

A circular addressed to the Republicans of Pennsylvania signed by a number of the leading Republicans throughout the State, advocating the claims of Hon. William Butler, of Chester county for the Supreme Judgeship of the State, has been received at this office.

REFRESHING—the gentle rains of the past twenty-four hours.

One dozen photographs for one dollar at the East Stroudsburg gallery during the month of August. [July 29-28]

MR. JNO. BALDWIN, proprietor of the Washington hotel, is the first to announce himself a candidate for Sheriff of Monroe county.

THE Sunday school at Shafter's school house will hold a picnic in H. Ransberry's woods next Saturday, August 1. A pleasant time is anticipated.

MRS. NANCY SHIVELY, widow of the late John Shively, is lying dangerously ill at the residence of Mr. John Brown in Moscow, Luzerne county, Pa.

MR. JERE. FRUTCHER's report, as Superintendent of our common schools, was handed to us too late for publication this week. It will appear in our next issue.

WILL officer Keener ever look after the foul-mouthed specimens of humanity, male and female, that insult our citizens and disgrace our thoroughfares night after night, with their filthy and obscene jokes?

JUDGE LONGAKER, of Allentown, is holding an adjourned court here at present, having under consideration causes that Judge Dreher was concerned as counsel.—Democrat.

CAMP MEETING.—The Monroe County Association of the M. E. Church, will hold a Camp Meeting, in Durfee's and Bush's woods, commencing on Tuesday, August 18, and to continue nine days.

MR. L. T. SMITH, Forks Station, Del. Lack. & Western R. R., this county, has shipped on an average 30 bushels of Whortleberries per day, during the past week. The crop is excellent and about the heart of the season.

THE new postal law, allowing newspapers to go free to subscribers in the county where the paper is printed, went into effect on the first of July, which will relieve our county subscribers of quite a tax.

THERE will be a match game of base ball played on the Fair ground, next Saturday afternoon, between the "Painters" and "Printers" of this place. Game to be called at two o'clock. Typo's, "lock up" and "justify" them in a style that will be creditable to the "art preservative of all arts." Should you get beat, we will "pie" your "formas" upon your return to the office.

THE East End Club. Last Friday afternoon, while attending a complimentary picnic tendered Miss Sallie Hibler and Miss Lou. Sayre, at Lake Popononing, by Mr. Frank Hess and a host of their friends hereabouts, it was our pleasure to struggle into the camp of the East End Club of Philadelphia, and right glad we are that our lot fell among such a jolly and sociable crew.

The club is composed of the following named gentlemen, all Philadelphians: Dr. C. H. Bahl, J. F. Bahl, Dr. P. L. Benner, J. J. Belsterling, W. F. Jacoby, A. B. Jacoby, H. H. Weierbach, P. D. Koffel, M. P. Sharp, C. G. Freed, J. A. Weierbach and G. W. Lauer.

Their camp was pitched and officered in true military style; an officer of the day and police appointed each day to keep the camp in order and attend to the drawing of rations, &c. Now and then a special detail was made to draw "snappers" from the Lake and "cooks" from soda water and other bottles containing water, or something equally as exhilarating. Although we had a pressing invitation to investigate the mysteries of wicker baskets and iron bound casks, we had to decline the proffered hospitality, for printers never indulge, you know. But we did enjoy a delightful row around the lake, with friend Belsterling doing the handsome at the oars. While making the tour and nearing a farm house on the bank of the lake, our craft was signalled by Miss Hibler. We landed, and what could be more inviting to the thirsty than a pot of cool, rich milk, especially when served by the handsome brunette herself. After satisfying the inner man, we pushed off on the smooth, glassy water, "campward" bound, where we arrived in time to note the arrival of Messrs. Sharp and Freed, who had been spending the day in Stroudsburg. They were borne tenderly in the arms of their comrades, from their carriage to a table close by, when for a short time, speeches and songs reigned supreme.

The shades of night are lowering and the time for our departure arrives. Reluctantly we part with our new found friends, but go we must, with many thanks to the East End Club for the hospitable manner in which they entertained us.

