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NO. 21.

Master Johnny's Next Door Neighbor. "It was spring the first time that I saw her. for her papa and mamma moved in

Next door, just as skating was over, and marbles about to begin. For the fence in our back yard was broken. and I saw as I peeped through the slat,

There were 'Johnny Jump-ups' all around her, and I know it was spring just by that. "I never knew whether she saw me-for she

didn't say nothing to me,

But 'Ma! here's a slat in the fence broke, and the boy that is next door can see.' But the next day I climbed on our wood shed, as you know, mamma says I've a right, And she calls out, 'Well, peckin' is manners!

and I answered her, 'Sass is perlite!' "But I wasn't a bit mad, no, papa, and to prove it the very next day, When she ran past our fence in the morning

happened to get in her way, For you know I am ! chunked ' and clumsy, a she says are all boys of my size, And she nearly upset me, she did, pa, and

laughed till tears came in her eyes. "And then we were friends from that moment for I knew that she told Kitty Sage, And she wasn't a girl that would flatter, ' that

she thought I was tall for my age.' And I gave her four apples that evening, and took her to ride on my sled, And—' What am I telling you this for ?' Why papa, my neighbor is dead !

'You don't hear one-half I am saying-I really do think it's too bad !

Why, you might have seen crape on her doorknob, and noticed to-day I've been sad. And they've got her a coffin of rosewood, and they say they have dressed her in white, And I've never once looked through the tence, pa, since she died-at eleven last night

'And ma says it's decent and proper, as I was her neighbor and triend, That I should go there to the juneral, and she

thinks that you ought to attend; But I am so clumsy and awkward, I know shall be in the way.

And suppose they should speak to me, papa, wouldn't know just what to say.

"So I think I will get up quite early, I know sleep late, but I know

"I'll be safe to wake up it our Bridget pulls the string that I'l! tie to my toe.

And I'll crawl through the tence and I'll gateer the 'Johnny Jump-ups' as they Round her feet the first day that I saw her

and, papa, I'll give them to you. "For you're a big man, and you know, pa. can come and go just where you choose,

And you'll take the flowers in to her, and sure ly they'll never refuse; But, papa, don't say they're from Johnny. They won't understand, don't you see,

But just by them down on her bosom, and, papa, she'll know they're from me.' -Bret Harte.

IN LOVE AND IN DEBT.

Who is that, Carrie?

"Dionysius Harrington. Is he not Handsome! I should think he is

What a partner for the Lancers! or to take one sleigh-riding, or down to supper, or, in fact, anywhere where a tete-atele was a possible contingent. 'He is sure to be at the Nevilles' ball to night. Perhaps you may be able test your opinion on that subject."

If he is there, I certainly shall." Provided you have an opportunity 'Handsome Dion' is in great request but then yours is quite a new face, and is always sure of a certain amount of attention.

Carrie's tone was a little piqued, and pretty Margery Heywood felt that it was just as well to drop the subject. Fortunately Broadway affords plenty of conversational resources, and some inported costumes in a window supplied a topic of interest quite equal to hand-some Dionysius Harrington.

Perhaps in Margery's mind there was an unacknowledged connection between the two. Dion and dress were not so yery far apart; for a man who attired himself so elegantly was not likely to be indifferent to the toilets of the womer whom he delighted-or condescended-

This point settled in her own mind. Margery was full of confidence. She and been brought up in a world where the milliner and tailor

" Are throned powers, and share the general

Her own dress was always perfect; her ribbons never chiffonne, her gloves new, her general costume like a morningglory before twelve o'clock—it had no yesterday. Indeed, she considered negdigence in dress one of the deadly sins among respectable people. So that, under any circumstances, she would have prepared carefully for the Neville ball; but it was certainly worth extra trouble when she was hopeful of eyes that could appreciate colors and combinations. Her reward was with her, for she had a great success that night. Her toilet was the rarest and richest in the room, and Dion Harrington signified his approval by the honor of three waltzes. After such a mark of distinction, Margery could repose, as it were, upon the sense of her own perfections.

They were sitting chatting together; and there was a look on Dion's face which absolutely indicated that he had forgotten himself, and was admiring some one else. Margery was certainly doing her best to charm him, and she instinctively found out the best wayshe was making Dion talk in a manner that really amazed himself. Among men he was a sensible fellow, with plenty of his own opinions; but among ladies he generally relied on his personal ad-

vantages.

