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Dearen

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1882.

Why Peggy Married Silas.

I used to be called an old maid. 1 think

I have at last got a good man and Nancy

may storm and whistle till her mouth is

all out of shape, for what I care. I mar-

would notice how mad 1 was, but they

about her tryin' to catch Parson Smith's

son, who was then only 20, and she 51.

"Well, if she is such a creature, we

lou'd better believe that I was glad to

hear her say so. Mr. Harris had a good

farm, a nice house an' barn, an' I had no

of me, though I never did care anything

about the men sex, never; still 1 didn't

intend to have wool pulled over my eyes.

l always knew how to be a pesky old

gossip. 1 don't tell stories about my

neighbors, and I don't gad all over town

-unless there is something to gad about.

too," said I, and then Mr. Harris, which

is now my husband, told me to come and

stay with his mother and he would pay

"I don't ask no pay," said I. "She is my neighbor, and neighbors should help

"Well, come if you can and I will see

Of course I went right up there; what

else could I do ? Mrs. Harris made me

bake some riz' bread the fust thing, then

I baked some pies, and then, as it was

near supper time, I cooked some nice slap-

each other in case of sickness.

that you don't lose anything by it,"

"She is all I've told you and more

an' 1 didn't know but she might be 70.

don't want her here," said Mrs. Harris.

going to tell you all about it.

git anybody to suit 'em better.

Millheim

VOL. LVI.

HARTER,

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HOME AND WOMEN. With rosy cheeks, and golden hair And joyous smile, just turn'd of three, He came and said that he must tell A tale to me.

"Three little people," so he spoke, "Went out to seek for God above, And two of them were Faith and Hope, The other Love.

They wander'd near, they wander'd far, But never found the God they sought, And Faith and Hope were lost and gone, And came to naught."

I asked of Love, and where he was, "Oh, mother, he is strong to bear ; He struggled on to God at last-He now is there.

And I must go, and I must play." He danced away with laughing eyes, Blue as the glacier's sapphire depths Or summer skies. But in my brain the baby tale Reiterated o'er and o'er,

As if it were the last true word Of this sad hour. Oh, hope deferr'd ! oh, faltering faith !

Weak forces doom'd to droop and die, Not yours to find man's mystic God, Now or eternally. In Love, as yet but faintly known, Lies all the future of our kind, Cling to him, that on some far shore,

Faith, Hope, ye find.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

flitting from bough to bough. Here,

Nature was rugged, but grand. The

mountains were lofty and majestic, and

raising their broad fronts on either side,

cradled the flowing river, and hushed

it into noiseless slumber. The sun-

beams went slanting down the hill-

end, with head bowed down on her

hand. A rustic hat shaded her face,

from beneath which the soft, brown

curls fell in graceful negligence. Her

only beauty was a pair of hazel eyes.

ing, on this bright summer evening,

and gay? Perhaps, like the river, she

was dreaming of the one bright sky

the waters of her heart reflected. But

her dreams were not peaceful; and

raising her head with a sigh, she glanced

at her companion. Very grave and

Again her head dropped on her hand,

Weighty and momentous thoughts

sorts of ways to gain Philip's heart,

"Nettie, what is your decision?"

So thought Philip Randolph.

question:

with the answer.

"Hush! let me think."

and all was still.

The river flowed smoothly and peaceflows back into its original channel with fully along. Over mountain, hillside greater force than before, and thus

flowing on reaches the eternal sea, and and tree, the straggling rays of a summer sunset poured their last tints, and there abideth forever. cheered into song the woodland warblers

