RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1880, or astart southern about the

NIL DESPERANDUM. I de one on A beserval

CERON YESER S. CHANT.

The Battle of the Bones. How many bones in the human face?

VOL. X.

Fourteen, when they're all in place. How many bones in the human head? Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear? Three in each, and they help to hear. How many bones in the human spine 72 Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest? Twenty-lour ribs, and two of the rest. How many bones the shoulders bind? Two in each-one before, one behind. How many bones in the human arm' In each arm one: two in each forearr How many bones in the human wrist? Eight in each, if none are missed, How many bones in the palm of the hand?

Five in each, with many aband. How many bones in the fingers ten? Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend. How many bones in the human hip?

One in each like a dish they dip. How many bones in the human thigh? One in each, and deep they lie. How many bones in the human knees?

One in each, the kneepan, please. How many bones in the leg from the knee Two in each we can plainly see. How many bones in the ankle strong?

Seven in each, but none are long. How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each, as the palms were put. How many bones in the toes half a score

Twenty-eight, and there are no more. And now, altogether, these many bones fix. And they count in the body, two hundred and

And 'uen we have, in the human mouth Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth. And now and then have a bone I should think That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink.

A sesamold bone or a worm can we call, And now we may rest for we've told them all - Indianopolis Sentinet.

An Unexpected Meeting.

It was a small, one-story frame struc-ture, presenting some of the character-istics of a cabin and cottage, built only a little way in from the road, and approached from it by a narrow wooden bridge, under which meandered, in temperate seasons, a gentle stream, but which, in the fervid vigor of the summar and the rigor of the winter, was

A way down in a meadow behind this little sentry-box was a large farmhouse, with a colony of smaller buildings springing up about it, and back of those was a wood, rising precipitously to the brow of a protecting hill.

In summer-time this homestead of field, such a night" said George Sefton Farmer Gilman was a smiling, shady place to look upon, as was, indeed, all the country in which nestled the ham-let of Fairbank, distant a couple of miles away; but now that the iron fetters of winter were on everything, it looked cold, cheerless and uninviting.

It had been snowing all day-snow was everywhere. It was on the rich pasture lands, on the closely-shaven meadows, on last year's tillage; it crowned fences, and maintained a precarious existence on the roofs of houses: it rendered sightless gaps in broken roads, and lent a treacherous expansion to highways; it, in short, blotted ou the ordinary landmarks, and was on great, white, staring eyesore on the face of the landscape.

Night had come on, and with it increased activity on the part of the storm. It was bitterly cold, too, and there was an edge on the air like a knife.

It was a night to enjoy a grateful meal and a comfortable fireside, and this was what May Sefton was preparing for her father's return in the little cottage by the roadside.

The ample stove was aglow with the crackling wood-fire; the bright lampight illumined the neat, decorous little kitchen: the old easy-chair wore a look of expectation as it stood by the table tial supper, and the blue-eyed rose-bud herself was blithely singing snatches of a ditty, as if in defiance of the gloom and storm without.

For a dozen years and upward May Sefton had occupied this same abode with her father, and had been his sole companion and housekeeper.

About that time George Sefton had

made his first appearance in Fairbank, bringing with him little else than a fair sweet child of four or five years old, and carrying about him an air of suppressed suffering that silenced in-quiries, albeit that it somewhat excited curiosity. But this curiosity was sat-isfied and turned to sympathy when it was learned that the stranger had re-cently buried his partner, and that the golden-haired child he so tenderly cher-ished was motherless.

George Sefton had not furnished Fairbank with this information in so many words. From the day of his arrival to the time whereof we write, he had never opened his lips on the subject of

his antecedents.

Abraham Gilman, or old Al c. as he was more universally called, to distinguish him from a younger to be, had once asked George, when they were working in the fields together, if he was not a widower like himself, whereat Abe's new employee had bent his head, and then maintained a silence so impressive that the fact was taken for granted and never after discussed.

As for May, if questioned on the sub ject, she could only tell of a big town and a large house, and a fine lady that used sometimes to kiss her, and who, one night, she was told by her father, had died and was buried away for ever-

Six o'clock," cries May, stopping her warbling to laugh up in the face of the old clock that chimed the hour. "Six o'clock," she laughs, as she turns the fragrant rashers in the oven, an casts a searching glance at the table to see that it contains all her own homemade dainties. "Father will be here presently. I wonder if Abe will-Hush, you naughty thing," she adds, under her breath, and pressing her hands to her rosy mouth, as she hears a crunching sound drawing nigh.

