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## A Pathetic Poem.

Marc Cook ("Van Dyke Brown"), the young poet who died in Milan, N. Y., recently, of consumption, left one or two poems touching his sickness and the prospect of his early death, which are very pathetic. Here is one with a sigh in every line:

AWAITING THE END.

Never again to know  
Health's warming, radiant glow;  
Never again to feel the pulse's quickened beat.

The stars' plant as steel, tempered in  
action's heat.

The sweat of honest toil, bringing its respite  
sweet;

But day and night, night and day,  
To mark the body's slow decay,  
And know that Death none one in the game  
(In sunshine and shadow all the same),  
Every day, every day!

Never again to dream  
Of all that may be, or seem,  
In the sunlit future hid from the eager eye  
of youth;

Never to raise the lid of the precious casket  
of truth;

Never to hope to delve in the field of thought,  
forsooth;

But day and night, night and day,  
To watch the hours waste away,  
Still in the world and still not of it—  
Still learning, more and more to love it  
Every day, every day!

Never again to stand  
In the thick of the battle grand—  
In the God-led battle of life, the goodliest  
battle of all,

Where noble it were in the strife, manfully  
fighting to fall;

Never in action's ranks to answer the bugle  
call—

But day and night, night and day,  
To passively sit and watch the fray,  
With a skeleton specter always nigh—  
Oh, worse than a thousand times to die  
Every day, every day!

## THEIR COMMON BOND.

Several explosive sneezes interrupted Loyal Travis as he added the last touches of charming disorder to the fringe of curling bronze hair which lay on her forehead. As a particularly energetic "Ah-tish-oo!" rent the air, and caused her to perform an involuntary courtesy, her straight, dark brows met in the thoughtful little frown which was peculiar to her, and, looking meditatively into the mirror she observed that her blue-gray eyes were inflamed, and that her pretty nose, with its suspicion of tip-tilt-ness, had, on this occasion, more of a suspicion of redness.

"I can't have taken a cold," Loyal exclaimed. "It must be, yes, it is the fifteenth of August!" she exclaimed, as she glanced at the calendar which hung on the wall of her room. "It has come!" she announced, solemnly, as she walked into the room where the family were assembled at breakfast.

"What? The Day of Judgment, or a cyclone?" demanded Kate, Loyal's younger sister.

"None of your flippancy, miss!" rebuked Loyal. "What evil genius has dogged my footsteps since my earliest teens, lying in wait for me, and pouncing upon me with mathematical precision every year on the fifteenth of August? What diabolical spirit, may I ask you, holds me in its clutches from that date onward, making me sneeze, and gasp, and cough at its own sweet will—(not mine, I assure you!) until frost releases me from captivity?"

"Or all and sundry," said Loyal, "as she continued, with mock despair and latent vexation. "But," brightening, and speaking with sudden resolution:

"I will for all that a region lies  
Where the merciares never die,  
and I'm going there this summer!"

"Mrs. Travis, Kate and Johnny stared in amazement. Had Loyal developed latent lunacy? Only last evening they had all assembled in solemn conclave to discuss ways and means to pay the butcher's bill, and here was Loyal coolly announcing that she was about to take a pleasure trip!

"How?" inquired Kate.

"She'll take her honeymoon on her back,  
And travel on the railway track!"

sang Johnny, in an irritating falsetto.

"You know I'd be glad to have you go to Michigan, or to some of those Northern States, dear, but—" began Mrs. Travis.

"Yes," interrupted Loyal, "I know the family exchequer is not filled to overflowing. But I have a plan, and if Kate and Johnny will stop glaring at me as if I were a two-headed lily, I'll tell you about it."

She accordingly unfolded her plan, and, after many feeble jokes and much scoffing on the part of Kate and Johnny, great perplexity on the part of Mrs. Travis, and much triumphant proving of points at issue on the part of Loyal, she won her mother's consent to what she wished to do, and cheerfully dispensed with the approval of jeering Kate and Johnny.

