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The Fiddler.

Sometimes if you listen—listen
When the sunlight fades to gray,
You will hear a strange musician
At the quiet close of day;
Hear a strange and quaint musician
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.
He bears a curious fiddle
On his coat of shiny black,
And draws the bow across the string
In evens and unevenly;
Till the sun climbs up the mountain
And the earth with light,
You will hear this strange musician
Playing—playing all the night!
Sometimes underneath the heart-beat,
Sometimes underneath the floor,
He plays the same shrill music—
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er;
And sometimes in the pasture,
Beneath a cold, gray stone,
He tightens up the sinews,
And fiddles all alone!
It may be in the autumn,
From the corner of your room
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddle
Sounding out upon the gloom;
If you wish to see the player,
Softly follow up the road,
And you will find a dark-backed cricket
Fiddling out a merry song!
—Henry D. Jones, in Youth's Companion.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

Winter in Russia is more emphatic than with us. There is a steady glitter in the ice, a barred arrow in the hail. Eternal glaciers lie upon the hillsides; at least it seems as if blossoms and leaf and fresh green grass were gone forever. The sky, sparkling, blue and cold as frost, has only snow-crests in its clouds floating here and there, illumined by a golden light called sunshine, but totally different from the life-giving radiance we hail with delight. Beneath such a sun we would imagine only snow-covered hills.
Yet a young man loiters along the frozen road as if summer zephyrs were wafting the subtle colors of fields of violets and roses to his senses. He is not muffled in costly furs, yet there is something within that makes life warm and ecstatic and full of rosy bloom, despite the desolate fields about him, where the snow lies pure and cold as a quarry of Carrara marble. He is a dreamer and he is in love, so the present does not exist for him. Yet it is nothing that he has never spoken to the lady of his dreams; that she is set far above him; that his love is like
"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the day for the morrow."
It is enough that he sees her every day—and he lives upon that though his rapturous eyes have never rested upon his face. By-and-by he will wantone more than a glance, and the torment of love will begin.
In the distance he can see a glimpse of the bodily structure that is her home, and in his mind he contrasts it with his own humble abode. But he is a soldier of fortune, and who can say what the future may have in store for him? Russia offers prizes to intellect and zeal, why should he not gain one and make a name for himself; or, oh, ecstatic thought, for her—for you! That is his name; it sings itself to mystic music in his dreams—it is written on his soul.
Yet he has only seen her whirling by him day after day in a slight fashioned like a white swan. Sometimes she drives herself, and he has been devising means to say some word to her, to make her look at him once and speak to him. Ah! if she is only alone to-day, it is coming now. He stops with a sudden flash of fire kindling his blood. A slim, girlish figure, in dark, wine-colored velvet skirt trimmed with sables. Her golden curls are streaming in the wind; her blue eyes are full of the sunshine of youth, that light that glows and glows; her lips are scarlet as a pomegranate blossom; on her cheeks she keen wind has brought vivid roses.
Nicolee looks his head at the sight. He does not note the thin, gray-haired old man at her side, half-buried in his furs, and shivering from the icy blast. This man's face is cold and hard as if carved from stone; his lips are stern and compressed; so kindly light warm his pale eyes. A man with an iron will, you would say—no prayers or tears would avail with such a one. Nicolee, blinded by the splendid vision of the girl, supreme in her young beauty, suddenly stepped forward and took off his hat.
An idea had come to him—a frenzy to hear her voice. She had a heart of heavenly pity, he knew, and so he would come as a mendicant. He felt indeed like one who was willing to kneel before her, if he could win one smile.
But he merely held his hat as one that asks for alms—and he looked poor enough—like a poor scholar whose intellect is his only wealth, and who finds it worth nothing in exchange for bread and butter.
The girl had no time to act. In a second her father had noted the movement on the part of the young man, and at the same instant the lash of the whip was laid across his face like a living line of fire. The Count Semiloff had stopped long enough for that and to hurl a half-dozen calls at the young man's head, then the sleigh dashed on like the wind.
Nicolee staggered back. He grew cold and sick from head to foot—cold as a stone, and with no life in him, save where the scarlet line on his face throbbled and beat like a wound. He slowly steadied himself at last, but he was deadly pale, save for the crimson band, and he shook from head to foot as if with the palsy.
"Curse the aristocrat!" he gasped. "I day we will be quits for this. If I lived a hundred lives I would never forget this moment. Bah! fool that I was to forget for an instant that I am one of the people—that my hand is against such as he and his. He has brought me to my senses with a vengeance. That blow ought to kill my love—and it will. Henceforth I live for revenge, and when that day comes, Count Semiloff, I will remind you of this."

