

, NIL DESPERANDUM.

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Long, Long Ago. Hark ! 'tis the ring of the merry sleigh bells Over the hills and down through the dells, With the speed of the hind or the boundi deer

Onward they go, with a ringing cheer-Where the light falls whitest, Where the stars shine brightest, Where the snow lies clearest, Where the frost bites keenest, Over the hills and down through the dells, List to the ringing of the tinkling bells !

See where the flash of the glittering steel Follows the track of the coursing heel, On rivers of glass, in the dancing light, Where eyes of lovers are sparkling bright; Where the ice grows strongest, Where the moon stays longest, Where the hearts beat lightest, Where the eyes shine brightest There is the track of the coursing heel Lit by the flash of the burnished steel!

I hear them again, as the years go past, Blithesome and gay in the winter's blast; The clattering footsteps come and go, With a swift, light tread on the glist'ning sno Where the heart is boldest, Where the love is oldest, Where the faith is newest. Where the trust is truest. They come again, in the wintry blast, And sing of days-the days that are past

And the white cottage down under the init The light in the window guiding still; As I turn me back from the giddy whirl, To stop and look for a shining curl; Where the throng is thickest, Where the heart beats quickest, Where the love holds strongest, Where the days seem longest-Ah! never again, as guide to me. Will flashing light in that window be! -Philadelphia Inquirer.



"CEDAR, June 15. "GEDAR, June 15. "DEAR PIIL-When are you coming? Cedar is in full feather. Picnics set in to-morrow; straw berries just right; two delightful widows: lots of girls; and the whole house crying for you. Come along by return mail. I meant to say the picnic was day after to-morrow.] shall be at the late train to-morrow. "Yours, as u-ual, HARRY."

ived at Cedar, there had been much confusion of names between them, Anne Boyds both; but Will's widew was always called Nan by her old friends; and bearing her grandmother's full name of Anne Hart, while her cousin was Anne alone, there was a way of escape for those who were well informed; the others took their chance. Philip Norton laughed as he read this letter. It was so like Harry Clarke-"Hal Headlong," his father used to call him-the brightest, handsomest, gayest follow of his class at Yale, now a coun-try doctor at Cedar, a town in the westtry coctor at Cedar, a town in the west-ern part of 'New England. Having lost all his property by rash speculation. except his wife's farm at Cedar, which her father left her, the elder Mr. Clarke went there to live, and one of the local physicians being near death with old and Herry theorem is gread bless to be age, Harry thought it a good place to be-gin what he called his "medicinal cabeing a young man who had no

to the old woman who swept the cross-ing before his church; but he fell in love like a schoolboy during the next six hours with Nan Boyd. Courtesy obliged him to attend to the lady placed in his care, and the obligation was not disagreeable. She was natural, intelli-gent, kindly, with an artist's eye for the worderful scenery about them and more. "My dear girls, in the words of the lamented Artemus, 'Why is this thus?' What has got into your small heads in that vacant place nature intended 'for brains? "Why, Jack said Tom Green told him wonderful scenery about them, and more-over a generous woman; for when Philip

asked her, as carclessly as he could put a question that thrilled his lips, who the beauty before them was, she answered, quickly: "My cousin and sister-in-law—another Mrs. Boyd. Isn't she lovely? I like to look at her as I do at a flower: she is so

"Why, Jack said Tom Green told him you were certain sure going to be mar-ried right away to Mrs, Nan Boyd." "Not much!" ejaculated Harry. "Oh, Hal, that's slang!" "Well, what if it is? Slang is the language of the coming man; slang_is universal word-painting; slang—but I wander from the subject. Listen, listen, ladies gay, and I will point a moral and adorn a tale for your infant minds. I fell in love over head and ears and the top of my tallest hair with Nan Boyd when I wastwelve years old and she was ten. I spent my little all in candy and peanuts for her sweet sake; I wrote her a valentine, and made her a string of bird's eggs three feet long—a rosary o despair to the gentle birds I robbed; I paid for a tin-type of her sweet face with my last copper and a jackknife that I loved like a brother; but she refused me after all, though I implored her to elope with me in the milk wagon. Lo, as the Yorkshire man said, only t'other end first. 'She wouldn't have he, d'ye see? for why now, he won't have she? The look at her as I do at a flower: she is so exquisite." Mr. Norton assented gravely, and turn-ed the conversation. His head whirldd, his eyes wandered; he could not talk with any sort of fluency; he was be-witched by the pretty widow. She, however, had her own court to hold. Butterflies never fluttered more thickly about the gay weed that bears their name than the gentlemen of the party about Nan Boyd; for, to tell the truth, this lovely creature was a native cothis lovely creature was a native co-quette. It was as much a matter of course for her to flirt with every man who came near her as it is for a rose to be fragrant; and she had that charm, sub-tler than beauty, which is potent with-out but irresistible with it. for why now, he won't have she! The moral of all which is, Rachel, don't snub

