While so much of our wonder and

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#### White Popples.

Oh mystic, mighty flower, whose trail white

Silky and crampled like a banner furled. Shadow the black mysterious seed that yields The drop that soothes and lulls a restless world;

Nepenthes for our foe, yet swift to kill, Holding the knowedge of both good and ill.

The rose for beauty may outshine thee far; The lily hold herself like some sweet saint Apart from earthly grief, as is a star Apart from any fear of earthly taint; The snowy poppy like an angel stands

on in her open hands. Ere history was born, the poets sung How godike Thone knew thy compelling

And ancient Ceros, by strange sorrows wrung, Sought sweet oblivion from thy healing

Giver of sle p! Lord of the land of dreams! Oh simple weed, thou art not what man deems. The clear-eyed Greeks saw oft their god of

Wandering about through the black midnight hours, Soothing the restless couch with slumbers

And scattering thy medicated flowers, Till hands were folded for their final rest. Clasping white poppies o'er a pu'seless breast

We have a clearer vision; every hour Kind heart and hands the poppy juices

And panting sufferers bless its kindly power, And weary ones invoke its peaceful sleep. Health has its rose and grape and joyful palm, The poppy to the sick is wine and bulm.

I sing the poppy! The trail snowy weed! The flower of mercy! that within its hear! Doth keep a drop serene for human need, A drowsy balm for every bitter smart. For happy hours the rose will idly blow; The poppy hath a charm for pain and woe. - Harper's We kly.

# FRANZ MULLER'S WIFE.

"Franz, good morning. Whose philosophy is it now? Hegel, Spinosa, Kant, or Dugald Stewart?" "None of them. I am reading

"Worse and worse. Better wrestle with philosophies than lose yourself in the clouds. At any rate, if the poets are to send the philosophers to the right about, stick to Slakespeare."

about, stick to SI skespeare."
"He is too material. He can't get rid
of men and women."
"They are a little better, I should
think, than Mephisto. Come, Franz
condescend to cravats and kid gloves,
and let us go and see my cousin Chris-

tine Stromberg." I do not know the young lady." "Of course not. She has just returned from a Munich school. Her brother Max was at the Lyndons' great party, you remember?"

"I don't remember, Louis. In white

cravats and black coats all men look alike."

"But you will go?" "If you wish it, yes. There are some

uncut reviews on the table; amuse yourself while I dress." Thanks, I have my cigar case will take a smoke, and think of Chris-

For some reason, quite beyond analysis. Franz did not like this speech. had never seen Christine Stromberg, but yet he half resented the careless us of her name. It fell upon some soul consciousness like a familiar and per-sonal name, and yet he vainly recalled every phase of his life for any clew to

this familiarity.

He was a handsome fellow, with large, clearly cut features, and gray, In a conversation that interested him his eyes lighted up with a singularly beautiful animation, but usually it was as still and passionless as if the soul was away on a dream or a Even the regulation cravat and coat could not destroy his individuality, and Louis looked admiringly at him, and said: "You are still Franz Muller. No one is just like you. I should think Cousin Christine will fall in love with

Again Franz's heart resented this speech. It had been waiting for love for many a year, but he could not jest or speculate about it. No one but the thoughtless, favored Louis ever dared to do it before Franz, and no one ever spoke lightly of women before him, but the worst of men are sonsitive to the presence of a pure and lofty nature, and generally willing to respect it.

Franz dreamed of women, but only of noble women, and even for those who fell below his ideal he had a thousand apologies, and a world of pity. It was strange that such a man should have ived thirty years, and never have really oved any mortal woman. But his hour had come at last. As soon as he saw Christine Stromberg he loved her. A strange exaltation possessed him; his face was radiant; he talked and sung with a brilliancy that amazed even those familiar with his rare exhibitions of such moods. And Christine seemed fascinated by his beauty and wit. The hours passed like moments; and when the girl stood watching him down the mooniit avenue, she almost trembled to remember what questions Franz's eyes had asked her, and how strangely familiar the clasp of his hand and the

sound of his voice had seemed to her.
"I wonder where I have seen him
before," she murmured—"I wonder
where it was?" and to this thought she slowly took off one by one her jewels, and brushed out her long black hair: nay, when she fell aslesp, it was only to

take it up again in dreams. As for Franz, he was in too far an ecstatic a mood to think of sleep. "One has too few of such god-like moments to steep them in unconsciousness," he said to himself. And so he sat smoking and thinking, and watching the moon sink lower and lower, until it was no

longer night, but dawning day. "In a few hours now I can go and see Christine." At this point in his love he had no other thought. He was too happy to speculate on any probabil-ity as yet. It was sufficient a present to know that he had found his love, that she lived at a definite number on a definite avenue, and that in six or seven

hours more he might see her again.

passed through the hall as he entered, and greeted him pleasantly. "Chris-tine and I are just going to have break-

not the slightest conception.

