THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

WORLDLY PRIDE.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
—Knox.
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud.
—Young.

Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span.
—Prior.
How insignificant is mortal man!—Kirk White.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
—John Morris.
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
—Blair.

Life's a long tragedy, this globe the stage.
—Watts.
And the dreams in youth are but dust in age.
—J. Miller.

There's no contentment in a world like this.
—Willis.
Beggars enjoy where Princes oft do miss.
—Greene.

Man's yesterday may never be like his morrow.
—Shelley.
For days of joy ensue sad nights of sorrow.
—Quarles.

Think not too meanly of thy low estate.
—O. W. Holmes.
They also serve who only stand and wait.
—Milton.

Honor and shame from no condition rise.
—Pope.
The man forgets not, though in rags he lies.
—Akenside.

And oh! believe me, who have known it best.
—Madden.
'Tis not in mortals to command success.
—Addison.

Ye cannot know what ye have never tried.
—Bulwer.
What fates impose that man must needs abide.
—Shakespeare.

Free will is but necessity in play.—Bailey.
To which the gods must yield and we obey.
—Fletcher.

Man's but the toy of omniscient power.
—Stuart.
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.
—Byron.

Grasp not at much, for fear thou losest all.
—Herbert.
One statesman rises on another's fall.
—R. Brome.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand.
—Dryden.
The steps of its ascent are out in sand.
—Robert Millhouse.

Ah, fool, to exult in a glory so vain.—Beattie.
How little of life's scanty span may remain.
—Burns.

Honor's the darling of but one short day.
—Sir H. Wotton.
For the fashion of this world passeth away.
—Bible.

Why on such sands thy spirit's temple rear?
—Sigourney.
A sacred burden in this life ye bear.
—Francis Kimball.

The good begun by thee shall onward flow.
—Wilcox.
As falls the tree, so lies it, so shalt thou.
—Dana.

Death is the port where all may refuge find.
—Sterling.
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
—Goldsmith.
—*Mrs. H. A. Deming.*

COUSIN CAROLINE'S DIAMONDS.

My aunt, Mrs. General Musgrove, is a very remarkable woman. Tall and upright as a dart, with sparkling black eyes, and thick bandeaux of jet-black hair, with scarce a thread of silver visible in them, she might easily be taken for fifty, instead of sixty-five. She manages her large estate herself, and does it admirably; in fact, the world calls her strong-minded.

After the marriage of her daughters, and the establishment in life of her sons, she sold her house in New York and took up her permanent residence at Ravenswood, her handsome country-seat on the Hudson, which was within twenty minutes' drive of the Waterdale Station, and just an hour and a half from New York, by rail. Here she dwelt in a sort of stately seclusion, receiving constant visits from one or the other of her married children. I was a frequent guest myself, being something of a favorite with my aunt, who used, severely, to remark that "Lizzy had no nonsense about her."

These family reunions usually took place at Christmas. But, one year, it chanced that Thanksgiving was selected, because one of my younger cousins was going abroad. It was a very brilliant affair, and all the famous Musgrove silver was sent up from the bank at New York for the occasion. The guests, however, only remained for a day. All had left, either by the midnight train for New York, on the same evening, or by the earliest one on the following morning. By noon the next day my aunt and I were left alone.

Our first business was to count and pack the silver, which was always sent back, immediately, to the bank in New York. My aunt used to say that nothing would induce her to keep it in her house. Of her own servants she felt perfectly sure. She had four in all: her cook, Bridget O'Donnel, an elderly Irishwoman, who had lived with her for years; her housemaids, Sarah and Susan, who were sisters; and, finally, an all-accomplished Swiss man-servant, called Victor Ducange, who was literally and truly a perfect treasure. There was nothing in the world that Victor could not or would not do. He took charge of the two carriage horses; drove my aunt out; waited at table; and could, in an emergency, even make the beds or get up a dinner. He was always at hand, always noiseless, and never in the way.

"I got him quite by chance, too, my dear," my aunt said. "He used to be the head waiter at the Hotel Metropole, Geneva; but his health broke down from overwork, and he came to New York with the Carringtons when they returned from their last trip to Europe. Such recommendations as I had with him! George Carrington could scarcely say enough in his favor."

