VOL. X.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1880.

NO. 10.

Work in the Time Now.

The world is strong with a mighty hope Of a good time yet to be, And carefully casts the horoscope Of her future destiny; And poet and prophet, and priest and sage, Are watching with auxious eyes, To see the light of that promised age

On the waiting world arise. Oh, weary and long seems that time to son Who under life's burdens bow, For while they wait for that time to come They lorget 'tis a good time now.

Yes, a good time now-for we cannot say What the morrow will bring to view; But we're always sure of the time to-day, And the course we must pursue; And no better time is ever sought By a brave heart under the sun Than the present hour, with its noblest

thought, And the duties to be done; Tis enough for the earliest soul to see There is work to be done, and how, For he knows that the good time yet to be Depends on the good time now.

There is never a broken link in the chain, And never a careless flaw, For cause and effect, and loss and gain, Are true to a changeless law. Now is the time to sow the seed For the harvest of future years Now is the time for a noble deed.

While the need of the work appears. You must earn the bread of your liberty By the toil and sweat of your brow, And hasten the good time yet to be By improving the good time now.

*Fis as bright a sun that shines to-day As will shine in the coming time; And truth has as weighty a word to say Through her oracles sublime. There are voices in earth, and air at d sky, That tell "the good time here,

And visions that come to faith's clear eye, The weary in heart to cheer. The glorious fruit on lite's goodly tree as ripening on every bough, And the wise in spirit rejoice to see The light of the good time now.

Then up ! nor wait for the promised hour, For the good time now is the west, And the soul that uses its girt of power Shall be in the present blest. Whatever the future may have in store,

With a will there is ever a way; And none need burden the soul with more Than the duties of to-day. Then up! with a spirit brave and free, And put the hand to the plow, Nor wait for the good time yet to be,

But work in the good time now,

Kate's Leap-Year Party.

"No place for me!" muttered Dr. Elweil. "In a barren, plodding existence like mine there is no room for even a glimpse of such gay butterfly life

The young man stood in a corner with ioroidain making himself unnecessarily miserable. Unnecessarily, because he ought able. Unnecessarily, because he ought, with his good looks, good health and youth, to have been able to cast aside the cares of his daily life, and take whatever of pleasure or happiness came in his way. To be sure, he had some excuse for thinking that he was singled out to be different from other men, and that his twenty-five years should carry the wisdom and soberness of fifty; for "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Morover, that mother had been left poor and with three little gir s to bring up and educate—the eldest of them many years the junior of their brother whom they idolized. Yes, William Elwell was a hero to four loving hearts that watched his self-made career as he worked himself through college, teaching and doing al kinds of work that he could get to do in one term, in order that he might spend the next in his beloved study, through vacation and holidays bending efforts toward earning a little for those who loved him, working with eager haste and desperate energy, the sooner to grasp the knowledge he sought and unish the course. He had finished at last with honors; but honors are empty and unremunerative. He had found a country village where—marvel to relate -there were not already more physicians than patients, had established himself there in the plainest manner which would possibly answer for a newly-fledged M. D., and-waited.

And all through the self-denial and hardship, through the uncertainty and waiting, he had carried a light heart, a sunny temper and a firm trust in Providence. At last his waiting mother and sisters had received a jubilant letter; he had a patient, Squire Burleigh, the wealthiest man in H—. The old physician was away on a professional visit to the country. Squire Burleigh was attacked with a severe cold which aggravated his chronic bronchitis, he, "Dr. Eiwell," was called, was lucky, gave the old gentleman the advantage of some of his advanced views, and, thank heaven! he had placed himself under treatment and taken the young doctor up in a wonderful friendly style

And just at this point, when his fortune seemed to be made, immediately after his rejoicing and triumphant letter to the dear ones at home, he had sud-denly becon e morose and sullen, his letters were gloomy and misanthropic and his views of life cynical and bitter. How to account for this change was a mystery. His loving mother feared that her boy was ill; but this he stoutly denied; and truly, his firm, elastic step, clear eye and ruddy complexion gave no indications of jaundice or dyspepsia. As for new acquaintances, perhaps they set the doctor down as rather too stern for so young a man; but they were obliged to wait for further developments to find the key to his behavior, and we will do the same, taking occasion to observe the different personages at this brilliant gathering in Squire Burleigh's parlors, while Dr. Elweil chews the cud of bitter meditation in his corner. The squire, a genial gentieman of fifty, was making himselt agreeable to young and old-for this was a "family party"-and his daught r, the brown-eyed and golden-haired Miss Eduh, distributed her smiles and attentions with charming impartiality, drawing together those of similar tastes, finding partners for less attractive girls, making bashful youths teet at home, exchanging sparkling sal-

singing an old-fashioned song, to the great delight of a group of old ladies and gentlemen who jointly and severally

claimed her as their special property.