The sleigh, skimming along the frozen ground, like a bird on the wing, was a mere speck in the distance by this time. Not a word had been spoken since the oaths that the count had thundered forth with his blow. There was not a sound save a little gasp from the young girl, and afterward a muffled sob.
"Vera, what do you mean?"—in a stern voice. "Look at me." It was the girl unwillingly turned her face toward him—a sweet face, with the color gone, and lips that quivered a little, and eyes that met his own undauntedly, though they were as misty as the blue of showery skies.
"He had a good face, papa, and looked poor and cold."
"Bah—the beggar! Well, I warned him a bit! Besides, I've a shrewd idea that he was a sham beggar, after all—not but what he would have been rightly served if he'd been genuine! There's worth enough in the empire for all. Only with this man I've happened to notice one thing—for the last month I have met him every day! I shatter myself if we will not meet him again."
"But why should he sham beggary?" asked the girl, wondering.
She was very young, only sixteen, and she did not dream that it was her own sweet face that had made the poor youth mad and blind.
Her father gave her a penetrating glance to see how she had been wise to have spared her, but he was too angry. "I thought women were too good to see these things," he said, scornfully. "It's my idea that he wanted to attract your attention at any price! But if he comes in my way again I'll set the dogs on him!"
At these words a quick flush mounted to the fair face of the girl. It was the first time that thought of her power over any other heart had been projected into her mind, and she could not help thinking a little of this man—this first lover, who had dared so much for one look into her eyes. He must be very romantic, then, this poor young man; and her heart softened a little as she remembered his dark, eloquent eyes, with their sparkling gleam.
It was not strange that the thought of this young man took possession of her fancy for a few days. She longed to let him know that her father's barbarous blow had wounded her as well—to show him that her heart was not so hard—that she had not inherited the cruel prejudices of her caste. She found out his name from her maid, who knew the people of the village; and she heard that he was educated and ambitious. Day by day she watched the roads as the sleigh skimmed along, but she never saw the face she half-remembered to see. After a time stern realities took her away from these dreams. Her ambitious father had a cutting for her—a contemporary of his own—against whom her whole soul revolted. Count Semiloff found to his surprise that his daughter had inherited one thing from him—namely, his iron will. She dared to rebel against parental authority—to vow that she would never say the fateful words of assent, even if she were dragged to the altar. "I had been my own child," said the count, in his hardest voice; "but as sure as there is a God in heaven I will cast you off—you shall be as a stranger—I will forget that you live—unless you obey me in this thing."
"So be it," answered Vera, with a white face, and eyes full as cold as his own.
He did not dream of the self-contained power in the girl. He had seen her among her flowers and birds, singing as carelessly as a bird herself, and so he had not fathomed the depths of being, the possibilities of passion and pain, of fortune and high resolve, that were in her.
Only, the next day, when they came and told him she was gone, no one knew where it was a terrible shock to him. He had seen her, he had seen her, he had seen her, but that she should be the first to cast off her allegiance was an inexplicable thing and a terrible blow. All day the lonely old man sat silently as one who has been sore smitten. He wondered that his heart had such capacities of pain in it, and he was surprised at his utter desolation without power in the girl. He was gone he realized for the first time how much he loved her, and that life was an aimless thing without her. A girl of eighteen only, how could she battle with life? But the slow days came and went and she made no sign, and at last the Count Semiloff went forth with hope in his heart—a hope that failed day by day. For the days grew into months and the months into years—four years—and he had not heard from her, not one word.
So as a balm for an aching heart the count threw himself into hard work. His old prejudice grew strong again, and with the vigor of a young man he took up a service for the czar; a secret service that needed fidelity, courage and even recklessness of life. And who was so indifferent to life as the Vera? Now that she was gone he realized how she had forsaken him in his old age? What did the few remaining years hold for him that he should be careful to preserve them? Nay, he was ready to fling them away, if by so doing he could render a service to his master. Therefore, he gave himself up to ferreting out the creatures who were plotting against the czar's life and the well-being of all Russia, according to his convictions.
It was with peculiar sensations of triumph, therefore, he read one day an anonymous note that some one had left for him:
"Whereas the Count Semiloff's vigilance for the czar is well known, an opportunity is now offered for the defeat of a Nihilist plot of the first magnitude, and the arrest, among others, of a certain Sophie Posenski, who is a powerful member of the party. This woman has for two years been a leader and an influence in the band—the most subtle, the most dangerous to all lovers of peace and order. She has an infatuation, an insanity, it might be called, to redress wrong; she is eloquent and sways men's minds at will; she is beau-

