for several days.

you are to me.'

Some time after the mill operatives had a half-holiday. Mr. Falconer, riding slowly through the woods near his house, noticed the flutter of a woman's

"Oh!" she cried, kissing him, "you dear, good little man, what a comfort

The leaves rustled, and Mr. Falconer

came into view. The girl put the child off her lap, and rose to her feet.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said.

"You made a pretty picture in the sunlight, you two. This is the first time I

have seen you since my accident. Let me thank you for your promptness that day. I have your little handkerchief yet," with an inflection in his voice that

VOL. X.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1880.

NO. 4.

Crocus. Oh, the dear, delightful sound Of the drops that to the ground From the eaves rejoicing run In the February sun? Drip, drip, drip, they slide and slip From the icicle's bright tip,

Till they melt the sullen snow On the garden bed below. " Bless me! what is all this drumming? Cries the crocus, "I am coming ! Pray don't knock so long and loud, For I'm neither cross nor proud, But a little sleepy still With the winter's lingering chill.

Never mind : 'Tis time to wake, 'Tis as quickly done as said, Up she thrusts her golden head, Looks about with radiant eyes In a kind of shy surprise. Tries to say in accents surly. "Well! you called me very early!" But she lights with such a smile All the darksome place the while, Every heart begins to stir Joyfully at sight of her; Every creature grows more gay Looking in her face to-day. She is greeted, "welcome, dear-

Fresh smile of the hopeful year ! First bright print of spring's light feet, Golden crocus, welcome, sweet !" And she whispers, looking up From her richly glowing cup, At the sunny eaves so high Overhead against the sky, Now I've come, oh, sparkling drops, All your chattering pattering stops, And I'm very glad I came,

And your 'ernot the least to blame That you hammered at the snow Till you wakened me below With you're one incessant tune. I'm not here a bit too soon!" -St. Nicholas.

Gilbert Falconer sat in his library, surrounded by all the appurtenances of wealth—he was the wealthiest man in Brinsley—but his attitude was listless,

his brows were drawn; a sharp strug-gle was going on between his heart and

sharp rebuke the irate master gave; and, upon an attempt at defense, Mr. Falco-

ner laid his riding-whip several times

"Go!" he shouted, with an oath,

never broke his word or commuted a

over the man's shoulders.

account for any of his actions.

credit to Miss Lenox.

the humblest make.

her first hasty word.

asked the manager who she was.

"Eleanor Eliot is the name she gave."

her position, however, and she does her

as I please.

away.

his weird."

willing advances of fair and wealthy neighbors had done? He was surfeited with flattery. Nora's coldness was a welcome stimulant-ay, more welcome than even he knew him-THE MILL-HAND.

> "You are perfectly welcome to any-thing I did," she replied, coldly. Then there was a silence.
> "Who is that child?" asked Mr. Fal-

coner, feeling rather snubbed, making a motion to pat the little fellow's head; but he shrank away, hiding his face in

Nora's dress.

"His name is Willie Marshall," answered Nora, quickly. "His father is the man you horsewhipped and discharged some months ago, and since then has provided and since then has no provided and the provided and pride. "What has come over me?" he mut-"I am as infatuated as any old fool, thinking, worrying, fretting, and for what? A beggar maid with a pair then he has never done a day's work-can't get it to do. The whole family of winsome eyes-a beggar, low-born most likely. What am I thinking of" can't get it to do. The whole family are living in one room, almost starving. Many a night this poor little creature has gone to bed hungry. Can you realize what it means to be hungry—starving!—you, who have so much, who have never known want or the semblance of a want? Oh, Mr. Falconer, where God gives so much he surely will require much! You will have to answer for a great deal one of these days most likely. What am I thinking of "-starting up vehemently—"I, Gilbert Falconer, who could mate with the proudest in the county, to have failen so low? What would my proud mother say? How haughty Beatrix Lenox would sneer! I'll crush it out—I will! I'm no love-sick boy." But some things are easier said than done, and this was one of them, as Mr. Falconer found to his cost, though she swer for a great deal one of these days. Your men, with their wives and chilwas only an operator in one of his mills
—a slender, dark-eyed maiden, who,
though a "beggar maid," carried her
small head with the grace and pride of them. The ventilation is a queen. He could never forget the first time he wretched, the drainage is simply murderous. Some day a fever will, must come, and many souls will be hurried Some orders had been disobeyed, but the consequences were scarcely serious enough to deserve the into eternity, and you will have to answer for them all. Oh, surely, rich

men's hearts are like nether mill-stones!"

