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Afternoon.

Sing, my heart, a cheerful song,' Though the shadows, growing long, Show the sun descending; Life hath been a joyous day-Faith and love shalt smooth the way To a happy ending: Sing, my heart, a song of peace While the shadows still increase.

Hail, oh heart! the calmer days-Greet the cooler, milder rays Of the sun descending; If old age should come apace, Welcome it with gentle grace, Patient wait the ending: Sing, my heart, a song of peace While the shadows still increas

AUNT JEMIMA'S ADVICE.

"No, my dear," said Aunt Jemima, an old lady whose logic was far superior to her syntax, "don't you never ask no advice of nobody, but just find out your own opinion and what it's founded If it ain't got no foundation, 'taint worth saving; if it has, be sure it's a good one, and then just stick to it. Don't let nobody do your thinking for you. We've got to give in our own accounts when the last reckoning comes, and straight or crooked, right or wrong, we have to meet the judgment. No-body can shift or shirk that, and the sooner we learn to be responsible-to kind of depend on ourselves, and sort of bear our own weight—the better for us here and hereafter."

"Oh, Aunt Jemima, how solemn cour tone is, and how you shake your bead at me, when all I asked was your advice about the picnic to-morrow! Frank Abbott asked me to go with him, and just by the same post comes a note from Kate Hunter-I do like Kate; she's so pleasant—and she begs me to go

with her and her brother Harry."
"Jest so-jest so!" exclaimed th
old lady. "That's jest what I'm talking about. You've got what I call a double invite, and you come to me to decide which of 'em you ought to take up with. Now, see here, Gussie Stafferd. You're a mighty nice girl, and I leve you most as well as if you was my nat'ral born child; but I ain't going to spile you for all that. You've got senses of your own; you've got your eyes, cars and judgment. Go to work and use all three. First try your eyes, and they'li show you that Frank Abbott is one of the handsomest young men going, and if you listen to him you'll find him as slick a talker as there is up here in Waterford. Now, it's your judgment's turn, and what does it say? Take care, Cussie; don't be deceived. Beauty's only skin deep, and Satan himself's a smooth chap as far as words go. Look deeper; compare Frank's idleness with Harry Hunter's industry, and you'll find that he has spent his farter's money, while Harry has already made a nice home for his mother and sister. Besides, Frank's nothing but a flirt, and if Harry Hunter shows a young lady any attention he's sure to

"Thank you, Aunt Jemima," cried Gussie, laughing heartily; "thank you I will be sure to pay attention to what you have said. I knew you could set me right, and I rely on your judgment.'

"There!" exclaimed the old lady, getting quite excited and shaking her forefinger admonishingly at her merry favorite. "Ain't I jest done telling you not to rely on nothing nor nobody, but to exercise your common sense and uncomfortable. make up your own mind? Why, bless isn't twenty years and more since I advised any one, and never from that time till now has any one induced me to speak a word of counsel." "Why, what happened then, auntie?" inquired Gussie, with becoming serious-

"I'll tell you, dearie, if you just sit down here on this stool at my side. Never mind Harry Hunter. He is sure for a half-hour yet. I'll tell you when

"Oh, auntie, I hope you don't think

"Certainly not," chuckled Aunt Jemima, enjoying the blushes that mantled Gussie's rounded cheeks, as so many evidences of her regard for Mr. Hunter. "I only thought you might want to send his sister a message about the pie- count. nic. But I was going to tell you about my experience in advice giving. You see I was younger than I be now. I didn't wear caps nor specs, and my hair girls all called me nuntie, and sort of come to me with their troubles, even to make enemies of other young women, then. There was one in particular that and she had her share. seemed to set great store by what I said, and was always wanting my opinion, if she so much as bought a pockethandkercher.

" Aunt Jemima's got so much experience,' she used to say. 'She's a first-rate judge of things.'

