## VOL. LIII.

# MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1879.

#### AT HOME.

How I love the hour of twilight, When the children gather near : And, drawing close their chairs beside me, This petition greets my ear " Please, dear sister, tell a story, Tell just one, now, only on . Speaks another ittle pleader. " Yes, it is the best of fun."

In my lap the youngest nesties, White arms round my neck entwine And from out the misty shadows Her blue eyes look up to mine ; While in answer to their pleading For "one more-ob, just one more Mixture ousant of truth and legend. Bring I from my little store :

Sustches wild from dim tradition, Mixed with tales from Indian lore ; While between, in faucy's gardens, Fairies dance about the floor ; Pictures old from history's pages, Wear ng still the bloom of y uth Rarest gems in richest sett ngs From the holy book of truth.

Darkness gat ers-shadows lengthen-Sinks the head upon the hand ; While I sit and dream, and wonder, Of the future-shadowy land ; Will my darlings gem their pathways With pure thoughts and deeds sublim Holy Father ! guide and keep them All along the shores of time !

### The Wife's Appeal.

The wise people-these who manage their neighbor's affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice-shook their heads in solemn conclave when Mr. Hepworth married the second time; but an added shade of venom was in their councils when the village paper noticed, in a flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir at the great house.

"Poor Clarice," they said, "has no "But I would like to choose my own chance now. It was bad enough when gift," she persisted. Hepworth married a chit of a girl who, of course, cared for nothing but his money ; has not already ? but now there is a son, there is no hope for Clarice." of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face

A young, fair woman, herself in the very spring-time of life, yet having already taken the holy ties of wife and mother into her pure heart, knelt in one of the rooms known that I had shown clemency to a of the great house-knelt to bring her beautiful face nearer to the cradle pillow upon which rested the soft cheek of her baby boy.

The child of wealthy parents, she had married the man she loved and who loved old-only a true penitent; one who erred

of tears from her face, and came again. smiling, to the anxious group. "Cheer up, Clarice," she said, bravely

country. One could tell that their "what is your little boy's name?" trunks were not over half full, as they "Stephen. It was the name of my brother, who died. My first child was called after my father.' When the subject was broached he said

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, open- he preferred to pack his own trunk, those points, owing to the swampy naing her arms, "come here, darling, and and he didn't propose to take a whole ture of the ground. The details of the kiss your grandmother." The child sprang at once to the lovely to take along was an extra suit, and he could throw that in most any way. grandmother, kissing her again and again. Putting him into his mother's arms the Night before last he began work. It far as the principles involved are conyoung wife lifted her own baby from its struck him that he'd better put in an cradle and left the room. extra pair of boots as a foundation and

In the darkly-furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his arm-A light step roused him from his reverie

and his wife stood before him. stuffed his Sunday coat pockets with collars and cuffs and found a place for Over her morning dress of delicate rose color, that suited well her fresh young it, used his white vests for "chinking," beauty, fell the long white robes of the and the balance of his clothing just fitinfant she carried with all the pride of ted in nicely.

motherhood. Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed as he said; the lid and turned the key.

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctums of legal gentlemen?" "I do," said the mother, "if the legal

swered, thinking of the costly bauble that

"What can I give my rosebud that

"Does not your office include the power

"In a limited degree it does," he replied.

was to come without fail by noon.

paling with earnestness.

pity through your intercession.'

being their papas."

gift ?

with tears in her eyes. "Listen to this most conceited of moth ers, comparing legal honors with the own-

ership of little pink roly-polies like that !" "Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the my birthday, and you have given me no few minutes." "You are impatient, little wife," he an-

erman sat down and mused :-

Removing everything, he began repacking. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly starched lawn was made

'but, dear one, I shouldn't like it to be would be constantly annoyed by the loving sufficient empty space to pack in a relatives of scamps trying to move me to

A Balloon Line.

