

The Elk County Advertiser.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. XI.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1881.

NO. 21.

Song of the Steam.
Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scours a plain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the hissing boat of human might,
And the pride of human power.
When I saw an army upon the land,<
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant fairly reel
With the toll which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary car.
When I measured the panting courier's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they leaved the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.
Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth to length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder
blast,
And laughed in my iron strength,
Oh, then he saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time-space—let them be mine!
The world's the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queeny west,
Or the Orient's dromedary.
The ocean pales where'er I sweep;
I hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the leary deep
Cover, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thought of his god-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.
In the darkness depths of the fathomless mine
My treadless arm doth play;
Where the rocks never see the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal glass o'erflow.
I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.
I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scours a plain.
—Thomas W. Collier.

The Victim of a Forlorn Hope.
One morning Mark Devine found a note waiting for him on his office desk—a note without a crest, or monogram, or painted device; the paper pure white, thick, satin smooth, faintly and curiously perfumed, with the mingled color of violets and frankincense. The handwriting was easy, with the ease of a constant, yet careless practice, and the signature that of a woman rising rapidly to fame and wealth upon the ladder of her splendid mind and arduous, well-directed labor. He had known her well three years before, when she had come, alone and unaided, to pursue her career in the busy city. They had met at a pleasant boarding-house, where there was really a home element, which called forth the kindly feelings of its inmates in their intercourse. He had found her always bright, agreeable, a companion much to be desired in the enforced intimacy of a transient abode. When she had found her mother and taken hold, she sent for her mother, and went to her own home, and, gradually, they had drifted apart. He had heard of her late, more and more frequently, and had partly resolved to seek her out and renew their friendship. Struggles and success had separated them, but with her, as with him, he felt sure the memory of the old days was a pleasant one, and a return to them full of pleasant hopes. Now, she sent for him. The few lines of the note ran thus:
"May I ask you, Mr. Devine, to call on me at my house on Wednesday or Thursday evening of this week? I will not detain you long, and you will find, before you leave, that you have greatly obliged SELMA D. BIRNEY."
Mr. Devine sat a moment balancing the note on his finger. Then he dashed off an answer, and sent it by the boy. On Wednesday evening—in June and perfect—she was shown into the dimly-lighted, exquisitely appointed parlor of a house far removed from the tiny abode in which he had seen her last.
A strange sense of unreal yet familiar surroundings came over him. It was like a confused dream. The beauty, the luxury, the quiet elegance were hitherto unknown in any thought he ever had of her, yet, at once and forever, they became a part of her to him.
"It is ridiculous!" he exclaimed, standing before the mantel mirror in its carved and massive frame, and looking at himself with a puzzled air. "But I could swear I would have known the room for hers anywhere." He started. She had come noiselessly in, and he saw reflected, her pale face, and fine, clear, dark eyes over his shoulder. She was not smiling, but an expression of infinite, sweet still joy struck him as he turned to her.
"You are very good, Mr. Devine," she said, holding out her hand. "Remembering your habits of old, I scarcely expected you would be at liberty upon the instant. Had you really no engagement for this evening?"
He laughed, and flushed.
"The old days, Miss Birney, were

long ago. I am not quite so eager in the pursuit—yet please, shall I say?"
"It were truer, perhaps, to call it by another name," she said, "since the sport was often very like the boys and the frogs, and the pleasure all on one side. Sit down, and tell me, to begin with, what became of the dark little beauty I left you raving about?"
"She?" Mark paused, looked doubtful, caught her eyes with his subtle gleam of mirth and answered, hurriedly, "She is married, I think. Yes, I am quite sure of it. But I have not heard of her for a year."
"Yet I thought that really, the 'love of your life.' Has it not found you yet?"
"No!" as he shook his head in comical depression. "But I must spare you. How easily one falls into old habits, and takes up another's life where one laid it down! Tell me all about yourself before I enter upon the object of our meeting. Tell me everything, as you used."
