The Columbian.

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SELECT STORY.

WHY HAD HE LEFT HER?

"Papa, I would thank you for a check for three hundred pounds, before you go down town this morning."

"Why do you want so much, Anthine? I thought I gave you enough, yesterday."

"True, Papa; but Madame Fontaine gives a wedding reception for her daughter Clara next Wednesday evening, and I must have a dress suitable for the occasion."

"Certainly, my dear; your father delights in nothing so much as in seeing you enjoy the rich blessings that have been given us. I love to see you look a very queen among the rest. I was sadly disturbed yesterday afternoon."

"Why, Papa?"

And stately Anthine Elleston leaned over the velvet easy chair, and drew her white fingers carelessly through the silky white hair of the father she loved so well.

"Because, just as I was leaving my office to step into my carriage, a little black-eyed child with such a famished face, put out her thin hand and begged for a penny—only one, because her papa was sick and hungry. I was tired, and cold, and impatient, and I knew I had nothing less than a sovereign in my pocket, so I told the child I had nothing for her, and hurried into the carriage, and told John to drive on.

"But I caught the disappointed look on that child's face, and it has haunted me ever since."

"My dear father, you are too sensitive about such things. You are in no way to blame. You cannot be expected to give to every little beggar-child you meet."

"I know that, Thenia," that was his pet name for his elegant daughter; "but I have been thinking that, as Heaven has given much to us, He will expect much from us."

"We do all we can, I am sure; and I would think no more about this little incident. The child will get along well enough. They all manage to live in some way."

"So the matter rested; neither father nor daughter forgeting it, either when the costly silk dress was bought, or later still, when in the elegantly appointed boudoir, Anthine Elleston stood before the long pier-glass, that reflected back her stately form in all its queen-like beauty, arrayed in the sea-green silk, silver tipped waves, half hid though they were by the costly lace flounces.

Diamonds and rubies sparkled on her fair neck, were clasped on each shapely arm, and shone amid the satin-like coils of her dark hair, that was wound in the form of a coronet round her head, and a gem larger than the rest sparkled above her forehead.

She was a beautiful woman; she knew it, and gloried in it. Her father was proud of her, and she strove to please him; but that which steeled her heart, and made her so haughty and reserved—so heartless, as her admirers said—was the fearful blow she received when only eighteen.

On that eighteenth birthnight the grand old mansion was thrown open to a goodly company, and Anthine, in her fair young beauty, with the orange flowers on her brow, sat waiting, with her bridal robes around her, for him who had chosen her to walk beside him down life's pathway.

Paul Wellington was a noble fellow—manly, truthful, and upright in every action of his life: even then, though only twenty-five, a lawyer of some note.

But on this bridal night, with guests awaiting, and the bride as beautiful and as loving as a bride could be, no one claimed the bride.

A telegram to his distant home was sent, and the answer came at once that Paul Wellington, on the day he expected to start for his wedding, sailed in a steamer for India, without any explanation whatever.

It was a fearful blow to Anthine, but her pride came to the rescue, and when she went out again she was, as we find her now, stately, and far more beautiful than in loving girlhood.

It is seven years since that night, when her lover, who seemed so noble and good to her, sent the chilliness of death to her heart.

It was past understanding and after a time she ceased trying to comprehend it, and sealed her heart to mankind, clinging only to her father, who idolized her.

Paul Wellington came back from India, came once to Anthine, and begged to see her, but she refused to meet him.

Then he sent her a letter, entreating her to read his explanation, but she returned it unopened.

He became distinguished in his profession, and occasionally they met in society, and though Anthine could not help noticing the sad expression on his face, she invariably avoided meeting his glances, and when obliged to speak to him, she did so with as much coolness as politeness would allow.

To-night she knows that Paul Wellington is to be an honored guest at her friend's house, and almost unconsciously she has chosen her dress to suit his taste, as she remembered it so long ago.

Now she fastens her gloves, and picks up her jeweled bouquet-holder, in a half reverie, thinking perhaps, of a time when she was bride expectant, happy for a little time as the bride she was going to greet.

