#### VOL. XII.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1882

# Voices of the Sea.

Wakeful I lay at night and heard The pulsings of the restless sea. Sounded like dirges From some far back eternity,

Whose spirits from the deep are stirred. Awaking with the morning light, Again I listened to the sea; But with its surges We heard no dirges,

But only life's activity; Morning dispelled the gloom of night, At noon I sauntered forth to view The throbbing of that living sea;

Still it was surging, But only urging All men to be both strong and free-Strong in the soul with conscience true.

At closing day once more I stood, Gazing across that mighty sea; Far ships were sailing, The light was failing; Time, lost in immortality, Was the reflection of my mood.

It is the mind, and not the place, Our moods and not a varying voice, That fills with sadness, Or thrills with gladness A soul whose once great ruling choice Reflects in all things its own force,

## WHERE SHE WAS.

"I don't care !" "Well, I dono as I do!"
And they had been just six weeks

married, these two. Pretty Sally Masters and Will Grav

were poor people; he was a farmer, and she had worked in a factory in Lynn. It was like a new life to her to get out into the sweet country, but she knew nothing at all about farm work and cared less; it was all knew to her, and

at first was very hard.

Then she had a quick temper and a quick tongue, and Will was the only son of a widow and had always had his

own way.

His mother was dead when he mar-ried Sally, or he could not have brought a wife home to the lonely farm, for it would not support three people as yet, though Will worked hard to make it pay; and the year before he had received five hundred dollars from a railroad company for the right to run their road straight through his front

This seemed a fortune to Will, and he thought very little of the road being only a few rods from his door, in com-parison with the money which enabled him to buy a wood-lot bordering on his farm and a piece of meadow on the other side.

But when Eally came there she complained a good deal of the noise the engines made, and scolded to think the n never could come up to the door. for the was afraid to cross the track in it, and the barn lay on the other side of both road and railway.

However, a thing that can't be cared must be endured, so she set herself to he endurance.

But butter-making and cooking were

troubles to her, and to-day Will had grumbled at the specks in the butter, and pushed his plate away at breakfist because the buckwheat cakes were sour. Sally had been afraid they would freeze in the pantry, so she set them on the shelf above the stove, and they were spoiled.

How she wished that she had had a home and a mother to teach her home duties, instead of being an orphan ever since she could remember and working so many years in a footory But Will never thought of that; he

fancied a woman knew housework if she did not know anything else, and he had to take a long drive to day and should miss the good breakfast he really needed, and he felt very cross. He pushed his chair back and said:

"I can't eat those things." "Very well, you don't need to!" snapped Sally, who was just ready to cry, but would not show it for the

"I had ought to have some breakfast to go thirty miles on, and I'm goin' over to Mystic to day."

"I hope 'n trust you'll get somethin' you can eat over there. I s'pose 'Phrony knows how to make good things." "I bet she does !" said Will, emphat-

Now 'Phrony was a pretty, bright, capable girl, Will's own cousin, and he tie that would look so pretty in con-She was just like his sister, for till very and perhaps cast a glow on her too lately Uncle Dan had lived on the next | pale, smooth cheek.

farm, and the children had always played together. But Sally had met Sophronia before

foolish heart had grown jealous of her more blooming beauty. beauty and capacity to do all kinds of home work. This morning the mention of Mystic,

the village where Uncle Dan lived now, was the drop too much. Sally's face flamed and her eyes grew

dark. "Perhaps you'd better stay to Mystic ter emphasis.

"Mabbe I had, if you can't learn how to cook vittles half-way decent," was Will's spiteful response.

"I'm sure I don't care!" she an-"Well, I dono as I do," he replied,

and walked across to the barn. the kitchen as if she stepped on air; nothing else." she was in one of those rages that exalt the body with the passion of the mind, and make any action easy while

the inner temper lasts. It seemed to her as if she heard in her own ears the boiling of her rage; she certainly did not hear out-door sounds at all; it was accidental that in stepping past the window she saw Will drive off down the hard road without so much as looking back to his home. She had not heard the sleigh bells at all.