She asked it easily enough, but he found it impossible to comply. The pale face and the dark eyes, the same white hand and its dull heavy ring of barbaric gold were the same he had studied in his hours of idle chatter and half-romance, half-confidence. But there was something more here than of old. The self-possession, the sense of power exerted and acknowledged, the graceful poise of the stately little figure, the perfect yet unimpaired, the simple, yet costly toilet, the air of the Selma Birney he had known and counted a "first rate friend." He was used to women, spoiled and petted by them as he had ever been, but to-night there was an unknown field before him, and he knew it. To pour out as he used all sorts of confidences, rhapsodies, confessions and excuses, was a thing impossible, indeed. There was in his breast a hidden power that moved him to strange new desires and aspirations, that appealed at once to the higher nature he had almost ceased to think of as his; that awoke him to earnestness and self-respect in a way that thrilled him. In the conversation that followed he was at his best. Skillfully, steadily, shied him on from one topic to another, never directly touching upon his own life, but drawing out his opinions, flashing light into his thoughts, putting into words half-formed resolves rendering clearer and clearer fair, yet stern, aspects of duty against which he had often closed his eyes. And always it was himself, not his companion who, apparently prompted speech and ennobled thought. An exhilaration of mind, such as he had not known for years, pure and exalted, grew upon him, and was evident in his sparkling, fearless eye, his animated words, his full soft resonant voice. Miss Birney sank into the embrace of her bamboo chaise-longue and watched him eagerly, breathlessly, dispiringly, with glowing eyes and quivering lips. When he ceased there was silence. Miss Birney roused herself and sat upright.
"I promised not to detain you," she said, in a slow, clear voice, that he knew must be the result of an effort for self-control, and at which he wondered. "I must keep my word and proceed to explain my motives for requesting this interview. You do not know them, and you will, doubtless, find them a surprise and shock. I intend to be perfectly frank with you. Let me ask one favor of you. Do not speak to me until I have told you all. Promise me that?"
"I promise," said he, gravely and briefly, averted by her manner, her pallor, and the pathetic sadness of her eyes.
She bent her head a moment on her hand and he saw it trembled. Then she raised it suddenly, looked him full in the eyes, and said:
"In less than three months I shall be in my grave. Unless I am restored to health by a miracle, there is no hope of escape, no hope of reprieve. I have known it now three months and two weeks, and am used to the thought almost! I have made all arrangements as far as is possible. I am gathering up the loose ends and frayed-out purposes of my life, in the effort to leave my life as perfect as I can. There is no regret in my mind, no regret in taking leave of all. Except for the happiness I never had, I cannot mourn."
She paused, as though choosing the words wherewith to proceed. Mindful of his promise he sat silent and horror-struck studying her face. Her eyes had fallen, and he saw a sudden faint, swift color flash into her pallor as she thought.
"The happiness I never had!" she repeated, softly. "Mine has been the saddest life possible for a nature such as mine. I have stood always at the gate of Paradise, dumb and chained, while others passed in before my eyes to waste the fruits for which I hungered and thirsted, to trample on the beauty that mocked for ever my longing eyes, to destroy wantonly the temple upon which I prayed night and day to be allowed to labor in its building up. I have been poor—vilely poor—so poor, I wanted the plainest necessities of life, and yet my tastes and my desires could only have been satisfied by the most perfect, the most refined, the daintiest of art's productions. That was mortification of flesh and spirit. It was a long-drawn agony. And it is only ended when it is too late. I have been ill and in pain so many years, that I forget the very sensation of rest and ease; and all the time I have been sternly, unflinchingly, rigidly forbidden the quiet and the absence of toil that would have made my burden lighter. I have the tender heart, and it has never known a thrill of happy love. Maddened, agonizing, defiant, I have reached the very verge of that world, respect for which, or, rather, the proud determination that it should respect me, have kept me silent as long as I held any part or lot in it. There is nothing now to hold me back from asking for the one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words—I mean—your presence."
A silence, dumb as the stars of heaven, fell upon them. To neither of them, confused and palpitating with hope, fear, surprise, passion, was it a dark and hopeless moment. There was in its mysterious shadow faint glimmers and sparkles of life that meant—no knew not what. Mark bent forward, and laid

his hand on hers firmly, tenderly, yet gently, in its strength. She lifted it to her cheek like a child.
"You always said you would like to hold my hand," she said, brokenly. "I know you liked me, and I thought—I thought you were so kind you would not mind doing such a little thing for me. I do not ask much, do I?"
"I will do anything I can for you—anything! I am truly grieved—I am more sorry for this than I can tell you."
"Thank you," she said, simply. "It will soon be over, and I do not care, if you will only come to me now and then—when no one else has a claim on you."
"I will come as often as you say. There is no one who has a claim on you now. They are all new friends that you are."