One afternoon, late in August, Donald Trafton stood by the river at a Wisconsin summer resort skipping stones. As he was sauntering along the wooded banks of the Lac la Belle, its smooth expanse suggested a renewal, at thirty, of one of his boyish sports at ten. Acting upon the suggestion, he had collected a small mountain of thin, smooth stones, and for the past ten minutes or more had been laboriously trying to make them skip properly. But instead of giving the graceful little leaps which Trafton had expected them to do as a matter of course, they ineffectually grazed the surface of the river and then plunged at once beneath. They made a pretty show of sparkles and dancing rings on the water, it is true, but they were not by any means fulfilling the duty of skipping stones. Donald paused and ruefully admitted that his success was not brilliant. So evidently thought an unseen spectator, for, to Trafton's

stupefaction, there swooped upon him an apparition in an ivory flannel dress, with a dark green sailor hat attil on a bronze confusion of curl and wave, and a pair of

"Eyes of a deep, soft, luscious blue,  
Eyes too expressive to be blue,  
Too lovely to be gray."

met his with the direct gaze of a child, while a sweet voice pleaded:

"Oh, please let me show you!"

As Trafton turned, a slight reddening, which would have been an undeniable blush in a fairer man, overspread his face, and he met the gaze of the pretty stranger with a look of recognition and pleasure which was instantly suppressed. She did not notice this look, however, for her fingers were tingling for the skipping-stones as an artist's may tingle for pencil and brush when he sees them used by unskillful hands. Trafton making no reply to her request, she again pleaded:

"Oh, please let me show you!"

He yielded his place at once to the neocrita in ivory-and-green, and, after ruthlessly demolishing Trafton's carefully-built mountain, she gleamed from the scattered stones a few that met with her approval, and proceeded to "show" him. How pretty she looked as she stooped poised on the bank, taking careful aim! With her fringe of hair blown by the winds into countless curly tendrils, her lashes resting heavily on her cheeks like black satin on peach blossoms, and resolute little dimples deepening at the corners of her mouth, Trafton thought he had never seen anything more satisfactory to look upon.

In another instant the stone was thrown. A deft turn of the wrist sent it spinning over the river, touching its surface and bounding onward four separate times. Incognita breathed a quick, satisfied sigh at the successful accomplishment of her feat, and said, excitedly, "There! Johnny himself couldn't have done better!" Then she suddenly seemed to awaken to the enormity of her conduct in thus thrusting herself into the society of an unknown gentleman, taking forcible possession of his retreat, and insisting upon teaching him to skip stones, will he, nill he. Sudden scarlet eclipsed cheek and peach blossoms, and she began to stammer apologies.

"What will you think of me?" she began. "Indeed I am not bold and improper, although I know that I must have seemed so this afternoon. You may ask any one at Fort Raynor if I am." And then, recollecting that she was speaking to some one who had probably never seen Fort Raynor, she added, hastily, "Or I will give you the address of my minister and my Bible-class teacher, and you may write and ask them."

Trafton looked at her with smiling dark eyes as she stood, in wild anxiety, to clear herself from all suspicion of being an improper person. Then, as she concluded, he said, reassuringly:

"There is no necessity for writing. I am fully convinced that you are the very pink and pinnacle of propriety. Why, any young lady who had a spark of the missionary spirit in her composition would feel it an imperative duty to hasten to the instruction of a benighted heathen, who was struggling, unaided and alone, to make some progress in the noble art of skipping stones."

"You really were doing very badly," said the pretty missionary, candidly.

"Still, if you really insist upon it," continued Trafton, looking at her quizzically, "when I return to Fort Raynor I will question your pastor and teacher with regard to you, Miss Travis."

The tables of surprise were completely turned upon Loyal. She stared, blankly, "Fort Raynor! Miss Travis!" then recovering herself slightly, said: "I know that it is not polite to stare at you so, and repeat your words as if I was a parrot; but you have completely petrified me. Please turn me to flesh and blood as quickly as possible, by explaining what you meant by exploding these names upon me like two Fourth of July firecrackers."

"Very well, Miss Galatea. I live at Fort Raynor. I am Donald Trafton, of the firm of Trafton & Detweiler, hardware merchants. I have seen you in church, and learned your name, although I have never chanced to meet you anywhere until today."

"We have only lived in Fort Raynor for two months," explained Loyal, "and we have been busy settling, and mother's health is poor, so that I've been almost nowhere as yet, except to church and the confectioner's." she added, with a whimsical reflectiveness.

"Sometimes, when I feel as if I were absolutely rolling in gold—that is, have a dime to spare—I treat myself to some chocolates. Now, if you had only chosen to sell candy instead of stoves and nails, this double surprise might have been avoided. But you would have learned what a temper I have if you had sold me stale chocolates."