tiful, and she rules men's hearts; she is the most malignant enemy the czar can find, and you can deliver her into his hands. Be at the Borsoff warehouse to-morrow night at 10 o'clock. The warehouse is 'Public Safety,' the place, a cellar under the first house."
The count felt a sudden enthusiasm for his work—greater even than he had ever experienced before. Ah! if he could but seize this woman, of whom he had heard much, but whom he had never been able to see or trace before—if he could deliver her into the hands of justice, then indeed he might be able to say "Amen" to his weary life.
Somehow he had conceived an intense hatred against this Sophie Posenski—this arch traitress, as he thought her, who led men into treason with smiles, and made them willing to cast their lives away for a word of praise. And a thrill of triumph came over him as he thought that he was to be the instrument of delivering Russia from this curse. Siberia would be the place for this ardent, snaring soul. In the meantime the object of his wrath, unconscious of her danger, but knowing that she walked amid ceaseless dangers—traps and pitfalls—was making ready for the meeting. Her toilet was simple, as befits a woman sworn to belong to the cause of the people—the poor, the down-trodden and oppressed—yet her beauty bloomed through all, a rose would be a neglected garden. Her hair was cut short, that no time might be wasted in its arrangement, but it disposed itself in bewitching little infantile curls all over her head and low down over her broad, white forehead. The face was full of force, the mouth impressive—but it looked as if it might be eloquent of love and passion as well—and the dark-blue eyes that could flash in scorn at an ignoble action or anger at a tyrannous act, were soft and limpid now with memories. Her room was plain and bare as a cell. She was one of the workers, and her slim fingers were hardened with toil; but she did not grieve over that. A strange enthusiasm filled her heart; she was living for a purpose, and that is the secret of happiness. Once in a while there came up before her suddenly, as if some one held up a portrait, the memory of a face she had seen at the meetings lately—a new member who seemed to hang upon her words, yet whose eyes she never met. "I was so glad she could find no other word for it—she could find no other word for it. Sometimes it seemed as if hatred and love struggled together in their expression, and she had felt a cold creeping sensation as she caught the glance.
She had grown somehow to look for his coming, and his presence affected her in an inexplicable manner. It seemed to touch some chord of memory, too, and she vexed herself with attempts to understand it. To-night, as usual, her eyes sought him out, and then as she met his glance the hot blood surged into her face.
The next moment he was at her side, and with him a person whom she knew, "Let me introduce my friend Sergius," said her neighbor, "and I will leave you together to talk. Two such ardent disciples need no friends."
"I have heard much of you," exclaimed Sergius, bowing, "and have longed, but scarcely dared, to be presented."
"Dared!" exclaimed Sophie, with a laugh; "it is our religion to dare! I shall learn to dare everything in time."
There was a significance in the words which made the girl blush again.
"It is a long time since the cause of the people became the dearest thing to me," then she said; "some one used to send me Nihilist pamphlets, and I became a convert when I was a mere child. I was sure that person. I would like to meet him."
A peculiar smile came to the lips of her companion. "Are you grateful to him?"
"Yes. I look upon him as my apostle."
"Suppose I could point him out."
"You!"
"Yes, pardon me, I am the unknown. I owed your family a debt. I began payment in that way—but I shall not end there."
"Ah!" exclaimed the girl, "I fear they will not be so grateful as I. Hush! they are going to speak. It is Demitri. He is one of the bloodthirsty ones."
It was an odd crowd that was gathered together in the great damp cobwebby cellar. Men with pale faces and lurid eyes that seemed to peer into a wonderful future—when, all barriers burst away, a new world should spring up on the ruins of the old. There were women there in uncouth dresses, with clipped hair and strange bonnets—women who eschewed all the frivolities of fashion as sins against the great cause—who were ready to sacrifice their idols, their money, even their hearts' rinks, for the work. They had sworn to give all—even themselves—according to the mandates of that strange power.
Demitri, a muscular man with a passionate face and fiery eyes, was denouncing the tyranny of the czar in burning words. Then he passed on to a vivid picture of Siberian exile. "We are in Dante's Inferno!" muttered Sergius to the young girl; "first a lake of fire, and then a sea of ice!"
At that moment the door swung open and an old man entered. He did not seem at all bewildered by the noise, but took his place quietly and looked about him. Sergius drew nearer to him stealthily.
"How goes the cause, friend?" he said at last.
"The Count Semiloff smiled calmly."
"Never better? Shall we have a speech from the renowned Sophie to-night?"
"I suppose so. She is cogitating it now, probably, in the shadow of that wine cask!"
The count's eyes followed his companion's.
"What, that girl?" he cried.
"Did you expect to see an old woman?"
"Excuse me. I come from the provinces," the count stammered. "I must see her nearer."
The next moment his hand was on her shoulder. "Sophie Posenski, you are