The happy nature, crushed, worried, breaking down under the lot she had not depicted darkly enough, rose blithely to a gleam of sunshine. There was something inexpressibly arch in the flash of her eye as she repeated, in a tone of infinite expression:
"All! and still their name is legion!"
"Yes," she said, gravely; "and I thank God, Selma, no nearer, no more limited bond than a legion of light coquettes binds me now. I am free, dear and honored friend, to do your will."
"Oh, Mark!" she said, "and I thank God you meet me thus. Come to me, when you can; I have two months yet before the end begins. After that—she paused and shuddered—"after that I will have done with all but the pains of death. You will never regret that you helped me to meet them by all the strength that only happy hours can give."
The tiny clock on the mantel chimed the hour.
"I must not keep you longer," she said, "or you will think my promise is light. But I could not help it, and I trust you have not been very much bored."
"I have had a most strangely sad and happy evening," he answered, and he rose. "I do not know why, but I feel another man from the Mark Devine of two months ago."
"Tell me one thing. Are you—are you sorry you came?"
"I am not," he replied, decisively, holding in his both her trembling hands, and looking down into her uplifted eyes until they sank beneath his gaze.
"Good-night," she said, "and come soon again."
"Good-night," he answered, "and I will be here to-morrow."
"If you care to come."
"Then it will be to-morrow."
And it was. Mark Devine went home in a whirl of emotions. What had happened to him? What change had come over her? Was it pity that moved him to take her in his arms, to kiss her forehead, to take her out of his life? Two months and two weeks before those wonderful sweet eyes should be closed for ever! What a voice she had! He could hear it when he chose, dwelling with such paths on those words: "The happiness I never had." Then the shuddering horror of that sentence, "It was a long, drawn agony," and the pitiful regret of "And it is only ended when it is too late"; or, most sweet remembrance of all—the sinking and tremor of the passion—stirred delicate into, "The one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words—I mean—your presence." He started as he said it over to himself. Could it mean all it was capable of expressing from her? Had she loved him all this time with a love sufficient to prompt this action on her part?
"As I live!" he exclaimed, "it never struck me in that light when she spoke. What did I think? That she still liked me, as she used to say, better than any man she knew; that, in the fear and sadness of her past and her future, she thought of what she used to call my sunny nature, and found relief in it; that our old friendship had simply grown deeper and less frivolous as we learned to think higher thoughts. But how much more she might mean by the same words. Her love would be a wonderful thing! There was a man who had it once, and I thought always he would never lose it. But he is dead."
Over and over he recalled their past, weighing each word and look and tone of the years gone by against the ever-moving memory of the hours just ended. It was wonderful how many things he could bring forth from the shadows to confront the light. Sometimes he thought he grasped a new meaning in sentences spoken, and forgotten by him at the time. Sometimes he recalled words and careless actions of hers that turned such fancies into irritations at his own folly. But make what he would of it, he could think of nothing else than Selma Birney until he presented himself before her at the earliest permissible hour of the next evening.
This time he watched the door eagerly, and saw her come floating down the long staircase and through the curtained arch all in white, and scarce less colorless. She met him with a timid air in spite of her cordial greeting, and during the whole visit was so far removed, in her pleasant grace and cheerfulness, from the agitated woman of the previous evening, that he could not recur to the thoughts he had and nervously combated all the day. She was certainly charming. Her conversational powers had always been fine, and study, practice, the desire to please those superior to herself in years and honors, had so improved them as to render her the rival of the much-vaunted "talkers" of history. There was about her, moreover, that witchery of personal attraction some women possess, to the never-ending confusion and ruin of men, and others—a gifted and glorious exception, few in number—make use of to lead them on to the best of which they are capable. To be near her was pleasant in itself, Mark felt. He left her, pleased with himself and her; elated, he knew not why, and hoping, he knew not what.
It would be a needless task to track Mark Devine through the slow advance of the two months he counted, at least, hour by hour. Daily he grew in strength and tenderness, in nobleness of thought and pure ambition as the wonderful nature of this woman opened before him.

In one of their earliest interviews she had begged that nothing might be said of the future. "I have said all I need to know of you understand. Let me be something more than a charnel-house memory when all is over for us. There is another side to death, Mark! That will fit itself naturally to the best life we can live here." From that time no direct allusion to her approaching death was ever made, but in a thousand and one nameless ways he was aware that the thought of it was never absent from her mind, and that she constantly labored and planned with it in vain. Yet she seemed very, very happy. A quiet look of sweetness and voice and manner grew upon her, a charm that everyone felt lighted her eyes and rested on her lip with each smile. And Mark Devine loved her with a very agony of love. It tore his gay, proud heart with storms of passionate sorrow when away from her, and sent him hungering and despairing to learn the joy of her dear presence anew, and add yet keener pang to the consciousness of his approaching wreck.
