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Poems of the Week. SUNDAY.

Lie still and rest, in that serene repose That on this holy morning comes to those Who have been buried with the cares the make

The sad heart weary and the tired heart ache Lie still and rest-God's day of all is best.

MONDAY. Awake! arise! Cast off thy drowsy dreams Red in the east, behold the morning gleams. " As Monday goes, so goes the week," dames

Refreshed, relieved, use well the initial day; And see! thy neighbor Already seeks his labor.

Another morning's banners are unfurled-Another day looks smiling on the world; It beholds new laurels for thy soul to win; Mar not its grace by slothfulness or sin, Nor sad, away

Send it to yesterday. WEDNESDAY. Half-way unto the end-the week's high noon The morning hours do speed away so soon! And when the noon is reached, however

bright, Instinctively we look toward the night. The glow is lost Once the meridian crost.

THURSDAY. So well the week has sped, hast thou a friend Go spend an hour in converse. It will lend New beauty to thy labors and thy life To pause a little sometimes in the strife. Toil soon seems rude

That has no interlude.

FRIDAY. From feasts abstain; be temperate, and pray; Fast if thou wilt; and yet, throughout the

Neglect no labor and no duty shirk; Not many hours are left thee for thy work-And it were meet

That all should be complete SATURDAY. Now with the almost finished task make

haste: So near the night, thou hast no time to waste Post up accounts, and let thy soul's eyes look

For flaws and errors in life's ledger-book. When Libors cease, How sweet the sense of peace! -Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.

A NIGHT IN AN AVALANCHE

Contrary to all arrangements and expectations of the dear old uncle who had reared me, I had not got further along in life than to a third class clerkship in the State department at Washington, and this only because I could write a fine hand, and make fancy capi

tals, said my disappointed uncle.

I believe uncle was thoroughly ashamed of my getting into the depart-ment at all. He would a hundred times farmer. But when the hard times came. and when the hard times got harder, and the old farm, going under a mortgage, was only rescued by my savings as a third-class clerk, uncle sank his shame in his gratitude, and my fancy writing was ridiculed no longer.

Still, it was weary work, reading and copying endless dispatches of the chief clerk to our consuls in Europe, and all that without any apparent hope of ever becoming chief clerk myself. One day I was copying a dispatch of the secretary to the consul at Z -. It was to the effect that from that day on he would, in accordance with his request, be al-

lowed \$1,000 a year for clerk hire.

"He will want a clerk, then, of course," I said to myself, "and if I could secure the situation, I might be happy I didn't want promotion so much as I wanted a change. That evening the dispatch of the department, copied in my best hand, left for Europe, accompanied by a private note of my own to the consul. As a specimen of my writing, I referred to the inclosed dispatch, and informed the learned consul that I could speak the German language, having learned it evenings during my stay in Washington. Perhaps the last remark, and not my fine writing, settled the business. Clerks who can speak foreign languages are in demand with our

In six weeks from that day I had peeped into the great cities of London Paris and Brussels, and was now standing at the clerk's desk of the American

The business was not burdensome. With the office open but five hours a day, we were happy. I had beautiful times-so did the consul.

Among the Washington letters last winter was one from our worthy commissioner of pensions, asking the consul to investigate and furnish evidence that certain widows and minor daughters of Inited States pensioners living in his district had not married, and thus forfeited their claim to further aid from

the government.
All the certificates, except 1,004, were indorsed, and ready to be returned.
"This pensioner," said the consul to
his chief clerk one morning, "is probably either dead or married, and I am determined to find out which. It is not so wonderfully far from here to the village of Bleiberg, and if you have an in-clination you may take the next train and go there. Come back by Saturday, and, of course, make the expenses as trifling as you can.

I had long wished for a stroll of som sort into the magnificent valleys of the of the notes of music from the lofty Carinthian Alps, and here seemed my opportunity.