If some one else had been there for her to talk to, probably she would have cooled down sooner; speech is a safetyvalve many times to an overburdened

And as she flew round putting the doubt. With And as she flew round putting the dishes away and setting back the table in that bare, silent room, its only outlook sheets of dazzling snow, gray woods, with here and there a dull-green cedar, or a round, flat cypress on the barren hill-side, and one expanse of stainless sunny blue above, her thoughts ran riot.

She looked back to the time of her marriage, and scorned herself for having believed Will ever loved her. Just for a few hard words? you ask. Yes,

for a few hard words? you ask. Yes,

"Words break no bones," the proto a woman, though very little to a man.

Will, by this time, was whistling along in the old sleigh, not thinking at all of awful misgivings. The andirons shone his parting with Sally, but of the feed

trouble

She blamed Will for his hateful words, excused herself and pitied herself for her lonely, motherless life and inexperience, and planned a great many things to say and to do that should show Will she would not be trodden on and abused weakly and meekly. She finished her active work, built up the fire and sat down to her mending; but by this time she had come to tears-she felt so sorry for herself-and they dropped so fast she could not darn.

Just then the morning train thundered by and spun out of sight round a sharp curve. She remembered that she must go

out to the barn and gather the eggs, as she always did about that time-she was so afraid to cross the road unless a train had just passed.

She did not put on her hood, for the day was so bright-and her head was so hot with anger and crying that the cool air was refreshing—but ran across hastily; there were plenty of eggs to-day, but she had no basket large enough to hold them, and to her astonishment she found Will had not fed either the cow or the pig; and her abated anger rose to think that he had gone off without doing his barn work.

without doing his barn work, "That's a little too much," she said to herself, "I aint a-goin' to do his chores for him, anyway! I've got enough to do in the house, and don't suit mister at that. If he thinks he's got a dumb slave to work for him, he's mistook. I" - here the cow lowed and the pig took up his own grunting complaint. They had heard her voice and | finish up to-day." knew that there was a chance of break-

Sally had a tender, pitiful heart for

"Peer critters," she said. "I dono as I had ought to be ugly to them 'cause he's ugly to me. I'll run over and fetch a basket and get my hood and mittins anyway. I'll feed 'em, but I'm bound I won't clean 'em, so there!" and boiling over again with fresh wrath she left the barn and slammed the door behind her.

Meantime Will went on his way Mystic, where he arrived in due time, did his errands and went to Uncle Dan's, where he found a good and abundant dinner; and a plentiful meal of chicken pot-pie, mashed potato, boiled turnips, new rye bread and baked Indian pudding pp+ him into exwhen 'Phrony, cellent humor, so thee who had been before too busy serving and eating to talk, asked, "How's

Sally?' he said, very honestly: "Why, she's well, real well; but she got kinder put out with me this morning, and I don't blame her a bit, for I begun it, kinder faultin' my breakfast, and I guess I made her mad; shouldn't wonder.

"Why, Will!" said 'Phrony, with an eccent of reproach that said more than

"Twould be strange if she did know about housework to once," said mild the sage remark. Aunt Gray; "she never had no mother nor no folks so's she could learn; be sort o' scitly to her, Will; she's a lonesome little cretar, with nobody but you to hold on to, ye know."

Will's really kind heart began to rouble him; he went out again into the street ostensibly to finish his errands, but really to buy Sally a rose-pink silk had never thought of marrying her. trast with her rich dark hair and eyes,

For Will had an instinct of taste in his nature, and knew very well how pretty and refined-looking his wife was and after her own marriage, and in her even beside 'Phrony's less delicate and

So he stepped into the sleigh and drove off, thinking how he would "make friends" with Sally, and how that dimple in her cheek would come and go, and how her lovely eyes brighten when she saw the pink tie.

