her his Rose.

It was winter as they came to that, and the skaters were making merry. She had come down to the lake with her un-

had come down to the lake with her un-cle, who was a famous skater; had bound on her skates, and slid away with him; had left him to tighten a strap, had lost him, and had been found by Adrian, and together they had glided away; and then the late afternoon red-dened into sunset and purpled into twi-light, and they were skating up the stream, and leaving all the cries and fires and flashing forms behind them. How soft and fresh was the vigorous air! how

soft and fresh was the vigorous air! how rich the violet of the gathering night! how great the glow of the wind-shaken stars! Now it was no longer hand in hand that they went, but his arm was

about her; they swept out on long curves together, and moved as if the pulses of

the wind carries off a feather.

loors again.

he thundered.

nicce in marriage, only to receive in re-turn the flattest and curtest and most

nsulting of orders never to darken those

into a furious, roaring laugh. "Tooral-looral!" sang the professor. "Begone!"

been glad to mark him out of existence

if marks could have done it-out of his

college existence at any rate; but the boy gave him no chance. He deserved

no reprimand, and none could be tor-tured into shape for him. He studied as

a machine works. He covered himself

VOL. IX.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1879.

The Farmer's Wooing.

were sleeping. And just across the river sang the farmers their reaping;

leaves were showing Their soft white beauty in the breeze that from

A little maid came through the land with son and rippling laughter;

buttercups made way for her, the nodded after.

the parting river; drew a lily from its depth with golden

with head uplifted, And threw a poppy, as the stream toward the

maiden dritted. white together;

A cloud grew black before the sun, and rainy was the weather.

from his mowing; for its flowing.

"Oh, love!" said he, "if gleaming sun and cloudless skies o'erlean us,

untried between us; But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds

day lover!"

And so one noon the village bells rang out across the river,

a-quiver. While some one drew a lily from the stream

wheat was growing;

The maiden set them in her hair—the red and white together-

at the weather. They passed beneath the chapel's shade-

farmer and the maiden-Where arches crossed above their heads, with

words were spoken; He in his heart bore out the truth, she on her

some were clouded over,

JACQUEMINOT ROSES.

so long. At first at such an awful dis-tance—"the desire of the moth for the tion, for his beauty was as extraordinary as the sweetness of his tones.

Redmond, fully in favor of the affair. "Some people might prefer to be children of Roman peasants, with all their Roman history and ancestry behind them, rather than to be children of par-

Tooral-looral!" was the reply-a

long black lashes darkaned the eyes of Roman or Saxon—they were Adrian's eyes, her lover's, the only eyes that had ever looked into hers, and the light of the world was in them. It was not

indeed, he sent a band there to breathe out music in the soft dead dark of the night, and Uncle Redmond growled something about throwing the Revised Statutes at their heads, till the sunt propitiated him by wondering if the sere-nade were on account of his great work on the Civil Code. But all this was at a distance. He had not dared approach her; had not dared speak to her; had not dreamed of following her.

But one sunset, in crossing a public ening the walks almost to twilight, he saw her moving hurriedly along just before him, themselves the only people to be seen in the square. "She does not touch the earth, she floats," he said. But as he thought it, a drunken creation of the square of the square, with the shadows of trees dark-ening the walks almost to twilight, he But as he thought it, a drunken crea-ture started from the snadows and reeled up, leering into her face, while she shrank back with a slight sudden cry. With a bound Adrian was there; his arm fell, and the offender assuredly touched the earth, whatever Ella did.

passages and stairways; and as in her organ-grinding," growled the professor. will result in some effective early gauzes she descended all alone. The lovers met in the press, for one in-

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into the dark, she looked to him, ascending, like the spirit of the flowers and of the music behind her. She held a spray of white roses in her hand. She never knew what made her—she thought of it afterward, shocked and horrified at The daisies nodded in the grass, the buttercup

Upon the hills, so blue and far, the maple

the sea was blowing.