Nettie's pale features told the emotion of her heart, and Philip's face quivered with anguish as he noted her sorrow. Why should these two, who loved so fervently-why should they be separated for the crime of another? Nettie had never seen her father's face-had never experienced her father's care. Should sides, imparting their own bright-col- her young life be darkened with sorrow ored tints to the clinging moss, and to atone for his sin? The little boat

thrill of pleasure convulsing her whole

being; and now she feels that without

him this world would be a dreary void

and she a stray waif. Then the day,

this very day it was, Philip had asked

his father to give a blessing to their

betrothal, but Mr. Randoph had de-

clared: "It must never be; they must

forget one another, and live happy

apart." He refused all explanations

until Philip yowed not to obey him in

this case, and not until then did he

tell his son why he must not love Net-

Long ago a duel had been fought

between Nettie's father and Philip's;

the former was instantly killed; the

latter, struck by remorse, had endeav-

ored to atone by educating the daughter

of his enemy, never dreaming of so

disastrous a consequence as the two

young people falling in love. But it is

the old, old story repeating itself once

again. Worldly eyes are wise; they are

far seeing and vigilant and worldly

hands would endeavor to draw asunder

two lives that should mingle as one;

but, in spite of all the worldly eyes and

hands, the current of true love that for

a time had been turned out of its ccurse,

glancing in and out of the gay foliage, was drifting with the tide; so was her then falling upon the river, made long soul drifting on the tide of dreams-a tracks of rosy light, whose bright silver tide with diamond ripples flashing coursings were intently watched by one in and out. All was fair and glowing; occupant of a little boat that was drift- and the pure soul of the maiden, seeing

ing with the tide. Philip Randolph the lovely picture, smiled, and smiled dropped the cars, and followed in its so deeply that it became visible on her course the circling light. He was won- features, lighting up cheeks, lips and

dering what the angel of dreams was brow with a wondrous light. whispering to the quiet stream; for if ever river slept, this one was slumberand I didn't come to catch a trap to catch Silas Harris." "No I don't think you did," said I,

'skipper cheese ain't quite the thing old Nancy Vincent was jealous, or she to bait him with; and 1 don't think he never would have started out all over the would have such an old withered gad neighborhood on purpose to tell folks that I was cut out for an old maid. But about as you be, even if you should ask thanks to my knowledge of human nature,

Nance swept her old cheese and chicken into a paper bag, then she tied her old bonnet on her head, and stepped out on the plazza as mad as a hornet.

ried Silas Harris one year ago, and I am "You may go," said J, "nobody wants you here with your old maggotty cheese.' You see old Mrs. Harris got took down

"I il write a letter to Silas," she screamsick an' they had no one to do the house ed as she switched down the path. "and work, such as bakin', washin', ironin' tell what a mean thing you be.' an' sweepin'; so 1, feelin' kinder tender

"I'm going to tell him what an old hearted-I always was a tender hearted mischief-making body you are," was my creeter-I went up there an' told Mr. answer.

uto her room

didn't; and I told 'em plainly all Nancy Vincent was after was a husband-told 'll get Silas to turn her away. 1 can't 'em about her cookin', what miserable bread she made; what a figger she cut at have my nerves disturbed again in such a manner. Now Peggy you may do up the meetin' house, with a-a-her bustle clean up to her shoulders,-and told all the housework.

I went at it with a will. I washed and put away the dishes, swept the floor, blackened the stove, and then as Silas appeared with two pails of milk, I went into the milk room to help him strain it and put it on the shelf.

"You had quite a time with old Nance, didn't you ?" and then he burst out laughnotion of lettin' old Nance come in anead ing.

"I couldn't help it, she provoked me." "You did just right, but you both acted as though you had a deal of temper," and he actually laughed right in my face. After I had strained the milk, and he

had put it away, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and said :-"Peggy, you and I are getting pretty

well along in years, and I guess we'd bet ter have a wedding. Don't you think it would be a good plan for us to get married ?"

1 looked at him, kinder started, it come so sudden. Finally, I thought that as was 45 years old and he only 40, and as I was all alone in the world, it would be a good plan, especially as he owned a nice farm. So I told him that I'd have him,though I never did care anything about the men sex,-and we were married just about a year ago.

But Nance ain't married, and I she never will be.

Deniseus of the Deep.