The road seemed very long, for he knew he had left home in a passion, when you get there, seein' things aint and now he was sorry. He got there to your likin' here!" she said, with bit- at last, just before sundown, and driving into the barn was received with a chorus from the cow and pig

"Jerus'lem!" he exclaimed. never fed them critters this morning! I did lose my head, that's a fact. Well, 've got to tend 'em now. Wonder Sally didn't. Mabbe, though, didn't come over, or if she did she

Sally was so angry that she flew round fetched the eggs and didn't look at Very speedily he fed the hungry beasts and put out his horse, resolving to go in to supper and finish his barnwork afterward, for he was hungry.

There was no light in the house, which looked rather cheerless, but then Sally was frugal and sat far into the twilight without a lamp, so he went on and opened the kitchen-door.

A cold chill struck him; the place was empty, still, fireless; a rat ran across the floor as he stepped in.

Nobody was there. The low light of the setting sun struk ecross the snow-fields with a wan glitter into the bare room; the fire was out; the stove cold. Behind the door into

But she was all alone in the house, and the nearest neighbor lived round a hill out of sight.

the shed hung Sally's hood and shawl, and her mittens were on the shelf. Sally must be in the bedroom, sick no

they were married. Almost as if he were afraid of seeing a ghost, Will opened the closet door to see; there the things hung against the wall, straight s worse; and words mean very much and smooth, sack and shawl too, and

in the open fireplace; the wax fruit was and flour he must buy in Mystic, the price of cranberries and the probable candlesticks on the shelf; and the big weight of his pig-it was so near kill- Bible, the photograph album, the copy of Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy-all But poor Sally, pitiable as well as blamable, for to have a quick, high temper is worse for its possessor than for anybody else, still broaded over her paper shades and the wan light of dying wedding presents-occupied the small round table in the middle of the room,

> Everything was as prim, as dull and as musty as ever. Sally was not there. There was but one room upstairs, and either side of it a dark attic; he lit his lantern and searched there, but

> found nothing.
>
> Then he took a bee-line for the nearest neighbor's house, but though the family were full of pity and astonish-ment and suggestion, he did not find his wife.

"Hev ye s'arched the barn?" queried old Grandsir Phelps from the chimney

will had not thought of that; so Royal Phelps went back with him and peered into every corner of the bin, mow, harness-shed and cellar.

They found the eggs she had left in the hay, but they did not find Sally. Then the two men went over the house again, peered shudderingly down into the well, and weighing the bucket with heavy stones and lenghtening the rope, let it down till they heard the wood strike hard against the rocky bottom from whence bubbled up that living spring. Nobody was there.
"You haint tramped around the lots

any, hev ye?" inquired Royal Phelps. "Nowhere only tow'rds your house,"

answered Will. "Well, then, when mornin' comes we kin track her; for it snowed about an hour arter breakfast, and there haint ben no passin' onto the road sence, for I've ben a-choppin' 'long side on't the hull time to-day; and I took a bite along so's not to stop; I was boun' to

But would that morning ever come? It seemed not to Will; he walked the house while Royal snored in the rocker, and recalled with description of the rocker, and recalled with description of the rocker. and recalled with despair and distress how he and Sally had parted in the morning in anger; parted now, it seemed, for the last time.

He had not much imagination, but he had enough to conjure dreadful things about his wife's fate. All alone there in the farmhouse what might not have happened? Or, more probably, had she not fled from him forever, afraid of his temper and his tongue? He blessed the shower of snow that had fallen in his absence and must tell the story of her flight; and he made a few but very earnest resolutions as to his future conduct toward her-if, indeed, any future found them once more

together. But morning came, and on no field or road, not even on the railway track in either direction, was there a foot print except those of Will's old hors and the two men.