"Oh, will happiness ever come to me again?" she murmurs softly to herself, as she sinks on the carriage cushions and is rapidly driven away.

The parlors were crowded, the music was perfect, the guests the gayest, the bride and bridegroom the handsomest, the whole scene like some fairy picture, but somehow in spite of the admiration universally accorded to her, as she moved up and down the long room, looking every inch a queen in her royal beauty, het heart was strangely sad, and it was a positive relief when a maid in attendance brought her a sealed note.

"In memory of one who loved you, 'not wisely, but too well,' come to your dying cousin. I send my little girl to conduct you, late though it is. You won't refuse me, Anthine; you cannot when I am dying.

JAMES HOLMES.

It was all very strange, but Anthine, noble-hearted as ever, never hesitated a moment.

That cousin James had been the

Columbian.

MSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1884.

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COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. XLVIII, NO [illegible]

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bane of her life. A gay frolicksome fellow, whose love was unbounded, and whose love for Anthine was a mixture of teasing and adoration.

A long time ago he declared his intention of going to seek his fortune and a wife, and this note Anthine holds in her hands is the first they have heard of him all these long years.

It took but a moment to send for her father, and give their adieux to their hostess, and finding the little girl waiting at the gate, and then direct their drive to the address the little girl gave them.

But it was a sudden change, to go from the grand mansion, with its beautiful grounds and gaslight, and music and feasting, only a few streets back, into such depths of misery and filth and wickedness as they found themselves, when the carriage stopped before a tumble-down looking building, with broken windows and rickety steps.

Even Anthine's step faltered as they followed the quick step of the little girl up broken stairways, down dark passages, until the garret was reached at last, hearing at every door the vilest oaths, and often screams and blows.

Anthine had often visited the poor, and to the sick and needy had often brought clothes and delicacies, but such misery she had read of, but thought it a stretch of a vivid writer's imagination—now she knew it to be real.

Opening a door that hung by one hinge, they entered the room of death

One tallow candle lighted the room, but after the darkness of the hall, it seemed quite bright, and showed plainly the straw bed in the corner, on which lay gasping the little girl's father.

It seemed impossible that the faded sallow face and attenuated form could ever have been the dashing and fun-loving James.

"Oh, Thenia, I knew you would come! I felt you must," said he feebly, as he held out a thin hand to each of them. "God is good, when I least deserve it."

"Tut, tut, boy; why haven't you sent to us—nay, come to us, instead of suffering like this," spoke out good Mr. Elleston.

"Oh, uncle, I could not, until life was despaired of, come to those I have so deeply injured!"

"Hush, hush, James; you were wild, but you never hurt us, and it is folly to talk so. You must go home with us now."

"Uncle—Anthine, your kindness overpowers me me. Don't you see—can't you see that I am dying? and, oh, I must tell you while life lasts."

"Tell us what, James?" asked Anthine softly, as she put her cool soft hand over his fevered forehead.

"Thenia, do you remember your wedding night, seven years ago? And did you ever wonder why Paul never came to you?"

"Yes, yes, indeed. Tell me, do you know why? and unconsciously she drew nearer.

"Oh, Thenia, it was some of my accursed folly. I loved you and hated Paul, and was envious of him for having won what I was unworthy of. And the morning before he expected to start for you, he received a letter telling him you were married to your cousin, James Holmes, and were to start immediately on your bridal-tour, bidding him forget you and seek some one more worthy. To that letter your name was signed, Thenia, and it was posted here. You know Paul's proud heart, how such a blow was death to him, and how he sailed in the first vessel that left the harbor.

"I thought to win you then, Thenia, but in your proud eyes I saw no hope of ever taking Paul's place, so I went away and found a soft-voiced little girl, who loved me only too well, and only lived long enough after I called her wife to give me a little velvet-cheeked baby, whom we christened Abthine, after you; and then, with that innocent baby looking into my eyes, I wrote again to Paul and confessed my wickedness. Directly, with new hopes, he came to you, but you refused to see him. He wrote to you, but you returned his letter unopened, and with a saddened heart he began anew, striving for fame and honor, that you might know he was incapable of the base act of which you believed him guilty. When he sought me he could not find me, until a few days ago. It was very wicked, Thenia, but oh, forgive me!" pleaded the dying man.