The last day of the two months came and passed. The last day of the two weeks that were to have seen the end was over. The full three months had drifted into the abyss of time, and still Selma Birney lived. More than that, the color had come into her soft cheeks, and strength she had not known for years into her fair round limbs. Mark, trembling in hope, was shocked to find a "how" of another sort falling upon his path. Unmistakably she had changed toward him. Their close and happy intercourse was sadly marred by a reserve he strove in vain to surmount. At last, in a passion of hurt feelings, disappointed hopes and vague tortures, he burst out one evening:
"Selma, I can bear it no longer. I must speak in spite of your wish. What has happened? Now that I have been spared to me even a little longer, oh, my darling, what has turned our friendship into pain to you?"
She did not speak, but he saw her knit her fingers in a close clasp, and he felt her tremble as he leaned upon her chair.
"Listen to me, then, since you will not speak out," he cried, almost angrily. "In these months I have come to love you as never a man loved woman—yes! I am sure of it, for never did man learn the sweetest of lessons with such a fate impending and unavoidable. I have not dared to tell you lest I disturb you, but I cannot bear it any longer. Unless you hate me I cannot pain you to know I love you. And, oh, Selma, you do not, you surely do not hate me—you must love me a little?"
Then she rose up quickly, and turned toward him flushing, paling, trembling in tears and laughter, and crying, softly:
"Oh, Mark, Mark, why did you not tell me sooner? How could you help it? How could you keep it? For I love you—I love you with my whole heart, and—and I am not to die, after all."
There is a godly number of people in this world who will conjecture at a guess what was done upon such an evening. There is one, however, who perhaps, who can realize what it is to love; or, most sweet remembrance of all—the sinking and tremor of the passion—stirred delicate into, "The one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words—I mean—your presence." He started as he said it over to himself. Could it mean all it was capable of expressing from her? Had she loved him all this time with a love sufficient to prompt this action on her part?
"As I live!" he exclaimed, "it never struck me in that light when she spoke. What did I think? That she still liked me, as she used to say, better than any man she knew; that, in the fear and sadness of her past and her future, she thought of what she used to call my sunny nature, and found relief in it; that our old friendship had simply grown deeper and less frivolous as we learned to think higher thoughts. But how much more she might mean by the same words. Her love would be a wonderful thing! There was a man who had it once, and I thought always he would never lose it. But he is dead."
Over and over he recalled their past, weighing each word and look and tone of the years gone by against the ever-moving memory of the hours just ended. It was wonderful how many things he could bring forth from the shadows to confront the light. Sometimes he thought he grasped a new meaning in sentences spoken, and forgotten by him at the time. Sometimes he recalled words and careless actions of hers that turned such fancies into irritations at his own folly. But make what he would of it, he could think of nothing else than Selma Birney until he presented himself before her at the earliest permissible hour of the next evening.
This time he watched the door eagerly, and saw her come floating down the long staircase and through the curtained arch all in white, and scarce less colorless. She met him with a timid air in spite of her cordial greeting, and during the whole visit was so far removed, in her pleasant grace and cheerfulness, from the agitated woman of the previous evening, that he could not recur to the thoughts he had and nervously combated all the day. She was certainly charming. Her conversational powers had always been fine, and study, practice, the desire to please those superior to herself in years and honors, had so improved them as to render her the rival of the much-vaunted "talkers" of history. There was about her, moreover, that witchery of personal attraction some women possess, to the never-ending confusion and ruin of men, and others—a gifted and glorious exception, few in number—make use of to lead them on to the best of which they are capable. To be near her was pleasant in itself, Mark felt. He left her, pleased with himself and her; elated, he knew not why, and hoping, he knew not what.
It would be a needless task to track Mark Devine through the slow advance of the two months he counted, at least, hour by hour. Daily he grew in strength and tenderness, in nobleness of thought and pure ambition as the wonderful nature of this woman opened before him.

pass away from me when I might hold you. When I found I was to live, I suffered! That made me seem cold. I did not know you felt more than pity for me, and I dreaded your thinking—oh, I don't know of some sort of maneuvering; and that I am incapable of, I am sure."