A cup of coffee passing through Christine's hands necessarily suffered some wonderful change. It could no', and it did not, taste like ordinary coffee. In the same mysterious way chickens, eggs and rolls became sublimated. So leggs and rolls became sublimated. So they ate, and laughed, and chatted, and I am quite sure that Milton never imagined a meal in Eden half so delightful as that breakfast on the avenue. When it was over, it came into Franz's heart to offer Christine a ride. They were standing together among the flowers in the bay-window, and the trees outside were in their first tender green, and the spring skies and the

green, and the spring skies and the spring airs were full of bappiness and spring airs were full of happiness and hope. Christine was arranging and watering her lilies and pansies, and somehow in helping her Franz's hands and hers had lingered happily together. So now love gave to this mortal an immortal's confidence. He never thought of sighing, and fearing, and trembling. His soul had claimed Christine, and he firmly believed that scoper or later she would hear and uncome and clarke I would as willingly marry and uncome or later she would hear and uncome and clarke I would as willingly marry and uncome and clarke I would as willingly marry and uncome and clarke I would as willingly marry and uncome and the state of the

sooner or later she would hear and un-derstand what he had to say to her.
"Shall we ride?" he said, just touch-ing her fingers, and looking at her with eyes and face glowing with a wonderful

happiness. Alas, Christine could think of mamma. and of morning calls, and of what peo-ple would say. But Franz overruled every scruple; he conquered mamma, and laughed at society; and before Christine had decided which of her cos-

shady gallery, and the subsidence of love's exaltation into love's silent, ten-

der melancholy, were just as blissful. They came slowly home, speaking only in glances and monosyllables, but just before they parted, Franz said: "I have been waiting thir'y years for you, Christine; to-day my life has blos-

And though Christene did not make any audible answer, he thought her blush sufficient; besides she took the illes from her throat and gave them to Such a dream of true love is given

only to the few whom the gods favor. Franz must have stood high in their grace, for it lasted through many sweet weeks and months for him. He folfeet. There was no definite engagement betweet, them, but every one understood that would come as surely as the end of the season.

Money matters and housekeeping must eventually intrude themselves, but the romance and charm of this one summer of life should be untouched. And Franz was not anxious on this score His father, a shrewd business man, had early seen that his son was a poet and a dreamer. "It is not the boy's fault," he said to his partner; "he gets it from his grandfather, who was always more

out of this world than in it."
So he wisely allowed Franz to follow his natural tastes, and contented himself with carefully investing his fortune in such real estate and securities as he believed would insure a safe, if a slow, increase. He had bought wise Franz's income was a certain and hand-some one, with a tendency rather to increase than decrease, and quite sufficient to maintain Christine in all the luxury

to which she had been accustomed So when he returned to the city he intended to speak to Mr. Stromberg. All he had should be Christine's, and her father should settle the matter just as he thought best for his daughter. a general way this was understood by parties, and every one seemed in elined to sympathize with the happy feeling which led the lovers to deprecate during these enchanted days any allu-sion which tended to dispel the exquisite charm of their young lives'

Perhaps it would have been better if they had remembered the ancient super-

But he did not, and toward the very end of the season, when the October days had thrown a kind of still melancholy over the world that had been so green and gray, Franz's dream was rudely broken-broken by a Mr. James Barker Clarke, a blustering, vulgar man of fifty, worth three millions. In some way or other he seemed to have a great deal of influence over Mr. Stromberg, who paid him unqualified respect, and over Mrs. Stromberg, who seemed to

fear him. Mr. Stromberg's "private ledger" alone knew the whole secret; for of course money was at the foundation. Indeed, in these days, in all public and private troubles, it is proper to ask, not Who is she?" but "How much is it?" Franz Muller and James Barker Clarke hated each other on sight. Still Franz two thousand about the time we were had no idea at first that this ugly, uncouth man could ever be a rival to his own handsome person and passionate

affection. In a few days, however, he was compelled to ac ually consider the possibilty of such a thing. Mr. Stromberg had assumed an attitude of such ex-treme politeness, and Mrs. Strom-berg avoided him if possible, and t dawning day.

