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J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Prof. Wilson, while frankly owning the weather beaten look of the monolith after the 3,500 years through which he holds it to have battled with time, describes cheerily enough the rugged rose granite's tight grip of the written record intrusted to his keeping: "In places it will be seen that the angles are rounded; here and there the once burnished surface is blurred and rough, and some of the engraving had suffered almost to obliteration; nevertheless, as a whole, it is remarkably perfect. ... [illegible]

A BRIDGE IN CASHMERE.

A GIRL WHO WOULD NOT TAKE A DARE.

A FATAL GAS.

COMETS' TAILS.

Comets, says Richard A. Proctor, have been the subject of paradoxes innumerable, but as yet comets have been so little understood, even by astronomers, that paradoxes respecting them cannot be so readily dealt with as those relating to well established facts. ... [illegible]

SCIENTIFIC.

MM. Gonzaez and Osorio have published the result of their analysis of a valuable specimen of native iron found in Brazil, the composition of the specimen proving to be 64 per cent. iron and 36 per cent. nickel. The metal is a compact mass, having the color and metallic lustre peculiar to forged iron; it does not resist the file, and, although malleable, it may be broken with a sharp twist. Its fracture shows a fine grain, and exhibits a sort of stratification in certain places, and, when polished and treated with an acid, [illegible] ... The density, taken from pieces of varying size, give the following numbers: 7.825, 7.826, 7.747, 7.720—these differences in the density of various specimens going to prove that there is no perfect homogeneity, either in the structure or the composition of the metal. ... [illegible]

One of the most important contributions to the Mathematical and Physical Section, at the late meeting of the British Association at Plymouth, was one by Professor Haughton on the results of the tidal observations made in the recent arctic expedition ... [illegible]

The laying of underground telegraph lines ... [illegible]

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

New Orleans has no smaller coin than the picayune, or five cent piece in circulation.

Governor Carroll, of Maryland, has tried and dismissed one of Baltimore's police magistrates for ignorance of the law.

Two of the London detectives lately found guilty of bribery and collusion with thieves had been in the force over thirty years.

Since 1869 fourteen sets of engines for men-of-war have been made in Germany, which now considers herself entirely independent of foreign engineering.

There is a notion current that certain mines in the far western provinces of Egypt, which have not been worked for centuries, may be worked with profit.

The king of Burmah is erecting machinery at Rangoon to utilize the abundant supply of mineral oil found in Burmah. If the works are successful, the whole of India will be supplied with paraffin from this new source.

SUNBEAMS.

Most horses have bridle tours.

Whenever you have ten minutes to spare go and bother some one who hasn't.

The noble animal, the horse, is a chronic victim to the hay fever.

The very, very latest application of the telephone is to deep sea soundings. In reference to the mystery of the sea the telephone intends to get to the bottom of it.

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Any make of Pianos, every day, 3 discounts.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery

The National Democrat.

RAHWAY, N. J., FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

[We have been requested by some ladies to devote a little corner in our paper for the exchanging of recipes for cooking, baking etc. Any lady having anything she thinks would be of interest to others is invited to send it to us and we will give it place under this head.]

A certain way to keep ants from sugar barrels, lard cans and preserve jars, says one who has tried it, is to tie a string wet with kerosene around the barrel, can or jar. Repeat the wetting of the string with the kerosene oil every few days.

To Cure the Croup.—The following is said to be an excellent remedy for the croup: Take one teaspoonful of pulverized alum, one of sulphur and the whites of two eggs; mix all well together and put it in a small piece of muslin and hold it up and let the water drip from it; and give to a child, say 10 years old, one teaspoonful in a little mint tea, or any pleasant tea; and smaller children less, say half a teaspoonful for 5 years old, and less for younger, all in tea.

Caramel Cake.—Yolks of twelve eggs, two cupfuls pulverized sugar, one cupful butter, three cupfuls flour, half [illegible] milk, half teaspoonful soda in the milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls cream tartar in the flour; prepare the same as white mountain cake. Caramel Icing. Half a cake of chocolate, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, half cupful sweet cream, one teaspoonful butter; grate the chocolate, and with the other ingredients boil twenty minutes, stirring all the time; just before taking it off add one tablespoonful of extract of vanilla; have the cake ready as soon as the caramel boils and spread at once; finish by icing the whole cake.