"It was the desperation of a forlorn hope, my darling, and it met with its reward. Purity, truth, sincerity such as yours, could not but win when the outer barriers of conventionalities were surmounted. But for your courage I would never have known the depths of my own heart, or the priceless sweetness of yours. If women risked more fearlessly they would gain more, and men would have cause to bless them as I do you."
He was wrong. Let no woman try Selma Birney's plan who has not her magic power to enchain the heart by unshadowed, truth unvalued, sincerity unfeigned, added to grace of mind, strength of passion, and the higher arts of a cultivated manner, and perfect toilets, to carry one successfully through such an ordeal. But any woman may labor to acquire these things, which are the assets of conquest, and in proportion as she labors will she find her full and sweet reward.
The Levees of the Mississippi.
In Louisiana the levee system is of comparative antiquity, having had its beginning in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and the embankments long ago came under the jurisdiction of local and State government, and assumed the dignity of public works. In Mississippi and Arkansas, however, the reclamation of the swamp was an enterprise of much more modern date, having its origin almost within memory of persons now living, and at first—and indeed, for a long time—was exploited solely by individual effort.
The earlier settlements on the river between Memphis and Vicksburg—generally wood-yards with small apparently corn-fields—were upon unusually high spots, which, although rarely formed by antecedent inundation, obtained, absurdly enough, the reputation of being "above overflow," because, in a number of years, they had not been actually submerged. The construction, accordingly, and the corn-fields of the wood-choppers were gradually transformed into cotton plantations, at first, of course, of very limited dimensions. Similar elevated spots were sought out and subjected to culture, and before any leveling operations had been attempted, the river bank on both sides was dotted with settlements of pioneer planters, who sought to utilize the fertile soil by cultivation. A very few years, however, sufficed to demonstrate the fallacy of the "above-overflow" pretension; the planter's mind relinquished the delusion that land should be high, and the proprietors deemed it expedient to fortify against their common enemy. The water-marks left by the flood upon trees, stumps, and fences were as plain as paint; these indicated the level of the water and supplied the want of engineering science. A makeshift levee of primitive style was constructed, very near the river bank, because less land was thereby thrown out, and because the ground is always highest upon the margin of the river, sloping thence inland. As the plantations increased in number and approximated each other, the principle of co-operation appeared; levees were built across unoccupied lands until there were disconnected strings ten, twelve, or fifteen miles long. The construction of these was far from satisfactory. The operatives were generally the plantation negroes. At that time the Irish ditchers and levee builders had scarcely made their appearance in the country. The colored people are not usually distinguished for their skill in the use of the spade, and cannot at all compete with the Hibernian. Some years there was high water, carrying dismay to the planter's heart; some years there was low water, inspiring confidence and security; occasionally there was no "water" at all—the river did not get out of its banks, and was therefore held in contempt. In 1844, however, the Mississippi, having apparently lost all patience with this persistent intrusion upon its domain, "spread itself," to use a vulgarism singularly descriptive of the operation, and treated its unbidden guests to a first-class "big overflow," the like of which had not been seen since 1828. The river rose early and went down late; it overflowed the whole country, and filled up the entire swamp; ruined all crops, great and small; remained at or near high-water mark week after week and month after month until late in July, and did not finally retire within its banks until nearly the middle of August.—*Scrivener's Magazine.*
Wolves.
I have seen wolves show more boldness in the pursuit of dogs—their favorite food, according to my experience—than on any other occasion. Setters and retrievers are frequently snapped up within a hundred yards of the sportsman, and in broad daylight, when shooting in thick forest; and wolves will prowl round the villages at night, and come right into small towns after howling puppies. The peasants seldom show fear of them, and an old woman I knew ran out once, in the height of garments, on a bitterly cold night, only armed with a piece of tin and a stick with which she struck it, shouting loudly to drive off three marauders who howled under her window, whether they had come in the hopes of finding her dogs outside. Some watch-dogs, however, know their enemies, and defend themselves most bravely; and I saw a big mongrel Newfoundland that showed honorable scars gained in sanguinary fights with wolves. One fine morning I met a young wolf trotting down the high road in such a peaceful, inoffensive manner that I took him for a large dog, and so lost my chance of a shot by not getting behind covert in time.