during my stay in Borneo. He was a Mr. Bowerman and wife left for the Several publications have recently been made in regard to a projected line of balloons to run between Spanish were pitched into the baggage car with | Fort and New Lake End. It has been a crash. They began a week ago. found impracticible to construct, without great expense, a railway between month to do it, either. All he intended contemplated balloon have not been correctly or fully stated, and are given He was as mad as a tiger, and below. The plan is not original so cerned, but the application 18 genius. It is well known that, while balloons have been constructed which are capahe flung 'em in the corner with his ble of sustaining very large weights, no clean shirts. The shirts didn't seem successful method of directing the to ride very well, and he braced them course of the air-ship has been devised. with two pairs of trowsers. Then he The plan referred to above utilizes the

full lifting capacity of the balloon and provides the means of controlling its him into the boat, he managed to get movements, Spiles or posts are set along the lake shore, making a complete circuit, resembling a telegraph line.

tied a rope around his neck and took Along these posts on the top are placed guide rails, of a peculiar form. Fithim home to headquarters. There I assigned him to a bath-room, where he ting these rails, and sliding freely on them, are riders or attachments to could have everything his own way. which are made fast the guide ropes Buthe was surly and wouldn't eat much of anything, though I did my level best holding and guiding the balloon, and to keep him supplied with the delicacies so arranged as to brace it against the wind from any direction. Fitted in of the season, and especially with boiled the posts are pulleys, over which is rice, which is deemed good for the passed a wire rope, making a complete orang-outang when in captivity. But circuit like a belt and gliding on the pulleys; and this rope is moved at any those long arms of his and wouldn't eat, proper rate of speed by an engine sta- except when he tried to eat me. I tioned at a proper point in the circuit. couldn't induce him to become an ad-The balloon is made in an eliptical mirer of mine, and he pined away, as form, the length twice the height and orang-outangs always do in captivity. Their disposition seems to be such that pointed at the ends, thus giving the they prefer death to bondage, and this least surface for resistance to the atmosphere. From this suspended by the is probably the reason they are so selnetting which envelops the balloon is an dom seen even in the best of menageriron frame, on which the car is hung ies. One night we heard a heavy thud in the bath-room, and when we went by double piyots, similar to a ship's binnacle. The weight being in the car it in to see what was the matter there lay

braced by the guide ropes, while the had been the death of him." float or balloon oscillates above it if moved by the wind. The car is fitted douhtless be curious to know what you with a grappling attachment which think about orangs or gorillas handling passes through tackle in the frame and clubs in fighting man, as has been allegto the car. The moving wire rope is ed by some persons claiming a knowcriminal upon your solicitation? You underclothing. He sat there viewing seized by the grappling hook and the ledge on such subjects. How is it !!" car and float move forward, drawn by the endless rope and guided by the rudthe world that does anything of the ders which slide along the rails, from kind, I am aware that one of our rewhich it is impossible for them to becognized authorities in natural science come detached. If it is necessary to has stated that the gorilla will utilize

remains in its proper position, being the little mias, whose own obstinacy

"Now, Mr. Hornaday, people will

"I do not believe there is a beast in

The Professor and the Parasel.

young one-not longer than an eight or We are acquainted with a good ten year old boy. When we discovered natured and at the same time astute old him he was in a tree which stood out professor, who maintains that it is quite alone by itself. The darkies cut the impossible for a man to properly and tree down, and there he was. We had correctly hold a parasol over the head forked sticks already for him, and we of an attractive young lady. He himput one of these over his neck, thus self has wrestled successfully with pinning him down to the ground. I Pliny, Plato and Sophocles; he has would rather have put my head against written historical works; he undera buzz saw then than into his mouth. stands many languages; he is well took posted in philosophy, psychology and no pains to conceal his ferocity. On metaphysics; but when it comes to holdthe contrary, he displayed it to the ing a parasol so that the shade will very best advantage. After we had slumber on the features of a lady, he secured him safely we tantalized him, freely admits that he is at sea, and that just to see how far he would go in his every university in the land should anger. He actually became so enraged add to its other attractions a parasol that he took one of his own fingers bechair. tween his teeth and bit it through to

Last summer he took a walk in Centhe solid bone. Then, when we got ral Park with a young lady. Before they had journeyed far she intrusted hold of one of the fingers of his dead her parasol to him. He held it most mother laying beside him, and bit that æsthetically for about five minutes and quite as fiercely as he did his own. I then it shifted out of position and his Many a "Mare" so struck a man's fanarm began to tremble.