urs now 1 can go and
At this point in his other thought. He was constant headaches, and her eyes were

often swollen and red with weeping. At length, without notice, the family left Newport, and went to stay a month with some relative near Boston, A pitiful little note from Christine in-

fast," she said, in her jolly, hearty way. "Come in, Mr. Muller, and have a cup of coffee with us."

Nothing could have delighted Franz so much. Christine was pouring it out as he entered the pretty breakfast parlor. How beautiful she looked in her long loose morning dress! How bewitching were its numerous bows of pale ribbon! He had a sense of hunger immediately, and he knew that he made an excellent breakfast; but of what he ate, or what he drank, he had not the slightest conception.

At first he got a few short tender notes, but they were evidently written in such sorrow that he was almost beside himself with grief and anger. When these ceased he went to Boston, and without difficulty found the louse where Christine was staying. He was received at first very shyly by Mrs. Stromberg, but when Franz poured out his love and misery, the poor old lady wept bitterly and moaned out that she could not help it, and Christine could not help it, and that they were all very miserable.

miserable
Finally she was persuaded to let bim see Christine, "just for five minutes."
The poor girl came to him, a shadow of her gay self, and weeping in his arms, told him he must bid her good-bye forever. The hve minutes were lengthened into a long, terrible hour, and Franz went back to New York with the knowledge that in that hour his life had been broken in two for this life.

One night toward the close of November his friend Louis called. "Franz," he said, "have you heard that Christine Stromberg is to marry old Clarke?"

" Yes. "No one can trust a woman. It is "Louis, speak of what you know. Christine is an angel. If a woman appears to do wrong, there is probably

was Clarke I would as willingly marry a corpse as Christine Stromberg. Do not speak of her again, Louis. The not speak of her again, Louis. The poor innocent child! God bless her!" and he burst into a passion of weeping that alarmed his friend for his reason.

but which was probably its salvation.

In a week Franz had left for Europe, and the next Christmas Christine and James Barker Clarke were married, and began housekeeping in a style of ex-travagant splendor. People wondered and exclaimed at Christine's reckless tume's was most becoming, Franz was expenditure, her parents advised, her waiting at the door. How they rattled up the avenue and through the park! How the green branches waved in triumph, and how the birds sang and gossiped about them! By the time they had arrived at Mount St. Vincent they had forgotten they were mortal. Then the rest in the shudy gallery and the subsidence of the subsidence

wretched specter. They rarely or never spoke Beyond a grave inclination of the head, or a look whose profound misery he only understood, she gave him no recogni-tion. The world held her name above reproach, and considered that she had done very well to herself.

Ten years passed away, but the changes they brought were such as the world regards as natural and inevitable. Christine's mother died, and her father married again; and Christine had a son and daughter. Franz watched anxiously to see if this new love would break up the icy coldness of her manners. Sometimes he was conscious of feeling angrily jealous of the children, but he always crushed down the wretched passion. If Christine loved a flower, would lowed the Strombergs to Newport, and laid his whole life down at Christine's not love it also?" he asked himself; "and these little ones, what have they them entirely from every one but Christine, and to regard them as part and

portion of his love. But at the end of ten years a change came, neither natural or expected. Franz was walking moodily about his library one night, when Louis came to tell him of it. Louis was no longer young, and was married now, for he had found out that the beaten track is safest. "Franz," he said, "have you hear about Clarke? His affairs are frightfully wrong, and he shot himself an hour

And Christine? Does she know? Who has gone to her?"
My wife is with her. himself in his own room. Christine was the first to reach him. He left a letter saying be was absolutely ruined."
"Where will Christine and the child-

"I suppose to her father's. Not pleasant place for her now. Christine's ep-mother dislikes both ner and the

children. Franz said no more, and Louis went away with a feeling of disappointment.
"I thought he would have done something for her," he said to his wife.
"Poor Christine will be very poor and dependent."