During their sojourn at the lake they won a host of friends and all express regrets at their departure. Should they visit us again, which we hope they will, they can rest assured of a hearty and cordial welcome. Bon voyage to the East End Club.

A trip to Scranton and what we saw and heard.

On Thursday last, having finished the printing and packing of our papers, we thought, having business thither, we would take a trip to Scranton. We accordingly entered the street car by our office door, scudded along at the rate of 2:40 or more to the mile, and in due season reached the depot. Here, ticket procured, (thanks to the parsimony of the D. L. & W. Co., and the requirements of our new Constitution we pay in cash for our riding now instead of in advertising,) we were soon under way, as fast as a prudent use of steam could carry us, and at about quarter past 2 p. m. we quietly, with friend Wolf, perambulating the streets of Scranton. We had heard and read much about Scranton—much that ordinarily, in such cases, would be set down as a genuine specimen of braggadocio, but when we take a look at the city, its extensive manufacturing interests, its railroad and coal interests, its mercantile interests, its magnificent proportions, and the beauty and substantial character of its buildings, whether residences or what not, and consider that all has been brought to pass in thirty-four years, the brag changes to marvel and downright wonder. Hardly half a life time has passed since a dilapidated hamlet of some four or five houses occupied the spot where now stands a city in every respect a city, with its 50,000 inhabitants. We well remember its days of swamps, moras, and woods, but these have all passed away, with but few traces remaining that they ever existed.

One afternoon was spent in looking around hand shaking and lagging with old friends, and it is really surprising how much of Stroudsburg and Monroe county generally we found settled there. The fact is that from this cause we could hardly persuade ourselves that we were outside of our own beautiful borough. Nearly every turn brought to view some face familiar because of long association either of residence or business. Should they conspire to do so Monroe county folks could easily make themselves a power in the control of the political, municipal and business interests of the city. Our space would hardly furnish room for half the names of those we met even without looking for them. We had heard of hard times as a prevailing disease in the city, but during the afternoon, saw nothing of it sufficiently formidable to convince us that either business or the people were suffering. It is true, in answer to inquiry, we were assured that things were dull, but this assurance was the only evidence of the fact, for business men were a happy, contented lot, and there was more or less trading going on in every store we looked into or passed. The fact is, that Scranton's business men appear to be made of better material than the same class of men elsewhere, for such a thing as gloom or gloominess did not darken a single countenance that we scanned. They seem to have been brought up in the true school of business Philosophy, and are prepared to take things just as they come, without worry or fret. And who will say this is not the proper way, we do not know this to be the fact, but judging of the state of affairs from what we saw we should say that times are not so hard there, or else that the savings in good times have so prepared the business community as to enable it to bridge over the chasm of stagnation, and feel comfortable even under the lowering clouds of a business collapse. And yet all is not prosperity, for at least 15,000 laboring men, whose wages when employed foot up an aggregate of \$1,500,000 per month are idle in the county of Luzerne alone, owing to the stoppage or curtailment in the operations of large manufacturing and coal companies. There must be much suffering in consequence of this, but so far as Scranton and its business are concerned you do not see it.

In the evening, in company with several friends, we visited the Germania Varieties, the only place of amusement open. Here we had fifteen cents worth of show, and we must say we had more "value received" for our money (we paid cash mind you,) than we ever before had for thriffling the amount of money. Our friend was right when he informed us some month or two ago that it was a place worth going to. Just think of it: we had negro minstrelsy, including song, conodrum, dance and banjo, slack wire balancing with plate spinning, comic and sentimental song surpassingly well rendered, fancy dancing with the can-can accompaniment omitted, feats on the single bar, the marvels of the man with the iron jaw, who lifted a two hundred and seventy-five pound cask of water and a boy on top of it with his teeth, trapeze performance, vaudeville, and we have forgotten what all besides, and all for fifteen cents. The whole would have been perfect, but for the presence of the Arlington base ball boys, of New York city, (who, in a tournament here, had just succeeded in flaxing all the clubs in this neighborhood,) and their Scranton friends who seemed to think the show was their own and that they had a perfect right to use it as they pleased, to the great disgust of all the rest of the large audience present. We were assured that their indulgence was not because the Arlington's were given to this kind of thing, but because, as says the old saw, "when whiskey is in wit is out." An introduction to and conversation with Mr. Harry Weeks, the manager of the varieties, convinced us that he was a gentleman, of the hale hearty and well met stamp, and that the conduct of the Arlington's and their escort was far from meeting with his approbation. After the show, well satisfied with the day's proceedings, we aspirated our prayers, as usual, and went to bed, and to a soothing in the arms of Morpheus.