Tom Green too much now, lest he should turn and rend you by-and-by." "I hate Tom Green," retorted Rachel. Harry laughed. But Philip Norton could not speak; he fairly trembled with It was a proverb in Cedar that no It was a proverb in Cedar that no youth ever grew to manhood there who had not adored Nan Boyd. Her cousin Anne was very different. She had come to Cedar on a visit when Nan at last made up her mind to select Will Boyd as a permanent victim from the crowd about her, and she found her own fate if Will's twin-brother James. The consist however more not married at a relief of mind almost painful in its intensity. Harry did not notice his si-lence, and Ruth went on: "But I should think you would want to marry her, Harry. She is awful control w

pretty. cousins, however, were not married at the same time. Anne could not leave her father, for her mother had died just after her return from Cedar; but before many months her father went too, and

"Oh, Toot! 'awful pretty!' and you talk to me about slang! My dear, your glass house will become fragmentary in about five minutes if you go on." "Don't you like her, Harry?" asked Packel alware dimet Rachel, always direct. "Yes, miss, I like her, but I don't

lonely home, and a brief journey back to Cedar, where Nan, already a six months' wife, was ready to welcome them. Anne Boyd found too late that she had made a mistake. She could not be hap-py with her husband. He was ungra-cious—harsh, indec—dthough he had seemed to her only reserved and fastidi-ours, sofish menurious at times ill-"Yes, miss, I like her, but I don't wan't to marry her." "Don't people ever marry people when they don't wan't to?" said Ruth. "Perhaps they do, ma'am, but I don't consider that I am people. By Jove! I'd rather spin ropes out of sea-sand than tie myself up that way. Ask the minis-ter here if he don't agree with me." Philip roused himself from his dream at the anneal, but the question had to be ous; selfish, penurious, at times ill-tempered. When he died, a year after their marriage, and from the curious physical sympathy common with twins.

at the appeal, but the question had to be repeated. "I'd rather do anything else, Mis Ruth. "But what if you'd got married by mistake, just as those people did in the newspapers, for fun—but really they were married—what would you do?"

isked Rachel, persistently. "Make the best of it," laconically answered Philip. "Bad is the best of such a mistake

Phil. Are there no divorce courts, my friend and pitcher?"

Philip's face darkened. "Not for me. If I had married Hecate 'by mistake,' as Rachel says, I would try and make the best of her. Anything rather than di-vorce; that is unchristian and unmanly both."

others took their chance. As the lovely summer days went on, and Philip Norton was involved more and more in the simple gayeties of Cedar, whose inhabitants consoled them-selves for their long cold winters with plenty of out-door life and enjoyment in the brief summer months, he became more and more bewitched with Nan Boyd. Her beauty stood the test of sun and air, heat fairing and daily observa-"Good for you, parson! You haven't forgotten your old trick of accepting the position. "Make the best of it," was the and air, heat, fatigue and daily observaheme of this distinguished gentleman's

her, he arrived in Cedar the last of May, late in the afternoon, and instead of go-ing Mr. Clarke's, went to the little hotel, and as soon as might be betook himself to Mrs. Boyd's house. He stood a moment after being shown into the parlor, his heart wildly throb-bing with hope and agitation, when the door opened and in walked Mrs. Anne Boyd. She glided up to him with a face so full of blushing emotion, he thought she came to congratulate him, and with the abounding affection engaged people have for all their relatives in prospect, he stooped and kissed her fresh, sweet lips.

"How did you know where to find me?" she said, blushing. "I forgot to tell you in my letter that I had been liv-ing here the past year. When Nan was married she left me in charge:" "Married!—Nan!" echoed the gentle-man achast.

man, aghast ... "Oh, you must have missed the letter I sent to Nice telling you all about it. She married an Englisman, living now in Boston, and they went abroad to see his friends." The truth flashed on him like a stroke

Bazar.

his friends." The truth flashed on him like a stroke of lightning: it was Anne with whom he had corresponded; Anne to whom he was engaged; Anne he was expected to marry. Nan was lost to him forever. He turned very pale, and reached his hand toward the table for support. Anne thought he was faint; with tender haste she pushed a chair toward him, gently put him into it, and poured a few drops of cologne from a flask on the table on his head; the fresh. delicate perfume made him shudder for years afterward. He saw in one glance the position before him; one life must be ruined, his or hers. The moment that passed over him, as he leaned back, sick and faint, con-scious that Annie's eyes were fixed on him anxieusly, was long as some placid lifetimes. Thanks to a constant habit of self-control, the dizzy whirl of emotion was conquered quickly; the color re-turned to his face; he said to himself that the life already wasted could find no help in destroying another. Annie wasinnocent of any intent to harm him; she was a woman, too; both as a man and a Cheistian minister it was his dute

she was a woman, too; both as a man and a Christian minister it was his duty to protect and honor her. He looked up quickly and smiled.

"Excuse me, dear," he said, hoarsely 'I was very tired."