Ten days after he came home with a different story. "There never was a woman as lucky about money as Cousin Christine," he said. "Hardy & Ball sent her notice to-day that the property at Ryebeach settled on her belore her marriage by Mr. Clarke was now at her disposal. It seems the old gentleman anticipated the result of his wild specustition, and themselves done sometimes to mar their perfect happiness. Polycrates offered his ring to avert the calamity sure to follow unmitigated pleasure or success, and Franz ought pleasure or success, and Franz ought many sure to have also made an effort to and dollars of rentage; and as one is luckily empty, Christine and the children are going there at once. I always thought the property was Hardy's own before. Very thoughtful in Clarke

"It is not like Clarke one bit. I don't believe ne ever did it. It is some ar-rangement of Franz Muller's." "For goodness' sake don't hint such a thing, Lizzie! Christine would not go. and we should have her here very soon Besides, I don't believe it. Franz took the news very coolly, and he has kept

ou. of my way since The next day Louis was more than ever of his wife's opinion. "What do you think, Lizzie?" he said. "Franz ame to me to-day and asked if Clarke did not once loan me two thousand dollars. I told him Clarke gave me

married." "'Say loaned, Louis,' he answered to oblige me. Here is two thousand and the interest for six years. Go and pay it to Christine; she must need money.' So I went."

"Is she settled comfortably?" "Oh, very. Go and see her often Franz is sure to marry her, and he is

growing richer every day."
It seemed as if Louis' prediction would come true. Franz began to drive out every afternoon to Ryebeach. At first he contented himself with just passing Christine's gate. But he soon began to stop for the children, and having taken them to a drive, to rest awhile on the lawn, or in the parlor, while Christine made him a cup of tea.

For Franz tired very easily now, and Christine saw what few others noticed: He chose the earlier number. It was just eleven o'clock when he rung Mr. Stromberg's bell. Mrs. Stromberg of her relative's house, and no invitation the least exertion left him weary and

to call, he was compelled for the present to do as Christine asked him—wait patiently for their return.

At first he got a few short tender the with her. Alas! what a pitiful shadow of their first one! It was hard to constant the ardent, handsome lover of ten trast the ordent, handsome lover of ten years ago with the white, silently happy man who, when October came, had only strength to sit and hold her hand, and gaze with eager, loving eyes

into her face. One day his physician met Louis on Broadway. "Mr. Curtin," he said, "your friend Muller is very ill. I consider his life measured by days, perhaps hours. He has long had organic disease of the heart. It is near the last."
"Does he know it?"

"Yes, he has known it long. Better see him at once. see him at once."

So Louis went at once. He found Franz calmly making his last preparations for the great event. "I am glad you are come. Louis," he said; "I was going to send for you. See this cabinet full of letters. I have not strength letter destroy them; burn them for me to destroy them; burn them for me when—when I am gone. This small packet is Christine's dear little notes; bury them with me; there are ten of them, every one ten years old."

"Is that all, dear Franz?"

"Year way will hear lear hear made."

"Is that all, dear Franz?"

"Yes; my will has long been made.

Except a legacy to yourself all goes to
Christine—dear, dear Christine!"

"You love her yet, then, Franz?"

"What do you mean? I have loved her for ages. I shall love her forever.

She is the other half of my soul. In some lives I have missed her altogether; let me be thankful that she has come so near to me in this one."
"Do you know what you are saying,
Franz?"

"Very clearly, Louis. I have always believed with the oldest philosophers that souls were created in pairs, and that it is permitted them in their toilsome journey to purity and heaven some-times to meet and comfort each other. Do you think I saw Christine for the first time in your uncle's parlor? Louis. I have fairer and grander memories of her than any linked to this life. I must leave her now for a little. God knows when and where we meet again; but He does know; that is my hope and consolation."

Whatever were Louis's private opinions about Franz's theology, it was im-possible to dissent at that hour, and he ook his friend's last instructions and farewell with such gentle, solemn feel-ings as had long been strange to his

In the afternoon Franz was driven out to Christine's. It was the last physical effort he was capable of. No one saw the parting of those two souls. He went with Christine's arms around him, and her lips whispering tender, hopeful farewells. It was noticed, however, that after Franz's death a strange change came over Christine-a beautiful nobility and calmness f character, and

gentle setting of her life to the loftiest Louis said she had been wonderfully moved by the papers Franz left. The ten letters she had written during the spring-time of their love went to the grave with him, but the rest were of such an extraordinary nature that Louis his cousin, and then at her request leav-ing them for her to dispose of. They were indeed letters written to herself under every circumstance of life, and above the average. With regard to high lirected to every had sojourned. In all of them she was fifty years a heat wave has been ob-

eart.