I was twenty-five miles still from Bleiberg when I transferred my hand value and myself from a second-class railway car into a first-class mountain

It was a wongerfully beautiful valley I was to ascend to Bleiberg. There are no finer mountain prospects anywhere. It seems to me sometimes that all the ornamental work of the creation has been expended on Switzerland and the

mined fully to do so at this time. How capricious is the mind of man, I reflected, on entering the little station, No 1 for Bleiberg. In a minute and a the screams of the mangled. An awful

half I had changed my mind, and was the owner of coupe ticket No. 2. I helped my traveling companion to her seat, fixed my own precious baggage into the box behind, and then procceded, naturally enough, to occupy inside seat No. 2. There was but one passenger besides myself. In twenty minutes the two occupants of that mountain diligence were tolerably ac-

We spoke, of course, in German. What struck us both as very singular, however, was the great similarity of our German pronunciation. Miss Shel-ton—Miss Margot Shelton, to be more explicit—for I had seen her name on the expicit—for I had seen her name on the ticket as I passed it to the conductor—was perfectly certain I was not a Swiss, much less an Austrian, and I was equally confident my fair companion was not a native to the Alps. Her German bore too strong an accent for that. I afterward learned she had thought my own a little curious. Once just for the own a little curious. Once, just for the sport of the thing, I shouted something to the driver in English. How aston-ished I was to hear Miss Shelton add to it a phrase as English as my own! We held breath to explain, and in almost no time at all discovered that we were both Americans. Strange discoveries fol-lowed—they always do. Miss Shelton's father had been a volunteer captain in our army, and I myself had been within a rifle-shot of him when he fell at Vicks-

Her mother, a native of Bleiberg, took this only daughter and returned to her old home, stopping at the solicitations of friends, first for months, and now it had been years. In a moment I recalled what had been puzzling me for an hour. I had seen the name Shelton before

Who was pensioner 1004 but Elsie Shelton—why had I not thought of that?—wile of Captein Shelton, killed at Vicksburg in June, 1863. How extremely singular! we both exclaimed. Mrs. Elsie Shelton, I was soon informed,

was not remarried.

The object of my journey was accomplished. I might return home at once. I did not, however. Besides, Miss Shelton insisted that I should go on and visit pretty Bleiberg, her mother and herself. I was easily persuaded.

Why had the consul's letters not been answered? I asked, as we made a turn in the road. "Oh," said Miss Shelton, "mother and I were both coming next week to Z—, to visit a relative there, and so she proposed answering in person. Besides she is not so poor that she cares dreadfully whether Uncle Sam stops the ten dollars or so a month

By noon the church steeple of Bleiby noon the chirch steeple of Blei-burg was in sight, and in an hour the driver blew a shrill note or so on his horn, the villagers hastened to the win-dows of the houses as our four panting ponies passed on a callop, and the little old postmaster lifted his blue cap, and gave us a salute all round. Mrs. Shelton was living with a friend, then absent, in a substantial two-story stone house not far from the post.

"Tt is is Mr.——," said Miss Shelton, laughing, as she presented me to her mother, "a real American; and, just mother, "a real American; and, just think, he has come to ask, mamma, if you are married." The good-looking raveled the nonsense with which Miss Margot was seeking to overwhelm us. and I was welcomed not only as an American, but as one who had been at Vicksburg.

When the dinner was over I strolled out through one of the loveliest situated villages of the Alps. The view down the valley we had just ascended was enchanting. Behind the pretty town, and edged by a green meadow sloping up ward, was a forest of tall dark firs, and above this an alp, angling up the of a steep mountain, known to all tourists as the Rigi of the Kernthal.

It was only the 25th of February, but the sun seemed as warm as in midsummer. The grass, so wonderfully green, was high evough for pasture, and violets and daises peeped out everywhere.

muttered the little postmaster in the blue cap, as I handed him a letter to post to the consul at Z-, saying every-thing was well, but I couldn't possibly be back on Saturday-"dangerously warm, because there had not been so much snow on the mountains in tifty years as now, and already people began to hear of avalanches falling out of

Bleiberg, however, is safe enough, hought to myself, as I glanced up the sides of the old peak where, sure enough, there were oceans of snow and ice glistening in the sunshine. But it was a mile away, and between pretty Bleiberg and it swept, like a dark veil, the forest of tall fir trees.

"I don't like it—it's too warm—and there's no telling," continued my would-be pessimist of a postmaster. "I haven't lived in those regions well nigh to fifty years for nothing. Snowing all winter, and hot sun and daisies in February, aren't natural. It means avalanches to somebody somewhere."