Molasses Fruit Cake.—One pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter, beaten to a cream. Slightly warm two cups of molasses and mix well with the butter and sugar; next the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and half a cup of sour cream; one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one of cloves; one teaspoonful of ginger if desired; two pounds of sifted flour, with the well-beaten whites of six eggs; one heaping teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water, and at the last one pound of raisins, seeded and chopped; one pound of currants, well washed and dried. Flour the fruit well before mixing. Bake in two bread pans in a slow oven.

COULDN'T PLAY.

Charles Rich wanted to explain how it was and when he got the word "go" he began:

"Well I and 'nother fellow sat down to play a game of euchor for the beer. I shuffled and he cut."

"Cut you with a knife, eh?" asked his Honor.

"Then sir; he cut the cards. Then I dealt."

"You dealt him a blow?"

"Oh, no; I dealt out the cards.—Then we began to play. He threw down a king."

"What King did he throw down—what is Mr. King's name?"

"He threw down the king of spades, sir, and I took it."

"You took it eh? Did you take it kindly, as an insult, or how? Or did you take it and put it in your pocket?"

"Well Judge, if you can't play euchor I can't go into particulars. It was all in fun you see. We had a dispute about the last trick, and he called me a liar and ran out doors. I was trying to catch him when the officer here caught me. I'm very sorry, sir, and I hope this will be a great moral lesson to me never to—to——"

"To what?"

"To let a man outrun me after calling me such a name as that!"

"Charles Rich, I know nothing about the game of euchor," said the court after clearing his throat. "If a Congressman should want to sit down with me to wile the time away I would be a mere toy in his hands.—I can't tell a Jack from a first base, nor an ace from a left-field. I'd be just as apt to caron on the red ball as to pass through the middle arch. I don't know whether it's white to play and mate in two moves or to see who can't get into the king-row first.—But Charles Rich, I do know that you are fined five dollars for disturbing the peace, and if the other man had been arrested he'd have got the same dose from the same bottle."

The prisoner couldn't play against that lone hand, and he paid up and departed.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

They were in a railroad coach, journeying to Chicago. On the opposite seat was a man of commanding figure massive brow, and thoughtful expression.

"What a fine countenance, James.—I wish I knew his occupation."

"Maybe he's a lawyer, Amelia."

"No, he's not a lawyer. The Lord writes a plain hand, and there's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer."

"Not a bit of it. A man with such a heavenly expression couldn't content himself with money getting. His aim in life is higher than that."

"Do you think he is an editor?"

"An editor, with such a face? An editor saying hard things about everybody, ridiculing long dressing, and abusing his mother-in-law? An editor, calling and slashing his enemies, skinning public men indiscriminately and mercilessly slaughtering his best friend for the sake of a three line paragraph? No, James, he's a philanthropist. He's a christian minister or a learned professor, spending his life for the good of mankind. His face plainly indicates that he is all that is noble, pure and true."

"I guess you're right, Amelia. I'll take your word and his face for it."

At the next station an inquisitive farmer took a seat beside the man with noble brow, and asked him about his vocation. Amelia held her breath and listened to the reply:

"I keep a saloon and meat shop.—My wife sells beer, and I do my own butchering."—*Davenport Dem.*

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax works, pointing to a very slim figure with a theatrical crown on his head. "I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator. "Werry likely," replied the showman, [illegible] "but if you'd [illegible]

The clever Bishop of Manchester who was one of the British Commission that came over here twelve years ago to examine our schools, has lately been giving it as his opinion that the American elementary schools attempt to teach too much. Every knowable and teachable thing under the sun was crowded into the curriculum, he said, and when he expressed doubts whether Euclid could be mastered in six months, and whether the same period was sufficient to dispose of other subjects, it was admitted that it was too short a time. The result was that there was no solid instruction; and as an instrument of mental discipline, that farrago of multifarious [illegible] and he might say cramming, [illegible] was a great delusion and a prodigious snare. To learn a few things well and thoroughly was, he was quite sure, the right method of disciplining the mind.

The late Edward Everett condensed into a single brief paragraph his estimation of what constituted a good education. Here it is: To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice. I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, [illegible] an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and, unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies, are ostentatious rubbish.

Two men married each other's daughters. Now, how are they related? Well, as nearly as we can make it, they are each other's father in-law, and their wives are each other's step daughter, hence each other's step-mother.