To some of them he had written imthe eye of the next heat wave. heart. azinary answers, but as these all referred to a finan ial secret known only parties concerned in Christine's and his own sacrifice, it was proof positive that he had written only for his own comfort. But it was perhaps well they fell into Christine's hands; she could not but be a better woman for reading the simple records of a strife set periect unselfishness childlike submission as the goal of its

Seven years after Franz's death Christine and her daughter died together of the Roman fever, and James Barker Clarke junior was left sole inheritor of Franz's wealth.

"A German dreamer!"
Ah, well, there are dreamers, and dreamers. And perchance he that seeks fame, and he that seeks gold, and he that seeks power, may all alike, when this shadowy existence is over, look back upon life "as a dream when one awaketh."-Harper's Weekly.

### The Railway up Vesuvius.

The new railway up Vestivius re-duces the time required for the ascent from an hour and a half to eight minutes. It runs almost perpendicularly at an angle of seventy degrees. The train, says a correspondent of the London Times, consists of a single carriage attached to a rope, and carrying ten persons only, and as the ascending car-riage starts another, counterbalancing t, comes down from the summit, the weight of each being five tons. The carriages are so constructed that, rising or descending, the passenger sits on a level plane, and whatever emotion or hesitation may be feit on starting changes, before one has risen twenty meters, into a feeling of perfect security. The motion, also, is very gentle and the effect is magnificent, if not, indeed, grandly awful, as when hanging mid-way against the side of the cone, one looks from the window directly upward or downward along the line, which, its slight incline alone excepted, is perfectly perpendicular. Dismounting at a little station at the summit, one can scarcely be said to elamber to the edge of the crater, for the company have cut a convenient winding path up which all, except the aged, heavy or feeble can walk with ease.

"Are the seeds of the fature lying under the leaves of the past?" is the very pertinent inquiry of a knowledge seeker. They may be; or it's barely possible that the seeds of the past are lying under the leaves of the future; or the leaves of the future may be lying under the seeds of the past; or the seeds of the leaves may be lying under the future of the past-at any rate some thing is lying, and if you expect to get through a Leated political campaign without it, there's where you dispose of yourself .- Marathm Independent.

From facts collected by Mr. Chanute vice-president of the American society of civil engineers, it appears that American locomotives, which have at least as great speed as any in the world, can also pull greater trains and travel more miles in a year than any others.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

At a Cincinnati brewery there is a machine recently imported from Germany which is under contract to make a ton of ice—or to produce cold equal to a ton of ice—for ninety cents. The plan is to station the machine in a side pian is to station the machine in a side building, and to send the cold air or water through tunnels in the street into the cellars. In the fermenting cellars cold water is sent by pipes through the tubs, having coil pipe inside. Into the storing cellars, where the beer is in casks, the cold blast is injected full into the cellar, turning it into a monster refrigerator. The estimates are carefully made, and confidence is expressed in the success of the plan.

The rapidity with which the railroads from the Indus valley to Sibi, at the mouth of Bolan rass, have been constructed exceeds that of any similar work in the United States, the country of fast railroad building. The distance from Lakken, in the Indus valley, to Sibi is 134 miles, and the railroad over this distance was finished in 101 con-secutive days. The last sixty-two miles occupied exactly one month—from noon of December 14 to January 14. The last ninety miles ran through a desert, and all food, water and means of shelter had to be transported by truin. The consumption of water by the men and animals was 30,000 gallons a day, and in some cases the engines had to run 200 miles without stopping to take

A writer on Australian life in the Boston Commercial Bulletin tells how a sick man was found by his mate at the diggings murdered, and his gold gone. The culprit was found, but contrived that night to escape with the money, which, for safe keeping, had been placed in the place of detention. Nothing could be heard of him, but a few days later came the following: "Mr. Magistrate: Jim Beil (the murdered man)
was once a mate of mine. He was a
good man. You will find his murderer
at the head of Dead Horse gully. I
have kept the gold for a reward.—KAN-GAROO BILL, captain of the bushrang-ers." They found the murderer's re-mains—a fleshless skeleton, every bone picked clean. He had been staked down on the ground, with his back to an ant hill, and left for the ants to eat him A more awful retribution can alive. scarcely be conceived.