Souchal.

"Now, then, heave away." sang out the Skipper of a New York fishing boat in Gravesend Bay. All hands braced up and the slack of the net came slowly

in. Crabs, individual star fishes, lacerat ed jellies, with bunches of seaweed, appeared at intervals, entangled in the meshes, the commotion growing greater as the net gradually came up. Thousands of tails flashed in the morning sunlight; myriads of silvery forms darted here and there, leaping from the water in desperation, while larger shapes coursing about told of better game. A few more steady pulls and the jumping, gleaming mass of life was at the surface. The assemblage was Argus-eyed and of such variety that but few would believe that such bizarro forms could be found about the waters of Coney Island. The struggling mas was held well in hand, and with huge hand nets the finny victims were tossed ruthlessly into the boat. Menhaden, bluefish, weakfish, skates, a young sturgeon and many more were here represented, together with several small sharks that were speedily knocked on the head and tossed overboard as food for the crabs and lobsters. Some file fishes were among the last, as thin as shingles, very high, with a sharp, file-

like top or dorsal fin. "I think I caught this fellow about twenty times last season," laughed the skipper, holding up a large one that rolled its eyes and wagged its brown tail in a most comical manner.

"No," he replied in answer to em go. Here's another mighty handsome fish that an't any good,"

The fish he held up had a peculiar beautiful appearance, like molten silver, and is known to science as the "vomer." "You never see them at the market,"

hope

put to, and lately I hear that a man has discovered a process that turns them into extract of beef. I've sold shark oil

-there's no end to the use they can be

NO 34.

for cod liver, but I'd never have the face to offer a biled bonyfish as beef extract.

"As oil producers the menhaden are much more valuable than seals or whales, and in one year the oil taken from the American fisheries amounted to 200.000 gailons, or about as much as all the whale, seal, shark and cod oil combined. All these one masted steamers you see off the island here and down by Long Branch are after them, and many follow them right up the coast. Off northern Forida they are found all winter. In March they reach Chesapeake Bay New York in April and so on. All along the Connecticut shore there are manufactories, and, strange to say, the refuse after the oil is taken is about as valuable as the oil itself. A good deal of it is used for manure, while the ammonia taken from the catch of one year is valued at \$1.920,000. It's a wonderful sight," said the fisherman, "to look down from a masthead upon a school of menhaden, Every school has millions of them; in the daytime they look like masses of solid silver, but at night their backs light up with phosphorescence, and the sea sometimes seems afire beneath, and as they dart to and fro it looks just like

great sheets of flame, and when the bluefish strike them like an explosion. "Oh, yes, bluefish eat them, and sharks, porpoises and swordfish too. Professor Baird has estimated that the

bluefish alone eat 2.500.000.000 fish a question, "they ain't no use, so we let year, and that will give you a faint idea of their numbers. But here we are." and as the boat ran upon the beach the

reporter tumbled out, somewhat enhigh, blunt head and presented a most lightened upon our harbor net fisher-105

Cool Houses In Summer.