"Never would I have been guilty of such baseness!" returned Trafton, fervently. "But have I dissolved the stony spell which bound you?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Loyal, giving herself a playful little shake. "But I am turned to flesh only to fly, for it's a quarter past five," she announced, glancing at her watch and returning it to her girle of dark-green velvet. Then, before Trafton could carry out his intention of looking at his time-piece, and declaring that hers was absurdly fast, she had bidden him good-afternoon and sped away.

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He hurried after her to express a wish that they might meet often. She never paused, but merely tossed over her shoulder a cool, "It isn't likely, for I am so busy."

"What can she be so busy about," Trafton pondered, shrugging his shoulders in annoyance. "For what fancy work (or fancy idleness) she has

thrown me over, I wonder? Probably, like the rest of womankind, she has fallen under the baleful influence of sunflowers and cat-tails. But she is carrying her devotions to extremes, if even for their aesthetic sake, she eschews the society of her kind."

Trafton felt amazed, as well as nettled, by Loyal's cavalier dismissal of his request. He was by no means vain; still, he could not but be conscious that he had a well-knit, athletic figure and a remarkably handsome face; and he knew there were few young ladies who would not prefer his society to seclusion, even when brightened by the yellow charms of the most gorgeous sunflower that ever lit a Kansas prairie or bloomed upon a chair-back. He reflected, however, that Miss Travis' apparent check upon his advances might be only a coquettish thorn, intended to sting and stimulate him into seeking the rose, herself. And then he fell to wondering if he would see her at the lawn social that evening.

He had told her that he had seen her sometimes at church, but he had not informed her that, after his first sight of her there, he had attended its services regularly for the sole purpose of looking at her.

He had strolled into the Episcopal church at Fort Raynor, and his attention had been attracted by a very pretty girl who looked, as he listened to the sermon, like a child listening to an absorbing fairy story. Her eyes were wide and attentive, her head thrown a little back and her lips slightly parted. Loyal never possessed effect, but she had a way of doing heartily whatever she did, which habit included even listening to a rather poor sermon.

Trafton came again and again, making the lovely face, with its fascinating combination of earnestness and piety, his prayer-book, sermon and song. He had never been able to obtain an introduction to its owner, for the reason which she herself had given that afternoon. Then the time for his annual hay-fever coming around, he had run away from it to this northern retreat, trusting to find Miss Travis in her usual place on his return.

She was not at the lawn social, nor did he meet any one who knew her, so he was forced to fall back upon the idea of another chance encounter.

It came three days later. He found her seated on a camp stool trying to sketch a bit of river scenery. He was as familiar with paint brush and pencil as she was with skipping stones, and under his instructions and finishing touches the sketch was much more satisfactory than it would have been otherwise.

"My self-respect is at last restored," said Trafton. "We have mutually instructed and surprised each other and may as well cry quits."

"Perhaps," said Loyal, with a look which suggested the possibility of her having further surprises in store. Then she gathered up her materials preparatory to another flight.

"Are you Cinderella running off to your pots and pans?" laughingly inquired Trafton, as he noted the quick look at her watch with which she prepared her withdrawal.

"Perhaps," tersely replied this mysterious young woman. "I am—stopping—at Mrs. Blanding's," she added, with an odd little dimpling smile, as Trafton begged her to tell him where she boarded; then walked away with a swift, elastic tread.

The next morning found Trafton installed as a guest at Mrs. Blanding's. In the margin of time which bordered the dinner hour some of his fellow-boarders assembled in the wide hall or on the shaded porch. He scanned the little knot for Loyal, but she was not visible. Eminent among the ladies seated at classical girls, two scientific girls and a flirting girl. The classical girl had woven several Homeric threads into the web of desultory conversation; the scientific girls had set upon Darwin and Herbert Spencer in opposition to Homer; the flirting girl had angled for and obtained several neat little compliments, yet Loyal did not appear. They were at the dinner table; every chair was occupied; Trafton's eyes wandered eagerly in search of Loyal, still she was unaccountably absent. He turned suddenly to a sweet, unusual voice behind his chair inquiring his choice soups, and his eyes rested upon the face for which he had been searching.