"You are not shading me at all," she lisped, "you are throwing all the shade on that horse over there."

The professor apologised, and once nore got the parasol where it would do the most good. It was beginning to gers of the former Storm-God Odin get a little heavier. His arm trembled like an aspen. He thought he was the smallest opening where his and he only hung upon the rafters with carrying a keg of nails.

"Now, then, you goose," she broke in, "you'll have me all sunburned di- forms is also apparent from the facility ectly. Hold it up so; see?"

The professor saw. He was longing for a chance to get under a tree so he could get a rest, but she would not go near one; she had an idea that a good sun bath was just what she needed. "Is not that a lovely scene?" she

warbled, "just look at the pretty stretch of waving grass dotted with flowers !"

"Delightful, delightful," replied the professor, at he worked his other hand around and deposited his elbow on it so that his parasol arm would not drop out by the roots. "And there's that little herd of sheep calmly grazing-well, now I declare, Henry, that parasol is all out of the place?" way, can't you hold it forward a little more?"

He does as directed, but only places himself in a more painful position.

Edda, between Thor and Harbard, (Odin) mentions witch-like "riders of the night," or noctournal horsewomen, whom he lures away from their husbands. In the Eddic Song of Helgi also, Nightmares, or Night-Riders, are mentioned in the sense of semi-divine or Titanic spectral forms, who ride out of the mouths of rivers or to sea, in order to deliver up the heroic vikings to Ran, the destructive goddess of the wild and seething sea-waves, and consort Aegir, whose name ("Eager") still lingers in English boatmen's language. Thus, we get, "Night Mares," or "Night Riders," always in a Valkyr sense. In folk-tales still current in Germany quite lately-or for aught I know even now-it is said that a Mar or War Riderske of the first mentioned kind has sometimes been captured by means of the key-hole, or knot-hole in the beam of the room in which she had penetrated at night being stopped up, when she was discovered to be a beautiful malden.

MADOL

MITHJIM THT

NO. 37.

cy that he married, and had children trom her. But when consumed with longing for her spectral home, she asked him to draw the plug from the knothole, she suddenly vanished. The tale shows the ease with which the messenmade their entrance and escape through their element-the air-comes in. The Marut character of the Teutonic Mar of theirs of penetrating through the smallest holes.

#### A Glass of Lemonade.

He was a dapper little tellow, as tidy as a new pin, and as he entered one of the "sample rocms" on Woodward avenue, Detroit, the other day the bartender mentally remarked :

"That fellow will call for champagne," but he was mistaken; the little fellow leaned over the bar and said :

"I want a tumbler two-thirds full of water and some pieces of pure ice in the tumbier."

It was handed him and he asked: "Do you ever have a lemon about the

The Democratic Tickes. seY" "Well, gently squeeze one into the tumbler."