I had almost forgotten that, as I left the house of my fair entertainers, I was informed that it was carnival-day in the village, and that at three o'clock I must be on hand to see the procession. It was already after three, and I hurried back to be offered a good place to see from, at the upper chamber window of Miss Margot, where, joined by her mother, we awaited the boys in striped trousers and masks, and the men with music and flags. It was a novel sight, as the long procession filed up the road and approached the house where we were waiting. The contrast of the were waiting. The contrast of the bright colors of the costumes and flags with the green foliage and the greener grass at the road-sides; the comparative ilence, disturbed only by the echoing the seeming diminutiveness of everything-of the men, of the thread-like roads, of even the houses and trees, as seen under the shadow of the towering mountains-all added impressive-

ness to the thing. There were possibly a hundred persons in the procession, with a score of boys following at the sides, and all the villagers looking on. Suddenly the nusic ceased; there was an awful whiz-zing in the air; a cry of "Avalanche!" "Avalanche!" and an instant roaring and cracking, as of failing forests. In Tyrol.

Usually, when in the mountains, I ten short seconds an awim nood of ride outside with the driver, or up in snow, mangled trees, ice and stones passed the house like the swell of a passed t procession disappeared as if engulfed by an earthquake. Houses, right and left, tumbled over, and were buried in one and seeing a young lady in a velvet single instant. The air, cooled for a acket and gray kids buy inside coupe | moment, and again bot, was rent with

catastrophe had befallen us; the wrath of the mountains was upon the village For a moment we stood paralyzed—

My first impulse was to rush to the me; but there was no street. Even the garden had disappeared in a foam of snow and ice We thought of the back window at the embankment, but as we window at the embankment, but as we tore it open, a single glance toward the mountain told us the horror was but begun. "The forest!" we all shouted in a breath. It was gone, all gone, as if mown by a mighty reaper, and masses of other snow seemed ready to slide. The white brow of the mountain still The white brow of the mountain still gleamed in the sunshire, and seemed to laugh at the desolation. Another whizzing, a roar, and with our own eyes we saw the side of the mountain start. Instantly and together we sprang down the steps into the lower room. There was a roll of thunder, a mighty crash, and then all was darkness. We were buried alive beneath an avalanche.

What my first thoughts were I am and

buried alive beneath an avalanche.

What my first thoughts were I am unable to recall. I only remember our fearful cries for help; how we shouted separately, and then united on one word, crying together again and again, our only answer the silence of the grave.

Every soul in the village, probably, had been killed, or, like ourselves, had been buried beneath the snow and ice of the mountain. It was only after we had exhausted ourselves with vain cries for help that we meditated on helping ourselves. We had not been injured. We remembered that we were in the little sitting-room down stairs, the winittle sitting-room down stairs, the windows only of which seemed broken in, and filled with snow, ice and stones. The stairway was also filled with snow and the debris of crushed walls. Above

The furniture in the room seemed all in its proper place. We could move about, but it was becoming terribly cold, and we felt the sleepy chill, that dreadful precursor of death by freezing, overcoming us. Once we were certain we heard voices above us, and again we shouted to try to tell them we were still alive. We listened; the voices were one—we were abandoned to our fate.
For hours we had alternately shouted

and listened, until we sank down in despair. It must have been midnight when, in our gropings about the little chamber, our hands came on a wax candle. In a few moments we had

chamber, our hands came on a wax candle. In a few moments we had light—light to die by.

Hours went by. I don't know whether we were sleeping or freezing, when I started at hearing a voice cry, "A light! a light!" I sprang to my feet, and again the voice cried, "A light!" In ten minutes three half-frozen, half-insane human beings were lifted from the grave into the gray light of the morning. A hundred noble souls had isbored the A hundred noble souls had labored the long night through, seeking the buried. Every man and woman, from every village in the whole valley, had hurried to the scene, and was straining every nerve to rescue those to whom life might still be clinging. We were among the last taken from the snow and rocss, which had lain upon us thirty feat in dorth. Did these beauty seems feet in depth. Did those brave rescuers wonder that we knelt to them and kissed the hems of their ragged garments?

Beautiful Bleiberg is no more. Half of those whom we saw dancing the procession of the carnival, in the bright sunshine, sleep among the violets on the hill-side. The snow and the ice tain, and the dark fir-trees, still lie, in this summer of 1879, in one mass in the valley. We all left as soon as we could I went home to Z-

My chief has resigned, and I am now acting consul in his place. Should the Senate confirm all the new appointments, I expect to remain as consul. Miss Shelton thinks also of remaining, and when Americans wander to Z-they will find the latch string of our iome at the consulate on the outside of the door.