This creature of surprises wore a blue gingham, with a white apron and white collar and cuffs. Her wayward hair was fluffed and coiled into submission, and if any merriment lay in ambush under the dark lashes it revealed itself only by the merest twinkle. Beside this severely grave young person Loyal's ideal woman, as exemplified in Eve waiting on her celestial visitors, would have appeared a giddy thing.

In his amazement he had not answered her question, and she repeated it. He stammered something in reply, and she tilted away. Awaiting her return, he glanced at the other occupants of the table to see what they thought of having Miss Travis for a waitress. Apparently, they thought nothing of it, for their faces showed no marks of surprise, and they continued sipping soup so placidly that Trafton soliloquized somewhat savagely: "If an angel should drop down in a casual way, fold its wings carefully so as to keep the feathers out of its tippet, put a large apron over its 'robe of white samite, mystic, wonderful, and begin to wait on the table, they would take it as a matter of course."

Loyal soon returned with the soup, and placing it before Trafton, said, in a solemn, measured whisper, "Are we—quits?" Then her lips suddenly curved, and a voiceless laugh ran over her face, setting free a host of dimples and brimming over in her blue-gray eyes. A second later her face was un-

challengeably demure, and she darted away to supply somebody with water.

Trafton wished that the merry bud of laughter could have blossomed. He would have liked to join in the silver peal, even though it had rung at his own expense.

Light had broken upon him. He fancied that he held the clue to Loyal's freak. Remembering her pregnant "Perhaps!" in answer to his remark that they might as well cry quits, he concluded that she had planned this surprise on the spot in order to turn the scale once more in her favor, and that she had taken the boards into her confidence and bound them to silence. And he would not question any one. The little wish should have her triumph; he would not mar it by any Paul Prying.

As the days went on he was rather surprised to see her remain in her post and take no share in the festivities of the place; but perhaps she had a taste for private theatricals and wished to make her part consistent. At all events, frankness was to Loyal what freckledness is to the pansy—an added grace.

Loyal, having got the better of Trafton, felt friendly toward him in consequence, and graciously allowed him to fill her intervals of leisure with boating, sketching, rambling and all the other pleasant and sportful of summer idling-time, which can be conducted *à deux*, and from which, therefore, was not declared.

So the days sped on as lightly as thistle-down puffs on a buoyant breeze till the woods began to blush and the summer sojourners to ebb away. Trafton was not certain that Loyal returned his love, for she was by no means a girl to wear a sweet secret as openly as the flowers at her belt. One morning, however, he resolved to put a plain question, and wait for a straightforward answer.

They were resting in a scarlet nook of the woods after a long ramble. She was looking up at the point where red tree-shafts and blue sky met, with the wide, intent gaze which he remembered of old.

"Loyal," he said, suddenly, "what do you suppose I went to church at Fort Raynor for?"

"Why, how can I tell?" bringing her gaze from the tree-tops to his face. "Perhaps you went to show your new clothes, or to see what the other gentlemen wore; or," she suggested as a remote possibility, "you may have gone to hear the sermon."

"I went to look at you, and I looked at you because"—here he faltered, then went on quickly and passionately—"because I loved you."

Did a flush spring to Loyal's cheek, or was it only a reflection cast by the rose leaves? Did a quick smile curve her lips, or was it only a trick of the sunlight that played on her face? Trafton could not tell, for she turned her head so quickly.

"Loyal," he pleaded, after moments had passed into minutes, "what do you say? Better 'No' than nothing, but make it 'Yes' if you can."

That was a neat little model of an Egyptian pyramid which she was constructing with the scattered acorns; but—she wanted his answer, and she seemed in no haste to give it. She was beginning to weave a very tasteful wreath of tinted leaves; but—this long-stretched patience would snap before it was done.

At last she turned and said, in her pretty, thoughtful way, with wide eyes and a reflective little frown:

"How strange it is that some words are so hard to pronounce although they are really very short!—'Yes,' for example." Then there was a second edition of the smile and blush which were unequivocal verdicts, and Trafton read in the lovely eyes the answer that the lips had only skirted.

"That was a blessed caprice of yours, Loyal. If it hadn't been for that I couldn't have monopolized you as I have done all these weeks. And perhaps, but for that, you would have said 'Yes' to some one else, and I couldn't have you for my own all a long lifetime, as I hope to do, sweetheart," said Trafton, a few days later, as he slipped a gleaming ring on her finger.

"Caprice!" she echoed.

"Yes, the caprice that led you to wait at Mrs. Blanding's table in order to give me a finishing surprise."