The squeezing process took place and e intrie man continued "Do you have raspberries out here?" "We do." "Well put two into the tumbler." They were added, and he put his hand to his brow, tried hard to collect his memory, and suddenly exclaimed : "Ah! yes-sugar! I knew I could think of it. Add a spoonful of sugar." While it was being added the little man dropped on to three kernels of coffee, a powdered cracker and a bit of cheese and then said: "If you keep Madeira you can add a spoonful." The Madeira was added, the glass shaken, and the little man opened a long morocco case which he took from a side pocket, took out a solitary straw, carefully cut off an inch or two from one end and said : "Owing to the prevalence of malarial diseases in your western country I find it the best way to carry my own straw with me. A fellah kinder hates, you know, to use everybody's straw, you know, especially out west here." He pinned his haadkerchief under his chin, brushed back his mustache and began drawing. The bar-keeper's pet dog came in when the glass was half drained, and the little man took the straw from his mouth and said : "Plwease remove your dawg to the rear room, I can nevah dwink lemonade with a dawg in the room." The "dawg" was escorted out, and when the bar-tender returned the little. man had disapppeared and the glass had been emptied of even the lemon peel.

# "The man that takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dolt !" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammod down

Mrs Bowerman had been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when her husband went up stairs at ten gentlemen have the additional honor of o'clock she sat down before the trunk

There's the Difference.

"You see how it is," she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. "I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now

deep import of her words, "that this is the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache I must lay down for a She went away to do it and Mr. Bow-

"Space is space. The use of space

in knowing how to utilize it."

to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for three handkerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box and packed full of

whole bed when she returned and said he was the only real good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the

nose as he turned the key.

Millheim

# Souceal.

to preside over another.

She was very beautiful, and many had thought it a great sacrifice when she married a man as old as her own father, yet in her sweet humility she only prayed to be worthy of the love bestowed upon her.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and rising to her feet she answered the

Upon the threshold stood a woman, a few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed, in a shabby mourning suit, but the child wore dainty white garments. "Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hep-

worth asked, smiling upon the child. "May I come in?" was the woman's

question in return. "Certainly. You look tired "

The stranger accepted a chair and looked

sadly around the room. "Everything is altered," she said in a mournful voice. "Perhaps I had better

stayed away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have that still rested upon her child's head, Meta heard of Clarice Manderson ?" "I have not," was the reply. "I am room, where Clarice awaited the result of

almost a stranger here. We have been her errand; traveling ever since I was married until, a few months ago "

the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes. and rest, or the stern mandate that would "Then my errand here is indeed hopeless. close the doors of home upon her and her If, in his new happiness as your husband, boy forever. my father never even spoke my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your lovingly undertaken the office of mediator father? He told me he had lost his only on her behalf, and the tears rolled down daughter.

him by my own disobedience. You love my father ?."

Just a smile, proud, happy and tender, answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarice, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage, and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Manderson, assuring me that he was a fortune hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of face of the child to whom he had given the my love. I would not believe this. To me he was the noblest and best of men, and for him I left all to fly secretly from home and father. I have been bitterly punished. When the letter imploring forgiveness was returned to me by my father, with a few brief words casting me from his heart and love, my husband proved what I had so fondly hoped was false. He had married the only child and presumed heiress of Hepworth, the millionaire, and found himself burdened with a penniless wife. I spare you the history of the four into an inner room and closed the door. years of married misery that followed. the very day this boy was born. I heard of fluence that had, united them once more. my father's marriage. I returned here, ing for pardon, but the house was shut up. When you came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hop- daughter and the young wife at the great ing you would plead for me. Think if he house, but it would be quite beyond the was an outcast from his father's love, sor- power of their narrow minds to understand rowing and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birthright ! '

"If my prayer will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the li-She waited a moment to bathe the traces "Little Bottercup." cemetery, and a monument will be brary, and I will speak to him at once."

in extreme youth, was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I would plead? Cannot you guess for whom I would beg "Clarice," he asked, hoareely, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness." "She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her? For the sake of our own bey, Harold, let this be a home for her and Stephen.' "Stephen !" he cried, starting. City. "Her son. Her husband is dead. She

is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love, Harold.' There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said: "I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice." With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand

led the way back to her own pretty sitting

She waited, with fast throbbing heart and trembling lips, for the words that were "And you never heard of me?" said to give her sorrowing lonely heart peace

Her gratitude could never fail, she felt sure, for the beautiful woman who had so ed me." her cheeks as she thought of the unselfish

"Not that I was dead; I was lost to tenderness of her stepmother. As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up, holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quiv-

ering with intense emotion. It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door-the entire strength of his love for years. He forgot her waywardness, her disobe dience and the six years of absence. He remembered only that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart.