Old Bridget, however, heartily disliked him. "That murtherin' thafe of a Frinchman," she used to call the invaluable Swiss. Keeping the peace between these two high functionaries was difficult at times. As to Victor, he never seemed to heed Bridget at all. A shrug of the shoulders, or, at most, a glance of unutterable disdain, was the utmost notice that he took of her.

The day after the Thanksgiving dinner my aunt came to my room, where I was resting, after the packing of the silver.

"Only think, Lizzie," she said, "here has Bridget gone and fallen ill to-day, of all the days in the year, when, as you know, Sarah and Susan have both gone down to New York to be present at their sister's wedding. There isn't a soul in the house to do anything except Victor."

"Bridget ill? Why, what can be the matter?"

"Goodness knows, child. She was as well as possible this morning; but just now she came to me and said that she had such a 'whirling in her head, and such a trimlin' in her legs, that she just had to go up to her room and lie down.' It seems that Victor, who is a good soul, thought her looking rather badly this morning, and gave her some of his prime Swiss bitters; but since taking the dose she has gotten rather worse than better."

Just then Victor's discreet tap was heard at the door; and on being bidden to come in he entered, civil and obsequious as usual.

"If madame will permit me," he said, "I will take charge of all things for a day or two. The maids will be back to-morrow evening; and as for mistress Bridget, she has but a *migraine*—a sickness of the bile; she will be all right in a day or two. If madame will tell me what she would like for dinner I shall get it ready for her."

"Oh, thanks, thanks," said my aunt. "I really didn't like to ask you; but since you offer—"

"With pleasure," retorted Victor. 'And now I will go and see about dinner."

The short balance of the afternoon we spent in the library together over the fire. I confess that I nodded more than once over my book; for I was tired with the day's work, and I suspect that my aunt was just as bad. Anyway, it was something of a surprise to us both when we were summoned to dress for dinner—a ceremony that Aunt Musgrove seldom or never omitted, but which she seemed inclined to shirk for once on that particular evening.

"I shall not go up-stairs, I think. No, Victor, you need not take a light to my dressing-room. You can come and call me whenever dinner is ready."

We reopened our novels again; and I was speedily absorbed in mine. But my aunt began to fidget, being now thoroughly aroused from her drowsiness; and at last she declared that she *must* go up-stairs and wash her hands, and put on a clean collar and cuffs, if she did nothing more.

"No need for your disturbing yourself, child," she added.

"Shall I call Victor to bring you a light, aunt?"

"No. I always keep a candle and matches on my dressing-table." And off she went, with as light and active a step as though her years had been sixteen instead of over sixty.

She was gone for some little time. In fact, dinner was announced, and the soup was waiting to be put on the table when she came hurrying into the dining-room.

"Br-r-r-r," she said, with a shiver, rubbing her hands together as she spoke, "how cold it is in my dressing-room. One feels it the more after sitting so long over that nice, warm fire, in the library. I hope that the soup is quite hot. I declare, I am half frozen."

She really seemed so. I could see that a shudder, now and then, passed over her, as though she were shaken by some inexpressible chill. The soup, however, seemed to reanimate her, and she soon chatted away in as lively a strain as usual.

Victor had achieved wonders in regard to the dinner. A delicious, clear soup, some cold salmon with mayonnaise sauce, and a delicate salmi of chicken, with truffles, succeeded each other in turn, and were warmly praised, especially by my aunt. When the meal was about half concluded my aunt said, suddenly, laying down her fork:

"I declare, I had almost forgotten about my letter, Lizzie. You have heard me speak of my niece, Caroline West—my sister Margaret's daughter—who lives in Albany—the Queen of Diamonds, as I used to call her?"

"Yes, aunt, often."

"Well," continued my aunt, drawing a letter bearing the Albany postmark, from her pocket, "when I went up-stairs, just now, I chanced to remember that Bridget had brought me up two letters this morning, and that I had put them in the pocket of my dressing-gown without reading them. Afterwards, I was so busy with the silver, and flustered by her illness, that I forgot them. I happened to think of them while up-stairs, and it is well that I did, for Caroline is coming to-night to stay with us till the midday express from Waterdale to New York leaves to-morrow; and, moreover, she is going to bring with her all her diamonds."

"All her diamonds? And for what reason?"

My aunt, in answer, opened the letter and scanned its pages.