"As if you were worth the trouble!" she retorted. "Perhaps it is a caprice to have the hay fever?" she mildly inquired.

"No!—a thousand times no!" exclaimed Trafton, energetically.

"It may be a caprice, to wish to get where you will not have it?"

"There could not be a more eminently sensible desire," fervently returned Trafton.

"And I suppose, of course, that it is a caprice not to have much money," continued Loyal, with deadly sarcasm.

"Am I so freckle-headed as that?"

"I have sneezed through the hay fever for so many years that I wanted desperately to escape from it. But we haven't nearly enough money to allow me to go as a butterfly, so I decided to go as a bee. The New England girls at the White Mountains put the idea in my head, and I recollected Mrs. Blanding, an old neighbor of ours in New York, who was keeping boarders here. I wrote to her, stating my dire need, and asking if I could come as waitress. She replied that I might. So here I came and here I met Prince Charming, who has been very good to me and given me a lovely ring." With a glance at the sparkling ring and a smile to its donor, she added, "Am I acquitted of capriciousness?"

"In regard to the heat-banded Phyllis episode—yes! But I suppose you inquire why I came here?"

"Why did you?" she returned, obediently.

"Because I, also, have the hay fever! Loyal, it is clear that you and I were made for each other; for we are not pursued by a common enemy and united by a common bond?"

"A Celebrated Case."

More than twenty years ago Wm. Wackerle was a Minnesota farmer. He served in the army during the war and was disabled, for which he drew a pension. He and his family would seem to have been of wandering habit, having lived in New Orleans, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago and Detroit, at which latter place, in 1869, he left his wife and went to California, whither she soon followed him. Their married daughter having died there they returned to Quincy, Ill., where they lived until 1872, when the husband went again to California. The next tidings she had from him that year were those of his death in Louisiana, where he was run over by a train near Shreveport.

He had two insurance policies on his life, one of them in the Etna company and the other in the New York Mutual Life. She had worked hard during his absences, and by her own labor had succeeded in keeping the premiums paid. On hearing of his death she went to Louisiana, had the remains exhumed and identified them. The Etna company refused to acknowledge this identity and she sued them in Louisiana, getting a verdict in her favor, which was reversed in the supreme court of that State.

In the meanwhile an alleged William Wackerle made himself known on the Pacific coast and continued drawing a pension from the United States government. Mrs. Wackerle set out upon a tour of the United States collecting proofs of her claim upon her insurance companies and of her husband's death. She was known in Minnesota, in Missouri as well as in Louisiana. She was without money, but not without friends, whose sympathies she excited, and whose aid she invoked, and who listened to her, trusted her and helped her on her way. She refused all offers of compromise, but insisted on her full claim. To get it became the object of her life, and although having nothing but the clothes she wore, and the documents she carried, she still continued to enlist the support and assistance of those who knew her. Even when she learned that a man claiming to be her husband had appeared to thwart her she did not despair, but kept up the fight, beginning it at last and when fully prepared by a suit against the Mutual company in St. Louis.

A Minnesota attorney agreed to produce William Wackerle, her husband, to testify in behalf of the insurance company. So when the trial commenced the alleged Californian went upon the stand, swore that he was William Wackerle, the husband of the plaintiff, and that he still drew his pension from the government. He traveled great familiarly with the life and wandering career of William Wackerle, and in several points was able to establish a startling imitation of the identity he asserted. She, on the contrary, protested that he was not her husband, but one of his brothers, probably a younger one, "Chris," Wackerle. She then entered upon a clear, exact and circumstantial account of her life with her husband, their various residences, their varying fortunes and adventures, and the births, deaths and sex of their children. In regard to the children the claimant had shown himself extremely defective in memory and wanting in accuracy. He also contradicted other evidence of the defense in regard to Wackerle's residence in Cincinnati. Several reputable and intelligent witnesses repudiated him, declaring that in his looks, features, complexion, color of hair and beard, he did not resemble William Wackerle, some of these points being exactly opposite to those of the claimant.

The case was then submitted to the jury, who speedily brought in a verdict for Mrs. Wackerle and against the company in the sum of \$6,500, a verdict from which the company intends appealing to the supreme court of the United States. As they have millions and Mrs. Wackerle nothing, the advantage is altogether on their side; and the combative widow or defrauder, as the case may be, will again have to enl upon all her pluck and patience for another fight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How the Emperor of Brazil Rides.

