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BY JAMES G. HASSON,
Guaranteed Circulation, - - 1,200

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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OLD HARTFORD
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COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.

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Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier.

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WOOL ! WOOL !
5,000 pounds of wool wanted. The very highest market price in cash will be paid.
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A Daily and Weekly Newspaper.

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is regarded universally as the best combination of original literature with news which is now published in New York city on Sunday. The matter selected for the literary columns is supplied by scores of contributors of the highest merit and reputation. Their united contributions each Sunday would make a volume as large as *Harper's Magazine*, and treating of many more subjects than any monthly magazine published ever discusses. The whole at a cost of only 3 cents for 16 pages!

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A RELIABLE REMEDY For Sick Stomach, For Torpid Liver, Billious Headache, Costiveness, Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.

It is certain in its effects. It is gentle in its action. It is palatable to the taste. It can be relied upon to cure, and it cures by assisting, not by outraging, nature. Do not take violent purgatives yourselves or allow your children to take them, always use this elegant pharmaceutical preparation, which has been for more than forty years a public favorite. *Sold by druggists everywhere.*

Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA.

KENTUCKY MULES.

The only firm in France who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four feet to the large mule weighing 1800 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
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DUFF'S MERCANTILE COLLEGE,
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The oldest and best institution for obtaining a Business Education. We have successfully prepared thousands of young men for the active duties of life. For Circulars address,
P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.
Nov. 28, 1888.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

SHE WORE A BIG, HIGH HAT.

I met her as a stranger
Upon the crowded street;
My heart was interested
In her face demure and sweet.
Her memory came back to me
As comes a welcome song;
I almost knew that such a soul
Could never plan a wrong.

At different times and places
I met her after that;
Her many charms and graces
My deepest love begat.
I learned she was accomplished
And owned vast wealth beside;
My heart was full of one great wish—
That she might be my bride.

But ere the day had come when I
Might ask the gift of her,
One night I chanced by accident
Into the theater.
How fate will sometimes one befriend!
Just back of her I sat;
I never speak to her since then—
She wore a big, high hat.
—Omaha World

SOME SUPERSTITIONS.

The Curious Beliefs That Haunt Many a Brain.

Dire Result of Opening an Umbrella in the House—The Right Way to Hang a Horseshoe—Mascots and Hoodoos.

Any day and any place you can see people yielding to superstitions. Notice people walking together. See a couple of girls going along, carefully preventing any one from passing between them, or if one passes round a lamp-post or hitching-post how the other will follow on the same side. Dignified old men and women will dodge back and follow their companions round a hurried pedestrian, who tries to save steps by passing between them, or round some inanimate obstruction, causing any number of amusing encounters. They believe they will have a quarrel or meet with a disappointment if they allow any thing to come between them.

Others couldn't be hired to meet any one on the stairs, going up or down, for fear they will be disappointed. Housewives have innumerable signs by which they can foretell events. If the dishcloth is dropped there will be a visitor. If a knife is dropped, a woman is coming; a fork, a man is coming; a spoon, a fool. If two knives or forks or spoons are put at a place by mistake while setting the table there is going to be a wedding. If you spill salt you will have a quarrel; this can be prevented by burning a pinch of the spilled salt or throwing some over your left shoulder. If a rooster crows at you or at the door, he is playing the clairvoyant and telling you you will have a surprising piece of news or an unexpected visitor. So also if you drop a pair of scissors and they stick in the floor you will have an unexpected visitor. If a needle sticks in the floor, you will get a letter. If you see a pin with the head to you, you must surely pick it up, for you will have good luck, but avoid, if possible, seeing pins with the point to you, for if you pick them up you will have sharp luck or bad luck. You must pick them up, however, if you see them.

If froth or little bubbles rise to the top of a cup of tea or coffee and you are lucky enough to catch them in a spoon and swallow them, you will get money, the amount varying with the quantity of bubbles. If you find any little sticks, the stems of tea leaves, in your tea and swallow them, you will capture a new beau.