On Friday morning we took an early rise, and in company with friend Wolf took a stroll to view the lions of the place. We found these unusually quiet, and here we must say we saw the first evidences of the business pressure. The Lackawanna Iron and Coal Companies' Works, in which some three

thousand men and boys are generally employed, are nearly all stopped; one or two of the blast furnaces, the foundry, machine shop and work on the new steel works being the only exception. At least two thirds of the employees are idle. And so we found it with all the large factories—either working short handed, or on short time, or both. Even the railroad companies have come down to this state of things—the D. L. & W. running but six coal trains per day, not more than one half their number in good times, and their shops and coal works that are not idle, running on part time only.

During this portion of our peregrinations we visited the grounds to be occupied by the Steel works of the Iron Company. Here we found a busy hive of workers truly, though we are informed that not a quarter of the men are now employed here that were here three weeks ago. Here we placed ourselves under charge of Mr. Theodore G. Wolf, a former Stroudsburger who has charge of the men employed and to whom we are under obligations for all that we learned concerning these extensive works. The building will occupy a space of some 60 by 190 feet, and will be of brick. Of the substantial character of the building some idea may be formed from the fact that the excavation for the foundation is some sixteen feet deep, and is dug in ground made of the cinders and slag of the blast furnaces, which had been dumped here to the depth, in many places, of forty feet. This excavation is filled up, on an average six feet in height with a concrete formed of cement, sand and powdered slag, which is thoroughly prepared with water, then dumped to position from trestling and then stamped down to solidity by heavy wooden mauls in the hands of stalwart men. We saw the modus operandi and feel satisfied that the work is thoroughly done. To complete this concreting, four thousand barrels of cement, procured from the works along the Lehigh, and eight thousand barrels of sand will have been used. On this concrete the stone foundations are laid, in which stone are used weighing, many of them, four and five tons. The foundation completed will embrace over one thousand yards of stone masonry of this massive character. In the superstructure seven hundred thousand brick will be used. Of the number of thousands of bushels of lime and sand required to finish it only a practical builder can form an idea, we will not pretend to. Nor can we form the least idea of the number of squares of slate, kegs of nails and spikes, or thousands of feet of lumber that will be used in its construction. The machinery, which, like the building, will be most massive and of the most approved design, is now building in the company's shops and at the Dickson works. That in weight it will run up into the thousands of tons will readily be inferred when we mention the fact that many of the columns, cross-pieces, portions of the converters, and sills are of solid cast iron, and weigh from four to seven tons each, and that these are almost numberless in the eyes of the inexperienced beholder. The capacity of this mill, which will be devoted to the manufacture of steel rails, exclusively, will be about 150 tons of finished rails per day. The cost of the works, with the adjoining puddling mill, is estimated at \$650,000. The power used in driving the works will be steam, furnished by six boilers of the locomotive pattern, having 119 flues each, and a capacity of some 2,000 horse power. Five of these boilers we saw, and they were monsters truly. They cost five thousand dollars each, as they stood ready to be walled in place. That the general idea that the iron and steel trade must soon improve is entertained by this mammoth company, certainly one of the largest, if not the very largest, in the country, is evidenced not only by this large provision for the future, but also by the fact that its direction, within a few weeks back, resolved to increase its cash capital \$1,000,000.

