

[From the Williamsport Standard.]

A FADED ROSE.

BY MRS. MATTIE R. FURLEY.

He gathered a rose from the garden wall,
Where a royal splendor it grew,
Ladling with sweetness the balmy air,
And fresh with the evening dew.

"Personal."

"What's in the wind now, Gus?"
I had observed for some days past
My friend, Augustus Garnet, Esq.,
Had appeared abnormally absent and pre-occupied;

Gus turned slowly around on his
office-stool, in answer to my affection-
ate interrogatory, and remained for a
moment with his dark eyes fixed on
the ceiling, and his white fingers giv-
ing his moustache a downward curve,

"John," said he, at length, desperately,
"I'm miserable."
"Why, what has happened?" re-
sponded I, laying down my pen in
some alarm, while visions of debt, for-
gery, and I know not what other hor-
rors, flitted across my mind.

"Augustus," said I, solemnly, and
with a quiver of emotion in my voice,
"you and I have been close friends for
upward of six months; we have shared
in each other's bachelor amusements;
and if, since my marriage, we have
been less together—"

"Here Gus grasped my hand and
shook it so energetically that between
physical and mental agitation, I was
unable to proceed for the quaver in my
voice."
"John," said he, with emotion, "you
are a good fellow, and I will trust you."

"That was in answer to your 'Per-
sonal.'" She found out, or knew where
you live, and preferred this method of
acknowledgment to the risk of a writ-
ten communication. Did you discover
her place of abode?"

"My friend, do not fear to confide in
me, and should it be in my power to
assist you—"

"My Rosalinda is nothing of that
style," responded Gus, with an air of
superiority. "Fancy an exquisite crea-
ture of perhaps twenty; heavenly dark
eyes, angelic mouth, and a form to
which the Venus de Medici would not
presume to hold a match. That's my
Rosalinda."

I need not deny that my sympathies
were fully aroused by this artless nar-
rative, and the evident emotion and
distress of my friend. I promised him
heartily co-operation in any plan he

might form for the discovery of the
name and abode of his unknown love;
and, for the present, suggested an ad-
vertisement, among the "Personals" of
some respectable paper—a plan upon
which he immediately acted. The
notice written and dispatched to the
office, he appeared more calm, and I
myself experienced a sense of relief.
Since my own marriage it had been
my desire to see my friend Garnet wel-
tle down like myself, in the serene en-
joyment of matrimonial bliss, and here
was the first prospect of such a con-
summation. I knew he could not be
mistaken in his judgment of the female
he had described being a lady, and in
that case, could we but succeed in pro-
curing an introduction, I argue, the
best for my friend's hopes and desires.
In fact, so unexceptional was he that
I confessed I had been a little jealous
of his knowing my Christabella before
our marriage; and since that happy
event we had been away on our bridal
tour, and had but just returned, so that
Gus had not yet time to call on Mrs.
Sanders, or to witness anything of my
domestic felicity.

"Answer to your 'Personal'?" I in-
quired, on the day following the adver-
tisement.
"None," responded he, gloomily.
"Take courage. Remember that
faint heart never won fair lady," said
I, encouragingly.

"I fear it is useless. I feel disheart-
ened," he murmured.
"Come, you're in the dumps, and want exercise, that's
all. Suppose we take a constitution
walk."

"Excuse me, John—but—really," he
gasped, "I couldn't help it. She—my
Rosalinda, I mean—passed right by the
window where I was sitting, and look-
ed in with that half-frown, bewildering
smile on her dear little mouth; and
then, upon seeing me, turned away her
face, just a little, and blushed so!"

"That was in answer to your 'Per-
sonal.'" She found out, or knew where
you live, and preferred this method of
acknowledgment to the risk of a writ-
ten communication. Did you discover
her place of abode?"

"I've a friend in that establishment.
I'll inquire of him to-morrow."

"I accordingly did inquire, but could
gain nothing satisfactory from the gen-
tleman. He knew a good many very
handsome lady customers, with black
eyes and hair, and elegant figures, and
farther my friend Garnet's description
did not enable me to specify."