One word and I am done. Mrs. Shel ton has lost a part of her pension-so much of it as was allowed for a minor laughter. I have so reported it to the commissioner at Washington .- Harper's

Shocking Crueity to Children. Christian Schaeffer has been sent to jail in Philadelphia for almost starving his two children. The story came out through the attempt of Josephine Christian, aged fourteen, to end her life by jumping into the Delaware river. She was rescued by a passing boat. Schaeffer is a miserly, repulsive man of thirty-tive. He has lived for several years with his two daughters in a dilapidated little shanty in Salmon street, not far from the Bridesburg arsenal. Dirt, inches thick, carpeted the floor. The only ventilation was from a door and a window, three of whose panes were stuffed with old rags. They had no visitors or friends, for the father allowed no intercourse whatever with the neighbors. They never went to school or to church. The man's only means of livelihood was catching stray dogs, which he would kill and boil and render the fat. He compelled his children to live on the meat of the dogs he caught. From their infancy he had taught them to use the fat for butter, and they do not know the taste of real butter. He made considerable money from selling the dogs' bones and skins, but never spent a cent except for rags to cover his children's backs or to protect them from the cold when all three lay down at night in the one miserable bed made of rough boards. At meal time their dog meat was poked out of an old iron boiler and they sat on boxes to eat it. The girls often contem-plated suicide. They were put in the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

A former president of a New England college, after getting a seat in a horse car, noticed one of the freshmen of his college curied up in front of him, and exhibiting obvious signs of vinous ex-hilaration. A close inspection revealed the fact that the state of inebriety was not hastily put on (like a hat) but had been worn closely (like an undershirt) for several days. For a few moments the president surveyed the under-graduate with an expression of mingled com-miseration and disgust, and finally he exclaimed, "Been on a drunk!" The half conscious student rallied his straying senses, and with a gleam of goodfellowship in his eye, somewhat un-respectedly ejaculated, "So-hic-

the trait—and also colds, etc., for which noth-ing superior to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has ever been offered to the public. It always

Some Interesting Figures.

In an interview at Chicago with Robert P. Potter, the well-known statistician, who has been appointed by Census Superintendent Walker to have charge of the collection of statistics concerning the debt, wealth, and taxation of the United States, Mr. Potter said: The facts which I have collected give a sort facts which I have collected give a sort of comparative view of the growth of the three sections of the country, and bear especially on the economic changes that have taken place in the past decade in the East, West and South. In 1860 the population of the nine Eastern States (including New York and Pennsylvania) was 10,594,320; the nine Western States (excluding Ohio), 6,752,368; and the thirteen Southern States, 10,259,016. By a careful estimate I find that at the close of 1879 the population of the Eastern States had reached 14,303,000; that of the Southern States, 14,295,000, and that of the Western States, 14,655,000. Thus, while the population 295,000, and that of the Western States, 14,655,000. Thus, while the population of the South probably increased 4,025,-984, and that of the Eastern States 3,808,-706, the nine Western States have in nineteen years gained 7,902,632—an increase nearly equal to the aggregate increase of the Eastern and Southern States in the same period. The increase of population on the shores of the great lakes within the past quarter century is lakes within the past quarter century is without a parallel in history. I have made a series of investigations of the made a series of investigations of the manufacturing populations of the Western States (Ohio omitted), of the thirteen Southern States, and of the six New England States, including New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Having ascertained by the census figures of 1856, 1860 and 1870 the actual growth of the manufacturing population of each State, the percentage of growth for each decade was easily found out; then by taking the average decennial growth between 1850 and 1870 for the increase between 1870 and 1880. I have arrived at the following approximation:

Eastern Western Southers States. States. States.

in manufactur-ing in 1850.... 696,661 58,947 109,866 umber engaged in mar ing in 1869..... Number engaged 900,107 113,045 131,979

in manufactur-ing in 1870. . . . 1,273,808 360,621 186,470 robable numerical increase for decade ending 1880.....robable number 461,055 633,892 71,919

engaged in

man u facturing in 1880...... 1,734,863 994,512 258,389 From this exhibit I find that the manufacturing population of the nine Western States increased from 58,947 in Nestern States increased from 35,947 in 1850 to 994,512 in 1880; in the Eastern States from 696,661 in 1850 to 1,734,863 in 1880, and in the Southern States from 109,886 to 258,389.

Thirty-Four Years in Jail.