"Well, one day she was shopping, and I with her as usual. She was going to buy a silk dress, and let me tell you, my dear, that it was not a trifling matter to buy a silk dress in those days. "Folks were different then-they did not throw their money away, but sort of thought it over a spell before they spent it, and tried to be sure that they got the worth of what they gave. There

was a great pile of silks on the counter that had been opened, displayed and pushed aside; the clerk was fetching a daughter, had been abroad and traveled lot more, and yet Fanny (that was her name) didn't seem any nearer being pleased than when she first started in. "'You've got a notion in your own mind, and nothing here strikes your

fancy, isn't that so?' "' Why, yes,' she admitted, and tried to describe a dress she had seen at a

young friend's the week before. "It was a costly brocade, and far beyoud the contents of Fanny's purse to purchase it; but, as a perverse whim would have it, that was the only kind she liked or cared for.

"'What color was it?" I asked. "She began to tell, but I couldn't quite make it out from her description. Just then the young man, who was well

and we could scarcely see him behind the piles he had raised around him— opened a piece that I thought mighty fine. It wasn't just exactly a brocade, but yet it had a small figure in it; its color was changeable—green and blue; and it was what I called a good, service-

able article.
"'There, Fanny,' says I, 'what do you think of that?' "'La! I don't know,' says she, a-rais-ing her eyebrows kind o' critical-like; 'it isn't just my idea.'

"The poor young man was shifting from one foot to the other; he looked as uncomplaining as Patience herself, and I guess he'd been glad of a monument or anything else to sit on for a

"As you read in stories, its a great privilege to wait on a really pretty young miss, but just consider how you'd like it if you were a clerk, and your teatime was passing unnoticed, while your customer, however nice-looking she might be, kept shrugging her shoulders at everything, and making you nearly smother yourself in piles of goods.

"As for me, I couldn't stand it no longer. I pitied the young man, and I says to Fanny, quite decided, says I:

"Fanny, take that dress, even if it ain't just your exact idea. None of us get just what we want in this world, and if we find what is serviceable and looks

well we ought to be thankful. I advise | teller.' you to take it,' says I. "She looked sort of undecided for a minute, and then, breaking out into good-natured smiles, she said:

" 'Well, Aunt Jemima, I am glad to take your advice. I never could be satisfied with my own tastes. In fact, when I see so many things I can't tell which I want, and I dare say I have tired you.'

"Here she gave the young man such a melting smile that he forgot all about his supper, and frisked round, doing up the silk into a parcel, with his admiring eyes fixed on Fanny as long as she was in sight.

" Now you see, Gussie, my dear, that I actually committed the weakness of advising that young lady, and from that hour my trouble began.

"There was a family living here at that time much esteemed for the entertainments they gave. Dare was their name-a mother, reputed a rich widow, with two daughters-and their invites were sent out for a great party, so that Fanny had to hurry up the making of her new silk, which she expected to shine in on the occasion.

"I took a great interest in Fanny; so, when I went over to see her dressed, and found she needed some trifle from

the dry goods store, I can off to get it.
"I noticed great bills stuck in the windows about damaged silks just received and for sale below cost, but I didn't think much of it till, by-and-bye, when the party was over, and poor Fanny—who had promised to stop in and tell me how she had enjoyed herself-arrived in a flow of tears.

Oh, Annt Jemima,' she cried. 'I can never tell you how wretched I've been to-night! I shall always hate that Mary Dare. She has such a mean, jealous disposition, and never loses an opportunity to hurt people's feelings and make them appear silly. It seems there are cheap, damaged silks in town, and she pretended to mistake mine for one of them. "Why, how nice you look!" says she, coming up to me when I went into the parlor. "I declare those damaged silks make up almost equal to the genuine article!" understand her. "This is real silk, Miss Dare," says I, feeling dreadfully "Oh, yes, I know!" she returned, winking and laughing; "but really now, it doesn't look at all bad. Any one, in a poor light, would take those water-stains for changeable shades." Then I saw her whisper to the other girl, and set the story going. Wasn't that ill-natured in her, Aunt Jemima!' exclaimed Fanny, in a burst

of indignant weeping. "I agreed with her about the young lady's temper. To tell the truth, I to go by at tea-time; but that won't be never did set much store by the family, and when they were found out, some months later (they went off in the night leaving piles of unpaid bills and rent of their house and furniture still due), I wasn't among the astonished part of the community. I hadn't expected much better of 'em. Folks that'll invite you to their house to make you miserable ain't generally of much ac-

"But, you see, this little occurrence kind of set Fanny against that dress. Of course, any one with half an eye could see it wasn't one of the sp'iled silks; wasn't much gray, neither; and yet the but Fanny was very pretty and had lots of admirers-two things that are apt

"Among them, Mary Dare's story got whispered round, and though there wasn't one of the lot who was not ready to say the worst she could of Mary's veracity, they all somehow agreed to

accept this story of the silk dress. "Does that strike you as strange Gussie? Just think a bit, and you will remember a dozen such cases in your own knowledge.