Sally's light feet had not traversed that yielding service; nobody had been

Then Will broke down; without food or sleep, oppressed by the awful mystery of his loss, as well as by the loss itself, he grew half-crazy, sobbed, raved and tramp ed the house till Royal Phelp at last went over to fetch his wife, with

"He's past my handlin'; I gues women folks'd know better how to fetch him to now."

So Mrs. Phelps came over, made some hot coffee and persuaded him to drink it, set things to rights a little, and prepared to get dinner; but Will still lay on his face in the bedroom, as wretched and hopeless as a man could be. Suddenly a horse's hoofs beat on the

crusted snow up to the back door. Will jumped up and rushed out, and man handed him a telegram; he did not hear, while he was opening it, the

bearer's explanation : It come to Taunton deepott for ye and the operator said 'was real important, an' you'd giv' me a doller to fetch

Will did not answer; his brain reeled as he read: "William Gray, Taunton. Your wife is at Seyms Station very ill."

"Can I go back to Taunton with

ou?" he said to the man, handing the telegram to Mrs. Phelps, with a light in his eyes that told the relief he was scarcely conscious of as yet. Reckon you kin, for another dollar," and with a nod to the astonished Mrs. Phelps Will was off, and in an

hour was seated in the train for Seyms Station. The story is strange but true; when Sally slammed the barn-door behind she pulled her apron over her head, and ran across the road, safe in the knowledge that the morning express had passed. The light fall of snow dulled the sound of a special freight train slowly rounding the corner just at that moment, and Sally was struck by the cow-catcher as

violently to one side. Stunned by the blow, she lay on the round unconscious. She did not hear the cry of the engineer, who had witnessed the accident; did not know that the train had stopped, or that she was surrounded by a group of strange men. The engineer and one of the brake-

men entered the house and found it

deserted. No other dwelling was in

stepped on the track, and was thrown

To leave a woman lying insensible in an empty house was out of the question, and so at last, after calling in vain for assistance, they laid her in the con-

ductor's car to carry her to the nearest station, some miles farther on. When she regained her consciousness it was her, turn to feel all those pangs of regret and repentance that Will suffered, and to make resolves of her own, if ever she returned to live up to them.

She could not move or speak when the train stopped, and the men took her from the car supposing she was peraps fatally injured. She did revive, however, but only enough to whisper Will's name and town in reply to persistent questioning, before delirium set in, and when her husband reached the hospital where they had taken her she did not know

him, and it was weeks instead of days before she could go home. In the meantime Will sold his farm to Royal Phelps' brother, and bought another close by Mystic, and two miles from any railway. He knew that neither he nor Sally would ever again feel safe at the old place.

So far, their first juarrel has been their last; the resolutions have been well kept. Sally can make pot-pie and rye-bread, as well as many other things, quite as skilfully as Cousin 'Phrony, and she is so happy with her husband and her baby that the sometimes thinks Will lost all his bad temper when he found his wife at Sayms.—Youth's Com-