said the captain, "so people don't know It is generally remarked that houses anything about them. Now here's a in large cities are cooler and more comsturgeon-'Albany beef.' Most folks fortable in summer than those located think they come from fresh water, but on farms, although the latter are so sitthey come down into the sea, just as uated that the air can circulate entirely shad, salmon and other fishes go up the around them. Farm houses are genrivers. Striped bass have been reared erally uncomfortable in summer for the in fresh water, landlocked too. I sup- reason that large fires are kept in them pose you think that's kind of a yarn, for the purpose of cooking substantial but it's a fact, and it was first done by articles of food and for doing laundry Mr. Poll, of New York city. He put work. It is comparatively easy to dismale and female fishes in a small pond pense with a large proportion of the of fresh water that was salted twice a heat that is produced in these houses. week until the young appeared, when The substitution of the oil for the comhe stopped it. The old ones lived mon wood or coal cooking stove will do about two months and then died, but much to diminish the amount of heat the young lived and were afterward put employed for preparing food. An oil stove in a big fresh water pond and became produces very little heat, and this is perfect fresh water fishes. Sometimes chiefly employed in raising the temwe take an Atlantic salmon here, but perature of the articles to be cooked. it's a rare thing. The largest I ever The flame can be directed against the saw was caught up the Sound at the vesse's in use, and the amount of heat mouth of the Connecticut River. It that escap is into the room is very small. weighed 181 pounds, and brought near-The flames are not started till they are ly a dollar a pound at Hartford. Most required, and are extinguished as soon of them come from eggs brought from as the dishes are prepared for the table. The oil-stove can be used to good advantage for heating irons for smoothing clothes and for many other domestic long billed fish from the great pile. purposes. The practice of pioneers of "They don't look very dangerous, but doing heavy washing in a grove near a about ten years ago I was down the stream or lake deserves to be revived. South Pacific on a trading schooner and It costs but little to fit up an arch and saw a man killed by one. The kind boiler for heating water, or a stove can they have there have a long upper bill, be protected by a roof so as to be of like a swordfish, and grow four or five service when wanted. An old affair that feet long. We were lying right inshore has ontlived its usefulness in the house where half a dozen natives were in the will answer every purpose. The plan purwater, when all at once they began to sued in many parts of the South of doing make a big powwow and to drag one of cooking in a building located ashort distheir crowd ashore. I thought of tance from the house is an excellent one, sharks, and jumped into the dingy and It results not only in keeping the dwellpulled ashore. I found that a school ing cool, but in keeping out bad smells of big garfish had been chased by some and many insects. fish and had jumped out of the water Suicide Fashionable among the men. One of them struck a native, its bill going completely through Suicide seems to be in a fair way of be-

Harris, which was Mrs. Harris' son, that Mrs. Harris now called me, and I went I would stay an' help 'em if they couldn't "Nancy Vincent has been here and of-"Has that spiteful creature gone ?" she Equired. fered her services," said the old lady. "Yes, 1 hope so." "Then she has been here, has she ?" I was afraid after I had spoken they

"Good riddance to bad rubbage, " said she

"I hope so," said I. "If Nance Vincent comes here again,

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doing likewise. Her first ride on "Old WM. C. HEINLE, Whitey," she standing on the farm yard gate and springing into the saddle. ATTORNEY AT LAW and Philip leading the dear old horse; BELLEFONTE, PA Practices in all the courts of Centre County. ditches, he had brought her home the Special attention to Col in German or English. own; afterward, their separation; she being sent to boarding school and he J. A. Beaver. BEAVER & GEPHART, to college. All the homesickness of that dreary night came back to her now. and Nettie's tears flowed down her ATTORNEYS AT LAW cheeks at the very remembrance. How Madame A-frowned when a letter BELLEFONTE, PA. in Philip's bold handwriting was given Office on Alleghany Street, North of High. her, and the anger of Nettie when TOCUM & HARSHBERGER. gentlemen." ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have no ending, and then the meeting at the old homestead, How she blushed and smiled, as, instead of a mere youth,

BELLEFONTE, PA. D S. KELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BRULEFONTE, PA. Consultations in English or German. Office in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

ever river slept, this one was slumberhand within his own and gently smoothing now. Over its surface the winds ed and caressed it. "Nottie, dear Netchanted a sweet lullaby, and the strong tie, there is so little real love and truth mountains folded it in their great arms. in this world, do not cast mine aside, but accept it as the guardian of your A quaint little boat it was, and a quaint little maiden she, who sat at one life." That beautiful smile and blush

irradiated the sweet face: that smile and blush more eloquent than sweet words: and the setting sun, as he sank behind the mountains, carried with him the remembrance of a lover's kiss imprinted on the rosy mouth of the gentle both roguish and sparkling, but when