"But to go on with Fanny's green silk, that I had advised her to buy. She soon heard the story, and vowed she would never wear 'the unfortunate old thing' again.

"Of course, that was only silly talk. She put it on, that very afternoon, to everywhere with her aunt, Miss Parker, who was Mrs. Stanley's sister, and a most elegant lady, so every one in Waterford said.

"Fanny was the very first they had asked to share their drives, and I was glad of it, seeing . how uncomfortable she felt over the Dares' story. I sort of took a peek or two out of my window, which ain't just as handy as I could wish for noticing that way, but I managed to get a glimpse of Fanny, in a white chip hat, with daisies, and a black jacket, and though the judge's family looked grand enough, I thought she

hadn't no need to hang her head. "But there's no relying on the humors of young folks. I had run over have done credit to a professional penigh exhausted rolling and unrolling- to sit a bit with her mother, when she destrian .- Statesman.

came all in a flurry. She did not see me at first, and so broke out, in a halfcrying tone:

"I wish I had never seen this horrid green silk that Aunt Jemima advised me to buy. Just think! Miss Jessie had a delicate blue French muslin on, and Miss Parker's was a lovely buff, and my changeable green just killed them both. Miss Jessie said so herself, and I know she will never invite

me again.'
"'Fanny!' cried her mother; but
Fanny saw me, and altered her tone. " 'I don't mean to be cross, Aunt Jemima, says she, 'but this dress seems bound to make me unhappy. Miss Stanley and Miss Parker looked so cool and elegant in their exquisite French muslins and Valenciennes laces, while I must have seemed like a com-mon country girl beside them in this old-fashioned green silk.'
"'And yet that same silk cost a right

smart price,' says I, 'and it is real pretty, too, to my thinking.'

"'I just hate it!' says Fanny, burst-ing into tears again. 'I know the Stanleys have heard Mary Dare's story about it's being damaged thirty-cents a-yard things. Sue Foxly, the dress-maker, told them. She was there sewing, and she's a shameless gossip.'
"'So much the better,' says Fann y's
mother. 'Nobody credits a story-

"'Oh, yes, they do!' cries Fanny. She get's half her custom for the

amount of gossip she carries."
"Why, Aunt Jemima!" exclaimed
Gussie, "that seems just like Patsy
Hare. We all know she carries tales,
but it is so amusing to listen to her,
that we all get her to sew for us. Of course we don't believe half she says. Aunt Jemima shook her head, with a

twinkle in her eye.
"I shouldn't wonder if Patsy Hare was some kin to Sue Foxly," says she; "but which half of Patsy's tales do you

ive credit to, Gussie?" Gussie laughed and couldn't tell,

then Aunt Jemima went on: "After that awhile, young Philip Stanley comes back from Europe. He had been studying how to be a dector in foreign parts; and I have heard that he gave his mind to his work while there, and was ever after a credit to his folks. You'd have the ht so, anyhow, from the fuss they made about They wasn't content with a small celebration, but had to give a big grove party, so that all the town-folks could come and make him welcome. Of course, Fanny was asked, and of course she wore her best dress-girls didn't have one for every day in the weel then-and mighty pretty she looked, though she didn't know it herself.

"Everything was of the finest and best, and the young doctor was so agreeable to all the girls that they just forsook the other young men and clustered 'round him.

"The heft of 'em was dressed in thin white stuff, and some one compared 'em to fairies. This set Fanny thinking over her green silk, and made her dis-

contented, as usual. By and bye up comes a storm; the rain catches the poor fairies, and sends pons, em flying from the dancing-ground into the shelter of the pavilion, where Fanny had gone some time before to sit by Mrs. Stanley. They were all either damp or draggled, and as the day grew cooler after the rain they shivered like a lot of wet sparrows, and had to put on shawls and things to keep them from getting cold.