Besides, his object was to conquer women rather than to amuse them, and he had generally found a few sighs and clances a very effective method of subju-But this night he was actually gation. But this night he was actually talking to Margery on every kind of topic, and feeling, also, an obligation on himself to say the eleverest thing he could think of at the time. After their first waltz he began his usual routine of

"We have had very bad weather lately, have we not?"

Margery did sot assent according to rule and precedent, but said, "Really, I wonder you should think so. It is always changing. What more would you have? There was once an old lady who used to tell her grumbling nephew

that he ought to be thankful for any

weather at all."
"I think nearly every one grumbles at the weather."

the weather."

"I have noticed that. If men are not satisfied with a party, or if anything goes wrong in their business or in their view of politics, they grumble at the weather. I don't believe that any two lovers, or any form of government, could stand six weeks of settled sunshing."

turn the commonest subject. He re-membered that he had another engagement, and made his most graceful apologies. Still he was wondering, all the time he was away from Margery, what she was thinking about him, and tor-menting himself with the memory of several good things that he might have

said, and did not say.

Perhaps that was the reason that he called upon Margery the next day, and the next, and so on indefinitely. In a the next, and so on indefinitely. In a month the handsome Dionysius was no longer at the general service; he was devoted to Miss Heywood. Then people began to talk. Some very good people, professedly anxious to repress malicious rumors, propagated them; and though they declared them to be incredi-

chough they declared them to be incredi-ble, still, unfortunately, they believed them to be only too true.

It is easy to profess indifference to such ill-natured talk, but people cannot be indifferent to the results of it. In this case the rumors reached Margery's aunt at Heywood, and she sent a pre-emptory order for her niece's return home immediately.

At this order Margery was very cross. She did not want to go back into the country, and she did think that, in some way or other. Dion might have prevented people's remarks. And his little effort to people's remarks. And his little effort to talk the matter over with her only made her more angry; for her loving, anxious heart was waiting to hear something more sweetly personal than:

"I cannot limagine, Miss Heywood, what pleasure people find in gossip."

"You cannot?" snapped Margery.

"Well, then, let me tell you that all pleasures are short-lived except that of watching the mistakes of our friends.

watching the mistakes of our friends, and comparing them with our own vir-

"Where shall we meet again?"
"I am no diviner." She was pale and angry, but the tears were in her eyes.
She knew that he loved her. Why could he not—why would he not—say so?
"Why?" She asked herself this ques-

tion all during the next summer. For Dion, having discovered that Miss Heywood was with her invalid aunt in a small village in the Pennsylvania mountains, abandoned at once the delights of fashionable hops and drives, and devoted himself to Miss Heywood and Miss Heywood's aunt.
It was a summer to date from all of

ife afterward. Such glorious mornings by the trout streams! Such evenings in the moon-lit hills! Such walks, and talks, and rides! "A young man so handsome—so very handsome—a young man so clever and polite, and so respectful to age." Aunt Heywood had never seen. Forty years before, she had had a lover, who went to sea and never ame back again, and she believed Dion to be exactly like him. Yes, she was certain that if ever she had been married, and had children, all her sons would have been just like Dion. The old woman loved him, in her way, quite

as much as the young one. This fair and happy summer at length ame to a close. Dion found the ladies one morning in the midst of trunks and A sudden frost had set in, and Aunt Heywood missed the comforts of her own home. Dion lingered, silent and sorrowful, till after lunch, and then he asked Margery to go into the woods for a walk with him. He had a confes-sion to make, he said, if Miss Heywood

Miss Heywood thought he might have ooken without her permission. nuch courtesy, too much courtesy,' whispered her own heart; but she signified her assent by a little nod of her head and a set, steadfast look in the

"Miss Heywood—Margery—I want to confess to you what a foolish waste I have made of my life and fortune. Hitherto I have squandered them in the illiest of pursuits. Margery began to tap her foot rest-

ssly.
"I have been so vain of my good

She looked half slyly and half admirngly through her eyelashes at him.
"And I am sorry to say that, in order to do them justice, I have been very unjust to others. I am very deeply in debt

"Deeply in debt!" Was that what he ad to confess? She colored violently, had to confess? and rose. "Mr. Harrington, your debts do not concern me, unless-unless-'

"I expect you to pay them? that is what you think I mean, Miss Heywood. How can you misjudge me so ither in the past or future of so worth-

ess a life as mine has hitherto been He rose to go, and some dumb, evil spirit possessed the girl. She longed to smile, to speak, to detain him; but she could not permit herself to do it. "Good-bye, Margery—dear Marger

When I venture to speak to you again, hope to be more deserving of a hearing." He put out his hand, and she would not see it. Oh, it was hard that he would not understand the love and longing and disappointment in her heart! She had a right to be angry with a man so blind; and as she could not for very shame go into a good, womanly passion, she gave vent to her feelings in a very unwomanly exhibition of sarcastic indifference.

