## DUNGEON LIFE.

**A Peculiar Brooch—The Count Gonfalonieri's Imprisonment for Fifteen Years.**

There is or was lately (1871) a Polish lady, the Countess of K——, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch. It is encircled by twenty precious stones, on a ground of dark-blue enamel, covered in the centre by glass. And what does this brooch contain? A portrait or a lock of hair? No, only four common pins, bent together in the form of a star! And she wears this in memory of her husband, a Polish nobleman, who was put into prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy to the Government. It was a dark, deep dungeon far down under the ground. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to see him but the keeper of the prison, and he of course was not permitted to converse with his prisoner. Days, weeks, months passed on, and he was still left in his dungeon. He was most miserable and feared that he should lose his senses, for his reason seemed to be giving way. Oh! if he had only some hope—some one thing to relieve his misery. Feeling all over his coat one day he found four pins, and he actually wept for joy; yet what could four pins be to him? He took them from his coat and threw them down on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor till he found them again. When he had succeeded in this he scattered them again on the floor, and could you have gone into his dungeon you would have found him groping on his hands and knees for his four pins. When after six years' imprisonment, he was set free, they still found him groping in the dark for his four pins. It was all his work. Nor would he leave his prison without taking his pins with him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do in his solitude and confinement, and his countess had them made into a brooch which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

The following is one of the most affecting records in existence. It is from Count Gonfalonieri's account of his imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg, above the town of Brunn, in Moravia, for a political offence in the reign of the Emperor Francis of Austria, who died in 1835. He was an Italian, and had conspired to dispossess the Austrians at Milan: "I am an old man now, but by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body! Fifteen years I existed (for I did not live, it was not life) in the self-same dungeon, ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never rightly distinguished the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together. We related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate—we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away—I never knew where—to execution, to liberty—but I was glad he was gone; even solitude were better than that dim, vacant face. After that I was alone. Only one event broke in upon my nine years' misery. One day—it must have been a year or two after my companion left me—the dungeon door was opened and a voice, from whom proceeding I know not, uttered these words, "By order of His Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door shut and I heard no more. They but flung this great agony in upon me and left me alone with it."

The companion for six years with Count Gonfalonieri was a Frenchman, Count Andryane, who has since published some memoirs of his own life ("Memoires d'un Prisonnier d'Etat, par Comte Alexander Andryane.") He mentions that Count Gonfalonieri was liberated at the Emperor's death in 1835, and sent to the United States, from whence he returned to Austria There, broken down by sorrow and suffering, he wandered about for a few years, and died at Urian, pied de St. Gothard, December, 1846. He wrote to his friend, Count Andryane, from New York: "Qu'il etait comme l'ombre d'un trespasse, errant sur la terre etranger aux joies, aux agitations, et presque a tout les interets de cette vie." Count Andryane adds the touching incident that for a time Count Gonfalonieri was allowed to receive letters from his wife, and when she was dying she wrote several letters, dating them at different future periods, that he might, when delivered, think she was still alive. This tender, loving-kindness was, however, cruelly frustrated by the sudden information of her death, so brutally conveyed by order of the Emperor. Poor man! he was spared no single pang. It pleased God to "vex him with all His storms."—*New York Saturday Evening Telegram.*

### Helping the Coroner.

"What is it about?" asked the managing editor as he reached for a club. "Ice cream?"

"No, sir."

"Boss plumbers or baseball?"

"No, sir, its——"

"Picnic swings, George Washington's lie, book agents, oyster stews, overcoats in pawn, hair bangs, small boys, Dr. Mary Walker—out with it!"

"Its about a cashier going to Cana——"

There was a dull, sickening thud, and then the managing editor was heard calling to the office boy: "Here, pin 'Canada Cashier' on the corpse of this 'humorist;' it'll help the coroner."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-elegraph.*

### He Was Engaged.

Enter aspirant for reportorial honors and emoluments: Managing Editor—What can you do? Applicant—Everything, sir. Managing Editor—Can you tell the truth? Applicant—I can, sir; but I never do. Managing Editor—Consider yourself engaged.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

The New York *World* celebrated its increase in circulation to over 100,000 copies by firing a salute in the the City Hall Park.

## WAYS OF CONNECTICUT CATS.

**How Two Wise Mothers Guarded Their Offspring.**

The Connecticut cat is fertile in expedients. Ed. Parkhurst's cat, at Norwich Town, finding that she could not live peaceably with the dogs, boys and other cats, took her kittens in her teeth, one at a time, scratched her way up the bark of a big elm in the front yard, and stowed them in a hole in the tree, eighteen feet from the ground, that was two feet deep, with an opening just large enough for her to crawl through. There she enjoyed life with her family. When she was off calling at night she knew that the kittens were safe. She was in the hole from early in August until a heavy rain storm came on a few days ago and the tree leaked. In the height of the storm she crawled out with a kitten in her mouth and transferred it to the house cellar. With great difficulty she carried all the kittens to the cellar.