A correspondent writes to the *Norristown Herald*: "Hark! Do you hear that racket? Clear the track! Get out of the way there! Here comes a calvecade that won't stop for anything. Don't stop to look until you have dodged into the shelter of a doorway, but when you are safe you will see—first, a half dozen horse guards with drawn sabers flashing in the sun; then a couple of mounted chamberlains, then an old black coach drawn by six brass-mounted mules (harness brass mounted), ridden by postillions, two gaudy footmen standing at the back of the 'trap'; inside the carriage sits a white-haired, white-bearded, handsome man in military costume, his kindly face beaming on the startled people who had so hastily taken shelter. When the coach and the company of cavalry following it have passed with all the speed that is capable of, I draw a sigh of relief. I have seen this turnout almost every day since I have been in Rio, but you will probably have to be informed that it was his majesty Dom Pedro II., 'constitutional emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil,' who has just passed. Although Dom Pedro is rather more progressive-minded than most of his countrymen, he still retains an affected display of pomp and power which he does not really possess.

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Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

He who lives to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when he dies.

Brain is the impelling force of the world, and thought is the symbol of progress.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

There are more fools than sages; and among the sages there is more folly than wisdom.

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling authority of the thoughtful man.

A woman's dress is like the envelope of a letter; the cover is frequently an index to the contents.

The trouble and worry and wear and tear that comes from hating people makes hating unprofitable.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude when it is not in our power to repay it.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

The best portion of a good man's life is his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility. For we cannot move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set on the rock that is higher than ourselves.

Properties of Nitro Glycerine.

It has a sweet, aromatic, pungent taste, and possesses the very peculiar property of causing an extremely violent headache when placed in a small quantity upon the tongue, or any other portion of the skin, particularly upon the wrist. It has long been employed by homoeopathic practitioners as a remedy in certain kinds of headaches. In those who work much with it the tendency to headache is generally overcome, though not always. It freezes at about forty degrees Fahrenheit, becoming a white, half-crystallized mass, which must be melted by the application of water at a temperature of about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. If perfectly pure—that is, if the washing has been so complete as to remove all traces of the acid—it can be kept for an indefinite period of time; and, while many cases of spontaneous decomposition have occurred in impure specimens, there has never been known such an instance where the proper care has been given to all the details of the manufacture.

When pure nitro-glycerine is not very sensitive to friction, or even to moderate percussion, if a small quantity be placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, that portion which is touched explodes sharply, but so quickly as to drive away the other particles; if, however, it were even slightly confined so that none could escape, it would all explode or detonate. It must be fired by a fuse containing fulminate of mercury (the compound used in percussion caps), not being either readily or certainly fired by gunpowder, the shock of the latter not being sufficiently quick or sharp to detonate the nitro-glycerine.

If flame be applied to nitro-glycerine it will not explode, but burn with comparative sluggishness. When frozen it is difficult and uncertain of firing. If the material be perfectly pure it forms upon detonation a volume of gas nearly 1,300 times as great as that of the original liquid; these gases are also further expanded by the heat developed to a theoretical (though not practical) volume 10,000 times as great as that of the charge. Practically speaking, the forces exerted by gunpowder and nitro-glycerine are in the proportion of one to eight.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Dangerous Headland.

Cape Race, the scene of many marine disasters, is near the southeastern extremity of Newfoundland, latitude forty-six degrees thirty-nine minutes north, longitude fifty-three degrees forty minutes. It is a lofty and precipitous headland, extending into the Atlantic from the southernmost point of the division of that island called Ferryland. It forms a prominent point for navigators in the North Atlantic, lying near the ordinary route of vessels between the eastern ports of the United States and England, and being the last point of American land sighted or passed in the eastern passage. It is a point very dangerous to ships sailing in foggy weather between the United States and Europe. On it is a revolving light 180 feet above the sea. It was established by the British government, and is sustained by a tax upon all ships from or to Great Britain, to or from Canada and the northeastern part of the United States.

A Poor's Appeal for a Blind Man.

Victor Hugo, leaving the Cafe de Paris, where he had just breakfasted, saw on the boulevards a wretchedly poor blind man, and in an impulse of pity improvised the following lines, which he wrote on the placard hung around the beggar's neck. Freely translated the lines are:

"Blind, as was Homer; as Bellerus, blind, but a weak child to guide his vision dim. The hand which dealt him bread, in pity kind—  
He'll see it not; God sees it, though, for him."