"Never mind, we'll find her yet," I
reiterated, assuringly, to Gus, on the
following morning. "We will look out
for her this afternoon, and drop in at
the opera in the evening. We must
succeed; and meantime, Garnet, do
try and do a little business to-day, or
old Bellows will be down upon us."

"What a minute—just one!" gasped
Gus, frantically, tearing at his beard
and moustache, and then throwing the
comb behind the office desk, and kick-
ing his slippers under the fender.

"How dare you touch this lady?" he
retorted in equal anger. "Unhand her
instantly!"

Horrible Affair.

A boy roasted alive by a fiendish
father—The neighbors find the re-
mains—Lynching of the monster.

One of the most horrible affairs that
ever transpired in the annals of crime,
has just come to light near Gilman; and
resulted, yesterday morning, in a
double tragedy.

On the night of June 13, an Irish-
man named Martin Meara, residing,
two miles from Gilman, gave his little
son, aged eleven years, a severe beat-
ing, for some slight offense. On the
following morning, the old boy to the
get up and build a fire, when the little
fellow said he was unable to do so.
Meara then kindled a fire, and when
the stove was nearly red hot, went to
bed, took the boy out, and deliberately
set him on the stove and held him
there until the flesh was burned off
and his hip bones protruded. The
smell of the burning flesh almost suffo-
cated the inmates of the house, and
the screams of the little sufferer could
be heard for more than a quarter of
a mile. The wife of the human fiend
was confined to her bed with an infant
only a day old, and was unable to offer
any resistance beyond feeble expostula-
tion.

The boy succeeded in getting off the
stove, when the inhuman father seized
him and again placed him upon the
fire, and holding him there until the
flesh was burned off his feet. He then took him from
the stove, struck him repeatedly on
the head, and threw him under the
bed.

The monster at this point seems to
have become frightened at what he had
done, and pulling the boy from under
the bed, began to pour whisky down
him, which somewhat revived him.
He told the boy to stand up, but the
poor sufferer said, "Father, I cannot
see any more." He was probably in a
dying condition at that time, but the
father then coolly knocked the boy in
the head, and instantly ended his
sufferings. Telling his wife and daughter
not to divulge what had transpired, if
they valued their lives, he prepared the
remains of the boy for burial, by pin-
ning them up in a sheet. He then dug
a grave near a hedge, deposited the
body therein, and carefully replaced
the earth, the soil first, so as to al-
most defy detection. He harrowed
over the spot, and, as he supposed,
carefully removed all evidence of his
crime.

He went to Gilman, stating that his
boy had run away, and procured some
he shills offering a reward for his re-
covery.

On last Thursday the suspicions of
the neighbors having been aroused,
the determined upon a search for the
body of the boy, who many of them
believed to have been murdered. Mr.
McCutte, of Omega, headed the in-
vestigations, and was assisted by about
fifty neighbors. They went to the
daughter of the brute, at a school, and
by assuring her that they would not
allow her father to hurt her, drew from
her lips the details of the horrible
affair, as given above. Proceeding to
Meara's house, they took him into
custody, and commenced searching for
the remains of the boy. Meara de-
clared he was innocent, and said the boy
had run away, and said he would give
\$2,000 for his recovery.

The attention of one of the party
engaged in the search was a length at-
tracted by a small lump of soil which
lay upon the surface near the hedge.
Sharpened sticks were pro-
duced, and by their means a soft spot
was discovered. Upon digging down
the body of a boy was found and the
guilt of the father made certain. An
inquest was held over the remains, and
Meara was lodged in jail at Waterka,
to await his trial in October.