John G. Cooley's cat, at North Franklin, disliked the confinement incurred in watching four kittens all day, and she placed them under a motherly hen, which was trying to hatch a porcelain egg in a nest two feet away, on the same hay-mow. The hen clucked, lifted her wings and welcomed the litter. The cat went on to while away the day, returned at night, and took back her offspring. Each morning thereafter the kittens were put off on the hen, the cat strolled away, and the hen entertained them by clucking to them until the cat came back at night. They answered to both the clucking of the hen and the specific maternal call. The hen sat on the kittens for about two weeks, and then they ran away, leaving her disconsolate. There was a void in her affections that a porcelain egg was incompetent to fill. After brooding on her nest for two days, she gave up the attempt to hatch the egg and began to lay eggs again. Mr. Cooley believes that a litter of kittens is the only thing, except death, that will "break up" a sitting hen.

Last winter an extraordinary distemper appeared among the cats of eastern Connecticut that set them sneezing and kept them at it until their vitality was exhausted and they died. They moped about the roads with swelled heads, sneezing continually, and when their anxious mistresses approached, scowled wickedly at them. Many valuable cats, some of them worth $10 to their owners, perished in the towns and villages of Windham and New London Counties. In some cases the sick cats were chased down and subjected to medical treatment, and it was discovered that the patient died at an earlier stage of the complaint than if permitted to die unaided. This fall a new and still more deadly distemper is approaching from Danbury, in the western part of the State. It has already reached the Connecticut River Valley, and owners of favorite cats in the Thames, Shetucket and Quinnebang River valleys are in a flutter of expectation and dread. The disease works very rapidly. It comes on without any premonitory symptoms, the hair comes off, and the cat swells to such a size that he cannot climb or utter a sound, and, after a day or two, he dies of melancholy and disappointment. Physicians are unable to successfully diagnose the disease, which does not yield to the old school practice or to catnip.—*Norwich Cor. New York Sun.*

### Save Yourselves.

If housekeepers only would be willing to do just what they can do without getting so completely drudged out, there would be fewer sick women and happier homes. Study convenience in every household arrangements, and perform every duty with as few steps and as little labor as possible, and do well. We find good women every day who run from cellar to garret, and back again before they can get together the necessary ingredient, tins, etc., to make a few biscuit, or a dish of plain cake. Not two weeks since I found a farmer's wife (and one of the best women I ever knew, and with poor health) who went out doors to the cans for cream, to the hen-house for eggs, down cellar for butter, to the pantry for spice, then into another room for flour, and carried them all to the kitchen to make a cake, to say nothing of calling together the dish, egg beater, spoon and baking tins. No man would do it (and I honor their sense in that), and certainly no woman, and especially an invalid, can afford to do so. I asked this friend if she would let me alone in the kitchen for one hour after dinner, and with permission to do what I pleased. I hunted the hammer and nails, some newspapers and bits of boards. I pulled the kitchen table away from the wall, and tacked my papers back of and above it, then drove up two rows of nails, on which I hung up egg beater, skimmer, large spoons and soup dipper, rolling pin, potato masher, cake pans, gem pans and small dipper. I put back the table, and on the top of it, set in a row, a jar with cooking salt (it was a cracked jar but held salt all right), next to it a good one, a gallon jar with graham flour and another one with white flour, for these articles were used so many times a day. Then I put neat little board covers over them all. The spices, soda and baking powder boxes in a row next—gave the dish pan a home in the corner near. At the right hand of the table I set a wooden soap box bottom side up, with a piece of oilcloth tacked over it. This held the water pail. I hung the dipper above it. I could not build the house over and make a sink, closets and all the convenient shelves and pegs of a model kitchen, but I could gather those articles that were used so many times a day, somewhere near each other, and save steps for a poor, weak woman. When she came out to see about the supper, she looked really pleased when she said, "Isn't this nice to stand right still in one spot and get supper all ready?"—"*Rosalia*" *in The Housekeeper.*

### Their Thoughts.

Arabella—"Here he is—just where he's been for weeks—why doesn't he speak out. I'm sure I encourage him enough—"

George—"Here she is, as usual wearing a costume which cost more money than I can make in six months. How can I ask her to marry me, as it would be impossible for me to support her in the extravagant style in which she now lives."

Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.