Dio Lewis sleeps on a pillow stuffed with slag and old tomato cans. He finds that it hardens the nervous centres. As children require something more elastic, an old rubber coat, with large wooden buttons, rolled up and warmed, is recommended.

"Sing Sing," shouted the brakeman, as a Hudson river train slowed up to the station. "Five years for refreshments," yelled a passenger with short hair, and bracelets, as he rose to leave the car in charge of a deputy Sheriff.

SPEER'S

Port Grape Wine,

[illegible]

MT. PROSPECT VINEYARDS, NEW JERSEY.

Speer's Port Grape Wine,

FOUR YEARS OLD.

Tonic & Strengthening Properties

[illegible]

Something New! FOR RAHWAY!

A Great Want Supplied AT 140 MAIN STREET!

Next to Brown's Drug Store.

Canned Goods and Condiments,

All kinds of Tropical Fruits and Nuts,

JELLIES,

A Great Variety of Pickles.

Also, a full assortment of Selected WINES and LIQUORS.

Imported Bottled Ales, Porters and Beers for MEDICINAL AND FAMILY USE.

CIDER by the Quart or Gallon.

Also, Bottled.

All articles strictly as represented, at the lowest market rates. JOHN T. OAKLEY, Rahway, May 2011, 1877. 140 Main Street.

Buckwheat Flour.

In connection with our usual full stock of fresh GROCERIES,

we would call special attention to our extra [illegible] Now Process Flour! either by the barrel or bag. And, also, to our BUCKWHEAT FLOUR!

just received from the interior of Pennsylvania believed to be superior to anything of the kind here before introduced in this market.

M. K. Stokes,

Cor. Milton Ave. & Broad St.

Rahway, N. J., Nov. 14, 1877.

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BRICK, LIME, LATHS, CEMENT, PLASTER, MARBLE DUST, HAIR.

CUMBERLAND COAL, SCRANTON COAL, HAZLETON COAL, LEHIGH COAL. Also, the Celebrated EBERVILLE COAL.

Orders left at Milton Mills Feed Store, Cherry street, or Box 233 Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

BLUE STONE!

Suitable for Flagging, Curbing, Sills, Lintels, Polished Hearths, Well Stones, Chimney Tops, &c. as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere.

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Cheap Boot and Shoe Store, 165 MAIN STREET.

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228 & 230 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

Now Offer Great Bargains for Cash.

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BARGAINS IN CARPETS.

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ALL OTHER GOODS IN PROPORTION

Every article warranted as represented or money refunded.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Buy of the Maker and Make by it.

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N. MOONEY, Rahway, Jan. 30, 1878. 54 Irving St.

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A Song of Peace.

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet on Brandywine
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flocks and vine,
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave corn lifts its regiments
Ten thousand sabres in the sun,
The ricks replace the battle tents,
The bannered tassels toss and run,
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast—
These be our stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plow the fields no more,
The heroes rest. O, let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain:
Still we neglect the lesson taught,
And tear the wounds agape again!
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth. Lo! flock and fold;
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheens of gold.
Oh! rise and sing a song of peace.
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus sits with bolted door.

—Joaquin Miller.

Ponto's Ruse

It was near the close of a sultry day in August, in the year 1676, that a young girl stood on the steps of a rude frame cottage near the village of Deerfield, in the then thinly-settled State of Massachusetts. She was a lovely creature, and her dress and bearing denoted a higher order of taste and refinement than is usually found in frontier settlements. Her name was Ruth Hall, and her parents were among the first settlers in that vicinity.

Deerfield stood upon a gentle eminence only a short distance away, and Ruth was gazing toward it with eager eyes. Her face wore a sad expression and her mind seemed to be full of gloomy thoughts. A narrow path led across a clearing to the village, and soon, by this a young man was seen hurriedly approaching the house. He carried a rifle in his hand, while in the belt around his waist were fastened a pair of heavy silver-mounted pistols, of elaborate workmanship. It was not long before he reached the spot.

"Are you alone, Ruth?" he asked, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Sam," she replied, "mother and father have gone over to Fullbright's, five or six miles east of here. They will be home by noon to-morrow. I am left alone, yet I am not afraid."

A shadow darkened the young man's face.

"But it is dangerous, Ruth," he said, earnestly.

"Are there Indians about?" she asked, quickly.

