

MRS. BEECHER'S GREAT LOVE.

Her Affection for Her Husband that Endured Until Her Own Death.

In preaching Mrs. Beecher's funeral sermon in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Abbott, who knew her well, said: "Her life could be summed in a word, 'Faithfulness,' and that it he were asked to put an appropriate text upon her tombstone it would be 'Love is Stronger than Death.'"

Very few women have exemplified the rare fidelity of which she gave proof and the steadfast love which she bore. Her regard and affection were not lightly given; but, once won they were true and enduring—always to be relied upon without diminution.

From when, as a young girl at the home of her parents, she first met Henry Ward Beecher in her 19th year, to her marriage with him seven years later, during which period she resisted opposition to her wedding a penniless student, to her following him to their first home in Lawrenceburg where they arrived with less than \$1 in their possession, she showed the same unswerving devotion, and during the ten years of their western life which were filled with many hardships, she was the faithful wife, wonderfully ingenious in covering up the bare spots and making \$1 do duty for \$5. This was an enormous advantage to the brilliant young preacher, whose impediments by her loving care were smoothed from his pathway, leaving a clearer field for his progress.

After ten years of hardship in the West, she reached Brooklyn with her husband who had been newly called to Plymouth Church as its pastor. Here, for the first time since her marriage, the full sunshine of comfort and prosperity shone upon Mrs. Beecher. Honor, wealth, the power to gratify desires were hers, and above all her loved husband, who, from the first, was to her a great genius among men, was now so acknowledged and recognized by all who knew him.

Mrs. Beecher entertained many distinguished guests at her home. She assisted her husband wisely and efficiently in his undertakings. In the hour of the nation's need—the civil war—while his burning words were inducing the enlistment of regiments to assist the government in its peril, she was diligently employed in the effort to equip and sustain them until they were mustered into service. While he pleaded for the freedom of the slaves she was assisting to the best of her ability. When the day of Mr. Beecher's supreme trial came, the scandal that cost him so dear, his wife proved that calumny could not shake her opinion of his goodness. Mrs. Beecher looked into the subject, believed in her husband and loyally took her stand by his side, assisting his defense with all the force of her steadfast nature. During the period of that long trial in the Brooklyn city court (occupying about 150 days), she sat by her husband, her faith in him unshaken to the last. Well might Dr. Abbott say, as he did while conducting the services over her remains, "If I were asked to put an appropriate text upon her tombstone it would be 'Love is Stronger than Death.'"

Unchanged and unchangeable, her evidence survived shocks that must have wrecked that of one less faithful, and her love, which knew no waning, was stronger than death.

Everything in her little house was a memento of her husband. His pictures were on every hand, with other relics of their happy married life. In her eighty-fourth year it was her craving desire to visit and spend her coming birthday with her son Herbert and his family at Port Townsend, Washington, but how to accomplish this object was the perplexing question. A way was found, however, through the kindness of great-hearted men in Chicago, who, admiring Mrs. Beecher's many excellencies of character displayed in her long life, arranged the trips and return from ocean to ocean, that she might, as she pathetically said, "once more see her 'gray-haired baby boy,'" of whom she was passionately fond.

The longing of the venerable mother for a last sight—last words with her child coming to the knowledge of H. H. Kohlsaat, he at once procured transportation by rail for herself and attendant, while P. D. Armour arranged for the accommodation in sleeping coaches. Her trip was a free will offering spontaneously given. It cost her nothing from her purse, everything being provided. For this her great gratitude to Chicago could not be adequately expressed. Of those friends who courteously enabled her to gratify the mother-longing in this last visit to her son she spoke or wrote most gratefully, while power remained for her to do so, to the last day of her life.

Counting Jokes.

This is a common and very legitimate figure of speech as applied to the labors of burlesque writers and contributors to comic periodicals; but there is an instance in which a joke was actually coined, struck from a graven die, and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows: In the year 1670 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration seeing little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back.

Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. In one side of this numismatic curiosity was this inscription: "The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side."

On the other side was a total blank—Golden Days.

DOGS IN FRANCE.

Curious Use—made of Them by Their Owners in the Cutlery Works.

A curious account is given of the use to which dogs are placed in the cutlery work of Thiers, France. Each grinder man and woman, takes a dog to the grinding-room in winter, and the four footed heater stretches himself out upon the back of his master or mistress for no other purpose than to keep his owner warm. The reason for this is that instead of occupying an upright or a seated position while at work, the grinders, men and women, lie flat on their stomachs upon planks, placed nearly horizontally on a scaffolding which rises above the grindstones. Or the planks are sheepskins to relieve the hardness of the wood, and the head and shoulders of the grinders project beyond the ends of the planks, and their arms reach down vertically to the rim of the grindstones, which are kept in continual motion by the belt driven by water power. The grinder extending his full length on the plank soon becomes fatigued and enfeebled and the cold gains on him, without any power on his part to resist it. When the chill strikes him, he whistles for his dog, which immediately springs upon the bench and lays himself upon the extended legs of his master, covering him as much as possible, and supplying him with a grateful warmth.

MEXICAN PEARL FISHING.