"It was wicked, James, but we were taught to forgive," spoke up her clear, pure voice, though her eyes were full of tears.

Poor James Holmes was weeping, too, as he gathered his little girl closer, but he was failing as they could see.

Suddenly his eyes brightened, and he said feely:

"There is his step on the stairs now. Thank heaven! he has not come too late. I can see the hands clasped that I once separated."

A moment more, and Paul Wellington, in all his noble manhood, stood before them.

One clasp of the sick man's hand, one look in Anthine's eyes, and the estranged ones were weeping in each other's arms.

Out of the darknes had come light. Henceforth when they wept they would weep together.

Mr. Elleston grasped Paul's hand warmly, and then they turned to him whose troubled look still told that life's care was not yet ended. He was pointing at his little daughter.

"She shall be cherished and cared for," was Paul's solemn answer, as he put his hand on her curly head, while her little eyes looked from one to another in childish wonder.

All care was over. He had sinned much, and much had been forgiven.

The film of death was gathering now, but a settled peace came over his face, as his uncle prayed that heaven would be merciful, and then his soul was borne from earth away.

Months after this, when the little one had grown accustomed to her new home and her new relatives, there was a joyous but quiet wedding. Anthine is as queen-like and as beautiful as ever, but her greatest joy is in her own home with her father, and husband and children.

Her little namesake is tenderly cherished, and little pleading voices that say, "A penny—only one," are never turned away empty-handed, for the little dark-eyed child that haunted Mr. Elleston so was poor James's little Anthine.

Blaine's Big Palace.

Here is a pen picture of the palace which Mr. Blaine erected in Washington.

The Blaine mansion is by far the largest private house ever erected in Washington city, and has more rooms than the British Legation, though not so much ground is covered as by the latter. The Blaine mansion goes up a good deal higher in the air. The same architect built both. The ground plan measures about seventy by seventy-five feet, and the house stands on a tongue of land bounded by Twentieth street, P street and Massachusetts avenue, and faces east. There are two main entrances, one for carriages on Massachusetts avenue, where there is a circular drive on the lot leading through a *porte cochere* to the fine stone staircase, and one which gives the interior view on Twentieth street. This is approached by a grand stone staircase leading up to a broad platform of stone, from which the entrance door opens. Then one sees a baronial hall fifteen feet wide and forty-five feet in length, terminating in a handsome fire place and mantel, above which is a plate-glass mirror.

The exterior of the mansion is in striking contrast with all the neighboring houses. Built of plain pressed brick, the only ornamentation attempted is in variations of the same material in the form of black lines and terra cotta. The latter is displayed in original design about the entrance on Twentieth street.

At the Massachusetts avenue entrance there is erected the elegant *porte cochere* of artistically wrought iron work. The house is of three full stories, with basement and attic floors. Entering by a substantial-looking flight of brown stone steps, one reaches a solid oak double door, carved elaborately, yet with no superfluous or showy ornamentation. The entrance hall is in keeping with the promise of the portals. A floor of veriegated wood—cherry, walnut and Georgia pine—supports magnificiently proportioned oak pillars of Corinthian model, which in turn support a ceiling paneled in the same substantial material. The walls are also wainscoted in oak.

To the right is the reception-room, finished in black walnut, with elaborately carved mantel framing, an old-fashioned looking fire-place, furnished with andirons and artistically molded hearth. On the left is a companion room, the parlor, leading to the drawing-room and library—all en suite—finished in Honduras mahogany, the latter lined breast high with bookcases covered with carved work.

A butler's pantry beyond the library opens to the dining-room, with an intervening dumb-waiter of the proportions of a moderate-sized elevator, and running clear to the roof.

The dining-room, with capacity to seat but a select gathering, and obviously intended for no State occasions, is also finished in mahogany. Along the rear of the house, overlooked by the windows of the three last named rooms, is a capacious veranda.

