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An English physician advances a theory that will be antagonized by the dentists. Sir Henry Thompson holds that artificial teeth are an evil in those of advanced years, because they enable such persons to masticate flesh. When the teeth fall naturally it is nature's design that the individual should subsist on vegetable diet.

A Mr. A. P. Van Tassel, of San Francisco, has made a balloon of a capacity of 150,000 cubic feet, with which he expects to undertake a journey across the continent from ocean to ocean. The greatest difficulty is apprehended from the Rocky Mountains, which modify the movements of the air currents over a large share of the continent.

There is at least one "forfeited" citizen in Massachusetts. An old man of West Salem township, Mercer county, is engaged in making his own coffin and hearse, and he is building the posthumous articles regardless of expense. It is said that he conceived the idea out of pique at a remark of a neighbor, "that when he died he wouldn't have money enough to bury him."

The Madrid court shoemaker has been ordered by Queen Christine to make a pair of shoes for his infantile Majesty King Alfonso XIII. They will be made of white leather and elaborately embroidered with gold. Before the young King puts his feet in them, the shoes, according to old usage, will be sprinkled with holy water. Queen Christine has given orders that, together with her son's first shoes, 300 pairs be made for poor children and distributed in her name.

The New York Lumber Trade Journal predicts that cherry will hold its own and continue to be a favorite cabinet and finishing wood because there is so little good cherry left; it will not have a chance to become too common. There is none worth mentioning North of Pennsylvania, and in that State its owners know its value. There is a good deal left in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, but most of it is where it will cost a great deal to get it to market.

An Indian girl has had a remarkable experience, according to a Pike County farmer. The farmer explains matters thus: "A young lady who was watching my binding harvester at work fell upon the table and was carried up with the grain. As the girl was of about the size of a bundle, the machine did not recognize the difference, and so she came through with a neat little string around her waist. One of the harvest hands caught her as the machine 'kicked' her out and set her on the ground right side up, when it was found that she had been more frightened than hurt."

The magnificent diamond, belonging to a syndicate, and recently submitted to Queen Victoria for her inspection, has in cutting turned out to be even finer and more valuable than was at first supposed. In its present complete shape it weighs one hundred and eighty carats, is of the first water, free from all imperfections and of extraordinary brilliance. Experts declare that it surpasses in size and quality all the historic diamonds, including the Regent, the Star of the South, the Orloff, and even the Koh-i-noor. Its value has not been determined, but must be valued by millions of dollars. The celebrated diamond belonging to the King of Portugal should, if genuine, of which some doubt is entertained, be worth, according to the rule of computation, some \$28,000,000. If the new diamond has a greater value than that, it will need to be brought over here. Nobody but an immensely rich American would be foolish enough to purchase it.

The difference between what appears to be and what is is sometimes curiously illustrated. While a menagerie was entering the city of Portsmouth, in England, lately, a large elephant broke away and ran into the barracks. From his terrific trumpeting, the snapping of his eyes, and the nervous energy of his movements it was supposed that he was angry and bent on dangerous mischief, and this impression was strengthened when, meeting a sentry, he removed the soldier by winding his trunk about him and tossing him to one side. Nevertheless the intentions of the elephant were quite peaceable and ordinary. After upsetting the sentry he galloped across the barrack square to a bench upon which a dish of potatoes and a bucket of water were standing, and having eaten the potatoes and drunk the water, returned quietly to his place in the menagerie line. If the sentry had not happened to be between the hungry elephant and this bit of free lunch he would not have been upset.

THE NOBLE NATURE. It is not growing like a tree In bulk doth make man better be; Or standing long an oak three hundred year, To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear. A lily of a day Is fairer far in May, Although it fall and die that night— It is the plant and flower of light, In small proportions we just beauties see, And in short measures life may perfect be. —Ben Jonson.

A JUDICIAL CRIME. BY WILKIE COLLINS. Just prior to the American revolution, a Bristol trader arrived in the harbor of Boston, having one passenger on board. This person was a young English woman named Esther Calvert, daughter of a shop keeper at Cheltenham, and a niece of the Captain of the ship. Some years before her departure from England Esther had suffered an affliction—associated with a deplorable public event—which had shaken her attachment to her native land. Free, at a later period, to choose for herself, she resolved on leaving England as soon as employment could be found for her in another country. After a weary interval of expectation, the sea-captain had obtained a situation for his niece as housekeeper in the family of Mrs. Anderkin, a widow lady living in Boston.