"Yes, Ruth," he responded, "and though the cottage or town may not be in danger, yet it is always best to be prepared."

"When will it end?" murmured Ruth.

"Soon, I trust," the young man rejoined, in a more cheerful tone. "King Philip cannot hold out much longer; but just now he is making a desperate resistance. He has, it is said, formed an alliance with two other tribes during the past week, beside exciting the enmity of many prominent Indians who have hitherto been friendly toward the whites."

"But do you think that any of the Indians who now visit the village will turn traitors?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"I cannot tell; but why do you ask?"

"Do you believe in dreams, Sam?" said she, depreciatingly, not heeding his question. "I had a singular dream last night. I thought the chief Ponto came here, told me that mother and father were dead, burned the house, and bore me away to a sort of cave which he had formed in the hills, some three miles from here. Wasn't it singular?"

"Yes; but its all nonsense! Ponto is a good friend; he is the last one to prove a traitor," Sam answered.

"That may be," Ruth said, in a musing tone, her eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the ground.

The young man noticed her seriousness, and laughed aloud.

"Don't be silly, Ruth," said he; "and don't forget that you are to be my wife in early autumn."

Ruth's face grew crimson. In a voice of forced gayety, she replied:—

"I'll not, provided Ponto—" And she hesitated.

"Now, Ruth," and Sam Carter spoke in serious tones, "you'll make me lose my temper if you mention that subject again. You know I'm too practical to believe in dreams or any such nonsense. You'll be my wife soon, that's certain!"

Ruth made no reply; soon Carter continued,—

"I wish you would stay in the village. The Indians might attack the place; and this house would afford you no security."

"I'll go there when my parents return."

"Well, do!" and taking up his rifle, which leaned against the house, he kissed the girl, bade her good-by, and moved slowly toward the distant hills to ascertain if there were any signs of Indians.

Ruth Hall gazed after him. Her face was pale and she trembled. Presently she called to him in a nervous manner; he paused and looked back.

"What do you want?" he asked pleasantly.

"O Sam! be very careful; and, Sam," (here her voice sank lower,) "if anything should happen to me, will you promise to search for me in the hills yonder?"

The young man scowled.

"Yes, foolish girl!" he shouted back, ungraciously, and strode on, while Ruth passed slowly into the house.

Soon, the sun sank beneath the western horizon; the shades of twilight began to gather, and night closed in.

Ruth Hall had not been in the house a great while when she heard a light tap on the door. She opened it. Ponto, the Indian chief, stood on the steps. He carried upon his shoulder a long sack, containing what seemed to be fresh meat of some kind, as there was blood dripping from it.

The young girl bade him enter, and he did so, depositing his burden in the corner of the room. The chief sat in silence for some time. At last he said:—

"The Indian is the friend of the paleface, who is now in great danger."

"What do you mean?" Ruth asked, in frightened tones.

After some hesitation the chief informed her that the Indians had formed a plan to burn Deerfield that night, and massacre all the inhabitants in the vicinity.

"They would take my life if they knew I told their intention," continued the chief. "So you must warn the whites of the danger, yet be silent concerning your informant."

Ruth started to her feet, pale and trembling.

"But—are you on friendly terms with King Philip and his warriors?" she asked, excitedly.

Ponto seemed a little confused.

"I know some of their plans," he replied, evasively.

"How did you learn this?" Ruth asked, nervously, a strange suspicion flashing through her brain.

"I cannot tell you," said the savage, darting an uneasy glance around him. "But haste," he added, "and warn them; the night wanes, and you've no time to lose."

The girl obeyed him. To wrap a heavy shawl around her shoulders, and pass out of the house and toward the village, was to her but the work of an instant. Once there, the villagers were soon made aware of their danger, and prepared to meet it. Ruth asked if Sam Carter had come in, and learned he had not. All was excitement. Many were the thanks and blessings bestowed on the young girl for the timely warning.

Ruth decided to pass the night in the village, but said she must first return to her home and get some articles which she needed. Several people offered to accompany her, but she declined their company, saying that she would return in a few moments. So she was permitted to go alone.

Meantime the chief had remained in the cottage. The echo of her receding footsteps had scarcely died away when he rose, took his bundle from the corner, and gliding to Ruth's bedroom, opened the sack, and took out the dead body of a girl. The savages had attacked a settler's house six miles west of Deerfield, that morning. The family—including Silas Fullbright, his wife, and three children, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Ruth's parents—were all murdered! The dead girl was one of the victims. Ponto placed her on the bed, then came out of the room, and with a lighted candle fired the house in several places. This done, he came out on the steps and waited for Ruth, whom, he rightly guessed, would soon return.