But when Dion had really gone, she fell with passionate sobbing upon the ground, until the pines talked soughfully among themselves, and wailed back to her those meiancholy tones they learn I know not where.

Aunt Heywood was as broken-hearted as her niece. She brooded on the loss of the gay, beautiful youth, with something of both a mother's and a lover's anguish; and when, a week later, they heard that he had sailed for the coast of Africa as supercarge of a friend's ship, all the sunshine died out of the two lives at Heywood Park.

A year later old Miss Heywood died, and Margery was left sole mistress of her person and fortune. There was some rumors of a strange will made by Miss Heywood in her last hour, which it was thought Margery would dispute. But the rumor died, and the young heiress apparently settled down to a monotonous life, in which nothing seemed left her but the "having loved."

In the second year a little ripple was made in Heywood by the advent of

Harry Lake. Harry had been Dion's great friend, and was probably even then in correspondence with him. Margery had always avoided Harry's uncle hitherto; but now, with a sweetness that no old man could resist, she inquired after his health, his crops, and

portance to him.

In fact, she quite won the old bachelor's heart. It was a great grief to him
that he could not hope to wed her for
himself; and he half disliked his nephew shine."

Dion looked at this strange girl. She had a metaphysical, dreamy look in her eyes; there was no telling how she might a rich girl-should not go out of the family; and he soon let Harry know that the prospects of inheriting the Lake estate rested very much upon his mar-riage with Margery.

"But suppose the young lady will not have me, uncle?" "You are not to suppose failure, sir, in anything. You have no rivals here—but me," the old man grumbled, not very

but me," the old man grumbled, not very pleasantly.

Harry was in a dilemma, and he sat thinking long over it that night. But he was endowed with a nature singularly honest, and at this juncture it helped him better than intrigue. He simply wrote a little note to Margery, asking permission to see her next day at noon. He received, as he expected, a cordial assent; and so, putting Dion's last letter in his pocket, he went almost confidently over to Heywood Park.

It was a very pleasant meeting, but Harry was determined not to let their

Harry was determined not to let their conversation drift into generalities. "Miss Heywood," he said, "I am going to ask from you a very singular favor. I—I want you. In short, I want you to

I—I want you. In short, I want you to refuse to marry me."

Margery could not help a smile at Harry's awkwardness. She readily divined that he had something important to say to her, and that he had, in his eagerness to be perfectly plain about it, begun at the end instead of the beginning. So she said, "I shall certainly refuse you—when you ask me, Mr. Lake." Lake.

Oh, that of course! No fellow like me expects to get a hearing, after poor Dion could not succeed. But the truth is just this: my uncle admires you so much that he threatens to leave me nothing unless I marry you."

And you prefer to be disinherited, of

"No, no, no; but, Miss Heywood, I am dead in love with the dearest little girl, and I am over head and ears in debt also; and if I vex uncle, he will give me no money—and don't you see how the thing is?" "Not exactly. Now what am I to do?

"Not exactly, Now what am I to do?
Tell me plainly."
"Well, I shall write you a letter tomorrow—a real, old-fushioned Sir
Charles Grandison letter—and ask your permission, etc., etc., to pay my devoted duty, etc., etc., to you. And I shall show this letter to uncle, and get his

suggestions and approbation."
"Yes; and then I am to—" "Yes; and then I am to—"
"To answer it, just in your loftiest style, Miss Heywood. If you say a few words a little down on the Lakes, I don't mind it at all, and it will finish the matter. Of course I shall be cut up and all that. If my poor Dion was here he would find some elever way out of the scrape; but I can never think of anything but just going to headquarters, as g but just going to I have come to you."

"It is the best way. A straight lin is just as good in love as in geometry. Then the affair was talked over, and Margery brought all her woman's tact and delicacy to its arrangement. Things were planned so as to proceed more leisurely; for the climax, instead of coming the next day, as Harry pro-posed, was indefinitely put off. But Margery thought herself well paid for her complaisance; for in a very short ime Harry knew as well as possible the true state of her heart, and many a pre-cious bit of news he brought her conerning Dion, and one day he managed o forget a photograph of him and never afterward to remember its loss.