He told the truth and no more. Had h been capable of deceit, Anne's honest na-ture would have detected it; but of an seen by a comparison of the average ture would have detected it; but of an untruth he was incapable; and now, as he sat beside her, and his mind returned to its own balance, he involuntarily be-gan to weigh the possible ameliorations of his dreadful mistake. He could not marry Nan now; she was hopelessly be-yond his reach. One factor of the prob-lem was forever set aside, and that the greatest. Then he recalled the letters that he had received from Anne, what line and lovely traits of character they disclosed. Here his head began to whirl again; for it seemed impossible to sepa-rate the vision of Nan he had built up on that very foundation from the reality, which belonged to Anne. Nan would have thought his love-making cold in-deed; but Anne was shy and reticent herself. She could feel, and feel deeply; but she could not be demonstrative, and she dreaded demonstration in others. It means in the new works with the means. It Beef cattle, gross..... 3.47 Fat hogs, gross...... 4.09

a queen of society. She did not pretend to care for the stout, stupid, brusque man of business who supplied her purse, but ran a wild course of folly and fashion year after year, as only a loveless and childless woman can. Ten years after his marriage Philip met her, faded, rouged, overdressed; her laugh false and hollow, her smile forced, the childish ringlets waving in soft mockery about the worn face, and even her smile me-chanical. His heart reverted with a glad leap to the wife he had left at home, a calm, sweet-faced, gracious wo-man, with lovely children clinging about her, the color of health and happiness richly glowing on her cheek, and the love and admiration of all who knew her making a halo about her noble char-acter. He owned to that remorseless inployed in the catching of fish; at the same time I was informed that a pleas-ure boat had already been engaged for the occasion. I accepted the invitation eagerly, and, lanterns being provided, together with a guide to show the way, we set out, carefully picking our way along the narrow paths dividing the rice fields, the myriads of frogs in the water all round us keeping up a deafening roar, rendering it almost impossible to carry on conversation, while the mosquitoes were anything but friendly in their de-monstrations. When we were about five hundred yards from the place where our yane-bane (literally roof-boat) was awaiting us, we were met by one of our boatmen bearing a lantern, who at once her making a halo about her noble char-acter. He owned to that remorseless in-quisitor, his own heart, that he had in-deed made the best of it in a fuller sense than the poor allowance of the proverb, that Anne was as far beyond Nan as the star beyond the clod, and that the true failure of his life would have been the result of the success he had longed for and missed. Yet all his life he hated the smell of German cologne.—Harper's Bazar.

TIMELY TOPICS.

of stones. On entering the boat, the bottom of which was comfortably covered with *tatami* (thick mats), over which was spread a gay-colored rug, I was agree-ably surprised to find that everything requisite for spending a pleasant evening had been sent on before my hosts. My after-acquaintance with the people of this beautiful country has taught me that they never lose the opportunity to make merry, and will seize upon the most trifling excuse for organizing a pic-nic, and thoroughly enjoying themselves when such pleasures do not interfere with the strict performance of their public duties. On the present occasion six geisha (female musicians) had been en-gaged, who sat at one side of the boat, Herr Krupp, the famous German gua maker, has just eclipsed all his former efforts by constructing a new steel can-non, which is the largest piece of steel ordnance yet made. It weighs seventy-two tons, is thirty-two feet long, and has a caliber of twenty-one and three-fourth inches while the of the English and the inches, while that of the English eighty-ton guns has only eighteen inches. The charge for this monster gun is to be 385 lbs. of prismatic powder, the projectile being a chilled iron shell weighing 1,660 pounds and having a bursting charge of twenty-two pounds of powder. The force of the shot on leaving the gun is estimated at 31,000 foot-tons, and it is calculated that when pointed at an angle of forty-three degrees with the horizon the gun will throw its projectile a dis-tance of fifteen miles.

board of agriculture gives the following table, which is of interest. The shrink-age of values of farm crops of late years, owing to the depression of business and large yield of some of the leading staples. was proportionately better in 1878 than most articles of merchandise, as may be

> 1878 \$.22

	prices for the State th	he past	three	years:
	Article. 1	876.	1877.	1878
	Corn, per bushel	.30	5 .30	8.2
	Winter wheat, per bas'l	1.01	1.19	.7
	Spring wheat, per bus'l	.92	.95	.6
1	Oats, per bushel	.30	.23	.1
6	Rye, per bushel	.56	.52	.4
l	Barley, per bushel	.53	.47	.5
l	Backwheat, per bushel		.75	1.3
U	Potatoes, per bushel	.58	.45	.4
l	Winter apples, per bus'l	.44	.80	.6
l	Hay, per ton	6.25	6.35	4.3

now and then fell through the bars into the water, thereby multiplying the num-ber of lights, real and reflected, and add-ing to the general effect. Our boatmen now steered us into the midst of the busy scene, and driving the boatpole into the bed of the river, made fast to it, and sat down to smoke their *kiscro* (pipes). Each of the boats possessed from ten to twenty cormorants, which, when not en-gaged n their duty of extching fish, re-mained silently perched on the gunwales awaiting their master's commands. The $2.95 \\ 2.80$ 3.37 4.23 The discovery of petroleum has saved many a penny to the poor by bringing light to their houses at a low price. But in some of the towns of the petro and districts, the new discovery is also and to serve as fuel. In East Livonia, Oblo, awaiting their master's commands. The birds which are employed in this branch of industry are hatched from eggs ob-tained from the cliffs along the shore, and being accustomed from the first to she dreaded demonstration in others. It the gas wells seem to hold an inexhaust-