The people were naturally much ex-
cited, and several days ago it became
almost a certainty that the courts
would not be troubled with the trial of
the inhuman monster. It is reported
that after his arrest he said the only
thing he regretted about the affair was
that he had not killed his wife and
daughter, and thus destroyed all wit-
nesses. The excitement grew more
intense, and finally culminated in the
dispatch published below:

Chicago, July 9.
The following are the particulars of
the lynching of Meara, the child murder-
er, at Waterka, Ill., on Wednesday
last. The crowd numbered first about
one hundred, led by Dr. Daniels, of
Omega. When they demanded the
prisoner the sheriff refused to give him
up, and upon Daniels attempting to en-
ter discharged his revolver at him.
Daniels struck up his arm and wrenched
the pistol from his hand. The
crowd then, with a sledge hammer,
battered down the door of the cell
where Meara was confined. The poor
wretch begged for mercy, but nobody
gave heed to his appeals. The crowd
then seized him, pinioned his arms and
carried him into the street. Dr. Daniels
then addressed the crowd, saying that
he had sworn not to return home
until the murderer was executed, and
asked the crowd if he would stand by
him. All responded in the affirmative.
Meara was then placed in a wagon,
which was drawn by the crowd to a
tree a short distance from the jail. A
type was placed around his neck, the
other end attached to the limb of a
tree, and he was told he might have
twenty minutes in which to prepare for
eternity. He spent the first half of his
time in piteous appeals for mercy.
While doing this he was derided by
many of the crowd. One man offered
to pray with him, but he replied that
he could not pray without a priest.
He then called upon the Masons pre-
sent for help, but no one responded,
and he cursed the Masons. He then
called upon the Catholics to rescue
him.

One of them shouted: "Call upon
God, for He alone save you."

ing. At first not a muscle moved, but
in a few seconds his struggles became
feebler. The crowd then disappeared,
but before doing so several brutal fel-
lows discharged their revolvers into
his body. He was left hanging all night.
In the morning his body was taken
care of by his friends. About one
hundred persons witnessed the hang-
ing. The leaders of the lynching
party did their work in a quiet and or-
derly manner, but many of the crowd
betrayed brutality in speech and ges-
tures. No movement has yet been
made, looking to the punishment of
the lynchers.—Peoria Transcript.

—One of the most touching and
dreadful domestic tragedies ever enact-
ed occurred about a week ago near
Navasota, Grimes county, Texas. In
the midst of a neighborhood infested
with robbers, resided Mr. and Mrs.
Goodrich, a tender and affectionate
couple. One night, feeling assured she
heard burglars in the house, Mrs.
Goodrich aroused her husband, who,
arming himself with pistol and bowie
knife, went in pursuit. In the dark-
ness he struck one who fled outside.
Another at the same time passed him
and sought refuge in the house. In
order to intercept him, Mr. Goodrich
passed around outside the house to his
bed room window which he knew was
raised, and out of which he expected
the burglar to issue. Meanwhile, Mrs.
Goodrich, suffering from faintness
(probably superinduced by the chloro-
form the burglars had with them)
arose from the bed where her husband
had left her, and groped her way
through the thick darkness to the win-
dow, for air. At that very moment
her armed and excited husband reach-
ed the sill from the outside. Seeing
the obscure outlines of a human form
there, the wretched husband mistook
them for those of the second burglar,
and with knife and pistol immediately
began an attack whose horrors pass
conception when it is remembered that
it was directed against the form of his
wife, between whose self and him ex-
isted such faithful and tender love.
This discovery of the mistake came
all too late. The ill-fated woman died
with her arms around the neck of the
worse-fated man, breathing into his
ear, with her last quivering accents,
whispers of forgiveness, fidelity and
love.

"Erie's in the Well."—The Camer-
on (Mo.) Observer relates the follow-
ing:
A few mornings since, little Effie, a
bright-eyed, curly-headed five-year old,
belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Parish,
living on Main street just south of
Thomas & Parry's livery stable, took
a "plunge" bath that came near result-
ing fatally. There is a deep well on
the place, holding some fourteen feet
of water. It has no curb, and the
water is drawn by means of a rope.
Effie had been watching Mr. Thomas
drawing water from the well in a
bucket, which she called a "kettle."
The rope broke and the kettle went to
the bottom. This troubled the little
one, and, afterward, in peering into
the well, looking for the bucket, she
lost her balance, and plunged head first
into the well. Her mother heard her
screams as she toppled over, ran into
the yard, and, happening by the merest
chance to glance into the well, saw
Effie as she came to the surface the
first time. Powerless herself, she ran
for the livery stable, shouting at every
step, "Effie's in the well! Effie's in the
well!" Mr. Thomas was at the well
in no time, and without a moment's
thought as to how he was ever going
to get out, plunged in, bracing himself
as best he could against the smooth
walls as he went down, and reached
the water in time to meet Effie on her
way up the second time, and of course
rescued her. As soon as the little one
could get water enough out and breath
enough in to speak, she said to Mr.
Thomas: "Jack, I have found your
kettle; it was clear down to the bot-
tom; and, sure enough, she had the
rope clinched in her little fingers."