"Then came Fanny's turn. looked as fresh as a blush-rose in a circle of green leaves, and Philip Stanley told a person I was intimate with that he never knew green silk was such a becoming material for a lady's dress before, and that if he ever married his wife should always have one.'

"Oh, Aunt Jemima!" cried Gussie Stafford, clapping her hands and break ing into a pleased laugh; "you're telling me about mamma and papa, under different names."

"Not so very different," returned the old woman. "Elizabeth Frances was your ma's name-called for her two grandmas, according to the proper way of doing things; and, though your pa called her 'Bess,' I often call her

Fanny.' "And it was through her despised green dress that papa fell in love with her!" mused Gussie, tracing a flower of

was a mighty pretty girl; but I spect the chased silver. contrast between them damp girls, in A single wid draggled finery, did set her off like. Any way, I told her so when she complained to me about the green silk (it was a habit she'd got into), and at the

spoke to your grandpa for her.
"'Well,' says I, 'you're what I call a girl in luck, Fanny; and if you ain't thankful for it and do your best to deserve it, never call me Aunt Jemima again! And now about that green silk; remember what I say, for it's the living truth. Don't never ask my advice any more, for I don't never again intend to give it to no one,' says I. And I have

kept my word.
"Gussie, come quick! Hush! don't make a noise! Remember the window's open, and he may hear you. It's Harry Hunter—there he goes! As fine a fellow as there is in the State; and if you trifle with his feelings you're not

your Aunt Jemima's pet—that's all. "I give no advice-not a word of it; but I have my opinions, thank good-

A Slight Mistake.

"That's a fine house you've there," said Yeast to a friend who had recently laid out considerable money in a new residence. "Yes," replied the friend, "I think I

made a pretty good bargain." "Any incumbrance on it," queried Yeast, cautiously. "Well, yes; my wife's mother is stopping with us just now, but her health is not the best, and the chances

But Yeast suddenly remembered that his wife had told him to hurry back,

FOR THE LADIES.

Girl Postboys.

At every station in Finland, says the author of "Land of the Midnight Sun," I had a young girl for a driver; and these children of the North seemed not in the least afraid of me. My first driver's name was Ida Catherina. She gave me a silver ring, and was delighted when she saw it on my finger. I prom-ised to bring her a gold one the follow-ing winter, and I kept my word. She was glad indeed, when at the end of the drive, after paying, I gave her a silver piece. Another driver, twelve years of age, was named Ida Carolina. The tire of one of our wheels became loose, but she was equal to the emergency; she alighted, blocked the wheel with a stone, went to a farmhouse and bor-rowed a few nails and a hammer, and with the aid of a farmer made every thing right in a few minutes; she did not seem in the least put out by the accident; she chatted with me all the time, though I did not understand what she said, for I did not then know the Finnish language. She was a little beauty, with large blue eyes, thick, fair hair and rosy cheeks.

Marriage Customs of Asstralian Natives When a girl is betrothed her mother and aunts may not look at or speak to the man for the rest of his life, but if they meet him they squat down by the wayside and cover up their heads, and when he and they are obliged to speak in one another's presence they use a peculiar lingo, which they call "turntongue." This queer dialect is not used for concealment, for everybody understands it, and some examples of it show that it has much in common with the ordinary language. To give an idea of the state of formality into which life has come among these supposed free-and-easy savages, mention may be made of the duties of the bride-maid and groomsman. When the mar-ried pair have been taken to the new hut built for them, for the next two moons the groomsman and the husband sleep on one side of the fire, the bride-maid and the wife on the other, the new married couple not being allowed to speak to or to look at one another. The bride is called a "not-look-around," and the pair in this embarrassing position are a standing joke to the young people living near, who amuse themselves by peeping in and laughing at them.— Nature.

Fashion Notes.

Red and white make an admired comination for evening wear. Æsthetic young ladies cling to the

small sunflower floral garnitures. Whether bodices are plain, gathered or plaited is a question of figure.

