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NO. 2.

Begging.

Battling with hunger How many we meet, Footsore and frozen. Wand'ring the street; Weary and dreary, Pleading for bread. Houseless and starving-No rest for the head; Cold-cold-nothing to eat, Ragged and shivering, Wand'ring the street.

Battling with hunger, Wearisome-sad,. From morn until eve Searce " a bite" to be had: The outlook all gloom. Trudging through snow, In misery creeping, Onward they go. Cold-cold-nothing to eat;

Wretched and hungry, Wand'ring the street. Battling with hunger, Battling for bread, Battling for bare life Wishing life sped; Hearts sadly aching, Hard in their pain.

Groveling in gutter, Begging again. Cold-cold-wretched and sad: All slone in the world, Searce " a bite" to be had

Battling with hunger.

Hard is their fate. Pleading and tramping Early and late; Oh, list the prayer Of the wandering poor, And don't thrust the beggar Away from your door. Cold-cold-out in the rain, To eke out a living Begging again.

OUR HAUNTED HOUSE.

"Do buy the house, Charlie; I am not at all atraid of ghosts!" My husband leans against the worm-eaten fence and looks thoughtfully at the dull, old-fashioned house, with its shutters flapping from broken hinges, its porches overgrown with vines, its gar-den full of rank weeds, and the river

singing beyond its garden gate.

"It is very cheap, Amy," he says, at length. "They only charge me for the land, and nominally nothing for the house. But can you endure living in such a descried place, and I in the city all day? Why, all sorts of noises can be heard here day and night, and I have heard good, intelligent people, with con sciences, say they had seen the spirit of a woman, with a little child in her arms, walking all about these grounds at evening. Nobody else would dare buy it. Why, it has had no tenants for a

a good business man; but he has read a great many scientific works written by men who thought they were very wise on the subject of spiritualism; and he has investigated, or, rather, invested a great deal in the same. He has progressed to such an extent that he can sometimes hear raps on the headboard feel cold shivers down his back and in mosquito-time he often feels

pin ches from unseen spirit-fingers. I do not like to read scientific books and during the short time we have been married, I have employed my time, instead, in practicing waltzes, making pies and embroidering baby-clothes. Still, Charlie worships me. I believe it is God's unseen law of recompense that there should always be some one to ador, even a women with freekles, wide mouth and a figure like a Dutch doll.

At all events, my will is always law; so Charlie takes his knife and cuts away the rose brambles that have thrown their arms across the front door, and together we enter the vacant echoing rooms. The cellings are dim with vails of cobwebs, the spiders run up the walls at our approach. The house has a ruinat our approach. The house has a ruin-ous, moldy smell, but it does not oppress me as it does Charlie. Already in my mind's eye I see what it will be like, cleaned and aired, with open windows and cheerful furniture.

I ran through the house, exclaiming: "What a beautiful wide hall!—this room facing the south shall be our sit-I will rout all the ghosts with sunshine. See those hollyhocks smiling over that picket fence, and those summer pears all rotting on the ground —what a shame!—and all those rosebushes choked in the long grass!"

Charlie shakes his head "If you had heard all I have about this house, you would be in no haste to live here. You know the Widow Woolson's daughter that has been missing from town a year, and supposed to be murdered? Well, Geoffry Clare was passing here one night, only last weekand you know, whatever else he will do, he won't lie-and he told me he saw Grace Woolson's face as plain as day over that garden fence."

I checked him suddenly again. I have never had but this one secret from my husband, that three years before I met him I had fallen hopelessly in love with handsome Geoffry Clare. He had soon forgotten me for pretty Grace Woolson, who had afterward disappeared so mys-teriously that no trace of her could be found, although Ler mother and Geoffry had searched for her many months.

I think I loved him no longer, and sometimes :hanked God for taking my future out of my unskillful hands, yet the mention of his name always made

As Charlie's only objections were on my account, and as we were not rich enough to buy such a home as we might have chosen, within a week he had paid the small sum required for the haunted house, and we had moved into it, bag and baggage. I liked the place, which was neither town nor country, but was embowered among its trees, just at the terminus of the pavements wilh such a grand old garden and such glimpses of wood and water. The first thing I did was to open all the windows and let in the summer's sun.