Esther had been well practiced in domestic duties during the long illness of her mother. Intelligent, modest, and sweet-tempered, she soon became a favorite with Mrs. Anderkin and the members of her young family. The children found but one fault with the new housekeeper—she dressed invariably in dismal black, and it was impossible to prevail upon her to give the cause. It was known that she was an orphan, and she had acknowledged that no relations of hers had recently died, and yet she persisted in wearing mourning. Some great grief had evidently overshadowed the life of the gentle English housekeeper.

In her intervals of leisure, she soon became the chosen friend of Mrs. Anderkin's children; always ready to teach them new games, clever at dressing the girls' dolls and at mending the boys' toys. Esther was in one respect only not in sympathy with her young friends—she never laughed. One day, they boldly put the question to her: "When we are all laughing, why don't you laugh too?"

Esther only replied in these words: "I shall think it kind of you if you won't ask me that question again."

The young people deserved her confidence in them; they never mentioned the subject from that time forth.

But there was another member of the family, whose desire to know something of the housekeeper's history was, from motives of delicacy, concealed from Esther herself. This was the governess—Mrs. Anderkin's well-loved friend, as well as the teacher of her children. On the day before he sailed on his homeward voyage, the sea captain called to take leave of his niece—and then asked if he could also pay his respects to Mrs. Anderkin. He was informed that the lady of the house had gone out, but that the governess would be happy to receive him. At the interview which followed, they talked of Esther, and agreed so well in their good opinion of her, that the captain paid a long visit. The governess had persuaded him to tell the story of his niece's wasted life.

"If we had been in England," he said, "I should have kept the matter secret, for the sake of the family. Here, in America, Esther is a stranger—here she will stay—and no slur will be cast on the family name at home. But mind one thing: I trust to your honor to take me one into your confidence—excepting only the mistress of the house."

It was Esther's sad story: In the year 1783, a young man named John Jennings, employed as waiter at a Yorkshire inn astonished his master by announcing that he was engaged to be married, and that he purposed retiring from service on next quarter day.

Further inquiry showed that the young woman's name was Esther Calvert, and that Jennings was greatly her inferior in social rank. Her father's consent to the marriage depended on her lover's success in rising in the world. Friends with money were inclined to trust Jennings, and to help him to start a business of his own, if Miss Calvert's father would do something for the young people on his side. He made no objection, and the marriage engagement was sanctioned accordingly.

One evening, when the last days of Jennings's service were drawing to an end, a gentleman on horseback stopped at the inn. In a state of great agitation, he informed the landlady that he was on his way to Hull, but that he had been so frightened as to make it impossible for him to continue his journey. A highwayman had robbed him of a purse containing twenty guineas. The thief's face (as usual in those days) was concealed by a mask, and there was but one chance of bringing him to justice. It was the traveler's custom to place a private mark on every gold piece that he carried with him on a journey, and the stolen guineas might possibly be traced in that way.

The landlord (one Mr. Brunell) attended on his guest at supper. His wife had only that moment told him of the robbery; and he had a circumstance to mention which might lead to the discovery of the thief. In the first place, however, he wished to ask at what time the crime had been committed. The traveler answered that he had been robbed late in the evening, just as it was beginning to get dark. On hearing this, Mr. Brunell looked very much distressed.

"I have got a waiter here named Jennings," he said, "a man superior to his station in life—good manners and fair

education—in fact, a general favorite. But, for some time past, I have observed that he has been rather free with his money in betting, and that habits of drinking have grown on him. I am afraid he is not worthy of the good opinion entertained of him by myself and by other persons. This evening I sent him out to get some small silver for me, giving him a guinea to change. He came back intoxicated, telling me that change was not to be had. I ordered him to bed, and then happened to look at the guinea which he had brought back. Unfortunately, I had not at that time heard of the robbery, and I paid the guinea away with some other money, in settlement of a tradesman's account. But this I am sure of, there was a mark on the guinea which Jennings gave back to me. It is, of course, possible that there might have been a mark (which escaped my notice) on the guinea which I took out of my purse when I sent for change.

"Or," the traveler suggested, "it may have been one of my stolen guineas, given back by mistake, by this drunken waiter of yours, instead of the guinea handed to him by yourself. Do you think he is asleep?"