A good housewife will never sweep at night. If she is ever obliged to do so she will sweep the dirt into a corner, and couldn't be prevailed on to lift it until morning. This is to prevent misfortune. Nor will she at any time sweep the dirt out of her door. She will lift it in a dustpan and burn it. This is to keep the family possessions safe. If you break a dish, fate will pursue you till you break two more. If you are unmarried and fall going up-stairs, you will not get married until the next year; and if your chair tumbles backward your chances of matrimonial bliss for that year go with it. Getting out of bed backward causes things to go wrong for the day, while putting your right foot out first pleases dame fortune. You have to consult her pleasure in dressing yourself, too. She likes you better if you put on your right shoe and stocking first. You change your luck if by accident you put on a garment wrong side out, and if you want to keep your old luck the proper thing to do is to turn the garment, and while doing so spit on it and say: "For good luck or bad."

If a widow gives you a yellow garter on Easter Sunday you will have success in love if you wear it around the left leg, and success in business if you wear it around the right leg. The most dire misfortune results from opening an umbrella or sunshade in the house, and if a man should go into the betting stand at a race track with his umbrella raised he would be in danger of being mobbed.

You will meet with a disappointment if you start to go out and have to return for something you forgot, unless you sit down for a minute when you return.

You can tell your fortune by the sensations of your own body. When your right ear burns some one is speaking good of you, and when the left ear burns it is evil. You can even discover who the gossipers are by moistening the lobe of the warm ear with saliva and naming a person. If the name you guess is correct, the ear will cool at once. If your nose itches, you will have news or company. If your right eye itches you will shed tears, and if your left eye itches you will laugh. A quick ringing in either ear that overwhelms sound is called a death knell, and precedes news of a death. If your inner arm itches at the elbow joint, you will have an insloop or an outsleep. That is, some one will sleep at your house who is not accustomed to sleeping there, or a member of the family will be away all night. If your leg itches at the back under the knee, you will go on a journey, and if the sole of your foot itches, you will tread on strange ground. If your right hand itches, you will shake hands with a friend; your left hand, you will get money. There is an old saying about this: "Scratch it on wood and it'll come good." That many are aware of. I've seen men who ought to know better hunt around for wood to scratch their hands on, and, not finding any available, take a lead pencil out of their pockets and rub their palms with it. A fair Washington belle will not have an umbrella without a wooden handle, because, she says, she always wants some wood around to scratch her hand on. Even the spots on one's finger-nails come in for a share of superstition. They are called gifts.

It is unlucky to cut the finger-nails on Friday, Saturday or Sunday. If you cut them on Friday you are playing into the devil's hand; on Saturday, you are inviting disappointment, and on Sunday, you will have bad luck all the week. There are people who suffer all sorts of gloomy forebodings if they absent-mindedly trim away a bit of nail on any of these days, and who will suffer all the inconvenience of overgrown finger-nails sooner than cut them after Thursday.

Nearly every body has an unlucky day, although most people look on Friday as a day of misfortune, probably because it is known as hangman's day. You can seldom find any one willing to move on Friday or Saturday. Friday is considered unlucky, and "Saturday's flitting makes short sitting."

Superstition is closely allied to witchcraft, and so extends to persons. Every one has heard the expressions: "That fellow is a regular Jonah," or "He's a hoodoo," or "I never have a bit of luck when I see so and so." This is especially so with theatrical people, racing men and gamblers. "Monkey Charley," a successful steeplechase jockey, rents his spurs out, when he hasn't got a mount, at five dollars a race to jockeys who think they can absorb some of his luck by wearing them. Another jockey, Kelly, who rode a good deal at Guttenburg, believes that if he can touch or pass near or ride near certain race-track habitues he will win, and resorts to all sorts of maneuvers to come in contact with his hoodoo. Another recent superstition of racing-men is that if a jockey dismounts at the post before the start for any reason whatever he will win, and when one is seen dismounting for cause, or one is thrown, there is an immediate rush for the bookmakers, and his mount is backed. A "mascot" is an indispensable member of a base-ball club, and when militia go a visiting they carry one also. If you can "cross the hump" of a hunchback with fingers crossed you will have good luck. This must be done without the knowledge of the hunchbacked person, and if it is a darky the charm is so much more efficacious. If you can make the cross with money in your hand it is a sure thing that you will win any bet you make with that money. A dwarf is also a mascot for gamblers. They are often applauded for their generosity by those who don't know that they believe that giving to a cripple or beggar brings luck. It is considered a sign of coming disappointment if the first person you meet when starting out has red hair. To catch the eye of a cross-eyed person is an omen of misfortune which can be escaped from by turning all the way round three times. It can be passed on by touching some one else with fingers crossed; then the misfortune falls on the person touched.