NOVEL FISHING. The Manner in which Cormorants are Utilized in Japan

of stones.

Advocate.

"A fellow feeling "-A phrenologist. Philadelphia has 20,000 unmarried wo-I was invited one evening, says a writer I was invited one evening, says a writer in the Argonaut, during my sojourn at a small town not far from Kiyoto, the old capital of Japan, to accompany some yakunins (officials), who were then traveling with me, to the neighboring river, for the purpose of witnessing the manner in which cormorants are em-ployed in the catching of fish; at the same time I was informed that a pleas-

On its last legs-A chair tilted back-

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The notes of a jail bird are forged.

How to save doctors' bills-File them way. Stokers are the most stirring men cf

the times.

A novel experiment - Publishing an author's first novel. The Chicago Times office has in use ix speaking telephones.

Gen. Hancock is the wealthiest officer of the United States army.

Jumping the rope by the little girls is another harbinger of spring.

"Out of sight out of mind" does not nean that blind people are lunatics.

The hair of the dog is good for the bite, out the bite of the dog is not good for the nare.

"The new color is just the shade of brown sugar," and the ladies will look boatmen bearing a lantern, who at once turned and preceded us to the little pier weet in it.

M. Clairville, the French playwright, who died recently, was the author of 600 plays, 450 of which had been put on the

Since paper napkins were introduced by a manufacturing firm in Wisconsin, a year ago, one Boston firm alone has sold 250,000 of them.

The man who is penny-wise and pound foolish, attempts to wash the sore on his mule's hind leg, but he who knows the ways of the beast, takes him to a veterinary surgeon.

The man who can face a hurricane without winking, will shiver all over when his collar button comes out and makes a longitudinal pilgrimage to the interior of one of his boots.

'Tis now along the highways

The robins gayly flute, And in the orchard byways

- The cable ages take root. Tis now the chief musician 'Round the cottage is the wren; 'Tis now that the fruition Of the merger, beneficid here

Of the merry-hearted hen Wakes joy in the bosom of Agricols, Who sells eggs.

A Japanese Fable.

Once upon a time, on the shady side o Once upon a time, on the shady side o a hill near the sea-shore, there lived a crab. One day he found some boiled rice, and set off home with it; but on his way was spied by a monkey. The mon-key offered to 'exchange the seed of a persimmon, the fruit of which he had nearly finished eating, for the rice. This the crab accepted on condition that the monkey had not injured it with his teeth. The exchange made, Jocko de-youred the rice, but the crab planted the teeth. The exchange made, Jocko de-voured the rice, but the crab planted the seed in his garden. A long time after-ward, the monkey happening to pass the same spot, was surprised to see a fine tree laden with fruit, and his friend the crab sitting on the balcony of a nice new house, admiring his fruit tree. The monkey being hungry, begged the crab to allow him to eat some of the fruit. But the crab analogized saving that his friend the crab apologized, saying that his friend would be quite welcome to some of the uld not

The last circular of the Illinois State

reverence for the English language, but made light of it, and used it in his own way as another outlet for the overflowing fun of his nature.

Philip Norton had been his chum a college, and his friend ever since. He college, and his friend ever since. He was of graver nature, and had gone into the ministry. With the gifts of keen intellect, ready language and good looks, he found life easy enough, and his first parish was in New York, where, in a first-class boarding-house, he did not seem so much a modern apostle as a very body more Part seed former last a very lucky man. But good fortune could not spoil his carnest and truthful character. He preached as sharply to his flock of sinners as if he had five hundred a year instead of five thousand, and did as much hard work among the city outcasts as if he headed a mission to the Digger Indians. and lived in a shanty instead of Madan Ralston's elaborate establishment.