Her face was flushed, her eyes were shining with unshed tears; she looked lovely. Mr. Falconer drew closer. "Tell me what to do," he said, sim-"and never show your face in this yard oly, trying to keep down a great rush of flight eeling. What shall I do for Mar-It was a hard sentence, for the man had a wife and children, and the master How can I help him? Tell

As Mr. Falconer turned away, still "Repair the injustice you did!" cried flushed with anger, a slender figure passed him, a pair of dark eyes gazed Nora, eagerly, drawing a little back. "Give him employment, at once, before full into his—eyes that were posi-tively blazing with anger; a rapid glance he is quite mad with his misery—before the brave mother's heart is broken, and at the unfortunate culprit skulking out he poor little children entirely forget of the gates, then at him, showed which the taste of decent food. Pray, do it, Mr. Falconer, you owe it to them." way her sympathy lay.
"Do you know," she cried, suddenly

Gilbert came swiftly close to her, his hands outstretched, his eyes bright, a pausing, "that that man has a wife and five children, all dependent on what he earns here? Surely you did not mean what you said. The offense scarcely deserved such severe punishment." eling stronger than himself-a feeling he did not stop to analyze-urging him

I will, Nora, he cried eagerly—"I without fail to-morrow. Now ask Mr. Falconer was fairly aghast at such unparalleled audacity. Never in his life had any one dared to call him to will without fail to-morrow. me something more, my darling. would do much more than that for

"I am not in the habit of consulting He caught her hands tight in his. In the opinions of my employees when I punish impertinence," he said, sharply. an instant Nora wrested them away.
"How dare you?" she cried, in a blaze The small head went up in the air with a gesture that would have done "How dare you touch me? Go away! Oh, you are a bad man.

"Don't be so unkind to me, Nora," he pleaded, unabashed. "Indeed, I am in earnest. I do love you. If you "No," she answered, proudly; "but Mr. Falconer may have something to say about it when he learns what a destitute condition that man is in."
"I am Mr. Falconer," he answered

would only listen to me-if you would only love me a little." "I am master of this mill, and punish "Don't insult me any further," she cried, stamping her foot. "Love you?

"You-Mr. Falconer." Anger, sur-Why, I hate you! hate you! hate you!

prise and contempt were pictured on her face as plainly as on a mirror. "Then I have nothing more to say." 'Hate me, do you?" Gilbert's face ras drawn and white. In an instant And, with a slight inclination of the head, she passed on her way, Gilbert was drawn and white. In an instant his arms were round her, crushing the slender figure close, while he laid a warm, passionate kiss on her lips. Then as he let her go, "Now," he said, hoarsely, "forget me if you can, hate me if you dare. Wherever you go, through your whole life, you shall never forget me; that kiss shall lie on your lips and make you love me."

Nora was deathly rale. noting vaguely that her dress was of Who was she! Such impertinence! bending his brows at the recollection that she had not asked his pardon for "A mill-hand with that haughty style! Bah!" he cried, striding into his office; "she is not worth noticing. She may be thankful I don't send her

Nora was deathly pale.
"You are right," she said, slowly, with an effort, and, oh, the utter seorn she said, slowly, and contempt in her voice. "I shall never forget you as the most un-principled, dishonorable man I have ever had the misfortune to meet, and I For several days it happened that Mr. Falconer was in his office when the big bell sounded release for all the tired souls and bodies in his employ, and he perfectly loath myself because you have caught himself looking for a slender touched me. I hope I may never see you again," and, catching up the whimigure in a worn dress; then, meeting

her one morning coming in the gate, was enraged at himself for having pering, frightened child, walked rapidly bowed, particularly as the dark eyes were immediately averted. He angrily True to her word, Eleanor did not meet Mr. Falconer again, as she left Brinsley by the afternoon train, going as quietly as she had come, no one knowwas the answer. "She seems above

ing her destination. And before the day was over the master received a telegram, calling him to Interlaken, where his mother lay very ill, so Thursday's mail train bore him away; but before he left, Marshail had been reinstated in his old position.

work very well."