So, with this fresh interest in life, time did not seem so heavy to poor Margery. She had Dion's pictured face, and every now and then a few words of informa-tion about him, or else a long talk with Harry concerning the manifold perfec-tions of one so dear to both.

But though the final letter was delayed as long as possible, Uncle Lake at last got impatient, "Harry had spent part of every day at Heywood for four months; if boys and girls did not know their own minds in that time, they never would." So the old gentleman wrote the proposal himself, stated frankly what lands and money he intended to give Harry, and solicited for the young man the hand of his fair neighbor.

The answer had been carefully prepared by the two young people. It was exquisitely polite, but yet it contrived to Uncle Lake was very sensitive; and, in fine, it absolutely declined any alliance

with his house. The effect was better than they had dared to hope. Uncle Lake was greatly offended, and for Margery's sake recalled cruelly? I beg pardon for presuming to offended, and for Margery's sake recalled imagine that you could feel any interest the very worst of the stereotyped flings at women and women's ways so gener-

ally familiar to bachelors young and old.
"However, he was sorry for me,
Margery," said Harry, one day, a week
afterward, "and he has shown it in a way that I thoroughly appreciate." 'A check?"

Yes, for ten thousand dollars.

"Did you pine much, Harry?"
"No, I could not manage it; and, do
you know, that pleased uncle. He
praised my spirited behavior, and said that was just the way he took a saucy voman's No thirty years ago; and then be gave me the check, and told me to go Paris for a season.

'And you go, I suppose?" "Just as soon as the dearest little giri is ready to go with me."
"Will you have enough, after paying your debts?" "I shall naturally consider my wife's

comfort before my creditors'."
"Oh, Harry! Harry!" "Well, Margery, I never could keep out of debt and out of love. The men I trade with and the girl I love always have a lien on me."

have a lien on me. After Harry left letters were long delayed. Addresses were lost or changed, and week after week and month after month passed without bringing any word from Dion, about whom he had promised to write. In the third summer Margery was so lenely that she deter-mined to join some friends in a European trip; for she was sure by this time that

Dion had quite forgotten her. So she wandered all summer in the sunniest places of the earth, and was so charmed and happy that she really beand her regrets lieved her love buried deeper than any memory could reach for them.

on the top of Richmond Hill. As she sat musing some one suddenly stood be-tween her and the sunshine. She looked

tween her and the sunshine. She looked up, and instantly put out her two hands with a joyful cry to Dion.

"Oh, Margery! Margery! Margery! Oh, my own love! my dear love! my darling!" while in a minor tone Margery was sobbing: "Dion! Dion! Dion! You have nearly killed me! How could you, Dion? You don't know that you have nearly broken my heart. Yes, you have, sir." whatever other subject seemed of im-

Then there was such an explanation to be gone through that at ten o'clock that night they had only got as far as their unfortunate parting. And this seemed to remind Dion of something, for he said: "Oh, Margery darling, I am afraid I must tell you the same old story. I have worked very hard, and all that, but I am still in debt."

"No, you are not. I have something to tell you, also. Aunt Heywood left you all her money provided you claimed it within five years after her death; if not, it was to be mine."

"It will still be yours, Margery."

"No, I do not want both you and the money; I have enough of my own."

"Then I shall get oft of debt at last."

"No, you will not, sir. You owe me Then there was such an explanation

"Then I shall get out of debt at last."
"No, you will not, sir. You owe me the price of three years of my life. You will never be out of my debt, and you will never be out of my love."
"I don't want to, sweet Margery! and they who are deep in love can afford to spend twenty out of an income of nineteen; for you know the old proverb:
"There was a couple who loved one another, and they always took what they had, and they never wanted.—Harper's had, and they never wanted .- Harper'

Early Morning Market Scenes in New York.

Although a vast retail business is done a New York correspondent, not one householder in a thousand goes there for supplies. The householders buy of the green-grocers and butchers who keep stores convenient to dwellings. The green-grocers and butchers come down town for their supplies. But there is, especially at this season of the year, an immense market business done in the down-town streets. This is a compara-tively unknown business, except to those who carry it on, and many people have never even suspected its existence. It is entirely a vegetable market and is well worth looking at as a curiosity.

worth looking at as a curiosity.