A Cattle Rauch. Many pens have essayed the task of lescribing a cattle ranch in the far West; yet the writer must confess to a total and radical misapprehension of the subject, corrected only when he himself crossed the plains and saw with his own eyes. The idea is a difficult one for the Eastern mind to fully grasp. It is required that all preconceived notions of what should constitute a well-regulated stock farm must be abandoned and a totally new set substituted. Fences, green pastures, stables, the whistling boy driving home the cows from the mendow when the sun is casting long shadows, the stone mansion embowered in stately trees upon the overlooking hill—this picture of rural beauty that graces ten thousand canvases through-out our land must be laid aside and forgotten if we would contemplate a Western cattle ranch. He who would successfully follow the business of cattleraising upon the plains must keep ever on the frontier, pushing farther on into the wilderness as civilization follows in his wake. If he is pressed too closely, he must strike into a new country "to find a range." His judgment must be exercised with regard to several partic- a beautiful prize spotted pony-accordulars. The couptry be selects must be fairly covered with the natural grasses, by a fall of snow. He must further assure himself as to the perennial character of the stream or water-holes upon the range, upon which the cattle are to depend for one essential element. And, lastly, he should also see to it that he country affords good shelter from the winter winds and storms, secured by clumps of trees, bluffs or other features of a broken country. feed, water and sheller assured, he feels that a suitable range has been found, and returns to drive thither his herd Into a heavy freight wagon is loaded the whole ranch equipment, including tent, bedding, cooling utensils, and provisions to last perhaps a year. The mounted herders drive the cattle with many a whoop and halloo, and the procession strikes out for the new country, Over the rolling plain, making a wagon road as they go, fording unknown streams, finding a way across deep ravines, often suffering for water, and making many a dry camp, riding all day long under the scorching sun, with alkali dust, stirred up by ten thousand hoofs, blown into mouth and nostrils, riding all night long around the prostrate herd, and sometimes galloping away in the darkness to check, if possible, the wild stampede-thus for months, it may be, the procession moves on until the selected range is reached. Here the cattle are turned loose to explore their new home, to eat, drink, wander and rest at will, to forget the hardships of the long drive and to grow fat upon the nutritious grass.

purposes the waste places of our great country.-Lippincott. Digitated Stockings. From time immemorial stockings with toes have been used occasionally,

Meantime the site for the ranch-house

is selected, a few trees are felled and

logs cut, and a low, dirt-roofed log

cabin is quickly thrown together.

Several small fenced inclosures or

corrals, and a branding chute are soon

completed, and the ranch may be

the land is secured; none is desired.

The sovereign American citizen simply

takes possession, fully persuaded that it is his privilege to dedicate to useful

considered as established. No title to

particularly in the treatment of certain foot troubles. Lately they have come into more general use, and not a little public discussion has arisen over the fashionable novelty. The London medical authority, I ancet, is strongly inclined to favor them as likely to conduce to comfort, and spare many persons who now suffer from the development of soft corns between the toes, serious trouble. "They would also be more cleanly than the stockings in common use, because they would naturally absorb and remove the acrid moisture which accumulates between the toes, and which is the general cause of offensive odors from the They will, moreover, give the foot better play, allowing its phalanges greater freedom of action. And, lastly, a well fitted digitated sock or stocking will remove a mass of material from the toe of the boot, and, at the same time, secure increased breadth and space for expansion across the base of the toes. The new stockings, supposing them to be well cut and fitted, possess many ad-

Patience, the second bravery of man, is, perhaps, greater than the first,

vantages."

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The writer of a report on English fac-tories and workshops has drawn a pic-ture which is anything but alluring of London bakeries. He found that in a great number of cases the staff of life is prepared amid surroundings which are as unhealthful as they are unappetizing, and that in some establishments the arrangements are positively shocking.

Reports from Louisana indicate that the cane which was covered by the floods is not so much injured as there was reason to fear that it would be. This is accounted for by the low temperature at the time of the floods, which retarded the growth of the young cane instead of rotting and killing it. In the regions which escaped inundation the prospects for a large crop of sugar are favorable.

which causes consumption. Matter from the lungs of consumptives has Matter stroy the tubercular parasite, he will the lamp is out the two rods touch have conferred a lasting benefit upon each other. In order to light the lamp

which there is only one in existence, belonging to the cabinet of the United

A peculiar business has been comnenced in Texas, the breeding of ponies for the use and pleasure of children. An 8,000-acre ranch in Bexar county, has been fitted up for that purpose. The owner has on it forty-five Shetland Mexican breed, and he thinks that he will succeed. The Zacetecas ponies are dle. They roam over the mountain like flocks of sheep and are about as gentle. In a short time every child in the United States will be compared to the sadand foams in white, stormy rapids. There are sounds and furious leaping and rushing water and clouds the United States will be compared to the sadand foams in white, stormy rapids. ng to the owner of the ranch Mr. Charles Dudley Warner writes

at an end in Sicily. The organization of the brigands is broken up and they are discouraged. "My own explanation of the change," writes Mr. Warner, "is that the brigands have gone to keeping the hotels in Sicily, and take it out of the travelers in a legal but more thorough manner. I might as well say here, from considerable experience in Sicilian hotels, that they on their way to be first-class. Their prices are already first-rate. They have only to raise the accommodation, the food and attendance up to the prices and they will be all right. The landtords have simply begun at the wrong