The souls of the passers-by flowed freely after reading this touching appeal to their commiseration.

In a Sunbeam:  
In a sunbeam—eyelids white,  
Hiding mirth, sparkling eyes;  
Curls half-brown, hair turned to gold—  
Fast asleep the baby lies,  
But a little gurgling laugh  
From the parted lips steal out;  
What do babies, fast asleep  
In a sunbeam, dream about?  
Buds and flowers,  
Rainbows, showers,  
Butterflies and honey-bees;  
Peaches, cherries,  
Apples, berries,  
Birdies sing 'tug in the trees.  
Grass all over  
Fragrant clover,  
Dandelions golden bright;  
Chickens peeping,  
Squirrels leaping.  
Big-eyed cows in daisied meadows,  
Sweet warm milk and yellow cream—  
Of all these, when in a sunbeam  
Babies fall asleep, they dream.  
—Madge Elliott, in *Baldwin's Monthly.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.  
A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.  
In point of real value the hen over-lays all domestic fowls.  
Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.  
A well-conducted husband, like a well-conducted candle, never goes out at night.  
Latin is a dead language, and that is why doctors use it for writing out their prescriptions.  
A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt water will be fresh.  
It is said ninety millions of postage stamps are annually sold in this country, and all of them have to be licked before they will do their duty.  
Arthur to Raoul—"Well, did you kill many partridges?" "Not one, but still I am very well satisfied with myself. I can venture nearer than last year!"

A mother who fondly put the query to her young son, "What would you do without a mother, Tom?" was dumfounded with the reply: "Do as I like, ma."

"Some scoundrel tucked a plugged half-dollar off me." "Can't you pass it?" asked his friend. "Well, I don't know," he said, "but you bet I shall try."

Professor Sharpless has published a new and popular work on astronomy. It will fill a long felt want in those cities where banana peel is thick on the sidewalk.

Some philosopher has observed that "To be a good conversationalist, one must needs be a good listener." This is especially true if the conversation is to be by telephone.

"Do you buy your music by the roll?" inquired a young lady of the deacon's daughter. "Oh, no," she replied. "I always wait until Sunday, and then I get it by the choir."

About the most discouraging thing that can happen to a man is to be doing the handsome thing in keeping ahead of a cross bull, and find, on reaching the fence, that it is of barbed wire.

HEALTH HINTS.  
Alcohol introduced into the blood changes its constituent elements, and also impairs the integrity of the blood vessels.  
Wheat, made into bread, puddings, etc., will make more muscle twice over, pound for pound, than fat meat of any kind.  
Sudden deaths do not come from heart disease, one case in twenty, but from congestion of the lungs or brain, or from apoplexy. More die from congestion of the lungs than of the brain, and more of congestion of the brain than from apoplexy.  
A severe cold can be soonest cured by remaining within doors, in a warm room and near the fire, until all signs of it have disappeared. Then care should be taken to prevent a relapse by having the feet warmly clad, and the whole body, and particularly the chest and the back of the neck, well protected when going out.

Ringworm is not an animal but a vegetable parasite that can best be destroyed by the use of boracic acid, or of citrine ointment—the latter being an official preparation kept by all druggists. The citrine ointment is a caustic preparation that must be applied with extreme care, and not left carelessly around the house.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly.*

A Great Discovery of Oysters.  
A Mr. Olsen has published a paper in England from which it appears that vast oyster beds have been discovered in the North Sea fisheries. Two hundred miles of oyster beds, thirty to seventy miles wide—that is to say, 10,000 acres of splendid oysters within easy distance of the British coast—is a discovery to which all of those of Stanley and Livingstone sink into insignificance. One curious feature about it is that the oysters lie at a depth of twenty-one fathoms, thus disposing summarily of the prevalent idea that oysters can only be raised successfully in shallow water. The man who invents a new fish, according to some, the man who plants a tree deserves well of mankind; but what is the reward of a man who discovers 10,000 acres of oysters? The oysters thus opened up to commerce are said to surpass in flavor all that are so far known to epicures. We shall soon be able to keep our oysters at home. We sent no less than \$400,000 worth last year to England alone. They ought soon to become cheaper here.—*Boston Times.*