Mr. Falconer almost said, "I don't wish her here any longer;" then something—an undefinable feeling—checked the words on his lips; he had to "dree his weird." After a while he took to coming to The next news received several weeks the mill every day, and occasionally walked through the long rooms full of after was of Lady Helen Falconer's knife." knife." busy men and women.

Once he stopped at Eleanor Eliot's side, and gravely discussed some fabric with the manager, noticing absently the travel for some time.

. . . Nearly a year after Eleanor's prophecy was fulfilled. A low fever, born of being detrimental to health.

pretty contour of the small, bent head, nd the slender, well kept fingers.

An irresistible desire seized him to make her look up. Bending down, he stretched out his hand, and suddenly—how it happened no one could tell—his hand was caught in the machinery. In an instant all was confusion; in an instant the works were stopped, the wounded member extricated, but all bruised and bleeding.

Eleanor's fingers bound up the lacerated hand in her own small handkerchief, the master thanking her courteously; then he drove away in his fine carriage, and did not come to the mill for several days. impure ventilation and vile sewerage, broke out in that part of the town where the mill operatives lived, and death gathered in his harvest with re-lentless force.

Mr. Falconer returned from abroad and with a rapidly organized committee, tried to turn the course of the destroyer, going from house to house, from death-bed to deathbed, without fear of con-

bed to deathbed, without fear of contagion, spurred on by an accusing conscience, the words "many souls will be hurried into eternity, and you will have to answer for them," ringing in his ears.

At last the current of the disease was turned, the fever abated, and measures were immediately set on foot for the improvement of houses and drainage, when Mr. Falconer was struck down. For weeks his life lay in the balance, the whole burden of his delirium being, "And I must answer for them." But God was merciful, and slowly Gilbert drifted back to life and its responsibilities.

Lying back in an easy-chair, pale, but on the high road to recovery, one day he heard a name which sent the blood bounding to his heart - a name which he had not been able to forget.

His aunt was talking to a lady friend

house, noticed the flutter of a woman's dress, rode closer, and saw the outline of a figure; then galloping to the stables, left his horse, and walked rapidly in the direction of the light dress.

Nor was he mistaken. Under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, her hat off, her lap full of early wild flowers, the sunlight falling through the leaves on her bonny brown hair, sat Eleanor Eliot. A small boy, about two years old, lay with his head in her lap, laughing and throwing his legs about "promiscus," while she pelted him with the blossoms. at the other end of the room.
"Eleanor Eliot is one of the sweetest, noblest girls I ever knew or heard of," Lady Hargrave was saying, enthusiasti-"Her father was a clergyman, and dying, left her and a young brother almost destitute; there was just enough money left after everything was settled to finish the boy's education, and the desr, brave girl would not let them tell the young fellow how much it was, and has kept him at school ever since, and has been working hard, very hard, I be-lieve, though I don't know at what, and he does not yet know how badly off his poor sister is. She is distantly related to the Honorable Mrs. Audley, and she asked me to look out for some position

was new to Nora and that did not please her. How could she guess that her winsome eyes and coldness had piqued and interested the master as none of the

asked me to look out for some position for the dear girl."

"I think I know of a position that might suit her," said the visitor, "my sister is looking for a governess for her two little girls, and, of course, Miss Eliot being so well recommended, she might suit her."

"I'll give you the address."
Then Gibert waited impatiently, while his aunt rung the bell. and Parker was dispatched to find Mrs. Audley's letter; then there was a hunt for her ladyship's eyeglasses. At last the welcome words [ell on his ear.

Two day's after, sadly against his

Two day's after, sadly against his aunt's advice, Mr. Falconer started for London, going straight to a small shabby house in an humble location. "Miss Eliot?" he asked, eagerly, of the miserable-looking female who opened

the door.

"She's left, sur," was the answer,

"she left yesterday morning; her money
was done, an' I dunno where she's

Gitbert turned away with a sick heart, and, dismissing the cab, walked aimlessly along. By-and-bye he came to a large dark old church, bearing traces of Inigo Jones in its beautiful entrance. The doors were onen, morning services. The doors were open, morning service was just over, Gilbert was tired and weak; a sudden impulse—for which he thanked God all his life long—caused

there, then rising, came slowly down the aisle.

Pale, worn, with a weary droop of the proud little head that made Gilbert's heart ache, came Miss Eliot. Trembling with nervousness he waited until she was opposite to him,

then said, quickly: "Miss Eliot!"