## WHOOPING COUGH.

**A Description of and Means of Relieving a Well-known Ailment.**

A correspondent of the *Youth's Companion* writes: "Will you not give your readers an article on whooping cough, stating what it is, and whether there is any known remedy?" The disease is a peculiar form of bronchitis, attended in its first stage with some fever, and in the second with spasms of the glottis, the vocal cords in the upper part of the larynx. It is highly infectious, and since few children escape, and it generally destroys one's susceptibility to a second attack, it is largely confined to childhood. At the commencement it resembles a hard cold, but the acts of coughing are more violent and last longer. At length—it may be in two or three days, or in as many weeks—the spasms of the glottis are developed and the well known whoop settles its real character. The whoop is due to the fact that it is impossible to take breath during the rapid coughing, and hence, on its ceasing, there is a long and labored inrush of air. Moreover, as the blood cannot freely enter the lungs during the paroxysm, the impeded blood causes the veins of the neck to swell out, gives to the face a livid look, and sometimes occasions various hemorrhages—of the nose, stomach and lungs. But there is no danger of the patient's dying of suffocation, as is so often feared. The disease may be quite mild, or very severe. Occasionally the person gets well in a few days, without any medical aid. But generally the disease lasts six weeks. Sometimes, when neglected, it runs on many months. As a rule, the paroxysms gradually become less severe and frequent and then cease; though for a time an ordinary cold will be attended with a whoop. The most that medicine can do is to palliate the symptoms and shorten the duration of the disease. Alum acts well on the inflamed bronchial tube; belladonna on the irritated nerves that cause the spasms of the glottis. A doctor must be consulted for the more dangerous but efficacious remedies. No one medicine meets each case, nor any case in all its symptoms and stages. The only wise course is to employ an intelligent physician who can study its peculiarities and watch its tendencies. This is the more important since there is always danger of grave complications—acute bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy and other lung difficulties. It is thus, indirectly, often fatal. Unless where there is serious complications, it is best to have the child as much as possible out of doors. The diet should be nutritious. This should be looked after more carefully if the child vomits much. Food should be given often, and as early as possible, before an expected paroxysm.

### Newspaper Editorials in Turkey.

It will be interesting, no doubt, to the people of such a free country as America to read the extract translation of the language the newspapers have to use in Turkey, no matter what nationality they may be. An American college in Turkey was totally ruined by fire through some Mahommedan incendiaries, and, though the case was quite clear to the courts, yet because of their being Mahommedans the Armenians will find some difficulty in securing their conviction. The following is an exact translation of an editorial of the leading Armenian newspaper, called *Arevelk*, published in Constantinople, giving an account of this fire, and inviting the attention of authorities to punish the parties who caused the fire:

"We again publish a minute discription we have received of the burning of the Armenian College in the city of Divrig, begging at the same time the pity and sympathy of his august majesty of our Ottoman fatherly sovereign over this sad ruin of the college, which was built with so much expense and hard labor, and was reduced to ashes in a moment. The good and virtuous will of our august sovereign Sultan Hamid, which is as clear as the sun, and whose sovereignty's motto has always been to give particular care and attention to the great work of education and discipline, according to the requirements of the century, undoubtedly assures us that this ruined condition of the college will invite the august Sultan to be well pleased to wash away, with his fatherly, most pitiful and merciful grace-bestowing drops of favor, the tears of his many hundreds of obedient and grateful children who are in so great need of education."

Editors of American papers would not enjoy being forced to write in that strain.—*Constantinople Letter.*

### Harper's Ferry, Va.

The Government property at this historical spot is to be sold to the highest bidder on the 21st prox., by order of Congress, notwithstanding the fact that the Government has owned it for 90 years. It was made famous by Old John Brown's blow for freedom in 1859, and its subsequent captures and recaptures during the war of the rebellion. It derives its name from a Robert Harper, a native of Oxford, in England. He was born about the year 1703, and at the age of 20 he emigrated to Canada, where he prosecuted the business of architecture and millwrighting. In 1747 he was engaged by some members of the Society of Friends to erect a church for that denomination on the Ossequon river, near the present town of Winchester. While on his way through the then almost unbroken forests, he lodged one night with a German in a lonely inn on the site of the present city of Frederick, Md. This German's name was Hoffman, who informed him that his best route was by the way of the "Hole," where he would see some wonderful scenery. Harper adopted the suggestion, arrived at the "Hole," fell in love with the place, found a man living there named Peter Stevens, bought out Stevens with 50 British guineas and settled there. The realty of the place was in Lord Faixfax, and by perseverance he obtained from that nobleman a deed or patent. Harper settled down and established a ferry; hence the name the "Hole" ceased, and "Harper's ferry" loomed into perpetual prominence. Harper died in 1782 and was interred on his own property. His moss-covered grave is to be seen in the romantic graveyard that overlooks the town.

Directly the idea of durability fades from the mind of the workman, not only does his work begin to suffer, but also his manhood.