Found Along the Whole Coast of the Gulf of California.

The agent of the English proprietors of the concession granted by the Mexican Republic for a monopoly of pearl fishing in the Gulf of California recently arrived in San Francisco and gave some interesting details of the present methods employed in their industry which has continued ever since the occupation of the country in the time of Cortes.

The whole coast of the Gulf of California abounds in pearls, and the concessions control the entire territory. Until within the last few years native divers were employed, and the depth to which they could descend did not exceed 35 feet. With the introduction of diving apparatus the limit of depth was increased to thirty fathoms. The best divers could formerly remain under water not to exceed two minutes; a modern diver thinks nothing of a two-hour stop in the water 100 feet in depth, though at greater depths the stay is necessarily shortened on account of the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A diver when upon the floor of the ocean looks about for the oyster, which he tears from the object to which it is attached, and places it in a small bag hanging to a rope, which is hauled into the boat on a given signal. The annual yield of the Gulf of California is about \$350,000.—San Francisco Call.

Horses Heels did Good Work.

In Los Angeles, a resident exhibits the skin of a mountain lion, got in a peculiar way. He was riding leisurely among the foothills when a mountain lion crossed his path, and was slinking away, as it generally does, when he rashly fired at it with a light shotgun he carried. The lion, slightly wounded, came back in a rage and made a dash at him. The horse shied and the man was thrown, striking his head against a rock, and causing insensibility. When he came to his senses, his horse was standing over him, and a dead lion lay a little distance away. He examined the beast, and found its skull crushed like an eggshell. The horse had got a fair crack at him with his heels, and made an end of him.—Golden Days.

Cause for Irregularity of Trees.

It has been pointed out by a naturalist that the irregular shapes of trees, their "anyhowness," if we may use the word, fulfills a most important purpose. When a gale is blowing the branches will be seen to sway in all directions, and their movements tend to balance each other. Did they all swing together, the oscillations would either uproot the tree or despoil it of its branches.

A Rare Curiosity.

"I've got something nobody else has got," said a wealthy New Yorker who has been experimenting with raising fancy fowls over in New Jersey.

"What is it?" "I bought a \$175 incubator, put \$25 worth of eggs in it, and hatched out a blue bottle fly. I've got the only \$200 blue bottle fly in this or any other country."—Texas Sitings.

Very Ambitious.

"Did you say that boy of yours was ambitious?" "Ambitious! Well, I should say! Why, that boy does nothing but sit around all day and think of the great things he's going to do!"—Philadelphia North American.

Sealing Wax.

Master: "Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?" Johnny: "Whalebone." Master: "Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal?" Tommy: "Sealing-wax."—Tid-Bits.

Couldn't Help It.

Beatrice—Did you notice the loud color of that blond young lady's gown at the reception last night? Benedick—Notice it! Do you think I'm deaf?—Truth.

He Wouldn't Disappoint His Friends.

His intended bride having deserted him at the eleventh hour, a Crewe, Va., man thought it too bad to deprive his friends of pleasure just because he had been shabbily used, and he held the reception just the same, discoursing philosophically on the chances of life.

SWINDLING PATENT ATTORNEYS AND SALE AGENCIES.

Notwithstanding the hard times, there is no decrease in the number of patents granted to inventors, so called. Indeed, it appears that hard times stimulate invention, or the effort to make money in some magic and easy way. Those who prey upon the credulity of inventors know this, and they are, especially at this time, inundating the rural districts with their rosetate circulars promising sudden wealth in patents, and sending lists of "inventions wanted." There is no species of deceit that is more dishonest, heartless and hurtful, than these circulars of bogus patent attorneys and patent sale agencies, for they are luring tens of thousands of simple men and women from bread winning toil to a jack o'lantern pursuit of fortune, sure to end in loss, if not ruin. Many of them are selling farms, cows, homes, and actually stunting themselves in the common comforts of life in order that they may pay a patent attorney who has promised them a patent and wealth. The attorney demands his fee in advance, and, having got it, "the subsequent proceedings trouble him no more."

The inventor rarely gets a patent, and, if he does get it, he will find that it is worthless. The rapacity of these attorneys is not satisfied with the first fee. They "work" the inventor for all he is worth, and flatter him with glowing fictions about the value of his invention, and send him a medal, which they say has been awarded him by a Board of Experts. They assure the inventor that a fortune awaits him, if he will only advertise in their paper, which they claim to be the largest in the world.

In this and other ways, the hapless inventor is further robbed. He sends \$10 or \$20 more to the dishonest attorney, or perhaps he will even send him several hundred dollars for European patents, not knowing that his invention is not patentable, or that if a patent is granted him, it will be so weak and flimsy as not to afford him protection, and that no one acquainted with the progress that has been made in this class of invention would have the patent as a gift.

There is a bill before Congress to protect inventors against patent attorneys who award prizes and medals. It punishes the offence by heavy fine or imprisonment.

CHESTER A. SNOW.

Not on the Map.