"Ah, here it is. She says: 'My husband has just telegraphed to me that we are to sail for Europe by next Monday's steamer. I am going to bring my diamonds with me, to deposit at Tiffany's, and, as I do not wish to remain all night at a hotel with such a mass of valuable jewels, I shall venture to task your hospitality. I shall bring no baggage, only a small valise, with a change of clothing, and my jewel-cases. Please meet me at the Waterdale Station at a quarter past eight.' That," added my aunt, "is the hour at which the Albany train stops there. So, Victor, I shall want the carriage at a little before eight. I am rather surprised," continued my aunt, turning to me as she spoke, "that Caroline is willing to travel with so much valuable property about her. Those diamonds of hers are worth, at the very lowest calculation, fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars! Aunt, you surprise me."

"Did you not know that Mr. West has a perfect craze for collecting precious stones, particularly diamonds. Every time that he and Carrie go to Europe they come back laden with fresh treasures in that line. She has a superb diamond necklace. Then, there is the bracelet that belonged to the Empress Eugenie, and the set of rose-pearls and brilliants that she bought at the sale of the Queen of Spain's jewels, and the pear-shaped diamond pendants from the Musard sale, and ever so many more. And only our good Victor, here, to stand guard over all these treasures. Victor, I shall have to take out the General's revolvers to lend you for to-night."

"If madame desires me to sit up all night, I shall be happy to do so, to keep watch over the house," replied Victor, with his usual bow.

"No need of that. But perhaps it would be as well for you to sleep on the library sofa, with the revolvers within reach. Now, let us be off. Lizzie, you must come with me for company."

She said these last words just as Victor vanished out of the door, carrying with him the tray loaded with plates and glasses. I did not feel at all inclined to take a drive of over a mile in the sharp frosty air, and was beginning a refusal, when a glance at my aunt's face froze the words upon my lips. I cannot describe her expression. I can compare it only to the countenance of a ghost-seer, who has beheld some hideous and malevolent specter, invisible to all other persons present. She laid one finger on her mouth, in token of silence, and the next moment was bustling about, looking for shawls and lap-rugs, and discussing, in her usual clear, decided tones, as to what room she had best put Cousin Caroline in, and whether the diamonds had not best be locked up in one of the silver chests till morning. I did not dare to question her. Something very strange and terribly wrong was going on: of that I was convinced; but I did my best to follow her lead, and to talk easily and cheerfully whilst putting on my hat and fur-lined cloak which Victor had brought in from the hat-rack in the hall before going to get out the carriage.

I do not think that Victor was over fifteen minutes in bringing the carriage around; but short as was the interval, it appeared to me endless. My aunt, meanwhile, occupied herself with putting on her wraps as quietly, and methodically, as though she had been going on a shopping expedition at Stewart's, or for a drive in Central Park. Her face still kept its white, set aspect, however; and when I offered to go upstairs to get her a pair of gloves, she refused, with more vehemence than was usual to her. At last Victor appeared at the door and announced that the carriage was ready.

"All ready, you say?" said my aunt. "Then we will lock the front-door, and do you take charge of the key, Victor. You have seen to the windows and to the other doors, I suppose?"

"They are fastened, madame."

"That is well. And now to the station."

That drive—that drive! I have felt ice and marble, in my day; but anything so mortally, penetratingly cold, as was the hand wherewith my aunt clasped mine, I have never yet encountered. I commenced to interrogate her, in a whisper; but that frozen palm was at once pressed to my lips, and I forbore. Some danger threatened us, even then, it seemed. So we went on in perfect silence, the carriage lamps casting quivering gleams of light on the dark shrubs and leafless trees by the roadside, and filling every shadowy nook with vague images of terror.

That drive—how interminable it seemed—how welcome shone the glimmering lights of Waterdale when first we discerned them in the distance. Then came the streets and houses of the little town; and, finally, Victor checked the horses in front of the brightly lighted station, with its usual group of loungers, and its waiting porters and railway officials.

My aunt sprang from the carriage, and I followed. The next moment she had caught Victor by the collar with two frenzied hands, crying, as she did so, in shrill, piercing tones:

"Help, help! This man is a murderer!"

In an instant all was confusion. The horses plunged and reared, and Victor, after the surprise of the first moment, wrenched himself loose from my aunt's grasp, and leaping to the ground would have effected his escape, had not some half-dozen strong men started forward in answer to my aunt's appeal. In the twinkling of an eye he was seized and securely pinioned. Then came the eager question, from a dozen mouths:

"Who is it that he has murdered? Whom has he killed, Mrs. Musgrove?"