Through with sight seeing, we proceeded to attend to the business which was the object of our coming here. That finished, we took another look around the city and, among other things, called in at the Sunday Free Press office, where we made the acquaintance of Mr. Frank Clark and Mr. John O'Conner, connectees of the establishment, and undoubtedly clever and agreeable gentlemen. We missed the main object of our visit, however, which was a sight of, and a handshake with, that live genius J. C. Coon, who we regretted to learn was on a temporary tramp to Michigan, to look after some friends.—Our disappointment however was partially compensated by the meeting with our old friend E. L. Wolf, who we found busy, and we feel sure not unsuccessfully engaged in supplying Mr. Coon's place during his absence.

In this latter run around we were confirmed in many of our preconceived impressions of Scranton and Scrantonians. Not an insignificant characteristic of both is the love of the "hoss," and "fine rigs," well handled, we found to be the weakness of more than its aristocracy. Dollars are a big thing but to appearance these measurably play second fiddle to the equines, for whose greater comfort, protection and care a vigorous branch of S. P. C. A., is in active operation. The style of managing the "rigs" among "the bloods" is peculiar and a description for the instruction of persons of the same kidney here, where so much awkwardness is displayed, may not be out of place. Well, "the rig" being given to find the mode of managing it. Rule: Procure your lady companion. Having gracefully tipped her in, tumble yourself by her side, elevate your shoulders and bring your chin well down on the breast, casting the eyes from under the lashes on a level with the horses heads. Then reach out the arms at full length and, grasping the ribbons firmly, lean to it, slightly bent towards the lady companion, as though all depended, whether of pleasure or safety, in pulling the "horses" heads from their shoulders, and you are ready for the "ga-lang" which is

sure to bring exhilaration to the occupants of the carriage and an untold amount of envy to the luckless wights who would like to do so too, but can't because they are short of the necessary "spons," to do it with. The lady too has her part in the programme, which will spoil the play if not well performed. The most approved style—that which is most closely followed—is to place herself in an erect position, as though her stays were braced with hickory hoop-poles, her body half turned towards her Sanecho Panza, and her eyes gazing intently on vacancy. It is then that she is sure that she is doing the figure just right, and that the pleasures of a very heaven are falling steadily upon her. Our assertion that the ladies of Scranton are, as a whole, remarkably good looking, and that the male bipeds are not much behind them, we think will not be seriously contradicted by visitors to that "third city of the State."

Politically, we learned that things were beginning to bubble quite lively in Luzerne. At the time we were there Hon. Frank D. Collins was busy manipulating a convention of the unterrified at White's Haven, so as to secure his nomination to Congress, and we have since learned succeeded to his perfect satisfaction. Luzerne has a good many offices to fill, but it is alleged that she has more patriots who desire to fill them by a hundredfold. Well, such is Democracy, and the more's the pity. From observation, however, we do not see much hope for our brethren of that stripe hereabouts. They are smart, devilish smart, in Luzerne, and if Frank D. Collins is in earnest in his essay for higher honors than those he now bears so blushingly, we do not exactly see how it is to be prevented.

But four o'clock is here. The locomotive sounds the bell for departure, and with the "all-board" of the conductor said, and the puff, puff of the engine, we are off for home, well satisfied with our trip, its business and its pleasures, and confirmed in our belief that it is good to travel around once and awhile. Six o'clock found us safely at home again, when a wash up and a bite of something to eat rendered us perfectly contented and happy.

A new postal card will soon be out. It will be lighter in color than the old, probably almost white. The printing and engraving will be executed in black ink and the border will be narrower and neater in appearance.

COMPLIMENTARY PIC-NIC.—Last Friday a complimentary picnic, was tendered Miss Sallie Hibler and Miss Lou. Sayre, by their numerous friends in Stroudsburg. The place selected for the festivities, was Lake Popononing and a lovely spot it was. The day was spent in rambling through the woods, boating and gathering wild flowers, playing croquet, and other games. We indulged in a game of euchre which we enjoyed hugely. The party returned at a late hour, breaking the stillness of the night with their merry songs as they journeyed homeward. The day thus spent, was a pleasant one, and one that will long be remembered by those who joined the pleasure seekers. It is needless to say that Mr. Frank Hess was the master spirit of the picnic, to whom all are indebted for the jolly, good time they had. Vive la Hibler and Sayre.