In a certain New England town there once lived a wealthy but illiterate man, who owned many sailing vessels and followed their course over the seas by the aid of an enormous atlas. A neighbor who stopped on one occasion to see him on a matter of business, was ushered into the library where he found the ship owner, with his spectacles astride his nose, poring over the atlas, which was spread open on the table before him. "I'm glad you've come in," said he rising to grasp his guest's hand cordially, "for there's a little point you may be able to help me about. I've just had a letter from one of my captains, and he tells me that he's been in a fearful storm and didn't know but what the vessel would go to pieces.

"He's a well-educated man, and he uses first-rate language," said the ship owner proudly. "I'll just read you out the passage from his letter that puzzles me. He says, 'The waves rose like mountains, and the storm raged about us, while nothing but the vivid lightning broke the pitchy gloom. But although death seemed likely to be our portion, we were saved; driven before the wind and put into great jeopardy, but still here I am pen in hand.'"

"Now what I want to know is, said the ship owner, as he refolded the sheet from which he had read the precious extract, and placed it carefully in his wallet, "what I want to know is, where is Great Jeopardy? I know it's somewhere on the Mediterranean but I can't seem to find it on this pesky map anywhere!"—Ex.

STRAY PARAGRAPHS.

- The last of the oyster.
—Straw hats will soon be on top.
—Soda fountains are fixing.
—Freckles are beginning to come in.
—All tenors are generally high toned.
—Soft shirts are selling at very stiff prices.
—Well, say, mebbe dem Normals ain't birds!
—No Maud dear, windmills are not used in cyclones.
—Summer girls will soon turn their minds to the bathing suit.
—Turkey says it will take more than "Greece" to cook her.
—Those pink blossoms you see now, will be peaches by and bye.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

Jubal's Call.

The daughter of Dr. Edward Hodges, the organist, says that her father had a delightful way of calling all the children musically. One Sunday morning, when he was playing in St. John's chapel, New York, he said to her: "I am going to call Jubal. Watch him."

Jubal was sitting in his accustomed place near the middle aisle. Dr. Hodges' voluntary began thoughtfully and smoothly, but in the course of it a significant phrase of two notes was twice repeated. It was distinct and yet so truly a part of the improvisation that no stranger would have noticed it at all.

The first time Jubal's attention was arrested; the second, he turned and looked up, but saw no sign. At the third call he deliberately took up his hat, left the pew, walked straight up to his father and said: "Do you want me, sir?"

"Yes," said Dr. Hodges. "Go home and get my gold snuffbox."

The errand was speedily executed, for the house stood near. Jubal handed the snuffbox to his father and returned to his seat.—Youth's Companion.

A Modern Solomon.

A pathetic little drama was recently enacted in a French court of justice. A poor needlewoman was charged with stealing two gold coins from her employer. Her defense was that, while waiting in her employer's house, the child in her arms, unknown to her, was attracted by the sight of the glittering gold on the mantel shelf behind her, and, leaning forward over her shoulder, clutched the coins in his chubby fist, and had so carried them away. This she persistently and solemnly stated on oath, says the London Weekly Telegraph.

The court, however, was incredulous, and reproved the mother for her attempt to deceive him. But she asserted her innocence with such pathetic power that the sagacious judge determined to test the truth of her statement. He bade her stand by his desk with her child facing over her shoulder in the way she had described. Then he took several gold coins from his pocket and placed them on the desk within reach of the child.

A breathless silence ensued. Every one awaited the touching sequel. Then suddenly the child's eye caught sight of the gleaming gold, and, with an eager smile, the tiny hand was outstretched to the desk and the coins were clutched in its tenacious grasp. The mother was promptly acquitted.

Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer? The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound the old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it. HIRES Rootbeer is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Adding the digestion, cooling the nerves, purifying the blood. A temperance drink for temperance people. Made only by The Charles F. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County Frank Bentz, the Executor of Caroline Boehm, deceased, late of the Borough of Catawissa, County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania will expose to sale by Public Vendue, on

THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1897, at 1 o'clock P. M., on the premises in the Borough of Catawissa, County and State aforesaid, the following tract of land—

All that certain lot or piece of ground situated lying and being in Shuman's addition to the town of Catawissa, in the County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: to wit: On the North by Mill street forty feet, on the East by lands of Mrs. Old one hundred and fifty feet, on the South by an alley forty feet and on the West by lands of Franklin L. Shuman, one hundred and fifty feet; being lot number seventeen (17) in said Addition. Whereon is erected one two-story frame dwelling house and out buildings. The lot being well stocked with fruit trees. Being the same premises which George B. Zarr and Caroline, his wife, conveyed unto Caroline Herold Bahme by deed dated 7th November, 1892, and deed being duly recorded in the office for the recording of deeds etc. in and for the County of Columbia in Deed Book No 81, Page 292 etc.

TERMS OF SALE.

The highest and best bidder shall be declared the purchaser. Twenty-five per centum of the highest and best bid must be paid when the property is struck down. The balance to be paid on the continuation of the sale by the Court and the delivery of the deed. Deed for the premises to be made at the expense of the purchaser. C. O. BURKERT, FRANK BENTZ, Attorneys. J. S. WILLIAMS, Auctioneer. 4-29-12.

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