poor Irishman with a crownless hat raise his shabby tile and exclaim, "Poor Dan!" The monu-ment to O'Connell is a tower 165_feet high, designed after the model of the famous round towers of Ireland. The remains of his single-hearted friend "Honest Tom Steele," also lie close by. Curran, Hogan and many other intellectual Irishmen are also buried here.

County Fairs. The fair, as a pretext for bringing peo

ple together, has for twenty years taken the place of the ancient political mass-meetings of the North, and the barbecues and camp-meetings of the South. All the tribes of the farm districts go up to it. Not the fancy-stock raiser alone, with his fashionable clothes, highcrowned hat, shining sulky and thoroughbred mare, or his neighbor, the Squire, solid and keen-eyed, in his muddy "Jarsey," the broad back of his coat sunburned a dozen shades; but their wives and their daughters also, the storekeeper with whom they trade in the village, the lawyer who expounds green-backs or the labor question to them in the drug shop of an evening, the editor of the country paper, and his young college-bred man-of-all-work, who writes leading srticles, gums wrappers and mails the paper by turn. Specimens of all the farm stock join the great caravans; monster oxen and enormous pigs, dainty Alderneys and miniature bantams, famous imported ewes and bulls, heavily insured before they go, and sent with a corporal's guard of watchers. Then there are marvelous cheeses and butter, crystal jellies and homemade wines, invariably attended by their anxious owners, sharp-yed matrons or pretty but loud-voiced girls.—N. Y. Tribune.