Startled, she looked up, saw him, and colored to the roots of her hair, then glanced at the door as if meditating

thin hand. me. Forgive me my brutal conduct that day. I have regretted it ever since. Say you forgive me!"

No answer; her head was bent down. "Nora, can't you forgive me?" he leaded. "You were angry with me once for calling you by your name, but I can't help it, dear; if you could only ook into my heart and see the love have for you, the utter longing, nearly a year I have been trying to for-get you, and to-day I love you better than ever. Nora, can't you love me? Won't you be my wife?"

At the last sentence Nora looked up

'Are you in earnest? Do you real-

ize who I am?" she said, with the old proud movement of her head. "An operator in your mill-a beggar, without a home or a friend, save m brother, God bless him, in the worldwhile you area rich mani

"Oh, come to me," interrupted Gil-ert, stretching out his arms. "If that pert, stretching out his arms. is your only objection, come to me quickly. My pure, noble darling, I know all your self- scrifice. I am not half worthy of you. Come to memake me a better man, be good to my people. I know they will bless you when they learn how much they own. to you." Then in low, eager tones he told briefly of the fever, and of the enat Brinsley, touching lightly on his illness, and passing over his bravery. "And your propliecy haunted me; all through my illness it rung in my ears, and I hungered for a sight of your bonny face, for a touch of your hand. Nora!" with a sharp ring of pain in his voice, "take back your bitter words; tell me you do not hate me. Even a crumb of bare liking I shall be thankful for, and if you will bless me with your precious love I shall thank God for it. You can make me a better man, a better landlord, a true Christian. these possibilities lie in your hands.

Nora's face was hidden in her handsshe was sobbing. "Won't you answer me?" he pleaded, bending over her. "Only one little word to put me out of suspense. My movement, laying her tired head on his shoulder, while his glad arms gathered her close, close to his heart, and he laid mill-hand's" love.

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady a razor neatly inclosed in a handsome silk-lined case and labeled "butter-

The board of health of Philadelphia condemns the local practice of using hay in the street cars as a public nuisance

FOR THE FAIR SEX. Fashion Notes.

Beaded trimmings are in great vogue Some of the new suits are flounced to

Everything odd, everything quaint is onsidered stylish. The fashionable hat of the summer will be a broad-brimmed Tuscan straw.

Mercutio plumes and Prince of Wales tips will be the feathers worn this sea-

Jet fringes, passementerie and the new "blackberry buttons" of fine jet are used on rich black dresses.

For full-dress bodices a new cut is coming in, viz., high on the shoulders and en cœur back and front. It is not becoming. Polonaises are too useful to be set aside, and are being resuscitated in Paris as "over-dresses," often made with

paniers. Black polka-dotted grenadines are made up over black satin, and there are very fine black cashmeres embroidered with polka dots to be made up with plain black cashmere.

Long scarfs of black twilled silk to be worn in mourning are made double, edged with black fooding, and are shirred a short distance from the ends to give the effect of tassels.

Embroidery is invading all domains, and only awaits the spring to blossom in full splendor—embroidery in silk or chenille, mixed with beads, embroidery entirely of beads, in various colors, or of one color only.

A narrow knife-plaiting of dark red satin is around the bottom of the skirt of nearly all the French dresses, no mat-ter how light or how dark the material of the dress is; indeed, this gay finish is seen as frequently as were white lace or muslin balayeuses on dresses last

Dark blue linen and navy blue Scotch ginghams are made into short dresses with striped claret-colored borders, or else the gayest Turkish red called with palm-leaf figures is used for the cuffs, collars, pockets, borders and for a full guimpe, which is finished at the top with a frill.

Harper's Bazar says that in New York white petticoats are entirely abandoned, and there are in preparation petticoats of black foulard or Surah, trimmed with narrow flounces which are edged with white lace, or else with lace embroid-ered with silk or wool in red, rose, blue or orange.