"Sure to be asleep, sir—in his condition."

"Do you object, Mr. Brunell, after what you have told me, to setting this matter at rest by searching the man's clothes?"

The landlady hesitated. "It seems hard on Jennings," he said, "if I prove to have been suspicious of him without a cause. Can you speak positively, sir, to the mark which you put on your money?"

The traveler declared that he could swear to his mark. Mr. Brunell yielded. The two went up together to the waiter's room.

Jennings was fast asleep. At the very outset of the search they found the stolen bag of money in his pocket. The guineas—nineteen in number—had a mark on each one of them, and that mark the traveler identified. After this discovery there was but one course to take. The waiter's protestations of innocence when they woke him and accused him of the robbery were words flatly contradicted by facts. He was charged before a magistrate with the theft of the money, and, as a matter of course, was committed for trial.

The circumstances were so strongly against him that his own friends recommended Jennings to plead guilty, and to appeal to the mercy of the court. He refused to follow their advice, and he was bravely encouraged to persist in that decision by the poor girls, who believed in his innocence with her whole heart. At that dreadful crisis in her life she took the best legal assistance, and secured from her little dowry the money that paid the expenses.

At the next assizes the case was tried. The proceeding before the Judge was a repetition (at great length and with more solemnity of the proceedings before the Magistrate. No skill in cross-examination could shake the direct statements of the witnesses. The evidence was made absolutely complete, by the appearance of the tradesman to whom Mr. Brunell had paid the marked guinea. The coin (so marked) was a curiosity; the man had kept it, and he now produced it in court.

The Judge summed up, finding literally nothing that he could say, as an honest man, in favor of the prisoner. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, after a consultation which was a mere matter of form. Clear circumstantial evidence of guilt had never been produced, in the opinion of every person—but one—who was present at the trial. The sentence on Jennings for highway robbery was, by the law of those days, death on the scaffold.

Friends were found to help Esther in the last effort that the faithful creature could now make—the attempt to obtain a commutation of the sentence. She was admitted to an interview with the Home Secretary and her petition was presented to the King. Here, again, the indisputable evidence forbade the exercise of mercy. Esther's betrothed husband was hanged at Hull. His last words declared his innocence—with the rope around his neck.

Before a year had passed, the one poor consolation that she could hope for, in this world, found Esther in her misery. The proof that Jennings had died a martyr to the fallibility of human justice was made public by the confession of the guilty man.

Another criminal trial took place at the assizes. The landlady of an inn was found guilty of having stolen the property of a person staying in his house. It was stated in evidence that this was not his first offense. He had been habitually a robber on the highway, and his name was Brunell.

The wretch confessed that he was the masked highwayman who had stolen the bag of guineas. Riding, by a nearer way than was known to the traveler, he had reached the inn first. There he found a person in trade waiting by appointment for the settlement of a bill. Not having enough money of his own about him to pay the whole amount, Brunell had made use of one of the stolen guineas, and had only heard the traveler declare that his money was marked after the tradesman had left the house. To ask for the return of the fatal guinea was more than he dared to attempt. But one other alternative presented itself. The merciless villain insured his own safety by the sacrifice of an innocent man.

After the time when the sea captain had paid his visit at Mrs. Anderkin's house, Esther's position became subject to certain changes. One little domestic privilege followed another so gradually and so modestly that the housekeeper found herself a loved and honored member of the family, without being able to trace by what succession of events she had risen to the new place that she occupied. The secret confided to the two ladies had been strictly preserved; Esther

never even suspected that they knew the deplorable story of her lover's death. Her life, after what she had suffered, was not prolonged to a great age. She died—peacefully unconscious of the terrors of death. Her last words were spoken with a smile. She looked at the loving friends assembled around her bed, and said to them: "My dear one is waiting for me. Good-bye."

First Fight Between North and South.