The influence of the evil eye is known and dreaded the world over, and even the most practical can not avoid a shudder on finding an eye answering its description fixed on him.

The harbingers of death are many. The banshee of the Irish is a fixity in the Celtic mind, and many weird tales are told of its visits and grewsome warnings. The howling of a dog under the window of a sick room is an appalling sound to hear at the dead of night, and is enough to frighten a nervous person into the belief that it is a warning of death. Dogs have been known to go a long distance to howl under the window where some one was lying ill. Cats are also supposed by the credulous to have the power of foretelling death. If a bird flies into a room some one will die in that room before a year is passed, and if a spade is carried through a house there will be a grave dug for some one in the house within a year. If one eye of a corpse remains open a near and dear relative of the dead person will follow within a year. If a sick person takes medicine willingly and without complaint, or plays with the cover of the bed, it fills the mind of a nervous person with apprehension of death.

The shamrock, or four-leaf clover, is prized as one of the greatest of luck-bringing charms. Girls will hunt through the long summer days for the little green emblem of fortune, and when they find it, which is rare enough, they treasure it like a jewel or a first love letter. Few houses are without the good-luck horseshoe, although not every one knows how to hang it to keep good luck—with the open part up, so that the luck won't run off the points.

School-girls have practiced "wishing on" rings ever since rings were worn. The tricks played by young folks on Halloween are nothing but superstitions turned to fun, but some are quite a test of nerve, as setting a table for two at midnight, then one solitary watcher sitting down to wait for the wraith of her better half that is to be.

The prettiest and by far the most excusable superstitions are those attached to a wedding. The customs of throwing an old slipper or a handful of rice for luck, of avoiding Fridays and the month of May for weddings, and of choosing above all the happy month of roses, are so universal as to have become almost unwritten laws.

There are superstitions about jewels and colors, and in fact almost every thing animate or inanimate, and the wonder is that with them all the wheels still go round, and the world moves on.—N. Y. Sun.

PEDUNCLE'S WOOING.

A Commercial Tourist's Broken Heart and His Quick Recovery.

In the romantic rural hamlet of Spoonville, along whose quiet streets and shady lanes the barefooted urchin with a long fishing-pole over his shoulder sneaked down toward the mill-dam, and the frisky bee buzzed noisily among the clover blossoms like an assistant librarian at a Sunday-school picnic, the June sun, on one of those rare occasions when he forgot himself and condescended to shine, lit up the interior of the store of Markup & Comedown, dealers in dry goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, notions, groceries, drugs, medicines, queensware, paints, oils, wall-paper and window-blinds. In one corner of the room was the village post-office, occupying a space six feet square, and behind a curtain partition in the rear was a milliner's shop.

It was the witching hour of noon. Spoonville was at dinner. A pleasant odor of fried ham, mingled with suggestions of boiled cabbage and the rich aroma of the seductive onion, pervaded the dreamy atmosphere.

On the counter of the store of Markup & Comedown were spread the samples that J. Harry Peduncle, commercial traveler, had just taken from his iron-bound, baggageman-proof trunk for the inspection of the young woman with the blue eyes and golden hair, who acted as head clerk, chief milliner and assistant postmaster.

"I came at this time of day, Miss Winnie," said the young man, leaning confidentially over the counter, "because I was sure of finding you alone. There's no hurry about making any selections from this line of goods. Mr. Markup doesn't come back from his dinner till half-past twelve, and old Comedown always takes a nap at noon. I've got both of them down fine, you see. I haven't been coming to Spoonville for the last three years for nothing. And now tell me, you dear girl, how you've been—"

"Ary letters yere fur the Markleys ur the Gorums?"

The fair young assistant postmaster shook her head.