All the floors on this level are formed of the same woods as the hall. The doors are made to slide into recesses in the wall, and respond to the touch of a child, so well balanced and adjusted are they. Warping and binding are guarded against in their construction: each "stile" of the frame is formed of four strips of pine each alternate strip reversed, so as to react and absorb within themselves any variation from the true line caused by further drying of the already well-seasoned timber. Outside of all is a thick veneering of the wood corresponding with the "finish" of the respective rooms.

The windows are glazed with plate glass; the sashes are hung upon patent copper chains. Every door and window in the house is connected with an electric indicator in Mr. Blaine's room, forming a complete burglar alarm. Electric bells and speaking tubes traverse the house in all directions. A magnificant oak-carved stairway leads by an easy ascent of seventeen steps, eight feet wide, to a landing with a divided short return of six steps. The upper hall is graced with oak pillars of as elegant, but less elaborate, design, as those below. The principal room on this floor is Mr. Blaine's chamber. From the windows a view of Arlington, Fort Myer and Georgetown College is obtained. Here centre the electric wires which will give unerring information of any improper attempt to nnter. Leading from this chamber, which, as are all on the floor, is finished in poplar wood, is a bath-room which, if it does not excel in elegance those of the Romans, certainly equals anything of modern model. Besides the most complete appurtances of sanitary science, made safe from any possibility of sewer contagion, there is a hot-air or Turkish bath chamber. Here are also the ubiquitous electric buttons, to insure the solitary bather the safety of a prompt call in case of sudden illness, or other necessity for assistance. Other rooms on this floor are in more or less exclusive connection with bathrooms, but no drain attachments leads directly into any sleeping chamber.

Five fine, large rooms comprise the family and guest chambers on the floor. In the rear are other rooms, separated by a shut-off door, and reached by a smaller stairway, intended for the use of servants. On the floor above are a number of well-appointed bedrooms, together with a large cedar closet for furs, &c., and in the attic tier is contained still another set of rooms, less in number than on either of the other floors, but all finely fitted up.

In the basement, reached by a broad stairway under the grand oak structure used for reaching the upper chamber, is found a fine, large billiard-room under the library, and of the same size—about twenty by twenty-five feet. Near to this, under the parlor, is the smoking-room. Across the spacious hall is the kitchen, laundry and other domestic offices, all fitted up with the latest modern appliances. The heating arrangement of the house, apart from the open fire-places which ventilate and cheer nearly every room, is worthy of particular notice. The furnace or boiler chamber is between the billiard and smoking rooms. It is furnished with an immense boiler, which does double duty, supplying both radiated heat and clean, hot air. The former is transmitted through the medium of improved steam heaters in every room. The latter is, with the outer air or that of any of the various basement rooms, at will passed over an infinite number of convolutions of steam pipes, arranged in cases erected in different spots about the lower floor. The air is not scorched, not even unduly dried, the moisture which the heated surface of the pipes may deprive it of being restored by an ingenious contrivance.

Altogether there are but twenty-five rooms, exclusive of the minor offices in the mansion. The cost was at first estimated at $60,000, but it probably reached more than $100,000 before it was completed. The furnitnre cost at least $50,000.

It is said that when this magnificent residenc was in course of construction Mr. Blaine complained on several occasions of what he termed the exorbitant demands of the trades unionists employed on the building, and on one occasion became so enraged because he was compelled to pay the rate of wages demanded by the Carpenters' Union, that he declared in very forcible language, in the presence of many of the workmen, that "it was a d—d outrage that people were forced to submit to the demands of a trades union," and that "$2 a day was enough for any mechanic."

It has frequently been stated and restated that James G. Blaine, although never receiving more than $5,000 per year as salary, excepting the short period when he was Secretary of State, during which time his salary was at the rate of $8,000 per annum, has accumulated great wealth in vast railroad and coal mining interests. No man worth less than $1,000,000 could afford to build such a mansion, nor could any one other than a millionaire afford to live in such a house, as it is said that the running expenses of the mansion which Mr. Blaine built for his Washington home can not be less than $2,000 per month, or less than $60 per day—more in one day than a coal miner and mechanic makes in a month.