A visitor who wants to explore its mysteries should come here at five o'clock in the morning. Landing at Liberty or Cortlandt street a few steps will bring him into the midst of its activity. Many a hurrying stranger, who has been rushing for a midnight train out of the city, has wondered why long and solemn rows of covered wagons, with sleepy-looking horses, are then standing along some of the streets through which he passes. He would ask, had he time to stop and think about it, why the drivers do not drive to livery it, why the drivers do not drive to livery stables and stay there until morning, or at least why they do not, if they want the wagons to remain the street, take the horses out and put them in comfortable

shelter.
To which it must be answered, first, that these wagons are placed in position during the night in order to have the choice places which their owners fancy, for some stands are far better than others; second, that there are not enough stables in lower New York to shelter this great army of horses. There are hundreds and hundreds of wagons. They stand on Washington and Greenwich streets as far up as Bleecker and as far down as Dey, which is next to Cort-New Church street, under shadow of the elevated railroad, is full of them. They are most numerous on Saturday mornings, but jon every morning except Sunday a goodly number may be found. Having stood all night they are at daylight ready for business. Some of the drivers have reposed on their loads, while others have stretched them selves out on soft granite steps or luxuri ous wooden cellar doors. If the night has been stormy, it is rough work for al concerned. The business is at its heigh between five and six o'clock, and presents a sight worth coming a long dis-tance to see. Not a moment is to be The whole caravan must come out of the way by eight o'clock, for every one of these wagons is in front of store or warehouse, and the resident business men have the right to clear away all such intruders when their own business begins. Each wagon pay twenty-five cents for the privilege of the room it occupies. This goes to the city, or is supposed to. A collector comes each morning, and must have his cash. All transactions are for eash It was and every vegetable dealer who brings good and fresh stock sells his whol delicately several points on which wagon load and takes the equivalent cash home with him.

Rules of Health.

Nothing is so essential to health at this season of the year as a proper observance of sanitary rules. The following suggestions in this line will be valuable Drainage—A thoroughly drained soil is all important. Sewers should be properly located and frequently examined, so as to insure cleanliness and effectiveness

Houses, cellars and yards should be cleaned. Water supply—"Water, next to air, is the chief necessary of life." We may even place it before food, because all food is largely composed of it. Cisterns should be constructed of suitable material; its water ought to be frequently examined and kept free from color, odor and other indications of impurity. Wells are the most dangerous sources of water supply, for few wells are free from surface pollution. They should be properly located, to avoid all possible risk of contamina-tion from their surroundings, carefully built with elevated curbs and covere The water they contain should be tops. examined at short intervals. A simple method of examination is by dissolving a lump of loaf sugar in a quantity of suspected water in a clean bottle, which should have a close-fitting glass stopper. Set the bottle in a window of a room where the sunlight will fall upon it. If the water remains bright and limpid after a week's exposure, it may be pronounced fit for use. But if it becomes turbid during the week it contains enough impurities to be unhealthy. Such water should not be used for drinking purposes

until it has been boiled and filtered. Dwellings—The prime condition of health in a house depends upon cleanli-ness, pure air and unpolluted water. Good ventilation is absolutely necessary. Rooms should be frequently aired and a daily visit from Dr. Sunshine encouraged. Overcrowding is a fruitful source of air-She was sitting, one lovely afternoon, pollution in dwellings.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A Russian paper gives an account of a plague of locusts near Elisabethpol, which forced a detachment of troops on the march to retrace their steps. The insects settled so thick on the soldiers' faces, uniforms and muskets that the commander, driven to desperation, or-dered firing at them. This was done for half an hour, but produced no effect, and the soldiers were obliged to march back. The swarm covered an area of twentytwo square miles.

The Louisville Courier-Journal bundles together its advice to profane men in this wise: "To all who are afflicted with the habit of profanity, and who are desirous of curing themselves of it, we would suggest that, as a beginning, they resolve, and rigidly adhere to the resolution, that whenever they feel a disposition to swear whenever they feel a disposition to swear they will take no other name in vain except that of the Aztec god of war. Huitzilopochtli. That will give their anger a chance to cool and to disappear before they get to the other end of the word, and they will not thus be guilty of the sin of a complete oath. And if Huitzilopochtli won't break them, then their cases are honeless?