"Ur the Millses?"

"No."

"Nur the Jacobys, nur the Butlers?"

"No. Wait a moment. Are you going home past the Beerces?"

"Yas."

"Well, here's a letter for Mr. Kelso, that's visiting them."

"If that boy has gone, Winnie," said the drummer a moment later, "I want to tell you something. I've got tired of this thing of having just twelve half-days of happiness in the year. The route I have to go over brings me here only once in thirty days, and I can't shorten it to save my life. I am going to quit the road. I have saved up something and I intend to go into business for myself. Then I shall build a little home in the suburbs of —"

"I'd like to git about five cents' wuth of plug tobacker," piped a lank, bilious-looking customer who had just dropped in. Miss Winnie waited on him and he went out again.

"And you know, Winnie," resumed young Peduncle, "whom I am going to ask to share that home with me —"

"Got any eggs?" called out a shrill voice as a little girl with a faded sun-bonnet, who had slipped into the store unobserved, stepped up to the counter.

"We have."

"Fresh?"

"Yes."

"Don't want them if they ain't fresh. Gimme a dozen."

The drummer waited patiently a few minutes longer.

"Has she gone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then I must speak quickly, for time is flying. It will break my heart, Winnie, if I have to go away from Spoonville again without the promise I want from the dearest girl in the world. Darling, will you be my wi—"

"Mr. Peduncle," quickly exclaimed the young girl, in confusion, "I ought not to have permitted you to go on in this way, but I did not dream you were speaking of me. Why, I have promised to marry Mr. Spatula."

"The young chap that travels for Drugmiller & Co.?"

"The gentleman that travels for Drugmiller & Co., sir!"

The drummer buried his face in his hands and leaned for a few moments motionless against the counter. Then he wiped his brow with a lavender-tinted silk handkerchief, took his order-book from his pocket, and asked, briskly:

"Miss Wagstaff, to begin with, shall I put you down for a dozen bottles of this prepared glue?"—Chicago Tribune.

Andrew Jackson's Dinner.

When General Andrew Jackson visited Concord, N. H., after his Presidential term had expired, he was entertained at Cass' Hotel, at that time the leading hotel of the State. The proprietor, wishing to do honor to his distinguished guest, provided a banquet and arranged to serve it with considerable style. With the first course the General surprised the waiter by ordering crackers and milk, and refused all other dishes, much to the disgust of the proprietor. Cass' Hotel was the great resort of stage drivers, and it was at this hotel Vice-President Morton boarded when a young man and engaged as a clerk in the dry-goods business. One of the leading merchants of Concord, now in active business, was a boarder at the hotel at that time and occupied a seat at the same table.—Boston Traveler.

—Two hundred and thirty-four were baptized into the Baptist churches in Russia last year. In spite of persecution the work prospers greatly.

MY LADDIE IN THE WEST.

It seemed so long—so long ago,
Yet only five short years,
Since from the open door I gazed,
My lashes wet with tears.
I saw him as he waved adieu
Then turned and onward pressed,
'Till shadows hid my love from view—
My laddie in the West.

He passed Niagara's muffled roar,
Where rocks in grandeur stood,
Beyond the lake skipped ashore
And dark Missouri's flood—
On, on, to where thro' Western wilds
The red man's foot had pressed,
But faith and hope I let in armor clothed
My laddie in the West.

He, who once led the Hebrew's feet,
Forbade his steps to stray,
By night the flame illumed his path,
The fleecy cloud by day.
And love of God and love of home
Reigned steadfast in his breast,
No harm could angels bring to thee,
My laddie in the West.

Sometimes in dreams I hear his voice,
His step is at the door,
Again his dear eyes gaze in mine,
He kisses me once more.
His tender arms around me twine,
My head is on his breast,
Sweet as a harp, that voice of thine,
My laddie in the West.

Good-night! my little song is sung:
Behind the Western hill
The red sun drops—a glowing orb;
Hushed is the whip-poor-will.
Good-night! good-night! the lights burn low
I creep into my rest,
God bless you, keep you, hold you close,
My laddie in the West.
—Harriet M. Spaight, in Albany Argus.