"My poor, old, faithful servant, Bridget O'Donnel. And his accomplices are even now waiting in my house to murder my niece and myself, on our return."

A cry of horror arose from the bystanders. My aunt looked around, with a dazed air.

"I think—Lizzie—that we are saved," she said, vaguely; and then she fell insensible upon the ground, in the first and only swoon that her vigorous nature had ever known.

We did not return to Ravenswood that night, as may well be imagined. A detachment of the Waterdale police was sent by the local authorities to take charge of the house and its contents, and also to superintend the removal of the corpse of poor old Bridget. My aunt and I took refuge at the Waterdale Hotel, where we remained to await the response to the telegram that was at once dispatched to her oldest son, who was a lawyer in extensive practice in New York. But it was many days before her nerves had so far recovered their tone as to permit of her giving me a detailed account of all that had taken place on that memorable evening. Her story, when she did tell it, ran as follows:

"When I left you, Lizzie, to go up-stairs and make some changes in my dress, I had no light, as you may remember. When I reached my dressing-room I was unable to find the candle and matches—some one had displaced them; but as the moon was shining very brightly I contrived to wash my hands and change my collar without ringing for a light, as I had at first intended. Then I started to come down stairs, feeling rather surprised at finding that Victor had not lighted the hall lamp; but I attributed his negligence to the fact that he had had so much extra work to attend to. When I reached the foot of the stairs I became aware of voices in the butler's pantry—the voices of several men, talking in a sort of half whisper. I was startled, and I paused to listen, struck at once with the idea that thieves had gained admission to the house. Standing on the mat at the foot of the staircase I could hear every word that they said. They were completing their arrangements to murder you and me, Lizzie, and to carry off the silver. I distinctly recognized Victor's voice, and his peculiar foreign pronunciation. His confederates (there were two of them, so far as I could make out) were anxious to 'finish up the job at once,' as one of them phrased it; but Victor opposed it. The house was too near the road, he declared; there might be screaming, and any unusual noise might be heard by some passer-by. 'Best wait till the women are sound asleep,' he urged, 'in their bedrooms, and then the matter could be settled without any trouble.' Finally, this point was decided, according to his suggestions.

"At this stage in their conference I quitted my post and slipped noiselessly up-stairs, my intention being to awaken Bridget, and to send her out of the house through one of the front drawing-room windows, to go and seek for help, while the villains were still plotting in the pantry. I reached her room and entered. 'Bridget,' I said, softly. But receiving no answer, I thought she was still sleeping, and I approached the bed. The moonlight, shining full upon the pillow, revealed to me the face that rested on it—it was the face of a corpse.

"Why I did not lose consciousness at that dreadful sight I cannot comprehend; but Providence seemed to sustain my strength then, as afterwards. I drew near and investigated the cause of the poor creature's death. It was not far to seek. Around her neck was tightly twisted a gaily-colored silk handkerchief, one of a half-dozen that I had myself given to Victor. I stole from the room, heart-sick, and well-nigh despairing. There we were, two helpless women, shut up in the house with a band of assassins, and with no avenue of escape at hand; for, of course, our movements would be watched, and any betrayal of our consciousness of danger would be followed by our instant murder.

"And then, Lizzie, as if by inspiration, there flashed across my brain the idea of the scheme that afterward so fully succeeded—the story of Caroline West's purposed arrival with her celebrated diamonds. The bait proved irresistible to the villains, or rather to their master-spirit, Victor, as I had hoped and intended. Only one more woman to put to death. Jewels, valued at over fifty thousand dollars, would be the reward of that extra murder. But can you realize what agony of mind I endured when you talked of refusing to accompany me to the station?"

My story is ended. Victor Ducange was tried and condemned for the murder he had committed. His confederates escaped capture, having probably been on the watch for the return of the carriage, and so were warned of the approach of the police.

My aunt has sold Ravenswood, and now lives in New York, with a burglar-alarm in her bed-room and a brace of loaded revolvers always within her reach. There are silver threads in her thick, soft hair, that was so lately as dark as a raven's wing; and her once strong nerves have never, I think, regained their tone since those terrible hours, from whose impending peril we were so mercifully preserved by Cousin Caroline's Diamonds.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

—Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate him for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folks in the world who are not willing that others should be better than themselves.