A strong young farmer saw her pause beside

herself, at her want of maidenliness and modesty, and her face reddened, and her tears started in the lonely night—but she held out the spray of white roses, and gave it to him with an enchanting smile, and went down as he went up. And he—he also never knew what brazen boldness, what wild daring, possessed him when he stepped to her side as she walked home from church next day, and said: "May I give you my name in exchange for your rose?" And although he had but introduced himself, he somehow took to heart the literal interpretation of her words, and in a wild, eager, silent way, considering himself engaged to her from that moment, whether she were engaged to him or not; and grown bold thenceforth, he all ways called her in his thoughts his Rose. One day, speaking with her—for after that they often met—he called her so aloud, and she was in no wise startled; it came so naturally, as if she had known, of course, that the sun was going to rise, and this was the first rosy gleam of dawn. Yet following it came little alternations of joy and terror. "Perhaps he would not have dared to call me so," she thought, in her shame-faced humiliation, "if I had not heen so heart a-quiver. "Thou art more fair than lilies are,"

She set the flowers in her hair-the red and

He came across the river then, this farmer He minded not the water's depth he cared not

The river's barring width may roll unpassed

and rain come over, I'd cross the ocean to your side-I am no fair-

Their music set the buttercups and daisies all

so blithely flowing, And plucked a blood-red poppy that amid the

With many a smile, a tear or two, and glaners

snowy blossoms laden. And in that place of holy calm the binding

hand the token. The years went by, and some were bright an

But ever stood he at her side-he was no fair

- Boston Transcript.

It all came about in this way. Of course it was wicked, and outrageous, and ungrateful, and all that, but then it was so sudden that she really did not know what had happened. And then, why in the world should the professor object to Adrian, in whom there was neither spot nor flaw? The man selfishiy wanted to keep the child himself, and after him the deluge! Yes, it came about in this way. He had adored her star," her uncle Redmond used to call it in his evil way; but another person might have said it was the pure and might have said it was the pure and ardent passion of a young soul for its counterpart. And certainly that exquisite being, so fair, so frail, half human, half seraphic, was only the counterpart of this fiery, turbulent boy, so strong, and so tender, too, for all the vehemence of his impulses, so noble and so lofty in his ideals. Of course no young girl of Ella's age could have looked at his face, could have heard his voice, and not have felt a strange attraction, for his beauty was as extraordinary The winter wore away at last, and if the professor kept the Rose from her lover, he could not keep the color from the velyct check if he were near, the glow from the darkling eyes if she were there, the smile, forgetful of all the rest of creation, on the lips of both. He began to hate Adrian. He would have been glod to mark him out of existence

"Beauty!" growled the uncle Redmond, when some one said so, "He looks like the child of an organ-grinder. Doubtess he was filched by some padrone from some peasant.

And what of that?" said the aunt

customary one in such case.

But little did Ella care whether those

headed silent reverence ended, he had passed on without greeting. "Who is the beggar?" growled the uncle Redmond, "to whom you choose to give a glance when I forbid it—I, who stand in your dead father's shoes? A fishing merchant's son, indeed! One might the world was in them. It was not his beauty, after all, that touched her heart; it was his personality—himself.

As for Adrian, he had seen the girl coming into church, had met her at college festivals, had watched her walking in the gardens. He knew her name, and often strolled under her windows; once, indeed, he sent a band there to breath suppose that, reared as you have been, the very thought of such connection would smell to heaven."

"He never touches fish," said Ella. feeling obliged to answer, although if he had been a fisherman on the Brador coast, it would have made no difference with her. "He never sees them. He sits at a desk in a counting-room, miles sits at a desk in a counting-room, miles away from the warehouses, and his clerks write in books all day. And Adrian will do so too."

"He is rich, then, I suppose?"

"Is he?" she asked, innocently. "I never thought, indeed."

her mouth, but ready to die for her faith. Then something in Greek exploded, loud and angry, from the professor's throat; and he never again let his ward out of his sight when she had crossed the threshold. Love laughs at lock-smiths without doubt; but this lock-smith was very skillful. It was almost midsummer, and not one word had midsummer, and not one word had

stant, not long afterward, as that por-tion of the exercises ended. And when he left her side a great bunch of red roses was in her hand, the most delicious roses was in her hand, the most delicious dewy roses, whose perfume swept around her like an atmosphere. But the professor had relieved guard. His lynx eye caught sight of a white gleam among the roses. He took them suddenly out of her hand, abstracted a little note, and gave the flowers back to her. Then he slipped the note into his coat pocket.

It is a pity the professor did not read that note before next day. This is what was written there: herself, at her want of maidenliness and modesty, and her face reddened, and her

that note before next day. This is what was written there:

"My Rose.—If your affection for me is all it was, is all that my adoring love for you would claim, you will hold these roses in your hand to-night as you enter the reception-rooms of Rex. If at any time in the course of the night, when the band is playing the Landler waltz, or when it is playing 'Little Buttercup,' you lift these sweet red roses to your sweeter face, and bury your face there for one long moment, I shall know that you can no longer endure this tyranny you can no longer endure this tyranny that parts us. My horses will await us at the gate, and when you are my wife, neither professor, nor uncle, nor any one on earth can part what God has joined

but he didn't read it. There was not the moment just then; somebody or something occupied his time exclusively; and when he might have read it, he had changed his coat, and could not find it. Being a little lame, and feeling obliged to attend the reception of the college "Perhaps he would not have dared to call me so," she thought, in her shame-faced humiliation, "if I had not been so forward. Perhaps he does not respect me, after all." And then, in spite of the trouble, her heart would bound with gladness to think that she had given him the spray, to think he had called her his Rose. president, unwilling to lose a moment of his watch, which he could not easily delegate, he ordered a carriage and pair to take him to old Rex's gate, and stumped up the stair with his precious

prize before him. Was ever anything lovelier than this vision in the doorway, with the shaggy old Professor Redmond behind her? So old Professor Redmond behind her? So ethereally fair—the corn-silk hair, the eyes like starry bluets; it was the impersonation of girlhood and of innocence. With a luge cluster of creamy white roses pinned in her belt just over her heart, in their center a red one blooming like the live sweet secret thought beating in the heart beneath, and in her old pearl colored draperies, she would have seemed ready to melt back into the outer twilight world, like the spirit of the evening star itself, but for the great bunch of red jacqueminot roses in her hand. What did she know of her lover's wish? Nothing. He had given

together, and moved as if the pulses of one heart impelled them; and now they turned the corner of a bluff; now, far out of sight of all the world, they paused, and there, in the wintry dark, they were foided heart to heart and mouth to mouth. If the snows had fallen around them there and clothed them with a garment of death, if the ice had parted under their feet and plunged them into the drowning waters, they these roses to her; he would be here; of course she wore his flowers.

The old President Rex had as good an eye for beauty as any undergraduate of them all; and although the young classday poet was receiving an ovation, he left him in order to welcome this perfect creature who had just come to his par lors out of fairs, land

lors out of fairy-land. them into the drowning waters, they would hardly have asked any more. Their passion wrapped them, so like Deparira's robe of flame, from all the frostiness of death, that the coming of eter-Just then the band was softly playing the Landler waltzes; old Rex was over-powering her with his flattering speech; the music was enchanting; there stood Adrian before with his eyes shining full nity upon them in each other's arms would have seemed but its sacramental seal. And suddenly a rude, hoarse cry broke in upon the sphere where they upon her, although across the room— she could not bear it all. Absently she lifted that buuch of roses, and buriet er face in all that blaze of color and

were resting—the great rough voice of Professor Redmond, and Ella was snatched from Adrian's grasp, and a dozen stinging words were whirled at lelirium of fragrance.

The next moment Adrian slipped from the room. She looked for him present he was gone. And although they staid but an hour, it seemed to her an endless period before she stood at Adrian skated back alone. He scorned last upon the step in the dark and per o move till the professor's heels cutting fumed summer night, with the wretched tears of disappointment getting leave to overflow upon the roses that she held so the ice could be heard no more. Where had all that splendor of the night gone? It was the darkness and coldness of desolation now. He took a terrible grind at mathematics that night, and the next day presented himself before the professor along behind her. "Professor Redmond's carriage!" called a servant. "Here!" shouted a reply. Then a

"Here!" shouted a reply. Then a hand was helping her up the step, a whip sor and asked of him the promise of his was cracking, horses were plunging, her uncle was yelling into the universe. Adrian's arms were about her, she was resting on his breast, and they were dashing madly away. "You are here, "For all that," said Adrian, stoutly,
'I shall marry my wife."
The professor looked at him and burst dashing madly away. "You are here, you are mine," he was murmuring between his kisses, "never to leave me again. You exchange one jailer for another."

Before she well knew what had occurred, what it meant, she was standing in a clergyman's study; papers of some sort were being scanned; a kind, silver-haired lady was giving her a glass of water; words were being hurriedly uttered, to which if she replied she did not know it. Somebody put into her hand a little slip that he called a marriage certificate; somebody spoke to her by another name —Adrian's name; the kind lady had kissed her, and she was out in the dark, sweet summer night again; was in the

sweet summer night again; was in the carriage whirling away, and Adrian was holding her, and calling her his wife.

"Are we married?" she gasped. "Am I truly your wife?" and then she burst into a flood of tears. "And I'ye nothing but this gauze gown!" she cried.

"And your Jacqueminot roses," said

with laurels—all the more he would rather they had been roses.
"Who is the beggar?" the professor growled, one spring day, when they met him in the square again, and, the bare-So that was the way it all happened I know that by this time the professor has forgiven it all; he can't do without her. But the aunt Redmond had a sorry time of ir for one week. "I don't blame him at all," declares Adrian. "I'd have done the same in his place. I wouldn't have given her to the archangel Michael et alone the son of a fishing merchant, f the merchant were ten times a millionaire, and the son ten times nearer a proessorship himself.

The professor has had the little fatal note glazed and framed and hung up in his den, but he has never yet been able again to endure with equanimity the sight of Jacqueminot roses .- Harper' Bazar.

A Matter of Importance.

The abnormal increase of the burdenome classes in our charitable and insane institutions, especially of late years, has directed the attention of the State Board of Charities to the matter. The outcome of their investigation is the conviction that crippled, idiotic, blind and lunatic persons are expected from Europe to persons are exported from Europe to this country, where they remain in city, county and State asylums as life-long tenants at public expense. No one objects to the arrival here of able-bodied persons, no matter how poor, for it has been and is our boast that we offer homes and employment for the poor from every clime, industrious and vigortouched the earth, whatever Ella did. Then he bent with bare head before her half an instant, stood aside for her to pass on, and followed again, only at a respectful distance.

She was coming down the steps from the president's reception when he next saw her, her uncle waiting for her below—her aunt seldom going out in the college society. President Rex always gave rather gorgeous receptions, though, so far as flowers and music went; he feasted the spiritual part, at any rate, and for the rest, let weak to and lemonade go as far as they would. Flowering plants lined the passages and stairways; and as in her will result in some effective means of

A Father's Sacrifice.

Not a great while since a prominent physician of Denver, Col., was called to attend a patient in the last stages of physician of Denver, Col., was called to attend a patient in the last stages of what appeared to be consumption, but which, upon examination, proved to be simply a wearing away of life—a decay of the energies of mind and body. Although well supplied with money, the stranger was seemingly without friends or relatives. He wrote no letters and received none. An alien to the tenderness and charities which sanctify the affections, he seemed to be drifting out of the world, in which, for him, all the flowers of the heart had perished—a bleak and desolate old man, hastening out of the sunshine into the winter of the grave. After making a thorough examination of the case, the doctor told him that although he could find no organized disease, yet he was dying.

"I know it," replied the patient.
"But have you no idea of what brought you to this plight?" inquired the interested man of science.

"It is a curious phenomena. You have heard a great day shows earst like wing a decay of the barry a great day shows earst like wing a decay of the barry a great day shows earst like wing a like wing a great day shows earst like wing a great day shows earst like wing a like wing a great day shows earst like wing a like wing a great day shows earst like wing a like wing a great day shows earst like wing a like wing a like wing a great day shows earst like wing a l

"It is a curious phenomena. You have heard a great deal about cases like mine

-more as a visionary exaggeration of the fancy than as an actual occurrencebut, strange as it may appear, I am dy-ing, as you say, of a broken heart." "You surprise me!"

"Yes, I surprise myself. I did not come to your hearth-giving climate as others do—i., search of a longer lease of life—but to die in peace, and alone." "But have you no friends?" asked the doctor.

& None that I can claim. My past is sealed with the shadow of a crime, and over my nameless grave not even a mem ory must hower. I am already dead to all who ever knew my name." "You say you are a criminal!" sued the doctor.

"No, I am none. But I assume the stigma to shield another."

"And that other."
"Was my son!"
"What was the nature of his crime?" The physician's curiosity had got the better of his prudence. The shadows of twilight were falling around them. Through the open window streamed the soft brilliance of the dying day. Clouds of amethyst and purple floated lazily on the far-off hills. But in the chamber where the forced breath was drawner. where the fevered breath was drawn quick and short there was a hushed stillless which seemed in keeping with the ghostly shadows.

"It was murder!" "And was fixed on you?"
"On me—I assumed it, and then es caped—but not to evade the vengeance of the law, but to spare to him I loved the stigma of a felon's death." "How long ago was this?"

"Twelve years. "And have you been a wanderer ever

" Ever since!" The feeble pulse was fluttering—the glazing eyes sheathed under waxen lids. and the shattered form was growing rigid momentarily.

"Will you tell me no more?" whis-ered the physician.
"It is all I have to tell!" The next instant the man was dead. He had kept his secret, and sacrificed his

Curiosities of the Fairs.

life in keeping it.

Jockeys are the boys who generally suffer in life and limb at fairs, but Missouri offers a tragedy in which a booth-keeper is the victim While Senator Cockrell was delivering an address at the Saline county fair, at Marshall, the ery of "murder" was raised and the great crowd broke away from around the orator to pour down upon a booth kept by Robert Montague. A man by the name of Fisher had quarreled with Montague and stabbed him to the heart with a dirk. There was the most intense excitement among the 6,000 people pres-

At the Fulton (Wis.) fair the most valuable cow on exhibition keeled over and gave up the ghost. The cattle doctors all gathered around the animal and made a post-mortem examination in public. The cause of death, wonderful to relate, was found to have been a hair-pin in the beast's heart. The remains of the girl who perhaps went down with the pin were not discovered.

The novelty during the early days of the Bourbon county (Ky.) fair was a baby show. The Cincinnati Enquirer dispatch, which chronicles the fact that W. P. Coupland, of Leadville, Colorado, won the prize, adds: "At the time of the tying the ribbon it seemed as though several fights were imminent among the mothers of the kids who were entered. At the Wisconsin State fair John Mc Cullough, the tragedian, recited from Julius Cæsar, Othello and other plays for the benefit of the rustics. There was a ballon ascension, also.

It was so cold at the Minnesota State fair that an old-fashioned back-log fire in the lumberman's camp was the most popular attraction to the blue-nosed

Brilliancy was given to the domestic department of the Minnesota fair by covering the tables alternately with red, white and blue cloths.

A coin collection, in which all ages and nations were represented, was the curiosity at the Toledo (Ohio) tri-State Among the attractions to garner the

shekels at the St. Paul (Minn.) fair was Captain Bogardus, the crack shot. In his ascension from an Ohio fair the other day an aeronaut took up a live

Many farmers were encamped in army tents on the Iowa State fair grounds. The novelty at the Decatur (Ill.) fair was a 400-yard foot race.

Beer was banished from the Michigan State fair grounds.

A Fearful Fall Through a Bridge. One span of the great bridge across the Kaw river at Lawrence, Kansas, which is 650 feet in length, gave way one morning recently with a terrible crash. At the time a drove of cattle, numbering 270 head, belonging to Philip and Jesse Young, en route from Greenwood and Woodson counties to Northern Missouri. were on the bridge. One hundred and fifty of the cattle, with two men, three horses and a wagon, went down with the debris into the river, eighty fect below. One of the herders was badly injured about the head by the falling timbers, while his horse was impaled on one of the rods and nearly disemboweled. The loss of cattle was only six head. The escape of greater injury and loss of life was simply miraculous.

Preparing for the Census.

The superintendent of the Census Bureau at Washington has issued a circular in relation to the office of enumerator under the Census law, in which the duties of that office are defined, and other information in regard to the dis-charge of these duties is given. The du-ties in the main are identical with those of assistant marshal under the last three censuses, but the provisions of the law regarding the time and the size of the regarding the time and the size of the enumeration districts make the office dif-fer widely from the former. Under the old law subdivisions were limited to 20,000 inhabitants, while by the present law they are limited to 4,000, and will be generally confined to a single town where the number may be even less. where the number may be even less. By the old law, from June 1 to Nov. 1 was allowed for the enumeration while under the present statute it is required to be made in June, and incities of more than 10,000 inhabitants in two weeks from the first Monday in June. The aggregate amount of compensation to an enumerator cannot exceed \$100, as only one month's time is allowed, and the pay not to exceed \$4 a day.

It is expected that enumerators will

work in their own immediate locality, knowing and known to most of those they enumerate, without incurring they enumerate, without incurring traveling expenses in a majority of cases, and that in many instances the work can be done without materially interfering with their other vocations, so that a more competent class of enumerators may be secured. Township assessors and other local officers, postmasters at small offices, etc., are suggested as men likely to perform the work faithfully and intelligently. Country physicians within the circuit of their usual practice would, it is thought, often isual practice would, it is thought, ofter make excellent enumerators. Their knowledge of vital conditions, their ap-preciation of the importance of trustworthy statistics, together with their knowledge of the history of families, would combine to make returns alike of deaths and of the living population from officers of this class especially valuable. There would also be the practical con-sideration that men of this profession are as a rule already mounted, and their service in the capacity of enumerators would involve no expense whatever for outfit. Schoolmasters have been found in England among the best qualified enumerators. Accustomed to keep lists and make reports, almost uniformly accurate in accounts, trained in punctu-ality and precision, and accustomed to enforce them upon others, the teacher, within his school district, would generally do his work rapidly, neatly and accurately.

The Finest Diamond in the World. France p oposes to sell her crown ewels. Among them is the Regent, the ewels. finest of the great known diamonds of the world. There are several that are the world. There are several that are larger in the royal treasuries of Europe, and there are some few that are more valuable, but there are none so beautiful. Almost perfect is this peerless stone in all respec s. In shape, cutting, luster and color it may be pronounced fauitless, were it not for a small and almost increasing the property of the state o

The history of the Regent shows through what varied adventures the historic gems of the world have generally passed. Found in the mines of Golconda, it originally formed one of the eyes of a famous idol placed in the pagoda of Chandermagose, i. Bengal. Stolen mysteriously by some unknown acventurer, it passed from hand to hand until it became the property of Thomas Pitt, the grandfather of the great Earl of hatham, that gentleman having purchased it from a jewel merchant while in India for the sum of \$62,500. The Duke of Orleans, when Regent of France, bought for \$67,000. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. wore it in their hats. Na-poleon I. caused it to be set in the hilt of his sword. For a long time, during the consulate and first empire, this precious diamond was held in pledge by the state banker, M. Vanlerberghe. Whilst it was in his possession he adopted a novel method of keeping it along the work of the consulation of th safely. His wife used to wear it constantly sewed up in a belt, while the wary banker exhibited to the eyes of stone blazing like a star above that fair brow have never forgotten the sight.

A full inventory of the crowned jewels of France was taken in 1791 by order of the National Assembly. Therein the Regent is described as "a superb white brilliant of a square form, with rounded corners, weighing 136 carats, and valued at twelve millions of francs (\$2,400,000)."

The great diamonds of the world are generally ugly and lusterless, as witness generally ugly and lusterless, as witness the Koh-i-noor. It is only the great French diamond that shows as regal in its beauty as in its size and value.

Two Bull Stories.

John H. McCoy, of Millbrook town-ship, Ill., went into a stable where a bull was chained, when the animal made an attack on him, and drove one of his horns through McCoy's arms, making a frightful wound. The next lunge the infuriated animal made he struck the unfortunate man in the bowels, making a wound ten or twelve inches long, and tearing out McCoy's in-testines. McCoy then succeeded in getting into a low manger, but it was not high enough to protect him entirely, and the animal stuck his horns into the man's back near the kidneys, making a ghastly wound. Some men were near the stable and heard the wounded man's groans. They went in and succeeded in getting the bull out by taking hold of the

The danger from wearing red in the presence of bullocks, as well as bulls, says a Lexington (Ky.) paper, was illustrated in the fate of a negro woman who lived in this county, on the Russell road, about seven miles from Lexington. While passing through a pasture near er home she attracted the attention of a herd of cattle, who seemed to be en-raged at the sight of a red shawl which she was wearing. She became scared and started to run away, when the whole herd gave chase. After running a short distance she became exhausted. Parties who witnessed the chase hurried to the

TIMELY TOPICS.

One of the novelties at an Idaho fair were exhibits made by the Indians on the Nez Perce reservation at the Lapwai Agency. Exquisitely pointed arrow-heads, beaded moccasins and embroidered scalps, does one surmise? Not at all. The exhibits consisted of choice vegetables, corn of large grain and butter—actually gilt-edged butter. This year the Indians around Lapwai have harvested 40,000 bushels of grain from 1,100 acres, an average of over thirtylarvested 40,000 bushels of grain from 1,100 acres, an average of over thirty-six bushels to the acre. 3,170 acres-of land are cultivated by them, most of the land being along the creek bottoms, where there is a very rich loam. The vegetables this year will be about as three to one of last year's tillage in quantity and the reservation agent is tickled that his red men are self-sustaining. taining.

The first gold bullion from Alaska recently left Sitka in the steamer Cali-fornia for the San Francisco mint. For many months it has been known that existed throughout various portions of the territory in paying quanti-ties, and various explorations for it have been conducted. During the Russian occupation of Alaska the Indians from occupation of Alaska the Indians from the interior frequently brought to the frontier trading-posts specimens of pure native gold, and the explorations of the country as have since been made have resulted in substantiating the opinion that the country was rich in placer mines and probably in quartz mines. The placer mines are said to be extraor-dinarily rich, and certain indications lead to the belief that discoveries equal to those in Australia during the earlier periods of the gold excitenent, there will periods of the gold excitement there will ere long be made in Alaska.

The disproportion between the cost of collecting the United States internal revenue and the customs revenue is very great. Some interesting facts appear from a study of the amount of revenue derived from customs and from internal revenue and the cost of collecting the same respectively from the year 1863 1878. Thus during the closing years of the war, when the internal revenue service had just been organized, the cost of collection ranged only from 0.18 to 0.29 per cent, for amounts increasing from \$37,640,787 to \$209,464,215, while the cost of the customs revenue was from 4.09 to 6.29 per cent. in collecting from \$69,059,642 to \$102,316,152. Then the cost of collecting the internal revenue rose as high as 5.30 per cent. in 1871, but fell afterward to 2.99 and 2.96 per cent. for 1877 and 1878, the amount collected being \$118,630,407 and \$110,-581,624 respectively. Meanwhile the cost of collecting the customs revenue has for the last five years ranged between 4.47 and 4.96 per cent., while the amount collected each of the last two years has been about \$130,000,000.

Russia is at present under a state of iege from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Warsaw, from Kieff to Kharkoff and Odessa. An army of porters about 15,000 strong, watch the streets of the capital, day and night, and policemen are set to watch the watchers. imperceptible spot, which is visible to Gourko, the crosser of the Balkans, who the eye of an expert when the stone is now Vice-Emperor, is invested with heartened Czar. The very Grand Dukes are under his orders. officers of the army have been the imme diate consequence of General Gourko's satrap rule. In several cases compromising letters and prints were discovered, and executions both of officers, like Lieutenant Dubrovin, and of privates, have followed. The gallows are in permanent activity. But perhaps the most significant feature—and a promis ing one too-is the order issued, under court-martial law, that in all the barracks a list of the soldiers' arms is to be drawn up and to be handed over to the police! This is the strongest sign of a suspicion against the army itself; and on the army the whole power of Czardom

In an article on the Russian advance eastward, the Cologne Gazette estimates that 17,000 Russians are every year banished to or sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia. Peasants from the central and western provinces, who from various causes find life in their own homes the curious a fine fac-smile in paste of the celebrated gem. During the second empire it formed the crowning jewel of a splendid diadem of antique form, entirely composed of diamonds, which the beautiful empress were on all grand the beautiful empress were empressed to be all the beautiful empress were empressed to be all the beautiful empress were empressed to be all the beautiful empress were empresse enough to support thousands upon thou-sands of families, but it has been for the most part bought up, often at merely nominal prices, by officials and specula-tors, and the emigrant, on arrival, con-sequently finds himself compelled to buy or pay a high rent for the ground he would cultivate. The result is that everywhere a beginning has been made, but little more has been done. Willages are to be found in the middle of forests, and here and there, in otherwise waste and desolate districts, a settlement has been made and a chapel has been built by a party of dissenters. Beyond this, little progress has been made.

Curious Fact About Yellowstone Trout.

A curious thing about the fish in the Yellowstone is related by General Whipple. Below the falls the trout are fine fellows for table use. But above the fellows for table use. But above the falls the fish are wormy. It is no trick at all for a fisherman to land 300 trout in ten hours, provided his arm doesn't become tired and the bait holds out; but the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are wormy. It is no trick ciently. Every outside door is closed tightly, from early morning until after sundown, to keep out the heat. The fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after the fish are unfit for use after they have the fish are unfit for use after the fish are unfit for use after the fish are unfit for use after the fish are unfit for been caught. No trout has ever been caught above the falls that did not carry a worm somewhere under its scales. The general examined a large number of general examined a large number of trout, and every one contained the worm.

When examined it was found to be in a selection when examined it was found to be in a selection. When examined it was found to be in most cases about eight inches in length, and resembling a piece of white tape. This reptile, when freed from its bed in the meat, would wriggle and writhe as if suffering from an attack of colic. Some think the worms breed in the fish and then eat their way into the fiesh. Millions of these fish die of the worms, and float over the falls, and the gulls can be seen feeding upon them almost any minute in the day.—Chicago Times.

The Rev. G. R. Davis, of Carson, Nev., and the Rev. W. R. Jenvey, of Reno, never lost an opportunity of giving each other a sly dig. Mr. Davis preached at Reno the other Sunday, and while taking breakfast at Mr. Jenvey's house remark-

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The French government owns about half the railroads in France, the whole of which are valued at \$3,000,000,000. Lord Falmouth's celebrated horse "Wheel of Fortune," only three years old, has already won for her master \$95,-

A New York barber derives quite an income shaving dogs. He gets from fifty cents to ten dollars a caninc customer.

There are four hundred and thirtyfour Chinese business houses in San Francisco, and twenty-five of these are

druggists. Five miners in a Nevada tunnel refused to abandon a comrade who had been overcome by gas, and were all

A tight-rope walker exhibiting at Virgina City, Nev., dropped a bey whom he was carrying across a rope, and the lad fell fifty feet, receiving fatal injuries.

The first American paper mill of which there is any account was owned by Wil-liam Rittinghuysen, and was built in 1690, in Roxborough, near Philadelphia, on a stream called Paper Mill Run.

The first export of apples from the United States to Europe was made in 1845, and they brought six and eight dollars a barrel. That country now receives 90,000 barrels of American apples per year.

"Fare well, my own!" sang the man who took his sweetheart into a fashion-able restaurant, handed her the bill of fare and then slipped out of the back way and left her to settle the bill.—Salem Sunbeam.

"What is your name?" asked a teacher of a boy. "My name is Jule," was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said. "You should have said 'Julius, sir." "And now, my lad," turning to another boy, "what is your name?" "Bilious, sir." The large railroad companies keep as careful a record of a locomotive and its performances as ship owners do of an ocean steamship. The Pennsylvania railroad does not repair one if the cost will exceed \$3,000. The engine is then marked as dead on the record, and is

either sold or broken up. Vaccination appears to have untold terrors for the country folk of Germany. A woman of Mellenberge, who was repeatedly notified to submit her child of eight months to the operation, and was threatened with arraingnment in court

if she did not comply, jumped with the baby into the Fulda. Both were drowned. An excellent invisible ink for postal eards can be made by diluting sulphuric acid with fifty times its volume of water. A slightly acid fluid is the result, which does not injure a quill pen. The mes-sage is developed by holding the card over any convenient flame—that of gas or spirits for example, or by laying it on

a hot plate. The fastest run on record of a steamer was that of the Durban, from Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, to England; 6,000 miles in eighteen days, sixteen hours, of nctual steaming, an average of 13.1 knots an hour. It is far easier to run 3,000 miles in nine days than 6,000 in eighteen days, because of the extra

veight of coals that must be carried. The X club is a society of nine dis inguished Britons-Sir John Lubbock. Mr. Herbert Spencer, Sir Joseph Hooker, Prois. Tyndall, Frankland, Busk, Huxey and Hurst, and Mr. William Spottiswoode. The invitations to the club meetings are very odd, displaying merely the letter X linked to the date of meeting, thus: "X-9." Sometimes but rarely—the wives of the members are permitted to grace the feast, and then the card reads: "XxYVS-9." Prof. Huxley and Mr. Spottiswoode are reported to be the life and soul of these illarious meetings, the only member who approaches them in vivacity being Mr.

Where the Heat is Almost Unendurable.

The following is an extract from the letter of a missionary's wife, and vividly describes the terrific heat which prevails in India during the summer: I remem-ber seeing a fantastic lining by Gustave Dore, representing tophet. The fire burst forth from the mouths of huge caverns, and everything had a molten and red-hot appearance. India at pres-ent is very much in this condition. The hot winds blow uninterruptedly from four to eight hours daily as from a flery furnace. The fiercely blazing sun scorches and burns everything in the most uncompromising manner. earth has an oveny appearance, and is cracked open in large fissures with the intense heat, and scorches the feet even through thick soled boots. The miserable trees look unhappy and hang their poor wilted leaflets. There is not a spear of grass visible. Folks out-doors drag their weary lengths along as though each were carrying a ball and chain. They seem to have no ambition on earth but to drop down and die quietly in some shady nook. The roads are some inches deep in dust and the air is filled with it, so that breathing is difficult and painful. There are no vegetables nor any fruits. Wells and tanks and cisterns are low and the water muddy and unhealthy. Indoors the furniture burns the body through the clothing. The sun glares into every crack and crevice so persist-ently that blinds and shades and thick curtains can hardly darken a room suffi-ciently. Every outside door is closed sundown, to keep out the heat. The air becomes stagnant and suffocating.

to the square inch. Breathing is next to impossible. At night there is still less comfort to be had. The bed is hotter than the body. We sprinkle the bed first and body. We sprinkle the bed first and then jump in, but it is dry and hot again in almost no time. We sprinkle the floor and furniture and do everything imaginable to cool the sleeping room, but all uselessly. It is like trying to sleep in a well heated oven. Although we may long to renounce the flesh and sit in our bones, still we know that both flesh and clothes are absolutely necessary in order to protect the body from the hot air. How superlatively happy must those be who live in a cold climate! What would I not give for a breath of cool air from the Adriondacks, or for a plunge into the surf at Newport, or for a walk on the strand, or even for a distant who witnessed the chase hurried to the rescue of the woman and even in time to prevent the eattle from running over her as she fell, but she died from the effects of her fright while being taken to her home.

The rescue of the woman and even in time to preach. Guess I'll take some more steak, as I have to preach. Guess I'll brace up a little, too, rejoined Jenvey, passing this plate for another section of the meat, or even for a distant glimpse of the sea?