Only one person held aloof from all the warmth and brightness, and even he relaxed a little as the squire drew he relaxed a little as the squire drew him for a few moments into conversa-tion, listening to his remarks with such deference, in spite of the difference in their years, that the young man was flattered and elated. But for a short time, however; the squire could not stop long with one, and as he moved

away the solitary malcontent muttered:
"All very well; he's a kind-hearted
man and means well when he brings
me here; but she takes care to show me that I am out of place. Ah! she is going to condescend!" savagely, as Miss Burleigh approached and said, with a scarcely concealed hesitation which was not noticeable in her manner toward

not noticeable in her manner toward others:

"We are discussing a question of vital importance, Doctor Elwell, and we want your opinion."

The doctor, of course, banishing his ill-humor, and offering his arm to his youthful hostess with a low bow, accompanied her across the room to where a merry half dozen or so of young people were holding a laughing dispute. olding a laughing dispute.

were holding a laughing dispute.

"We are considering the propriety of the gentlemen entirely withdrawing from the field, and in view of the fact that leap-year comes so seldom, giving the ladies the exclusive privilege of making a choice. What do you think, doctor?" asked Kate Ormsby, a bright brunette, as her black eyes flashed, with the spirit of conjective which was as

the spirit of coquetry which was as natural as her breath, intensified by the somewhat disapproving glance of a blonde gentleman opposite.

Doctor Elwell, not at all averse to making some one else suffer a tithe of the pangs which rent his own spirit, with a sudden intuitive recognition of the fact that he might avenge himself on the said unoffending gentleman reon the said unoffending gentleman, reon the said unonending gentleman, replied, with animation and empressment:
"I quite agree with you, Miss Ormsby; during this year the right of selection and proposal belongs to the ladies alone, and any gentleman who is so daring as to infringe upon right should be made to pay a forfeit, consisting of actions, less than along of a box ing of nothing less than a love of a bon-net or a Parisian fan."

"Oh! and that reminds me," cried Kate, "you know it is an old custom, banded down from our forefather's time, and as a relic of antiquity, to be solemnly respected and rigidly enforced, that any gentleman who has the hardihood to refuse, must pay a forfeit of nothing less than a silk dress." than a silk dress.

"A provision which destroys all the romance," said Edith.
"Rather hard on some poor fellow

who couldn't raise a silk dress," remarked Mr. Wheelsr, the blonde, who, by the way, was a very well-to-do dry goods merchant of proverbially generous habits. Dr Elwell first turned faint at the

thought of the silk dress, then called himself a fool and coxcomb, and finally flushed crimson at Mr. Wheeler's re-mark, which he considered a direct af-

"As if any one could not buy a silk ress!" exclaimed Kate, indignantly, but then you must know, sir, that no ady will propose to a gentleman until 'That is what we men think with re-

gard to asking a lady the momentous question; but we generally find our-selves completely in the dark as to their feelings for us.'

"Ah! but you gentlemen displa your teelings more than ladies do. saucy Kate. "There! they are forming a quadrille in the next room. Let me see; have I a partner for this dance? n-no, I have not," and Dr. Elwell im-mediately begged the honor, and proceeded to the spacious apartment which was devoted to the service of Terpsichore, with the little brunette on his arm. My. Wheeler pulled his blonde mustache in vexation, and for a few moments seemed to have changed places with the disciple of Galen.

"What a charming man Dr. Elwell is," remarked Kate Ormsby, who was to remain a day or two with Edith, as the girls were talking over the events of the evening in the latter's chamber pefore retiring. Edith colored a little and bent to unbutton her boots as she answered:

"Do you find him so? You seemed to get on very well with him, though he is so grave I have hardly known how to approach him. He is wrapped up in his profession, I suppose. Papa thinks his throat has greatly improved since he began his treatment. Edith did not see the laugh Kate

stiffled at this measured speech, and the latter went on gleefully: "Yes, I find him very interesting, but not entirely free from the weaknesses that mortal man befall. How conceited these men are! I declare, I am

dying to take them down a little, and the first of April is near at band." The dreary month of March was en livened by numerous attractive evening entertainments, one of the chief of which was a candy party at the farmhouse of Kate's father, to which the young ladies escorted the young gentlemen of their choice, in sleighs and buggies, as the weather permitted, making rare sport of the reversed order of things. To all of these was Dr Elwell invited, and to all he promptly went, notwith-standing the fact that he frequently stated to his inner consciousness that he was the most incomprehensible idiot in existence, and that the special festivity which was on the tapis at that particular

time should be the last tantalizing gaiety to count him as its victim. For one most aggravating fact remained—although young ladies in and out of the village for miles around showed him honor, for which he should have been grateful, though bright eyes sparkled and dimpled cheeks glowed the more at his approach—spite of the fact which continually haunted him that he was only a young physician, struggling for a place in life—one damsel, for whose smiles he watched with an eager longing which no reason could subdue, remained utterly indifferent to all ap-pearances, treating him with a calm civility that was maddening. Perhaps no one but Kate knew what existed beneath the calm exterior, and if she sus-

pected, no one was the wiser. "It shall be the last—positively the very last. To morrow I will write to mother and girls—how I have neglected them!—and I will throw aside this folly. and endeavor to keep my mind upon my duties more than it has been of

A virtuous resolution, truly! and, if virtue brings its own reward Dr. Elwell

ought to have left content; but the mel-ancholy smile which crossed his coun-tenance rather belied his efforts as he gave a last survey of his neat, but not altogether stylish toilet, sighed over the last letter from home, which he put carefully away, and then, unfolding a dainty note, re-read the conditions of the invitation, in the graceful chirography of Kate Ormsby:

NECK-TIE PARTY. Under suspices of the Y. L. L. Y. Club,

The Residence of Squire Burleigh, No. 59 Main

Street. April 1. 1876, eight o'clock, r. M. April 1. 1876, eight o'clock, r. w.

Gentlemen will enter immediately upon the opening of the doors, and each will select, as his partner for the evening, the lady who wears ribbons corresponding to the color of the neck-tie accompanying this invitation, which he is to wear. The two who shall be last in performing this duty, are, as a forieit for their tardiness, to be responsible for the evening's entertainment, instituting games, dances, etc., and in all respects taking the part of Master of Ceremonies and Floor Manager.

Squire Burleigh, Umpire. Elderly ladies and gentlemen, chaperones, etc., per order of the committe. KATE ORMSBY, Secretary.

Dr. Elwell repaired to the apartment of Mr. Wheeler, where the other young men were assembled, among them two, who, having come down from the city on business a few days before, were duly lionized by one-half of the youth of the community. Those worthies glancing over the simple little sheet which had cost more anxiety and study, then they imagined, smiled indulgently at the transparent crudity of the whole affair,

and then one of them remarked:

"Now, see here, boys, the young ladies are putting up a job on us, don't you see? Why not circumvent them, and turn their little game upon themselves?"

nal, I believe they call it, in deference to my somewhat strikingly brunette style of beauty, if I may be allowed the expression, whereas my friend Jackson here, with his florid complexion and vivid locks, which emphatically provivid locks, which emphatically pro-claim his Hibernian descent, so to

speak—"
"Here, now, Smythe, none of that,"
cried Mr. Jackson, who had probably
been twitted of his fair skin and auburn hair before.

"Don't interrupt, Tommy. As I was about to say, my friend Jackson is honored with a lovely pale-blue, 'just too sweet for any use!' Now suppose, for instance, that we trade; no, no, that would shock the senses too severely—Ilame-color neektie and cardinal heir flame-color necktie and cardinal hair. offee-colored skin and pale-blue. Dreadful, shocking," and the gentleman shud-dered with affected horror.

The others came to his rescue, how-ever, with timely suggestions, and a satisfactory arrangement was soon effeeted.

So it came about that Mr. Wheeler was adorned with the cardinal tie, which really set off the fairness of his hair and skin pretty well. Dr. Elwell look rather darker than usual; the city gentleman donned the violet and crimson which had been intended for them

time's up. "Get your colors by heart, boys," said Mr. Smythe. The moment arrived. The gentlemen, in the back parlor, awaiting the open-ing of the double doors, which separated hem from the young ladies in the front

Remember your colors, boys," whispered Mr. Smythe, as if determined to confuse the rest.

