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The Light of Stars.
The night is brief, but not too soon;
And sinking slowly,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.
There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh, no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.
And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.
Oh, star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain.
Thou becomest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.
Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.
The star of the unconquered will,
The rise in my breast,
Serenity and calm, and still,
And calm and self-possessed.
And then, too, who's'er thou art,
That treadest this brief path,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.
Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And that shall know me long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow.

Matching the Banner.

"I never was so disappointed in my life," said Miss Beckley, letting her eyes drop hopelessly at her side. "Are you quite sure, Belinda?"
"I've been everywhere," said Miss Belinda Beckley, the younger of the two maiden ladies. "Everywhere! And there's nothing that corresponds with it in the least degree."
The two Misses Beckley looked at each other despairingly. And if one had been gifted with a fertile imagination, it would have been easy to fancy them a pair of elderly enchantresses in the midst of a magic palace. For the quaint, low coiled drawing rooms were filled with jointed bamboo screens carved masses of ivory, hibiscus paintings, and tiny cups and saucers transparent as so many egg shells. And, by way of finishing up the haughty whole, they had hung the walls with draperies and banners; a wrinkled crape encircled with gold thread, lustrous satin, broadcloth tapestry, even strips of gilt-edged paper, Oriental plants blossomed, and phenomenal birds set all one's preconceived ideas of perspective at defiance. And a faint perfume of teak and sandalwood hung on the air, and dingy rugs blotted out the hardest roses and tulips of the carpet, which had been poor enough for the half-century who had once been uncle to the two Misses Beckley and it only required a coffee colored native with wooden shoes and a braide queue to make one believe one's self in the Flowery Land.
"Japanese, you see," the two old ladies would say, looking complacently at the astonished guest who had once been uncle to the two Misses Beckley, "from an atmosphere of newly fallen snow and New York sunshine into this half-lighted, strangely scented mosaic of the East—entirely Japanese."
But life is not without its shadows and upon this especial evening, as the nephew and his attendant lifted her, one of the two Misses Beckley, and in just as the daffodil gold of the February twilight was turning to hazy purple, he found both his aunts plunged in the deepest abysses of gloom.
Mr. Franklyn looked from one to the other of the weird and agitated faces. He knew that that particular cap was never tipped at that particular angle over her face but indeed; and Aunt Belinda leaned against the mantel in an attitude of limp despair.
"What is the matter?" he asked, setting his hat on a lacquered tripod in one corner, and reasoning mildly Miss Beckley, "you don't understand high art."
"You're a dear, good-hearted fellow," added Miss Belinda, with that degree of charity wherewith a missionary may be supposed to regard a well-intentioned cannibal. "And in a knotty point of law I don't suppose you have your equal. But you see, you are not aesthetic."
"N—no," confessed Mr. Franklyn, rubbing his nose; "perhaps I am not. But why don't you and Aunt Miranda go down to the stores and match the thing?"