The sound draws nearer till it stops outside, when there is a scraping and stamping of feet, and then the door opens, and a fragrant, warm smell, and a bright gleam of light, and a smile of delicious youth and innocence stream out in the face of the night and salute the intruders.

The first to enter is a man, tall, and slightly bent, with a thin, aged face, and a fair, long beard, plentifully leavened with gray hairs. He bends down, with an air not quite in keeping with his homely garb, and impresses a fervent kiss on the sweet, upturned face that greets him. He then steps aside with a courteous movement and dis-closes the figure of a robust youth, with a beardless face wreathed in smiles, half-diffident, half-assured, altogether

"Come in, Abe," says the little hostess, as he beams at her from the

Smiling, Abe insinuates himself past her, without a word, merely rubbing the top of his frost-smitten nose by way

of salutation.

In or about this hour, Abe Gilman generally insinuated himself into the presence of May, and beguiled his evenings in the company of her and her father. George Sefton had some books which greatly interested him, especially when read to him by the owner or his described by the control of th daughter, and he occasionally borrowed one, though frequently puzzled by some of the words; for Abe was not much of a scholar, but he had a taste for litera-

ture, and for May's society, which was a sort of education in itself. "You haven't had supper, Abe," said May, invitingly, to the visitor, with a peep at him that might have upset a

more confident youth.

"I'm just goin' back to it," said Abe, apologetically. "I only kem for a book yer father promised to loan me."

"Better stay for supper now, Abe," said George Sefton, in his quiet but hindly way. kindly way.

"Don't require to be coaxed too much before you consent," said May, with mock gravity, and a merry twinkle in her blue eye, that sent Abe into a convulsive titter, and brought him to the

table without further pariey.
"Who went to Fairbank to-day?" inquired May, when she had set the meal n full motion.

"Abe, my dar; he brought you your paper," answered her father. "I was chopping wood all day; much warmer work—eh. Abe?"

work—ch. Abe?"

"Yes, sir," returned Abe, with an emphasis on the second word that left no mistake as to his thorough agreement with his friend's opinion. "I never thought I'd get home. There wasn't a soul to be seen in the village, 'cept what was keepin' the stove warm in the store. There was a lady that kem by the cars an' she wanted to start straight away for Mansfield, an' she offered ten dollars to any one that'd take her, an', by golly, sir, she couldn't to save her life git one that'd face it."

"She was a trump," laughed May, and she'd face it herseif?" "Yes, by golly, she would that," said Abe; "but she had so many shawls, an' turs, an' wraps with her, that I think she could have slep' in the snow for a week without being frozen."

" but that was a stiff price. "She may get some one that'll take her yet," said May.

"She may, and she mayn't," said Abe grinning comfortably at the fire. "I Jack Price was around, I don't think he' let so much money go. I think he'd skin himself an' that horse of his for the whisky that ten dollars'd buy."
"I fear he'd run the risk of it. Abe, said George, smiling. "Poor Jack rare fellow for his whisky."

"Hush!" cried May, "this is a sleigh coming now; I'm sure I heard the bells Perhaps it's she. Look and see, Abe." "He couldn't see his finger outside, my dear," said her father, taking down pipe off the mantle and filling it, whilst

Abe rose to peep out. The tinkling sound advanced rapidly but it was dark as pitch, and sleet and snow were traveling furiously with the

Abe could see nothing from the door step, so he ran down to the wooden bridge that spanned the frozen stream. He could now discern the dark object coming furiously toward him, but he noticed, with anxiety, that it was inclining cangerously near the side of the Onward came the snorting horse a

the top of his speed but closer and closer to the brink of the highway.

Abe raised his hands and voice in alarm to the driver, but his warning was not heard, or heard too late, for th next instant the horse and sleigh had tumbled into the bed of frozen water.