"Shut up," was the elegant rejoinder of Mr. Jackson, in equally husky tones. "Already!" cried the genial Squire Burleigh, and the doors flew open. There was a grand rush, a second or two of suspense, much laughter, and, in the midst of it, Dr. Elwell felt his brain whiri and his senses forsake him, as his eye rested upon Miss Burleigh, in the loveliest of creamy silks, with sashes, bows, streamers and trimmings ad libitum, of pale blue. He managed to collect himself sufficiently to take his place by her side, feeling, as he did so, that he was one of the unlucky last ones, but, as he looked up, he caught sight of Messrs. Jackson and Smythe standing in the middle of the room, looking about with something less than their usual complaisance for the divinities with the violet and crimson deco-

The truth dawned slowly. Merry Kate, in a coquettish black dress, covered with cardinal bows, had a certain surprise of her own to meditate over. and so had all the ladies, therefore it was left to the gentlemen to cry "April which they did, all at once, as the fact burst upon them that there were wo more of their number than in that of the ladies, and that the exquisites from the metropolis had brought upon hemselves the forlorn predicament of

eing minus partners for the evening. These latter gentlemen were, however, qual to the emergency, and never in the nstory of H., had a party gone off with so much merriment and good feeling.
As for Dr. Elwell, his spirits rose till
no trace remained of the surly temper in which he had of late indulged. ight of Edith's sunny smile he forgot his discomforts, and, at the end of a delightful waltz, he drew her toward the conservatory in a very happy frame of

As they went they heard subdued voices, and presently met Mr. Wheeler and Miss Ormsby, the former with an expression of beatitude upon his countenance, and the latter sparkling and flushed with happiness, while a teardrop glistened in her silky black lashes We have missed you from the rooms

you been doing?" questioned Edith, and Kate replied: "Oh, I've been in the conservatory here, taking advantage of leap-year. Go thou and do likewise." With which saucy suggestion the little spirit danced

dear, where have you been-what have

away, leaving her escort to follow. Now Kate's taking advantage of leap year, was simply at the poor Mr. Wheeler to renew the offer he had made at least a dozen times before, and giving a more satisfactory answer than had rewarded his previous trials. That was a very different matter from making advances toward a man whom one had only

ought to have felt content; but the mel-ancholy smile which crossed his coun-who had held himself aloof from even

who had held himself aloof from even friendly intimacy. It was inconsiderate in Kate—unkind, so Edith told herself, as she bent over a rose bush, with burning cheeks and brimming eyes.

At the sight of her distress, what could Dr. Elwell do but to forget that he was poor and she an heiress. What could he say but that he loved her, and loved her ever since their first meeting, that his hopeless passion had destroyed his peace of mind, that the future would be a blank to him without the sunshine of her presence, and "Oh, Miss Burleigh—Edith—give me one spark of hope, one ray to enlighten my darkness, and I will strive to become more worthy of the precious boon, to win a name that," etc.

There is no need, of course, to recount There is no need, of course, to recount just what he said, nor what she said, nor what she said, nor what the good squire said the next morning, when the doctor, with a sinking heart, told him of the base ingratitude of which he had been guilty to so kind a patron and a friend.

Enough that, at the double wedding, six months later, Messrs. Jackson and Smythe came down from the city to act

smythe came down from the city to act as groomsmen, greatly distinguishing themselves in that capacity, to the secret admiration o Dr. Elwell's pretty sisters; that this gentleman is progressing finely and is on the best of terms with his friend Wheeler, and that Squire Burleigh, entirely cured of his bronchitis, distinct cuits invariable his property. divides quite impartially his grand-fatherly attentions between Kate's black-eyed boy, and little golden-haired Edith Elwell.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The sun's radiation is not without its influence on the comfort of the occupants of a house, and the influence may be "But how?" queried one or two, while the others listened eagerly.
"Simply by changing neckties," said the first speaker. "You perceive that belongs to the sex—an "nquestionable veneration for the eternal fitness of things, as it were—the fair ones have sent me a brilliant flame-color, or cardinal. I believe they call it in deference with fair of the surprising result that more heat enters a building through; the sent me a brilliant flame-color, or cardinal. I believe they call it in deference walls facing directly south, although the walls facing directly south, although the south side is exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays nearly twice as long as either of the others. A considerably greater quantity of heat is received by the east than by the west side.

> Two new kinds of tea having very pe culiar qualities have been discovered by Mr. E. C. Baber, while exploring the region west of Kiating-fu, China. of the varieties was rare and appears to have been grown only by some monks of the monastries on Mount Omi. An infusion of it tasted like strong congou to which brown sugar had been added liberally; but its sweetness was a natural property. The other tea grew spontaneously at heights of more than 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is a leafy shrub with a stem about four inches thick, and it attains a height of fifteen feet. In making an infusion every part of the plant except the root is employed. The beverage produced is a strongly colored but weak tea, having a natural milky or rather buttery flavor.