"We have tried," said Miss Beckley. "It can't be done," added Miss Belinda, with a sigh.
"Give it to me," said Frank, who was great at an emergency. "I'll take it downtown with me to-morrow. There's a new place opened near the docks where they pretend to import novelties. Tado Anoko, I believe, is the name painted up over the door. Probably the concern is kept by an Irishman, with a staff of German clerks. But I've seen some nice things out at the door. Perhaps I can obtain something to suit you there."
"Oh, Frank, if you only could!" cried Miss Belinda, clasping her mitted hands.
"At all events, it is worth the trial," said Miss Beckley, cheering up a little. "Tado Anoko! That is quite a new name."
"So Mr. Franklyn, on his way to the legal Mecca of Messrs. Waitstill & Lingerling the next day, stopped at the newly painted and gilded establishment of Tado Anoko, where a plump, red-whiskered man who spoke excellent English with perhaps a redundancy of 'b's' promptly placed himself at his service. Together they unrolled their ivory-mounted banner and viewed the stork and the palms of the wonderful needle-work wares of the Krusi river.
"Very sorry," said the unapologetic, as he called himself, of Tado Anoko's banner, "but I don't suppose, sir—I don't, indeed—as you'll find handy, to correspond with this ere piece of 'high art. There never was but a few of 'em imported. And they're all bought up. Law bless you, sir, the gentry they 'ave 'em, sir, at hazy price."
"A plump, fresh-colored old woman, the salesman's aunt, who had been arranging palm leaf fans on a gigantic revolving screen at the back of the store, now came forward, peeping at the satin scroll over her nephew's shoulder.
"It's quite true, sir, what Simpson says," pronounced she. "I know those banners. There ain't one to be had in the city. 'Praps our house may import some more for the next holidays; but—"
"Call Alta Graves," imperiously interrupted Mr. Simpson. "She knows a deal about the stock. She can tell us."
Alta Graves was summoned—a pretty girl, about fifteen, with hair brown and shining like a newly-ripened chestnut, and dark eyes which she secretly ventured to lift from the floor.
"Oh, yes," she assented, in an innocent, bird-like sort of voice, "she had seen those banners. But there were none at present remaining in Tado Anoko's store. 'Twas imported novelties. Unless, indeed, the gentleman would take a fine quality of paper, mounted on linen—"
But Mr. Franklyn shook his head. Paper would not meet the views of the ladies in whose behalf he was conducting the investigation, he said. The banner must be of satin, of the same black color, embroidered in a corresponding pattern. He was sorry for going so much trouble; and he went out, leaving his card, so that in case any new vein of banners or decorations should be struck at the eleventh hour, he might perchance get the benefit of it.
"Tado Anoko was a silent partner. And the hands of the office regulator were consolidating themselves at the figure twelve, and the bells of Old Trinity were pealing their musical noon jangle, here came the smallest of tap-taps at the outer door of the firm of Waitstill & Lingerling, in which Mr. Franklyn was a silent partner. And there stood Alta Graves, rosy and palpitating.
"Why," exclaimed Mr. Franklyn, trying to locate the fresh blooming face in his mind, and associating it oddly with Chinese monsters, mammoth chests of tea, and a curious sort of fresh nutting and sandalwood fans, "it's the young lady from Tado Anoko's place, isn't it?"
And Alta made a little courtesy, and answered, breathlessly, "Yes, please."
Mr. Franklyn graciously bade her enter. Mr. Waitstill was at his elbow, and Mr. Lingerling was in the back office arguing with a dusty old client who believed himself a better judge of law than Blackstone, so that the coast was clear. What on earth did she want with him? he asked himself. Had the firm got into a lawsuit, and had she been sent to bid his immediate presence on the scene? Or was she herself about to enter her principals for breach of contract?
"Can I be of any service to you?" he courteously asked, as she stood there, still breathless, and changing from pink to pale.
"Would you please look at this, sir, and see how you like it?" said she, hurriedly unrolling a little parcel which until now she had carried in her hand.
It was a long strip of black satin, with a scarlet-lined ribbed wadding through white silk deeps of water, with the Sacred Mountain Fujiyama rearing its peak beyond, white in the foreground, and a picturesque tangle of reeds and bamboos.
"The very thing!" exclaimed Franklyn. "It isn't mounted."
"Almost any store will do that for you, sir," said Alta, her cheek brightening into still deeper carnation at his evident satisfaction.
"But why didn't you show me this the other day?" he questioned.
"—I hadn't found it then," answered Alta, in some confusion.
"And what is the price?" Mr. Franklyn asked, putting his hand in a business-like way into his pocket.
Here again pretty Alta seemed to be puzzled. She didn't know, she said. Could the gentleman tell her the price of the other one?
It was ten dollars, Mr. Franklyn believed.
"Then," said Alta, speaking with an evident effort, "would you think this too dear at eight dollars, seeing that it isn't mounted?"
"I should consider it a very fair price," said Mr. Franklyn, kindly. And he paid her the money, a gold half-dollar and three crisp, clean one-dollar bills; and she vanished away down the long hall like a gray shadow.
"What a fool I was!" thought Mr. Franklyn, suddenly rousing himself