a word of love would call into being the Nettie Ray. The boat drifted to the moorings: most beautiful blushes and the merriand springing lightly trom it, the two est dimples, you would travel far beturned to tender a fond farewell to the fore finding a sweeter or gentler face. river; but peacefully it still slumbered on, all unconscious that the fate of two Of what was she so steadfastly thinklives had been decided upon its smooth

surface. Nettie and Philip walked up when all maidenhood should be merry the graveled path and into the library where sat Mr. Randolph, idly gazing out upon the lawn. He turned as the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his ear, and a groan escaped him as he saw who were the cause of these footfalls. Nettie slipped softly to his chair, and, with her hand clasped on his knee, looked up lovingly into his face. He

earnest was his look as he asked the stroked back the brown ringlets, and softly patting the plump cheeks, "Dear child," he whispered, "I am bowed with sorrow when I look upon you, for I have loved you as my own, and now you will despise me." "Never, oh, never!" murmured Net-

tie, throwing her arms about his neck; were they that filled that pretty head; "I love you, dear father, for my father you will be now."

her whole life rose up before her-And Philip, kneeling at his father's scenes changing and shifting like the feet, asked again for his blessing in the pictures in a kaleidoscope. Philip future, which was not denied him. Randolph and she had grown up from It was a happy family that night, and childhood together, under the guardianno one ever regretted the summer evenship of Philip's father. How well she ing when the little boat was drifting remembered the old red school house, with the tide, for two lives now made where both had gone day after day to by God as one drifted along on the line receive knowledge; the snow covered of years, meeting their joys and sorrows. hill, up and down which Philip had bearing their pains and trials with a

firm trust in one another's love and drawn her on his sled, and made her devotion. cheeks glow like roses when he would The Library at Abbotsford. stoutly refuse any rival the honor of

The library is the handsomest apartment at Abbotsford. It is fifty feet in length by thirty feet in breadth, and has an immense bay-window that affords a charming glimpse of the Tweed. The

then, when she could gallop and leap ceiling is carved after designs from Melrose Abbey. There are twenty prettiest of ponies to be all her very thousand volumes here and in the study. The book-cases were made 'under Sir Walter's direction, by his own workmen. Some of them contain rare and curious old books and MSS, that are carefully guarded under lock and key. Here, on the wall, is the portrait of Sin Walter's eldest son, who was colonel of the Fifteenth Hussars. He went out to Madras in 1839, and was a very popular and efficient officer: but he soon fell

a victim to the fatal climate of India and Madame tore it up, as she "didn't allow died on the return voyage to Engyoung ladies to receive letters from land, whither he had been ordered on account of his health. Here, too, is the The long three years that seemed to bust of Sir Walter at the age of fortynine, by Chantrey. There are chairs exquisitely wrought, from the Borghese Palace at Rome, the gift of the Pope; a

silver urn upon a stand of porphyry, Philip appeared before her as a young from Lord Byron; and an ebony cabinet gentleman, and complimented her upon and set of chairs presented by King her improved appearance. Then the George Iv. In a glass case, shielded long days of heartsickness when the from the touch of profane fingers, are flirt of the country manœuvered in all

the purse of Rob Roy; the brooch of his wife; a notebook in green and gold, once the property of Napoleon I.; and

I knew Silas liked slap-p Then I put a clean white spread on the table, placed some of my riz' bread on, together with some of my best quince sauce, that I had brought from home, fixed the slap-jacks, butter and tea in their places, then I blow_d the horn to call Silas to supper.

Pretty soon he came in, but who do you suppose was with him? Why, nobody but old Nancy Vincent. I was mad. She went right up to Mrs. Harris and, taking a paper parcel from under her old yaller shawl, said: "I thought you'd need some cookin' done, bein' so unwell like an' not bein' able to work, an' I took the liberty

to bring you some chicken an' cheese; then she laid her vittals on the table and looked at Silas, while her old mummy face wrinkled up into what she meant to be a sweet smile, but it looked more like a dried bacon. 60 years old.