Fifty years ago Commodore Patterassumed the pale-b'ue, which made him | the United States in Louisiana, led an expedition against Jean Lafitte, the chief of Barataria Island, attacked the 500 men found there, and captured the respectively, and the others made an seven small vessels which were drawn equally suitable exchange for pink, up in miniature battle array. It has green, blue, black, white and variegated. been thought in New Orleans that Lasame materials reaches to the knees, green, blue, black, white and variegated. been thought in New Orleans that La-"All ready?" asked Mr. Wheeler, fitte was a freebooter and pirate, and many sensational stories of his adventures have been published. The Picayune has discovered dusty records of the United States district court an account of the liber proceedings brought by Daniel T. Patter-son and George T. Ross, the commanders of the naval and military forces of the United States, containing evidence that Lafitte made his captures under the Carthagenian flag, and was in communica-tion with Carthagenia.

A startling surprise, after the fashion of the story of Ginevra, was experi-enced not long ago by a party of Styrian wood cutters in the forest of Drommling. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon discovered to be quite hollow. Being half decayed it quite hollow. Being half decayed it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation. Even the boots, which came above the knee, were almost perfect. By its side was a powder horn, a porcelain pipe-bowl, and a silver watch on which was engraved the name, "H. von Krackowitz, 1812." The testh were perfect. It would seem to be the keleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped ineautiously into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.

Suits at law are brought nowadays for very reason, and no reason, especially n some of the new States, whose inabitants are often of a very litigious disposition. Recently a resident of Crete, Neb., was arrested for non-payment of a bill long due for groceries, while he was courting a young woman in her father's parlor. He was held to bail, and when he appeared in court to defend himself, the judge promptly dis-charged him, declaring that he had been arrested without adequate cause. He has, in consequence, brought suit against his creditors, who had the legal process served on him, and he claims \$25,000 damages. He had, he alleges, borne a good financial reputation, which is now seriously affected; he has been disgraced by his arrest in the parlor of his sweet-heart, injured socially and morally, and on account of what had happened then and there, he has never had the courage to visit his lady-love since, and considers his connubial prospects, so far as she is concerned, forever blighted. He thinks that \$25,000 would be a moderate sum for the shock to his sensibilities and the harm to his good zame, and avers that he will have justice, if there be justice in the land. It is possible that his arrest may have saved him from an unhappy marriage, but he flatly refuses to look at that side of the question.

We have rarely seen a more touching little incident than this told by a New tlaven paper: A widow's child received a reward of merit in school and ran eagerly home to her mother, saying, as she entered her humble dwelling, "I held it up to the sky all the way home, mamma, so that paps might see what a good-sirl I am." what a good girl I am."

The Northeast Passage. Vital and social statistics are always A very interesting account of the Northeast passage by the steamer Vega, which has brought su h renown to Prointeresting, but the recent report of the Swiss bureau of federal statistics for 1878 is worked up with exceptional thor-

which has brought su in renown to Pro-fessor Nordenskjold, is given in a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* by Lieutenant Palander, who commanded the Vega. There is no doubt the Vega would have made her entrance into Behring strait the same season in which she started on her voyage, but for the exceptionally unfavorable condition of the ice. She had passed the real points of difficulty and danger, and was within 120 miles of Behring strait on the twenty-eight of September, 1878, when the ice strait is transparent. the ice closed in upon her, and she was unable to move until the eighteenth of the following July. The region in which she passed the winter is well-known to explorers and whalers, many of whom have passed through the same waters, encountering no ice, even as late

waters, encountering no ice, even as late as the first of November.

Now that the passage has been shown to exist, the question whether it can be made commercially useful is the next in interest. If vessels can get through in two months, as Lieutenant Palander says they may, if no unanticipated obstructions intervene, considerable commercial use may be made of the passage in trading with the natives along near y in trading with the natives along near y 4.000 miles of habitable coast. But this 4.000 miles of habitable coast. But this question of an open passage is one that Licutenant Palander is not prepared to answer. That open water near the coast does exist during the summer and autumn months admits of no doubt in his mind. The difficulties to be met with at and around the northermost cape of the Siberian coast—Cape Tehel-puskin—and Taimyi island, are such as to make it doubtful whether ships can get through without wintering over. That a passage is to be found there once or twice Lieutenant Palander does not doubt but it may occur so late that winter will set in before Behring strait is reached. In summing up Lieutenant

Palander says: "The Northeast Passage can not, therefore, in its entirety be made availabe for the purpose of commerce; but still an annual traffic might easily be carried on from the westward to the Obi and Yenisei, and from the eastward to the Lena. Unquestionably the way now lies open to Siberia's three greatest rivers; and that land, so rich in min-erals, timber and grain, whose export and import trade has hitherto been conducted by means of caravans, ought now to obtain a practical route as a connecting link between the old and new world.

