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Shadow Land.

Far from the world that we live in to-day Shadow land lies; None know how far it is, none know the way, What are its boundaries no one can say, Only surmise; No one in life has set foot on that shore,

Formed from the wreck of the sad nevermers Memory governs this shadowy land,

Reigning supreme; Ofttimes there comes at her word old command Forms we have known from the far distant strand,

Forms of those dear in the days which have

Forms of beloved ones in life's morning known. With them they bring long lost scenes of the

Back to our view; Pictures of friendships not destined to last, Loves that grew weak 'neath adversities' blas-Painted anew: Ridges and ripples in s's shit ting sand,

-Tinsley's Magazine.

Hidden till now in the far shadow land-

LINK BY LINK.

The shower was ended. A brisk western breeze was rapidly tearing away the gray thunder-clouds from the face

the gray thunder-clouds from the face of the June sky, and the sun shone down with renewed fervor.

"As hot as 'twas before the raint" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, as she opened her payasol and leisurely stepped from the Heywood drygoods store in which she had, half an hour before, taken shelter from the storm.

"Yes, it is ma'am," said Mr. Brown, the proprietor, handing her the bundles she had bought from him, and he added: "You'll have a hot walk under

added: "You'll have a hot walk under this brilin'-hot sun. Better run in to our house an' stay ter tea. You hain't seen the twins yet. Smartest little critters ever was. Mrs. Brown's gettin' on finely and will be glad to see you." "Thanks; I'd like to, but I must

hurry home and can my currants. Be-sides, I wouldn't undertake that long walk through the pine wood after dark for anything in the world. It's gloomy enough in the daytime. Give my respects to your wife; tell her I'll drop in soon and see her and the babies.

Good-day," said Brown, and he added, as he saw Mrs. Curtis hurrying down the street, "Queer critter!"

Yes, by all the inhabitants of Heywood. Mrs. Curtis was called peculiar the was upwards of fifty years, tall and the was upwards of high years. erect, with iron gray hair, ruddy cheeks and keen, dark eyes. And decidedly she was a person that minded her own busi-ness. She had lived in Haywood over five years, yet in all that time not a single person had been able to gleam any information concerning her past life.

All that could be ascertained was that she was a widow, childless and with a little property, consisting of a comfort-able cottage surrounded by a few acres of land, and with a few hundred dollars

in the Haywood bank Meanwhile, Mr. Brown returned to his counter to wait on a customer, and Mrs Curtis pursued her journey homeward. For some distance her road led along the dusty highway, then she turned into a little footpath through the dais f-dotted meadow, then across the creek bridge, until presently she came to the dense pine woods whose shade was

very pleasing to her.
When about half way through the woods she came to a small patch of late strawberries. She stooped to pick them. Her brown, hard-working hands were nearly full of the Juscious red berries, when a rustling and a footstep startled her. She hastily glanged up. In an instant an iron-like hand was clutching her throat, and-only the frightened, wildwood birds could tell the rest!

About two miles from the village of Heywood, and on the banks of Briar Creek dwelt Peter Groat. He was a German, who, with his family, had lately come to America, and in the previous autumn had bought a few acres of land bordering the creek. Here he had erected a small but comfortable house, and was, to all appearances, an honest, hardworking man. The only thing that could be said against him by a few grumblers was that he was too clinging tightly to his hardearned pennies, and ever on the lookout for more. But this was certainly excusable when it was known that he had a mortgage on his farm, which together with the want of a rapidly increasing family, was enough to make any man

It was the evening of the day on hich our story began. Peter, surwhich our story began. Peter, sur-rounded by his wife and children, sat placidly smoking his pipe on the little grass plot in front of house.

The supper had been eaten, the cows the pigs fed, the chickens oused from thievish rats, and all the family, young and old, felt entitled to a season of rest. Hans and Fritz were turning somersaults on the soft grass; Gretchen, the flaxen-haired lassie, was feeding a pet robin; Franz the six months baby, was cuddled up to his mother's breast, contentedly smacking his lips over his evening meat.

The sun went down; the shadows The clock in the distant village struck the hour of eight. Peter Groat rose, shook the ashes from his

Come, kinder, it is late. The dew is falling, and let's to bed."
"Vater! vater!" suddenly cried Hans and Fritz, running up from the gate, there is a man coming in our yard-a

stranger! Peter slowly sauntered down to meet

the new comer.

He was an elderly man, with a tanned and rugged face, sandy hair sprinkled with gray, and dark, deep set eyes, somewhat inflamed. His clothes were of good material, although worn and dusty with travel. In his hand he carried a large satchel.
"Good-evening," he said, courte-

ously. "Evening to you, sir," replied Peter

I'm a peddler," said the man, speak-in German. "I have sold nearly ing in German. "I have sold nearly all my goods, and am on my way back to New York. I got left by the train and undertook to walk to the next station. I lost my way and find that I will have to get lodgings for the night.

Can you help me?" The good book commands us to show hospitality," said Peter. "And

although we are not rich, we never yet turned away a benighted traveler. So, come in, and my frau shall get you something to eat."

The table was soon spread with a neat, white cloth, upon which was placed a platter of cold boiled meat, garnished with vegetables, then a plate of white bread, a roll of butter, a dish of shining black raspberries and a plate of spicy ginger cookies.

of spinger cookies.

"I feel too dirty to sit down to a decent table," said the traveler, with a smile. "May I trouble you for a basin

It was brought. As he took off his coat preparatory to washing his face and hands, Gretchen, who stood beside him with a fresh towel in her hands,

uttered a slight scream.

"Blood!" she cried. "There's blood on your sleeves!"

The basin of water fell from the stranger's hands. His face shone white through the glistening drops of water he had dashed upon it. Then with an effort he said carpiessly.

fort, he said, carciessly:
"Ab, yes; these rocks by the creek made quite a gash in my shoulder. You se," blandly explaining, "while I was lost I thought I'd try to cross the creek. It was getting dark, and when I reached the other side, I found it so rocky that I could searcely climb up. I got half way, then a sudden misstep made me fall. A sharp piece of rock pierced my shoulder, and, indeed, it has caused me considerable pain."

able pain."

"Ach, too bad!" said Frau Groat.
"I have a soothing lotion which you may put on before you go to bed."

"Thanks. And I'll go to bed right after I've had my supper, if you please, for I am very tired. Besides, I will have to rise early to-morrow morning, so that I may take the first train."

The next morning the whole tamily was up in time to see their guest depart. He partook with good appetite of Frau Groat's breakfast of ham and eggs; he listened quietly and with seeming reverence to his host as he read a chapter from the old, black German Bible and offered up the usual morning prayer;

offered up the usual morning prayer; then, just as he was ready to start, he inquired what he should pay for his

and and lodging.
"Oh, notings—notings! You are elcome to the bed and the bite!" said

welcome to the bed and the bite!" said first, hertily.

"You're very kind," said the stranger
"But I feel that I ought to repay you in some way. See here"—opening his satchel—"if you will not let me give money, pray do me the kindness of accepting these little tokens of gratitude. Here, Frau Groat, are two pairs of stockings that would just fit your busy feet, and here, Gretchen, is a bran new piece of calico, more than enough for a dress. They are the only things I did not dress. They are the only things I did not sell, and I do not care to lug them home

The two women accepted his gifts with much pleasure, and, with mutual expressions of good luck, the traveler and his kind entertainers parted. The former wore a blue-cheeked shirt of Peter Groat's. He left his own behind him, elling Frau Groat that it was too soiled or wearing, but that she might keep it in exchange for the one she had given him. As the stranger's shirt was of excellent material, with linen bosom and cuffs, the worthy dame thought she had

William Grayson, a farmer in the vicinity of Heywood, missed one of his cows that Friday night, and early on the following morning set out to make search for her. He hunted through the meadow lands, followed the course of the creek quite a way, and finally enter-ed the pine woods. When about half way through, a brown object lying on the grass a little distance from him, attracted his attention. He went to it. was a large piece of wrapping paper, and a long bit of twine was lying beside it. The paper was damp with drew, and, as reyson carelsssly turned it over in his hand, he observed some red spots on it. He examined them more closely. They were the bloody prints of a thumb and

He looked around him keenly. soon noticed that the bank of ferns bordering the path was, in one place, crushed and broken. He followed these marks; they led him to the densest and most unfrequent part of the woods, and there, in a hollow, almost covered with low underbrush, iny the body of a woman. It was Mrs. Curtis, lying stiff and stark, with a bloody gash across

her throat! Two hours later, a party of men was haunting the leafy labyrinths of the pine woods. They were endeavoring to find the trail of the murderer.

An hour passed and they had met with no success. Some of them had gathered together for the purpose of con-sultation, when suddenly a cry from one of their companions, who was a lit-tle distance from them, attracted their attention.

See what I have found!" he cried holding up a spool of thread. dirty and dingy, and wet with dew; but Mr. Brown, the merchant, who was with the party, recognized it at once, he said:

"It's one of the spools poor Mrs Curtis bought of me yesterday. It's pink, you'see. She was real particular about the color. She was piecing a chair cushion, and wanted the right Now, it's evident that the vilshade. lain who murdered her took this route through the woods. See how the ferns are crushed dew this way. Hurry,

we've got a clew now!" The trail led them out of the woods into the meadow, and opened right into the yard of Peter Groat. They were going around to the back door to knock, and ask if any of the inmates had seen a stranger lurking about the premises when Mr. Brown chanced to look in the

window. A look of extrame consternation overspread his ruddy face.
"My God!" he cried, "see there!"

All turned and looked in the window The room was unoccupied. The clock ticked cheerfully in one corner. A cat was cozily curled upon a chaircusbion, purring contentedly. But on the table in the centre of the room lay two pairs of stockings, and near them, half-unrolled, was a dress pattern of lilac calico.

"That calico!" said Mr. Brown, impressively—"that calleo is the identical piece I sold Mrs. Curtis yesterday afternoon. I should know it anywhere. It's peculiar, you see—a bunch of white lilacs on a purple ground. It was all I had. Besides, I should know the piece because on one end there is about a half a yard imperiectly printed, which has holes in it, too. I remember I let Mrs. Curtis have it a bit cheaper on that account. Now Peter Groat knows where the murderer is, or "-solemnly and slowly-" he did the deed himself!"

The party of men went silently and soberly to the back-door, and here they were horrified in finding fresh evidence —Frau Groat was engaged in washing

—Frau Groat was engaged in washing a blood-stained shirt!

They sternly asked her to whom it belonged, but the poor woman, who could no speak English, could only look at them in a frightened way.

Her husband now came in from the garden, and him they sternly interrogated, while some of the more impetuous boldly accused him of the murder of the unfortunate Mrs. Curtis.

His frightened face, his confusion, his incoherent utterance, his trembling denials were only so much more against

nials were only so much more against him. Besides, he knew scarcely any more English than did his wife, and later, when calm, his story of the traveler who had stooped at his house was received with disbelief and derision. Poor, friendless and a stranger, things looked very dark against him. Weeks passed; his trial came. He

was sentenced to be hanged! Rev. Mr. Marshall, rector of St. John's church, Brookdale, a village some two hundred miles distant from Heywood, was in his study one September morning, 1878. He was suffering out an attack of influenza which he had taken the night before while on a visit to a sick parishoner. Consequently complying with his wife's request that he should do no studying or writing, Mr. Marshall was lazily stretched on the lounge in front of a cherry fire. His eight year old son Tom was in room, every now and then running up to his father with some request. At last one was: "Papa, it's Saturday, how shall I spend the day? Wish I had a kite! Do you know how to make one, papa?"

"I used to, Tom. I don't know whether I've forgotten how to do it or not. Give me the newspaper on the Rev. Mr. Marshall, rector of St. John's

not. Give me the newspaper on the table, please, and the scissors. Then run out in the woodshed and get me some of those sticks on the shelf, also a hammer and small nails. Stay, don't be in such a hurry; ask Hannah to make a little flour paste."

Tom hurried away, and while waiting for him to return, his father glanced over the columns of the newspaper he was cutting. It was one that his friend, Mr. Brown, of Heywood, had sent him.

His eyes chanced to fall on these words:
"The German. Peter Groat, who
murdered Mrs. Curtis, has been sentenced to be hung on the second Friday in next month. Groat, although a stranger, was supposed to be a respectable man and one not at all capable of per-petrating such a horrible crime. But petrating such a horrible crime. But the evidences of his guilt are most conclusive. The morning after the murder his wife was found washing a bloody shirt, also a knife stained with blood was found hidden near a woodpile. Be-sides goods belonging to the murdered woman were found in Groat's house. The only thing missing is a curious old snuff-box of some black wood, quaintly carved in the shape of a toad. Her name, Hepsibah Curtis, is engraved inside. But without this, the evidence is strong enough to hang him."
"Poor fellow!" murmured Mr. Mars-

hall, as he laid down the paper. "It makes one dread to read the news—one comes across so many horrors."

Papa! papa! you needn't mind about the kite now! cried Tom, rushing in with shining eyes. Uncle George just called me over to his house—he is going fishing, and says he will take me along. May I go? 'If mamma is willing."

"She is, I asked her. And I've been digging grubs and fish-worms for bait, you know. But see what a nice bait-box I've got.' An old snuff-box. Where did you.

get it?' "Myron Mason gave it to me. "Who is Myron Mason?"

"Oh, a new man Uncle George got to work in his garden. He's gathering pears and trenching the celery. Myron was a tramp who came along, but he is real nice. The box is nice, too. See what a funny shape it is!"

"A toad. Quick! Let me see, Tom!" Mr. Marshail had not closely ob-served the box until now, and it was with trembling fingers that he opened it "Hepsibah Curtis" was the name en-

graved on the inner cover!
Mr. Marshall's face was white, but his ve'ce was calm, as he said: Topo, just run over and tell your Uncle George to come over here a few minutes-I want to talk with him on a little business."

Three days later Myron Mason, alias Jasper Armand, was arrested for the murder of Mrs. Curtis.

He made no resistance; he told no falsehoods; he simply confessed the whole affair, stating that he had murdered the woman out of revenge. Ten years before the two had lived in a distant town. He had always been wild and dissolute, but had been the be trothed of Mrs. Curtis' sister, a gentle and lovely woman. Mrs. Curtis had opposed the match, knowing that it would cause her sister a life of misery. Also, finding that Armand belonged to a gang of counterfeiters, she promptly gave evidence against him.

He was condemned to ten years' imprisonment. This he bore patiently, mentally vowing that, when released, he would at once wreak vengeance on the woman who had foiled his plans and blighted his life.

When the time was expired and the prison doors opened to let him pass out, ie found that the woman he loved was dead, and that the woman he hated was living in Heywood. Thither he went. He had seen Mrs. Curtis go to town, had concealed himself in the woods to await her return. He did not take the articles she carried merely for the sake of robbery, but to have suspicion point its finger at some other party. At the conclusion of his confession, he said that he had no desire of concealing it any onger. His life was made wretched by he horrible crime he had committed and death and exposure were not unwelcome. The next day after his continement in the jail he was found dead in his cell. He had ended his life by

As for Peter Groat he was at once released, and all the inhabitants of Heywood strove to express their regret and regard for him, but to these Peter only

shook his head, saying:
"He did not care for to live in a blace where de folks vas so ready to plieve him a pad man!" So he sold his little home, packed his goods, and, with his wife and children, moved to the Far West, where, it is to be hoped, in spite of sweet charity's sake, he was more careful in entertaining benighted travel-

A valve, season is pre! icted for next

TIMELY TOPICS.

James Redpath, the New York Tri-bune correspondent in Ireland, says that by the present system in Ireland 7,000 landlords get out of the land \$90,000,000 a year, and the government extracts \$35,000,000 more. This leaves only \$50,000,000 to clothe and feed inhabi-

It is calculated that the value of the oyster sales in the United States for the present year will reach to about the following figures: New York, \$30,000,000; Baltimore, \$30,000,000; Philadelphia, \$8,000,000; Norfolk. Va., \$5,000,000; Eisewhere in the United States, \$5,000,000. Total, \$75,000,000.

The latest marvel in applied science is the discovery by the inventor of the Hell telephone and Sumner Taintor, of Watertown, that "sounds can be produced by the action of a variable light from substances of all kinds, when in the form of thin diaphrams." In other words, a ray of light is substituted for the connecting wire, and sounds at one station are reproduced at another.

When they shear sheep in Australia they mean business, as may be imag-ined when the flocks aggregate over two hundred thousand. There are some men there, proprietors of half a million sheep. Edoes & Co., of New South Wales, upon one of their sheep farms at Burrawand, had a sheep shearing which lasted ten weeks, during which time no less than 206,123 sheep were shorn! To do this 206,123 sheep were shorn! To do this work 100 shearers, in addition to the "station hands, were employed, and in a single day 8,216 sheep were deprived of their fleeces. The aggregate yield was 2 512 bales, the gross weight of which was 466 tons. On previous occasions the same parties have shorn over 215,000 sheep; but the present has been the largest amount of wool ever produced at a single shearing. at a single shearing.

A most remarkable series of contribu-tions to science has been received from the fishermen of Cape Ann. When the U. S. Fish Commission had its head-quarters at Gloucester, in 1878, a general interest in the zoological work sprang up among the owners of the fishing vessels, and since that time they have been seis, and since that time they have been vying with each other in efforts to find new animals. The number of separate lots received exceeds 800. At least thirty fishing vessels now carry collection tanks on every trip, and many of the fishermen, with characteristic superstitution, have the idea that it insures goog luck to have a tank on beard and good luck to have a tank on board, and will not go to sea without one. number of specimens acquired in this manner is at least 60,000.

Probably there is no branch of A neri-can manufactures that has made more rapid strides during late years than the manufacture of watches. A generation ago the greater portion of watches worn in this country were imported, whereas at the present time the number received from abroad does not exceed the number of American watches exported. It is claimed that the first watch manutured in this country was made in Shrewsbury in 1781 by Luther Goddard, a clockmaker, who procured foreign workmen to make the iner portion. The business continued until 1781, when it was removed to Worcester, Mass. One of the earliest watches is now preserved by the Amerien antiquarian society at Worcester Waltham, Mass., is at present the seat of the American watch industry though time pieces of excellent quality are turned out in various other localities, and they are generally preferred to

the Swiss.

Electricity in the Human Body. Most people are familiar with the spark" which may be produced under ertain conditions by stroking the fur of a cat; and travelers in Canada and other cold, dry countries have witnessed the still more remarkable phenomenon of the human body being turned into a conductor of electricity, and the possibility of lighting the gas by merely placing one's finger—given the necessary conditions of electrical excitement -near the gas jet, without any other agency. Mr. A. W. Mitchinson, the African traveler, who is engaged in writing a narrative of his exploring expeditions in Western Central Africa. gives some still more startling facts. He states that, one evening, when striking an African native, in a moment of anger, with a cowhide whip, he was astonished to see sparks produced, and still more surprised to find the natives themselves were quite accustomed to the phenomenon. He subsequently found that a very light touch, repeated several times, under certain conditions of bodily excitement, and in certain states of the atmosphere, would produce a succession of sparks from the bodies of native men as well as native cattle. A lazy negro, it seems, yielded none of these signs of electricity-a rather unfortunate circumstance for his more active brethren, who may possibly come in for a share of undeserved flogging from the hands of future travelers in search of electrical

Care of Cut Flowers.

henomena among the human race.

We are not aware that these facts have

been recorded by other travelers, but they certainly deserve thorough sifting

by competent observers .- London Lan-

The following hints in regard to the care of cut flowers, though containing nothing novel, may be useful as reminders to those who cull choice flowers to decorate the home: Flowers ecay much sooner when tied in bunches than when arranged loosely. When gathering flowers, use a pair of shears, or a knife for woody plants, such as roses, camellias, deutzias, fuchsias, and the like. It is far better to gather your flowers than to let them fade upon the lants. A cool room is best adapted for keeping flowers fresh. Take away each flower as it fades, or it will destroy the others. Hot water will often restore flowers to freshness, even when every p tal is drooping. Place the stems in a cup of boiling hot water; let them re-main until each petal has smoothed; then cut off the coddled ends and place them in water of moderate temperature. Ammonia added to the water will also Ammonia added to the water will also revive them quickly. When going for wild flowers or ferns carry a close-fitting tin box, and have a wet sponge and a basket, the smaller flowers shut in the box, and stems of larger flowers inserted in the pores of the sponge, which you carry in the basket. Flowers should always be transported in air-Flowers

PRISON LIFE.

Employments, Vices and Tricks of the Convicts at Auburn, N. Y. A letter from Auburn, N. Y., says: There are many "desirable situations" There are many "desirable situations" even in a prison, and the strife among convicts to secure these places is astonishing. The position of waiter is a particularly good one. A waiter's duty consists of taking care of the shop, office, hall, or wing where employed. There is but little to do, and the convict is enabled to read, chew tobacco and talk to his heart's content. A place as attendant in the hospital is one of the best in the prison. The convict has many opportunities to secure a dish of milk or opportunities to secure a dish of milk or some delicacy purchased for the patient. The men in the hospital live like kings, The men in the hospital live like kings, so to speak, and enjoy many advantages that the convicts in the shops never know. The kitchen is a place much sought after as the men can once in a while make little dishes for themselves, such as they would not otherwise obtain. There are convicts who have more influence with the officers than would be imagined, and not infrequently they exercise it in securing a position. they exercise it in securing a position. Gambling is carried on to a great de-

Gambling is carried on to a great de-gree. The convicts do not use cards, as one would suppose—those are too liable to detection. They bet on events, changes in the weather, the time of day, and everything of that character. They also "odd and even," "flip," "match," "roll," "throw for the crack," and the like. Convicts are not supposed to carry money, but they do just the same, and sometimes considerable sums. As they are carefully searched and their clothing taken from them, the men cannot take money into the prison with them. They obtain their money usually from friends

who visit them.

They sew the money up in their clothing, and it is seldom that it is discovered. Occasionally a man will be found with ten or twenty dollars in coins in his coat collar, or other parts of the clothing. There are pawnbrokers and money-lenders. These criminal Shylocks are more exacting than the "uncles" of the street. The convicts "put up" some trinkets which they mostly all have, or pledge something else to get a few dimes or pennies. Gambling is the great evil, but it is the only exciting pastime the convicts have. ered. Occasionally a man will be found only exciting pastime the convicts have. If a keeper or guard can be "bought" the convicts will pay him a good salary right along to perform services for them, such as bringing in papers, tobacco and edibles, and taking out letters. Some convicts keep up a regular correspondence with friends outside. The letters "pass through the underground," as the officers term it. A convict prevails upon the foreman of his shop, who is always an outsider, or some citizen, as there are many of them employed in the fine work in the prison, to carry out his letters and bring back the answer. Thus letters go in and out. The New York morning papers reach Auburn at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the same afternoon, and the same evening the convicts may be found reading the news of the day "on the sly " in their cells. How the prisoners secure the papers is a mystery to many. The foreman of the shops, or perhaps the officers, bring them in. The convicts will give a great deal for New York papers, and they will have them at any price. The prisoners keep weil posted on the events of the day, and discuss with intelligence any subject that is being treatedin the papers. if there is one thing more than another

that a convict likes to do it is to The men are bartering constantly, and some get considerable "property," which, however, they must at all times keep concealed. Not so very long ago enterprising convict established distillery in the prison and engaged in the manufacture of liquor. He ex-cavated beneath a stone in the floor of the kitchen, where he was employed, and set a small tub in the hole. hops used in making yeast and corn and barley used in making brend and soup, he produced a potation that would intoxicate. Drunkenness becams quite prevalent, and finally the distillery was discovered and the "moonshiner" put put. the prison jail on bread and water. While he ran the distillery he did well. and would in a short time have been comparatively wealthy. "Beer," as it is called, is made to this day from the bread crusts, but the makers have to exercise caution. One man raised a quantity of tomatoes on the window sili of his shop, and sold the crop for a large sum. Smoking, aithough strictly prohibited, is indulged in at night after the men are "locked." A spell ago a watch was taken from a man. The convict carried it in a leather bag suspended in his trousers' leg by means of string. The convicts pin side their clothing to keep them from the offices, and carry knives and other implements in their hats and shoes.

A Rat With a Collar.

Mr. J. Enthoffer, employed on the United States coast survey, has contributed a curiosity to the Smithsonian institution, which, if it adds nothing to scientific knowledge, will be regarded with much interest by all persons interested in the habits and adventures of rats. Mrs. Enthoffer had been annoyed for some time by a persistent rat. She occasionally caught a glimpse of it, and was surprised to see it wore what appeared to be a yellow collar. This fact gave rise to much speculation in the family as to how the rat came into pos-session of the collar. The mystery was solved a few days ago when the rat wearing the collar was caught in a trap. Unfortunately the rat was killed by dog, but upon examining the body it was found that the collar was a ring of bone fitting tightly around the animal's neck. The theory is that the rat when it was small had found a bone, and gnawing the center, pushed his through, and was unable to extricate it. As he grew larger the ring of bone tight ened about his neck, and he wore it until his death as a badge of his enterprise in the search for food. - Washington Republican.

It is the man with only one suit of clothes and a small salary, my son, who has to be polite and agreeable and a rigid, faultless observer of the strictest. points and forms of etiquette. The man worth \$50,000 may tramp on your corns, walk across your wife's train and eat pie with a knife and it is all right; his standing in society isn't affected by it. But you—don't you, on your present salary, attempt to drink soup out of the side of your plate, if you want to marry an heiress. You can't afford to act that way just yet.—Hawkeye.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The earliest importations of French dresses are made up of short dresses for day wear, with very long trained skirts for full dress; the medium demi-train does not appear in the first invoices. Very rich fabrics that give the greatest appearance of warmth are used, such as the polka-dotted velvets, brocaded velvet with large detached figures, and plush, with cloth for plainer costumes; the warmest colors also appear in abundance, especially in the accessories that form trimmings, though many beautiful costumes are shown in two tones of the same color, especially when heliotrope or other purples are employed. The duil copper reds are very stylish as an illucture of the same very stylish as an illucture of the same color. copper reds are very stylish as an illumination for black; heliotrope and lavender are also effectively used with black. The satin employed for draperies is very soft, and is called Surah satin, though its lustrous surface requires close weaving that conceals the twills that are the special feature of Surah silks. The corsages of new dresses are made with as few seams as possible, and are there-fore of the simplest shapes. The short side forms of the back are used almost with out exception, though some modistes still prefer having wo side forms in the way introduced by Worth several years ago, Skirts of French dresses are fuller than Skirts of French dresses are fuller than they have been made at any time since short skirts were revived, though they are not made in the classic shapes popular here that depend so entirely upon their fullness that drapery is dispensed with. On the contrary the first importations show a great deal of drapery very bouffantly arranged, with scarf sashes that pass around the figure, and give the fullness of paniers below the hips. Indeed, rash effects are given in many deed, rash effects are given in many ways, not only with the gay fabrics of trimmings, but with whole breadths of the dress material that are draped quite straight, or else doubled at the lower en without being out apart, or perhaps they form one mammoth bow on the left side and a pointed corner on the right. The front and side gores are clinging, and these are still made the objective points for trimming. For instance, shirring, which has now ex-tended to heavy cloths, will cover the upper half of the front and side gores. while below this will be square points of handkerchiefs, or receding searfs opened over plaited flounces, or perhaps a series of scarls of satin will be shirred at intervals across the mont gore, and pass under brocaded side breadths that are as flat as panels, but which are food with a contracting

which are faced with a contrasting color of satin, velvet or plush, that makes itself visible without being too onspicuous. The Jersey jacket worn during the summer has given suggestions for some of the new features of cloth and camel's of the new features of cloth and camel's hair costumes, and in some suits the Jersey webbing, like stocking-net, is used for the clinging waists for polonaises of such dresses. For instance, a navy blue costume has a polonaise laced behind made of Jersey webbing, fitted by a middle seam in front, and underarm seams without darts. The collar and the sash drapery are of blue plush lined with light yellow Surah, while the skirt is blue cloth laid in kilt pleats. Another costume, entirely of bing, without darts to which is attacaed a kilt of black camel's hair; a sash of polka-dotted black satin forms the bouffant drapery, and conceals the seam that joins the kilt to the polonaise. less conspicuous than these dresses which are meant only for very young ladies and misses, is the Jersey basque, which is fastened in front, but is based upon the Jersey idea of dispensing with useless seams,, and is therefore made with the French back that has no side bodies, while the fronts have but one dart, though there is often a narrow plastron or a stender vest added, which compels another seam, though conceaing it at the same time, and this gives the fullness required for the bust, which is usually made by the second dart. This is handsomely illustrated in a black came's hair suit that has copper-red cat-in with black polks dots for trimming. This gay satin forms a narrow yest not four inches down the front of the black basque, also a shirred round collar so deep as to nearly cover the shoulder. A breadth of this satin is draped like a panier sash on the edge of the long plain basque, which with its few seams is made to follow every outline of the figure from the throat down low on the hips. The sash is shirred to the front of the basque, and is fastened on the le side under a cluster of loops of black satin ribbon that is copper red on the wrong side; the sash is spread out wider across the back, and forms an immerse bow, with ends that hang almost to the edge of the skirt. This skirt has first a silk foundation, which is faced at the bottom with a camel's-hair, which is a narrow plaiting of red satin, and also one of black; beneath this is a

be clumsy around the hips, as that would spoil the fit of the close Jersey basque; this kilting stops just below satin plaiting borders the foundation skirt of silk. Quite different from these suits are other cloth dresses that are made gay by combining them with tartans or Madras plaids of satin Surah. The corsage is a habit basque of cloth, either olive or seal brown, with shirred plaid Surah passed around the neck and down each ide of the front, and has most bouffant draperies of the plaid Surah arranged in points like handkerchiefs at the back, and held by bows of many loops of green satin ribbon, with red on the reverse

balayeuse of white muslin embroidered with red. This whole silk skirt is then

concealed by one long kilt-plaiting of black camel's-bair sewed on a few

inches below the belt, so that it will not

For later in the season, cloth dresses are combined with striped velvet or plush, and there are velvet costumes of new and elegant designs. A prune vel-vet suit is embroidered all over with polka dots of the same shade, and trimmed with shirred Surah satin scarfs that cross the front and extend down the sides in panels. The bouffant drapery of the back is formed by the Surah arranged in sash effects, and bordered with the velvet. The waists of such suits are single-breasted coats of the velvet, with deep shirred Surah collar, or else a broad Byron collar of the velvet piped with Surah. Large square pockets on the sides. In other costumes the Surah satin forms the great-coat, with Louis Quatorze vest of brocaded velvet, in which the detached flowers are as large as a lady's hand. Rich passementeric ornaments trim the panelled sides of such dresses, and a row of cheaille fringe often edges the panel where it falls on the border fl. unce.-Harper'

Reaping.

Every one is sowing, both by word and deed; All mankind are growing either wheat or weed?

Thoughtless ones are throwing any sort o

Serious ones are seeking seed already sown Many eyes are weeping now the crop i

Think upon the reaping-each one reaps his

Surely as the sowing shall the harvest be-See what you are throwing over hill and lea; Words and deeds are growing for eternity. There is one all knowing, looking on alway Fruit to him is flowing, teeling for the day—

Will your hearts be glowing in the grand array ? Yes, that would be bringing sheaves of golden

Mind what you are flinging both from hand

and brain, Then 'mid glad songs singing, you shall glean great gain.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There is a large industry in Europe in the making of vegetable parchment. Mr. Moody says there are more than 1500 sermons in the sermon on the

mount. Five prominent Prussian officers have entered the service of the Sultan of Turkey.

The personal property of California is valued at \$113,304,451, and the real estate at \$446,273,885.

Twenty years ago Great Britain supplied nearly three-fourths of its own wheat; now it supplies less than two-

fifths. A careful trave er says that he rides in the rear car of an express train and in the forward car of a slow train.

It is said that over ten thousand deer

were slaughtered in Jackson county, Oregon, during the past nine months. When a Californian picks up a stone to throw at the hens, he always ex-amines if it does contain \$50 worth of

gold. There is a family living in Metcalfe county, Kentucky, composed of eleven members, none of whom know the let-ters of the English alphabet.

Prince Bismarck following the advice of his physicians, indulges in afternoon naps. The prince is a great eater and worker, though a poor sleeper.

The New York Commercial says the position of "Old Probs," should be bestowed upon the man who has per-formed the most signal service for his The German government will con-

struct a railroad through the flooded districts of that empire, in order to give the victims of the deluge sufficient work to keep them alive.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene, The spotless shirts of hotel cierks do bear Full many a simple, ignorant sardine Believes them purest stones of value rare!
- Buffalo Express.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Peoper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman." "Certainly not, ma'am," replied a gallant philosopher, "it is a good thing, and she ought never to

A natural result of hard times in Ireland is a decrease in the number of mar-riages. In 1879 the number was 23,313, or 3,596 below the average of the twelve preceding years, and 149 less than the total for Scotland, where the population is below that of Ireland by 1,702,298.

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher.' was the following one: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentieman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services.

Words of Wisdom.

An ounce of coaviction is worth a pound of concern. One day is worth three to him who

does everything in order. He is not only idle who does nothing. but he is idle who might be better employed.

The youth who thinks the world his

oyster, and opens it forthwith, finds no pearl therein. Nature makes us poor when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtu. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright. No place, no company, no age, no person, is temptation free. Let no man

boast that he is free. The time for reasoning is before we have approached near enough to forbidden fruit to look at it and admire.

Those who, without knowing us, think or speak evil of us, do us no harm; it is not us they attack, but the phantom of their own imagination.

There is a joy in good fortune. There is a far higher in the mind's gain of knowledge or truth. Bu there is not joy like the joy of resolved virtue ..

Things it Would be Fanny to See. A patent medicine that wasn't warranted a dead shot for anything, from corns to consumption.

A rose without a thorn and a woman without a fault.

A tarpaulin stout enough to keep the rain from soaking through the backs of

our milkman's cows. A poor plumber and a rich newspaper man. A man who can rap eternal smash out of his favorite bunion while making

a tight croquet and still keep the air brake on his tongue. The man who wasn't always able and willing to give an editor a few pointers

in the newspaper business.

A doctor who hadn't believed all along that Tanner would come out all right. A bald headed man who never lost

A circus just to relieve the monotony.
A chromo of the man who invented the dance called "the racket."—Fetroleum World.