from a reverie, "not to ask her to take it to Anoko's to be mounted on ivory! And now I shall have to go around there myself. Very stupid of me; but then I often am stupid. But how pleased my aunts will be, bless their dear old hearts! What a wonderful pair of limpid hazel eyes that little girl has got!"
And all day long Alta Graves' sweet pea face came between him and the dusty pages of his proxy law-books, like a vague dream of what might have been, had she not been a shop-girl and he a bachelor close on the forties.
He went home early, and on his way he stopped at the establishment of Tado Anoko.
Mr. Simpson uttered an exclamation of amazement at the sight of the ribbed and the sacred peak Fujiyama. "Well, never!" cried he. "Aunt Sarah, look 'ere, when you hear, did you get this 'ere, sir, if I may make so bold as to ask? For I didn't know, I give you my word of honor, as there was one like it in the city."
It was now Mr. Franklyn's turn to open his eyes. "The young lady whom you saw at Alta Graves' brought it to me," said he; "and I supposed, of course, that she had sent it."
"Alta Graves!" repeated Mr. Simpson.
"Our Alta!" shortly spoke Aunt Sarah. "Then as true as my name is Sarah Simpson she has stole it—and out of our very stock. And she knows of it, for she has the ingratel mix, while we was a-turning over everything to find a match for the banner that you brought here. And you paid her, you say, sir? Her?"
"Certainly I did," said Mr. Franklyn, becoming more and more puzzled and uncomfortable. For as to the oval-faced little maid with the liquid brown eyes being a thief, he did not believe a word of it.
"Very well," asserted Simpson; "this settles the 'ole affair. There can't be no doubt about it now; for she 'ave never paid us the cash for this 'ere satin banner."
"I always suspected she wasn't reliable," said Aunt Sarah, slowly wagging her head and fro. "She's a deal too good-looking. I never had no faith in good-looking shop-girls myself. Didn't I tell you so, Simpson?"
And Alta Graves, who was unpacking a large hamper of cups and saucers and a substantial pattern plates down in the newly hired room, was promptly summoned up by mouth of an eager, panting little errand-boy. She came, coloring and a little abashed, but prettier than ever.
"Young woman," uttered Simpson, respectfully, "what does this mean?"
"Confess at once, you base, unprincipled scoundrel, was promptly summoned up by mouth of an eager, panting little errand-boy. She came, coloring and a little abashed, but prettier than ever.
"I never stole it," she cried. "Do you think I am—a thief? Oh, Mr. Simpson, how can you, a woman, be so hard upon me, a friendless girl? I made the banner myself. I bought the satin and the embroidery silk, and the gold thread out of my savings, and I sat up two nights to embroider it, so that I could earn a little more money than the poor wages you pay me, to buy fruit for my mother, who lies at home dying of consumption. There! If that is being a thief, then I stand condemned."
And here poor Alta's dignified bearing gave way to once and she burst out crying like a child.
"Don't fret, my dear," soothed Aunt Sarah, who was a kind-hearted woman in the main. "It's a misunderstanding, that's all. Don't fret."
"It's a very good imitation of the Japanese style—very," remarked Mr. Simpson, closing his eyes and examining the lines of embroidery. "Really, Alta Graves, I think you 'ave genius."
"Pray forgive me for my blundering awkwardness," said Mr. Franklyn.
And Alta tried to smile through her tears and said she would. "She was ashamed of having made such a scene. The whole thing was a matter of no consequence whatever."
The satin banner was lined and mounted and Mr. Franklyn took it to his aunts, who could scarcely be ecstatic enough in its praise. It was a gem, a beauty, a marvel of art. Such a thing could never be gotten up anywhere but in Japan. And it was so good of Frank to find it for them, after they themselves had scoured the highways and by-ways in vain. That love of an idol! And that exquisite sacred mountain! They never could thank their nephew sufficiently.
Mr. Franklyn went the next day to see Alta Graves' mother, on the dreary top floor of the tenement house, where the uncompromising sunshine that poured through the curtainless window revealed every flaw in the plastering, every mildewed stain on the ceiling. He came home grave and reflective.
"Aunt Belinda," he observed, "you said the other day that you were not intending to use your seaside cottage at Abury Park this year."
"—I had it found it then," answered Alta, in some confusion.
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as soon as the month of May comes," said Miss Beckley.
And so, perhaps, the old ladies were not so much amazed in the autumn when they heard that their nephew Frank had engaged himself to marry Alta Graves. She was very pretty, that was certain, and she had been very good and dutiful to the poor mother who had just been laid under the yellowing autumn leaves. And if Frank was determined to marry, he couldn't do better, they thought, than to marry Alta Graves.
But there was one thing which Frank never told them, nor did Alta, his wife. And that was the secret of the embroidered banner. And to this day the old ladies point it out to their aesthetically-minded visitors with conscious exultation and say, with many twists and wags of their venerable cap strings: "Imported by me, you know. Of course you can't get anything like it, because it came direct from Japan."
"Oughtn't we to tell them, Frank dear?" whispers Alta. And her husband answers:
"No, dear, no. It would only be breaking an illusion. Don't you see how much happier they are in believing that it came 'direct from Japan'?"
—Bazar.