Martha Ann, my one servant, cleaned awas the mold and cobwebs, and fresh

Charlie left his scientific researches after business hours and pruned the trees, cut the grass, trimmed the ragged vines, rehung the shutters, and made a small paradise out of the reclaimed

When all was completed, there was no place for ghosts in those wide, sunny rooms. My bedroom was the pleasantest room of all, facing the east, and looking out upon the pear trees, the hollyhocks and the river. Pink had been my color when a girl, so I took a fancy my room should be all pink. The dull drab paper, with green vines wan-dering about and clutching aimlessly at nothing all over it, was changed for a delicate pink and white. The carpet was pink and white, the color under the cheap muslin pillow shams was pink, the lace curtains hung over pink shades, and were looped back with pink rib-bons, making as a whole too rose-hued

bons, making as a whole too rose-hued a bower for any specter to fancy.

I believe I was as entirely happy, after getting settled that first week, as any one could be who had lived in rented houses all her life, and owned one of her own for the first time.

I had but one distaste for the place, and that was for the basement, which, covered with clinging vines, was rotten underneath. It had formerly been a cellar-kitchen, but was now fallen into disuse, and full of refuse piles of lumber, old cans and unused rubbish. The heavy vines grown over the broken bricks had made it a damp and noisome place, and I never cared to explore it, or to put it to any use, except the poror to put it to any use, except the por-tion directly under the trapdoor going down from the kitchen. I had Martha Ann clean away a space here, and fill a cupboard with canned fruit, vegetables,

I grew to have a dread of this dark and cheerless cellar, and never came out of it without shivering, though I would not own it even to myself.

It had scarcely been my receptacle for fruit a day before I began to miss things in a most mysterious manner. Before I could realize it there would be a glass of jelly, a pie, a loaf of cake, a melon, or a plate of peaches gone. I could accuse no one but the ghosts and Martha Ann, and she had always heretofore been the soul of truth and honor.

Twice I tancied, when in the cellar, I had heard a sigh and a rustle of ghostly garments, and I could have sworn I

garments, and I could have sworn heard the wailing of a young child several times; but I would have died rather than own this to my husband.
"Martha Ann," said I, one day, com-

ing up in great haste from the cellar,
"do ghosts like pickled figs?"
"I am sure I don't know, ma'am!"
Martha Ann's eyes are as wide, as innocent and unquailing as ever.
"Well, you know that jar of pickled

igs my cousin sent me from California, that I was saving till mother came to visit me? Well, they are two-thirds gone, as well as that pie that was laid away expressly for Charlie! What am

I am angry and excited. Martha Ann says nothing, as usual, but I see her tears are quietly falling over the dish-apron she is hemming. I am rather relieved the day after when she asks me year. I fear it will frighten away your for a month's vacation to visit her sick friends, and that you yourself will have to succumb to the spirit-influence of the her of theft, and I would like to be lace." alone to ferret out this mystery. I have He stops, seeing the expression on my fresh bolts put on the cellar-doors, and face. I can bear anything better than the chinks in the bricks filled in. The the allusion to spirit-influence, or to the trap-door I keep fastened down with belief of the progressionists. Charlie is heavy weights, still the depredations go on-pies, cakes, ice-cream left in the freezers, cream off the milk, a portion of every available thing is missing from

day to day. I am too proud to confide in Charlie, but my life is getting to be a burden. One bright September day I sit down in the kitchen in tears, with my feet in the oven, and would fain cover my head with my apron, like Affery Flintwinch in "Little Dorrit," to shut out the faint wails of some child that I am sure are coming from the cellar.

Martha Ann will not be home for two weeks; I am tired out and discouraged; Charlie will be home in half an hour to a five o'clock dinner, and the spirits have caten all the cold roast and tarts that I have laid away for that especial banquet.

I shall be forced to tell him that for my hardihood in making him buy this haunted house, he is destined to go on half-rations generally. I think with a sob, when I hear a faint step below and see the trap-door slowly rising, and the blanched face and thin shoulders of a woman, with a skeleton child in her

arms, coming into view.
Can I believe my eyes? Yes, it is the shrunken, faced form of Grace son, which I know in an instant, though the sunken eyes and claw-like hands and skeleton figure, make but a silhouette of the rosy, dimpled girl I remember.