There was a cry of:

"Father, dear, dear father!" And they were folded fast in each other's days before the wedding took sick and arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen died. Her berieved lover was incon-Then my husband and eldest child died of held from his grandfather's kiss, for father his parents: "What have I to live contagious fever. Three months later, on and daughter alike turned to the gentle in- for? I often think of drinking to The gossips are divided in their opinions as to the exact amount of hatred and jeal- ly loved. Rather than become a drunkousy existing between the young widowed such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Manderson and Mr. Hepworth's

DIMINUTIVE oleomargarinecup sounds

second wife.

"It's simply the difference between the sexes," was his patronizing reply | ly and the car stopped. Any number as he went down stairs to turn on the of cars can be used, following each burglar alarm. When that wife opened that trunk

last night---! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.

"When Judge Meets Judge-" At ten o'clock John Judge, a sunburned citizen in a red shirt and torn trousers, threw his hat on the floor in front of the bench of the Jefferson Market Police Court, New York

"Aha! Good morning Judge," said the Court. "The same to yersel' Yer Wurshup."

"How long have you been a Judge, John."

"Longer nor you, I guess, sur, only I'm not accushtomed to take my sate an the same soide o, the bench as Yer Wurshup,"

comes-" remarked His Honor. "I'hin there's sure to be throuble an udge got drunk."

"He could scarcely stand up when got him in Thompson street last night, Your Honor," said the officer. "No, sor," said John, "I was afther puttin' in six ton av coal phin this officer kem and hot me between the two shoulders wud his elbow an' shtagger-

"Sure it wasn't the whisky caused the staggering."

Avl was-"You wouldn't be here."

"Well, I won't say agin that, but I'll ax Yer Honor's pardon, an' beg Yer Honor to be a little layment betune oursel's, that is wan judge an' another. 'Twas the change o' the weather affleted me, Yer Wurshup."

days will do you good." "So I'll have to go down for foive

Court.

"Well, that's not so bad, but it might be worse," said John, picking up his hod and marching after his captor to

ville, Ohio, son of one of its esteemed merchants, was engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, who, a few solable, and resolved to put an end to to cost not less than \$500." Then proceeded to the room of his late betrothed.

"The orang must be a beast of very is he not?"

stop, the grapple can be let go instantalmost anything he can lay hold on for a weapon. However, I have my doubts on that point, confirmed by consideraother at short intervals. The guide ble observation and experience. ropes can be lengthened at will and the car allowed to float at any desired Coddling a Streak of Lightning. height, being under perfect control. The posts having only a weight of the At night my husband comes home

guide rails, and no grading being rewith a rush, hangs his hat upon the quired, it will be seen that cost of confloor, throws his coat upon the first struction is comparatively small. The chair, sends his boots flying in anether plan appears to be feasible. It remains directien, works his feet into his slipto be seen how it will work when put pers while unfolding his paper, reads, into actual operation. It the attempt is successful, the aerial route will be extensively patronized. It is underup and rushes off to bed. This is the stood that a company is being formed programme, with exceptions, until Satto undertake the enterprise.