Value of the Cow.

The following interesting facts concerning cows are from Colonel Laiter's address before the Northwestern Dairy-men's convention: The first cow was imported to this country by adventurers from Europe in 1609. They were mostly of Spanish and Swedish breeds. The first cows in the West were imported to Cahokia, Ill., in 1800. They were largely used in places of horses for plowing, etc. In 1850 the first cattle were driven across the plains to California. It was then thought that the nature of the country was such that it could not sustain cattle, but this was afterward found to be a mistake, the dairy interest of California being now well-supporting. In 1880 there were 35,877,791 horned cattle in the United States, which, estimated at \$25 a head, would represent a value of \$796,943,775. This was an increase over the figures of 1870 of fifty per cent. The census showed that in 1880 there were 12,442,137 milk cows in the country, which will probably be increased to 13,000,000. Calculating the value of the milk from \$4 per cow per year, the value of these cows would be \$200,000,000. An increase of ten per cent. during the next year means an addition of \$1,000,000 per week to the wealth of the country. The State of Iowa in 1870 had 869,811 cattle and 1,000,000 sheep. In 1880 it had 8,221,000 cattle and 500,000 sheep. These numbers are constantly increasing. Estimating the annual butter production of 85,499,700 pounds, which, at twenty cents per pound, is a value of \$17,099,940. One-half of which is exported. The dairy interest of Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin has increased sixty-six per cent. during the last ten years, while the increase in New York State was but six per cent. The dairy interests of the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota and Minnesota are also pushing forward with rapid strides.

A Burning Lake.

It is said that from one of the chief wells of Russia the liquid sulphur comes forth in a column that formed a lake four miles long and one and a quarter wide. Its depth is how ever, only two feet. This enormous surface of inflammable liquid recently became ignited, and presented an imposing spectacle. The thick black clouds of smoke being lighted up by the lurid glow of the central column of flame, which rose to a great height. The smoke and heat were such as to render a nearer approach than one thousand yards distance impracticable. Suitable means for extinguishing the fire were not at hand, and it was feared that the conflagration would spread underground in such a manner as to cause an explosion. This supposition led many inhabitants of the immediate vicinity to remove to a safer distance. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at four and a half million cubic feet. The trees and buildings within three miles distance were covered with thick soot, and this unpleasant deposit appeared on persons, clothes, and even on the food in the adjacent houses. Not only was the naphtha itself burning, but the earth which was saturated with it was also on fire, and ten large establishments, founded at great expense for the development of the trade in the article, were destroyed.

Overheating Houses.

Vick's Floral Guide advises against overheating plants. It says the temperature of the room should not be allowed to go above seventy degrees, and sixty-five degrees would be better. Give a little fresh air every day and all the sunlight attainable. An effort should be made to give moisture to the atmosphere, for our own good as well as for the life of the plants." The advice here given in regard to temperature, fresh air and sunlight is just as essential to human beings as to plants. Sensitive plants dry up and wither away and die if the surroundings are not favorable. So sensitive individuals sicken, get headaches and depressed feelings when the room is carelessly allowed to be heated to seventy-six and eighty degrees, when ventilation is never thought of, and sunlight almost wholly excluded. Especially in winter we find sicken from these causes, for the overheating of furnaces and stoves is not as readily borne as the summer heat, and ventilation is prevented not only by shut windows and doors but by weather strips, and the sunlight is absent a larger portion of the time than in summer. Therefore if you find that no plants will live in your own living rooms may it not be that it is too great a tax upon your own constitution to maintain existence in such a place.—Dr. Foster's Health Monthly.

SIBERIA.