I was up to Dickinson College the other day, and as I crossed the campus I came to a spot where two paths meet and cross each other. It brought to my mind a story told me by an old Dickinson student who was at the college when the war broke out. At that time there were a number of Southern students in attendance—in fact the numbers were pretty evenly divided between North and South boys, and you know what college lads are. They have their own opinion of things and generally express them vehemently. It was only natural then that there should be considerable clashing between the students from the two sections, and while there was a good bit of chin music indulged in, there were no open fights. Things kept growing warmer and the feeling waxed more bitter between the lads until at last one evening a dispute as to who was right in the seceding arose between a powerful young blonde student from Philadelphia and a black-haired, fiery Southerner from Virginia, a youth of much muscle. The language grew sulphurous, the lie was given and the two fellows went together, the Northerner bent on climbing his antagonist's frame, and the Southerner with the single purpose of tramping on the blonde's neck. The fight took place just where the paths intersect. Instinctively the students from the two sections took sides, and ranged themselves behind their respective champions. It was no sparring-match with so many minutes to the round. It was a determined, continuous bulldog fight, a regular rough-and-tumble. Both were men of science and good wrestlers, and they gave and took without flinching. At one time the Virginian was mopping the earth with the Philadelphia for a flail. All this time the two sides looked on and never interfered except to utter in a quiet way a word of encouragement to the contestants. It would have been death to have interfered then, for there were a good many revolvers in the party. Finally a last clinch was taken by the two fighters, who, breathless, bleeding, exhausted, almost stripped of their clothes, stood panting in the path. The young Northerner by a quick back turn threw the Virginian and fell on him, and before the latter could turn the blonde youth caught his antagonist by the long hair and bending his head back so that his face was upturned beat him insensible. Then he arose, looked about him, panted out: "We've won, boys!" and dropped like a log to the ground. Each side carried away its man and nursed him until he got well. How typical were these two young fellows of their sections. The Southerner never cried "enough" all through the fight, and he only stopped when he was insensible. The South stopped fighting only when it was beaten into insensibility by superior force. It never squealed. And so, too, the North was utterly exhausted at the close of the war. But, you say, that was quite natural. Very true. But wasn't it a little singular that the first fight between the North and the South for supremacy took place on the campus of a Northern College?—Harrisburg (Penn.) Telegraph.

The Natural Bridge.

A correspondent of the New York Star who has been visiting the Natural Bridge in Virginia thus describes this great piece of Nature's handiwork: A sudden turn to the right, and directly ahead loomed up the Natural Bridge in bold and rugged outline against the Western sky, lightened with all the glories of a southern sunset. Imagine an immense mass of solid rock, some forty feet thick and fifty feet broad, spanning a chasm seventy-five feet in width, at a height of 210 feet. On the eastern side is a jagged place where an immense mass of rock has fallen. When it fell it is impossible to say, but it must have been centuries ago, as not a particle of debris remains in the chasm below. The rock is a bluish limestone, streaked with faint lines of white. The grain is very fine and firm, and one loses at first the impressiveness and majestic grandeur of the bridge in speculating on the tremendous force that scooped out, as it were, the immense mass of rock and earth that at some time filled the glen. On the under side of the bridge, and almost in the centre, the lichens and mosses have so grown as to almost represent the American eagle, with outstretched wings, clasping the shield in its talons. Well-authenticated records state that this peculiar growth existed in the middle of the eighteenth century. Standing about a hundred feet west of the bridge, and looking back under it, a well-defined profile likeness of a young woman may be seen. From the road above, the bridge cannot be seen, nor is there any indication of its existence, unless one leaves the roadway and goes about twenty feet to the west. From this point the small stream rushing through the glen and under the bridge may be seen some 250 feet below.

Her Answer.

I asked for her hand and she murmured "Oh, my!" And gave me a smile from Her love-winning eyes.

She gave me her hand, while Caresing her poodle, And said, I am yours, sir, If you've got the brood.

—Boston Courier.

WISE WORDS.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others. Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find you are better off than you fancied.

Every man who observes vigilantly, and resolves steadfastly, grows unconsciously into genius. The men who do things naturally, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life.

Love is the most terrible, and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes its dreams the happiness of some one else. Perfection does not exist; to understand it is the triumph of human intelligence; to desire to possess it is the most dangerous kind of madness.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore is first to be chosen, longest to be retained, and indeed, never to be parted with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them, and they are only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty. Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticism you may pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.

The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions, as it goes along; the habit of which makes Pliny the younger all in that he never read a book but he drew some profit from it.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, with ut any high pretensions to any oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper; and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A Millionaire's Pleasure Skiff.