Vessels designed for this hazardous traffic will have to be specially constructed to push their way through fields of drifting and newly-formed ice, and coaled and provisioned for an ice blockade lasting from eight to nine

People Who Live Near the Pole. The Roman correspondent of the Phildelphia Bulletin, speaking of the Cinkici, a remarkable people discovered by the Swedish explorers of the north pole region, says: The people found there were not precisely savages—they were clothed (roughly, perhaps)—but they were clothed in skins of rein-deer or seal. Their costume might not perhaps suit Parisian taste, but it was adaptable to their clime. It is comosed of reindeer skin stockings lined with eiderdown, reindeer or sealskin boots reaching to the knees, and u der these, again, reindeer or sealskin trous-ers, over which are worn in extra cold weather other trousers lined with fur. same materials reaches to the knees, and, according to the weather, several of these are worn one over the other. For the head they wear a cap to match the rest of this charming costume, and this cap is tied under the chin like a baby's cap. Finally they wear over their chests a kind of bib of sealskins, which

bib they draw over their faces, when the air threatens to bite the noses. The very fashionable people of the country fasten tails of animals to the edges of their coats. This is to show you that they are rich, as their riches consist in reindeer, some families possessing as many as 100,000 of these animals. The ladies wear the same costume as the gentlemen, which gives them a strange awkward walk. However, as a little distinction, they wear their hair in two long plaits at the side of each chee, and their neck and back are bare. It seems that the cold has less effect on them than on their lords. It is true that when they have young children they carry them on their backs, and that shelters them. Both men and women are short of statute, but stout and wonderfully strong, and they can walk for miles with burdens on their backs which we Europeans could not even lift. Their faces are large and broad and they have no foreheads. In this the women would be quite the fashion in Europe, where the ladies do all they can to conceal their forchea's.

A Treasury Clerk's Long Service, John Laub, the oldest clerk in the United States treasury, died recently in Washington after a faithful service of more than forty-three years. He was absent but five days from his desk during the entire forty-three years of his service, although he was entitled to a vacation of thirty days each year. No other man in all that time ever part of the work that it was his duty to perform. In a room which he occupied is a set of books covering the entire history of the First Comptroller's office —eighty-six years—and in those books appear but two styles of penmanship— those of John Laub and his father. Mr. Laub never allowed any person, not even the secretary himself, to examine his books; but it there was ever an inquiry he would examine them himself, and read their contents to the inquirer. He was neatness itself, and wrote a plain round hand. He loved his books as if they were human, and kept them wrapped carefully in oil-cloth, when not in use, but when compelled to take them from their case, he would handle them as if they were made of glass. He became a machine, and had he been transferred to any other duty would have been ut-terly u eless. He ppeared at his desk at the same hour every morning, and went through the same routine every He walked to the department day. from his house and returned always by the same route, and his appearance at the same locality at the same moment each day was as regular as time itself. During his last illness he suffered much pain and anxiety because his work was neglected, and for fear some other person would touch his books, and relief was given him only by an order from the First Comptroller that they should

Life and Death in Switzerland.