THE MAGIC RING.

How the Wizard Aided in Gustavus' Choice of a Wife.

In a pretty chalet that nestled high against the shaggy breast of Mount Obgadin, lived the Widow Neur and her daughter Marie. A lonely home you would have thought it, but the fir trees that wailed so in your ears whispered good cheer to Marie. When fierce winds came rushing down the mountain side she knew the trees would bend their tall heads together and twine their strong arms around her home, until robbed of his victim, the baffled storm rushed by.

When morning broke the same friends stood erect and stately, drawing aside their leaves and branches that the sunbeams might not linger in their soft embraces, but hasten down to waken their favorite, Marie.

Very lovely was our little Swiss maid, with violet eyes that now danced and sparkled and then grew soft and tender as a little child's. Two rose-red lips shut in her pearly teeth, and when she smiled a tiny dimple danced for a moment on her peachy cheek. Her hair clung in caressing curls around her low, white forehead and fell in ripples of golden sunshine far below her slender waist. And her voice! Ah! that was Marie's greatest charm. So't and clear, not a discordant note marred its sweet, pure harmony. Sometimes as she sang at her evening devotions the herdsmen far below in the valley, catching faint notes of her song, looked up and crossed themselves, half believing they heard the echo of an angel choir.

But very few knew of Marie's beauty, for when she went with her mother on one of her rare visits to the hamlet below she brushed her wavy hair straight and smooth back from her forehead, and braided it in long, stiff plaits which fell down her back. Her eyelids, with their curtains of long, silky lashes drooped over her dancing eyes until one looked in vain for a glimpse of their beauty. Her red lips shut firmly over the pearly teeth, while the dimple hid itself resolutely away from sight, and her sweet voice, frightened at its own sound so far from home, grew faint and husky, until in this shrinking, sober damsel walking so timidly beside the Widow Neur you would have found it hard to recognize the beautiful Marie of the mountains.

So it happened that only her mother and one other person knew how good and sweet and how fair Marie was.

This other was a stranger who came from a far-away country and spent his summers in a little house on the mountain's very top. The simple villagers called him "the wizard," and told strange tales of how he spent whole nights gazing at the heavens through a long tube; that he could foretell to an hour when the sun would cover itself with darkness; but, strangest of all, he had a little wire stretched for miles over hills and valleys to the great city. This wire talked to him in a queer language which no one else could understand. "Tick, tick, tickety tick," it said, and told him things that happened miles and miles away.

Marie did not know how wise the wizard was when he came to her home one morning and asked for a drink of water. He followed her to the spring when she went for it, and stopped by the way to break open a curious stone. He showed Marie how queerly marked it was inside, and then told her a story about it. The usually timid maiden was so interested that she forgot to be frightened, and thus a strong friendship between the two was begun.

After this the wizard often came to the widow's chalet for rest and refreshment on his long rambles, and Marie unconsciously revealed her charms to him, one by one, until, long before the first summer was ended, the stranger knew that no girl in all the canton could be compared with Marie.

On the other side of the mountain from the Widow Neur's home lived another widow. She, too, had but one child, a son, who was the pride and delight of her life, the young hunter and guide, Gustavus Friel.

Every one knew and liked Gustavus. Tall, straight and handsome, with flashing brown eyes, and a laugh as frank as a child's, he was the favorite of the canton, and there was not a girl within its bounds who would not have been proud to plight her troth with him. Gustavus, however, cared little for the Obgadin maidens. He would far rather chase the chamois up the mountain side, or guide travelers through its dangerous passes, than spend his time with the finest of the maids of the hamlet. His mother often said:

"My son, when wilt thou bring me home a daughter and thyself a wife?"

And Gustavus, smiling and pressing a kiss on her forehead, would answer:

"When I find a maid as good as thee, mother; but I want no idle, shrill-voiced wife to disturb our quiet home."

But one day his mother said, more sadly and seriously than ever before:

"Gustavus, I am growing old and feeble. I can no longer make and mend thy clothes and keep our home. Thou must have a wife. Promise me that at the *fete* next week thou wilt choose one from among the maidens there."