I am not a nervous woman, and I have expected this ghost to appear so long, that I do not scream or faint away when she comes toward me, and the pathetic, drooping air with which holds out the visionary baby, and then bursts into such a human agony of tears. would make one feel tender and akin to

even a hobgoblin. "Oh, Amy," she gasped, "you are a good woman, and will you try and save the my child's life? If it had not been dying I should have staid hidden always, but I knew you would help me it you could. I was sorry to take your figs and things, and would not if I could have kept from starving; but for mother's sake I have hidden in your cellar three months, for I knew she and Geoffry Clare would find me if they

"It is his child, then?" I asked, not with any idle curiosity, but much as one would frame a question to fill a

Yes," she said, simply. Well, I have not a word of blame for you. I nearly went crazy myself in love with him once, and had not God been very kind to me, I might have been as badly off as you. We will save

the baby if we can. I have pulled her into a chair while I am talking, and am holding the baby's chilled feet to the fire, feeling its feeble pulse, and noticing how faint and gasping is its breath, and the clammy sweat on its temples, while Grace is talking with the zest of a man just out of prison, and longing to hear the sound of his

voice again. "When people missed me first, I had gone to the New York hospital, where I ran away with the baby as soon as I could walk, for fear I should be traced there; and knowing this house was said to be haunted, and people were afraid to come here, I made a bed in some packing-boxes behind the lumber, and so long as my money lasted, I used to go out at nights in my waterproof and

paint and paper changed the rooms as buy things; but after you came I dared not leave, and the baby has been grow-ling sick in the damp weather."

ing sick in the damp weather."

I pour her out a cup of strong tea, that is steeping on the range, but she sits holding it in her hand, untasted, staving at me with her mild, faded eyes.

"Oh, Amy, I am afraid to ask you, but how is my mother?—have you seen

Yes, I saw her last week at prayer-"Yes, I saw her last week at prayermeeting"—" and she looks like one who
has been struck with death," I was going
to say, but stopped, seeing Grace was
quivering all over with fear and expectancy. I dared not tell her that her
mother was now sick in bed, and that
out of her life all hope had gone, with
the loss of her only child, or how my
heart had ached for the poor widow, out
of whose faded face even expectancy had of whose faded face even expectancy had vanished

"Come," said I, "the baby is warm now, let us go and lay it in the bed; and Charlie and I are all alone, and you may rest assured no one shall know of your

I carry it to my own pink room as being the most retired, and it is with joy I hear Charlie's step on the stairs. He takes in the situation at a glance, and, being a practical druggist, and a better nurse and doctor than our little town affords, begins instantly to mix some medicine for the little sufferer.

He is tenderer than any woman to-

He is tenderer than any woman to-ward anything little or weak, or needing ward anything little or weak, or needing care; so for two days he does not go to his office, but watches with Grace and me beside the dying child; but what can mustard-baths and drugs, and careful nursing avail where a damp basement has undermined the constitution of so frail a little blossom? On the third day the little life goes out to complete its being in another world. Poor Grace will not believe that the little child she has cherished through such awful days and nights of want and distress is really dead. She holds it in her arms all night, and in the morning we dress it in the dainty lace and linen robe of a hap-pier baby yet to come, who, too, alas! may never need the pretty finery. And Charlie digs a little grave under the pear tree, close to the sunny wall, where the catchfly and sweet allyssum grow so rank, and lays the little creature tenderly under the September leaves and

Poor thing, it would have been so pretty, had it had proper nourishment, and air to breathe, with its delicate features and pretty rings of soft hair. Grace follows us silently back to the door, and pausing on the step, lavs her hand upon my arm, looks into my face

beseechingly, saying:
"I must go to mother now, if you will do me one last favor, Amy, and go with

Charlie hurries off for a down-town car to his office, and Grace and I walk down the quiet street toward her mother's little cottage. None of the people who meet us recognize in the slender figure, clad in my new drab walking suit with my gypsy turban and long veil, the Grace Woolson of a year ago. I tremble on nearing the house, for I see the windows are open wide. for I see the windows are open wide. and two or three are watching by a bed where Grace's mother lies breathing faintly and moaning at intervals. I see Frace lly up the garden-walk and stop with clasped hands and bent head on the threshold, and I hear her mother's faint voice saying to the woman who is fan-

"Do not trouble yourself about me; I shall never be well again, and nothing can cure me now but a sight of my daughter's face."

I see Grace grope forward. I hear her callir g, "Mother, mother!" I see those two poor women in each other's arms, and I turn away blinded with tears. And Grace's mother did not die, but cems entirely happy with her lost daring all to herself again once more, the color coming slowly back into her whitened cheeks, and life getting back into its old grooves. Her return was a nine days' wonder to our gossiping town; but the little grave under the pear-trees tel's no tales, and though she

will never be exactly the same pretty,

The Stupid Boy.

blooming Grace Woolson again, this aftermath of her life is something to be thankful for, in its great content and peacefulness.—Emma N. Bayley.