le78 is worked up with exceptional thoroughness and suggestiveness. It will very much help the general reader to an appreciation of the figures to bear in mind that the population of Switzerland in 1870-2,669,247—was about 100,000 more than that of Illinois, and that its area is between one-third and one-fourth that of Illinois, or about equal to that of Maryland and Connecticut. The number of marriages is given at The number of marriages is given at 20,590. These figures mark the continuance of a decline which began in 1876, and is now traced to the facts that men, on the average marry at twenty-nine, and that the birth-rate of the years 1846-55 was below the average. The divorces were 1,036, and Switzerland is said to have more divorces in proportion to marriages than any other European country. A very commonplace reason is given for the strange fact that widows and divorced women are more likely to get husbands than maidens—the thrifty Swiss, it seems, prefer women of experience, with the houses and furniture which they usually have, to sweet simplicity without a shelter. The births were 91,426, of which 46,950 were boys and 44,476 girls. The favorable death-rate—23.4 per 1,600—is attributed to the rate—23.4 per 1,000—is attributed to the characteristics of the weather of the year, which was not suddenly variable, and was neither very hot nor very cold. The ratio of deaths among the married is much less than among the celibate, from which it is a fair inference that marriage promotes longevity. The excess of births over deaths was 8.1 per 1,000 and the death rate among chilexcess of births over deaths was 5.1 per 1,000, and the death-rate among children less than one year old was 11.1. The number of murders was 114, of which thirty were cases of infanticide. The number of accidental deaths was 1,650. Suicides continue to increase. In 1876 there were 540; in 1877, 600; in 1878, 642. Suicides were less frequent among women than among men; among the young than among the adults and aged: among the married, widowed and divorced than among the celibates; among agriculturists and artisans than among domestic servants, day-laborers. traders, manufacturers, artists and members of the liberal professions. Summer would seem to be the best time to commit suicide, as the number ises very much in propertion to the temperature of the months. Emigra-tion reached its maximum in 1869, when Switzerland lost 5,206 men, women and children; in 1877 the number was only 1,691, and in 1878 it had increased to

Domesticated Quail.

Several summers ago S. S. Gibble, of Mount Joy, this county, found the nest of a quail, containing fifteen eggs. Determined to make an attempt to domesticate these birds he took them home and placed them under a hen. He made his first mistake at the very contact the provider of the state outset by putting them under a Brahma to incubate. The size of the eggs and of the hen was of course altogether dis-proportionate. Still she was fortunate enough to break none of them, and in due time a family of fifteen of these attractive and lively birds made their appearance. A grassy plot was selected for a nursery, and a pen sixteen feet quare was made. This was made perfectly tight at the ground and for some height above it, rendering escape im-possible, at least until they acquired the use of their wings. But the mistake of selecting a heavy hen to bring up these oirds soon became manifest. another of the pretty things had its life tramped out by the heavy feet of its toster mother, until only four of them remained. These grew until they atined the full stature of adult Bob Whites. They were released, and ran with chickens, flying here and there, but never leaving the premises for a greater distance than the chickens

themselves. One day the house cat, who was something of an epicure, thought she would try quail; so she appropriated one of them, leaving the once numerous family reduced to three. These re-mained around the house, associating with the chickens on the most fraternal terms, carrying the intimacy so far as to roost close by them in an old apple tree near the house. Unfortunately, howcovey of wild birds to the barn, and these, coming into friendly relations with the trio of tame ones, had such a seductive power upon them that, when the strangers went away in the spring they carried with them two out of the three remaining birds. This left but a single one on the premises. This one continued to eat with the hens in the barnyard and roost with them in the trees until June, when, no doubt, the promptings of nature so wrought upon the companionless bird that it was impelled to leave the hospitable home where nearly a year of its life was spent, and seek the companionship of its kind in the fields. So ended the experiment Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.

A Brave Baby.

A woman who lives in Ashville, Ala. writes to the Ægis of that place of the miraculous rescue of her little threeyear-old boy from drowning. The child fell down a well, the depth of which was thirty feet. The mother saw him go

down. She says: On reaching the well I was just in time to see him rise to the top of the water. I was alone, save three other little children whom I sent for help. I had, amid all the anguish of my soul presence of mind enough to let the bucket down and tell him to take hold of it, which he did. After some min-utes he let loose from weakness, sank again, except his little head. I lowered the bucket lower, telling him to take hold of the rope. He ran his hand through a ring tied on for the purpose of sinking the bucket, and caught the pail, and there he held on for one and a alf hours, begging me all the time in his baby talk to come down and help him out. I would say: "Hold on, Bobbie." "I will," he would reply. At length a lady came to my assistance, and we took a rope and made a noose on the end of it, and, letting it down, told him what to do He put his foot through the noose and drew it up around his knee. I asked him it he could hold on. He said he could hold on to the bucket: "Daw me out." He on to the bucket: "Daw me out." He holding the bucket, the rope around his leg, I telling him not to let go, we drew him up until I could reach his littl shivering hands. Thus I saved m little baby from drowning. Safe t my breast I clasped his little shiverin body, and praised God for His mercies.

A Falling Star.

At dead of night

A radiant star Like a gem in a monarch's crown

Shone clear and bright

With a pale, cold light Then darting across the heavens atar Lighting with fire and rapid flight

To the earth came falling down. It seemed to glide

Through the upper air On the swittest wings of light,

And at my side As it flickered and died There s emed to come a spirit fair, And the soft, sweet voice of an angel eried

"I will lead thy steps aright."