The hoarse cry of a man in pain and stifled moan reached the ears of the horrified Abe, as he shouted out "George! George!" But George, who had heard the crash

was on hand a moment after the accident with a lantern, and, taking the situation in at a glance, first released the furiously struggling horse, and then lifted up the heavy sleigh that had completely turned over on the occupants. Jack Price-for he it was-was so full of whisky that, when he regained his liberty, he scarce felt the pain of his broken arm and bruised and bloody

"Take that druken fellow-back to the village, Abe,' he said, when Jack Price and his vehicle were once more in run-ning order; "and make all the haste you can back with the doctor. I fear

this is a serious case."
"Is it the lady, father?" said May, who had come forward and was holding the lantern, as George clambered up to the road with the unconscious bundle in his arms.
"I suppose so, May," he replied.

lowing her into the cottage. "Who-ever it is, is, I dread, badly hurt." May drew the lounge close to the fire, and on it the insensible woman was

Abe did not exaggerate when he stated that the lady was well protected from the weather. She was wrapped and muffled up till her face was no longer visible, and May's first efforts was directed to reliance by were directed to relieve her from some of this now unnecessary covering.

George Sefton was bending anxiously

over the two women, watching for a glimpse of the stranger's face. When it was revealed to him, ghastly white, but still aggressively beautiful, his breathing for a moment ceased, and a scared expression lit up his mild, blue

May, too, was startled at the sight of

the death-like face; but when she glanced up at her father, and beheld his ashen countenance and trembling form, she was filled with terror.

"What is it, father?" she exclaimed.

'Do you think, then, she's dead?"
His dazed look wandered from the prostrate figure on the lounge, and rested on the innocent being kneeling at

her side.
"No, I don't think she is," he replied, at length, in a voice scarcely above a The scared expression in his face had

tolen into his voice, and it was hushed Tears welled up into May's eyes, and dropped on the cold hands she was chafing.

The lady, after a while, showed symptoms of returning consciousness. Beyond her pallor and insensibility, she presented no outward sign of injury.

"I don't think she's much hurt, father," said May, leaning tenderly over her patient, the tears still glistening like pearls on her eyelashes; but noting, with hope and pleasure, the increasing

vidences of animation. He made no response to May's remark, but continued to stare straight down at the pallid, beautiful face of the

Suddenly a pair of eyes, larger and more liquid than May's, but of the same azure hue, are opened out upon him, and the conscious woman is scrutinizing his weird, haggard countenance.

For a brief moment a crimson flush banishes the pallor, and the hands that May holds are clutched convulsively. Then the red blood deserts the face again, and it becomes ten times more livid. The beautiful, liquid eyes droop abashed before the man's gaze, and traverse searchingly the room, till they rest

erse searchingly the room, till they rest on May kneeling by her.

"I'm not deceived, then," she feebly mutters. Is this—"

Her voice broke the spell, or stupor that had seized George Sefton at the first glimpse of her, and, in a low and

decisive tone, he said: "You mustn't speak just now, madam, till the doctor arrives, and we know what's the trouble. Prepare your bed for this lady, May," he added, motioning the young girl to her room,

May had scarcely disappeared, when he was at the woman's side, whisper-ing excitedly in her ear: "You mustn't let her known nothing.

"You mustn't let her known nothing. It's better for her--it's better for you. I don't want to reproach you now. I don't know what strange fatality brought you to my cabin to-night; but whatever it was leave us--leave her in the peace and innocence that you have found her. Since the hour that you deserted her I've led her to believe you dead. I've striven to hide you and your sin from your child with the charitable mantle of the grave, and for that sole purpose I've since hidden mythat sole purpose I've since hidden my-self here. Don't seek to undeceive her. Let her still think of you with re-gret. Let her memory of you continue to be a fragrant one"

The erring woman listened with closed eyes and blanched cheeks to the man's passionate words.
"May I kiss her?" was all she fal-

Yes, if-May entered, and George Sefton moved away, and flung himself into a chair in

a far corner of the room.

May resumed her watch by the lady's side, taking the cold, slender hands once more in hers. She noticed that the lovely eyes, which were turned with infinite tenderness on her, were dimmed with tears, and that the hands she clasped pressed hers caressingly.

The monotonous tick, tick, of the old clock was all that broke the silence of

The lady closed her eyes, and May was beginning to think that she was going to sleep, when a sweet voice whis

'Kiss me, darling." The young girl crept closer, and winding her arms round the woman's neck, wrapped the poor soul in her chaste em-

Was it the instinct of love or pity? When George Sefton awoke from his painful reverie an hour later to admit Abe Gilman and the doctor, he found the two women asleep, the elder resting on the bosom of the younger. The girl was easily aroused, but the other

awoke no more.

The friends who came for the dead woman knew not the unhappy husband under his assumed name and altered ap pearance, and May never learned that her mother had passed out of the sphere of sin and shame in her arms.