A piece of good luck has befallen the prisoners in jail at Council Bluffs, feet eleven inches high in his stockings. weighs 275 pounds and is only twenty years old, has been added to their numbers. As soon as they perceived that his gigantic proportions were likely to fix the gaze of visitors to the jail, they put their new comrade on exhibition at ten cents a head. At the approach of a visitor the giant retires from the corridor to his cell and refuses to emerge until the dime has been handed to Like a live coal, this slender thread another prisoner duly appointed to collect the fees. With the funds thus provided the prisoners purchase tobacco and other luxuries to cheer the dull routine of jail life.

An accurate little photograph of Mr. silvery bright, but were in quantity and texture much thinner and inner than his engravings represent. The features, too, were not so full and rugged as in his portraits, but were minutely lined with time, and of that peculiar pallor of complexion that comes only of extreme age. Yet he was won-derfully agile in his movements, and continually shifting positions—some-times settling forward, his elbow resting on the table, the head propped restfully in his hand; then, suddenly leaning backward, the entire figure assuming an air of enviable languor. Cincinnati has a strange hermit in

Edward Holroyd. He was once a partner in a large and successful dry goods house, and at that time was public pirited, jovial and widely known. I wenty years ago he retired suddenly from business, secluded himself in a very handsome suburban residence, and has never since been off the premises. For months no human being sees him, his orders to the family who live in the house being sent out from his room in writing, and his food being passed in through a wicket. The building going to ruin through neglect, and the grounds are untended, but neither through stinginess nor lack of means, as his property has appreciated to \$250. 000 in value, and he frequently gives away money in charity. He takes the daily newspapers, and seems to keep informed as to what is going on in the world, but will have nothing to do with it, and lately refused to see one of his former business partners. Many of his old associates believed he was dead, so completely had he dropped out of notice, when a description in the En-

pairer of his manner of existence called heir attention to him. He is now eighty. The cause of his seclusion was his wife, with whom he quarreled, and who obtained a divorce, compelling him to provide for her a separate maintenance. This soured him, and he vowed to be done with human beings.

### Electric Lamps.

If we examine one of the electric

lamps in the streets we shall find it consists of two rods, one pointing up-ward from the bottom of the lamp the other hanging downward. The rods seem to touch, and the brilliant flame is exactly where they seem to meet. Once a day a man comes around with a bag of the rods. He takes out the old rods that were burned the night before and places a new set in each lamp. After he has gone about, as if he were putting new wicks into the lamps, and each is ready for its night's work, all Dr. Koch, a Berlin physician, has dis-covered the secret nature of the parasite by the lamps are lighted in broad day, to see that every one is in proper trim. They are allowed to burn until the men have walked about in the been found to be swarming with para-sites which are highly infectious. He it begins to grow dark. If one fails to streets and looked at each lamp. If all has propagated the disease artificially and killed animals with the parasites thus produced. And now if he will made of a curious black substance like made of a curious black substance, like only produce a parasite which will decharcoal, that is called carbon. When Keep your eye on coins passing through your hands and you may make a strike. The rarest coin in the United States is the double eagle of 1860. States is the double eagle of 1849, of which there is only one in existence, parts of the rods or the copper wires belonging to the cabinet of the United States mint. The next in rarity is the half eagle of 1815. It is said that the king of Sweden, to complete his colhalf eagle of 1810. It is said that the king of Sweden, to complete his collection of United States coins, paid \$2,000 for a specimen. Only five of these half eagles are in existence. The silver dollar of 1804 is rare and valuations of the bind on the content of the bind on the bind on the bind of the bind on the bind on the bind on the bind of the bind on the bind of the bind on the bind on the bind of the bind on the bind of the bind on the bind of the bind on the bind of the bind of the bind on the bind of the bind on the bind o ble. Only ten pieces of the kind are to and it may be that we can understand