America's Crown Jewels.

UNKNOWN GEMS LYING IN THE TREASURY VAULTS AT WASHINGTON.

Few are aware that in the bond vaults of the Treasury are deposited for safe-keeping a large quantity of diamonds and other precious stones which will form the nucleus of the crown jewels when the country becomes an empire. These gems all have histories. Among them is a bottle four or five inches long filled with diamonds, and there are many other kinds of precious stones. Some of them are set in gold ornaments, intended for personal wear. The first collection of which we have any authentic account has been in the custody of the Treasury officials for over forty-five years. They were sent to President Van Buren by the Imaum of Oman, whose capital city of Muscat in Arabia, on the Persian Gulf, is the most widely known of all Arabian cities to outsiders. The Imaum was the dude politician of Arabia, the boss dandy of all the Bedouin kin, and having found that Martin Van Buren was two-fold sharper, keener, subtler and dandier than he was himself he sent these diamonds and pearls to him a tribute to superior genius and morality. It takes a pretty smart scoundral to discount an Arab cutthroat of the higher classes, but the Dutch patroon of Kinderhook could do it, and the Imaum of Oman allowed he could take the cake—and the diamonds, too. But after he took them he did not know what to do with them. He had an elephant on his hands. He could not accept them for themself. although he wanted to do so. as the Constitution expressly forbade any person connected with the Government accepting any present or decoration from any foreign power or potentate without express authority of Congress. This authority Congress would not give. In fact, it was inexpedient at that time to ask for it. So the jewels were finally turned over to the Treasury where they are now.

But the Imaum's gift was not all. There are in the collection superb jewels received at other times and in various ways. Turquoises blue as Syrian summer skies; emeralds like the reflection of Ireland's green turf in her crystal-waved lakes; rubies, oriental rubies, that flash a world of liquid crimson light till the eye grows dim with gazing; sapphires, pearls as white as the foam of the sea, and opals that shimmer with resinous radiance as only the precious opal can—all these are there. There are many beautiful and many quaint ornaments, jewelled brooches and rings and sword hilts; be-diamonded creeses brought from the Malay Isles by Wilkes and lots of other rare and valuable trinkets. They have no definite owners and are placed in the Treasury vaults because they are too valuable to throw away, and nobody dares to claim them, because nobody has any right to them. What disposition to make of them is a puzzle. Congress alone can authorize their disposition, and Congress, although asked several times to do so, has declined to take any notice of them.—*Washington Gazette.*

The largest two hotels at Saratoga would be crowded by other persons than guests during the hours of music and dancing were not restrictive measures adopted. The houses cannot be thrown open to all comers, as at small resorts, with no other rule than that those who enter shall be well dressed. Therefore doortenders put the question "Are you a guest?" to all comers whose faces they do not recall as belonging to borders. But the audacious and expert belle from a $2 boarding house does not let resentment serve to exclude her from the most coveted privileges of the $5 establishment. When the sentry challenges her. she removes all expression from the rest of her pretty face and concentrates in her eyes the greatest amount of scorn she can command. Then she turns her eyes fixedly on the hireling, murmurs "certainly, sir," and moves smoothly, unhesitatingly, slowly past him. He knows that she lies, but what can he do about it?

"Who saved the Union?" A Republican answers, "Blaine." "What Blaine? What Union did he save?" The Republican echo answers: "Union Pacific."—*Albany Times.*

An exchange editor asks "how to pack a trunk." He should watch a bachelor pack his trunk once, and then not do it that way.

After-Dinner Speakers.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SOME NOTABLE IMPROMPTU TALKERS, GOOD AND BAD.