DIDN'T TAKE A NEWSPAPER.—A
friend of ours returning from church
stepped into a neighbor's and found the
mistress of the house scrubbing.

"Where have you been?" asked the
scrubber.
"At church."
"Not to-day, were you?"
"I go to church every Sabbath. But
why are you scrubbing?"
"Is this Sunday? Well, I never! I
didn't know! Here, Sal, clean up the
floor. I told John that!"

Things being hastily arranged, the
unintentional violator of the Sabbath
sat down.
"Was the subject of the disci-
course?"
"He spoke of the blessings of peace
and the blighting effects of war; he re-
ferred to the war in Europe, and the
lives lost and the misery caused by
it."

"War in Europe! Did I ever! A
war! Who's fighting?"
"France and Germany."
"La me! It's too bad! Here's Sun-
day, and I didn't know it! Here a war
in Europe, and I didn't know it! And
all because—here she leaned towards
her visitor and whispered—"John don't
take the paper!"

"A too common complaint," said the
visitor, as we came away.

—A young bride was observed to
be in deep reflection on her wedding
day. While seated reading a ten cent
novel, one of her bridesmaids asked
her the subject of her meditation. "I
was thinking," she replied, "which of
my old beaux I should marry if I
should become a widow."

—Why, you'd better knock the
door down!—What do you want?"
"Och, my darling I don't let me wake
any of your family. I'm just using
your knocker to wake the people next
door. I'm locked out d'ye see, and
they've niver a knocker."

Death of the Double Baby—One Head
Outlives the other.

We mentioned in our columns, yester-
day, the presence in Boston of a
most remarkable child, the offspring of
Joseph and Ann E. Finley. It pre-
sented the remarkable as well as an
unprecedented phenomenon of two heads,
four arms, and two legs, and all upon
a single body. The girl—for such was
his sex—died last evening at No. 6
Bowdoin street. The first half, or
second, shortly after 8 o'clock. The
many thousands in the Western, or
Middle States, who have seen this
marvelous eccentricity of nature will
learn its early death with regret. The
child, or children as it would almost
seem proper to allude to the phenom-
enon, had enjoyed excellent health
from her birth, nine months ago, until
within two weeks, at which time one
exhibited signs of illness. This, how-
ever, was but temporary. It recovered
and was bright and playful. Since
reaching Boston, a few days since the
other, or the other half, was taken sick
and died yesterday afternoon, as already
stated. The two portions of the body
were so intimately connected that the
death of the one rendered that of the
other inevitable. The spectacle was
equally novel, strange, and unparallel-
ed. Upon one end of the body rested
the head of the dead infant; upon the
other, that of the live one with its eyes
still bright and curious, and its lungs
in full breathing order. All that medi-
cal aid could accomplish was done,
but it was found unavailing. The
child died in the presence of its parents.
The corpse presents the appearance of
two infants asleep. Apparently they
escaped the ordinary suffering incident
to death, for the countenances had the
expression of repose. The disposition
of the body is not determined upon.
Several of our physicians were desirous,
last evening, of having it opened
for examination. It is doubtful if
the parents consent. They reside in
Monroe county, Ohio, and live upon a
farm. They have other children, but
none have exhibited any unusual de-
velopments. Nor can this extraordinary
departure from the laws of nature be
accounted for. In Philadelphia, where
all the medical Solons undertook to
solve the problem, nothing whatever
was brought to light. The child was
looked upon with amazement and in-
terest, but all attempts to account for
its existence were futile. It is regard-
ed as more of a curiosity than the
Siamese twins, and most certainly the
spectacle was more pleasurable to the
eye. The child was shortly to have
been exhibited to the public, and would
doubtless have, as elsewhere, have at-
tracted throngs of visitors. The par-
ents were especially devoted to the little
marvel, and their sorrow is grievous.—
Boston Post.