this matter. Here is the brook, flowing quietly along, smooth, deep and without a rip-ple. We walk beside the stream and come to a place where there are high rocks and steep, stony banks. Here the channel is very narrow, and the water is no longer smooth and silent. It boils mares and 100 Zacetecas ponies, a and foams between the rocks. There are eddies and whirlpools, and at last we come to the narrowest part of all. Here, spotted, cost no more than a goat, are the once dark and silent water roars gentle. In a short time every child in of spray. What is the matter? Why the United States will be supplied with is the smooth, dark water so white with rage, so impetuous, so full of sounds and turmoil? The rocks are the cause. sitting. The way is narrow and steep. The waters are hemmed in, and there is a from Palermo that brigandage is about grand display of flashing white foam and roaring waterfalls, as the waters

It is the same with the electricity flowing through the large copper wires. It passes down one wire into the other, through the lamp in silence and darkness, so long as the rods touch and the rocks in the bed of the brook. The electricity, like the water, struggles to get over the hindrance in its path, and it grows white-hot with anger, and flames and hisses as it leaps across the narrow space between the rods.

There is another kind of electric lamp used in houses; it has a smaller and softer light, steady, white and very

In these lamps, also, we have something like the narrow place in the brook. They are made with slender loops of carbon, inclosed in glass globes. electricity, flowing gently through a dark wire, enters the lamp, and finds travel to reach the home-going wire. and, in its struggle to get past, it heats the tiny thread of carbon to whiteness. gives us mild, soft light, as long as the current flows. It seems calm and still, but it is enduring the same fury of the electricity that is shown in the larger

This is the main idea on which these lamps are made: A stream of elec-Longfellow is given by a writer in the tricity is set flowing from a dynamo-Indianapolis Journal: "His dress was electric machine through a wire until electric machine through a wire until scrupulously tasteful and becoming. it meets a narrow place or a break in His hair and beard, set off against a the wire. Then it seeks to get past snowy collar and a coat of black, showed the obstruction, and there is a grand putting forth of energy, and in this way the electric force although itself invisible, is made known to our eyes by a beautiful light .- St. Nicholas,

# A Strange Scene in the House.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times alludes to an odd scene in the House of Representatives a short time ago. Alexander H. Stephens was allowed ten minutes, and he wheeled himself around in the peculiar vehicle in which he sits on the floor of the House, and spoke in favor of pasing some bill which would give the honest claimants against the United States a chance to have their claims considered and paid. Mr. Stephens was very much in earnest, and he gesticulated with his gloved hand with such vigor and spoke in such loud, clear tones as seemed a marvelous exhibition from such an attennated, feeble and paralyzed body. In his seat he wheeled himself all over the open space in front of the clerk's desk, and the members gathered around him in a circle, so that it would have appeared to a stranger in the gallery, who did not know what was going on, that the members were looking at an expert exhibition of a curious kind of a bicycle. Mr. Stephens was applauded when he finished.

A hungry rat devoured fifteen canary birds in Cleveland, Ohio, in one night recently, and in consequence grew so corpulent that he couldn't escape from the cage. That rat was killed with much promptness.

Don't shut every cranny and crack to keep out the air from the rooms, but let the windows stay open for a time.

NO. 13.