my prisoner!" he cried. "No escape, gentlemen, the police surrounded!"
The girl turned, and the count uttered a cry. "My God, Vera! my child!" he moaned, and staggered back, then fell heavily to the ground.
The lights were put out and there was utter confusion. "Now's your chance, gentlemen," some one cried. "He is insensible; he has not made the signal."
Vera stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then, stooping, she lifted her father's head in her arms. There was a sound of retreating steps, then silence. Suddenly a torch flamed out on the scene. She looked up and saw Sergius standing near her.
"You have not escaped?" she asked.
"No! I told you I owed a debt to your family. I want to settle it now!" he said, with a strange smile.
The count raised his head, faintly. "My girl, my poor child!" he moaned; "your father did not know; come! I have you at last. Let us fly. They shall not take you now, save over my dead body."
"Ah! Monsieur le Comte, High treason," he exclaimed.
The count stared. "Vera, my love, who is this man?"
"He is—a friend," stammered the girl.
"So you do not recognize me, most noble count?" began Sergius, in a mocking tone. "I am the man whom you lashed for some time one fine day. Oh! I carried your autograph on my face for a long time, and then I carried it in my heart! I told your daughter I had a debt to pay to the family. Well! I pay it to-day. She will be sent to Siberia as a Nihilist; and you, heaven knows what fate will be yours. But I have my revenge."
Vera sprang up with blazing eyes. "Coward!" she cried, "what are you? Whatever my fate, you will not escape—you are one of us!"
He smiled, mockingly. "What am I? I am a spy! Yes, although I am your apostle, that was part of my game."
"Good God!" exclaimed Vera, hiding her eyes on her father's breast, "and I cared for this man!"
At these words the face of Sergius changed suddenly, as if he had cast aside a hideous mask. His eyes were illumined by a strange fervor, and his mouth trembled.
"I have been a friend!" he cried. "Vera, my angel, I loved you. I dared to love you and made me a fiend. I will die for you! Only say again that you care for me and I will go through flames straight into the jaws of death for you!"
At that moment armed men burst in the doors, and all three were secured in a moment. Sergius was liberated as he was, but the count was convicted, traitorous papers had been found in his trunk. He was condemned with his daughter to Siberia. In vain Sergius confessed his plot; there was no pardon, even after he stated that he had introduced the damaging papers among the count's effects. But when the cries of the crowd in the streets urged them to their way to their living death a man came out of the crowd and stood by Vera's side.
"I am going with you," he said, "and thus may I expiate my crime. Where you live, I will live. Where you die, I will die."

NEWS EPITOME.

Western and Middle States.