#### Hunting Orang-Outangs.

getting into his 'Sunday best' and "To get down to business, Mr. Horns- rushes off to church; comes home aud bolts his dinner (never eats), reads a day, I'd like to listen to your own account of orang-outang hunting in Bor- little, sleeps a little and away he goes neo," quoth a young man with a penagain. When he tries to keep quiet he cil and note-book.

is sure to make the more noise; if he "All right; fire away with your starts to go around a mud ,uddle he is questions and I'll keep even with you," sure to step flat into it; if he crosses moreover, whin the officer says wan replied the naturalist. as he gave the room carefully he is sure to kick time it reminds us, by name as well as another twist to the flax padding with the table leg or fall over a chair; and by some of its attributes, of the Verlic which he was winding the wooden-arm | let him go to a table where a spare clean skeleton and iror rod to fill out one of cloth has been spread and you will see the largest beast's hide.

orang, reaching six or seven feet every

time, was a spectacle to behold. I

of my gun snugly against my shoulder

and drew a bead on his majesty. The

rifle ball lodged in his great, broad chest,

and his huge, ugly form swaved a little

in the struggle b tween life and death.

Then down it came with a rattling,

crackling crash, almost falling into our

boat, which would certainly have

swamped us. Oh! how I would like to

shoot that old fellow over again now!

There was game for you, such as the

American hunter would hardly feel en-

couraged to dream of. 1 had six or

eight of the natives to assist me, and

they at once declared that this was the

largest mias they had ever seen. Ac-

cordingly they gave him the name

"Rajah Pedang," or, in other words,

the Governor of Pedang. They are al-

most sure to call a big thing, either in

the form of man or beast, a "rajah."

more of 'decorative art' in five minutes "When and how did you get settled than you ever dreamed could be accomdown to business as a hunter in Borneo?' plished in so short a time. He is tem-"It was in the fall of 1878-I think in perate, naturally kind hearted, attends the month of September, that I shot strictly to business and pays his debts this specimen upon which I am now like a man; was once chatty and doworking. He was in size and weight mestic, fond of his family and home. next to the largest one I secured-weigl ; but has allowed himself to drift with this rushing, reading habit, until now a little more than 170 pounds. The nothing could break it up short of breakorange inhabit the river country and adjacent marshes, where there is quite ing his neck. Fancy a wife trying to coddle such a streak of lightning." a growth of scrubby forest. One day, as several of my native assistants and A Case of Conscience. myself were paddling our boat lazily down the river, we heard one of those The Rev. Dr. Macleod, father of Dr howls, or growls, or bellows, which

Norman Macleod, passing through the could not be mistaken for anything else crowd gathered before the doors of a mare form, called Ritt-heije-Riding than the expressive voice of a good big new church he was about to open was mias. We kept a close lookout, and by .. stopped by an elderly man with : "Docand-by I caught the first glimpse of tor, if you please, I wish to speak to one of those great, red, shaggy knees up in a top tree. Then I saw the ugly til after worship, he replied that it was old monster lazily reaching from bough a matter upon his conscience. to bough-and the sight of such an

Duncan," said the good natured minwaited my opportunity, fixed the stock | ister, "I will hear what it is."

should be a lie on the face of the house

of the Lord." The doctor promised to consider the matter. "But," said he, "I'm glad to see you looking so well, man. You are not young. 1 remember you for many years, but you have a fine head of hair still."

"Eh, doctor !" exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan. "Now yeare joking. t is long since I had my hair."

Dr. Mcleod looked shocked and anwered in a tone of reproach: "Oh, Duncan! are you going into the house "Yes, sometimes. I got one aliae of the clock.

"Won't you have some ice-cream, Maudie," he whispers, in the hopes of getting into a saloon in which he can rest his arm.

"I never touch it," che replies. He would like to change hands firstrate, but he doesn't want to admit his misery. He feels so weak that his shirt sticks to his back, and his collar seems to evaporate. His heart beats like the minute-hand of a clock. He braces himself and actually uses his feet to keep the shade machine in position, and then she calmly takes it from eats, reads again until bed time, throws him and tells him that men dont know his paper down for some one else to pick anything, anyhow. He lets her take it and puts his hand in his coat pocket, as if he feels that it can't support its urday night. Sunday morning he bolts own weight. his breakfast and tears around while

When they go out together now she holds the parasol. He lets her do it too tor they are married now.

The Nightmare.