Never set a boy down for stupid because he does not make a figure at school Many of the most celebrated men who have ever lived have been set down by some conventional pedagogue as don-keys. One of the greatest astronomers of the age was restored to his father by the village schoolmaster, with these en-couraging words: "There's no use paying good money for his education. All he wants to do is to lie on the grass on his back and stare at the sky. I'm afraid his mind is wrong." Scientific men have often been flogged for falling into brown studies over their books, and many an artist of the future has come to present grief for drawing all over his copy book and surreptitiously painting pictures of his geography. Your genius, unless musical, seldom proves himself one in his childhood, and your

smug and self-sufficient piece of pre-cocity, who takes all the medals, and is the show scholar of the school, often ends by showing no talent for anything beyond a yard stick. Sir Walter Scott was called stupid as a child, and it was not considered to his credit that he was fond of "sich trash" as ballads, and could learn them by heart at any

At a Funny Lecture.

While I was lecturing at Washington I saw a lady with an intelligent, pretty face, and bright, eloquent eyes, that were rarely lifted toward the speaker, and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and ac-complished, a few years ago, she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence, and now all the music and all the speech that comes into her life comes through the tender devotion of her husband, and as I talked, I watched him telling off the lecture on his nimbl fingers, while her eager eyes glanced from them to his sympathetic face. It was a pretty pieture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning skies of their lives, but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to her husband, I thought how beautifully the sunlight of his devotion was breaking through these clouds, and tint ing even their afflictions with a tender This discipline of attending upon suffering is a good thing for a man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender and strong as

CAPITAL CLAIMANTS.

of the Odd Characters Found in

Frequent visitors at the capitol cannot have failed to notice the daily occupant of the front seat of the left hand Senate gallery. He is known as the "prayer fiend." In rain or shine he is punctually on hand. At ten minutes before twelve o'clock he shambles in, takes his seat and quietly awaits until the chanseat and quietly awaits ustil the chap-lain begins his prayer. Then he rises, throws his body back to an angle which may some day lose him his balance, poises his head even to a more extreme backward angle than his body, and rocks on toe and heel until the amen is uttered, to which he responds. Then he resumes his seat and generally re-mains until the session closes, particumains until the session closes, particularly if there is a debate. In appearance this character is striking. He is tall and thin; more than six feet high. His frame is angular; face spare and shrunken. He has little tufts of gray side whiskers, otherwise his face is always cleanly shaven. He dresses in plain black, wears a cloak and carries a plain black, wears a cloak and carries a cane. His eyes protrude well out of their sockets and have a restless look. If he happens to come in late, no matter who may be in his seat, or how much difficulty he may encounter to reach it, he will crowd his way to the place and oust any one who may be in it. He is well known to all Congressmen as the one who keeps most zealous vigil over their proceedings. The name of this odd character is Powell Cuthbert, a Virginian by birth. Of late years he seems to have gone a "little off" on religion. He hrs an income which cannot be alienated from him in his lifetime be alienated from him in his lifetime barely sufficient to keep him, and finds peace in his latter days in the Congres-

peace in his latter days in the Congressional gallery.

Another conspicuous character is an old lady named Almira Thompson. She has a claim. In fact she has presented a claim 'to every Congress since the forty-third, and is daily in attendance both in the gallery and the committee room to see how it is "coming on."

This claim is for services alleged to have been rendered as a hospital nurse. Albeen rendered as a hospital nurse. Al-mira has a temper of her own, and woe be it to the Congressional solon who refuses to treat her with consideration. When the House is in session she goes to the gallery, and frequently manages to get a seat next to the "prayer fiend." The latter shuns her because, as she alleges, she is crazy. It is amusing to see the old man try to "cut" Almira dead, She will sometimes sit by him and talk at him fifteen or twenty minutes without being able to elicita response. Then Almira will get mad and take hold of him with both hands, turn him round so as to face her, whereat the old man, powerless to resent her muscular ferce. will deign to make a reply, resume his position in which he has been disturbed and feign sleep to dodge her attentions.
Almira knows every member of Congress; can give a good outline of their fine points and sometimes proves really an advantage in the gallery. If she happens to be near any one who is willing to listen to her she will point out. ing to listen to her she will point out the leading members, either praise them or abuse them as she sees fit, and Congressional debates. She has an especial liking for Ferris Finch, the file allowed, for 5d. (10 cents) a pound. clerk of the House, because, for sooth, he consigns her claim to the catacomb of the files with each recurring Congress The appearance of this character is striking. She is a tall, well-preserved old lady, of about sixty, straight as an arrow and as proud as Lucifer. Her eye is coal black, dashing and expressive. Her hair is gray, worn in a pro-lusion of curls, which hang over her forchead. She bears evidence that in her youthful days she must have laid

claims to superior beauty, for she even yet possesses more than ordinary good looks. She wears a faded gray dress and an old shawl. On her head she wears a modest and matronly white cap. Nobody seems to know where she lives or how she is supported, but from her appeals for aid her livelihood is supposed to be precarious.