An official record, recently published, of the leading incidents in the nefarious career of one Mr. Anthony Matek, an Austrian thief of considerable renown in the Cisleithan provinces of the Dual Realm, is not uninstructive. This persevering but unfortunate pilferer has just attained the ripe age of sixty-eight, thirty-four years and eight months of his existence having been spent in one sex is not admitted, not even at the or another imperial jail, while the monotony of his solitary confinement nas been relieved at different times by his receiving 16,600 stripes with rods and 370 blows with sticks. These latter castigations were imparted to him during his term of army service. Military regulations opposed themselves, it seems, in a violent and arbitrary manner his confirmed habit of seeking unconsidered trifles in his comrades' pockets; and vengeful martinets, deaf to his plea that "congenial eccentricity covers a multitude of sins," decreed no fewer than six several times that he should "run the gauntlet." The fact that he has survived those terrible ordeals bears convincing testimony to the vigor of his constitution. The value of the articles stolen by him is appraised in the official register of his adventures and mishaus as not amounting in all to 300 florins, or less than \$150. His last sentence but -eight years' imprisonment with hard labor, which he had worked out only a few weeks ago-was incurred for the annexation of the Austrian equivalent to eighty cents. No sooner was he free than he publicly relieved a lady of her purse, containing sixty cents. For this imprudent feat he has just been condemned to another six years of penal servitude, making up a total ta e of forty years and eight months' laborious seclusion for the acquisition of an amount representing an income for that period of about \$3.75 per annum! The strictest honesty could hardly have paid him

A Depraved Small Boy.

A fearful example of criminal pre-cocity is afforded by a case which re-cently came before the assize court of St. Peter, in Martinique. A boy named Emilien Dema, aged eleven, was accused of deliberately murdering Paul Sarpon a child of three and a half years. The following extracts from Dema's exami-nation will show the horrifying coldbloodedness with which he admitted the commission of the crime. On being asked how he despatched his victim he answered: "I killed him intentionally. I got him to come and play with me. He followed me and we played together at first, and then I led him near the edge of a cliff, and pushed him over. I next jumped down after him, beat and kicked him, bit him in the neck and finished him off with a stone." Wishing, as he said, to assure himself of having really finished off" Sarpon, this young monster stated that he then dragged the body into a pool of water and effectually prevented any return of life by placing a heavy stone on the head. The presi-dent of the court inquired of Dema why he had taken the child's life, to which he replied: "Because I hated him for hav-ing me punished by my mother." On a question being put as to whether he fell no regret or pity on seeing the murdered oy struggling in the agonies of death, the prisoner, who seemed greatly sur-prised at such a query, answered decid-edly, "No," and added, on being fur-ther interrogated, that not even the fear of the police would have deterred him, as his desire was to "kill Paul." The child criminal, who had given his evidence throughout most impassively, displayed no feeling of any kind on being sentenced to the child criminal of the child criminal of the child criminal who had given his evidence throughout most impassively, displayed no feeling of any kind on being sentenced to the maximum punishment of twenty years' imprisonment in a house of correction.—Galignani's Mes-

Arizona contains 73,000,000 acres of and, 5,000,000 of which are surveyed.

FOR THE PAIR SEX. Manner of Making Mourning Dresses.

The simplest designs used in making colored dresses are repeated in those worn as mourning. The coat basque, the round overskirt very simply draped, and the short round skirt, is the model and the short round skirt, is the model for most costumes. For the deepest mourning a broad habit of crape is used for trimming the basque and both skirts, dispensing with all flounce-like plaitings on the lower skirt. The custom of covering the entire basque with crape, also all that part of the lower skirt visible below the overdress, is confined to widows, and is not even for them so generally adopted as it formerly was. There is a tendency to lighten the unwholesome heavy mourning attire lately worn in the somber English styles, yet to retain its simplicity and nun-like plainness; thus the neck of the nun-like plainness; thus the neck of the dress is worn very high about the throat, the sleeves are tight and without cuffs, the shoulder seams are short, the bust is not draped, and the beauty of the corsage depends upon its fine fit. Crape, however, is worn but a few months, and lustreless silks are chosen for dress from the first period of mourn-While paniers, sashes, fussy drapery, flounces and open throats are, of course, avoided, yet a dinner dress of mourning silk and crape is fashioned very much as a colored dress of silk and brocade would be. Thus the short basque and the front breadth are covered basque and the front breadth are covered with English crape, and the flowing train is of the rich silk, with perhaps some panel revers of crape down the sides, and a knife-plaiting of the same on the edge. Very rich and appropriate suits for the street are made of Henrietta cloth or of imperial serge after the models in use for cloth costumes this winter; the basque is coat-shape and double-breasted, with a deep collar, cuffs and square pockets of crape. The skirt has a full straight back breadth without drapery, and is widely bordered without drapery, and is widely bordered with a band of bias crape, while in front with a band of bias crape, while in front is a deep round apron, much wrinkled, and talling quite low, yet disappearing in the side seams where the full straight back begins. The wrap with such a suit is a long coat-shaped garment made of the material of the dress, warmly lined, perhaps with fur, or else with wadded silk or flannel. There are also figured cloths that are used for wraps with mourning dresses, and many of those have a deep collar and wide cuffs of black fur. A border of fur is not liked for mourning cloaks, as used in that way the fur is only a showy trimming, and not for comfort, and detracts ming, and not for comfort, and detracts from the severely simple look given by the deep collar and cuffs. Sealskin cloaks are now worn in the deepest mourning, and furriers select those of the darkest hue for this purpose. The large circulars of cashmere cloth with fur lining are worn as carriage wraps by ladies in mourning.—Harper's Bazar.