The most fashionable flower garnitures for ball dresses are of water lilies. Velvet, plush, moire and satin all That is to say, we never saw or heard requently appear in the same costume. That is to say, we never saw or heard of such a thing.—Boston Transcript. frequently appear in the same costume. Ladies' riding bats are a little lower in the crown than they were last season. Some large hats have the crowns completely surrounded with silk pom-

Young and slender women prefer low round waists with belts for evening Ulsterettes reaching nearly to the

knee take the place of long ulsters this season. Heavy double box-plaited ruchings adorn the bottom of the skirt of many

handsome costumes. Rhine crystal ornaments are now made so fine as to simulate diamonds

wonderfully well. Red paper fishes with blue eyes are the latest novelty in Japanese hanging

ornaments for rooms. Long collars are worn by children, girls in their teens, young ladies, matrons and elderly women.

Ombre de Burmah is a new cloth for adies' suits. It comes with a wide fancy border for trimming. Some povel imported bats are made

entirely of a thick network of crystals and beads, which in the evening glitter like a thousand colored gems.

Medium sized fans are carried instead of the immensely large ones so lately tles, and sometimes with head crowned popular. Beautiful evening fans are made of rose-tinted estrich feathers, wood, are met in the way. Some ruins, with mother-of-pearl bandles that color in her own pretty gown.

"Oh, it wasn't just that—for your ma mauve-tinted feathers, with sticks of

A single wide ruche at the edge of the skirt is a favorite trimming for simple dresses. It is five or six inches wide and is laid in treble or quadruple box-plaits placed an inch apart. It is same time told me that Philip had then stitched in the middle and the edges are allowed to fall forward and

almost meet. In the line of winter chapeau there are a few pronounced changes, which might be classed as exaggerated style. The "huge" poke takes the lead in society headgear. This style is very becoming to some faces, and particularly when the wearer tips the bonnet

over the forehead.

Girls as Wood Engravers. A contemporary asked a wood en-graver why he did not employ girls. His reply was: "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work he feels that it is his life's business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness and all are to be carved ont by his own hand, and he settles steadily to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and bye, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her happiness depends on it. She will marry, and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so, but she thinks so, and spoils her work. -The Leffel Mechanical News.

Our Legacies.

If some hand is quite still That we have loved and kept in ours until It grew so cold: If all it held hath fallen from its hold And it can do No more, perhaps there are a few Small threads which it held fast, Until the last,

That we can gather up and weave along, With patience strong In love. If we can take But some wee, single thread, for love's swee sake, And keep it beaten on the wheel A trifle longer; feel

me thread in our hands to add unto, and Hold until our own grow cold, ay take heart, above the wheel, and spin With weak hands, which begin Where those left off, and going on Grow strong. If we bend close to see Just what the threads may be Which filled the quiet hands,

So golden, or so strong, may lie there still, That we our empty hands may fill; And even yet May smile though still our eyes be wet.

Perhaps some strands

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An exchange asks "Do beets pay?" Dead-beats never pay.

It takes just three people to keep a secret properly, but two of the three must be dead.

In view of the buckwheat season the New Haven Register calls in a loud voice for scratching posts. When six young ladies sit down to

talk about a new dress pattern a small boy with a tin horn is a refuge for the "Are you feeling very ill?" asked the

physician; "let me see your tongue, please." "It's no use, doctor," replied the poor patient; "no tongue can tell how bad I feel." No woman would be happy to be the only woman in the world and have all

the men worship her. She wouldn't be satisfied. She'd want another woman or two to envy her -Boston Post. It is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The Constitution of the United States says:

"The right to bear arms shall not be infringed."—Buffalo Express. It is feared that the enormous manufacture of wooden toothpicks is utterly destroying the forests of America, but then the young man who spends all his salary for good clothes must have something to eat.—Hawk-

*Until churches are furnished with mirrors women will continue to keep their bonnets on during the service. Without a looking-glass a bonnet once taken off could never be put on again.

"Will you hold my baby while I look out for my baggage?" asked a woman of a railway employe in a Onicago depot, the other day. man, "but I will hold your baggage while you look out for your baby." held a baby for a woman once and she never came back for it, and that wa-

what made him so careful. Sights on a Road in Palestice, The old maratime plain of the Philis-