Another character who, up to a few months ago, was a daily visitor to the capitol, is Col. Maurice Pinchover. This man has a grievance. He seems to be haunted with the phantom of Col. Tom Scott, the railroad king. He declares that Col. Tom Scott years ago robbed him in a railroad transaction, stole his money, and reduced him to penury. He about two feet long and six inches in diameter, in which is a drawing of some and. Originally it might have been a tracing of a plat of ground and the cross sections, but whatever it was in its primitive state it is unintelligible now, by reason of all manner of additions hich have been added to the tracings by the mischievous. One day last summer, when the House was engaged in an exciting political debate, Pinchover came to the capitol with a woolen shirt, saturated in blood, and which he declared was the shirt worn by him when he was assaulted by Tom Scott on the plains of Colorado. Pinchover also has claim. All that he has ever yet suceeded in explaining is that it is for \$1,000,000, and is connected with a mine of some kind, which Scott robbed him of. Since the present session begun he

has not put in an appearance, and it is believed that he is over to the Eastern branch. At times he is dangerous. Journal Clerk Smi h on one occasion filled the tin case he carries with mucilage. When Pinchover discovered it he became ungovernable and would have done Smith bodily injury had he not fled incontinently out of range. Another persistent claimant who comes to Congress every year is John C. McConnel. His claim is for \$17,260,

and has made its appearance in every Congress for years. It has for a basis the alleged fact that the claimant ren-dered service to the United States in recruiting 300 men in Maryland for a Massachusetts regiment. Last summer General Bragg, chairman of the war claims committee, in reporting adversely upon it said: "This claim has been re ected at the war department and the treasury department when all the paries who knew of the transaction were iving and the vouchers now alleged to have been lost were in existence. It has since been rejected by the committee on war claims, and now presents itself to this committee having only one merit in its favor-unblushing persistence. It is time this raid on the treasury should cease. The committee report adversely: -Washington Star.

The popular prejudice against proprietary remedies has long since been conquered by the marvelous success of such a remedy as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Used everywhere by sverybody. Price 25 cents.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Over twenty thousand car-loads of live and dressed poultry are carried into New York city yearly, and \$5,500,000 dozens of eggs go to the same market. According to the best estimates, the United States produces nine thousand million of eggs annually. This is a nice little item for the consideration of those who call chicken business—egg raising—a small thing. A common pin is a very little thing, but a paper of pins is worth setting a price on; while the manufacture of pins like the production of eggs, is an industry worth the attention of men of ability and the investment of capital. Over twenty thousand car-loads and the investment of capital.

Professor Otto Bollinger, of the University of Munich, read a paper recently on artificial tuberculosis as induced by the use of the milk of tuberculosis cows. He endeavored to demonstrate that the milk of such animals has a contagious influence and reproduced the discount of the such animals. has a contagious influence and reproduces the disease in other animals. Seeing the enormous mortality from consumption. Professor Bollinger believes it to be of the utmost importance to urge upon all classes, and particularly upon farmers, the absolute necessity of taking every possible means of stamping out the disease among cattle.

A boy five years old fell into the East river in New York. A large crowd gathered round, but no one dared to go to the boy's assistance, and he would have been drowned had not a bootblack, who was polishing a man's boots near by, left his customer and jumping into the river pulled the boy out upon a raft of logs. The mother of the rescued boy of logs. The mother of the rescued boy offered his preserver \$2, but the latter, onered his preserver \$2. but the latter, seeing that she was a poor woman, good-humoredly declined the gift. The name of this brave lad is John Higgins. He is a regular attendant at night school, and the principal of the school, as well as his teacher, speak highly of him. John will yet make his mark in the world

In France a marriage is invalid with out the actual and formally recorded consent of the parents or their represen-tatives, and even a man of full age who wishes to marry and cannot obtain his father's consent is compelled to serve him three times with a notice calling on him to show cause why the marriage should not be permitted. After three such services and on proof of full age, the mar-riage is allowed. These provisions render clandestine marriages impossible. A male eloper would not only have his marriage set aside, but would be severely punished for abduction.