As Ruth drew near the house, with no little timidity, she was startled to see flames bursting through the windows. Ponto rose, to meet her.

"Oh, what shall I do, Ponto?" exclaimed the distressed girl, bursting into tears.

"Come with me!" cried the savage, clasping her in his arms as he spoke.

Ruth struggled to get free, but Ponto held her in a vice-like grasp; and, finding she was powerless, the young girl uttered a series of agonizing shrieks. But there was no reply; only the crackling of flames could be heard. The chief now raised her in his arms despite her struggles, and moved swiftly from the spot.

A party of men came to the cottage from the village just as he disappeared. No human power, however, could stay the progress of the flames. The roof fell with a crash and soon only a heap of hot and smoking ashes marked the place where once the cottage stood.

The query then arose: "Where is Ruth?" No one could answer until the charred remains of the girl Ponto had placed in the house, were discovered. "The Indians have murdered her and burned the house," was the universal verdict.

"Yes," said one of the men, "I'm certain I heard her cry just before we got here. What a blow her sad fate will be to Sam Carter! Poor Ruth! who will carry the dismal tidings to her parents? It will nearly kill them!"

The settlers hurried back to the village. They knew not what moment the savages would descend upon it.

After Ponto left the burning house, he went directly to the hills, a few miles distant. He moved forward at a rapid pace, his captive lying passive in his arms. The girl had fallen into a semi-conscious state, from which she did not recover until the chief placed her on a pile of furs in a cave, or rather indentation of immense proportions, in the side of the hill.

Then she raised herself to a sitting posture, and looked around her with a bewildered stare. The room was partially illuminated from a circular hole cut in the entrance, and the light thus afforded enabled the girl to note the surrounding objects. The walls and ceiling were of heavy plank, which prevented the loose earth from falling in; the furniture amounted to almost nothing—a chair or two, a rude pine table, a rickety cot, two or three bundles of furs and several cooking utensils; add to this a small armory of rifles and hunting knives, and the description is complete. The entrance was a small wooden door, of great thickness, and thickly studded with iron spikes; above this, a round hole admitted a faint light.

To escape from this place was impossible, without assistance from the outside. The Indian had labored secretly in making it secure. The spot was an isolated one, and was seldom visited by a human being; yet so cunningly had the savage arranged he no trance that a cursory glance would have detected it. Dead trees were scattered thickly in front of it, to obliterate footsteps, while upon the door clinging vines hung in profusion. Solitary and secure, it would seem that anyone confined there would be as completely lost as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

When Ruth Hall realized her situation, and also noted the security of her prison, she felt her heart sink, while hope almost died within her.

"O Ponto!" she cried, despairingly "why did you bring me here? Take me to my parents at once!"

A smile of triumph lighted up the dusky face of her captor.

"Does the white fawn ask why she was brought here?" he said, with savage exultation; "then I will tell her—because Ponto loves her! She has stolen his heart; he will make her his squaw! Her pale face friends are gone, they are swept from the face of the earth; she has no one upon whom to lean but Ponto. He is her only friend."

"But my parents?" exclaimed the frightened girl, clasping her hands.

"Are dead!"

Ruth echoed these words in a whisper, failing to realize their full meaning. But when the chief told her all, she sank upon the furs and wept long and bitterly.

"Tears are childish," said the chief, at length. "Let the white fawn dry her eyes—let her remember she is to be the squaw of a great chief."

Ruth shuddered, but, wiping her eyes she said:—

"Where is Sam Carter?"

"You will never see him again," answered the savage, jealously. "He thinks you dead, as do all the pale face villagers."

Then he told her of his ruse—the placing of the dead girl in the house, previous to firing it. Ruth listened, feeling that all was lost. Again her mind became bewildered. With a shudder she hid her face in the furs, while the savage stole stealthily from the cave.

* * * * * *

A week had passed since the events we have recorded. The Indians had attacked Deerfield, but the whites, saved by Ruth Hall's timely warning—were prepared, and they were driven off.

