THE ELECTRICITY OF LOVE.

Oft foolish hearts, led by his flattery,
Will venture unsuspecting,
To test and try the wond'rous battery
Dan Cupid is directing.

He'll hold them by loves current thrilling,
They who were loth to take it;
Until they find they're victims willing
And beg him not to break it.

—Roy L. McCardell.

ASINGULAR START IN LIFE

How did I get my first start in life? Well, in a very singular manner—a very singular manner indeed. I will proceed to tell you.

Let me see. I am now rather advanced in years—seventy-seven last January— what some people call getting old; though, somehow, my heart feels as young as ever. Seventy-seven years, with nineteen off, leaves fifty-eight. Fifty-eight years ago in June; that would carry it back to the year 1841. Yes, that is right—that is the year I went out to Port-au-Prince, Hayti, as captain's clerk.

The captain and I not agreeing very well, I left him there, and while looking for another berth I fell in with a countryman of mine who wanted to take a trip into the interior, merely to gratify his curiosity.

"I have heard," he said, "that the scenery among the hills is the most beautiful in the world, and I am anxious to see it, but would rather not venture alone, and hitherto have found no one to be my companion. Now if you can spare a few days and will go with me I will not only bear all expense, but pay you a reasonable price for your time."

"I am your man," was my reply.

We immediately set to work and procured a good outfit—rifles, pistols, knives, tinderbox, wallets, knapsacks, canteens, and dry provisions, which we expected to eke out with fresh game, and the second day saw us on our travels into an uninhabited region.

I pass over the first few days of romantic exploration, during which we penetrated deep forests and dense jungles, where vegetation ran riot, forded numerous streams, climbed steep hills, scaled precipices, descended into dark valleys, and saw nature in all her wildness, grandeur and beauty, with enough of peril from wild beasts and poisonous reptiles to keep us keenly on the alert.

On the fifth or sixth day we discovered the finest scene at all—a succession of precipices, like so many terraces, one above another, down which poured and roared a series of cascades, with mountains towering far heavenward on three sides of the whole, and a tranquil river and a flowery valley on the fourth—altogether a combination of grandeur, beauty and sublimity that was really enchanting. We spent the remainder of the day here, built our campfire on one of the highest ledges, and slept listening to the music of the night-birds and falling waters.

On the following day we discovered the entrance to a beautiful grotto, which we immediately determined to explore.

Collecting some resinous sticks, and binding them together to serve for torches, we lighted our bunch, and entered where perhaps the foot of man had never before penetrated.

The entrance was narrow, a little higher than our heads, and my companion went cautiously forward with the light, and I as cautiously followed.

After getting in some fifty feet, in a zig-zag course, we suddenly came to a large apartment, hung with the most beautiful stalactites, which flashed and sparkled in the light with an effect which defies description, and we could easily fancy we were in a palace of diamonds.

"This is worth the labor of a lifetime to behold!" exclaimed my companion, enthusiastically.

"Gorgeous beyond my wildest dreams!" I replied.

This hall was very large not less than three hundred feet in length, by two hundred in breadth, and in some places perhaps fifty feet to the roof, with an even, level floor.

While feasting our eyes on the surrounding beauties we gradually moved on, and came to where three dark passages led deeper into the bowels of the earth, the central one going straight forward, and the others turning off respectively to the right and left. We took the middle one, which was about ten feet wide, and as many high, and arched at the beginning with nearly as much regularity as if cut out by the hand of art.

After advancing a few paces we found it gradually narrowed, and began to descend somewhat abruptly, the air becoming more damp and heavy. Presently it expanded into a long, low hall of solid rock, which, unlike the first apartment, was dark and gloomy, affording the wildest contrast.

On exploring this apartment we found no less than six more passages, leading off in as many different directions.

We selected the largest and still went forward, though I confess I began to feel a little uneasy, for fear we might venture too far, lose our way, and not be able to get back.