What We heard and Saw within the Week.

We have heard of men eating "baloon juice" with a knife and dipping soup with a knitting needle, but never, until a few evenings since, did we hear of young ladies eating ice cream with a tooth brush. For further particulars apply to the "angels."—A very good way to remove obstructions from under your bed-room window—drop a pitcher of cold water. Better still, to drop a bucket of slops.—While undergoing a surgical operation, one of John's "buff cochins" breathed his last. If it will afford John any consolation, we would say.

"Put away those little breeches, Do not try to mend the hole; Little 'cochin' will not need them, He has climbed the slippery pole."

Neither a Peck of corn or the Doctors valuable services could save him.—The pic-nickers had a jolly time. Happy to say, no fountain of the "elixir of life" was discovered.—There will be lots of fun at the Fair ground, next Saturday afternoon, between the "Typo's" and "Painters."—The "quartette" are in extacies over prospects of the early arrival of cousins and friends from the city.—That cat is a perfect beauty, and ever so polite.—"O. G." is elucidating the mysteries of the game of euchre to his flock of young turkeys. Try them on "seven up," "Oofy."

THEODORE TILTON's affidavit before the investigating committee in Plymouth church has been made public. It is very lengthy, and makes specific charges of criminal intinney between Henry Word Beecher and Mrs. Tilton. Mr. Beecher has since published a card, making a denial of Tilton's charge and declaring the latter's particular allegations false. Until further developments are made, we do not feel justified in expressing an opinion as to the innocence or criminality of the accused. But few days now will be required to determine with something like certainty the truth or falsity of the charges. If Mr. Beecher is guilty, as Mr. Tilton declares him to be, then he is the blackest villain that ever assumed the role of a good man. If it is found that he is innocent, his character will come out brighter than ever, while his accuser will receive the deserved odium of every pure minded person.

Two men were grinding scythes under a big chestnut tree at Orange, Connecticut, the other day, when the tree was struck by lightning. The tree was shivered to pieces, and the scythe that was being ground was sent whizzing fifty feet away, but the men were not hurt.

The increase in the net earnings of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the last six months is \$1,350,432. There has been a considerable decrease in gross earnings, but a greater decrease in expenses. The total receipts east of Pittsburg for the last six months were \$18,013,866.

NOVELTY.

The general tendencies of the novel are to brighten beauty. This is seen in the ordering and arrangement of things about us. It is a law of our nature to become tired of things upon which we are constantly gazing. The monotony caused by the constant association with certain objects, is broken by things which are new, novel. We are creatures ever longing for new enchanting scenes, we stop to catch the echo of new sounds, we love to feed on new thoughts, or to express old ideas in new forms.

We turn away from the landscape, with its slopes, trees, and flowers, to scramble up the rocky sides of some towering mountain. But we are not satisfied with that; we haste from those giddy heights to enjoy the novelties of the grandeur of Niagara. Though the sight of those falls awakes feelings of the sublime, yet we do not wish to always gaze upon them. We seek again the fertile plains or the quiet vale. We rush across the Rocky mountains to catch a glimpse of the marvelous beauties of Yosemite valley. Yet our appetite for new things is not appeased. Nor does a sojourn among the flowers of ambrosial fragrance, in southern climes, seem to satisfy our longing for the novelties of sight. But our vacation is over, and we return to our toil, hoping, by another year, to enjoy the novelties of other scenes.