When Sam Carter returned and found the cottage burned, and was shown the grave that contained Ruth's remains—the villagers told him—his grief was overwhelming; and it was a long time before he could recover, even in a measure, from the effects of the terrible blow. He vowed dreadful vengeance on the Indians who had committed the deed of blood; and scoured the surrounding country, picking off every savage who came in his way. He did not doubt Ruth's tragic fate; that she could be living never entered his mind. One thing puzzled him exceedingly, and that was the absence of the Indian chief, Ponto. Since the burning of Ruth's home, he had not been seen by any of the settlers. He had disappeared, but why and where he had gone, no one could tell.

Meanwhile, affairs were approaching a crisis. King Philip and his followers were making a last despairing effort. Bands of savages inundated, as it were, the country in all directions. A general massacre of settlers was inaugurated. Deerfield, abandoned by its inhabitants, was burned to the ground. Rapine, pillage and bloodshed, held ghastly carnival.

The end at length came. King Philip, killed by one of his own tribe, his warriors scattered and their homes destroyed, nothing remained for them but to sue for peace. This the whites readily granted, and thus peace was restored.

Then it was that the fate of Ponto was learned. He had joined the Indians, and, a few days previous to King Phillip's death, he had been shot dead for an act of treachery. His crime—or at least the savages considered it such—was the disclosure made to some of his white friends of the intended destruction of Deerfield.

One night, a short time after this, Sam Carter was standing beside the ruins of Ruth Hall's home. He was wrapped in gloomy thoughts. Almost unconsciously his gaze wandered toward the distant hills, and as he did so, a superstitious thrill ran through him, for he could see, gleaming in the darkness, a dim and flaring light. It seemed like a candle set in the window of a house.

Sam Carter was neither nervous nor cowardly, but as he hastily advanced toward it, his limbs trembled and his heart beat painfully. It was not long before he reached the spot; then he saw that it was a candle set in a round hole in the side of the hill, as he had at first supposed.

A closer examination revealed the entrance of a cave. But it was not without great difficulty that he forced opened the door and entered, a strange, vague hope filling his heart. As he advanced a few paces, a figure came out of the shadows, saying:—

"Ponto, is it you?"

The young man recognized the voice of Ruth Hall. He recoiled with a startled cry.

"Gracious Heavens!" was the exclamation that burst from his lips; "Ruth Hall—alive! What is the meaning of this?"

Ruth drew near. She knew him. The next moment she was in his arms, telling her captivity and sufferings in broken sentences. But the meeting of the strangely parted lovers is too sacred to dwell upon, and we draw a veil over the scene.

Ruth had placed a candle in the small aperture at the entrance of the cave, and this saved her. If Carter had not noticed the light—so well had Ponto's ruse succeeded—she must have perished miserably, escape being impossible.

The poor girl was weak and feverish, not so much from hunger, as from the horrors of her captivity. As quickly as possible Carter conveyed her to the nearest settlement, where she was welcomed as one risen from the dead; and where, after a few months, she and Carter were united in marriage, while her strange captivity and narrow escape became a matter of history.

THE DEATH OF A CONNECTICUT MAN IN PERU.

News has just been received of the death of James Watson Eggleston, in Lima, Peru, S. A. He was the eldest son of the late James Eggleston of Pleasant Valley. A correspondent of the Winsted *Herald* in that place says:

"In 1831, at the age 14, he tied up all his worldly possessions in a small bundle, and like many another. [illegible] youth, went out to seek his fortune. He made his way to Boston, walking most of the way, where he met his father, who was there at the time on business, and who after many entreaties, allowed his son to go to sea on board a whaling vessel. Letters occasionally reached his anxious parents from China, Japan, Egypt, Turkey, Sweden, and from Lima, Peru, in which city, after having married a wealthy Spanish senorita, he remained a permanent resident. Many will remember his first, and only visit to the United States in 1841, having been sent here by the Spanish Government to superintend the building of some machinery in Boston. His appearance in Pleasant Valley at a Fourth of July celebration was the the cause of much curiosity and excitement, his friends not recognizing in him the boy who had gone out from among them twelve years before. Even his father refused to believe that he beheld his son, whom he had long mourned as dead, until shown a scar on his neck which had been carried since childhood. After remaining here a year he returned to Lima, saying he should again visit his home in the course of ten years, but his business was such that he was never able to fulfil the promise. He was a man of more than ordinary abilities, holding many important positions in the Spanish Government. After his marriage his name was legally changed to the Spanish name of Santiago Flores. He leaves a wife, three children, and grandchildren in Lima."—*New Haven Palladium.*

FEMALE REFORMATORIES.