As between a toy pistol and a Gatling gun, give us the Gatling gun. It is the safest as a parlor ornament.—*New Haven Register.*

FOR THE LADIES.
A Sultana's Marriage.
The following description of the recent marriage of Naile sultana, one of the two imperial brides, was furnished to the London Standard by an English lady who was an invited guest: On our arrival at the house, a large building situated upon a steep, narrow street not far from Dolma Bagitche palace, we were ushered by half a dozen eunuchs through an anti-room in which lounged a few attendants, into a fine apartment crowded with slaves. There we were requested to wait, as the Sultana had not yet completed her toilet, coffee and cigarettes being placed before us to while away the time. We were just beginning to tire of watching the throng, when the stir without proclaimed the coming of the bridegroom, a man of twenty-four years of age, short and inclined to stoutness, but not wanting in a certain comeliness. Naile sultana had herself chosen him at the Friday's schamli. This power of selecting a husband, by inspiration, as it were, is a privilege of princesses of the house of Othman, and is carried to such an extent that even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife he must divorce her and wed the sultana. Cases of this kind are rare; but one at least has occurred during the latter half of the present century, when an officer was compelled, much against his will, to comply with the custom. Being rich, however, he sought consolation in keeping his discarded love in a separate establishment, a proceeding which is supposed never to have reached the ears of his royal partner. In the present instance, on the contrary, Mehemet Bey was quite ready to embrace the chance which fortune offered him. Poor and without interest, a simple side-camp uncertain of promotion, he suddenly finds himself the husband of his sovereign's sister, a general and highness to boot. His appearance was the signal for a frantic rush, to which he responded by scattering quantities of silver pistoles (in old days they would have been golden liras) among the slaves. The bridegroom having passed into the sultana's presence the ceremony of marriage was immediately performed, but only witnessed by the sultana's mother. It merely consisted in the Imam tying together with a rope and declaring them man and wife. Directly this was over, Mehemet Pacha escaped by a side entrance to avoid being mobbed and buffeted, according to the common practice of the slaves, who must have been appeased by unlimited bucksheesh. As soon as the doors were thrown open the whole mob poured helter skelter into the inner chamber, where the bride was sitting in state, with a sister by her side. All the slaves, and also the few Armenian ladies who had been invited, bent humbly down and kissed the hem of her garment, but with us she shook hands without rising, and motioned us to chairs very near her. A fair, sweet-faced woman of some twenty-two summers is Naile sultana. She was dressed in a loose-fitting Turkish robe of rose colored silk, slashed with gold, with a long white gauze veil, likewise embroidered with gold, dropped down from behind the little cap that surmounted her tightly drawn-up hair. On her hands and bosom sparkled magnificent diamonds. Her single-button gloves had burst in fastening, and altogether her appearance was anything but rich than what we had expected. Throughout there have been no amusements beyond a band playing European music in the court-yard. The whole affair was a confession of the economy now necessarily reigning at the palace.

Fashion Notes.
Dresses of tinted mull, over princess slips of pale pink, light blue, or cream white batiste, are stylish and becoming. A sunshade entirely covered with feathers is the latest fancy. Either peacock or canary plumage is used to make it.
When little girls serve as bridesmaids there is a pretty English fashion of allowing them to carry an armful of flowers instead of a set bouquet.
A pretty way of trimming a child's dress is to have a cascade of lace and ribbon running from the left shoulder to the right side of the skirt, ending there in a large bow.
Jersey bodices of eiel-blue, rose color or mauve-tinted silk stockings, are worn with white sarah skirts trimmed with tinted Spanish lace, corresponding with the color of the jersey.
When lace shawls are used for overskirts this season they are bordered with a rather scarce raffia ruff, and are draped in the back with loops of the stuff composing the dress skirt, the point falling in front to make an apron.
A new shape in morning caps is in the exact style of the headresses worn by the Neapolitan peasant girls, and another shape called the "Russian" cap, is made of white sarah, with bayadere stripes across the fabric in bright colors of green, gold and scarlet.
Stylish and inexpensive walking dresses are made by adding a plain "kit" of black tatin to a Jersey bodice. A simple scarf of the satin is draped over the skirt, and a shawl cape of the same fabric relieves the plain appearance of the bodice.
Ombre weddings are actually in order: that is, the bride wears of course the whitest of roses; and then, out of six bridesmaids, the smallest or the youngest wears pale pink rosebuds, and the tallest or the eldest wears the deepest crimson roses, while the four intermediate shades up to the novel effect is repeated in flowers of other color and form.