At a recent meeting of the Dulwich (England) College Geological club Mr. B. G. Jenkins read a paper on "The Origin of Waves of Cold." The object of the paper was to show the very remarkable effect of the planet Venus upon the earth. Many years ago the present astronomer royal proyed that the disc astronomer royal proved that the dis-turbing effect of this planet was so great that the earth was materially pulled out of its orbit. Mr. Jenkins shows that it is to this disturbing action we must look for an explanation of the cold waves which roll through the atmosphere on such an extraordinary nature that Louis could not refrain from showing them to his cousin, and then at her request leaving them for her to dispose of. They temperature, he stated that for the las addressed as "Beloved Wife of my served to pass over the earth every Soul," and in this way the poor fellow twelve years, nearly and contemporary had consoled his breaking, longing with the arrival of the planet Jupiter

> In one of several suits in the United States circuit court, recently brought by the Adams and the Southern express companies against certain Southern railroad corporations, it was stated that these two companies cover 21,200 miles of railroad, employ 4,300 persons, and make 900 daily trips over 64,500 miles, aggregating nearly 20,000,000 miles of travel annually. For the transportatravel annually. For the transporta-tion of their freight, they pay the rathroad companies over \$2,000,000 a year. In 1878 they carried for the governmen \$1,200,000,000. In 1879 they carried \$631,000,000 for the government and \$1,080,000,000 for the public. New York city Adams express company receives and delivers an average of 14,000 packages daily, and uses 918 horses. The invested capital of all the express companies in the United States exceeds \$30,000,000. The express business has grown to these enormous proportions in about forty years. It was in 1839 that William F. Harnden made a trip from Boston to New York as a public messenger, having in his charge some packages, commercial paper and orders. In 1840 a rival express line was started between the same two cities by Alvan Adams and P. B. Burke. In 1844 Mr. William B. Dinsmore became a partner, and took charge of the New York branch of the business. The success of these pioneers led to the formation of other lines between other cities.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with

the warm breath of spring. Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

It is not the same thing to be wisthat it is to understand; for many, indeed, are wise in the things of eternity who cannot in any sort understand them. Knowledge is nought if it hath not its use for piety, Good words do more than hard

speeches; as the sunbeams, without any noise, make the traveler cast off cloak, which all the blustering wind could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him. The richer one is in moral excellence the nobler should he appear in kind consideration for all around him. Penu-

all his virtues, as rust will destroy the luster of the most brilliant metal. It is not the bee's touching on the flowers that gathers the honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most on Divine truth, that will prove

riousness and selfishness would bedin

Timid passenger (as the gale fresh-ened)—Is there any danger? Tar (omin-ously—Well, them as likes a good dinner had better have it to-day.

the choicest, strongest Christian.

### Circus Management,

admiration is expended upon the per-formance of the acrobats, the feats of the lady riders, and the amazing sa-gacity of the traine i animals, in reality the most marvelous thing about the circus is the circus itself; that is, the manner in which this great composite body of men, wagons, beasts, tents and innumerable and indescribable paraphernalia is transported about the country, and made to appear in working order within the shortest possible space of time. For the benefit of our readers who have not studied the matter out, we will describe the arrangements made by a leading manager for accomplishing this most wonderful under-taking. First a number of capable and intelligent persons are secured, whose business it is to travel ahead whose business it is to travel attend and prepare the way for the coming circus. These hire grounds suitable for the purpose, and engage bill-posters, who placard the town with large and brilliantly colored pictorial representations of the performances. They distribute printed bills containing the names of the performers, and also give a description of the procession, and the route it will take in parading through the town. These are distributed in all the villages within a radius of fifteen miles. Lengthened advertisements are also inserted in all the local newspapers. and it is no uncommon thing, as those of us who have lived in small places know, for a general holiday to be held upon the day of their grand procession

through the town.

Previous to the company arriving, the "tent men," with the baggage-wagons, proceed to the field, erect the tent, make the ring, and prepare for the various performances, fixing up hurdles, gates and all the requisite paraphernalia. By the time the company arrives everything is prepared. The horses are stabled, groomed and fed, the "tableau carriages," as they are called, are washed, and everything made ready for the grand parade, which usually starts from the tent about an hour and a half previous to the first per-formance. The show commences after the parade, the first one occupying about two hours. After this is over the performers dine, and rest until evening, the second performance com-mencing about seven, and terminating about ten o'clock. Immediately after the last act, the whole of the company are advised at what hour in the morning they will be required to start for the next place. This of course depen's, in a gre at measure, upon the length of the journey and the state of the roads. The usual time for starting is about five o'clock, and they travel at the rate of five or six miles an hour. The tent and baggage men leave earlier. Many of the principal members of the company have their own living carriages, which are fitted up with every convenience, and a very jolly and healthy life the oc-cupants lead. Two performances are invariably given each day, consisting of the usual equestrian and gymnastic feats, horse and pony racing, hurdle leaping, and Roman chariot races.

# In New Mexico.

Mrs. Low Benedict draws this picture of life in New Mexico: We observe another Asian custom here, that of sleep ing on the roofs in summer. The heav enly nights invite one out, and the flat housetop is a much pleasanter place to make one's bed than the cellar like interior, with its earthy scents. The sluggard Mexican, who has killed the long hours of the common enemy by dozing in the sun, rouses toward sunse and spreads out the colchon or wool mattress, or a bed of skins if they are very poor. The stairway is a rickety ladder, leaning against the outer wall o the mud house, and the rapidity and ease with which the natives go up and down 'is surprising. I have seen women carry jars of water on their head, not spilling a drop, as they ascend the ladder, touching it only with their feet. The old people—mummies of the time of Cheopy—go to hed at surest; a little later the children bed at sunset; a little later the children and chickens hop up the loose rounds; then the lord of the estate and his dusky spouse, with her cat; and lastly the ratty dogs, moving nimbly as the trained ones of the circus. Haul up the ladder, and the eastle is secure. There is no fear of rain. There is no dew, no log or mist to blur the clear shining of the stars above. The low wind is the very breath of heaven; the bright night is filled with sleep.

### A Remarkable Centenarian.

A remarkable centenarian lives near Greenup, Ky. Andrew Hood was born near Winchester, Va., October 17, 1769. Accustomed to wild frontier life, his father got tired of Virginia as the advancing civilization approached his settlement, and when Andrew was eleven years old the major removed thence to a place eight miles below Prestonsburg and subsequently to the mouth of the Little Sandy, in Greenup c unty, where he died and was buried He speaks familiarly of Daniel Boone who was a hunting companion of dis father, and whose departure for Mis-souri in a flat botto-ned boat he distinctly recollects. Were it not for his almost total deafness many interesting facts might be learned from him. Hi habits are quite peculiar. He sleeps all day, retiring when the sun rises, and sits up from sunset till the next morning. He takes three meals a day, never smokes, but chews moderately; used to drink whisky, but has reformed, and loves to poke a fire which burns on the

#### A Guano Lizard. There is displayed in a glass case i

hearth summer and winter.

Baltimore a living specimen of the guano lizard, lately brought from the Navassa islands in the brig Romance. This handsome crawler is three feet in ength, two-thirds of which is tail, with the head of a crocodile, an enormous mouth, with two dangerous rows of sharp serrated teeth, two pouches or sacs at the base of the jaw, a loose skin of a dirty brown color, and a curicus nodosity near the tip of its nose. It is one of the largest of the species ever seen, and on account of the size of the sac and the nodosity, is supposed to be forty or fifty years old by people who are accustomed to them in the guano islands. It stands its change of quarters remarkably well, and is lively enough, but its victous temper is exhibited in its wicked-looking eye and its attempt to snap at a hand or stick that is placed falls assunder, causing its sleepy occu-near it. Its appetite is excellent, and it pant to larse to the floor with a force manages to get along comfortably on and suddenness that prove fatal to slum-orackers, cabbage, etc.