He had just recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, consequent on some of these excursions into the dark places of the earth, when Harry's letter came, and was glad enough to accept his invitation. There were only three children in the Clarke family besides Harry-twin girls of twelve and a younger boy-and they all loved Rhilip as well as if they were his brother and sisters instead of his friends. There is something in a sudden journey of pleas-ure that is inspiriting, and when Mr Norton left the train at Cedar he felt stronger and better, in spite of the long cate and melodious voice, with wonderful command of language, and being withal perceptive, highwhinded and of deep feeling, she was a most fascinating day's ride, than for many weeks, and the next morning declared himself quite ready for the picnic, though Mrs. Clarke, a motherly soul, always devoted to her "other boy," scolded him well for the companion even to a man in love. Harry larke, too, was devoted to Nan Boyd idea. But being a persistent man, he went his way, and by ten o'clock had joined a gay party in the car they had chartered for the day and attached at Cedar station to the train going to Pat-He had been a childish lover of hers dur-ing his youthful visits to his grand-father's farm at Cedar, and now the first love seemed to have re-awakened. was at her side everywhere, and if his professional life had been anything but ton, a little village above whose quite street towered Gray Mountain, their place of destination. The day was a "day in June," fair as ever poet celethat of a beginner, his practice would have suffered; as it was, his rivals suf fered instead, for either out of the famil "day in June," fair as ever poet cele-brated. There were fifty pleasant people-pleasant for a picnic, that is—and Philip was put in charge of a Mrs. Boyd. "One of the widows." Harry whisper-ed in his ear; a very bright, agreeable iarity of old friendship or the mere caprice of her disposition, Nan chose to parade Harry as her cavalier more and more

frequently.

people was an unattained paradise.

ments; but at last Ruth took courage,

"Thope so, ma'am, at some period of

Philip Norton was plunged in despair by this state of things; he could not in woman, with a pleasant face, dressed neatly enough in brown holland and a honor or decency come forward as a rival to his best friend in that friend's black hat-a costume adapted to the occasion, but not becoming. She was evidently not vain. A few seats before them sat a beautiful young woman, daintily dressed, though evidently she considered herself in mourning; but the shower of soft, fair curls that drooped from the back of her head, the sparkling ornaments of cut jet, the rings on her little white hands of pearl and diamond and onyx, all seemed out of keeping with the crape on her dress and hat; and when that co-quettishly-looped head-gear was laid aside, a triangle of crape, with the con-ventional widow's ruche about it, pinned on with diamond and onyx pins, looked a real absurdity, and every woman in the car laughed at Nan Boyd's attempt to assert her widowhood; for this was the other of the two widows. Yet if she was a little absurd, who cared? When one's skin is tinted with the warm glow to hear some report of the day's enjoy-ment, for to them a picnic of grown of pink apple blossoms, with lips scarlet as fresh strawberries, great clear blue eyes, delicate features, teeth of pearl, and abundant gilded-flax hair falling every-There had been much whispering be-tween Ruth and Rachel for a few moand + looking up shyly at her brother's face, spoke out: "Hal, dear, are you going to be married?" where in long loose curls, what does it matter what one wears! Nan Boyd would have been lovely in brown hol-land and a cheap black hat, though her cousin and sister-in-law was not. my existence," he answered, gravely. "Oh, I don't mean that! Are you

Nobody had ever supposed the Rev-erend Philip Norton was susceptible. going to, pretty soon?" "Not this week, Miss Inquisitor." He had never given a tenderer glance to any lovely girl in his congregation than "Hal, you'se an awful tease-there!" burst in Rachel, out of patience,

tion: it was as genuine and real as the aledictory address, my dears, on tha roseate splendor of the mountain laure whose pink bells illustrated and illumi dorions day when he became the proud oossessor of a sheepskin, like the immor-al Brian O'Lynn, only the woolly side nated every hill about the village, and shone with a light like dawn through the was out; he pulled that over the dges of the dark woods.

there was a very quiet wedding at her lonely home, and a brief journey back to

Will died too, neither of the widows was heartbroken-Nan from pure levity

of nature, Anne from no sense of loss, but rather of relief. Since they both lived at Cedar, there had been much

or's eyes, and thereby got all the henors Then she was graceful, genial, kind; always ready to get up or to join a party of pleasure; willing to sing if singing was wanted; to make wreaths for other my modest worth went unrewhile warded. Here the gate swung open, just in time o prevent further burst of Harry's eloto prevent further burst of Harry's clo-quence, and a boy with a telegram came up to them. It was for Philip. One of his most valued friends and supporters in the church was dying, after a brief illness; he must see Mr. Norton. There was no delay possible, and in the morn-ing, very early, Philip went, leaving such adieus as he could for Harry to de-liver and examines udth bline trimed girls-wreaths she could not wear, for the sake of that typical triangle; she never seemed tired, dull, or ill-dressed in short, Mr. Nnrton believed her a rea angel, and threw all the strength of his honest, deep nature into his passion for this lovely little creature. An unprejudiced observer-of course a woman-might have decried the sharp thin voice. iver, and carrying with him a triumph the shallow laugh, the *naice* solfishness, of this angel, and suspected that this gay blossom would show no adequate truit when its petals fell; but Philip Norton int sense that neither honor nor honest need seal his lips now; he could tell Nan