"Thank you very much, but we've a good cook," said Mrs. Harris. 'Is she the one ?" and Nance pointed at my face, while her squinting green eyes tairly snapped sparks.

"I came with the intention of helping our sick neighbor until she was able to help herself," I answered.

Mehdi.

"You did, did you? I don't see what you are meddlin' around in-"She is not to blame, I told her

come," suddenly broke in Silas. "Then I s'pose it's all right, if you told her to come, but there's folks in the world that knows more about sickness an' nussin' I can tell you," and Nance flounced toward the door.

"Stay and take supper with us, won't you ?" asked Silas. "I don't know but 1 will seem' as how

your mother is so unwell."

"That's right, Nancy, sit down and be neighborly once in your life, "and I placed a chair for her at the table. I could see that Nance felt dreadful uneasy, though I telt all right, except that I was kinder mad. Silas praised my sauce, and he said my slap-jacks were the best he had ever ate. And Mrs. Harris also said my bread couldn't be beat.

Nance never said a word, but she was the spitefulest lookin' critter I ever did see. I determined that I wouldn't touch her old chicken and cheese, and so she thought she'd pass it round herself.

"Try some of my chicken, Mrs. Harris, you'll like it, I know you will.

"Have some cheese," and she passed the plate, but the sick lady only took a small piece, she gave a glance at it aud laid it on the table, with the remark that she dare not eat cheese.

"You'll take a piece, Silas ?" "I don't care if I do," said he,

She again passed her plate, and Silas reached out his hand and took a piece, but just as he was going to bite off a chunk, a little shower of white skippers rattled off into his tea.

You'd better believe he didn't est much of that cheese. He got up, sudden like, and said his head ached. I didn't see him again very soon. Mrs. Harris said she felt sick to her stomach, and left the room Nance didn't know what to make of it all. but she bustled up to me and said I'd been a tellin' stories about her. so that I could catch Silas myself.

"You he, you know you do, Nancy Vincent !" I didn't care if I did taik plain bein' as how Silas and Mrs. Harris was out of the room.

"You lie yourself, you old cap settin' snipe!"

Now to be called a cap settin' snipe, to be called so by old Nance Vincent, -was more than I could stand; so I went at her, "hammer and tongs."

"Nance Vincent," said I,-and you'd better believe I felt mad, -- "do you think The Turkish Messiah.

The Mehdi is a messenger from on high, who is expected to come in the last days, a little before the second coming of Christ. He is to reform Islamism, and beat down its enemies. He is thus to prepare the way for Jesus Christ, who, according to the Moslem belief, will then appear and will unite Moslems and true Christians into one vast body for the utter destructruction of Antichrist. Any good Moslem will say that the Mehdi 1s to be a man who is to bear the same name as Mahomet, and who will appear either from the East or from the West. He is to come from one of the two cities of Iabulka or labulsa. In answer to inquiries as to the locality of these favored cities your good Moslem will take down a ponderous tome from his library, and will turn to the heading "Iabulks," to read the description: "Iabulka a great city in the West. It has 2,000 gates and 2,000 gatekeepers." Then he will turn over a little further to read: "Isabulsa, a great city in the East. It has 2,000 gates and 2,000 gatekeepers." The Germany and other parts." Oriental mind is not given to scientific

"Here's a garfish," continued the curiosity, and is thoroughly satisfied to skipper, hauling out a slender, silvery, build upon the ponderous tomes of the library faith in the existence of a suitable birthplace for sc great a personage as the The Persian branch of Islam, regarded as heretical by the Western Mohammedans, believes that the Mehdi has already come to earth and is somewhere secreted unul the fullness of time shall arrive. The Persians hold that in the latter part of the ninth century the twelfth of the Imams of the line of Ali mysteriously disappeared. This Imam is the Mehdi, and is popularly called the Expected. In the yillage of Samara, in Mesopotamia, is a sacred shrine