An explosion on board a steam tug at Haverstraw, N. Y., resulted in the death of the second engineer, fireman and cook, and the total destruction of the tug.
CHARLES DANA & Co., wholesale provision dealers of Boston, have failed with over \$100,000 to \$150,000 liabilities.
HON. CHARLES N. FORTNA, the prominent New York lawyer, best known to the country as chairman of the "Potter Congressional Committee," charged with inquiring into alleged frauds connected with the presidential election of 1876, died suddenly the other day at his home in the metropolis, aged fifty-six years. While arguing a case before the court of appeals at Albany he was taken sick, and his symptoms assuming an alarming phase he was conveyed to his home in New York, where he lingered but a few days before death, relieved him of his sufferings. In 1870 Mr. Potter was defeated for lieutenant-governor of New York by only 200 votes in a poll exceeding 900,000. In August last he was elected president of the American Bar association.
THE Hartford (Conn.) high school has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$120,000; insurance, \$70,000.
A PHILADELPHIA lawyer was fined \$50 for not reporting a case of smallpox which proved fatal.
GOVERNOR HOTT, of Pennsylvania, has signed the death warrants of six men and fixed the 24th of March for their hanging.
IN New York and vicinity the thermometer recorded all the way from forty degrees below zero—at Lake Saratoga—to three degrees below zero—at New York city—and many cases of prostration caused by the intense cold were reported. Three men were found frozen to death—one in New York, one in Greenpoint, Long Island, and one in Newark, N. J.
JAY GOULD has pulled another railroad—the St. Louis and San Francisco road.
A fire destroyed the Providence and Woonsocket passenger station at Woonsocket, R. I., and damaged other property there, involving a loss of about \$100,000.
A CONVENTION of farmers interested in ensilage was held in New York, and discussed subjects connected with the use of ensilage as food for cattle.
THE jury in the coroner's investigation of the Spuyten Duyvil railroad disaster gave a verdict fixing the blame on Mallin, the brakeman of the Chicago express; the two engineers and conductor of the same train; the engineer of the Hartwood train; Mr. John M. Dwyer, the superintendent, and the managers and officers of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad.
A BILL has been introduced into the New Jersey assembly to provide whipping-posts for wife beaters.
PROFESSOR THEODORE W. PARSONS, Dane professor of law at Harvard college, and a well-known writer, died a few days ago, aged eighty-four years.
AN ice gorge at Bradford, Pa., caused the water in the river to rise over ten feet, flooding a portion of the city and causing great damage to property.
By the burning of the Keystone Hub, Spoke and Wheel works in Philadelphia, a loss of \$125,000 was incurred.
WINDOW GLASS and her two sons, a very poor family, living in Greenburgh, Pa., have received notice of having been left a fortune of \$200,000 by the death of a relative in Sweden.
A TRIMMING gale has done great damage to property of all kinds in many parts of the Eastern and Middle States. Barns and houses were overturned, trees uprooted and other property damaged to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars. At Nashua, N. H., a shoe manufactory, a four-story building, in which 200 men were at work, was lifted from its foundations and moved two feet from the proper position. One of the occupying men was fatally injured by jumping from a window. At other points persons were also injured more or less seriously.
AN explosion of the boiler in the mill of the Kennebec Fraying company, at Fairfield, Me., resulted in the instantaneous death of two firemen and fatal injuries to the engineer, tinsmith, forerunner and another man.
GEO. W. GOODNOW, a merchant of Boston and a deacon in the First Baptist church of Cambridge, dropped dead in church. Eight of his brothers and sisters had previously died of apoplexy, and the death of the deacon was from that disease.

From Washington.