Lord Coleridge, at the Irving banquet at St. James's Hall, before our popular tragedian went to America, intimated that an after-dinner speech "consisted of platitudes and anecdotes," and I remember hearing Mr. James R. Lowell, poet. humorist and American Minister at the Court of St. James, say that if suddenly called upon after dinner to speak his mind was more or less a blank, but that on the way home from the feast he thought of ever so many good things he would like to have said. This implied a lack of ready wit, but I fancy Mr. James R. Lowell did himself an injustice by this confession, as his speeches usually have an impromptu air and abound in point and interest. Charles Dickens was an admirable after-dinner speaker, but I have no doubt he knew tolerably well beforehand what he was to talk about and since the lamented death of 'Boz' I fancy George Augustus Sala bears away the palm. When this notable journalist rises, poises his chin in the air, rolls his dark eyes upward and sends out his clear, metallic chest notes one feels an assurance that a clever speech is fortchcoming, delivered with fluent ease and felicity of expression. I once heard a noble Lord, who very frequently makes excellent speeches in the upper House, declare that he would part with half of his worldly possessions if he could roll off a speech with the facility of G. A. S. This may have been a *facon de parler*, but it certainly implied a large measure of admiration for the oratorical ability of our prince of journalists. To my mind the most wonderful speaker in the world is Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated Brooklyn divine. He can speak at any time, at any place and on any subject. His pyrotechnic brain, incessantly whizzing and whirling, shoots out thousands of bright thoughts, which he readily clothes in most musical and expressive language. The worst speaker I ever heard is "Dying Boucicault, who, though a capable Irish comedian and adapter of French plays, boggles and stammers, hesitates and trips when he "rises to respond," and resumes his seat without having produced the slightest effect except that of disappointment. On the whole, I think the Americans are more telling after-dinner speakers than the English. There are Daniel Dongherty, the eminent advocate, of Philadelphia; Sunset Cox, Ben Butler and Chauncey M. Depew, whose names are well known on this side of the ocean and who when they get on their legs, usually corruscate to the edification of their hearers. I have been told that at the Sheriff's dinner at the Central Criminal Court, in the City of London, a rule has been introduced by which the speaker returns thanks sitting and in as few words as possible. Why could not this habit obtain in other occasions? It seems to be a law of human nature that a gentleman who is a sensible, rational creature, when safely anchored in his chair should lose his head and go wildly wool-gathering when he gets on his pins. If it be simply a question of posture and attitude the suggestion might be useful.

A Nameless Woman.

AN OUTCAST BEAUTY'S MONUMENT IS NOT OF MARBLE BUT BETTER STUFF.

About thirty years ago a young woman came to Augusta and set up housekeeping for herself. She had about $75,000 and was comely. It was well known that the name she bore was fictitious, but nobody cared to make inquiry as to her true name or the place of her birth. This lack of curiosity, as will be seen by the sequel, had important results. She was joined by a man who became a noted gambler. They lived as man and wife for several years. Her fortune constituted his capital, and she gave it to him ungrudgingly. A few years ago she died and the Court appointed an administrator to take charge of her estate. It was found that about $10,000 was left, and the administrator then proceeded to hunt up the heirs. But not a clue to the dead woman's rightful name could be found. Among her papers were several diplomas, showing that she had a liberal education, but in each the name had been carefully erased. There were also a number of letters, but they had received the same treatment. The woman desired to be dead to all her past associations. She no longer existed so far as her family and friends were concerned and she permitted no one to draw her secret from her.

The administrator became convinced that she came from Philadelphia, but beyond this he could ascertain nothing. He advertised in the Philadelphia papers, but nothing came of it. No answer was returned from the grave, and now the remnant of the anonymous woman's fortune is about to go for a purpose that she never dreamed of—the education of children. Under the law of Georgia, no heirs having been found for the property, it escheats to the State and goes into the educational fund. Thus in a short time the Board of Education of Richmond County will come into possession of the property and will be able to do much good with it. She to whom it belonged lies in a nameless grave, but the property itself will go to build school houses and aid in fitting generation after generation for the battle of life.