—A young Oil City lady recently visited New York, and when she returned home, related to her friends how she stopped at a "palatable hotel and went up and down stairs in a cultivator." Her parents should cultivate her.—*Oil City Derrick.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Oregon had 100,000 tons of wheat for export this year.

—The highest speed made in canceling letter stamps by hand has been 250 a minute.

—A turtle captured lately in the St. John's River, Florida, weighed 500 pounds and was six feet in length.

—Over 100,000 canary birds are yearly sold in the United States. The price this year is $18 per dozen, wholesale.

—Of over 760,000 square miles of timber lands in this country the South embraces 460,000, or nearly two-thirds.

—A citizen of Central New York is the owner of twenty-two factories, and is one of the largest cheese manufacturers in the country. His annual product amounts to 45,000 cheese.

—The silk trade of Lyons, France, now occupies some 120,000 looms, of which only 30,000 are within the city. Including those who work in the silkworm establishments there are 800,000 persons employed in the Lyons silk trade. In 1787 there were but 80,000 and 18,000 looms.

—In Charleston, S. C., the business of turpentine and rice factors has so materially extended that it has been found necessary to erect a mammoth barrel factory in the city limits. This year, according to existing contracts, 100,000 barrels of 300 pounds capacity will be required for the rice crop alone.

—Chicago handles about one-third of the entire forest products of the vast pineries of the Northwest. Millions of acres of timber lands in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois are tributary to her market. The entire product of these pineries last year in manufactured lumber amounted to about 5,750,000,000 feet, and, according to the best estimates at this date, the production for the present year will show an excess of at least twelve per cent.

—Mr. G. Fasoldt says, in a letter to the *American Journal of Microscopy*: I have ruled plates up to 1,000,000 lines to the inch, one of which was purchased by the United States Government at Washington. These plates show lines truly and fairly ruled, as far as lenses are able to resolve, and above this point the *spectral* appearance of the bands in regular succeeding colors (when examined as an opaque object) shows, beyond doubt, that each band contains fairly ruled lines up to the 1,000,000 band. I do not believe that I will ever attempt to rule higher than 1,000,000 lines per inch, as from my practical experience and judgment, I have concluded that that is the limit of ruling.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—It is scarcely surprising that the age is so full of falsehood when such a vast number of words are compelled to pass through false teeth.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—"Housekeeper"—We do not know why plum pudding was so named unless it was because it contains everything, from dirt to nightmares, except plums.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—This is a Young Lady. She is sitting at a Piano, and will soon begin to sing "Empty is the Cradle, Baby's Gone." Run away quickly, children, and perhaps you will miss some of it.—*Chicago Tribune Primer.*

—Old Abram's wisest remark: "Ef de descendants ob de rooster what crowed at Peter was ter make a noise ebery time a lie is told dar would be such a noise in de world dat yer couldn't heah de hens cackle."—*Arkansas Gazette.*

—Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes and Strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always Wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let anybody Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would Look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—A Providence man recently had an experience. He was smoking a cigarette, and threw it away, but retained a mouthful of smoke. A servant girl just from Sweden entered with a pitcher of ice water just as he let the smoke escape from his nostrils. She thought he was on fire inside, and immediately deluged him with the water. It was very funny, but you can't make him believe it.—*Boston Post.*

—"Minnie" wants to know "who sets the fashions?" Well, we don't want to boast, dear, or appear unduly conceited, or that sort of thing, but the fashion of wearing a spring overcoat, flavored at the elbows with benzine, clear through the Christmas holidays and along into next February—we set that one "ourself." We don't know who set the others, as that is the only one we are deeply interested in, just now.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—This is a modern courtship in a nutshell: The lights were so bright that they seemed garish, and the parlor of the McWishes was radiant in upholstery of the past decade. Eulalie, the pride of the family, just making preparations for celebrating her nineteenth birthday. Old Bullion making an evening call. "My dear Miss McWish. There is indeed a disparity in our ages. You have youth and beauty. I, years and wealth. But I trust there can be some reciprocity between us?" "Indeed, my dear Mr. Bullion, wealth is not to be despised. Neither is old age—and delicate health." The last clause in an undertone. A kiss that was like the rattling of an old parchment against a satin cushion closed that bargain. We'll bet the old man outlives her.—*New Haven Register*