Interesting Facts About a Country Little Known.
Mr. C. H. Eden, a member of the Royal Geographical society of England, has recently published a book on Siberia entitled "Frozen Asia." From it we gather the following facts:
The area of Siberia is about five million square miles, and in this vast territory there are less than three and a half millions of inhabitants. It is divided politically into Western and Eastern Siberia, each presided over by a governor-general, and each further divided into districts whose officials receive all orders from their governor-general, and can only apply to the court of St. Petersburg through him.
The religion of the people is of a mixed kind, partly that of the Greek church alternating with a form of Christianity called Shamanism, and partly that of Buddhism.
The native races are variously designated as Voguls, Ostiaks, Euriats, Tunguses, Gilaks, etc., nearly twenty in all. Many of them present interesting points of study to the ethnologist. They are small in stature, with the round, broad face and prominent cheek bones of the Mongols. They rarely build houses, but content themselves with yurts, or huts, constructed of a few poles stuck in the ground or the snow, and covered with reindeer skins or birch bark. The men and women dress nearly alike and their garments are adapted to the rigorous climate in which they live.
Many odd superstitions exist among the various tribes. When a Gilak dies and is buried in a small wooden house erected over his ashes by his sorrowing relatives; and as they believe that the soul after death takes up its abode in the body of a favorite dog, that unhappy animal is sacrificed at the grave of his late master after having been fattened for the occasion. Again, a Gilak will feel himself dreadfully aggrieved if you ask permission to light your pipe at his fire, fully believing that a simple spark taken from his habitation will occasion some great disaster, such as the death of a near friend, or a total failure in fishing and hunting. The reindeer holds a deservedly prominent place in the esteem and affection of the Siberians. Some tribes, although they have large herds of reindeer, betray the greatest aversion to killing them for food. The members of a family, unless rich, never think of slaughtering a reindeer until they have been eight days without food. The Karliaks and Tschuktschis will, neither for love, money or brandy, part with a deer so long as he remains in his body, but will sell a traveler as many deer animals as he likes to buy. A live reindeer will not be given for five hundred pounds of tobacco, but they will sell a carcass for a string of glass beads.

This same tribe have the conviction that all men are equal, and they refuse to show a personal respect to any individual on the ground of superior rank. But these races with their curious customs are a deceiving people. "Broad," says the author, "though that inhospitable area of steep and rugged mountains, be it too circumscribed for the conquerors and the conquered to dwell side by side. Years may elapse before it comes to pass, but the aboriginal races are doomed ultimately to perish."
The chief minerals of Siberia are malachite, porphyry, jasper and agate. The gold mines are numerous, and have recourse to a very clever expedient which lightens their toil. Having selected the portion of jasper that they wish to separate, they proceed to drill holes a few inches apart along the whole length of the block to the depth required. When this operation is completed, they drive into the holes thoroughly dried birch wood reeds, on which they then pour a quantity of water. This the thirsty wood soaks up, which causes it to swell; and the lateral strength thus exerted throughout the whole end of the line simultaneously, rices the substance rock from its bed to be lowered down in triumph by its ingenious assistants. The jasper thus obtained is of a dark green color, and the enormous vases sometimes seen of this material are made at Kolyvan. The garnets of Siberia also produce mica and plumbago. Trade in fossil ivory is conducted at Yakutsk.

Since 1874 it has been known that steamers in summer may pass from London to the mouths of the Obi, Yenisei and Lena rivers which empty into the Arctic ocean from Siberia. This fact has as yet caused but very little increase of trade because of the scarcity of population. As the northern part of Siberia is frozen to great depths and only thaws out in summer to the depth of a foot or less, the country is not very inviting to new settlers, and it must be many years before it will be densely inhabited. In the meantime it will continue to be used as the penal colony of the political offenders of the Russian empire.

In the Cradle of the Race.

Railroad building has begun in the far East. The next quarter of a century will see Nineveh, Babylon, Damascus and the cities familiar to us through the most ancient and heroic history, within easy communication of the rest of the modern world by a complete system of railways. A road 500 miles long is now underway from the Black to the Caspian sea. It runs along the valley of the river of Cyrus, south of the Caucasus, and from a portion of it a road runs in a straight line to the sea. It is so constructed that it is possible to justify railroads in these graves of old nations, but wherever human beings live they must travel, and food and clothing must be transported from one point to another. The steel rails will soon grade Mesopotamia, Central Asia and Arabia.

Unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones.