There are other incidents connected with the story of this woman's life and death that show some of the remarkable vicissitudes of human experience. She evidently belonged to some wealthy family in the City of Brotherly Love. This is the first instance in this section where property has ben escheated to the State.—*Augusta Letter in the Charleston News.*

A study of the dry rot in the twigs of fruit trees has disclosed the fact that it is caused by a contagious and transmissible disease, in which, as in the dry necrosis of leprosy in man, the cells of the affected tissues suffer a degeneration into minute bacteria, whose germs are afterwards disseminated by the rupture of the cell membrane. One diseased tree is capable of infecting a whole nursery; and old and young are alike liable to the ravages of the parasitic organism.

Berlin street railways in 1883 carried seventy million passengers.

A Trick on a Spider.

A great many years ago a prisoner of state, who was allowed to cheer the solitude of his dungeon by playing on his flute, discovered after awhile that, every time he played, a great number of spiders gathered about him. Since then, the liking of spiders for music has been proved. I myself have often wished to play for a spider audience, but I was not well enough acquainted with any musical instrument to coax a tune out of it.

A scientific gentleman of Europe gave me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. Now I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. I procured a tuning-fork and then sought out a spider I found a handsome, brand new web, and though I did not see Mistress Epeira I knew she must be at home. *Epeira diadema* is her full name, though most persons call her a garden spider. It is she who makes those beautiful, wheel-like webs which festoon the rose bushes and trees.

As I have said, Madame Spider was not visible. I knew, however, she must be in her gossamer parlor, which is attached to her web.

Here was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I rapped the fork on a stone, and in a moment a soft, melodious hum filled the air. I touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. On the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, hesitated a moment at the outer edge of the web, and then, instead of going straight to the tuning-fork, she ran to the very centre of the web.

When there, she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes one after the other, and gave it a little tug, as a boy does his fishing-line to see if a fish is hooked. Each was passed by until she came to the spoke upon which the humming fork rested. Then she stopped, and it was easy to see she was excited. She gave the whole web a shake; then tugged at the spoke again. "Hum-m-m-m" still sang the fork, but rather faintly now. however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was made up. Down she started and caught the end of the fork in her arms. She tried to bite into the hard metal, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which by this time had ceased vibrating.

I pulled the fork away, and Madame Empeira retired in disappointment to the centre of the web. But if she was disappointed, so was I, for I was satisfied that it was not the music of the fork that had attracted her. Unfortunately, it was altogether too probable that she mistook the hum of the fork for the buzz of a fly—a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

Time after time I repeated the experiment with the fork, touching in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame Spider was deluded into trying to capture the tuning-fork. It is odd she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointment.—*Pennsylvania Teacher.*

Campaign Publications.

The following publications of the Democratic State Committee are valuable campaign documents, and copies of them will be sent to any address upon application to W. U. Hensel, Chairman, Lock Box 838, Philadelphia, Pa:

Senator D. W. Voorhees' speech against Irish policy.

Post extra on Blaine's neglect of the Irish suspects in English prison.

Post extra on the Labor Question; Cleveland's record contrasted with Blaine's &c.

"Two Upright Statesmen," portraits and utterances of Cleveland and Hendricks.

Back numbers of *The Post*, each containing 28 columns of solid Democratic reading matter.

"Facts for Workingmen."—The story of Gov. Cleveland's official and personal sympathy with Labor.

"Public Office a Public Trust."—"The open Record of an honest man;" Life and Record of Cleveland; Democratic National Platform, &c.

"An Irishman to Irishmen."—Speech of Hon. Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, member of Congress, ex-President of the National Land League. at Albany, N. Y., July 29, 1884.

"The Political Reformation of 1884."—A Democratic campaign book, (sent only on receipt of 50 cents) invaluable to stump speakers, editors, &c.

Eligibility of Electors.—A legal opinion as to whether National Bank Directors &c., are eligible to be electors.

Hot Water as a Remedy.

There is no remedy of such general application and none so easily attainable as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass by it in an emergency to seek for something of far less efficacy.

There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent.

A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out and then applied over the seat of pain in toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. I have seen cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

Pieces of cotton batting, dipped in hot water and kept applied to old sores or new cuts, bruises and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. I have seen a sprained ankle cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from a heighth of three feet.

Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*