Australia threatens to become a serious competitor with the United States in the new business of supplying England with freshment. About thirty tons of fresh meat preserved by a new process, which keeps the air around the meat at a low temperature, have been brought to London from Australia in the Strah-leven and landed in excellent condition. A correspondent of the London Times. who has eaten a dinner off a joint of this meat and pronounces it, "prime, fat, ox beef," says it can be delivered on board in Australia for 2d, a pound and sold in most any quantity is procurable, there being in Australia 7,500,600 cattle and 61,000,000 sheep. In New York one cannot buy "prime, fat, ox beef" for ten cents a pound; for good joints one must pay twice that price.

The fees which physicians may charge in Prussia for their services is regulated by law, and according to the most recent ordinance, the charge for the first visit to a sick person is fixed at two marks (twenty-five cents standing for a mark), and one mark for each subsequent visit; where, however, several persons belonging to the same and dwelling in the same house have to be treated at the same time, then, for the second and each succeeding person, only the half of these fees respectively is to be charged—the same rule is to apply to boarding schools and similar institutions, also to prisons. When there is a consultation of several physicians about he treatment of a sick person, including their personal visits, each physician is to receive for the first consultation ive marks, and three marks for each subsequent similar consultation. the occasion of the first visit to the physician's residence for his medical advice, one mark and a half. For the administration of chloroform, etc., when necessary for the treatment of the paient, three marks,

Chair Boarders. A reporter for one of the St. Louis papers called upon Mr. Griswold, one of the proprietors of the Lindell hotel, to get some facts and figures upon that interesting class of people known as "chair boarders." He discovered that fifty per cent, of the people who gather in the rotunda of a hotel never spend a cent, and are yet an actual expense to a proprietor. The "why and wherefore" was given with much research. Mr. Griswold, the proprietor, furthermore furnished the information that 300,000 sheets of note paper and envelopes were distributed annually to patrons and "chair boarders" and also some 100,000 blotters; and although the stationery was bought in job lots, cheap, it nevertheless amounted to \$1,000 per annum. Mr. Griswold said that they would even have nerve enough to ask for postage stamps, but that they were not kept in the office, but were on sale at the newsstand. The reception of mail at the house for outsiders was also something wonderful.

Going to Siberia.

The exar of all the Russias has an immense, cold country where he sends his criminals, and he punishes for very slight offenses, so he has many people to send. These convicts leave St Petersburg at night, the men having their hands chained behind them, and wearing leg chains of four pounds weight all the way. The women go in gangs by themselves, wearing black cloaks with hoods. The men who conduct them to this desolate land are mounted on horses, and have long whips which they use for and have long whips which they use for the least provocation. Once there, they work year after year in the mines, never seeing the light of day. They sleep in recesses hewn out of the rocks, into which they creep on their hands and knees. They work Sunday the same as any other day. No man who has worked in the mines is ever allowed to return home. When he has lost the we return home. When he has lost the use of his limbs, which happens in a few years, he is hauled up to die in the poor-

Saturday Night in a Kansas Cattle Town.

The dullness which had so weighed upon us through the long, uneventful alternoon was but a lull, we soon learned, and not a stagnation. With the first ap-proach of darkness, the lethargic town proach of darkness, the lethargic town rubbed its eyes, so to speak, and leaped to its feet—and in a twinkling (it seemed like an incantation, Eastman said), Grand avenue was a carnival of light and motion and music. The broad board sidewalks were crowded with promenaders; smiling groups passed in and out of the drinking saloons and gambling places; in every quarter glasses gambling places; in every quarter glasses clinked and dice rattled (is there another sound in the world like that of shaken dice?); violins, flutes and cornets sent out eager, inviting strains of waltz and polka from a score or more establishments, and a brass band was playing patriotic airs in front of the theater, where, oddly enough, the crude morality of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" was about to be presented, "with the full strength of the company in the cast." Everywhere the cow-boys made themselves manifest, clad now in the soiled and dingy jeans of the trail, then in a suit of many buttoned corduroy, and again in affluence of broadcloth, silk hat, gloves, cane, and sometimes a clerical white necktie. And everywhere also stared and shone the Lone Star of Texas—for the cow-boy, wherever he may wander, never forgets to be a Texan, and never spends his money or lends his presence to a concern out eager, inviting strains of waltz and or lends his presence to a concern that does not in some way recognize the emblem of his native State; so you will see in towns like New Sharon a general pandering to this sentiment, and lone stars abound of all sizes and hues, from the big disfiguring white one painted on the hotel front down to the little pink one stitched in silk on cow-boy's shilling handkerchief Barring these numerous stars, the rich Barring these numerous stars, the rich lights, and the music, we missed sight of any special efforts to beguile or entrappassers-by—perhaps because we were not looking for them; nor was there for some hours a sound to reveal the spirit of coiled and utter vileness which the cheerful outside so well belied. It was, in the main, much the kind of scene one in the main, much the kind of scene one would be apt to conjecture for an Oriental holiday. But as the night sped on the festivities deepened, and the jovial aspect of the picture began to be touched and tinted with a subtle, rebuking something, which gradually disclosed the passion the crime, the depravity, that really vivified and swayed it all and made it infernal. The saloons became clamorous infernal. The saloons became clamorous with profanity and ribald songs and laughter. There were no longer any promenaders on the sidewalks, save once in a while a single bleared and stagger-ing fellow, with a difficulty in his clumsy lips over some such thing as "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Doors were stealthily losed, window shutters slammed to with angrycreaks. And at length, as we looked and listened, the sharp, significant re-port of a pistol, with a shrick behind it.