Her tather lived long enough to see her the happy wife of Abe Gilman, and then passed away, carrying his secret with him.

Artificial Diamonds.

Professor Maskelyne's positive statement that the method of producing diamonds chemically has been discovered, does not admit of much doubt or discussion. He is, probably, the highest living authority on precious stones; and just as his dictum quashed the claim recently preferred by Mr. McTear, so does it now sustain the claim preferred by Mr. Hannay. Probably the diamonds produced by this ingenious Scotchman are of no value as gems-mere tiny scraps of crystallized carbon. But even George Sefton had already raised the other traveler in his arms, and a troubled lock had gathered on his brow.

"Take that druken fellow-back to the commercially, being as useful for gem cutting and polishing as natural diamonds. For a little while therefore the jewelers with diamonds in stock the well-to-do folk who own diamond rings and necklaces, will not be dis-turbed by the depreciation of their property upon their hands. In the long run, however, the depreciation is cer-tain to come. If Mr. Hannay has discovered the principle in accordance with which the transformation of carbon into diamonds is effected, the perfection of the process is inevitable. While the useful arts will reap great benefits from this triumph of modern alchemy, romance will suffer. For the children of the next generation the story of oindab's excursion into the valley of diadab's excursion into the valley of dia-monds will have no charm!-Philadel

> Two gushing Boston girls were walk-ing one day in the suburbs of the Hub, when they stumbled on a little old-tashioned mile-stone, forgotten in the march of improvement. One of them stopped and parting the grass discovered the half-effaced inscription, "I. m. from Boston," upon which she exclaimed, ecstatically: "Here is a grave, perhaps, of some young girl who wished it written on her tombstone. 'I'm from Boston.'
>
> How toylohing the grass discovered the half-effaced inscription. How touching! so simple and so suffi

TIMELY TOPICS.

It is proposed to build in certain districts on the western frontier of Kansas churches made of sods. A few such already exist. The walls are of sods, the roofs are covered with sods, and the floors are of earth. A church can be built, in size about 26x36, for can be built, in size about 26x36, for an outlay in money of only \$10, and this has already been done in at least one instance. A wall of sods, if properly built, and protected, will last 100 years. Roofs of shingles and floors of wood are greatly to be desired, but, of course, they add very much to the cost of a church.

Germany, with a population of 42,000,000 has 60,000 schools and an attendance of 6,000,000 pupils; Great
Britain and Ireland, with a population
of 34,000,000 has 58,000 schools and
3,000,000 pupils; Austria-Hungary, with
a population of 37,000,000, has 30,000
schools and 3,000,000 pupils; France,
with a population of 37,000,000, has 71,000 schools and 4,700,000 pupils; Spain,
with a population of 17,000,000, has 20,000 schools and 1,000,000 pupils; Italy, 000 schools and 1,600,000 pupils; Italy, with a population of 28,000,000, has 47,000 schools and 1,900,000 pupils; and Russia, with a population of 74,000,000, has 32,000 schools and 1,100,000 pupils.

Glucose manufacture is making an excitement in the maize districts of the West, the factory at Buffalo and its remarkable success being the prime stimulant. Half a dozen establishments have been planted within a menth in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Cyrus McCormick and others have, it is said, put \$650,000 into one at Chicago. It is to have a capacity of 20,000 bushels a day, which is the equivalent of 300 tons of sugar. A bushel of corn, costing about forty cents, produces thirty pounds of grape sugar, or three gallons of syrup. This sugar, which costs them net two cents per pound, they can sell at from three and one-half to four cents, while the three gallons of syrup can be while the three gallons of syrup can be sold at from thirty-five to forty cents a

One of the Irish parish priests to whom Mr. Redpath, the New York Tribune correspondent, sent a letter of inquiry concerning the distress caused by famine, says: "It would be impossible for me to individualize, where hundreds and hundreds in my parish are in this state. May God, in His mercy, open wide to us the American heart. In it, under God, is our hope. A better day, I trust, is coming; and when it comes and when the merry word and joyous laugh are again heard, believe me, though we forget everything else connected with the dread times of the year 1880, we shall never, never forget America, who, by being the true 'friend in need.' proved herself to be the 'friend indeed.' "Another priest writes: "My house is actually besieged from early inquiry concerning the distress caused by famine, says: "It would be imposhouse is actually besieged from early dawn till late at night by hundreds of agged, hungry-looking persons, most piteously craving and clamoring for relief. No amount of private charity. I fear, will be sufficient to meet the present appalling distress."