Diagonal bands crossing the front of the underskirt are a favorite way of ar-ranging beaded embroideries. Pearl and satin beads are often mixed in these bands, and the surface is usually quite

One of the new ways of making over worn polonaises is to keep the upper part unnitered, and to replace the lower breadths by draperies of brocade stuff, long enough to hide all of the underskirt

Plain round skirts, simply stitched on the lower edge, and surtout overdresses opening in each seam below the waist, are the coming style for traveling dresses. Those who do not like them will wear suits with the overskirt and jacket like

This being the age of indiscretions, remarks the Parisian, we are almost bound to be indiscreet. For the benefit, therefore, of tuture cantatrices we will reveal la Patti's diet. When she wakes in the morning she drinks a cup of chocolate. This habit is invariable. On days when she has not to sing she eats heavily of underdone meat. She has, too, a strong Don't go " he cried, putting out a has been invented especially for including hand. "Don't go. Oh, listen to an ingenious cook. Or days when she in hand. "Don't go when she are invented especially for including hand." Brazilia me my brutal conduct sings la Patti breakfasts at eleven on the cried of the seltzer water. This is the only serious meal she eats until after the performance, when she sups. On her singing days la Patti does not dine. After breakfast she retires to her room and sleeps for a couple of hours. About four o'clock she dresses, takes a ride, then returns home and practices at the piano for an hour. Before going to the theater she drinks a clear consomme. This hygienic system is scrupulously observed by la Patti. We may add another detail. She never opens her mouth until she has taken her chocolate; then she tries her voice by calling Caro, her chambermaid, with all her might.

The Stevens Battery.

Speaking of naval matters, writes a New York correspondent, I notice the approaching sale of the Stevens battery, which is one of the strange features of this port. The building in which it is enclosed, with the surrounding premises, covers two acres, and as there is no probability that it will ever be used its demolition is now urged. The Stevens family has become famous for its imwhen they learn how much they owe when they learn how much they owe to you." Then in low, eager tones he to you." Then in low, eager tones he to you." The fever, and of the envaluable. Old John Stevens was a re-markable inventor. He not only built a steamboat almost contemporary with Fulton's first effort, but he was our railway ploneer. In 1826 he built a small railroad on his grounds and operated a locomotive which made six miles an It was a great curiosity, especially when he gave his opinion that a railroad would soon be built from New York to Buffalo. He lived to see his locomotive in successful operation, His son, Robert L. Stevens, died in 1856, aged sixty-eight. He was a remarkable inventor, at least in navigation, and among his other creations was the above mentioned iron battery. He began the work in 1845, his plan being to con-struct a vessei which should be proof against the heaviest shot. This work he continued till his death, but when darling, I am weary for you. Come to the arms that are waiting for you."

And she came with a sudden swift ments of the age have rendered it really ments of the age have rendered it really worthless. Hence the mighty vessel in which a quarter million has been expended will be taken to pieces and its material sold for old iron; a sad instance his lips on her forehead with a silent material sold for old iron; a sad instance thanksgiving for the blessed boon of this of a work of genius becoming not only utteriy useless, but also an incumbrance, and whose removal will be an item of heavy expense. The dimensions of this enormous vessel are as follows: Length 415 feet, breadth 48 feet, depth 32 feet. She has ten boilers, eight driving engines and nine subordinate engines. She is built entirely of iron, with sharp bow and stern, and her measurement as compared with merchant vessels is 5.500 State shows that its savings banks hold tons. Such is the monster which is to \$100,780,000 of the bonds of the United be torn to pieces—a task almost as great

JOHN CHINAMAN IN NEW YORK. Life in the Transplanted Section of the Flowery Kingdom-The Interior of a Chinese Store.

Chinese Store.

The great obstacle in the way of the growth of the Chinese population of New York city at present is the difficulty they have in promring buildings for habitations and business purposes in any desirable part of the town. They are now scattered in all sections of the city, by twos, threes and half dozens, in the laundry business, but their quarter is the lower end of Mott street. There their peculiar institutions flourish; there their stores are; there their firecracker and tea-chest lingo is flaunted glaringly upon red paper at almost every door.