Skirt drapery has become a matter of exceeding complication, and requires almost as much adjustment after it is put on as it receives before leaving the dressmaker's hands. In theory one has only to fasten the skirt belt and walk forth with each puff and loop hanging as it should, but the woman who entertains this theory is not a spectacle for the contemplation of those on pleasure bent.

Advertise.
Ye men of business, step this way; Please notice what I have to say; 'Tis simply this I would advise: Do not forget to advertise.
The efforts of an honest man, When made according to this plan, Can scarcely fail to succeed in bringing, And wealth will be a certain thing.
How is it with the stony slave? Desires all his cash to save; He gains no wealth, and wins no prize, Because he does not advertise.
Suppose the cost seems rather high, 'Twill surely pay you by and by; And all the world will soon despise The man who does not advertise.
Why should you wait? It will not pay; So send your orders right away; Straight to this sheet, where friendly eyes Await to see you advertise.
HUMOROUS.
Spell pea soup with three letters—S-O-U—pea soup.—*Boston Transcript.*
According to the Waterloo Observer love is so heavy that it sometimes break down the gate.
At this season of the year most every man on his way to the barber shop is looking for a short cut.
"Tis the last rows of summer," as the farmer said, when he finished plowing his corn.—*New York Dispatch.*
Astronomer Proctor says the world will last 600,000 years yet. That will do. Any man who demands more is a hog.
Medical men say no benefit is derived from seasickness. It will continue to be fashionable, however.—*New Orleans Picayune.*
Two or three hairs properly arranged on a plate of butter will save it longer and make it go farther than eight pounds of oleomargarine.—*Binghamton Republican.*
It takes 800 full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents' worth of cologne will scent a whole neighborhood.—*Detroit Free Press.*
"I think the goose has the advantage of you," said the laudably to an inexperienced boarder who was carving. "Guss he has mmm—in age," was the withering retort.
The little ones will keep on saying things. Six-year-old Mabel is industriously engaged in "cleaning out" a preserve jar which her mother had just scented. Fanny-cousin Ed Bobby looks at her for a while and then blurts out: "Say, sis, don't you wish you could turn it inside out, so's you could lick it?"
"You sit on your horse like a butcher," said a port young officer, who happened to be of royal blood, to a veteran general, who was somewhat bent from age. "It is highly probable," responded the old warrior, with a grim smile, "it is because all my life I've been leading young calves to the slaughter."
Now who's my gallant steed! My niche-plated bicycle! Thou'rt cleaner than an icicle, Thou art of noble breed!
They talk of Exhall, Troquais, And Luke, the Blackburn nag; It's said that Exhall's a jockey, my boy, A jockey's manning gage!
Now fly, my gallant pitter! No spoke of thine shall I see! We'll see who shall be twitterer, When halts my course keen!
—*Los Angeles Courier-Journal.*
No Need to Drown.
Dr. Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not at all necessary or inevitable that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should be drowned if he depends simply and entirely on the powers for self-preservation which which nature has endowed him. The myth of the Doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph: "When one of the inferior animals takes the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water. But when a man who cannot 'swim' falls into the water, he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms, and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface, and is virtually insubmergible. In order then to escape drowning it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage in regard of his relative weight, in respect of the water, over man; and yet the man perishes while the brute lives. Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child, who can walk on the land may also walk in the water just as readily as the animal does, and that without any prior instructions or drilling whatever. Throw a dog into the water, and he treads or walks the water instantly, and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under like circumstances should not do as the dog does. The brute, indeed, walks in the water instinctively, whereas man has to be told."
Durability of Timber.
As showing the durability of timber, the fact is cited that the piles of a bridge built by Trojan were found, after having been driven some sixteen hundred years, to be petrified four inches, the rest of the wood being in its ordinary condition. The elm piles under the piers of London bridge have been in use more than seven hundred years, and are not yet materially decayed, and beneath the foundation of Savoy Place, London, oak, elm, beech and chestnut piles and planks were found in a state of perfect preservation, after having been there for six hundred and fifty years. Again, while taking down the walls of Tunbridge Castle, Kent, England, there was found in the middle of a thick stone wall a timber curb which had been inclosed for seven hundred years; and some timber on an old bridge was discovered while digging for the foundations of a house at Windsor which must have been placed there prior to the year 1396.