An Ovation to the Emperor Napoleon.
An interesting occurrence took place
before Camden house on Saturday after-
noon. A party of workmen employed
by the Greenwich board of works, to-
gether with Mr. Stevens, the manager, and
a few friends, on their way to their annual
dinner at the Black Horse, Sidcup,
stopped in front of the Emperor Napo-
leon's residence while the band which
accompanied them struck up "God Save
the Queen" and "Auld Lang Syne."
The cheers given at the termina-
tion of each air brought out his majesty,
the empress, and the prince imperi-
al, who, with their suite, walked across
the common to the public highway, and
were received with the most fervent
plaudits.

As the Emperor was approaching it
was decided that Mr. Polk, the solicitor
to Mr. Brown, should address him
on the part of all present. Accord-
ingly, when the emperor came near, Mr.
Polk said it was the earnest hope of
those he stood there to represent that
the clouds which had been so long over
France might soon be dispelled, and
that the sun which was then so brilli-
antly shining upon them might be taken
as an augury for the future of that nation,
the restoration of the empire, and the
consolidation of the friendship which
had, by means of his imperial majesty,
existed between France and England.

The emperor who was visibly affected,
said in reply: "I feel very much flattered
in the remarks now addressed to me.
I feel that I always have been a
good friend to England." (Loud cries
from the workmen. "We know you
have—") accompanied by three
cheers each for the emperor, the empress,
and the little gentleman in black (the
prince imperial.)

The emperor then shook hands very
cordially with Mr. Polk, and was in-
troduced to Mr. Brown, the contractor,
Mr. Stevens, Mr. W. R. Orchard, Mr.
H. Roberts, and others, upon which the
band struck up "We may be happy
to-day, but the emperor, empress, and the
prince imperial and suit returned to the
house, amid the ringing cheers of all
present.—London News.

—We hear that the ex Emperor
Napoleon is keeping himself awake by
writing or dictating frequent articles
for his London organ, the Situation.
He is one of the very ablest writers
living, and he composes with equal
facility in English and French. His
style is remarkable for its incisiveness,
 terseness and vigor; and though sev-
eral of the French journalists tried to
imitate it, they were never able to ac-
quire his peculiar literary characteris-
tics. When he was Emperor he fre-
quently wrote articles for the Moniteur,
but his favorite organ in later times
was the Petit Journal, a cheaper paper,
which had an immense circulation
among the workingmen of Paris. He
not only wrote on political matters,
always taking care to show that the
Emperor was the particular friend of
the masses, and that his ideas or pro-
jects were favorable to their interests,
if he should ever find himself hard up,
he can easily procure a decent living
by writing for the papers.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A Memphis man is alluded to in the
papers as "the focal point of million-
gored scorn."
Titus Pomponius Atticus Bibb is a
candidate for Register of the Land Of-
fice in Kentucky.
An Arkansas dressmaker made a brid-
dal trousseau the other day, which con-
tained 800 yards of calico.

A Charleston woman keeps the "most
fashionable and attractive undertaker's
establishment in the city."
A curious disease is affecting the cows
in Baltimore, beginning with the inflam-
mation of the eye and resulting in
blindness.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's gray war horse
Traveler, died in Lexington, Va., of
lockjaw, caused by running a nail into
his foot.
Nashvillians are accustomed them-
selves to sulphur baths by the conjoint
advice of their physicians and clergymen.

Florida has an enterprising daily
newspaper that recently announced with
a flourish that it paid \$1 25 a month for
its telegrams.
Fashionable virtue.—Flirt with your
friend's pretty wife; pretend you are in
love with her older sister.