News and Notes for Women.

Mrs. Grant says that the prettiest girl seen in all her travels was at Reno, Nev., railroad station. Allegra Eggleston, a young Brooklyn artist takes a portrait by only looking at the subject for a few minutes, and

cognizes. Manchester, England, has a society of women painters, to which the other yearly exhibition.

Miis M. E. Gage, daughter of the poetess, has established a ladies' exchange for mining stocks in New York A generous Iowa lady, Mrs. Cordelia Miller, has given \$30,000 to the Garret Biblical institute, at Evanston, Ill.

Madame de Witt has just completed her history of France, which is the sequel to her father's (M. Guizot) his-The widow of G. P. James, the nov-

elist, is living at Eau Clare, Wis. She is now eighty years old, and is well cared for by her sons. A London correspondent writes that

American nationality is accepted in England as a presumption in favor of a lady singer's success. There are nine ladies on the London

school board. Princess Alexandria, wife of the Prince of Wales, is somewhat deaf, and as ordered an American audiphone. Lady Burdett-Coutts lately Lady Burdett-Coutts lately gave a tea party to over two hundred London

induce the cabmen to treat their horses with kindness. The lady principal of a Michigan school has resigned her position to com-mence the study of medicine.

cabmen and their wives as a means to

The American Sunday school, or New York, has been presented with \$100,000 by Mrs. J. C. Green, of that ciy, the interest only to be available. This is to be devoted to "the development of Sunday-school literature of a high merit.

Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Roseberry attended all the Gladstone meetings at Edinburg, and sat in front of the platform listening attentively to every word and occasionally nodding assent, which sight was said to be very pretty and interesting.

There was married recently in Detroit a damsel who had been several years employed in a large manufacturing establishment. Her marriage had been for some days a subject of pleasant congratulation by her employers and fellow employees. One day one of the proprietors, who always wears a "bed lick" apron in the factory, said to her, "—, if you will wear this apron on your wedding-dress when you are maried I will make you a present of \$50. "Yes," added the foreman, "and I'll give you \$10." The girl accepted the challenge, wore the apron, and pocketed

her \$60. Gambetta says that "if girls are not educated up to the level of the republican ideal the republic will fall down to their notion of what it ought to be." That the best advisors he ever had, not alone as to the conduct of his private life, but in politics, were good women, whose minds were emancipated from sacerdotal tyranny, and it was of vital importance to the commonwealth that the fullest justice should be done to the girlhood of France.

The sultan has ten servants whose special duty is to unfold the carpets for him when he is going to pray, ten to take care of his pipes and cigarettes, two to dress his royal hair and twenty to attend to his most noble clean shirts. There are a multitude of other attend ants about the palace; indeed, it is stated that 800 families and about 4,000 persons live at his majesty's expense. He is an extravagant housekeeper; the annual expenditures of the palace are mentioned as nearly \$14,000,000.

TIMELY TOPICS.

An idea of the condition of the United An idea of the condition of the United States navy is given by the report of the House naval committee, which says that of the 142 vessels of the navy forty-eight are not capable of firing a gun, eleven steamships are laid up for repairs and eight others are out of service, leaving only sixty-nine capable of doing naval duty. The navy is also short in guns, having only 250 pieces in the whole navy, of which less than forty are rifles, all the others being smooth bores, which are out of all comparison with the modern gun for effective service.