Here in New York there is not, as

Here in New York there is not, as yet, any such overcrowding as in San Francisco, yet the manner in which they utilize space is really remarkable. Take Wo Kee's store for example. It is the principal Chinese store on Mott street, consequently the leading one in New York. It contains apparently somewhere near a million different things of the most incongruous character. There the most incongruous character. There are an infinity of diminutive pasteboard are an infinity of diminutive pasteboard boxes, filled with Chinese medicines—gigantic pills, roots, herbs, barks, seeds, and such like. There are incense sticks, jade bracelets; strange evolutions of Celestial fancy in the way of ornamentation, like glorified valentines; quaint and pretty tea services, dried sharks fins, looking like bangled strips of amber-tinted glue; ducks split, baked in peanut oil, and flattened out dry, so as to look like strange caricatures of dragons; sweetmeats in infinite variety. dragons; sweetmeats in infinite variety, nuts that nobody but a Chinaman knows the name of, dried mushrooms, opium and pipes for smoking it, tobacco, teas of many kinds, some of them exquisite and much more expensive than any American store sells; silks, fungus-looking black lumps, of which it is guaranteed that a small bit will make the drunkenest man immediately sober; sandals and Chinese clothing. In short, it is grocery, dry goods store, jewelry shop, drug store, curiosity shop, and twenty other things, and yet is all comprised in the space of a small front page. prised in the space of a small front par-lor, with a narrow branch into a back room, necessarily small, so as to leave space for a well-patronized lodgings de-partment. There is a little open space in the center of the store, just enough for three or four customers to stand in, but beyond that not an inch is wasted. On a little table near the window stands

the inevitable tea pot and a number of the inevitable tea pot and a number of little cups, preparation for a hospitality that the Chinese merchant extends to every one. Behind the narrow little counter is Wo-Kee himself, bland, courteous, deft in running up sums with the buttons of his Chinese abacus. artistic in the manipulation of the camel's hair brush with which he paints the mysterious symbols of his account books, graceful and exact in the weigh-ing out by his ivory and thread balance

(on the steelyard pattern) of the minute quantities of opium constantly in demand by his customers.

In the basement of Wo-Kee's house meets the Po-Lan-Gung-Se, a benevolent

society of Chinamen numbering about seventy-five members. Further down the street is the meeting place of the Sam-Hop-We, another association for mutual benefit. The Chinese quarter contains a couple of opium-smoking shops, where the slaves of the soporific drug lie in narrow bunks and sleep dreamful slumbers.

Those addicted to this vice show it their listless, indifferent stare, stupidity and bodily weakness when it has gained a great hold upon them, but nearly all the Chinese seem to smoke opium to a moderate extent without suffering any harm from it. There are no Chinese iquor shops, and a drunken Chinaman is exceedingly rare, although most of them drink a little beer. They have no temple here as yet, and no theater, but in course of time hope to have both, when they are here in sufficient num-bers for the support of such institutions. In neither devotional nor histrionic exercises have they any disposition to favor amateur effort. The one vice most prevalent among them seems to be gambling. They play for very snall stakes generally, but with an eagerness and infatuation that no other people can excel. Their games no white man ever dreams of undertaking, and hence it is that when a party of Chinese gamblers are avrested it is hardly possible, except by a stretch of presumption under the law, to convict them. They have, however, a wholesome respect for American law, and are extremely cautious in admitting a stranger to any knowledge of their sports of chance. Reporters the more ignorant of them fear more than policemen, for their interpreters have taught them: "It is only by the publi-cation in the newspapers of the matters you permit the reporters to know about you that the police ever find out anything. So long as the policeman is left to the resources of his own intelligence you have nothing to fear from him."
So it is very hard to get any information from them about their lives and
habits. When a Chinaman is very sick
and feels that he can afford it, he goes to an American physician for treatment, but for ordinary ailments, just beyond the limits of his own knowledge of the resources of Wo-Kee's red boxes, he goes to the one of the two Chinese physicians located here, Chun Man-Wy, their principal physician, does quite a thriving trade upon a basis of prices regulated to meet the financial bilities of his countrymen. Sometimes a Chinaman pays him as much as \$2 for being thoroughly cured. Quong-Lee affirms that there has never yet

been a case of leprosy among the Chinamen in New York.

There are six flourishing stores on Mott street, dealing almost entirely in imported goods, paying high rents, and doing a thriving business. Not the least amusing feature of the transactions in them is the frequent occurrence of Chinamen coming in to have reweighed on the honest scales of their countrymen the small packages of goods purchased from grocers and other shopkeepers who are not Chinese. They say that it is a rare thing for them to find a package that is of full weight. "No such business in my store," and Wo-Kee, business in my store," and Wo-Kee, proudly. "I give full weight of all I proudly. "I give full weight of all I sell." There has been two Chinese women here, but one of them started for Havana with her husband. No women have arrived among the recent comers from California, and none are expected .- New York Sun.

