THE STORY OF A POOR DANE.

Yesterday morning an old grey-headed Dane, named Rasmus Clausson, arrived at the house, named "Den Goldne Love," situated at No. 9 Battery Place, opposite Castle Garden, from Salt Lake City, by the Union Pacific Railroad.—The old man looked dejected and heart-broken, and soon after he had entered the place and seen his baggage cared for, he placed his head on the table and wept like a child. Shortly afterward a reporter of the New York *Standard* went to the house in question, and had an interview with the unhappy man. The following is a substantial statement of what he stated with reference to his troubles:

"I am a farmer, and a native of the small town of Lonliand, situated near Copenhagen, in Denmark, and I have struggled many years to bring my family up respectably. About two years ago, some horrible Mormon missionaries come into the neighborhood and perverted the minds of my wife and daughter, and talked to them all kinds of rhodomontade about free love, the Latter-Day Saints, and "As it was in the days of Abraham, so shall it be in the days to come," and pulled the Scriptures to suit their own abominable purposes. You know the old saying, "The devil can quote Scripture." Well, the end of the matter was that the minds of both these silly women became confused, and finally my daughter, my only one, mind you, determined to leave us and go among those God forsaken beings in Utah. I protested that as I was an old man, we should never meet on earth again, and that she would bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. However, being a self-willed and headstrong girl, she would not heed my counsel, and, contrary to the earnest solicitations of all her friends, she left us and caused me to think over the curse of a thankless child.

I advanced her money at last, at her earnest prayer, for her passage to go to Utah, and she went from Denmark to Liverpool, and came to this country by one of the Williams & Guion line of steamers, which line has the monopoly of bringing out all the deluded and "converted Mormons." After a considerable lapse of time, we heard from her in Salt Lake City, and she wrote that she had fallen in love with a very respectable Danish mechanic, and had became his wife. So far, so good, I thought, she is now respectably married and I must console myself with that reflection. Well, my old woman, my wife I mean, kept at me then to emigrate to the "far West," as she called it, and I, to please her (for we had always lived happily together) consented at last, by dint of her continued begging, to accede to her wishes. You know how a woman can make a man almost mad by perpetual teasing and asking! Well, I sold my little farm my horses and cows, and realized some seven hundred dollars, and came to the city of the Latter-Day Saints.

We left Lauland in the latter part of the month of June last, and arrived at the famous den of saints without accident. We were met by our only daughter, who, to my shame and disgust, was only second wife to the husband she had married, the first one living in the same with her. I was indignant and disowned her. My wife, to whom I looked for sympathy, actually defended her, and I felt that I was out of my element, and eventually we came to words, and at last, God forgive her, she too forsook me, and became a Latter-Day Saint. Perhaps it was when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window.

Finding that I could not convert my wife or child, and having spent all my money in passage money and clothes, I tried to make my way home to my native land by borrowing money. But I was unsuccessful, and at last I submitted my case to the authorities, who paid my passage home to Denmark.—And it was but fair, for I was deeply wronged by the Latter-Day Saints.—And now I am going home a pauper to begin life again, when I ought to be raising upon a competency after my laborious life. I have this country to-morrow, by the steamer Nevada, of the Williams & Guion line for home and what anguish to me I don't care for my pay on ship and my over and above such saints, called Latter-Day" ones. Perhaps it was he as well not to publish this in the paper, for I am very sore. I take it in Salt Lake City. However, do as you think best; I am not ashamed of telling the truth. That is all I have to say, for I am too sad to say more. Good day, sir." And here the old man hurried off to his lodgings to give free vent to his grief. His dark was that of a respectable Danish farmer, and his manners were gentle and affable. His case attracted considerable attention among the residents in the boarding-house where he is stopping.

How an Advertisement Works.

There is a good deal of truth in the following description of the effect of an advertisement. 'Continual dropping will wear a stone," and constant advertising compels success.

The first time a man looks at an advertisement, he does not see it.

The second time he does not notice it.

The third time he is dimly conscious of it.

The fourth time he faintly remembers having seen something of the kind before.

The 5th time he half reads it,

The 6th time he turns his nose up at it.

The seventh time he reads it thro' and says "Pshaw!"

The eighth time he ejaculates, "Here is that confounded thing again!"

The ninth time he wonders if there's anything in it.

The tenth time he thinks it might suit some one else's case.

The eleventh time he thinks he will ask his neighbor if he has tried it or knows anything about it.

The twelfth time he wonders how the advertiser can make it pay,

The thirteenth time he rather thinks it must be a good thing

The fourteenth time he happens to think it is just the thing he has wanted for a long time.

The fifteenth time he resolves to try it as soon as he can afford it.

The sixteenth time he examines the address carefully, and makes a memorandum of it.

The seventeenth time he feels tantalized to think he is hardly able to afford it.

The eighteenth time he is painfully reminded how much he needs that particularly interesting article.

The nineteenth time he counts his money to see how much he would have left if he bought it, and

The twentieth time he rushes frantically out in a fit of desperation and buys

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LEGAL.

Election Notice.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } Secretary's Office,
COUNTY OF ALLEGANY, } ss. } Angelica, March 1st, 1871.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to the statute of the State of New York, that the annual election for Town Officers, will be held at the General Election in this State which is to be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November next, at which time the following offices namely: [illegible] will be elected.

JOSEPH GILLES, Sec'y.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } Albany
Office of the Secretary of State, } ss.

To the Sheriff of the County of Allegany:

SIR—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that [illegible]

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Sec. 1. At such time or period of election [illegible]

Sec. 2. [illegible]

Sec. 3. [illegible]

Sec. 4. [illegible]

Sec. 5. [illegible]

Sec. 6. [illegible]

Sec. 7. [illegible]

Sec. 8. [illegible]

Sec. 9. [illegible]

Sec. 10. [illegible]

Sec. 11. [illegible]

Sec. 12. [illegible]

Sec. 13. [illegible]

Sec. 14. [illegible]

Sec.