-James Clarence Harvey.

Half of the writing paper made in America is manufactured in Holyoke,

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

John Payne Collier is the oldest lit-grary man of the present century. He s ninety-one.

Senator Ingalls is the thinnest man in Congress, and wears a big red hand-kerchief around his neck.

One or more Western railroads are reported to be now using none other than paper car wheels on their mountain grades. Of the eighty-eight solid business men of Springfield, Mass., sixty-four were brought up on farms and were farmers'

sons, twelve were brought up in villages, and of these six were accustomed to do Seth Green advocates frog culture.

He says that many farmers have for-tunes in frog ponds, and that a little care and cultivation will produce a crop of frogs large enough for family use, after supplying the market.

The total number of Turkish prisoners who fell into the hands of the Russians during the war amounted, according to a statement lately printed in the St. Petersburg Golos, to 94,433 officers and men of all arms and branches of the service.

The Cow Boys.

The Las Vegas (New Mexico) Gazette says of cow boys: This class of men are about as badly abused as any other set of men that we know of, when they really deserve but little of the tongue of reproach. There are many bad men who hover around the cattle ranges for the property of the little and who have a set of the little and lit the purpose of stealing, and who prey upon the fruits of the labors of the cow upon the fruits of the labors of the cow boys. People at a distance unac-quainted with the situation, in fact, greenl.orns, who hear of the depreda-tions and crimes of these parasites of the eattle range, class them as cow boys and condemn the whole. This is a great injustice to that hardy class of men who inhabit the pastoral ranges and who, as a class, have no equal in all manly vir-tues. They are honest, brave, intelli-gent and generous. gent and generous.

"The bravest are the tenderest,

The loving are the daring.' Their outward life is rough, but they are of kindly and manly di-positions They are not a class of people to be dreaded, but on the contrary, their acquaintance is to be sought, for they number among them men of high culture and refinements, while integrity and high sense of honor is the characteristic of the common run of cow boys. Commend us to s ock raisers for true men, whose lives are not cramped and worried by the petty dealings and chican-ery of small trade but grow big under the influence of the vast plains and majestic nature wherein is cast the lines of their daily life. It is their constant and close communion with mother naand tendencies, which develops manliness in the cow boy and reduces to a minimum every inherent meanness which may pertain to frail buman nature. We favor cow boys, cattle men, sheep raisers and the whole tribe of who graze their flocks and herds on all the mesas and plains from th mountains to the Indian Territory, and will ever be ready to give them a hear-ing when unjustly assailed by ignorance

A Historical Relic.

A recent letter from Washington to the Boston Advertiser says: The Hon-orable Robert C. Winthrop in the course of the centennial oration de-livered by him on the fourth of July, 1876, in Music hall, Boston, exhibited to the audience there gathered the writing desk upon which the declaration of independence was written, and the thoughts suggested by this interesting historical relic formed one of the most eloquent passages of his oration. He concluded his allusion to this desk with

these words:
"Long may it find its appropriate and appreciating ownership in the succes-sive generations of a family of whom the blood of Virginia and Massachsetts is so auspiciously commingled. Should it, in the lapse of years, ever pass from the hands of those to whom it will be so precious an heirloom, it could only have is fit and final place among the choicest and most cherished treasures of the nation, with the above title deeds of independence it so proudly asserted."
This evening the Honorable Robert Winthrop, who is now in Washington, took the occasion of a call at the executive mansion to deliver personally to the President, as a gift to the United

States, this little mahogany desk on which Mr. Jefferson wrote the declarawhich Mr. Jenerson who the declara-tion of independence. It was presented in the name of the children of the late Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, to whom it was given by Jefferson himself in 1825, whose granddaughter Mr. Cool-idge had murried, and it was an auto-graph inscription as follows: "Thomas graph inscription as follows: "Thomas Jefferson gives this writing-desk to Joseph Coolidge, Jr., as a memorial of his affection. It was made from a drawing of his own, by Ben. Randall, cabinet-maker, of Philadelphia, with whom he first lodged on his arrival in that city in May, 1776, and the identical one on which he wrote the declaration of independence. Politics as well as religion has its superstitions; these tion of independence. Politics as well as religion has its superstitions; these gaining strength with time, may one day give imaginary value to this relic for its association with the birth of the great charter of our independence." It is probable that this desk will be deposited in the fireproof library of the State department, where is kept the original draft of the declaration, written on this desk. on this desk.