An experiment has lately been tried in Indianapolis, Indiana, in regard to the management of female reformatories, which deserves the consideration of those in all parts of the country having the direction of such institutions, and of the public at large. This experiment consists in giving the care of these reformatories entirely to women. It has been tried at Indianapolis for the past four years, and is proving a complete success. All the women prisoners in the State prison were transferred to this new institution, but there is no communication of any kind between the convicts and the young girls in the reformatory proper. Many of the former class are known as hardened characters, but the matron has no difficulty in managing them alone by the mildest treatment. Out of ninety-five discharges from the prison in four years, but two have been sentenced for subsequent offences. Many of them, after discharge, have been furnished with good situations, which they are creditably filling. Only half a dozen inmates of either reformatory or prison have gone back to their former habits after leaving the institution. The girls in the reformatory are admitted between the ages of ten and fifteen, and are discharged at eighteen. There are now 135 girls in the institution who are well-trained intellectually, and are also carefully instructed in household duties. One of the directors of the institution is the wife of ex-Gov. Hendricks.

MAKING A WHITE DOCTOR.

A Nevada paper says: "It has been a question unsolved by many how the doctors of the tribes of Indians got their sheepskins. We have of late heard of several executions for inability to bring about a cure among the Piutes, and now we have the particulars at hand of how they elect a successor in case of the death of a medicine man or woman. All the adult members of the tribe are called together; a white round stone is provided for each and all except one, and that is a black one; these are all put in a sack together and passed around, each hand drawing out a pebble. The one drawing the black stone is thereafter to ate as medicine man or woman, as the case may be, for men and women have to take their chances of drawing. The doctor-elect then must qualify himself as best he can—the more the better—for he will have a longer lease of life; because, on the death of a third patient, he is put to death in a summary manner. Sometimes shot, again stoned to death, and at others burned."

About the latest thing out is a borrowed book.

Modern marriages, says a contemporary, begin with a court and end with a court.

You know why a lover's heart is like a whale? Of course. It is a secreter of great sighs.

The potato bug is getting jealous, for the Hessian fly photographs will better than its own.

An Iowa book agent talked with a man an hour before discovering he was deaf and dumb.

"Alcohol will clean silver." Yes, alcohol well stuck to will clean out all the silver you have got.

A New Orleans man, after running against a lamp-post, says that black-eyed men love raw oysters.

The gondolas of Venice are all right in romance, but an American says the cushions are full of bugs and worms.

Little Softgoods—"Beg pardon, Miss; but you're down in my invoice for the next dance."

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours.

"What is money?" asks the Batavia *Times*. Money (adds the Rome *Sentinel*) is the missing link between man and his tailor.

"Is it proper to say, 'I see the sun rise,' or 'I see the sun rise?'" asks "Balto." Sir, the proper thing is to get home before it rises.

A paper at Gainesville, Ga., remarks—"All of the twenty-one buildings destroyed by fire in this city are now rebuilt except nineteen."

If you want to ruin a Paris tradesman commit suicide in his shop. He can't get over the feeling that ill luck has grabbed him neck and heels.

Photographer—"Now, sir, if you will look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, a little more as though you'd been left a legacy, you'll get a picture."

A baby at the recent Boston Exhibition weighed only a pound and a half, and the Worcester *Press* says its mother spanked it with a tack-hammer.

It is difficult for the unregenerate paragrapher to tell, at times, wherein the religious papers display the greater zeal and agony, of spirit—saving souls or stealing jokes.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification (adds the Worcester *Press*) would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair restorer.

Saw a sign, in a barber's window the other day, "Boots Blacked Inside." Couldn't for the life of us think why any body wants the inside of his boots blacked. Should think it would ruin a fellow's stockings.—*Exchange.*

It is told of the father of Herr Teufelsdrockh that he used to recount in his old age how the great Frederick had once spoken to him. When asked what it was that the King had said, he admitted that it was, "Get out of my way, dog!"

"Ma," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" "Why, the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Georgia bride is eleven years old.

Arnold, the ink [illegible], lives in a white house and drives white horses.

Ireland has a Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.

Jean Arnauld, the lieutenant of the pirate Lafitte, is living near Rome, Ill., at the age of eighty-six.