States, par value. The deposits of \$299,000,000. These banks have

## TIMELY TOPICS.

A French seientist has invented a number of small electric lamps which number of small electric lamps which can be used by the surgeon in illuminating the throat, the mouth, or even the more internal parts of the body, while performing an operation. It is now suggested that it would be possible to materially assist the physician in his diagnosis, by means of a powerful electric light. On the assumption that the human body is only semi-opaque, it is proposed to place the patient in such aposition in connection with a dark screen, that it is probable a powerful electric light would sufficiently illuminate his interior to enable the physician in a dark room to see so much of the in a dark room to see so much of the workings of the principal organs as would assist him to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the nature of the case. If such a scheme is possible it would undoubtedly be of much advantage to medicine. medicine.

One of the unexpected sources of wheat supply for Europe is the river Platte country in South America. Large shipments of new-crop wheat have already been made by steamers to Liverpool and Bordeaux. Australia, also, has now become a serious com-petitor of the United States, and during the past few months has shipped enor-mous quantities of wheat to England by Suez canal steamers. Countries in the southern hemisphere finish their winter wheat harvests at just the time when the supply from northern coun-tries begins to be exhausted.

The year 1880 will be memorable in promulgation of a new code of sea sig-nals and road rules. Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, the Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Chili and the United States have agreed to these rules, which include, besides sig-naling with colored lights, a set of blasts from the steam whistle or fog-horn, whose numbers and length of duration talk plainly. For example, a steamer sighting any vessel gives one short biast to denote that she is keeping to starboard, two if she is keeping to port, and three if she is going astern. Other blasts have fixed meanings. The new rules should help to diminish the number of disastrous collisions which have been steadily increasing with the increase of shipping.

Civil war is a commonplace incident in South America, but it is not often that the contestants are so very civil as the revolutionists who have overthrown the government of the State of Antio-quia, in the republic of Columbia. This quia, in the republic of Columbia. This community was on the point of an outbreak when M. de Lesseps arrived there. The leaders had got their boom well to a head, and were just ready to issue the regular pronunciamento, when they were appealed to by the authorities to postpone the affair until the distinguished guest should have departed. With true Spanish politeness they complied, and for the credit of the country abroad, presented to the energetic proabroad, presented to the energetic projector the spectacle of a happy and united people. As soon as de Lesseps had left they went on with their revo-

The Moscow industrial exhibition which was to have been opened on the first of May, as an additional celebra-tion of the ezar's twenty-fifth anniversary, is postponed till next year, chiefly on account of the present disturbed state of public affairs. It will not be international, as was reported, confining itself strictly to Russian produce. fact, it appears intended for a auplicate of that of 1872, and will probably occupy the same site, viz., the slope around foot of the Kremlin wall. One of the leading attractions on that occasion was the appearance of a number of Central-Asian Sarts and Kirghiz, whom a shrewd Russian had hired to hang around his refreshment bar, and draw attention by their outlandish dress and features. Another curious episode was the bewilderment of a group of Russian peasants at the sight of a small wooden building, the character of which they guessed at in vain, till a passer-by in-formed them that it was a model of one of their own cottages.

## He Found a Bowery Boy.

It is related of Thackeray that, being very desirous to see a "Bowery boy," a New York rough of twenty years ago, he went with a friend into the haunts of that peculiar creature to look for one. Very soon his companion pointed out to him a genuine specimen, standing on the corner of a street against a lamppost, red-shirted, black-trousered, sonp-locked, shiny-hatted, with a cigar in his mouth elevated at an angle of forty-five

degrees. After contemplating him for a few moments, Thackeray said to his friend that he would like to talk to the fellow,

and asked if he might do so. "Surely," he was told; "go to him and ask him to direct you some where." Thereupon Thackeray approached,

and said, politely:
"My friend, I should like to go tosuch a place. "Well," replied the Bowery boy, in

his peculiar tones, and without moving anything but his lips, as he looked up lazily at the tall, gray-haired novelistwell, sonny, you can go, if you won't stay too long

Thackeray was satisfied.

Married on a Sliding Scale.

What proved quite an exciting event in social circles occurred at the mar-riage of Miss Belle Chamberlin, of Belvidere, and Mr. John Gripp, of Bonus. A large party had assembled at the residence of the mother of the bride to witness the ceremony, when, as the bridal party had taken their positions, and the Rev. J. Whitehead, the officiating ciergyman, was about to commence the service, the floor gave way and sank about three feet, mixing bride, groom, ciergyman and spectators in one com-mon mass. Ti elights were extingnished fortunately without any damages, and for a few minutes confusion reigned supreme. It was soon ascertained that nobody was hurt, and no damage, ex-cep to the floor, sustained. The lights were relighted, the bride and groom gain took their positions, the guests being by this time arranged on a sliding scale, and the ceremony was conducted without further interruption. Had there been a cellar under the floor, the consequences must have been disastrous. As it was, the affair is laughable.—
Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinet.