carefully guarded by Persian doctors of divisity. In the center is a magnificent dome lavishiy gilded upon the inside and ornamented with a profusion of precious stones. The inclosed space is lighted only by a skylight in the top of this dome. Directly under the dome is a deep well in which the lost 1mam is supposed to have his chest. The fish was over five feet established himself. To this place come

thousands of Persian pilgrims, who enter awe-stricken the golden hall of gold, and crawl on their knees to the edge of the well to see in the sparkle of the water below the dome the "glory" of the Mehdi

who waits below. To this place also comes an occasional Moslem of the Western rite-some furk or Kourd in disguise -who enters the sacred place solely to gratify his hatred of heretics by surrepti-

ously spitting into their well as he pretends to gaze in'o its depths. Both of the great branches of Mohammedans unite in expecting the Mehdi very

soon. 'The Meslem year 1299 ends in November. With the year 1300 great things are expected to occur. Every new cenury is set down in Moslem Listory as having brought some marked event with its early years, and the consensus of opinion fix s upon 1300 as a peculiarly important figure. Among the many combinations which make up the portfolios of those who divine events by means of numerals this one appears most fertile in portent. Thus the popular mind is ready to seiz. upon any token of the advent of the Expected One. Seem look for the Mehdu as a Monjeddid or renovator, who is to effect his reform by peaceful exhortations

Others hold that he will be Sahib i Khourouj, or one who abandons his allegiance to the ruling powers in order to initiate reform by the sword. The vast majority of Moslems look for this more violent method of reform. But each individual regards his neighbor as more worthy than himself to be a subject for

the avenging sword that is to purge the land of Isian m from all contaminating in-

coming as fashionable as suttee once was Not long ago a suicide, before drowning himself in an English river, took the precaution of addressing a letter to the editor of the local newspaper explaining his intentions and stating where his body should be looked for. A merchant at Aolon, in

Belgium, has improved upon this, and formally notified his intention to commit suiorde in a certain hote: in Paris to the Burgomaster of his native town. That worthy tunctionary, instead of attempting to paevent him, at once sent all necessary particulars for the correct filing up of the leath certificate to the local mairie in Paris for use in case the merchant executed his intention. The suicide took place. and no doubt the particulars were found useful.

This nonchalant official acceptance of a notification of intended suicide is not far removed from the official superintendance of the operation once familiar enough in the Eist. Though England, in the opinion of all Frenchmen, is the land of suicides. our toreign censors have found themselves compelled to take precautions against those who desire to put an end to their lives by artificial means. No longer will the stranger be able to climb the Vendoine Column for the purpose of taking a bird's eve view of Paris. So many Frenchmen have recently thrown themselves from the top of the column that the authorities have re solved upon retusing to the tourist the permission to ascend it. In the early part of this century a great number of persons threw themselves in despair from the bait, and when delivered they bring \$4 monument, and that form of death bea barrel to the producer. At Marble- came the popular form of suicide in Lonhead, eleven miles from Boston, they don. The officials thereup on removed the

I brought away its bill as a curiosity." "What do you consider the most

valuable fish ?" the reporter asked as the boat headed inshore. "Shad takes about as much money out of New York city as any fish," was the reply, "and the demand is increasing all the time. A man has to be edu-

cated up to eating shad and clearing the bones, and people are just beginning to get the run of it. I've been in all kinds, of fishing business, from cod on the Banks to bonyfishing right off the island here. The most valuable fish to the counrty, as a whole, is the cod. Mackerel stand next, then salmon and then menhaden or bonyfish. Around here menhaden fishing pays better than anything. You see there is always a demand for them and from a number of different sources. Small ones are canned and shipped to the West Indies as sardines. They are the best kind of

long and weighed about eighty pounds.

bait for the cod fishermen on the Grand

Banks. Then the mackerelers use them as toll bait-toss 'em overboard to chum up the fish, as they call it. In Gloucester the fishermen use over sixty thousand barrels of them a year for