ANTI-MORMON meetings are being held in many cities of the West.
FIVE members of a family named Romani, living on the outskirts of Corinth, Ky., were fatally poisoned while at supper by eating of corn bread containing arsenic.
A FIRE at Northport, Mich., destroyed the court-house of Leelanau county, with most of its contents.
Two freight trains, embracing fifteen cars and two engines, were completely wrecked by colliding near Sturgis, Mich.
GENERAL ROBERT B. MITCHELL, ex-governor of New Mexico, died the other day at the national capital, aged fifty-three years.
GUILTY, on the day after his conviction, issued another address "to the American people," in which he affirms that he gives himself "no anxiety on account of the verdict," says he is "God's man in this matter," and appeals for money to employ more legal talent in his defense.
AN estimate has been made of the expenses of the Guiteau trial. It is thought they will amount to about \$50,000. Of this Mr. Davidge and Mr. Porter will receive, it is thought, about \$5,000 each. Witnesses have been paid a little over \$5,000. The board bill of the jury will reach \$5,000. The expense of printing the testimony will be about \$5,000, and the fees for jurors will amount to about \$1,500.
THE census report on the production of bituminous coal in the United States has been published. The total amount of bituminous coal mined in the United States for the census year, 1880 was 42,420,580 tons, of which total 29,242,180 tons were produced in the Appalachian coal field.
MR. LAUREN, of New York, presented in the Senate a memorial from the preachers' meeting of the Methodist Episcopal church, recently held in New York, urging the enactment of such laws "as will rid the land of the great crime of Mormon polygamy." Many similar petitions from the pastors and congregations of Christian churches of all denominations in many different cities and towns throughout the country have already been presented to Congress, all of which urge the prompt passage of vigorous laws to suppress polygamy.
THE eulogy upon the late President Garfield by ex-Secretary Blaine will be delivered in the House of Representatives on Monday, February 27.
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY HUNT has received a cablegram from Engineer Melville, at Valparaiso, Chile, stating that every effort is being made to discover the remainder of the lost Jeannette crew.
REPORTS of ravages by smallpox in various portions of the country continue to be made to the national board of health. In some towns the health authorities have ordered the schools to be closed and prohibited public performances, balls and other gatherings.
MISSISSIPPI. GEORGE A. TAYLOR, counsel for Guiteau, filed a motion for a new trial, accompanied by a bill of exceptions and affidavits by George Scoville, John W. Guiteau, Charles J. Guiteau, and Frederick H. Snyder, of Jersey City, N. J. The following twelve reasons for a new trial were given: First—By reason of the uncertainty of the evidence upon which the verdict is founded. Second—That the verdict does not state which count the verdict is founded upon. Third—That the trial of the case was not concluded in the same term of court in which it was begun. Fourth—That the court erred in excluding the evidence of defendant. Sixth—That the court erred in excluding proper evidence submitted by the defense. Seventh—That the court erred in permitting improper evidence offered by the prosecution. Eighth—That the court erred in entering into an agreement with the prosecution whereby experts were allowed to observe the prisoner. Ninth—That the jury was allowed to read newspapers during the trial in violation of the law. Tenth—That new and material facts have been discovered which should be presented to the jury. Eleventh—That the verdict is contrary to the evidence. Twelfth—That the verdict is contrary to the law. The bill of exceptions contains eleven counts, which are almost identical with the reasons assigned for asking for a new trial, states that he has been confined in jail, and could not give attention to ascertaining facts connected with the case, and had therefore to rely upon his counsel, Mr. Scoville, for all information touching upon the case. Mr. Scoville, in his affidavit, says a copy of the Washington Evening Globe, of November 19, found in the jury's room, has the names of several of the jurymen upon the margin. Scoville further avers that he has discovered two important witnesses in the persons of Henry T. Bagdon, of Fredericksburg, Va., and John W. Green, of Stafford Court-house, Va., who will swear that in June last, upon seeing Guiteau in Lafayette park, they pronounced him insane. Frederick H. Snyder, of Jersey City, in his affidavit, says he was a guest at the National Hotel, Washington, from December 7 to 20 inclusive. His room was near the rooms occupied by the jury, and on the 13th day of December, while the jury were absent, he was passing saw a newspaper on the table and took it. Believing in justice, he had called the matter to the attention of Mr. Scoville. Mr. J. W. Guiteau makes affidavit that he knows all the jurors and believes that the names of Brandenburg, Heilmann, Bright and Sheehan, to be written by the persons bearing those names respectively. The newspaper in question contains an account of the day's trial, an editorial on Guiteau and an account of Bill Jones' attempt to shoot the prisoner.
DISTRICT ATTORNEY CORNHILL declares that Guiteau will be hanged June 30, 1882.
THE House census committee has agreed upon an apportionment bill. It provides for 829 members, as follows: Alabama, 9; Arkansas, 5 (a gain of 1); California, 5 (a gain of 1); Colorado, 1; Connecticut, 4; Delaware, 1; Florida, 1 (a loss of 1); Georgia, 10 (a gain of 1); Illinois, 21 (a gain of 2); Indiana, 19; Iowa, 11 (a gain of 2); Kansas, 9 (a gain of 3); Kentucky, 11 (a gain of 1); Louisiana, 6; Maine, 4 (a loss of 1); Maryland, 6; Massachusetts, 12 (a gain of 1); Michigan, 11 (a gain of 2); Minnesota, 5 (a gain of 2); Mississippi, 7 (a gain of 1); Missouri, 14 (a gain of 1); Nebraska, 3 (a loss of 2); Nevada, 1; New Hampshire, 2 (a gain of 1); New Jersey, 7; New York, 34 (a gain of 1); North Carolina, 9 (a gain of 1); Ohio, 21 (a gain of 1); Oregon, 1; Pennsylvania, 29 (a gain of 2); Rhode Island, 1 (a loss of 1); South Carolina, 6 (a gain of 3); Tennessee, 10; Texas, 10 (a gain of 4); Vermont, 2 (a loss of 1); Virginia, 10 (a gain of 1); West Virginia, 4 (a gain of 1); Wisconsin, 8.

Foreign News.