## BEARS AT DOMINION CITY.

**The Scare a Northwest Farmer Got.**

Mr. Ross, of Dominion City, while eating his dinner on Sunday, 21st, heard his cattle down in the woods towards the river, and by the sound of the bell concluded that they meditated a visit to the city. He ran down to head them off, and while forcing his way through the thick scrub, heard a noise behind him. Fancying it was one of the cattle that he had passed, he waited while the animal made directly for him. When it got almost to him, he reached forward as it were over the intervening scrub to see what manner of beast was coming. Imagine his feelings when a huge bear suddenly rose up, prepared to hug and be sociable, within two paces. Mr. Ross states that the brute was so close he could have touched him with his hand. Having not even as much as a pen-knife with him to defend himself, he had no other resource but to yell, and yell he did, so forcibly and so successfully, that, it is supposed, the bear came to the conclusion that the man was nothing but yell, and that berries and grubs would sit easier on his stomach than a noise like that, so he turned and fled. This bear business is getting serious. It is reported that not long ago another of our citizens saw two large specimens just across the railroad bridge. The citizens, as a measure of safety, ought to organize a bear-hunt, and try and get rid of some of those fellows. Mr. Russell is the only successful party as yet, having shot one in his back-kitchen.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*


### O K Testimony.

The testimonials we publish may be verified by any person who may doubt their truthfulness.

ELGIN, Dec. 18.—We, the undersigned, have used NERVILINE in our families as prepared by N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, Ont., and certify that it never fails to give relief in colds, coughs and rheumatic pains, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the public. W. PENNOCK, Postmaster, Elgin; HENRY W. WARREN; ELIZA POWELL, Elgin; CEPHAS BROWN, South Crosby.

Ten cent trial bottles may be purchased at any drug store. Polson's Nerviline, the never-failing pain cure. Try it now.


The Long Island postmaster who is short $1,400 in his accounts says his wife wanted diamonds and a family carriage so bad that he couldn't bear to disappoint her. She wears the diamonds when she visits him in jail.


### Rochester, N. Y.,

Contributes its quota of praise as to the genuine merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Henry Heib, Oct. 23rd, 1883, writes: "Send a dozen for distribution among my friends, for it is as claimed, sure, safe and painless. Send quickly." Beware of poisonous substitutes and get only the genuine. Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Polson & Co., druggists, Kingston.


A California farmer has had to pay a fine of $10 for knocking his hired man down with a bunch of grapes weighing ten pounds. It was cheaper than hunting around for a rock.


——Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weaknesses as quinine is for the prevailing chills and fever.


The surest way of governing, both in a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince sometimes to drop their prerogative.

A new kind of entertainment has just sprung up in New York society, which promises to afford considerable amusement and pleasure to those who take part in it. It is phrenology. Some people I know of, says a writer, intend the coming winter to give "phrenological" parties; that is, to have a phrenologist come to their houses and amuse their friends by feeling the protuberances on the craniums of those who will submit to it.


### A Great Problem.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines,*
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures,*
—Take all the *Ague,* Fever and bilious *specifics,*
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers,*
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short,* take all the best qualities of all these, and the *—best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *—Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *—concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *—combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

### Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1st, 1881.

### Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.


## PETS OF RAILROAD MEN.

**Pigeons and Sparrows Perching on the Elevated Road for two Meals a Day.**

A jolly-faced man darted out from the starter's box at the city hall elevated station yesterday and heaped some sweet bread crumbs on the top of a coal box at the end of the station. Then he poured some fresh water into a large tin cup near the crumbs and hurried back to his box.

Half a dozen pigeons that had been watching him from the roof of a house opposite the station flew one after another to the bread crumbs, ate what they wanted, took a drink of the water, and sailed away again. A dozen sparrows that had been uneasily fluttering about the telegraph wires flew to the crumb box in a flock the moment the pigeons departed and quickly devoured what was left of the bread.

"There," said the starter, "you have seen something that goes on here every day as regular as clockwork. The pigeons come in the morning and about this time in the afternoon every day and enjoy their meal. The pigeons always eat their share one at a time, as you have seen. They had a regular battle last month to settle which should be the leader at the meal, and the biggest and handsomest male of the lot won, and has ever since been first at table. The sparrows feed last of all. All the birds are pets of the trainmen. They send down lots of bread and cake to be fed to the flock, and the birds are seemingly getting to know them."

Sparrows build nests in a great many of the station roofs on all the elevated lines, and are fed by the porters. In one downtown station there is a pet mouse that has been fed till it has got so fat it can hardly run. Several ticket agents have fitted up cages in their stations, and canaries sing in them.—*New York Sun.*

—Mrs. Tom Thumb is beginning, in a small way, to show her age.

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IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

☞ ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

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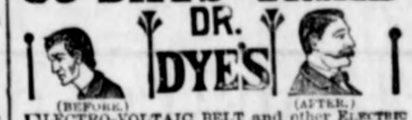


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