In some parts of Germany the nightmare is simply called Mar or Mahrt. It is a mare or horse figure. At the same spirits, departed souls, or storm phantoms-the Maruts, who assist Indra with their roaring tempest-song in the battle he has to fight-even as the Valkyrs assist Wodan. The special connection of the North-German Mar with the Valkyrs, or shield-maidens, those terrible choosers of victims that came on horseback from the Cloudland of the Odinic creed, is provable through the name which the nightmare still bears in Oldenberg. It is there called die Wal-Riderske-that is, the Little Battle-Rider, or Little Carrior of the Slain. This spectral figure as the feminine article shows, is conceived as a maidenlike all Valkyrs. Besides the Wal-Rid- that he called at an establishment erske, there is another German night-

ens. The Valkyr character of the Geryou." Asking if he could not wait un- man Mar comes out even more strongly in a nocturnal witch-phantom-also called Wal-Riderske-which uses the horses in stables for a spectral ride. "Oh, since it is matter of conscience, In the morning these animals are said

hausted and covered with sweat. Oth-"Well, doctor," said Duncan, the erwise they are well fed by, and thrivnatter is this. Ye see the clock yon- ing, under the hands of ghostly figures thought it did. In the meantime a son ler on the new church. Now there is that bestrides them; whereas, those of the farmer became impatient and really no clock there, only the face of horses in the stable that are not used by came into the store-room below looking one; there is no truth there, only once the Little Battle-Rider, remain lean. in twelve hours; and in my mind that Here we seem to get the superior effect s wrong, very wrong, and quite of a semi-divine treatment of the steeds "You can't come up here, son; I came against the conscience, that there by spectral forms that once were cupbearers of Odin and his heroes in Wal-

> halla, as well as shield-maidens and battle-messengers of the great god. As late as the eleventh century, the belief lingered in Germany that some women, supposed to be witches, were raised at ing wounds. It was said that these wemen formed part of the retinue of Holda,

Went up on the Cellar Door.

A farmer of Cynthiana township came to town one day this week to make a few purchases. It happened where an elevator is in use. In order to furnish the articles desired it was Maiden. This name, too, reminds us of necessary to go into an upper story, the Horse Val-Meyjar, or Battle Maid- and the salesman said to the customer, "Just get on, and we'll go up." The startled granger looked around and said, "On where?" He was given the desired information, and they started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who atto be found in their place quite ex- tested his appreciation of it by remarking, "This beats all nations, don't it ?', The salesman smilingly said he rather for him. The farmer seeing his son, stepped to the hatchway and said. up on the cellar door, and it's up here

Turpentine. Tol and alarma

yet!'

A scientist has noted the effects of inhalation of spirits of turpentine on men and the lower animals. In the night into the air, when they engaged former there were produced headache in a spectral battle, giving and receiv- giddiness, urritability, pricking and tearfulness in the eyes, weakness of sight, irritations of phayrnx and or Frau Holle. This fay of the folk- larynx, vomiting, etc. Habit enables tale is but a later mirage of the goddess men to bear the vapors longer. An' Freia-Holda, who once acted as the mals which died from the acute polaugly disposition when captured alive, of the Lord with a lie on your head ?" leader of the Valkyrs. A connecting oning by the vapor in confined space He heard no more of the lie on the face link of all these superstitions is con- showed congestion, and free drops of tained in an antistrophic Song of the 'the condensed spirit in the blood,

# the home of the "sampler," A Romance.

last. He was buried beside her in the

"Yis sor. I'm no judge o' phusky.

"Well, a change of quarters for five

davs?" "Only five days this time," said the

A promising young man of Mays-

It was not long that Stephen was with- his life. He first wrote this letter to drown my troubles, but that would not be showing respect to the one I so dearard I will end it all by a dose of prussic acid. My last wish is that I may be buried next to Dora, and that two monuments be erected over our graves

> he threw himself on her death-bed, swallowed the drug and breathed his

"When judge meets judge, then