In his recent visit to this country Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, being struck with the high finish of the Thames boats exhibited at the naval exhibition at Liverpool, commissioned Messrs. Messum & Sons, of Richmond, to construct for his private use one of their very finest pleasure skiffs. The Idle Hour, as the well-known millionaire has chosen to call his new craft, the name being painted in gold on a blue ground on each side of the bows, is twenty-six feet long, four feet four inches wide, and will draw when immersed under a full complement of passengers and rowers fully sixteen inches of water. The boat is most substantially constructed; the keel, stern and stern post and timbers are all of best English wood, the skin being of mahogany three-eighths of an inch thick, the top being three-quarters of an inch. Every metal part of the fittings is nickel plated, so that the craft has an exceedingly bright and somewhat dazzling appearance. She is arranged for two pairs of sculls, with rowlocks rising high from the gunwales, on the well-known skiff system still preferred on the Thames to the level arrangements in gigs, and the mast will, when stepped, allow her to dance merrily before a breeze under a balance lug sail, though, of course, she will not be much use in turning to windward, not having either keel or centre-board. The lines of the Idle Hour are very sweet, the sharp bow tapering gently to the midship section without any straightness in the floors, and running out into a nice clean stern, with quarters like a racing yacht. In a few days she will be shipped to New York, where possibly she will be placed on board Mr. Vanderbilt's big new steam yacht, the Alva, where in smooth water she will always be preferred to the heavier boats of the usual type from her general lightness of construction.—Surrey (England) Comet.

Practical Qualities of Aluminum.

No metal heretofore in use has anything like the number of practical qualities possessed by aluminum. Compared with the precious metals, it is equally ductile with gold and silver, tarnishes less than the latter, resists the attacks of all acids except hydrochloric, and melts at a comparatively low temperature. Compared with iron and steel, its specific gravity is nearly three times less, while capable of resisting a tensile strain equal to the best of iron. It casts well, and can be forged with facility, never oxidizing even at a red heat. It is less sensible to variations of heat and cold than most metals. Compared with tin, it forms alloys with every other metal, imparting to that metal many of its own remarkable qualities. Compared with copper, for electrical purposes, it greatly surpasses the latter in its conductivity. The ores of aluminum in a more or less concentrated state are abundant in every part of the globe; and yet, with all this, so far up to the present time, the refractoriness of these ores has been such that their reduction has been, if not impossible, at least attended with such great expense as to render the cost of the metal prohibitory to its general introduction. Until recently, the only known successful process for the production of aluminum has been that invented by the French metallurgist, Deville, which consisted in reducing the aluminum in an atmosphere of chloride of sodium. The expense of this was necessarily very great. Now, however, that electricity has been brought to solve the question, there is no doubt that the problem of the production of cheap aluminum has been solved.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

A Valuable Otter.

A teamster came down to Chico, Cal., one day recently from the mountains, bringing with him a live otter, which attracted a great deal of attention in town. The man said he got the animal some time ago from some Indians, who caught it in the Columbia River, Oregon, when it was very young and only as big as a rat. It is now about thirty inches in length from its nose to the tip of its tail, and weighs fully fifty pounds. In color it is a dark brown. The otter is very tame, and will follow its master about town like a dog, never offering to run away. He and a few friends went down to the river with the animal after fish. It had been trained by its former owners, the Indians, to catch fish, and its performance is said by those who witnessed it to be truly remarkable. When thrown into the river the otter would make a sudden dive into the water. After a moment it would reappear on the surface with a fish in its mouth, which it would bring to the bank to its master. Then it would repeat the operation, never failing to bring up a fish when it dived. In this way the party got over a hundred fish in two hours' time. The teamster values his pet very highly, but wanted to sell it, as he has to be traveling around the country all the time. He considers it worth \$100.

A Valuable Veil.

The church of Mexico, Mexico, is said to contain a veil of great value. For nearly three centuries Spaniards were in the habit of vowing a jewel to the veil of Our Lady of Mexico if they returned safely from a voyage to Spain, until in Maximilian's time the veil was bejeweled to the value of \$200,000. Three German adventurers with Maximilian determined after his failure to carry away this veil. They made elaborate preparations, succeeded in taking the veil, but a pursuing party had nearly overtaken them when they made a stand in a narrow pass, where two of them were, however, killed with their horses, the third making off under cover of darkness, but without the veil, which was recaptured and restored to the altar, to be more vigilantly guarded than ever.

School property in the Northern States is valued at \$65,000,000.