tines (which is another name for Pales tine) lay along this coast, from Gaza northward, and it was considered a land worth struggles. This Joshua found. But in vain do we look for the "roses of Sharon and the lilies that grow" in this land so renowned once for its roseate beauty. Still, we are told that in the vernal season it is carpeted like Texas prairie with flowers of various hue and loveliness. Along the dusty afternoon road we pass innumerable caravans of camels, led by Arabs on donkeys. The Arabs generally sits on the remote point of the es cocygis of the auimal, and without stirrups. swings his bare brown feet and legs, while the little beast, like Julus, alongside of his father, trots inequo pede. Plenty of women, with faces here apparent, and in long, blue, cheap cotton manwith burdens of fruit, pitchers, straw or mostly of churches, here and there appear, while square, windowless, Turkish guard-houses are seen at intervals, at whose doors are the white-dressed, fezcapped Turkish soldiers with guns and cigarettes. These are the police who are supposed to guard the road; but to our observation no guard is needed, except in the dark mountain passes, and there Turkish engineering has been careful to have as few guard-houses a possible

There is not much to see on the road until you come to Ramleh. Beggars and backshish, and some old relics as crusading reminders are here, and one very conspicuous object. The latter is square tower and winding staircase. It is off the road and has a fine view of the surrounding country. It is over 1,000 years old, and has many Moslem associations. Ramleh has been the scene of much contest. Indeed, every little spot here in Judea is full of memories, from the time Israel came down from the Moab mountains into the Jordan valley. The road is not to be mentioned for its convenience and perfection, only for its historic, religious and sesthetic interest. It was built in 1869, by forced labor, and indeed its rough and stony incomplete-ness looks like anything but the result of cheerful work. It is supported by tolls, so much per head, on every animal on the road. One should not complain of the road when it is remembered that before 1869 there was not a bridle path to Jerusalem. It is said that the sultan promised the Empress Eugenie to build a road to Jerusalem if she would come that way, and this royal courtesy is the origin of the road .- Congressman Cox.

The St. Louis Republican says if all the big farms in Missouri were divided up and sold, leaving one-half, and in some cases only one-fourth to the owner, proprietors and to the state.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL arrived in New York the other day from Europe, where she has been

for some years. Fine at East Cambridge, Mass., totally destroyed the works of the American Rubber company, consisting of five buildings, together with valuable machinery and stock, causing a

loss of \$500,000. By the caving in of a stone quarry at Rondout, N. Y., two men were killed and two others seriously hurt.

A NUMBER of girls employed in the rag room of a paper mill at Holyoke, Mass., have been taken down with smallpox.

Duning a fire at Scranton, Pa., an old lady. named Mrs. McCarthy, and a Mrs. Reid wert burned to death.

MR. HUNTER, the Philadelphia tax receiver has made a report declaring that thousands of dollars have been stolen annually by a ring of clerks in the offices of the tax receiver and comptroller.

A man died the other day in a New York hospital of leprosy.

P. M. Swain, a Boston drug broker, has been crippled by the Pacific bank troubles and has suspended, owing about \$200,000. Four other failures took place in Boston.

JOHN HALLIARD, president of the broken Mechanics' and Laborers' Savings bank of Jorsey City, N. J., found guilty of concealing the insolvency of the bank, was sentenced t eighteen months' imprisonment.

Mn. Andnew Cannediz has made the princely denation of \$250,000 for a free library to be

built at Pitteburg, Pa. By a collision between two trains near Thompson, Conn., the conductor and engineer of one train were killed and about ten person were infured.

South and West.

Four men in a wagon passed through Abe deen, M:sa., staring that they were from a point near the Alabama line and soing to Arkansas. They encamped three miles west of Aberdeen and next evening some persons passing by found them lyin; dead on mattresses, covered with quilts, each with his head split open as The land courts are so slow that the art is yet

though with an ax.

A BOILER in James Henry's shingle mill Grand Rapids, Mich., exploded, killing the ongineer and another man. The mill was destroyed, and a residence adjoining badly shat-

THE Osage City (Kansas) savings bink has suspended. The Danford bank at Hunnewell, Kansas, has also suspended. Chaig Jondan and Parker Jordan (colored) were Inched in Leflore county, Miss., for the

and James Holland met a similar fate at Dardanelte, Ark., for a murder committed two years TWENTY-TWO States were represented at the

assassination of Robert Calina, a white man,

National Butter, Cheese and Egg convention beld in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. More than fifty buildings, compri ing the business portion of Augusta, Ark., were destroyed by fire, entailing an estimated

ora of \$200,000. Tun cashier, president and directors of the oken Citizens' bank of Falton county, Ga ve here Indicasi.