Gustavus reluctantly gave her the desired promise, but it weighed heavily upon him. He could think of nothing else afterward, and, the more he pondered, the heavier his heart grew. At last he seized his gun and went out on the mountain, but the perplexing question followed him; until, in despair, he threw himself on the ground groaning: "Oh, that some wise man would make this choice for me!"

A moment after he looked up and saw, as if in answer to his wish, the wizard approaching him. "Why," he exclaimed to himself, "did I not think of him before? Surely he, if any one, can help me." Then, with a throbbing heart, Gustavus sprang up and advanced to meet him. The wizard greeted Gustavus warmly, for he felt a strong friendship for the young guide who had taken him safely through many a dangerous mountain excursion.

And now his sympathetic question: "Why, what's troubling you, my boy?" opened the way for Gustavus to pour out all his perplexity, ending his recital with the question: "Canst thou not help me to choose a good wife, who will make my life happy, from the maidens at the *fete* next week?"

The wizard smiled sympathetically, and then thought in silence a little while before he answered:

"If a pure, true heart is united to a true, pure heart, both lives must be happy. There will be one such heart at the *fete*, but you may fail to recognize it. However, if you will come to me to-morrow I will give a charm that will show you this heart."

Here was a comfort, indeed, and with a light heart Gustavus thanked his friend and bounded forward. Left alone, the wizard continued down the mountain side until he came in sight of the Widow Neur's chalet, where he found Marie sitting by the spring. Instead of her usual sunshiny smile, tiny tear-drops stood in her eyes, and there was a grieved look about her rosy lips that made him wish to comfort her.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I want to see the great *fete* next week, but I have no pretty ornaments to wear, and then—" The long curtains drooped low over her shining eyes, and the sweet voice sank almost to a whisper—"the good mother says none of the young men will care to dance with me, for I can not talk and laugh with them as other maidens. My heart beats fast if they do but glance toward me, and I know not what to say, and so"—here a tear slipped from under the long eyelashes—"my mother says I had better not go."

"Courage, little one," the wizard answered. "Tell your mother I am going to lend you a silver belt to wear, and that my knowledge tells me that the bravest, handsomest youth in all the land will dance with you quite joyfully." The happy Marie, as Gustavus had done, thanked the wizard and ran off to tell the wonderful news to her mother.

Early next morning Gustavus went for his charm. He found the wizard waiting for him, and, taking him into his strange room, the wise man said, smiling, as he had the day before, half quizzically, half sympathetically: "Here's the charm, my good fellow. You see it is a magic ring. Put it on before you go to the *fete*, and be sure you dance with every maiden there. When you place your arm about the waist of the one whose heart is true and good a strange feeling will run through you and your hand will cling to her."

Gustavus, greatly wondering, thanked the wizard and slipped on the ring. It was a curious circlet of iron, with a flat extension, which the wizard bade him wear pointing toward his palm.

When the *fete* day came Gustavus was there among the other young men, eager to try his charm. All the maidens of Obgadin canton were there also, and on the outskirts of one of the gay crowds little Marie hovered timidly beside her mother.

"Why didst thou come, Marie?" asked one of the girls; "didst thou think any youth would want to dance with a mouse to-day?"

Then, seeing the quick tears trembling on Marie's lashes, she added, more kindly:

"Ah! well, thou canst at least see our good times; and what a lovely belt thou hast, Marie! Where didst thou get it?"

"The wizard gave it her," the Widow Neur answered, shortly, for she did not relish the girl's tone.

"Come, Marie, let us sit here under the trees and watch the dance."

Marie nestled close to her mother's side, and, as the hours fled and no youth asked her to dance, her head dropped lower and lower, and she wondered if the wise man had made a mistake.

In the meantime Gustavus danced with one after another of the maids; but though he watched with intense eagerness, not once did he feel the strange thrill for which he waited.

"I have danced with them all," he said at last to himself, "except that shy one over there; surely she is not the girl. But, as I promised to dance with every one, I will try her, too." He asked her name of one of the girls, and then, going to her, said simply:

"Marie, wilt thou dance with me?"

Astonishment and delight made Marie for a moment forget her shyness. The wizard's words had come true! Rising quickly, she said, smiling upon him, and showing her beautiful eyes, already dancing with delight:

"Art thou come?"