Lives of Two Very Old Women. A recent letter from Newburg, N. Y.

was borne toward us from a turbulent

o a New York paper says: Esther Yntes, the Amazon of Plattekill, Ulster county, died a few days ago at her home, near Breakneck hill, on the mountains, in that town. She was born in the town of Plattekill in 1788, and resided there until the day of her death. Physically she was more like a man than a woman; her shoulders being broad and well developed. She acquired little or no education. with having been self reliant and asking no favors from any one. During the winter season Mrs. Yates cut cordwood on the mountain, and, in the language of one of the natives,"it took a good man to swing an axe alongside of her." On several occasions she cut as much as three cords of wood in one day, in addition to performing the household duties in her home attersunset. In the summer time this remarkable woman cut grain for the Plattekill farmers, and was rated as "a good hand." She cul-tivated a small garden-patch of her own, the product of which she sold principally in this city. She carried her garden truck in two large baskets. Farmers, while driving to ship their hay on the boats, would offer her a ride, and her invariable reply was: "I am in a hurry; take you all day to get there." She could easily outwalk any team with a load behind them. Six years ago a horse while passing her home on Breakneck, fell and became fast in the harness. The driver and several other men could not succeed in getting the animal loose. Mrs. Yates lifted the herse up boldily. but in so doing fractured her leg. The bone never set. Her spirit, however, was not curbed, even if she was an octogenarian and a cripple. Though suffer-ing nuch pain, her daily employment consisted in chopping up kindling wood on a block while she sat in a chair in on a block while she sat in a chair in front of her house. A short time previous to her death her general health began failing, but she retained her faculties to the last. Prior to the accident she never was sick a day in her life. Mrs. Yates was buried from the Plattekill Methodist Episcopal church, of which denomination she was an adherent. Mrs. Yates was married twice. She leaves no family.
Two miles northeast of the

the "Amazon" resides one of the play-mates of her childhood, Mrs. Sallie Pressler. This lady is the oldest inhabi-tant of the town of Plattekill. In May next she will be 100 years oid. She was born in the hamlet of Fostertown, Orange county, but has resided nearly all her life in Plattekill. Mrs. Pressler's eye-sight remains good, but her hearing is defective. Every day she performs manual labor about the house of her son, contrary to his wishes. The old lady, during the winter months, busies herself knitting stockings. Mrs. Pressler lives happily surrounded by her children and their children's children. a vast fund of historical reminiscences. The citizens of Plattekill and adjacent owns propose giving the old lady a banquet when she celebrates her centennial.

An Illinois school mistress was un-able to chastise the biggest girl pupil and called in a young school trustee to assist her. The trustee found that the offender was his own sweetheart, but his sense of duty triumphed over his love, and he whipped the girl. Not only did this result in losing him a sweetheart, but her father sued him for damages and got a verdict for \$50.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Nearly 300,000 persons are employed on British and Irish railroads. The Lowell Sun avers that turning a grindstone will sharpen one's appetite. The wholesale oyster business of New York amounts to \$25,000,000 yearly.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, lunches at noon on black bread and From 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of oleo-margarine are sold in Philadelphia

The Baroness Hirsch gave Adelina Patti 15,000 francs (\$3,000) for singing

one song at her soiree. Mount Vesuvius is troubled with eruptions, and they don't know what to do with the crater.—Picayune.