"Don't let us risk too much for the first time," I said to my companion by way of courtesy; "for I have no desire to be buried alive."

"There is not the least danger," he replied. "I watch every turn, and could find my way out in the dark."

Soon after this we came to where the passage was so contracted that, at first, we were compelled to stoop, and then to crawl forward on our hands and knees.

Again I remonstrated, but my companion did not heed me.

We kept on in this manner for some distance, and then the passage enlarged, and led up a steep ascent. After toiling up about fifty feet we came to another brilliant chamber of stalactites, and found a dozen more inviting passages leading we knew not whither.

Our first torch was by this time pretty well burned out, and, as we lighted one of the two others which I carried, I remarked:

"It would be tempting fate to go any further now. I propose turning back."

"Hark!" he said. "I do believe I hear running water, and I must see what it is. This way; follow me. There is no danger. I will guide you back in safety."

He again went forward as he spoke, and as he still carried the light I was obliged to accompany him, or remain in darkness.

We thus went on and on, through a rather open passage, and, as we advanced, the sound of falling water became more and more audible, till at length we came in sight of a bright running stream, that flowed over a clear bed, and fell down, with a sudden plunge and gloomy roar, into some dark abyss that was frightful to behold.

As we stopped and contemplated this wonder of nature, with the lurid torch lighting up the awful scene, I suddenly perceived what appeared to be several bright sparks of fire in the bed of the stream.

As the depth of the water was only a few inches, I fixed my eye on one, descended into the current, stooped down, picked it up, and held it to the light.

"What have you found, Benson?" asked my companion.

"What is it?" I said, handing it to him.

Never shall I forget his wild, eager look, as he fairly shouted:

"Gold! Gold! Gold! As I live, gold! Hurrah! Our fortune is made!"

In a moment I was as much excited as he; and, forgetting everything else, we both began a hurried search along the bed of the stream for gold. We found it in particles—here, there, and everywhere—sparkling like fire beneath the light of our torch; and while we gathered it, looking eagerly among the rocks on every side for some enriching vein, we indulged in the wildest dreams of wealth and ambition.

Time passed unheeded, our torch burned low, and yet we thought of nothing but gold.

At last coming back down the stream toward the edge of the dark abyss, my companion saw something that drew him forward in haste. I perceived his danger, and shouted:

"Have a care!"

The words had not done echoing through the subterranean gloom, when there was a sudden slip, the dashing forward of a human body, an agonizing scream, the ghastly gleam of a swiftly descending torch, and then I was alone in the bowels of the earth, in the most appalling darkness.

For a time I was bewildered and stupefied, and I sat down there in the rayless darkness, moaning and wringing my hands. Then I shouted the name of my companion many times, and begged him to answer me, though I knew it was all in vain. Echo alone responded—an awful echo—that finally died out far away in the terrific gloom.

At last I aroused myself to thoughts of my own preservation. Fortunately I had brought with me the means of striking a light, and one bundle of sticks was still in my possession.

I lighted the last torch, cast around me one terrified glance, and hurried away from the roaring water, that was singing the funeral dirge of my late companion.

My presence here now is a proof that I reached the outer world alive; but more than once I was in despair, believing I had lost my way. After that I had a long, weary journey back to Port-au-Prince, and it was not till near the close of the fourth day that I came in sight of the town. It rained a great deal during those four days, and I being completely drenched, I was often exposed to a scorching sun.

The effect of all this was a fever, which kept me on my bed for six weeks, during which time my life was more than once despaired of; and it was nearly four months from my first attack before I was again fit for business.

My purse having now become pretty low, I bethought me of my golden cave, and at once endeavored to turn it to some account.

I mentioned my discovery to several different parties, telling them, at the same time, the sad tale of the loss of my companion.

Most of them listened with indifference, saying they did not think gold enough could be found there to defray the expense of searching for it; and I was about to give up the idea of making any money out of it, when I fortunately met a speculating Frenchman, who asked me what sum I would require to guide him to the cavern and relinquish all claim to whatever might be found within.