At the National Dairymen's convention, in letar Rapi is, love, the manufacture of ole nargarine and other adulterations in dair rolne's was denounced. DELEGATES from all parts of the United states and Canada were present at the Irist

convention adopted resolutions favoring full support by all the Irish societies of this coupry of the land league in Ireland. Two colored men in juil at Oxford, N. C., or harge of murder were taken away by a body f masked men and hanged; and on the same day at Yazoo City, Miss., two colored men who

nfessed to having murdered three men were lynched. PRESIDENT D. O. EELS, of the Cleveland Ohio) Commercial National bank, was sitting a his office, cutting coupons from some bonds, and at the same time talking to a friend, when an unknown man who had entered the office quietly walked off with a box containing \$117,-000 in negotiable bonds. The box was no

missed for nearly half an hour. HARRY WESTON, foreman of the Gold Park Mining company, Leadville, Col., was shot and killed by Bagley, a discharged blacksmith. Bagley fortified himself in his cabin, which was surrounded by a crowd and besieged for ight hours. Finally a large quantity of giant powder was placed near the door and ignited. The explosion following tore the cabin to pieces and Bagley was found with a bullet-hole through his heart, having evidently committed

suicide JOHN TAYLOR, head of the Mormon church a salt Lake City, Utah, has just taken to him elf another wife, a wealthy widow.

FIRE and an explosion at Minnespolis, Minn sused the death of three firemen and a citizen and the destruction of a cotton mill and four flouring mills. The pecuniary loss is about \$570,000.

From Washington.

SECRETARY FOLGER has issued a call for \$20,-000,000 of the extended six per cent. bonds of

fall a little short of \$30,000,000. The expenditures aggregate more than \$16,000,000. THE appendix to the report of the secretary of the navy this year contains the report of the naval advisory board, convened last June to report to the secretary some plan for the general mprovement of the navy. The board recom-

the whole to cost in round numbers \$29,000 .-DURING November there was a reduction in the public debt of \$7,249,126. The debt less cash in the treasury is \$1,778,265,340.65; cash

mend the building of thirty-eight unarmored

cruisers, five steel rams and five torpedo boats,

in the tressury, \$245,042,866.99. A MARBLE tablet has been placed in the Baltimere and Potomac depot in Washington to mark the spot where President Garfield fell. Duning the last year the life saving service rescued from wrecks 408 persons.

Duning November (h) following coinage was executed at the United States mints: Total gold, 1,224,836 pieces, worth \$9,998,360; total silver, 2,300,000 pieces, worth \$2,300,000; total miner coins, 5,340,000 pieces, worth \$53,400; total oinage, 8,864,886 pieces, worth \$12,851,760. THE total foreign commerce of the United

States during the last fiscal year was \$1,675 .it would be an advantage both to the 024,318. Exports were \$902,377,846; imports, \$642,664,628.

W. H. TRESCOT and Mr. Walker Blaine, with wo secretaries from the state department, have departed for South America as special commissioners, with instructions to urge a settlement of the conflict of Chili with Peru.

Foreign News.
Dunno the recent storm in Great Britain fifty barges were sunk in the Thames and many vessels went ashore. In London forty persons were injured by falling walls.

THE Bank of Prince Edward Island, a small nstitution, has suspended payment. The cashier, Mr. Brecken, who has fled, is said to have permitted worthless overdrawals to the amount of \$300,000.

Seven persons were drowned in the Thautes by the sinking of the steam-yacht Lucerne after collision with the ship Dundee,

ELEVEN persons have been sentenced to imprisonment in England for bribery in parlia-

mentary elections. ARTHUE LEFROY, whose murder of an old merchant in an English railway carriage last July created great excitement throughout Eng-

land, was hanged at Lowes, Sussex. Six out of a crew of seven seamen were drowned by the capaizing of a vessel in Trinity

bay, Newfoundland. Tuz body of the Earl of Crawford and Bal, carres, who died in Docember, 1880, has been

stolen from the mortuary chapel in Scotland. A Panama correspondent reports that orty officers and nearly 1,000 men employed on Do Lesseps' canal have died of fever since last January.