The trade in glass in the United States within the last few years has reached enormous proportions. Pittsburgh, Pa., enormous proportions. Pittsburgh, Pa., is the great glass center of the country. More than half of all the glass produced is made there. The productions aggregate over \$7,000,000 annually, employing a capital, which includes buildings, machinery and grounds, of nearly, if not quite, \$3,500,000. There are seventy-three factories, containing in all 690 pots. Each year \$3,000,000 is paid in wages to the hands employed, who number some 5,248. One can form some little idea of the magnitude of the business by ascerthe magnitude of the business by ascer-taining the amount of material consumed annually. Last year there were con-sumed 2,925 tons of German clay, 360 tons of lead, 250 tons of pearl ash, 2,760 barrels of salt, 6,055 tons of straw, 4,025 cords of wood, 4,525,760 bushels of coal, 793,500 bushels of coke, 1,218 tons of nitrate of soda, 48,340 tons of sand and

Of the successful pedestrian, E. P. Weston, the Rev. J. C. Fletcher, of Indirapolis, says that when a child Weston was the cleanest, sweetest little blor e boy he ever knew. He always had his Sunday-school lesson perfectly, had his Sunday-school lesson perfectly, and was well trained at home, in Providence, by his small, slender mother, "But," added Mr. Fletcher, "E. P. Weston was the most uneasy bright boy I ever saw. There was no keeping him still. His father was a man restless in his brain, and finally died insane. The mother of E. P. W. was a woman of intellectual parts, and at her husband's death, in order to support her family, she wrote a number of interesting books for children. These were printed and for children. These were printed and then, instead of being published, were hawked about Providence and elsewhere in the State of Rhode Island by Edward Payson, who walked from house to house all over the State, and thus early acquired the habit of walking."

Sergeant John P. Finley has investigated the cyclones that swept over Kansas in May. He traveled in a wagon and rode altogether five hundred miles. visiting thirty-five towns and villages. I started out in making observations by first finding the center of the track of sired all the persons named in my the storm, and then making corresponding observation on both sides to as the effect of the wind on each. I found after a great deal of questioning that these tornadoes were always heralded by the appearance of hailstones and rain, which only ended when the funnel disappeared. The funnel, which resembles a water spout, was generally seen approaching from the north west and south west, and has the embodiment of the air currents coming from both the direc-tions. The northwest clouds always retions. The northwest clouds always re-sembled heavy rain-clouds, while those in the southwest were a light, fleecy color, indicating wind. After their ap-pearance the inhabitants would notice between the two, near the apex, a terrible commotion, and in a few moments this would be followed by the funnel extending gradually from the clouds. was this funnel-cloud that always did the damage. The majority of these storms travel about thirty miles an hour, and while they are on the ground their force is great enough to destroy everything within their reach."

Troops Attacked by Locusts. A detatchment of Russian troops

bound for General Lazereff's expedition

against the Turcomans, met with a curious misadventure near the Georgian town of Elisabethpol. At a few versts from the town the soldiers encountered the wing of an army of locusts reputed to be twenty miles in length and broad in proportion. The officer in charge did not like to turn back, repelled by mere insects, and, pushing on, soon became surrounded by the locusts. These appear to have mistaken the soldiers for rees, and swarmed by thousands around them, "crawling over their bodies lodging themselves inside their helmets penetrating their clothes and their knapsacks, filling the barrels of their rifles and striving to force themselves into the unfortunate men's ears and noses." commander gave orders for the troops to push on double-quick for Elisabethpol, but the road was so blocked with lo-custs that the soldiers grew frightened, and, after wavering a few min utes, a regular stampede took piace. Led by a non-commissioned officer of keen vision, who had observed a few huts a short distance from the road the troops dashed across the fields "slipping about over the crushed and greasy bedies of the locusts as though they had been on ice." The huts were soon reached, and the officers rushed inside, but the refuge proved to be of little value, as the premises were already in the possession of the enemy. The peasants told the correspondent of the Kavkaz that for days they had been besieged by the vermin, the in-sects filling the wells and tainting the water, crowding into the ovens and spoiling the bread, and preventing any food being cooked or stored. At in-tervals the villagers issued from their houses and made onslaughts on the lo custs, killing them by thousands, and carting them away afterward to the fields for manure. The soldiers were detained prisoners by the insects for forty-eight hours, and on their march to Elisabethpol, in the rear of the lo-cust army, they found every blade of grass and green leaf destroyed and the peasants reduced to beggary.

Visit to the Zulu King.