H

Boyd the love that possessed and con-sumed him, and surely so stringent a had no such slanderous thought in his heart. Such external charm was to him assion must compel return. But he found his friend in the very agonies of death; and in the atmosphere only the expression of inward beauty Experience might have taught, him bet grief and pain that surrounded him. ter, but he was not just now amenable to experience—he was in love. He liked Mrs. Anne Boyd much; as he became better acquainted with her, her really sweet and fine character had its effect on after the solemnity of death, in the carand help of the forlorn family, and the services of burial, more than a week passed away before he could write the important letter, and when it was once gone his courage failed, suspense racked and tortured him, he could not eat or sleep, and on the fourth day he sat behim, and he enjoyed an hour's conversation with her-when Nan was not a hand—thoroughly. She was one of those people who have that rare charm, a deli-

fore the beginning of his sermon totally unable to get further than the first sentence, waiting feverishly for the letter-to bring him life or death. But the mes-sage was merciful; a sweeter letter, to his thought, was never written; modest, reticent, yet with a tone of deep feeling, t promised to the heart far more than it aid to the eye, and put him into a state of grateful rapture that crept into the of grateful rapture that crept into the delayed sermon, and made a sensation in the parish when that precarious dis-course was at length finished and de-livered. For a few weeks frequent let-ters were exchanged, but, at the lady's request, nothing was said of any fixed engagement; she wished, she said, to know a little better the man to whom her future life must be bound. Philip had heard that Will Boyd had not been altogether devoted to his wife, and apaltogether devoted to his wife, and appreciated at once the sense and delicacy of her reserved expression of feeling in the matter. In September he received a house: his affection for Harry, his sense of the proprieties, all forbade his ex-pressing in any way his passion for this brief note, following a long letter, to say that she and her cousin had both been charmed circle as far as possible; he cause she was Nan's cousin. It is well to be near the rose if you are not a rose with them as escort and groomsman to his old friend Dr. Eldridge, and Nan wished Mr. Norton to know that they yourself, for there is at least the neither and her cousin had both been cause she was a far as possible; he his old friend Dr. Eldridge, and Nan wished Mr. Norton to know that they were going—would be gone when the were going-would be gone when the note reached him-in order to account yourself, for there is at least the neigh-borhood of its bloom and perfume to attract adorers. Still, he plunged daily further and further into this gulf of would not permit the mails to be usebitter-sweet passion, till one moonlight night his mind was set at rest concern-ing Harry. They sat on the steps of the south door, tired with a long day's drive to Pachkick red hairs to be used. It is the mains to be used ful to them. It seemed as if fate sported with poor Philip, for not two days passed before he, too, received a summons to travel directly the other way; his only ing Harry. They sat on the steps of the south door, tired with a long day's drive to Bashbish and back, and the two little girls were hanging about them, anxious with severe illness, and telegraphed for with severe illness, and telegraphed for him at once. He sailed by the next steamer, and found Mrs. Warne at the point of death; but the pleasure of seeing her nephew seemed to rouse her and

uite in accordance with her natur that, after a long, quiet evening of con-versation, Mr. Norton should part from her with one grave kiss on her forchead. Nan would have clung about his neck. Nan would have chang and but her peach face up to his for caknew how it would have been, and for one mad moment sickened with thwart-ed passion; but Annie never saw it. She trusted him implicitly, and after her pure prayers fell asleep, like a happy child and dreamed of him and her future home. But what a night awaited him child sleep fled far away. He had in her presence been able to preserve calmness at least, and resolved to accept the situa-

tion ; but when he was alone, all the past came back on him like an armed man It was a night never to be forgotten. In the morning he went to Mr. Clark's and told them of his engagement, and asked them to the quiet wedding next day. They were all surprised, and congratu-lated him with such warmth and sinceri-

ty, lavished such love and praise on Anne, that he felt almost guilty in ac-cepting the pleasant words, conscious now little they delighted him. Harry, as soon as they were alone, proceeded to enlarge on Anne's charms.

"To tell you the truth, old fellow, have been mightly smitten with that lady myself; but she has behaved like a lay nun the past year. I couldn't under-stand it. Somehow or other I got it into my head you were sweet on Nan. I even went so far as to feel sorry for you time you were cutting me out with Anne. You had not heard of that marriage till Anne told you. It was a nine days' wonder here; he is fat, fifty, and rich as Crœsus: that was his charm. Ducats, my lord, ducats! Nan loves a shining mark; she inherits old Madam Hart's tastes as well as her name, only the madam loved to save, and Anne to spend.

Here it flashed across Philip that his had all been mistakenly addresstters Nan was Anne Hart Boyd, and he thought the initial belonged to Anne. From the very first those letters had gone wrong, and in his own dislike of nicknames he had never used hers, but called her Annie always-a tender softening of the monosyllable that seemed to express more than the cold stiff name. The day after, the wedding was celebrated. Very quietly and simply Philip Norton and Anne Boyd were made one brated. Philip He could not help owning that the seft folds of dark rich silk, illuminated with fresh white roses on her breast and in her hair, the warm color on lip and cheek, the soft hazel eyes, dark and clear as the brown water of a forest brook, and the expression of deep emotion on her face, made her a very attractive bride; but even at the altar a glimpse of blue bewildering eyes, floating gold-lit hair, ineffable witchery and sweetness, seemed to dazzle his eyes and constrict his heart, but he repelled the dream sternly, and it fled.