A CALCUTTA dispatch says that the ameer of Afghanistan has exonerated Mahomed Jan and several other state prisoners.
COPIES of London Pans's have been confiscated in Berlin in consequence of a cartoon obnoxious to the authorities.
TWENTY degrading Indians were killed by Mexican troops in Mexico.
M. ROZETOFF, husband of Christine Nilsson, the famous prima donna, has become insane, owing to the financial panic in Paris.
LEADING English journals express satisfaction at the conviction of Guiteau, but severely criticize the conduct of the trial.
THE French chamber of deputies having rejected the government revision scheme by a vote of 305 to 117, M. Gambetta and the other members of the cabinet thereupon resigned.
RUSSIAN streets of Nihilists have been made in Berlin in consequence of the discovery of a large quantity of dynamite and secret printing presses in Moscow. February 21 thirty-six Nihilists are to be tried at St. Petersburg.
THE financial crisis in Paris and Vienna have extended to Geneva, Switzerland, where numerous failures—one for \$1,000,000—have taken place.
SEVERAL prominent firms on the London stock exchange have failed for large amounts.
THE Nihilists' newspaper organ says that the coronation of the czar, fixed for the 25th of May, will never take place, and predicts grave events in Russia.
SIX Mormon elders accompanied by a procession of Mormon men and women, singing hymns, attempted to hold a meeting in London for the purpose of inducing emigration to Utah. The Mormons were attacked by a large crowd and the meeting was broken up.
TEN Austrian gendarmes were surprised by the insurgents in Herzegovina and massacred.
A NEW French cabinet has been formed, with M. de Freycinet as prime minister.
NINETEEN failures have taken place in Germany and in Dublin. A Frankfurt broker committed suicide on account of his losses.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The elasticity of toughened glass is more than double that of ordinary glass and the former bends much more readily than the latter.
Gun cotton has the great advantage over dynamite in that it does not freeze, and therefore needs no thawing out, a point appreciated in cold climates.
In the case of a hen poisoned with phosphorus the digestive organs were found luminous on the twenty-third day after death, and phosphorus was readily detected.
A well-known German manufacturer of mica wares, Herr Knapfel, of Breslau, now makes mica masks for the face which are quite transparent, very light and affected neither by heat nor by acids. They afford good protection to all workmen who are liable to be injured by heat, dust or noxious vapors; all workers with fire, metal and glass melters, stone masons, etc. In all kinds of grinding and polishing work the flying fragments rebound from the arched mica plates of the mask without injuring them.
The register in deeds of Bay City, Mich., stepped out of his room a minute, leaving his heavy glass in stand on the table. When he returned he found the inkstand split in two in the middle, though no person had been in the room. He wants the scientists to explain this phenomenon. The accident is not a very rare one. When glass, or any metal, is melted and cast in a thick mass, the outside cools first, and in cooling shrinks, the inner part contracts severely upon its particles. Then the inside cools and shrinks away from the outside, producing another counter strain. The tendency of these strains is to produce a split. When a mass of glass or metal which is under such a strain is warmed by the sun or a current of warm air, more upon one side than the other, the outside of that side expands and produces an additional strain which may cause it to fly to pieces. These are the causes why glass lamp chimneys break, and these are the reasons which scientists would give for the Bay City phenomenon.

Some Very Old People.

At 92 John Sojourner, of Louisiana, has, after a year's widowhood, married his fifth wife, who is 45.
Mrs. Haldeman, of Mahanoy City, Pa., will be 100 in July, but Mrs. Simpson, of Pottsville, is 100 already.
At 109 Richard Leonard, of St. Augustine, Quebec, was burned to death in his cabin while lighting a fire.
Ruchael Brown, of Hagerstown, N. J., was 115 on New Year's day. She can still do a day's work if need be.
The evangelist, Archibald McArthur, who died recently at Dunoon, in Scotland, was born on September 5, 1772. Robert Warren, a veteran of 1812, and an inmate of the Dayton (Ohio) soldier's home, was cut off by cancer at the age of 103.
Three Tallahassee warriors, with their families, survive the chief Chieftan, who died recently at Bartow, Fla. It is said that he was 100 years old.
With memory unimpaired and form erect as it was fifty years ago, Mrs. Inman, of Smithfield, N. Y., has begun her second century.
Ann Dorcas, who died on a recent Sunday in Sumter county, Ga., was 108, and had outlived all her kindred. She had been married three times, but was childless.
Thomas Shenfield, of Montville, Conn., 91 years old, continues to walk nine miles to renew his subscription to the newspaper that has always printed this item.
John Binsinger, of Camden, N. J., who can read without glasses, has celebrated his 101st birthday. He was born near Moscow, Russia, and is an old soldier. His father lived to be 103.
The Mountain of the Lord is a solid rock, 100 feet in height, rising above the street level at Mantt, Utah. The Mormons are building on this eminence a temple of fine marble, 95 feet by 170 in area, and handsomely adorned.