An Ode to Leap Year.

One year out of four. The girls " have the floor."

And skip for the boys like chickens for dough; While the bashful men wait. For the choice of first mate.

And bless their dear selves that fate willed

The elderly maiden,

With wrinkles laden, now a nice chance the question to pop

But pity the man, You people who can,

bo is thus caught by a girl " on the hop." The ugly old "buch '

Sews on his last patch, And can't see why his name isn't booked For a tittle wife

To cheer his life, he finds that the sweet one lesped lore

she looked. So go ahead, girls,

And damage your curls, the faces of these who question this right; Your chance to propose,

As far as it goes, good; so improve it with all your might.

-T. W. Greenslitt, in Philadelphia Rem.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Chicago drank 7,000,000 gallons of milk ast year.

Petroleum has been discovered in Brown county, Texas. The total population of Greece is 1,679,000 souls, against 1,457,000 in 1870.

During the year 1879 the shipyards of Maine turned out seventy-three ves-W. H. Vanderbilt draws \$300,000 in-terest on \$31,000,000 four per cents every

ninety days. A lazy harvest hand is troubled with drop sickle complaint .- Marathon Inde-

endent. First coal fields worked in America

were the bituminous fields of Richmond, Va., discovered in 1750. Girls should be a little cautious this year how they ask young men it they like "pop."—Middletown Transcript.

"What is home without a father?" asks an exchange. It's a mighty good place to court a girl in.—Salem Sun-

There have been 23 steamers, 36 ships, 74 barks, 43 brigs and 114 schooners—all together 320 vessels—lost in the storms of last winter. Black linen collars and cuffs are shown

among other things, but these are to be worn only with mourning dress and are unwholesome at best.

The prima donna, Sculze Killschtgy, is dead. She was the Adelini Patti of 1812-20 and was ninety-six years old when she died last month.

When you are all broken down, And life seems a sham, Your best triends deserted you—

All storn s, and no calm, With your heart full of sorrow,

And no show of a smile-Don't give up for a season, It's a surplus of bile.

-Steuberville Herald.

Saving a Train. On Sunday evening last an incident oc-curred on the Western railroad that will ause surprise wherever it is spoken of.

The train was within thirty miles of Montgomery, running at a rapid rate, all unconscious of danger. The engineer spied a white handkerchief on a pole, fluttering in the road some dis-tance up the track. On getting nearer he discovered it was some one waving the down train. The shrill whistle was sounded, brakes put on and the train brought to a standstill. The heads of he passengers were popping out of the

windows, inquiring what the trouble was, no station being near. The conductor came out, and seeing a tramp was the one who had caused the train to stop, inquired in probably a rather angry manner what was wanted. This man, who belonged to a class almost universally despised and subjected to cuffs and kicks, astonished the conductor by informing him that about eighteen inches of rail was broken out a short distance further on. The broken place was repaired, the train about to move off, when the con-

ductor saw the tramp standing on the roadside, asked: "Where do you want to go?"

The tramp replied: To Pensacola. "Then," said the conductor, "why don't you get on the train?"

The reply was: Because I have no money.' The conductor told him to get aboard, that he would take him to Montgomery. On arriving in the city the fact was re-ported to the general manager of the road, who asked the man which he would have, money or work. The man answered he would rather have employment. A position was at once given him. At last accounts he was at work and doing well .- Columbus (Ga.) En-

Words of Wisdom.

quirer.

Twenty men who believe what they profess, and live as they believe, are worth more than five hundred hypocrites to any good cause.

The more a man knows about any subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing

from his own. As frost to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship, for confidence cannot dwell where se ishness is porter at the gate Our striving against nature is like holding a weathercock with

hand; as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind. The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which

enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses it name and nature. Every feature is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether

latent charm derived from truth.

A ship on the broad, boisterous, and open ocean, needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid posom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we so much need the still voice of the silent monitor, as in the

false; no tempting form is without some

small, secret, every-day acts of our life.