In Ireland the proceedings against the two sub-inspectors of police who were declared by the coroner's jury in county Kilkenny to be guilty of murder have been quashed by the court of queen's bench. Miss Reynolds, a conspicuous no-rent agitator, has been charged with abotting a criminal conspiracy to prevent

he payment of rent. A DUBLIN cable dispatch to the New York Herald says: It is generally believed here that the present crisis is the most important of the whole land movement, for the people have clinched with the government and have thus far successfully resisted all the strength of coercion. It is a startling fact that two-thirds of the rents are not being paid and that the tenants have no intention of paying them without heavy reductions, which the landlords refuse. no remedy whatever for the troubles.

The Life-Saving Service.

The following is a synopsis of the report of the superintendent of the life-saving service: At the close of the fiscal year the service included 183 stations, of which 143 were on the Atlantic, thirty-four on the lakes, and six on the Facific. The number of casualties on the Atlantic coast within the scope of the service was 151; on the lakes, 94, and on the Facific coast, 5. On board the vessels wrecked were 1,880 persons, of whom 1,854 were saved and twenty-six lost. The aumber brought sahore by life-saving appliances was 408, and succor was afforded to 407 at the various stations. One hundred and seventy-eight vessels were helped by the life-saving crews to get off when stranded, and were piloted to places of safety. The estimated value of the vessels wrecked within the scope of the service, together with their cargoes, was \$4,054,752. Of this amount \$2,828,630 was saved and \$1,226,072 lost. The general superintendent of the service recommends the establishment of additional stations at a number of points on the Atlantic coast and the lakes, urges that the compressation of keapers seed craws be The Life-Saving Service. points on the Atlantic coast and the lakes, urges that the compensation of keepers and crows be increased to a living rate, and makes an earnest appeal for logislative chactments and appro-priations which, in his judgment, are necessary to keep the service from decay and dissolution.

A Boy-Pedeler's Strange Whim.

The boy peddler, with twenty-nine fine suits of clothing, twenty-four overcoats and thirty three pair of kid gloves, has his home in Reading, Pa., and is national convention held in Chicago. The well known to all traveling commercial men who get along that way. Periodically the boy breaks out in local advertisements announcing an addition to his extensive wardrobe, as follows: "Thomas Jefferson Cummings has the honor to announce that he has just added another suit to his fall afternoon wear, and now his fine wardrobe consists of forty fashionable full suits, twenty-four overcoats," etc. It is his boast that he can appear on the street every day in the month and wear a lifferent full suit of clothing each day and allow at least three changes on Sunday. Cummings is about eighteen years of age, peddles notions, with a basket on his arm, helps to support a widowed mother, pays cash for all he gets, sells close and works hard.

On the streets of Reading his appearance is that of a Beau Brummel. His dress is exceedingly lond, his weakness running to green kid gloves, corn-colored ribbons, pink eye-glasses and silk hats of the latest style. In the country, on business, his appearance is that of a poor, humble, meek and lowly Hebrew, and his customary salutation to the people he calls on is: "Have pity on a poor boy and help him along.' The young man is exceedingly kind, affable and agreeable, and succeeds in selling large quantities of goods at very fair prices. The farmers have a strong liking for him, and when they visit Reading on business and see the welldressed young man sweeping past in broadcloth, kids and gold-head. I cane, they little dream that the young man is the peddler boy they know so well at home.

His savings are entirely invested in clothing and articles of adornment. At times he is not seen for weeks. He is then out on the country highways, coining money in a small way. He neither smokes nor drinks, and has no expenses worth speaking of. Then, suddenly, he will break out in Reading, set the fashions for a week or more, and as suddenly after disappear. He generally leaves home on Monday morning, invariably starting before dawn, in order that his acquaintances may not see him in his country make-up. He carries a large basket filled with goods, and he orders his fresh supplies shipped to various points along his route. On Saturday night he generally returns, looking decidedly weather-beaten, but if there is an opera or theater in town he is generally in the front row of the paraquet by 9 o'clock, dressed to rival the most fashionable swell in the land. He is quite a favorite among commercial men, who know him as the boy millionaire." It is currently reported that he is to be married, and that an insurance has been placed on him (marriage insurance) of \$125,000. Cummings claims that he has the largest wardrobe in the world of any person of his age. He is five feet five inches tall, and weighs 128 pounds.