The Pocket Photographic Instrument.
Have you heard of the instantaneous photographic instrument? asks a New York correspondent. It is a larger invention. The instrument is no greater than a well-filled pocketbook, yet it is so complete that every man can be his own photographer without any trouble. The process of taking the picture is as simple as writing. You simply hold the instrument before the object to be photographed, and there it is. I believe the policemen of London are armed with them, and they flash their camera on a rogue with as much ease as you would a dark lantern. No matter how swiftly an object is moving, it can be taken. I know of one enthusiastic man who claims that they will be the reporter's note-book of the future. For example, he is writing an article on the Brooklyn bridge, and as he writes he uses his camera. When he goes home he develops his plates, and consequently has a correct picture of the scene before him. Indeed, he never goes out of the house without his instrument in his pocket, and he keeps his friends supplied with pictures. I am a little afraid of the abuse of this invention. An unprincipled rascal seeing a pretty girl on the avenue can whip out his camera and have her face at once transferred to the plate. The instruments are quite cheap—\$10 I believe it is that they cost—so here is fun for the million. How pleasant when taking a walk in the country to reproduce the landscape for one's own gratification and to present it to his mother's side, and in a moment, while his heels are kicking in the air, you have it down before you. If I was you to travel in Europe I should certainly take a pocket camera along with me. Any curious sight you can reproduce in the twinkling of an eye. I have seen pictures of moving crowds, of ships in motion, of men rowing and horses racing, taken by this process with the most remarkable accuracy.
When to Advertise.
An old merchant, who had always been an extensive advertiser, was in the habit of saying (and practicing upon the theory) that the most necessary time to advertise freely is when times are darkest. Accepting this as fact, the present is a good time to advertise. Before the holiday trade was brisk, but since it is not so brisk. Hence merchants do not advertise so freely. Here is the mistake. If there is any difference, advertising should be more liberal if merchants have bargains to offer now. It is now to induce purchases. It is the time that purchasers watch for bargains and bite a hook that is temptingly baited, and how much better it is that merchants who have goods with which to bait hooks should bait them, and sell the goods at small profits rather than keep them upon their shelves and invite damage from dust.—Chicago Times.

South and West.

A NOOT in wheat is reported from Chicago, where in one day over 29,000,000 bushels were sold, the price advanced from 1.37 1/2 to 1.39 1/4.
A CONTRACTOR, traveling named Hudgins was driven by a colored man in a luggy from Roxboro to Oxford, N. C. While crossing a swollen stream on a raft the horse jumped overboard, capsizing the raft, when Hudgins, the driver and the ferrymen were drowned.
ALL the prisoners but one dug their way out of jail at El Paso, Texas, and escaped.
FURTHER heavy damage to houses and farms and large losses of lumber in the vicinity of Nashville by the Tennessee river flood continue to be reported.
BOSS DRUMMOND, a girl employed in a paper mill at Cleveland, Ohio, fell into a vat of boiling water and was literally boiled to death.
CENTREVILLE, Cal., has experienced a severe earthquake shock.
THE Mormons are reported to be inciting Indians in Utah, Arizona and New Mexico to go on the war path.
At a convention held in Yankton, D. T., delegates were appointed to visit Washington for the purpose of endeavoring to secure the admission of the southern half of Dakota as a State.
FIFTEEN prominent citizens of Marshall, Minn., have been affected with trichinosis, the disease caused by eating raw meat, and several reported in a precarious condition.
A MAN who has been in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera house when the verdict in the Guiteau trial was announced from the stage was set upon and thrashed by some of the audience, and barely escaped with his life.
At Wapello, Iowa, J. B. Hoffin fatally shot his wife, with whom he had lived unhappily, and then ended his own existence.
THREE colored men were hanged the other day—Auguste Davis at New Orleans for assaulting a white woman; John Morris at Raleigh, N. C., for the murder of another colored man, and Edward Bolton at Mansfield, La., for badly wounding and robbing Albert Smith, also colored.