Again, we close our ears to the thunderous peal of the great organ, only to listen to the sweet tones of the harp. We are enraptured while by the majestic sweep of harmonious sounds, bursting forth from a thousand brass instruments, then bend with eagerness to catch the sweet cadences of some human voice tuned to awaken the strongest emotions of the heart. Those wearied by the incessant din and tumult of the crowded city, haste to the quiet of the country, where they can retire to the deep rich shades of the verdant woods, whose suggestive silence is only broken by the carolling of the summer bird, or by the soft murmurs of some silver stream.

There is a newness of melody in the "what what" of the rife as it is drawn over the edge of the farmer's grass scythe; and there is sweet music in the soft refrain of the reaper's song. Thus there is a novelty in the transition from one sound to another, the effect of which is to produce a pleasant soberness.

Then again, it is a novelty to listen to sounds, the grating of which produces impressions of a ludicrous character. For instance, the croakings of the old bull-frog are anything but musical, but it is the novelty of sound occasioned by the vibrations of his vocal chords, that detracts from their unpleasantness. We often laugh at the belabored mule's ("the orphan") bray. We cannot suppress a smile when we hear the members of that numerous race of digitigrades, the cat, disturbing the peace of the community by their nocturnal howls. There is a town in New Jersey, in which there is a cannery. The occupants of this establishment fill the midnight air with howls, hideous and doleful. To me, when in that town, those howls were at first a novelty, somewhat disagreeable—more ridiculous than ludicrous. So we have exceptions to the rule that novelty always pleases. Were the prophecies of witchcraft fulfilled, this little town in New Jersey would long ago have been depopulated; for the howling of a dog you know is a sure sign of a new coffin. The screeching voice of a gossiping woman grates hard upon the ear. But then we don't mind that, since the novelty of her penive(?) voice is so laughable. I don't mean to say that such perceptions are scarce and therefore a novelty; but that the crow-like melody of her voice is a novelty when we are in constant association with those whose accents are sweet music.

Joachim Miller in his interesting letter from Italy a short time ago, stated, that he never saw such a land of dreams as about the bay of Naples. "Even the dogs refuse to bark and the poor belabored mules forget to bray. Incredible as it may seem, even the women of Naples are silent half the time. I saw a cat in the silver moonlight on the adjoining hill last night, curving his spine and rolling his splendid eyes; but never a word said he." The novelty in these cases, consisted not in the sounds produced, but in the strange silence of the actors.

[To be continued.] ADOLPHUS. Port Murray, N. J., July 25.

Death of John V. Coolbaugh.

In the death of John V. Coolbaugh one of the Elders of the Middle Smithfield Presbyterian Church, the church and community has sustained an irreparable loss. He was the last of the original bench of elders ordained at the organization of the church. He was a living witness for Christ, for over half a century, and in few lives has the redeemer been more fully exemplified.

He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. During the precious revival in this church last winter he was known to spend whole nights in prayer. And on his dying pillow he told one of the members of his family he had spent much of his life in prayer, which he did not now regret, and concluded them to pray for sustaining grace at his departure.

He has represented the church, nearly half the time, for over forty years in Presbytery. In appreciation of his worth to the church, eight ministerial brethren were present at his funeral which took place July 25th.

The session unanimously passed the following resolutions. WHEREAS, It hath pleased Almighty God to remove from our number our senior brother in the eldership, John V. Coolbaugh, and WHEREAS, The loss we sustain is irreparable, be it resolved:

First: While we bow in submission to the will of God, we deeply lament the loss of our elder brother, both to ourselves as a session, and to the church, of which he was a consistent member and faithful counselor for over fifty years.

Second: We greatly rejoice that one of our number has given such living testimony to the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ, in leading such a holy exemplary christian life, through so long a term of years, and that now we have the assurance that he rests in Jesus.

Third: We have the greatest confidence, while "he rests from his labors" his works will follow him, and that the influence of his prayers and efforts for the salvation of souls, will be felt in our midst for years to come.

Fourth: That we extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them, and to the county and religious papers for publication. GEORGE PETERS, GEORGE W. LABAR, JOHN TURN, LEVI HOFFMAN, SAMUEL DEWITT, Elders.

For the Jeffersonian.