Had Anne been more selfish and Philip less strong and sensible, here now was place and room for a real domestic tragedy, of all tragedies most vital and her nephew seemed to rouse her and waken her vitality; she grew a little bet-ter week after week, but was sent south-ward as she recovered, and at last to Egypt. It was May before Mr. Norton brought her back to New York; but by this time it had been agreed in the few letters that had been received by him in his constant transit from one place to another, that without any formal an-nouncement of engagement, Nan should be ready to marry him at once on his re-turn. So having previously kelegraphed

ble supply. An extensive system of piping carries the gas into the houses, where, in stoves properly constructed, it does all the cooking and warning. Many families in the place use no other fuel than this gas. They find in idequate for all their needs. In the street lamps it is allowed to burn by day as well as by night, because it costs more to turn it off than to consume it. Great pottery manufactures are carried on in the town, the gas supplying all the heat. As the wells have been in use twenty years without any sign of exhaustion, the peopl feel no anxiety about their fut re supply. East Livonia is a good place to emigrate to when gas bills grow burdensome.

A mound similar to those so commo in the Western States was recently found and opened in Japan, and scientific ex-amination of its contents affords ground for a very strong argument that canni balism was practiced, perhaps habitually. by some of the ancient inhabitants of that country. That the Omori mound was not a tomb was sufficiently shown by the fact that the skeletons found in it were never complete, and that the bones lay about in disorder, and in no relation to each other, whereas the bones of buried bodies would be found approximately in some position possible in life Moreover, the human bones were found among those of other animals, and, like them, were broken into lengths conven-

ient for cooking and eating, and were deeply scratched in those portions, such when she married Dalrymple—what a waste of the raw material!—and all the find most difficulty in removing the flesh. The discovery is a curious one, as it is the first indication of cannibalism among a people whose characteristics as at present known strongly negative the prac-tice by them of so horrible a custom. But similar evidence was held by archæologists sufficient to prove the former existence of cannibals in North America.

Dr. Rabelais' Free Journey.

The learned and famous Frenchman, Dr. Rabelais, once found himself in Mar-seilles without money. He wished to travel to Paris, but could not contrive a way to do so. At last, however, he hit upon a plan.

He started one first of April carrying with him some full phials labeled "Poi-son for the King and the Royal Family." At the city gates, according to the cus tom in those days, the traveler was searched, and these suspicious-looking bottles were found, as he intended. The officials were horrified, and they prompt-ly arrested him and hurried him off as state prisoner to Paris, there to be tried for treason.

his bottles were taken before the judges. Then the doctor, who was very well known as a wit, made a little explana-tion, showed that the phials contained nothing but brick-dust, and was at once released-the court, the accusers, the okers-on, and all Paris convulsed with laughter at the joke.-St. Nicholas.

Some barren land near the city of Dantzig was irrigated by sewage from the city. The potato crop grown upon this land averaged "sixteen and one half tons to the acre. This result led the ex-perimenter to contract with the municiunexpected publicity three or four year by the late gackwar of Baroda upon the life of Colonel Phayre, the British resi-dent at his court. But the most formidapal authorities of Breslau, a city of about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabible of all these hidden weapons is the subtle poison extracted from the com-mon thorn apple, which attacks the mind instead of the body, and which, admin-istered in doses too small for detection. tants, to remove its sewage during twelve years, and with it he intends to irrigate for his own profit about three thousand acres of land.

A prescription warranted to make any ick woman re-"cover"-A new dress, has converted many a brave and gifted leader into a gibbering idiot.

company of man, are very tame Each has a name given to it, and, on its gather it. The monkey declared his ability to climb if the crab would allow owner making a peculiar sound, will enter the water in search of the fish that him to try; to which the owner of the tree consented, stipulating that he should would, were it free, be their natural Large numbers of them were now rey. receive half the fruit that was plucked. So up the monkey clambered and ate as swimming around the boats, their movements controlled by strings attached to fast as he could, selecting the best and rings around their necks, and held in the ripest fruit, but was too greedy to notice the crab, who was waiting patiently fishermen's hands. Whenever a bird spied a fish attracted by the glare of the fire, it seized it with its bill, but was below. At length the crab, losing pa-tience, accused the monkey of being a bad prevented from swallowing it by the ring round its throat. The fisherman then and deceitful fellow: upon which the monkey got angry, pelted the poor crab, and broke his shell. The crab's friend, uttered a peculiar ery, and gently drew it into the boat, where it was forced to the wasp, coming by, attacked the mon-key and stung him so severely that Jocko scampered away frightened. The wasp sent for his friends Egg and Morgive up the prize. Occasionally the birds are rewarded by being permitted to swallow a fish. In some parts of Japan considerable quantities of fish are tar, and, after due deliberation, the