Professor Swing, the well-known Chicago minister, thinks it must be acepted as a fact that there is great suffering in Ireland to-day, and that the money forwarded from this land, and from all lands, and from England her-self, is the tribute due from the fortunate to the unfortunate in an era which declares all men to be brethren. If the grasshoppers in Nebraska made outside help necessary, it the yellow fever in the South demanded an uprisng in Northern charity, so the famine n Ireland proclaims that another time has come for help to pass over from the strong to the weak. The utter failure strong to the weak. The utter militer of crops for several seasons has made it rules."

"Maybe you joined the free thinkers?" impossible for parents to buy new clothing for the children, and hence the awful scene of several little ones wrapped in one ragged blanket, at once without ood and without covering. Before these repeated failures of crops there were thousands in this afflicted country who were just on the edge of star-vation. In good times these had not enough food or clothing, and now that the crops have failed for three consecutive seasons, it ought not to require much more than a rumor to convince one that there must be great distress in many parts of the Irish country.

A Martial Ornament.

Hungarians are celebrated for their remarkably fine mustaches, and are in the habit of devoting much care to the cultivation of this martial ornament. The national custom originated with a number of cavalry regiments who dis-tinguished themselves in the wars against the Turks, and whose colonels, finding that the fashion served to in-spire the troopers with manly pride and dashing gallantry, made the training and cultivating of their mustaches a regulation affair. A beardless youth was excluded from cavalry service. Here is the method employed, and which is in daily use throughout the land among men who set their pride upon the display of a fine curly and provokingly sticking out mustache. After the morning ablution, and while the beard is still wet, a piece of string is drawn across the face, under the nose, and fastened over both ears. Both hands then twist the hair around the string, to which an extra pull is given, with a final fastening behind the ears. In this ingenious condition of early toilet, one may comfortably get through breakfast and a lot of early work indoors, and emerge at noon with a more or less fierce and martial countenance, the pride of the girls and the object of envious swells ignorant of the plan. During the French wars toward the end of the last and the beginning of this century, there was one Hungarian hussar regiment specially distinguished for the magnificence and fierceness of its musmagnineence and herceness of its mustaches. The regulation exacted a display of five inches of hair, in corkscrew form and shape, on each side of the upper lip, and, when nature's supply proved insufficient, the regulation length had to be made of bits of horse-tail. tail worked into pricking points at each end by means of a sticky mass of grease and wax, which became known in Paris during the restoration under the elegand name of "Pommade Hongroise."

The proverb, "Every bullet has its billet," is said to have originated in a superstition common among soldiers fifty years back that their name was written on the bullet that stretched

To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:
"I went to church yesterday."
"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"
"Which do you guess?" he asked.
"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.
"Naw," he said. "I don't all the said."

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on a schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. Idon't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.
"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and two dollars extra for a seat; fast time, and only stops at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men h haustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I musesed

"Universalist?" I guessed. "Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary busi-ness. Everybody travels on a pass, Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all fiag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are vague, though. and the trainmen don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that

road."
"Perhaps you went to the Unitari-

"No, I didn't, but I might have done rorse. That is a mighty good road, worse. That is a mighty good road, well ballasted with reason, though it runs through a region a little bit cold, and there is apt to be some ice and snow on the track, but in case of accident there is no danger of upsetting the stoves and being burnt up; and there's one good thing about it, the neighbors are generally ready to come and help when you do get into trouble. They like to have things nice and comfortable in this world, doing what they think is about right and taking their chances for the other. They don't seem to take much stock in being as miserable as you can here in the hope that worse. able as you can here in the hope that you will be the happier for it there. They seem to think that a man's going to reap the same kind of crop that he plants, and that if he puts in a selfish, worthless kind of a life on this eartn it ain't a-going to come out a very fine specimen in heaven. Seems to me some sense as well as poetry in that but I was raised an 'orthodox' and 'twouldn't do for me to be seen on that train or I might lose my place on the competition between the two roads, and our folks are getting afraid of losing

"Presbyterian?" I asked. " Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman. ' pretty track, straight as a rule: tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow: have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra conches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an aecident on this road. It's run right up to the

"Scrub road," said the brakeman,

'dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as Smoke if you want to; kind of a go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a line that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' asked a conductor who he got his or-ders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him or- offers to cash his draft and furnish all ders, he'd run that train to suit him- that he needed for his army.—Daily self or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it

"Did you try the Methodist?"

asked. "Now you're shouting," he said with ome enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? some enthusiasm. Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows hundred and enough all the time Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; through tickets; passengers drop off the train as often as they like, do the station two or three days and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan house air brakes on all trains, too. Pretty safe road, but I didn't

"Maybe you went to the Congrega-tional church?" I said. "Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; one of the very old-est in this country. Good road-bed and comfortable cars. Well-managed road, too; directors don't interfere with di-vision superintendents and train orders.