Victor Emanuel is more liberal in bestowing decorations than any other sovereign.

The barroom bell punches in Richmond, Va., have collected $15,000 tax in about two months.

There are now 2,265 letter carriers employed in the free delivery service of the United States.

The demand for boots and shoes is taxing the capacity of New England manufacturers to the utmost.

A man built a couch of stones and leaves in the woods near St. Louis, lay down on it, took poison, and died.

An Omaha husband sues for a divorce because, while the color of his own and his wife's hair is jet black, her baby's hair is bright red.

The Lutheran Church in Beaver City, Pa., has an oil well on its premises, and the flow is sufficient to pay all the church's expenses.

When the owner of a little house in Cleveland went to collect the rent he found that the tenant had put it on wheels and moved it away.

Of the fifty-eight banks connected with the New York clearing house, [illegible] furnish their clerks with lunch inside their own establishments.

In Spain they are beginning to feed cattle with forage intermingled with ground bones, in order to increase the dose of phosphate of lime in the food.

Homer Hunt and C. Mason Lane are reported as having fought a duel near Ashland, Miss., in which Hunt was killed and Lane mortally wounded. The quarrel was about a girl, of whom Hunt spoke disrespectfully.

A wealthy English traveler offered, recently, to give a million dollars for Raphael's Madonna del San Sisto, in the Dresden gallery. The managers replied that it was not for sale at any price.

Gambetta is increasing in size, and already exhibits the waddling gait habitual to fat men. In discoursing a speech the artificiality of his left eye is quite overlooked, such is the sparkling glow of his genuine one.

England has become so fond of American apples that it is estimated she can certainly take an average of from 12,000 to 15,000 barrels a week for the whole market year of nine months.

A Roman correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* writes that the Order of Jesuits which, about twenty-five years ago, when Father Beckx, the present general, commenced his rule, numbered some 4,000 members, has since increased to 9,400.

A leading London solicitor lately said to a client, "You are the first person who has been here this week"—it was Thursday—"without seeking to raise money somehow."

The Sazerac Lying Club of Virginia City seems to exert an influence there. John Simmons told the Sheriff that he was a murderer, and led a searching party into the woods to find a hidden body. The story was wholly false.

A Fall River factory girl dreamed that she would be stricken dumb at a certain hour, and since that time she has not spoken—is unable to utter a syllable, as she says in writing. Doubtless she is a monomaniac, but in every other respect she is physically and mentally healthy.

A London correspondent writes: "I had occasion to make inquiries for a friend as to the cost of a suit of rooms at the Hotel Bristol, Paris, per diem, and he was very much surprised to find that he could have a splendid salon and two bedrooms, with servants' rooms, for about $16 a day. The Bristol is the *ne plus ultra* of Paris hotels.

Charles Thorpe, the original 'Champagne Charlie,' has just died in England. He was fond of the social glass, and having an income of $50,000 a year, could afford champagne. He drank so much of it, however, that he died at the age of thirty-four, presumably from its effects, though that is not stated.

A Rouen journal announces that a stone statue, bearing on its pedestal the inscription, "Jeanne Darcques dite la Pucelle d'Orléans," has been found in a very old farm house situated in the village of [illegible], near Fecamp. The statue is undoubtedly ancient, but it has been covered over with a thick layer of plaster, so that its artistic merits can scarcely be judged at present.

A great deal has been said about the cruelty of separating married people in English poorhouses, especially in the case of the aged, where no addiction is apprehended, but inquiry goes to prove that in many cases they prefer it. The old women like a gossip with the old women, while the men, who have generally regarded their wives more or less according to their degree of usefulness to them, cease to care much about their company when they are of no use.

Queen Victoria regulates and disciplines her children just as if they were still boys and girls. Prince Leopold is twenty-four, but he is not allowed to go to [illegible] telegraphs to Windsor or Balmoral by one of his suite, so that, the other Sunday when, being in Elgin, he accepted an invitation to attend the Episcopal church, he received a few minutes before the hour of service peremptory orders to go to the Presbyterian church.

A Harrisburg, Pa., jeweler says that neither he nor one of his five workmen uses tobacco, and both can handle any polished tool in the shop and lay it aside unwiped without injury. The other workman uses tobacco habitually, and if he neglects to wipe polished tools after using them, they will soon be badly rusted.