I named a sum equivalent to twenty-five thousand dollars, and after considerable arguing, he offered me twenty thousand, which I finally accepted.

I guided him to the grotto, conducted him to the subterranean stream—at which I shuddered as I again beheld it—showed him the little sparkles of gold, and received my promised reward. I never saw him afterward, but heard that he made a fortune by his purchase.

That twenty thousand dollars, so strangely acquired, I may say was my first real start in life. With that I began to trade in different articles, buying and selling, and two years afterward returned to England in a vessel freighted by myself.

I was prosperous in all my undertakings, and twenty years ago, retired from business, having what I considered enough of this world's goods.

SHE SIGNALS ALL SAILORS

"The Little Lighthouse Girl" Never Fails to Greet Ships That Pass.

Sailormen who navigate the seas on the South Atlantic coast are always glad when they near the harbor of Savannah, for that means that they will pass within saluting distance of "the little lighthouse girl." This, be it understood, is the officially accepted title of Miss Florence Martus, who has for the last eleven years waved a friendly signal to every craft passing between the city and the sea. It is the hobby of this young girl to greet the ships that go and wish them a safe return, and greet the ships that come and congratulate them on their voyage. She says that the ships are her world. She hasn't much world outside of the marine houses, to be sure, for she lives with her brother and her mother on the bleakest, most uninviting island imaginable on the southern bank of the Savanah River, ten miles from town.

The Martus dwelling is the only habitation on Elba Island. There is no landing wharf and visitors arrive on an average once a year. George Martus attends to the range of lights which keep the pilots in the right part of the most tortuous channel in that part of the ocean. Besides the lighthouse is the cottage where these three persons spend their lives. The barks, the steamers, the schooners and the various other craft never get near enough for an exchange of greetings other than that expressive form of good will, the waving of a handkerchif by day and of a lantern by night. And as the girl sends out her welcome the seamen, who all know her and who would resent the elimination of the ceremony which she has popularized, send back an answering salute, three "toots" of the steam whistle. Then Miss Martus is as happy as a belle at a debutante party.

It is her desire that no vessel shall pass the lighthouse without receiving a salute. She never overlooks a sail in the daytime, and her handkerchief is ever ready for its service of cordiality. And at night she seems to feel intuitively the approach of her ships, for she has frequently made ready the lantern before the expected boat hove in sight. She says it is her ambition to signal every ship that touches Savannah. She was asked her reason for signalling the passing sea throng.

"I do it," she answered, "because they are my friends, almost the only friends I have. I love to see them come and go, and when they go I always pray for their safe return."

Do to Others, Etc.

Little Johnnie—I wonder why men always like to talk about their school days?

Little Willie—Oh, I guess it's because after they get growed up they want to find out where their teachers live so they can do unto them as they got done by.

Was Punished Enough.

A very subdued looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Boston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows: "Miss B.: Please excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played trooant, but I gess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' a driver of a sled they hung onto licked him allso. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him until next time.

Remarkable Dog is Trip.

With the departure of Lieutenant Commander C. S. Richmond from League Island he having been detached from the command of the Dixie and ordered to take the Pensacola from Mare Island, Cal., to Gaum, there has disappeared from the navy yard one of the sights, the commander's three legged dog. This animal has been the officer's constant companion on land and sea since the recent war, and, with its master, was in the thickest of some of the engagements off Cuba. The dog is known as Trip, because he has only three legs, the left front limb having been cut clean off in the war by a shell from a land battery on the Cuban shore. The dog is of the mongrel order, his owner having picked him up while at one of the southern ports. Commander Richmandeclares that Trip must go wherever his master is ordered, and so the dog if off for Gaum. The sailors on the different vessels on which Trip has journeyed with his proud owner spent much of their spare time teaching him tricks, and he is now able to give a very entertaining acrobatic performance. He turns front and back somersaults, but his principal act is to stand on his lone front leg. For minutes he will thus poise himself, with his tail sticking up in the air.