The Brakeman Who Went to Church.
To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:
"I went to church yesterday."
"I went to church yesterday."
"I went to church yesterday."
"I said, with that interested infection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"
What church did you attend?"

A Weird Fancy.

If the dead, lying under the grasses, dissortinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But infection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

A Weird Fancy.

Unseen linger near the bereft, the wind infection that asks for more. "And what such a pleasant road to travel on.

Always has such a pleasant class of What tear-drops, than sea-waters sal was tall when they see all the str

passengers,"
"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I
guessed once more.
"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's
a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to
keep close to the river, but it's all steel
rail and rock ballast, single track all the
way and not a side track from the road. way, and not a side track from the road-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run her through; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's

a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers throwed in. I tell you; Pil-grim, you take the river road when you But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door,

"Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

—Burlington Hawkeye.

Andrew Jackson's Vow.

Shortly after the occupation of Pensacola and the expulsion of the Spanish authorities from Florida by General Jackson, Mr. Edward Palfrey, an old citizen of New Orleans, now dead, was wont to relate that while standing beaind the counter of the National bank, him the counter of the National bank, his attention was attracted to a group of military officers who entered the bank and inquired for the cashier. The chief of the party was a man gaunt, stern-featured, spare and wasted of form, but erect and firm of carriage.

The cashier having appeared, the chief introduced himself: "I am Andrew Jackson, major-general of the United States army commanding the

United States army, commanding the forces now occupying Pensacola. My soldiers are suffering greatly for the want of provisions, clothing and medicines. Immediate relief is required, and I must have \$20,000 to purchase them supplies. Here is my draft on the government. I desire to have it cashed.

The cashier was appalled by this de-

mand. There was no authority to honor this check. The courteous but firm manner and the prestige of the chieftain, however, restrained any such intimation from the cashier. Requesting the general and his staff to be seated he retired to the rear office of the presi dent, and communicated the appalling demand of the conqueror of Florida. The president was equally alarmed, and dispatched a messenger to convoke the directory. They quickly assembled, and the subject was referred to them. It should be borne in mind that at that time General Jackson was regarded with a great deal of bitterness and dis-trust by a large political party in the country. He was looked upon as a dangerous and assuring military chieftain who menaced the integrity and freedom of our civil institutions, and especially of such institutions as the great national bank. The directors of the branch bank here were doubtless somewhat pervaded with this sentiment, Still the rules of the bank justified them in de-clining to advance the fund required by General Jackson, and the president was instructed to communicate this conclusion of the board.

He did so with all the suavity usual lack of medical skill, and committed

He did so with all the suavity usual on such occasions. Then rising from his seat and advance

that this bank, having the money of the United States in its vaults, declines to advance a sum sufficient to supply the are they?" at last asked the friend. immediate needs of 2,000 patriot soldiers whom I have left in the swamps of and I forget the name of the other two!" Florida exposed to fevers and starva-tion?" With profound regret the rules

must be observed. Whereupon, with flashing eye and that terrible aspect never to be forgotdown with great force upon the counter, exclaiming, "By the Eternal! I will live to serve your rascally bank as I have the Spaniards in Florida, as equally while fighting."

scalp lock. When fighting at Bear Paw mountain, this was hung up on a high pole, as a sign that they would use all the cunning and strategy of that animal while fighting.

enemies of the people and of liberty With this fearful menace and vow he strode with his staff out of the bank. As he emerged from the bank, the gen-eral encountered two Irish-born citizens merchants of New Orleans, who had heard of the order of the bank, and had hastened to join the general, with offers to cash his draft and furnish all States.

He Remembered Exactly.

A lying witness will often tell a very glib story, but he generally fails to guard all his weak points. At a recent trial in court the following took place in attempting to prove an alibi: Attorney S. - You say that Ellis blowed for you all day on the 20th of Witness referring to his note-book

- What did he do on the 30th? .-We chopped wood. -On the 31st? W .- That was Sunday, and we went squirrel hunting.
S.—What did he do on the 32d?
W.—He thrashed wheat on that day.
S.—What did he do on the 33d?