On the following evening, writes an English correspondent, I again visited the king, who had especially invited me to witness a review of his troops, two regiments of which, one of "white shields," and the other of "black shields," were stationed at Nonduengu. These troops formed a large circle in the open central space of the kraal, while the king walked, or rather trotted, about as well as he was able, within the circle, closely followed by his shield-bearer and other attendants carrying his snuff and his beer. The shouts that arose from his assembled warriors became deafening as the king, calling upon one or other of his more distinguished soldiers by name, and pointing toward him, summoned

him to perform his feats of agility. Every arm was extended and every Every arm was extended and every finger pointed toward the man thus honored, who leaped from his place in the ranks, and commenced running, jumping, springing high into the air. kicking his shield, flourishing his weapons and performing the most extraordinary maneuvers imaginable. All this time the "imbongas," or praisers, recounted the deeds of the king amid the shouts of the multitude. After his majesty was tired multitude. After his majesty was tired of moving about—for his extreme obesity of moving about—for his extreme obesity rendered it no easy matter—his chair of state was brought to him, in which he sat and regaled himself with a copious draught of "outchualia," or beer made of fermented millet, often taking pinches

of snuff,
Then every soldier passed in single file before the king, each one bowing to the dust, and lowering his shield as he passed the august presence. This ended the re-view, and the king was borne back to his harem amidst the shouts and din of the harem amidst the shouts and din of the multitude. Nothing can be imagined more truly savage, yet picturesque withal, than the appearance of these Zuiu soldiers when arrayed for battle. With kilts formed of the tails of the leopard and other wild animals, their heads adorned with the plumes of the crane and the ostrich, with long streamers of goat's hair attached to their arms and legs, and holding in front their huge bucklers of hide, which almost cover their bodies, and above which protrude the bristling points of their well-sharpened assegnis, they present a most striking aspect, and one not easily forgotten. The costume of the king consisted of a copious kilt formed of leopard's tails and copious kilt formed of leopard's tails and the skins of the green monkey. On his forchead he wore a large ball of closely-cut feathers of the blue roller, and round his neck hung a quantity of very large white beads. His arms were nearly covered with bracelets of brass and gold, while fillets of bends encircled his body and his legs. In aspect he was dignified, and his skin was of a lighter color than that of most Zulus.

Making Them Eat Their Own Flour.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travelers, crying out against the bunnins or flour-seilers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand, that cakes made of it were utterly uncatable. The colonel determined to punish the cheats: and this is how he did it.

I told, says he, some reliable man of my escort to go quietly into the bazaars

and each buy flour at a separate shop, be ing careful to note whose shop it The flour was brought to me. I every sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth. I then deto be sent to me, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterward they arrived, evidently sus pecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. "Now," said I, gravely, each of you is to weigh out a seer (two paunds) of your flour:

'Is it for the pilgrims?" asked one. "No," said I, quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep countenance. "You must cat it yourselves."

They saw that I was in earnest and offered to pay any fine I imposed.
"Not so," I returned; "you have made many eat your flour; why should you object to eat it yourselves?" They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the bystanders some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon; and so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.

Vegetable Ivory.

The Colonies and India furnishes some interesting particulars respecting the so-called "vegetable ivory," which is now so much used as a substitute for ivory. The vegetable ivory nut is the product of a species of palm found wild making buttons, etc. The unripe fruit consists of a green shell, containing a watery fluid, which as the nut ripens gradually thickens until it becomes a pulpy mass, and eventually hardens into matter. The water, though bitter to the taste, is wholesome, and often renders invaluable service to travelers, who cannot otherwise obtain water to drink. The tree on which the fruit grows is unlike an ordinary palm, having little or no stem and drooping downing little or no stem and drooping downing be extended nearly three hundred ward, especially when the weak branches are overweighed by the six or seven bunches of nuts, each containing six or seven seeds, inclosed in thick heavy shells and outer sheath, and weighing altogether from twenty to twenty-four pounds.

Three Things.

Three things to do—Think, live, act. Three things to cherish—Virtue, good-

Three things to teach-Truth, industry and contentment. Three things to govern-Temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to love-Courage, gentle-ness and affection.

Three things to contend for-Honor, country and friends.
Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to admire-Intellect, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to avoid—Tilness, loqua-

city and flippant jesting.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness.

Three things to wish for—Health,

friends and a contented spirit.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

After dinner-A hungry man. The sleeper reposes in the lapse of time.—New York People.

The roads and inns in Spain are as bad s they have been for centuries. It is forbidden in England to take casts of the heads of executed criminals.