BOYS IN A BOX OF DYNAMITE.

Smoking Complacently in the Mirror of Interested Spectators.

"I was lying a big water main," said a contractor. "We had completed the job and were filling up the trench. Where the pipe ended we were obliged to put a board covering over the end, as work on the next section had not been started and probably would not be for some time. We had filled up the entire trench and placed the big board covering over the end and had partly filled the hole with dirt when he heard a feeble cry from the pipe. The workmen were frightened for a moment, finally the foreman recovered presence of mind enough to order them to remove the dirt and boards and see what was in the pipe. When they had done so out crawled about as thoroughly frightened a boy as I ever saw. He said he had crawled into the pipe in the afternoon to hide from his companions and had fallen asleep and was only awakened by the noise of the dirt and stones falling against the boards covering up the end of the pipe.

His mother happened along about this time. When she learned what had occurred she set down her market basket, picked up a lath and treated us to an exhibition of how a boy should be properly spanked. She did the job in artistic shape, and when she stopped for breath that boy had the fact impressed upon his mind that a nap in a big water main was against the rules of the family."

"Three small boys," said another contractor, "gave me about as bad a scare last summer as I ever had in my life, and if I had caught any one of the three I would have administered a spanking which would have been up to all the contract requirements of a well-regulated family. I had been doing a piece of work uptown near a large open lot, and the small boys of the neighborhood used to bother us by interfering with the drills and other tools when the workmen were not about. One rainy morning about a week before the Fourth of July the crowd had been annoying the watchman by firing off firecrackers about the place. As the men were not working on account of the rain, the boys had been having a gay time, and about 11 o'clock I came up to the place to prepare to set the men to work at 1 o'clock, as it looked like clearing up. I found the watchman enjoying himself in a saloon, and after I had berated him for his negligence we proceeded toward the place.

"To our horror we saw that the lid of the large box where our dynamite was stored partly open and propped up with a stick, and from out the box were coming frequently little puffs of smoke. We ran for our lives until we had reached a safe distance and awaited the outcome. As there were 100 pounds of dynamite and about fifty pounds of black powder stored in that box, neither of us would have gone near it for any amount of money.

"We warned every one who came near did all we could to avoid an accident. And after waiting about ten minutes in breathless expectation of a terrible explosion we saw three youngsters stick up their heads and peep out. We made a run for those youngsters, and out they jumped and scampered away. If the watchman had been sober and I had been about 125 pounds lighter and twenty-five years younger we might have caught those little scamps, but beer, age and avoirdupois were against us and they got away."

A Little Daisy.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The merchant had arrived at his office as early as 7 o'clock, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading, and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing. At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant.

"Well, what are you is such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response. "I left school yesterday evening to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me say so, and I'll skip. The only place I can stop long in is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come?" replied the youngster, "I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you'd said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants it.—Detroit Free Press.

Minister (to naughty boy)—Tommy, you should be good—like my little boy. Tommy—Oh, people donate you so many slippers he doesn't dare to be bad.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Regular Correspondents.

Corning.

The appropriation of $1500, made by the common council for improving and making passable State street in the Fourth ward, has been vetoed by the mayor for the reason that "no practical improvement can be made for such an amount." The mayor's knowledge of street improving and road-making must be wonderful since it surpasses that of all the aldermen put together, apparently. Certainly, the aldermen when they passed Mr. Doyle's resolution appropriating $1500 for the improvement of State street, knew what they were doing. But the mayor seems to think they did not.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Mary's church gave an enjoyable euchre party on Thursday evening at the L. C. B. A. hall at which a large number was present.