W.—It was raining, and he shaved out some handles. S—What did he do on the 34th? W.—He chopped wood.
S.—What did he do on the—?

But before the question could be tin-ished, the witnesses's wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness-box, yelling in his affright-"You old fool don't you know there are only thirty days in the month of November?"

" Does your machine sew evenly, Mrs. Smith?" "Even sew." was the laconic response of Mrs. Smith, as she held up her work for inspection:

Having knowledge and sense of what passes In the hearts and homes they have left, What tear-drops, than sea-waters salter, Must fall when they see all the strife-When they see how we fail, how we falter,

How we miss in the duties of life. If the great, who go out with their faces Bedewed by a weeping world's tears,

Stand near and see how their places Are filled, while the multitude cheers If the parent, whose back is bent do . ila With delving for riches and gold, Lends an ear to the wrangle and trot le

About him, before he is cold; If the wife, who left weeping and sorr w Behind her, bends down from above And beholds the tears dried on the mo. low. And the eyes newly burning with love: If the gracious and royal-souled mother,

Can hear the harsh voice of another, Slow-blighting the fruit of her womb; the old hear their dearly-forgotten Rejoicing that burdens are gone;

From the silence and hush of the tomb,

If the young know how soon they're for gotten, While the mirth and the revel go on-What sighing of sorrow and anguish Must sound through the chambers of space . What desolate spirits must languish In that mystic and undescribed place ! ben lite were a tarce with its burden,

And death but a terrible jest ! But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdor

Of silence and beautiful rest. ITEMS OF INTEREST.

M. de Lesseps never indulges in alcoholic beverages. The number of families living in New

York city is 213,467.

A hoarse shoo never brings good luck to a foraging hen.—Wheeling Leader. Peter Cooper has a fine collection of Greek and Roman coins which he has been gathering during the last fifty-nine

A slab of wood marks the grave of Stonewall Jackson's mother, who was buried on an eminence 700 feet above the

river at nawk's Nest, Virginia. "Two sisters of Glasgow got mad at a plumber and threw him out of the fifth story window." But he got even with the sisters. He charged them double time from the minute he left the window until he struck the sidewalk.— Norristown Herald.

panies as presented in the reports for the last year show that the death claims were considerably greater than in pre-vious years, which would seem to indicate that last year was an unhealthy He told her that be loved her

The records of life insurance com-

In tones so solt and mellow; But she said she couldn't marry him, For she'd asked another fellow. (This is leap-year.) -Steubenville Herald. In digging the Suez canal Egyptian workmen were forced to make hods o their backs, placing their hands behind them and clasping the left wrist with

the right hand. Boys under twelve years of age were made to do this It is hardly necessary to add that thousands perished under such inhuman treatment. A physician at Areata, Cal., had for a patient a girl for whom he entertained a high regard, as she was the daughter of an intimate friend. He could not cure her, however, and she died without the exact nature of her disease be-

A certain painter was bragging of his ing to the counter, rehind which the polite president stood, the old chief asked:
"Do I understand you, sir, to say the painter, "do you know that there Why, sir, I am one, and-and-and-

There hangs in the office of the Walla-Walla (W.T.) Statesman the sign under which the Nez Perces fought and surrendered to General Howard in the war that terrible aspect never to be forgot-ten by any one who ever beheld Old Hickory in a rage, the general, rising high his gauntleted hand, brought it down with great force upon the counter,

An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations for late hours' and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house, about two o'clock, very softly, denuded himself cently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleer by infantile cries. He had rocked away for ten minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole maneuver, said, "Come to bed, you fool! the baby ain't there."—Toronto

Words of Wisdom

Graphic.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one. Convey thy love to thy friend as an arrow to the mark, to stick there; not as a ball against the wall, to rebout back to thee. Self-devotion is but a form of gener

osity; the generosity of those who give

to themselves, having nothing more and nothing better to give, and belongs equally to the nobler natured of both It is well enough to be humble, but it is possible to boast of your humanity until it sours into the worst kind of self-pride. There is hardly a virtue in

the calendar which a man will not lose if he talks much about it. Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward! Whether passed on a bed of sickness or in the tented field, it is ever the same

fair flag, and admits of no distinction. Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the eleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it the depth of shadow.