The amount of money already expended on the bridge between New York and Brooklyn exceeds \$10,500.000.

The United States uses up 1,000,000,000 paper bags annually, and several manuacturers report increasing demands, A gentleman in one of the Western towns is so much opposed to capital pun-ishment that he refuses to hang his own

Have you ever thought how exceedingly kind it is of the average murderer to forgive everybody before he is swung off?—Puck.

The evening the young man hasn't money enough to take his girl into an ice-cream saloon he sends her a note tating he is sale. stating he is sick.

The valuation of personal property in New York city for 1870 is \$197,532,075, a decrease of \$21,597,120 over last year. The real estate in 1879 is valued at \$918,-134,340, an increase of \$17,722,910 over

A story is going the rounds of the press called "A son turns up after twenty-five years' absence." We have seen a son turn up after an hour's absence, often, and never thought anything of it. Griswold.

The name "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called Atabi, or taffeta, the wavy mark-ings of the watered silks resembling oussy's cont.

When two women meet at the fence there is no harm as long as the talk is loud and the tones firm, but the moment the head begins to nod, the voice drops to a murmur, and the tones sound hushed and muffled, then you may know that scandal, or some one's character, is made a sweet morsel for the occasion. Every good man sits down and weeps.—

Two Arizona miners, Freeman and Hill, recently played a huge hoax upon their fellows. They represented that in the country 400 miles to the north of Prescott could be found large quantities of gold. Fifty six men, with 112 animals, banded together and followed the two from Prescott. Water could not be procured, and the whole party nearly nearly died from thirst. Freeman and Hill finally admitted that the affair was a joke. They were hung in just 100 seconds.

How a Great Silver Mine Was Found. Two miners sat down in the wilderness of Southern Utah a few months since to munch their bread and then pursue their wanderings and their search for wealth. They were "prospectors" who, having left the beaten track of treasure-scekers, wandered off, to the amusement of their fellows, into the comparatively level country, where months of searching had revealed noth-

We had better get back mountain country, Jim," said pard. As he spoke his tool struck something a few inches under the sand and the prospector found a fracture on the rocks

and picked up a small, yellowish piece "What's that?" said Tom, as he saw with what feverish carnestness his

"Egad! I think it's horn silver!" They were out of provisions and clothes; they had not means with which to pay the fee for securing their "find." After opening up their prize sufficiently to show that a vein of ore existed, they offered it to Mr. Ben Morgan, of Pittsburgh, who is operating smelting works a few miles below Salt Lake City, for \$18,000. Mr. Morgan sought the advice \$18,000. Mr. Morgan sought the of the superintendent of the Ontario mine. Together they carefully examined the new "find," and unfortunately for the genial Ben they decided it was not worth risking the money on. The miners continued to open their veins, but soon again were stranded, when one of them wrote to two Irish friends, who had already lost money on supposed 'finds," and besought them to try their luck once more. After much importun-ing they invested enough money to give the miners a good start, when the de-velopment of the mine proceeded rap-Four shafts were sunk and a num ber of intermediate galleries run which connected the shafts. The work was pushed solely with a view to show the magnitude of the deposit. It was the marvel of the whole country. ative old engineers measured the orebodies actually in sight, taking nothing product of a species or pain road.
Inside ses in all parts of the mine to describe its richness, and the most cautious calthe hard shell is the white kernel, which its richness, and the most cautious calculated the silver in sight as worth \$27,
Law Cooke, hearing of this as well as readily dyed, and being less brittle than bone, is largely used in prize, secured an option of a one-half interest for \$2,500,000 for a short time, and hastening Eastward he induced a number of Englishmen in New York to invest, and they took it at this price, the four original owners declining to sell the

Cholera Medicine.

remaining half at any price. This is the now famous "Horn Silver Mine" or

New Bonanza," around which a town

and to which one mine the

has in a few months clustered called

mer be extended nearly three hundred

miles.

The New York Journal of Commerce says: More than twenty years ago, when it was found that prevention of cholera was easier than cure, a prescrip-tion drawn up by eminent doctors was published in the New York Sun, and it ook the name of the Sun choiera medi-

Our contemporary never lent its name to a better article. We have seen it in constant use for nearly two score years, and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the

cholera. We commend it to all our friends Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer complaints, colic, diarrhea,

dysentery, etc. Take equal parts of tincture of Cayenne pepper, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a little cold water, according to age and violence of symptoms, repeated every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained