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The Golden Wedding.

Wake up, wife—the black cloak of Night begins to fade,
And far in the east the Morning has
And he is hearing red-hot his stove of iron-
And stars are winking and blinking before the
Mind you what I was doin', just fifty years
Brushin' my Sunday raiment, an' puttin' my
best looks on;
Clothin' myself in courage, so none my fright
could see;
As my coward heart within, the white, was
pounding to get free.

Ten mile wood an' bramble, an' three mile field
an' dew,
In the cold smile of morning I walked to
marry you;
No horse had I but my wishes—no pilot but a
star;
But my loyal heart it fancied it heard you
from afar.
So through the woods I hurried, an' through
the grass an' dew,
An' little I thought of tiring, the whole of my
journey through;
Things ne'er before nor after do so a man re-
joice,
As on the day he marries the woman of his
choice.

And then our country wedding—brimful of
grief an' gloe,
With every one a-pettin' an' jokin' you an' me;
The good cheer went and came, wife, as it some-
times has done
When clouds have chased each other across the
summer sun.
There was your good old father, dressed up in
weddin' shape,
With all the homespun finery that he could
take an' scrape;
And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of
your smile
Shone through the showers of tear-drops that
stormed her face the while;
Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly
seemed to know
How they could scare up courage to let their
sister go;
An' cousins an' school-house comrades, dressed
up in meetin' trim,
With one of them a-sulkin' because it wasn't
him;
An' there was the good old parson, his neck all
dressed in white,
A bunch of texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in
his right;
An' the parson's virgin daughter, plain and
sincerely pure,
Who hoped we should be happy, but wasn't ex-
actly sure.
An' there was the vicar, seasoned with kind
regards an' love,
And holy wreaths with breastpins of rubies
up above;
An' there was my heart a-wonderin' as how such
things could be,
An' there was the world before us, an' there
was you and me.
Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the sun, has
come in sight
An' on a tree-top perchess to take his daily
flight.
He is not old and feeble, an' he will sail away,
As he has done so often since fifty years to-day.
You know there's company coming—our daugh-
ters—our son;
There's John, and James, and Lucy, an' all
their little ones;
And Jennie, she will be here, who in her grave
doth lie
Provided company ever can come from out
the sky;
And Sam—I am not certain as he will come,
or not;
They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of
the lot.
Before a son's dishonor, a father's loves stands
dumb;
But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam
will come;
The tree bends down its branches to its chil-
dren from above—
The son is lord of the father, and rules him
with his love;
And he will e'er be longed for, though far they
are apart,
For the drop of blood he carries, that came
from the father's heart.
Wake up, wife! the loud sun has roused the
sweet daylight,
And she has dressed herself up in red and yel-
low and white;
She has dressed herself up for us, wife—for our
weddin' day once more—
And my soul to-day is younger than ever it was
before.
—Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.

The Handsome Artist.

Greame McDonald was a young Highlander
come to Florence to study the
old masters. He was athletic, whole-
some, handsome fellow. He painted in
the palace or wiped his forehead on a
warm day with equally small care, to all
appearance, and he had brought his
mother and two sisters to Italy, and
supported them by a most heroic econ-
omy and industry. Indeed, the more I
knew McDonald the more I became
convinced that there was another man
built over him.
Perhaps you have been in Florence,
dear reader, and know by what royal
liberality artists are permitted to bring
their easels into the splendid apart-
ments of the palace and copy from the
priceless pictures on the walls. At the
time I have my eye upon (some few
years ago), McDonald was making a
beginning of a copy of "Titian's Bella,"
and near him stood the easel of a female
artist who was copying from the glorious
picture of "Judith and Holofernes" in
the same apartment. Mademoiselle
Folle (so she was called by the elderly
lady who always accompanied her) was
a small and very gracefully-formed
creature, with the plainest face in which
attraction could possibly reside.
McDonald was her nearest neighbor,
and they frequently looked over each
other's pictures; but, as they were both
foreigners in Florence (she of Polish
birth, as he understood), their conver-
sation was in French or Italian, neither

of which languages were fluently familiar
to Greame, and it was limited gener-
ally to expressions of courtesy or brief
criticisms of each other's labors.
As I said before, it was a "proof im-
pression" of a celestial summer's morn-
ing, and the thermometer stood at an
heavenly idleness. McDonald stood
with his maul-stick across his knees,
drinking from Titian's picture. An
artist, who had lounged in from the
next room, had hung himself by the
crook of his arm over a high peg, on his
comrade's easel, and every now and
then he volunteered an observation to
which he expected no particular
answer.
"When I remember how little beauty
I have seen in the world," said Ingardo
(this artist), "I am inclined to believe
with Saturnius, that there is no resur-
rection of bodies, and that only the
spirits of the good return into the body
of the Good Lord—for what is ugliness
to do in heaven?"
McDonald only said: "Hm—hm!"
"How will this little plain woman look
in the streets of the New Jerusalem,
for example? Yet she expects, as we
all do, to be recognizable by her friends
in heaven, and of course, so have the
same irredeemably plain face. Does
she understand English, by the way—
for she might not be altogether pleased
with my theory?"
"I have spoken to her very often,"
said McDonald, "and I think English is
Hebrew to her—but my theory of
beauty crosses at least one corner of
your argument, my friend! I believe
that the original type of every human
being could be made beautiful without
any essential particular destroying
the visible identity."
"And you think that little woman's
face could be made beautiful?"
"I know it."
"Try it, then. Here is your copy of
Titian's 'Bella,' all finished but the
face. Make an apothecary portrait of
your neighbor, and while it harmonizes
with the body of Titian's beauty, still
leave it recognizable as the portrait, and
I'll give to your theories—believing in
all its other miracles, if you like, at the
same time!"
Ingardo laughed as he went back to
his own picture, and McDonald, after
sitting a few minutes lost in reverie,
turned his easel so as to get a painter's
view of his female neighbor. He thought
the colored apartment had become
very soon unconscious of his gaze,
and he was soon absorbed himself in
the task to which his friend had so
mockingly challenged him.
[Excuse me, dear reader, while with
two epistles I build a bridge over which
you can cross a chasm of a month in my
story.]
"TO GREAME McDONALD, SIR:—I am in-
trusted with a delicate commission,
which I know not how to broach to you
except by simple proposal. Will you
forgive me a few lines, in which I in-
form you, without further preface, that
the Countess Nyschriem, a Polish lady
of high birth and ample fortune, does
you the honor to propose for your hand.
If you are disengaged, and your affections
are not irrevocably given to another, I
can conceive no sufficient obstacle to
your acceptance of the brilliant connec-
tion. The Countess is twenty-eight, and
not beautiful, it must in fairness be
said; but she has high qualities both
of head and heart, and is worthy any man's
respect and affection.
"An answer is requested in the course
of to-morrow, addressed to 'The Count
Hanswald, minister of his majesty, the
king of Prussia.' I have the honor,
etc., etc.
HANSWALD."

McDonald's answer was as follows:
"TO HIS EXCELLENCY, HANSWALD, ETC.,
ETC.: You will pardon me that I have
taken two days to consider the extra-
ordinary proposition made me in your
letter. The subject, since it is to be en-
tertained a moment, requires, perhaps,
still further reflection—but my reply
shall be definite and as prompt as I can
bring myself to be in a matter so impor-
tant.
"My first impulse was to return your
letter, declining the honor you would
do me, and thanking the lady for the
compliment of her choice. My first re-
flection was the relief and happiness
which an independence would bring to
a mother and two sisters dependent now
on the precarious profits of my pencil.
And I first consented to ponder the
matter with this view, and I now con-
sent so many by the very position
on end so that it looks as if ruffled by
a rake, but his body suffered no injury.
"In a recent storm in Philadelphia a
ball of white fire resembling a flicker-
ing electric light was visible on the very
top of a tall telegraph pole on Fourth
street, below Chestnut. In a few sec-
onds it darted among one of the wires
and was lost in the darkness. Another
and another in rapid suc-
cession until the wire resembled a string
of dancing red-hot balls.
"Lightning did terrible work at Cedar-
town, Ga., recently. In a double log
house occupied by a family named
Prince and another named Brazier, the
bolt entered the roof and struck dead
Mrs. Brazier, who was standing by the
fire roasting coffee. Her neck was bro-
ken and her head split open by a piece
of the mantel that was torn off by the
lightning and hurled at her with terri-
ble force. Mr. Powell, who was holding
Mrs. Brazier's infant, was knocked
senseless. Jeff Vandy, who was in the
same room, was struck dead. Mrs.
Prince, who stood in the hallway be-
tween the two rooms, was instantly
killed, and a hole was made in the floor
under her feet as if a rifle ball had
pierced it.
"By estimate the surface of an average-
sized man contains about sixteen and
a-half square feet, or 95,000 inches. Al-
lowing 2,800 pores or openings to each
inch, we have the aggregate of 7,000,000
for the whole body. Connected with
these there are about twenty-eight miles
of tubing, through which the decaying
and waste matters of the body—ever
dying, particle by particle, while life
remains—pass off, freeing the body of
putrid matter. This waste is gathered
up in all parts of the body and hurried
out of the system as an important means
of avoiding disease and death.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Utah is just now the chosen field for
considerable Christian missionary work.
There are forty-four Presbyterian mis-
sionaries in the Territory, maintained at
an annual cost of \$36,000, the Congre-
gationalists are spending \$30,000 in new
school-houses and churches, the Metho-
dists have twenty missionaries on the
ground, and other denominations are
represented. These tremendous out-
lays have incited the Mormons to re-
newed zeal.
Nam Lori, a resident of Friendship,
N. Y., is a man who has undergone
more suffering than is usually allotted to
man. For several years past Mr.
Lori has been a victim of rheumatism,
and he has lingered along on the banks
of death with one foot in the grave for
a long time. For about three years he
has been blind, deaf and speechless.
He has been hopeless for years, and he
often said he wished for death to relieve
him from his agony. He is so deformed
that the only position which he now
rests in, or in fact survives, is a sitting
one, with his head between his knees,
nearly meeting his feet. It is strange
that some people have to endure so
much suffering, while young men are
often cut down in the prime of their
best and apparently healthiest days.
A Detroit (Mich.) doctor, who has vac-
cinated over 500 persons, reports many
odd experiences with subjects under
the lancet. Not more than two men
out of ten have it done in a straight-
forward way. They hesitate, make in-
quiries and postpone it for days.
One insisted upon being strapped fast to
his chair while the operation was
performed. Another wanted to take
chloroform. A negro was one day seen
to walk past the office several times,
and the doctor finally stepped to the
door and asked him if he wanted to be
vaccinated. "Deed, sah, dat's what I
cum for," he replied, "but de weary
minut I turned dat corner de blame
thing quit aching!" As a rule the men,
when they feel the lancet, cry "Woosh!"
or "Thunder!" The women cry
"Ouch!" generally, but now and then
one screams "Oh, Lordy!" Children
have to be flattered, coaxed or scared
into submission.
Details of the fate of that portion of
the Flatters expedition which remained
in the Sahara under the command of
Sergeant Pobeguin present a scene of
unfathomable horror. The natives have
stolen all the camels which bore the
water, the twenty-nine men made their
way about the caravan route in hope
of meeting with succor. But no caravan
came. They were driven to a bay where
the men endured unspeakable
agony for a time, but were at last
driven to the fearful resort of cannibal-
ism. Fifteen men were devoured in
turn, Pobeguin being the fifteenth.
Then help came. A caravan arrived,
and provided the half-insane survivors
with a small supply of food and water,
but only in return for money. When
at last they were rescued by the Me-
haris from Uargla, only twelve of them
remained alive, and their minds and
bodies were almost fatally wrecked by
the hardships they had undergone.
Herr Heinrich Waldner, well known
as the author of an exhaustive volume
on the ferns of Central Europe, has
made an interesting contribution to the
literature of sun spots in their relation
to good and bad vintages. He has con-
structed a series of tables showing that
the minimum of the sun spots corre-
sponds with the good years, the maxi-
mum of the sun spots with the wet and
bad years, when great inundations and
hailstorms have occurred. Thus the
years 1823, 1824, 1844, 1856, 1867
and 1878, in which the sun was almost
entirely clear from spots, correspond
exactly or nearly with those years of
this century which have been most famous
as the good wine years, namely, 1811,
1822, 1834, 1846, 1857, 1868 and 1875.
Herr Waldner calculates that the next
exceptionally good year will be 1887 or
1888. The wine growers of Switzerland
have afforded an opportunity for doc-
tors to disagree by inviting Professor
Rudolf Wolf, director of the Zurich
observatory, to give his opinion of
Herr Waldner's theory and prediction.
That the Russian peasantry are not
wholly unreasonable in their present
wish for agrarian reform, one example
out of many will suffice to show. A
peasant in the eastern provinces,
whose crops had failed, having with dif-
ficulty maintained his household dur-
ing the winter, found himself absolutely
without resources in the spring. After
vainly asking help from his neighbors,
he at length applied to a wealthy money-
lender who had more than once profited
by his distress, and offered to work for
him during the whole summer as a com-
ing laborer from other menaced sum-
mer far below even the meager market
rate of twenty cents a day, that the peas-
ant saw at once that it would hardly
suffice to keep his wife and children
from starvation, leaving absolutely
nothing for himself. "Have pity upon
me, your honor," he pleaded; "I must
starve if you won't give me more than
that."
"Starve, then, and be cursed
of you," retorted the merciless usurer;
"I will give you the seed for your dis-
peration, the poor fellow sat down at
his hard-hearted employer's door and
cut his own throat."

FOR THE LADIES.

An Incident at a Royal Wedding.
There was one picturesque incident
about the wedding of Princess Stepha-
nie in Vienna. No sooner was the cere-
mony concluded than the high master
of ceremonies, stepping forward, re-
quested all the Belgians in waiting on
the princess—the stewards, chamber-
lains and ladies—to follow him, and led
them away; their duties were at an end,
for Princess Stephanie was now an Aus-
trian. Next instant the master of cere-
monies appeared at the head of a new
cortege of ladies and gentlemen in wait-
ing, accredited to the crown princess.
This time Austrians and Hungarians. This
part of the ceremony was, perhaps, the
most impressive of all, and the crown
princess was deeply moved.
The Simplicity of Dress Illustrated.
Simple costumes, as well as rich and
gorgeous ones, being the order of the
day; one can dress in the style or man-
ner most becoming to them, spending
hundreds of dollars or as many cents,
according to their purse or inclination.
Apropos of this simplicity that is so
much admired, and which often costs
more than an elaborate toilet, is the fol-
lowing: A number of ladies at a large
party were wondering why all young
ladies did not dress in the plain, simple
style of a young belle present, whose
toilet they greatly admired. The dress
was of white surah, covered with tiny
ruffles of the same goods. The over-
dress was of nun's veiling, with frills
and cascades of cream-white lace, and
caught up with clusters of white snow-
drops covered with crystals. Upon her
head was a wreath of snowdrops glitter-
ing with white jets. She wore no jewels,
but carried in her hand a large antique
fan of white feathers spangled with
crystals. After the party was over the
wearer of the dress, who had enjoyed
the compliments poured in upon her
for the exquisite simplicity of her dress,
told her doing old uncle, who had been
most profuse in his exclamations over
her simple style of dress, that this com-
pound of veiling, surah and lace had
cost her over \$200. All the uncle did
was to hand the young lady his new
spring hat with a bow of acknowledgment,
that women were to be him incom-
prehensible, and that he would never
again praise the simplicity of a \$200
dress.
Fashion Notes.
Watered silks are worn again.
Steel appears on the straps of the owl
shoes.
Painted French mull is a novelty for
dresses.
Capes made entirely of jetted tulle are
stylish.
Little golden cats are suspended from
the bracelet.
Velvet is sparingly used on the sum-
mer costumes.
Pink and ruby shades are combined in
French toilettes.
Overshirts are not worn, the drapery
being fastened to the skirt.
Spanish lace is used for trimming
parasols instead of fringe.
Folded stocks of illusions are worn
with high-necked white gowns.
Bonnet strings should be tied in
enormous bows under the chin.
Bonnets are shown, covered with cur-
tains, grapes, and other small fruits.
Young ladies still wear the plain
round skirt and waist, with sash at the
side.
Some of the little bonnets have exactly
the curves of a horse-shoe over the
forehead.
Children wear coachman's drab frocks
and they soil almost as easily as if they
were white.
The coral pink roses, lately introduced,
admit of any complexion but one ex-
ceptionally fine.
"A bonnet of wild oats, lined with
scarlet satin" is the description in a
New York paper.
Buckles will be very fashionable,
worn with sashes, and they match the
buttons worn on the dress.
"Mountain hunting" is used for travel-
ing costumes. It is stiff and wiry and
comes in gray and brown.
Riding skirts are cut quite short, with
knee gored, adapted to the position of
the rider when she is in the saddle.
Beetles in colored gages are used to
fasten French neckties. Hope it will
stay in France; it's an ugly fashion.
Duchess, Dot, Dimple, Charmer,
Flirtation, Carey, Gerster and Bern-
hardt are the names of some of the new
bonnets.
Spiders with bodies made of hum-
ming-bird feathers, and gilt legs, are
used to fasten the strings on new bon-
nets.
Wide collars edged with lace three
inches deep will be the fashionable col-
lar for morning wear with summer
dresses.
With high-necked dresses flowers are
worn at the belt; with low dresses, on
the shoulder; with square neck, at the
corsage.
The long lace pins should be put
through the material cross-wise, and so
lightly that they are visible almost
from point to head.
Pretty aprons are made of plush, with
bibs and pockets, and finished off with
satin ribbon. An apron of red plush is
trimmed with Spanish lace.
"Robin's egg" and "gendarme blue"
will be much worn by young ladies, and
a new blue, or blue-green, called "duck's
breast," is shown in rich satins.
Olive green is the favorite color for
the embroideries and satin bows of white
muslin gowns, and next to olive green
the hints most used are blue and pink
in many shades.
Wreaths of delicate roses, ending in
fine sprays of rose leaves and moss buds,
are worn under the oddly curved brims
of the stylish and picturesque Spanish
round hats.
The Palmetto Manufacturing Com-
pany of Charleston has applied to the
clerk of the court for a charter. Over
\$70,000 has been subscribed to the cap-
ital stock.

CHEER UP.

Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear:
All will be right,
Look to the light.
Morning was ever the daughter of night;
All that was black will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Current topics usually run to seed.
Did you ever see a lemon-aide-de-
camp?
One half the world doesn't know how
the other half lies about it.
Of all the attachments of a sewing-
machine the feller is most pleasing to
the girls.
Haman must have had a very quick
temper. At least we read that he was
very high strung.—*Rome Sentinel.*
Root of all evil: "You are not fond
of money for itself?" "Oh, no," said
Johnstonburg; "I am fond of it for my-
self."
It begins to look as though the next
world's fair would have to be held in the
next world if anywhere.—*Philadelphia*
Chronicle.
A suspicious package, addressed to
Alexander III, was opened and found
to contain an American cigarette.—
Lovell Journal.
The man who can see sermons in run-
ning brooks is most apt to go and look
for them on Sundays when trout are
bitting.—*Plymouth.*
One artist claims to have got 640
different positions from the same model
—a man. Presume the model had a
boil.—*Boston Post.*
A lady who drew a gentleman's dress-
ing-gown at a recent church fair now
wishes to draw a good-looking young
man to put in it.
In Russia "hello" is rendered "Zi-
jkanitkrjanjanjanski;" hence the tele-
phone can never be introduced into that
country.—*Modern Argosy.*
Ought not a picture dealer to be a
man of picturesque appearance, to be
a fine frame and be able to canvass suc-
cessfully?—*Philadelphia Item.*
The difference between a cat and a
comma is that one has the claws at the
end of the paws, while the other has
the pause at the end of the clause.
A tree in this neighborhood has thirty-
six rings around it, and yet it is only
six months old. An orchard did it with
his little hatchet.—*New York Dispatch.*
A New York paper says that in that
city crying at weddings has gone out of
fashion. In Chicago the father of the
bride does the crying when he comes to
settle the bills.—*New York Graphic.*
An intelligent lady asked a sculptor
who was about completing the figure of
a lamb: "Did you cut out that animal?"
"Oh, no," said the artist, "the lamb
has been there all the time; I only took
the marble from around him."
There are not more than 300 profes-
sional burglars in America, and yet to
keep them out of our homes we pay
\$5,000,000 per year for locks, bolts and
fasteners. Ten thousand dollars apiece
per year would hire them to be good.—
Free Press.
At twenty a man is sure that he
knows everything; at thirty he begins
to have grave doubts; at forty he knows
that there are some things he doesn't
know; at fifty he is certain that he will
never again know as much as he once
knew.
"Yes, your Augustus is a fraud!"
Said Sore to Arabella.
"A fraud!" said Belle, "I can't afford
to hear that of my father."
He's been tried and seen, beside,
And delicate and dainty."
"Ah, yes! but then," Miss Sue replied,
"He's sort of lean-Gus, ain't he?"

Long Courtships.

Beyond a certain point there is no
progress in courtship. When the parties
to the affair have arrived at the convic-
tion that they were "made for each
other," and cannot be happy apart, the
sooner they become "one and insepara-
ble" the better. Anticipatory affection
is as mobile as quicksilver, and when it
has reached its highest point, the safest
policy is to merge it in matrimonial
bliss. Otherwise, it may retrograde.
Very long courtships often end in a back-
out on one side or the other—the retiring
party being in most cases "inconstant
man." And we would hint to that un-
reliable being that he has no right to
dangle after an estimable woman for
years without any fixed intention of
marrying her. The best thing a lady
can do under such circumstances is to
bring matters to a focus, by asking
the point-point gentleman what he
means, and when? She can either do
that or dismiss him altogether. Perhaps
the latter plan would in most instances
be the better one; for a man who is
slow to matrimony is generally slow in
all the concerns of life.