It is somewhat hard to maintain a free reading-room in New York. The number of articles stolen from the Cooper Union is giving the managers a great deal of trouble. Not only are the ordinary books stolen, but it is found next to impossible to keep up the sup-ply of Bibles on the desks, as they are stolen as fast as distributed. The brass rods that keep the papers in place are constantly stolen for the metal, and even the worthless rubber checks given at the door are stolen instead of being given up as the person passes out. Two years ago there were 2,000 checks, now there are but 450. Twenty-five hundred persons enter the free reading-room daily. Hereafter persons desiring to use this immense reading-room will be obliged to make application for admis-

It is the habit in Scotland as in America to sell insurance tickets, with railroad tickets when the traveler de-sires them. The cost of these insurance tickets, good for one day, is but a penny, and the company agrees to pay a certain sum in case of death within the twenty-four hours, or a certain sum weekly in case of in jury. It is rather remarkable that there should not be a single insured person on that fated Dundee train, but so the in-surance companies assert. This prings up a suggestion of improvement in the method of giving tickets for this pur-pose. There should be some method by which the friends of the deceased could find out whether or not he had been insured. Almost every one on the train that went into the Tay might have been insured, yet there is no way of find-ing it out. Many of the bodies have been swept out to sea and if they are ever found it is doubtful whether an in-surance ticket on their persons would be

The autopsy of the remains of the woman who starved herself to death in Cincinnati did not reveal any materially Cincinnati did not reveal any materially diseased condition of the stomach. The fact that she lived for thirty days without using any nourishment whatever would justify the conclusion that persons possessed of strong will power, and having the hallucination or delusion that they are suffering with some organic disease or bodily disorder, may live until the body is entirely consumed. This lady was possessed of great power This lady was possessed of great power of will, and she had a delusion that she had no stomach, and therefore made up her mind that she would not take food or drink, and continued in this condithen draws a picture that every one retion until there was a general exhaus tion of the nerve-centers and mental faculties, when she went quietly into a calm sleep and died without a struggle. The pathological condition of the passages leading to the stomach all normal, with no obstruction, and all the organs in a healthy state ready to perform their various offices, would warrant the conclusion that this lady would have lived a great many years if she could have been induced to partake of sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

An account of a case of clear grit physical endurance and suffering from pain, which stands without a parallel comes from Ontonagon county, The story runs that a woodman named James I win left Rockland for his forest home at Lac Vieux Desert, on snow shoes over an untraveled road through the woods, which was covered with two or three feet of snow. A short distance out he stopped to build a fire, and while engaged in chopping some fuel he cut one of his feet. Failing to appreciate at the time the extent of his injury, he continued on his way, and when out about twenty-five miles from Rockland he discovered that his wound was a serious one and required the offices of a surgeon, and as there was no physician at Lac Vieux Desert, he rephysician at Lac Vieux Desert, he re-traced his steps toward Rockland where he could get one. His foot rapidly got worse, so that he could not bear his weight on it. Alone, on an unbroken trail or road, heavy with snow, with a crippled and painful foot, his horrible position can be imagined. It was a case of life or death with Irwin so falling on of life or death with Irwin, so falling on his knees he commenced crawling on 'all fours " and atter thirty-six days he was found within three miles of Rockland, having crawled twenty-two miles in a most deplorable condition, and barely life enough left to stir. The wounded foot had to be cut off, and it was thought he would lose the other one, which was frozen. For several days he had dothing to eat. A man who would undertake to accomplish what Irwin did was not turned out of a common mould. Words of Wisdom.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry. The best part of beauty is that which

a picture cannot express. Art must anchor in nature, or it the sport of every breath of folly. Conscience is the voice of the soul;

the passions are the voice of the body. All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature. A merry heart doeth good ble a medicine, but a broken spiri; drieth the bones.

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not given good counsel to himself. Beauty and death make each other

seem purer and lovelier, like snow and moonlight. Hatred is so durable and so obstinate that reconciliation on a sick-bed is a

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age, that it was the childhood of immortality.

Circumstances form the character; but like petrifying matters, they harden while they form.

Life is made of little things, in which smiles and kindness given habitually are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Just One Little Song, Love.

Come, sing that song I loved, love, When all life seemed one song; For I am stricken now, love, My strong arm is not strong. Then sing the song I loved, love, You know that one sweet song.

Ave, sing that one sweet song, love; Love, just that one sweet song. For life is none too long, love-Oh, love is none too long. Then just one little song, love; Love, just one little song.