A tramp we saw last summer called his shoes "Corporations," because they had no soles,—Marathon Independent. An Oregon man six feet tall marriedt woman only three feet in height. Thaf is, she was just half of him, and, o course, his better half.

Dakota is clamorous to become a State. The newspapers of the Territory claim that it has a larger population now than either of the States of Oregon, Nevada or Florida.

For sleeplessness a high London authority recommends, instead of stimu-lants, a breakfast cup of hot beef tea, made from half a teaspoonful of Liebig's extract. It allays brain excitement.

A woman living near the foot of the Biue Ridge mountain, Georgia, caught four wild turkeys in a trap recently, and when she tried to get them out they attacked her so fiercely as to break one

North and South Carolina and Tennessee are preparing to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the battle of King's mountain, the turning point in the revolutionary war in the South, which occurred October 7, 1780, and legitimately led to the final victory at Yorktown.

"What do you think of my new shoes, dear?" said she the other even-ing after tea. "Oh! immense, my dear, perfectly immense," said he, without looking up from his paper. Then she began to cry and said she thought if he thought her feet were so dreadfully thought her feet were so dreadfully large he needn't tell her of it.—Boston

|Mining Expert's Terrible Experi-

Nearly a week since Louis Blanding, one of the best known miring experts on the coast, passed through this city on his way from San Francisco to ex-amine the Santa Anita quartz mine, which is situated near Washington, which is situated near Washington, twenty-one miles above here. Day before yesterday he returned here, having accomplished his object. His experiences on the trip were of an interesting nature, and it is by mere chance that he was enabled to live and relate them. After a tedious journey through the snow he reached the home of one of the owners of the claim, and together they forced their way for three miles. cancing hall to certify its tale of combat and probable homicide, and to be succeeded by a close but brief halt in the noisy quadrille—presumably for the removal of the victim.—Henry King, in they forced their way for three miles further to the mine. Lighting candles pushed toward the heart of the moun-tain a distance of 130 feet. Twenty-five feet from the head of it they came to a winze fifty-six feet deep. Over this winze is a windlass. Mr. Blanding examined it carefully, and observing no weak spots in its construction, had his companion let him to the bottom. He inspected the ledge, made measurements, secured a sack of specimens, and, putting one foot in the bight of the rope, shouted to the man above to hoist away. After : ceased to rise. After ascending thirty feet he

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The windlass is broken," was the Fix it and hoist away. "I can't. The support at one side is broken down. One end of the drum has dropped to the ground. My shoulder is under it, and if I stir the whole thing will give way," was the startling reply that came back. The candle at the top had been extinguished. Mr. Blanding recognized the urgency of having a cool head in such an emergency, and told the other party to take things easy. He dropped the candlestick, sack of specimens and the hammer to the bottom of the winze. Then bracing one of his houlders against one side of the hole and his feet against the other, worked his way up inch by inch, the owner taking in the slack of the rope with one hand. Thus he ascended ten feet. Then he sides of the winze grew so far apart that this pian could no longer be pursued. There was but one salvation. The remaining ten feet must be climbed "hand over hand." Releasing his feet practice. Exhausted by his previous efforts in walking to the mine and exploring it, it seemed to him he had climbed a mile, and stopping to rest, found by the voice that he had yet five feet to go. With another superhuman effort, another start was made. After what seemed an age, one of his hands struck the edge of the covering on one side of the mouth. His body and limbs were suffering the agonies of cramps and soreness, and his brain began to reel. All sorts of frightful phantoms filled his mind. With a final effort he reached up and found he could get the ends of one hand's fingers over the edge of a board that answered for part of

forth over the dark abyss an instant, and as he felt that his hands were losing their hold, he cried, "Save me quick, I am going!" Just then his companion, who is a man of great strength, dropped the end of the drum, and grasping his coat collar, drew him out on the floor of

the covering With the despair of a man who faces a fearful death and knows

it, he let go the rope altogether, and raising the other hand obtained a pre-

carious hold. His body swung back

the tunnel.

The mining expert was utterly prostrated as his rescue was effected. He was carried out of the tunnel, his clother was carried out of the tunner, his clothes wet with perspiration, and laid in the snow. When partially recovered he was assisted to a house three miles away. His whole frame was so racked with the physical and mental torture that for several hours he had no use o some of his limbs. Two days after l returned to the mine and with an iron bar broke the windlass into 1,000 pieces then fished the sack of specimens out of the winze. During a whole lifetime of mining adventures in some of the deep est claims of the world, he says he has never been so near the door of death a he was at the Santa Anita, and he hope never to pass through the like again. Nevada Transcript.