# An Autumn Picture.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue, With clouds that sail the heavens through; And mountain slopes so broad and fair, With here and there, amongst the green

A maple or an ash-tree seen In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade, With cattle resting in the shade;

Far mountains, touched with purple haze That, like a veil of morning mist, By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,

Seems but a breath of by-gone days. And clover which has bloomed anew Since shining soythes did out it through, And corn-fields with their harvest fair, And golden-rod upon the hill,

And purple asters blooming still, And sunlight melted into air. -Dora Read Goodale, in Scribner.

# ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Dead issues-Old newspapers. A man over-bored!-The editor. Every tramp carries a roamin' nose. A growing business-The gardener's. Rome Sentinel.

The volunteer force of England now numbers 200,000 men. Early to bed and early to rise Is the best way to escape the flies.

Two-thirds of the world's trouble lies between an extinguished light and the There are about 13,000 distinct charitable foundations in London in connec-

tion with the city parishes. Never look down upon a man because of his occupation. The collector of kitchen refuse may be an offal nice man.

"The old home ain't what it used to be," as the old man said when a cyclone struck his domicile,—Kcokuk Gate City. "That sermon did me good," said one

friend to another after hearing an elo-quent preacher. "We shall see," was the reply. Just bear this maxim in your mind, and before you get very mad: It's easy enough to spark a girl, but hard to

spark her dad.
"I called twice and found you out," said Mrs. Jones. "Very good," said Mrs. Smith, "I had to call but once to find you out."

A New York girl swam two miles in thirty-one minutes, but while she was doing it, however, she had to kick out like a man. Tanner's fast established one great

fact, viz.: That a man, even the poorest, can get along in the world without a free lunch A man at Augusta, Ga., on receiving a doctor's bill for medicine and visits, wrote that he would pay for the medi-

cine and return the visits. "Have animals a sense of humor?" asks Evelyne. They have, and there's jots of it in a mule's hind leg for the fellow who contracts to pick it up .-

Owego Record. A man in Bellefontaine, Ohio, thought that certain is in a sermon by the Rev. A. H. Windsor were personal, and after the services he knocked the preacher down with a

Sabethia is a Kansas village with a cemetery. There is a sign painted on the fence opposite the cemetery, reading: To keep out of that place across the road, get your medicine at the corner They were at a dinner party, and he

remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges. Leadville, Col., from an uninhabited spot, has become a city of 40,000 inhabitants in less than three years, and has

produced in bullion from January 1,

1879, to April I, 1880-fifteen month

\$16.147,131, or over \$1,000,000 per month. The California magnates are credited with an amount of wealth which would comfortably support a small country. Mr. Charles Crocker is stated to be worth \$34,495,458, Mr. Leland Stanford \$34,643,308, and Mrs. Mary F. S. Hop-

kins \$25,280,972, We notice that ice at one cent a pourd shows the same tendency to melt that it used to when it was only twenty-five cents a hundred; and the children who follow the ice carts rarely get a big enough waste piece to make a r ble suck.—New Have . Register.

An exchange informs us that "a Chinese soldier has an ear cut off each time he deserts and is r. captured." case he deserts a dozen times, the military authorities are going to have some trouble to inflict the punishment in each case. Very few Chinese soldiers are born with twelve ears, and we don't suppose he could borrow a few auricuar appendages from a comrade for such purpose.

> A tender young potato bug Sat swinging on a vine, And sighed unto a maiden bug, ' I pray you will be mine. Then softly spake the maiten bug, "Hove you fond and true, But Oh! my cruel-hearted par Won't let me marry you.

With scorn upon his buggy bro With glances co d and keen, uggy brow, That haughty lover answered her, "I think your par-is green." You may often make a man mad by telling him to do the very thing he wants to do. For instance, when a man has lost all patience under the heat, don't, as you value your life, tell him to keep cool; when a man is putting up a stovepipe, or is trying to, rather, do not tell him to join the lengths "right there;" when a man has slipped down on the sidewalk, count a hundred, and

orget your purpose in the fifties, before

you tell him to get up.-Fond du Lac Reporter. At the Panoptikon of Dresden there is on exhibition a curious piece of me-chanism, entitled "Get Up." Over a bed is a dial, the index of which is set over night to the hour at which the sleeper wishes to arise in the morning, which, when it reaches the bod, as a mild preliminary to more decisive ac-tion, lights a powerful lamp, so placed as to cast its rays directly on the slug-gard. Should this gentle hint fail, five minutes later the bed automatically