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

Lord Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke's Assassination in Dublin.
Lord Frederick Cavendish, the law chief secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Thomas Burke, the under secretary, were assassinated early in the evening while walking in Phoenix park, Dublin. At 12 o'clock Lord Cavendish rode through the streets of Dublin in the train of Earl Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant, and the numerous spectators, a crowd of thousands of spectators. At 1 o'clock he stood in the council chamber of Dublin castle, repeating slowly and solemnly after the clerk the words of the chief secretary, as he signed the Testament and signed the register. Under Secretary Burke was there in court costume, and the words of the chief secretary were directed to the sword of state to be handed to Earl Spencer. After the ceremony the chief secretary went to his apartment and remained there till 6 o'clock. After dinner Lord Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke went for a walk in Phoenix park. They were strolling along about half a mile from the city gate and a quarter of a mile from the chief secretary's lodge, when a car drove up containing four men, two of whom immediately from the car and attacked them, stabbing them both several times in the chest and breast. The victim struggled hard for a few minutes, but he became separated, their bodies being found about ten paces apart. The tragedy occurred about ten minutes past seven, and the bodies were discovered by two young gentlemen, who were riding bicycles through the park, and who immediately gave notice to the police. Sirgesons soon reached the spot, but the police were already conveying Mr. Burke's body away to the hospital, and the body of Lord Cavendish was being taken to St. Vincent's hospital, where they will remain until an inquest is held. The bodies were taken to St. Vincent's hospital, where they will remain until an inquest is held. The bodies were taken to St. Vincent's hospital, where they will remain until an inquest is held.

Several of the most prominent members of the Irish National League, living in Buffalo, N. Y., were seen relative to the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke in Ireland. There was a general expression of execration for the actors in the horrible crime and of hope that the perpetrators may be speedily brought to justice. It is considered as one of the most atrocious and rising hopes of Ireland, and as particularly deplorable at this time. James Mooney, President of the Irish National League, has issued a circular containing the following proclamation: "To the League of America: The execrable and cowardly assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly-appointed chief secretary for Ireland, and Under Secretary Burke has horrified the world, and is especially painful and abhorrent to every true friend of Ireland. We denounce the awful crime and exhort our brethren in Ireland to use every effort to bring its perpetrators to justice, and to show their detestation of the fiendish act, which only a real enemy of our race, or some irresponsible idiot, could have conceived or executed."

The City of Roses.

I don't believe there is any region on earth where roses grow in such abundance, variety, beauty and sweetness as they do in this (New Orleans) country. A Mississippi gentleman to whom I have been indebted for information on various subjects, tells me that there is growing on the banks of the Iberville a magnificent Lamarque rose vine thirty feet long. The stem is eight inches through in the thickest part. It was planted seventeen or eighteen years ago. It is a twisted around a wooden trellis, and its gorgeous clusters of cream-colored roses are splendid to behold. At New Orleans the Northern Neil roses cause the Northerner to stare in speechless wonder. I saw one of the plants that must have been fifty feet long. I have seen vines of the same rose that long in the North, but they were craggy and mean-looking, and in the florists' greenhouses. At New Orleans they run wild and reveal like a midsummer night's dream. The blossoms grow in gorgeous clusters of half a dozen or more, and the flowers are so large that they would more than cover the top of a large-sized coffee cup. A single one of the flowers has a diameter of five inches, and its petals will fill a room with perfume. They are as plenty down here as "white top" in a Northern meadow. And they sell for one dollar a bud up North!

The Assassins' Victims.

Lord Frederick Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, and one of the two younger brothers of the Marquis of Hartington, was nearly forty-six years of age and had spent fourteen years in public life without attaining prominence. He was born at Compton Place, the Sussex seat of the family, on November 20, 1836. In 1858 he married Lucy Caroline, the second daughter of Lord Lyttelton, and a maid of honor. Since 1863 he had represented in Parliament the north division of the county of Yorkshire until his appointment to chief secretary for Ireland. Since the formation of the Liberal cabinet in 1868, he has been secretary of the treasury. His elder brother, Lord Hartington, the leader of the Liberals during Mr. Gladstone's temporary administration, was chief secretary for Ireland from 1871 to 1874; and the youngest brother, Lord Edward, has been in the house of commons since 1868. The estates of Lord Cavendish are valued at £1,000,000, and are distributed in fourteen counties. The motto of the family arms is "Cavendo tutus." Lord Cavendish's selection to succeed Mr. Forster was a surprise to everybody. It was generally expected that the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, president of the board of trade, would be chosen. Then it was reported that Mr. Chamberlain urged the appointment of Lord Cavendish, and that his appointment was announced the English press professed their inability to understand it, and the theory was put forth that he was merely sent over as a check for Mr. Gladstone, so that the carrying out of the premier's policy might be entirely in his own hands. The *Pall Mall Gazette* reported that the Irish National League had expressed surprise and dismay at so weak an appointment.