State street becomes, just after it passes St. Mary's Catholic church and beyond Third street, a trackless waste, impassible in fine weather and impeasable in weather that is not fine. The side walk breaks off abruptly at Third street, and the road plunges down and is lost to mankind amid the brambles and briars that overhang the Monkey Run creek. For a space of two blocks this chaotic condition of what is called a street, continues until it reaches Fifth street where its condition is better. To place a side-walk through this region, even were it only a temporary one, would be an act of charity. But the mayor does not propose to do even this. His idea is to ignore this part of State street entirely and he suggested the expenditure of a few hundred dollars on Fifth street, where it intersects State street; a proposition that looks to some of us like the shield that is elevated as the blow is struck. The most beautiful bridge in the world at Fifth street is not half so important as a decent walk through State street is necessary. The mayor's action in vetoing the appropriation is hard to understand.

The ice cream parlors of Mr. Frank Carr, recently opened to the public are attracting a large number of customers. The fixings of the place are elegant and a fine-toned piano with an electric attachment which discourses popular music by the hour forms one of the attractions. In connection with the piano, it is interesting to learn that Henry Taylor, the inventor and electrician, has been endeavoring to form a connection between the instrument and a current of electricity generated in the cellar under the store. Thus far, he has not been able to perfect the arrangement of the apparatus and the box attachment has to be taken to the power house and charged occasionally.

The Spaulding base ball team for another game to-day (Saturday) with a strong Painted Post nine, at the newly made diamond in that village. The record of the Spaulding's thus far shows an unbroken series of victories and the admirers of the enthusiastic young "meadow" players hope to see them add another scalp to-day to their collection.

On Wednesday morning at St. Mary's church occurred the wedding of Miss Mary Ryan, of this city, and Augustus Walker of Utica. Nuptial high mass was celebrated and the happy young couple received the congratulations of numerous friends and then left on an extended wedding trip.

The report that natural gas had been discovered by well-diggers, at Beatrice, some few miles above here, attracted many Corningites to that place on Sunday, over a thousand people journeying thither "south to sage and some on wagg." The gas is an undoubted fact and it is the hope of those interested that oil may be found. The well is now some 1,100 feet down but it is intended to be carried down some hundred further. It is on the Ayers farm.

Seneca Falls.

The Crescent Social Club held a dance party Monday evening in the Odd Fellows hall. The Elite orchestra furnished the music.

Joseph LaFleur, aged 78 years, died Friday afternoon about 5 o'clock at the Long Point Hotel. Death was caused by a fall he received last Tuesday afternoon while going down the embankment between West Fall and Water streets. The remains were removed Friday evening by Undertaker E. J. Ryan to the home of his son, John, on Bayard street. The deceased is survived by three sons William, John and Michael. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock from St. Patrick's church, Rev. Michael Dwyer officiating.

Rev. Father Dwyer is preparing a large class to receive holy communion at the Feast of the Sacred Heart in June.

Mrs. James Reagan of New York city, died Saturday night. Mr. Reagan is of Seneca Falls. He has the sympathy of many friends.

Rev. Father O'Connor, pastor of St. Patrick's church, paid the mortgage on St. Patrick's church last week, $4,000, leaving the church free from debt. Rev. Father O'Connor had ought to be well appreciated by his congregation for the good work he has done since he came to St. Patrick's parish.

Dansville.

Mrs. Wm. Wardein visited in Rochester over Sunday.

At the prize speaking at the High school last Friday night, John Mackie was awarded first prize and James Brogan, second.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hodson of Buffalo are visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. Murphy.

Miss Mary A. Welch returned to Edinboro, Pa., Monday, after a two week's visit at her home here.

Mrs. Mary Everman died at her home last Tuesday. She was 60 years of age and leaves nine children. The funeral was held from St. Mary's church on Friday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. Father Kreinbel officiating.

F. J. Michel gave a party to number of his friends last week. The event being his sixty-eight birthday.

Miss Lizzie Bowman has returned home from California, after several years absence.

[Continued on 8th page.]