The Mountain and the Squirrel. The mountain and the squirrel Had a quarrel;

nd the former called the latter Little Prig; Bun replied:

You are doubtless very big, But all sorts of things and weather Must be taken in together. To make up a year, And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace To occupy my place. If I'm not so large as you You are not so small as I, And not half so spry. I'll not deny you make

very pretty squirrel trap. Talents differ; ali is well and wisely put; If I cannot carry forests on my back, Neither can you crack a nut.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Why do ducks put their heads unde

water? To liquidate their bills. "Anxious Inquirer."-A vessel is spoken of as she, because "she" has to be managed by men.—Rockland

It takes 800 full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents' worth of cooked onions will scent whole neighborhood.

It is now the sparrows flutter In the gutter, And the housemaid, very utter, Scrubs the shutter.

A "three-year-old" discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens

were "wiping their feet on our grass." The Rochester Democrat thinks that one of the saddest sights in the world is to see a young man trying to treat his sweetheart's small and depraved brother as though he were his dearest

"I want one servant girl," he said,
"One maid, to order, so to spéak."
The employment agent scratched his head,
And told the man to call next week.

Next week he came as per request—
The clerk could furnish no such grade,
But quickly put his mind to rest,
By giving him one ready maid. A silver watch that had been buried in a Maryland grave for twenty years

is now keeping good time. But the

practice of burying watches, even in the vaults of a pawnbroker's mausoleum, is not recommended. A Paris p'iotographer has invented a process by which he can take a likeness in the 1-100th part of a second. This time is not so short, however, but that the average boy could change his posi-

A Boy Lover's Tragic Deed. of immature passion ended at St. Paul, struggle together to get past the nar- Missouri, in a tragedy. For several months Albert Drake, a well-connected youth of sixteen years, had been in the agonies of a first love with Miss Jennie Faulkner, fifteen years old, daughter of a well-to-do and highly respected family. The affair having assumed a path is clear. When the rods in the lamp are pulled apart there is a space to be got over, an obstruction, like girl forbade the youth the house and further association with her child. She had no further objection than their youth. Young Drake asked the girl to elope with him, but she declared her intention to obey her mother. Having broken the news to her lover in person gently but firmly, young Drake accused her of having deserted him for a rival, and they separated in mutual distrust. spoke pleasantly to him. He was white with passion and made no answer, but The drew a pistol and fired it point blank at her face. Although they were only a few feet apart his aim failed him. She only a narrow thread on which it can turned on her heel and ran down the street. The boy ran after her, firing as they ran, until a gentleman caught the girl up in his arms and ran into a house with her. Drake came quickly upon the scene and demanded admittance, but was refused. In the mean time a party was in pursuit of him and he ran from them. In his flight he fired a shot at himself without effect. As the pursuers were gaining he suddenly stopped, placed the pistol in both hands, and laying the muzzle against his forehead, fired, and fell dead upon the street.

# Both Saw the Ghost.

published in England, the following ghost story is specially curious as being the only recorded example of a death-bed apparation witnessed and heard by two persons: When the English forces were in postession of Martinique in the seven years' war, Major Blomberg was detached from headquarters to a distant part of the island, and there died of a violent fever. The morning after his decease a Colonel Stewart was surprised, while in bed at headquarters, by the appearance of Major Blomberg in regimental dress, who, in answer to an alarmed inquiry wby he was not at his post, said: "I died yesterday at 1 A. M.," and then he delivered an earnest request that his friend would, on his return to England, attend the welfare of his young son, then in the island, by seeing him put into possession of an estate to which he was entitled, the deeds of which were secreted in the private drawer of an old oak chest n a house that he named in Yorkshire. He then disappeared. Stewart directly called to Captain Mounsey, who slept in the same room, and asked if he had seen Major Blomberg. It proved that he had heard and seen the same as the colonel. The other officers laughed at the story, but soon afterward came the tidings of the death of Blomberg at the hour he had named

At the residence of Jesse McCollum two miles from Canton, Ga., there is growing a rosebush that was planted since the war, in a flourishing condition, which measures eleven and a haif inches in circumference, measured six inches above the ground.