gaged, who sat at one side of the boat, while we of the other sex ranged our-

selves on the mats on the other. Sweet-meats of various kinds were spread out

on lacquered trays, as we all settled our

selves into the most comfortable atti-tudes, and the sendo (boatmen) were told

o cast off. After about fifteen minutes' sculling we

After about inteen minutes scuring we rounded a bend of the river, when a magnificent spectacle burst on our view. The river appeared to be on fire. Near-ly two hundred fishing boats were in sight. At the bow of each, and attached

to the end of a pole projecting over the water, was a brazier containing burning

pine wood, blazing pieces of which every now and then fell through the bars into

made it up amongst them to punish Jocko. They arranged that Egg should explode if put on the fire, the wasp should sting Jocko, and Mortar, placed on the roof, should roll off upon his head as he ran out of the door. The rearest boat and bargained for some of the fresh-caught sakana (fish), and having provided a griddle for the occasion had his purchase broiled over the hibach (box holding charcoal fire); and this made a repast fit for an epicure. I par-took heartily of this dish, which the Jap-anese know so well how to cook, and did next day the monkey being hungry, called at the crab's house to apologize, and beg another dinner of fruit; Seeing no person in the house, he entered and finding a nice large egg on a tray, he not neglect the sake (wine), which passed around pretty rapidly, and which was kept hot in a kan-dokuri (porcelain put it on the fire to roast it, as he could not manage raw eggs so well as hard cooked ones. Presently the egg exploded vessel in which wine is heated by being laced in a kettle of hot water) by one of violently and seattered the hot cinders the fair singers, who also took care that the bottle was replenished as fast as it was emptied. During all this time the over Jocko, who ran into the next room geisha had been enlivening the feast with ongs, accompanying themselves on their unisens (guitars), while in the interval okes, puns, and *repartee* kept all in a continual laughter.

My hosts now proposed to return, and, the boatmen having blown the remains of the tobacco out of their little pipes as a boy would blow a pea from a pea-shoot-

boy would blow a pea from a pea-shoot-er, the boat was unmoored, and we dropped gently down with the stream toward our landing-place; and just as I was beginning to cast rather tender glances (probably the effects of the fish or wine) in the direction of a very pretty gcisha seated opposite me we touched the ider and steeping ashore took our way pier, and, stepping ashore, took our way again through the rice fields, the scene enlivened by large numbers of *hotara* (fire-flies) flitting hither and thither. Outside our hotel we parted with our fair musicians and retired to rest, having spent a most pleasant evening.

Strange Murder Agents.

The reported attempt of the king of Burmah to procure the murder of the claimant of his crown is a fair sample of the way in which state questions are ettled in the east, where political assassination has for ages been one of the re-cognized functions of government. The commonest method of accomplishing this which, from the internal inflammation caused by the makers are em-ployed. One of the most singular of these is to mix with the doomed man's food a tiger's whiskers chopped small, which, from the internal inflammation caused by them make the victur's dooth caused by them, make the victim's death mercly a question of time. The same result is produced by the employment of diamond-dust, a device which received

howling with pain; but the wasp flew out of a corner and stung him so badly that he rushed out of the house, frightened and almost mad with pain, when down dropped the mortar upon his head and killed him. Moral—Cunning and greedy people rarely gain much, and ungrateful ones are generally punished in the end. A Singing Book. Another curious phenomena of sound is the singing book, now a philosophical toy. Thanks to M. Pollard, navy engincer of Cherbourg, it is within every intelligent person's reach. You place a small book on the table, the floor or a chimney-piece, and presently it distincty emits songs, sacred and profane, or ducts by a piano, or harp and violin solos. The book is composed of ordinary paper, leaves of the latter, alternating with some of tin. The metal leaves are united, the last two with an electric current, forming thus a condenser. The top and bottom sides of the volume com-

municate with an electric wire running along the wall, but concealed, and terminating in a pile in another room., where the speaker or the singer, etc. "deposits" the sounds of his voice in a wooden mouthpiece containing a metal plate and a stylus, which, touching a spring, sets free the electric currents and transmits the sound to the book, where it is repeated—a phenomenon not yet capable of being satisfactorily explained. -Paris Letter.

A Tennessee Terror.

The following emphatic hint is pasted up in a Tennessee hotel. The original is done with pen and ink, and neatly elaborated with flourishes:

NOTICE. All persons waiting for a train using this room and not eat their meals will be charged the same as if they had a pri-vate room or eat their meals.

LuncH EatinG is Not Allowed in this Hotel as i cannot afford to furnish room and fire for folks to eat their Lunch and use

my room and fire and be in my paying guest's way.

Not long after his arrival Rabelais and

taken in this manner. One of my entertainers now hailed the