The Place of the Murder.

Phoenix park is in Dublin what Hyde park is to London and Central park is to New York. It is essentially the "people's park," where the citizens of Dublin, without any special distinction, meet upon an equal footing, the splendid equipages of the aristocracy mingling with the general throng of the populace. It is generally regarded as the finest park in Europe, and covers an area of 1,750 acres. It is well planted with timber, and at various points along the line of the park and the neighboring hills. It is situated on the northwest side of the city, and among other attractions it is the seat of the viceregal lodge and of the official residence of the chief secretary, which are situated at some distance from the principal entrance from the city. The park is full of walks and drives, lined with bushes and trees, where men could easily conceal themselves, and as easily escape pursuit. There are large open lawns, one of them called "Fifteen acres," where the land league has been holding meetings every Sunday.

Manifesto of the Irish Land League.

News of the terrible event caused a universal

feeling of horror. Telegrams from all parts of Ireland denounced the assassination in words of the strongest indignation. The following manifesto was adopted on the next afternoon at a hurriedly-summoned meeting at the Westminster Palace hotel, London:
To the People of Ireland:
On the eve of what seemed a bright future for our country, that every manly which has apparently pursued us for centuries has struck at our hopes another blow which cannot be exaggerated in its disastrous consequences, or so the horror of sorrowful gloom we venture to give expression to our profoundest sympathy with the people of Ireland in the calamity that has befallen our cause through this horrible deed and with those who determined, at the last hour, that a policy of conciliation should supplant that of terrorism and national distrust. We earnestly hope that the attitude and action of the Irish people will show to the world that an association such as has started in our country, is deeply and religiously adherent to every feeling and instinct. We appeal to you to show by every manner of expression, and avoid the universal feeling of horror which the assassination has excited, no people feel so deep a detestation of the past as they do, and a sympathy with those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prosperity and reviving hopes it may cast consequences as fatal and long as those that have fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation. We feel that no act that has ever been perpetrated in our country during the course of our struggles of the past century, so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unpunished assassination of our chief secretary and Under Secretary of Cavendish and Burke are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name.
CHARLES F. PARNELL,
JOHN DILLON,
MICHAEL DAVITT.

American Land League Manifesto.

Several of the most prominent members of the Irish National League, living in Buffalo, N. Y., were seen relative to the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke in Ireland. There was a general expression of execration for the actors in the horrible crime and of hope that the perpetrators may be speedily brought to justice. It is considered as one of the most atrocious and rising hopes of Ireland, and as particularly deplorable at this time. James Mooney, President of the Irish National League, has issued a circular containing the following proclamation: "To the League of America: The execrable and cowardly assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the newly-appointed chief secretary for Ireland, and Under Secretary Burke has horrified the world, and is especially painful and abhorrent to every true friend of Ireland. We denounce the awful crime and exhort our brethren in Ireland to use every effort to bring its perpetrators to justice, and to show their detestation of the fiendish act, which only a real enemy of our race, or some irresponsible idiot, could have conceived or executed."

WISE WORDS.

Prudery is a perfume that conceals vitiating air.
Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.
Faith and hope cure more diseases than medicine.
It is not wise to reject benefits when they may be refused.
Happiness is like the echo; it answers you, but it does not come.
A man without secrecy is an open letter for every one to read.
Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of goiters.
When duty seems to clash, "the moral law" always has the right of way.
From the manner in which praise and blame are dealt out in this world, an honest man ought to expect defamation.
In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the most intentions or friends with the best.
Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience and he will see them in their proper figure.
The gold that is refined in the hottest furnace comes out the purest, as the canary bird sings sweetest the longer it has been trained in a darkened cage.

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