Chamber slippers still retain the Ma-
rio Antonetto shape, with large rosettes
and buckles on the instep.
It is fashionable to carry a little var-
nished willow twig with a tiny brass
ferrule on the end for a walking stick.
The ladies of San Francisco are said
to atone by their gorgeous toilettes for
their lack of natural attractions.

Recently, at Rockport, Coosa county,
Ala., during a thunder-storm, a dog was
killed by a flash of lightning, while
being fed by a child. The child was
not hurt.
Four George Washingtons, six An-
drew Jacksons, five Henry Clays and
two James K. Polks, all negroes, reside
at present in the Louisiana penitentiary.

Love makes queer combinations. In
Covington, Ky., the mother of a young
girl recently murdered there is about to
marry the father of the youth accused
of killing her.
They have a new cemetery in Ocmulgee
county, Georgia, and according to a
local paper, "the Hon. E. W. Tyson is
the first gentleman who has had the
pleasure of being buried in this deligh-
ful retreat."

The number of veterans of the war of
1812 who were present at the annual
reunion at Paris, Kentucky, on the 21st
ult., was seventy-two. The oldest was
ninety, the youngest seventy years of age.
Average age, seventy-nine years.
It is related of a colporteur sent out
in the plamy days of colportage by the
American Tract Society that he asked a
rough Arkansas what denomination a
certain dilapidated-looking meeting
house belonged to. "Wal' stranger,"
was the reply, "she wur a Hard Shell
Baptist, but they dont run her now."

A young lady about to be married
insisted on having a certain clergyman,
saying, "He always throws good
feeling into the thing; and I wouldn't
give a fig to be married unless it could
be done in a style of gushing rapidity!"
"Little Things" is the title of a neat
amateur paper published once a month
by a number of little girls at Brighton,
Penn. The type-setting as well as the
selection and arrangement of the mat-
ter, is all done by the little girls, and in
a very creditable manner.

Mariam C. Cole speaks of the tender-
cy of girls to talk around what they
cannot talk at. The case of a school of
mentioned, last year where two-thirds
of the young ladies present for exami-
nation were as cunning and wary as foxes,
and if the school examiners found out
how much or how little each one knew
they were shrewd.

Helen Miller, a beautiful and modest
girl at New York, has been sent to the
State's prison for larceny. The pecu-
liarity of her crime is that she visited
Doctors offices, under pretence of seek-
ing advice, and would carry off anything
she could get her hold of, and was never
known to rob any one outside of the
medical profession.
Louisville boasts of an eighteen year
old belle who can lift a tub of clothing
from the ground to an elevation of four
feet, and have the clothes line white
with the result of the labor of her own
little hands in a short while. Mean-
while her mother sits in the parlor
taking her ease in her old age. As
soon as this belle is generally known
the railroads running into that city will
have to run extra trains.
It is a wondrous advantage to secure
in every pursuit or vocation, to have
an adviser in a sensible woman. In a
woman there is at once a subtle delicacy
of tact and plain soundness of judg-
ment, which are rarely combined to an
equal degree in man. A woman, if she
be really your friend, will have a sensi-
tive regard for your character, honor
and repute. She will seldom counsel
you to do shabby things; for a woman
friend always desires to be proud of you.

At the recent feminine exposition at
Florence, Italy, the visitors were greatly
interested in the magnificent lace called
"Pulito de Venezia" (Venetian point),
of which the stitch has been lost since
the thirteenth century, and which an
humble work-woman, Madam Audri
Rossini, by dint of courage and patience,
has succeeded in recovering. The Min-
ister of Commerce has accorded to her
the "brevet d'invention," and the exclu-
sive right of working in her invention
for fifteen years.
The Legislature of South Carolina is
controlled and managed by two mem-
bers, the Messrs Katherine and Charlotte Hol-
lin women, and colored at that, for the
best blood of South Carolina has been
mixed in their ancestry. These ladies
are described by the New York Herald's
travelling commissioner in the South
as women of great personal attractions
and rare abilities, speaking two lan-
guages with equal facility, and quoting
poetry and literature with fluency and
eloquent delivery.