I know you love the world, love; Nor would I deem you wrong. But, when above my grave, love, Next year the grass grows strong, Then sing that song I loved, love; Love, just one little song.

No tears or sable garb, love; No sighs to break your song. But when they bid you sing, love, And thrill the joyous throng, Then sing the song I loved, love; Love, just one little song. -Joaquin Miller, in the Parisian.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Over 1,000 cheese factories are operated in New York State.

The Boston Post considers a judge's position a trying one. A California paper says that it is now considered a well-settled point that the production of raisins in that State will

e made profitable. English authorities state that, out of every five loaves of bread eaten in England in 1860, three must come from the United States and Russia.

Turkey's territorial loss is estimated by a German authority as a territory almost as large as Prussia proper, with population of 11,000,000.

A pork packer at Indianapolis has shown great inventive genius in get-ting into a scrape. He has invented machinery which will scrape 7,000 hogs A new steam hammer in the establishment of Messrs. Park Bros. & Co., Pitts-

burg, weighing fifteen tons, and costing \$60,000, will, it is said, be the largest in the country.

An agent of the Mormon Church has been down in Maxico looking for a good location in which to make a Mormon settlement. It is to be hoped that he

will find one. Over \$22,000,000 was expended in New York city last year in the erection of new buildings, which is in excess of the amount expended for new buildings any year since 1871.

A few years ago, when an unprece-dentedly cold night left a little skim of ice on the pools in Jerusalem, the Arabs declared that it was a miracle by which water had been turned to glass.

Henry Nelson, of New Orleans, is ninety-eight—"too old to be fooled with," he says. But some boys amused themselves by tormenting him, until he shot off the arm of one of them

Mrs. Harris was ill, at Mite and, Ind. and deliriously insisted on getting out of bed. The husband tried by persuasion to keep her quiet, and then losing his patience, killed her with an axe.

On a recent voyage from Hong Kong San Francisco the captain of the ship had one son washed overboard and drowned and another born to him, so he landed with as many as he started with. The Smithsonian institute has sent a commission to the Pacific coast to make

complete collection of all the fish found in the sea, lakes and rivers of California and the neighboring States and Territories. It is said that there is one cow for every four persons in this country, and if the wells and springs were to fail

ance of milk and cream .- Norristown The Sucz canal receipts are reported to have decreased in 1878 \$323,200 from those of 1877, and 1879 showed a still greater falling off. About three-quarters f the vessels passing through are

some of us would be put on short allow-

Mrs. Blessersole thinks fire-escapes ery proper things to have. She says it is well enough to give a fire a chance to escape from a building, if it will; if it won't, why then put it out, of course -Boston Transcript. "nind words can never die." How bitterly does a man realize that terrible

truth when he sees all the kindest words he ever saw in his life glaring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit.—Hawkeye.

There are about 60,000 Mennonites in America. They have 500 meeting houses. They abstain from taking the oath, do not inflict punishment, do not accept public office, and never go to law. They are nearly all farmers. M. Say, the Frenchman of leisure who, on pleasure bent, started around the world in a private yacht recently, but was driven into the Chesapeake by a

storm, concluded that his yacht is too small for the undertaking, and so has ordered a \$200,000 ship from a Baltimore firm. According to the developments of a awsuit in Buffalo, the business of manufacturing glucose is a very profitable one. It is alleged that the shares of the Buffalo grape sugar company, the original value of which was \$100 each,

are now worth \$20,000 each. said the concern makes from \$30,000 to \$40,000 per week. Although to-day there are as many beards in the House of Commons as in any assembly in the world, twenty-five years ago there was but one. It be-longed to Mr. Muntz, member from Birmingham, who did the public a ser-Birmingham, who did the public a service by persuading the government to adopt the perforating machine in the manufacture of postage stamps. Mr. Muntz shaved until he was forty, when his brother returned from Germany with a fine beard, which the M. P. depended to appulate "H. B." the

ternined to emulate. "H. B.," the famous caricaturist, was soon at "the nian with the beard," as every one called Muntz, and represented him in a cartoon as "a Brummagen M. P." In this portrait he carries a stout stick, which has special prominence, the reason being that an irrepressible practical joker, the Marquis of Waterford, was supposed to have laid a wager that he would shave Muntz; hence the cudgel to defend himself from disbarbament. Mr. Muntz died, very wealthy, in 1857.