No's Picture. I have looked upon it often, eye, with bowed head and many misgivings, that time, after long waiting, might give me back the promise—that which I derived from the sad counterpart of the fair face, as I watched its changeless feature.

In the rude storm on the fathomless sea wave, from my bosom I have greatly drawn it, to see if aught in the boisterous climate could disturb a thought of the earnest purpose so quietly shadowed there, but nothing below could influence or dull it. It flourished long ago among the sad drifts, the broken hopes and disappointments, and what the world regarded as peculiarly exempt from her; and while her feet were swollen on the errand of mercy, the sadness of her heart characterized her face by the silent efforts it had hourly made.

Everybody liked "No" and interested themselves in the queer communications negative, the way she wrote it, and concluded perchance that the unfriendly face was icy on the inception of her second baptism. She said she held communion with the night, and from her window watched the revolutions of the star whose first light pointed the way to Bethlehem. That other trifles interrupted the sincerity of her devotions there, but what those trifles were, none could wish to tell. She often admitted that her eyes were shadowed and her heart heavy, but nothing to be feared. When she died to us, we took the heavy cross she had so easily abandoned to explore the world unaided and alone.

The picture is before me to-night; the world is shut out from me; and she whose face I gaze on slumbers far away. My lamp burns paler than might be, the darkness of Egypt is without. From my window I turn to look out upon the shadowy valley, wondering why the torrents in the outlines of their freedom remember not her name. In their vaulting fury they hurry onward, and as I feel the breezes cooled by their wanton uproar, they pass away like her. So pass away my hope. The wide world could not give me back that which I had yesterday. It passed away in its steps leaving behind an image—its image—walk by me all the way, never to leave me never to warm the cold fetter that hangs about me, but gone itself, towards a happy end.

Could I have known it in the beginning, But how? The charm bore upon me mildly as the ecstasy of a dream. Ever now, there is a charm before me, and cannot chide it away—a beautiful toy that may not be broken, for it is No's picture. Gendler hands than mine made disposition of the roses that adorn her bosom. More gifted hands than mine reproduced them in the drawing, and a more sacred thought than such as ever blessed me revealed the language of the earnest face. I had no part in its production and I may not regard it lightly—not lightly.

I have looked upon it often, eye, with bowed head and many misgivings. I take to-night—midnight—and shapen in other colors the mild lineaments that so bespeak its virtue. I have crowned it and garnished in pure pearl; put a shirine about it, and asked for the realization of the hope that once had. She may not answer otherwise than by her name, she has no freedom.

Gone! Should I travel to the four corners I could not find her. A violent hurricane caught the treasure up, and rudely bore it away. It vanished whither it would, the voice of the night wind, and while I lifted my arms in the frenzy of pleading, heedlessly closed out of sight as if glad to go.

So be it with the final end; so may we be forgiven, if when sorely tempted as we have been, we again give the whole heart honestly but foolishly away. The loss is worth grieving for, since no dishonor of ours necessitated it. It had been a pretty dream, but dream only, and as such we bid it, that it may stand to our account, should we be deemed worthy.

Six persons were killed by one flash of lightning in Woodford county, Kentucky, on Friday.

Mr. Mathias Ranzinger, of Hummelstown, Dauphin county, after a number of years' hard study and labor, has succeeded in producing a machine by which he can propel a boat while seated on a chair, and rocking back and forth will move the wheels. This wonderful piece of mechanism was successfully exhibited on Saturday afternoon, on the Susquehanna river at Harrisburg.

A farmer in Exeter township, Berks county, last week required his little aged and nearly nine years, to rake grain in the field, and during the day she went to a cherry tree to eat a few cherries, which she expensively him that he whipped her with the grain fork he was using, breaking the handle over her back, lacerating the flesh, and fracturing several of her ribs, besides tearing the flesh off of the fingers of one of her hands, injuring her so severely that she had to be carried in the house, where she has been lying in a critical condition.

DIED. At his residence in Middle Smithfield July 22d, John V. Coolbaugh, in the 73d year of his age.