"She is not so plain, after all," thought Gustavus, as he answered:

"Want thou looking for me, Marie?"

Marie hung her head without answering, and Gustavus, wondering a little at her words, led her to the dance.

As he placed his arm around her, his hand touched her shining belt. Instantly a strange thrill ran through them both, and Gustavus' arm seemed to cling to Marie's waist. "Marie, dost thou feel that?" he cried, earnestly.

And Marie smilingly answered: "Yes." So they began dancing, and as they danced it seemed to those watching them that a wonderful transformation came over Marie.

Her hair, shaken loose from its long, stiff braids, hung like a glittering golden veil all around her, her beautiful eyes shone like stars, and the dimpled cheeks and pearly teeth formed a fit hiding-place for the laughing voice that now and then rang sweet and clear from her rosy lips.

"Surely," said the amazed villagers, "there was never such a handsome couple; but is not Marie under a charm, she has suddenly grown so lovely?"

But the Widow Neur smiled to herself and said: "Love's witchery, if it is true and pure, will transform all of us, and bring out all that is loveliest and best within us."

As for Gustavus, he thought rightly that he had never seen so good and beautiful a creature, and he blessed the wizard for the charm which had led his heart to her.

Long before the summer ended, Gustavus took home little Marie to be his own and his mother's greatest joy and happiness.

When Mons. le Wizard returned to Paris that winter he read a scientific paper before the savants of the academy. In it he detailed many of his wonderful discoveries and his work during the summer; but he did not speak of the most interesting of all—how, by the aid of a little magnet, concealed in a steel belt, and a rude ring, he had brought together two loving human hearts, and by so doing had caught some of the happiness of Paradise and imprisoned it in a chalet on old Obgadin Mountains.—The Table.

HUMOROUS.

—Mudge—"For Heaven's sake, Bosworth, have you been sandbagged or in a railway accident?" Bosworth—"Neither. I hid under the bed the other night to scare my wife."—Courier-Journal.

—Miss Culture—"What do you think of Henry George's single-tax idea?" Miss Gushington—"Well, I see no reason why he should not tax single men, but he shouldn't tax single women—it isn't our fault."

—Volts—"At last they have discovered an unflinching truthteller." Jars—"That so? We'd better inform the Ananias club." Volts—"Yes, it's a fact. The phonograph can not tell a lie."—Cincinnati Commercial.

—Visitor (at dairy farm)—"Well, what kind of a season have you had in the milk business?" Milkman—"Oh, poor, poor; haven't had such a drouth in twenty years. Why, there was actually one spell when we had to depend on the cows to supply our customers."—Epoch.

—"You look tired out," said his friend, anxiously. "Yes," answered the young physician, "you know I've been writing medical certificates for guests at a Rhode Island hotel—a thousand guests and sometimes three and four thousand 'sick' wine permits a day—couldn't use a stamp, either. It's beastly hard work."—N. Y. Herald.

—First Boomer—"You fellows have so git up about you at all. Why don't you have photographs of your town taken like we did? Are you ashamed of it?" Rival Boomer—"Naw, that ain't the reason at all. I want you to understand, young feller, that our town don't stand still long enough to be photographed."—Terre Haute Express.

—Nature's Grand Cathedral.—"Are you going to church to-day?" asked Mr. Orthodox of Mr. Freethink. "No," said Mr. Freethink, emphatically. "I shall worship in the great cathedral of nature." Half an hour later Mr. Freethink was seated at a rickety deal table under a dusty tree, listening to the notes of a wheezy orchestrion and drinking something that looked like beer.—Puck.

"I paid for this one, seventy-five cents," said the wife, showing her husband her purchases. "One, seventy-five?" said her husband, examining the article. "Then you have been swindled. It is not worth more than one dollar and a quarter." "You misunderstood me," corrected his wife; "I said seventy-five cents—not one, seventy-five." "Seventy-five? Well, you ought to have got it for half a dollar."

She Was Tired of It.

"Mr. Smithers," said his wife, "if I remember rightly you have often said that you disliked to see a woman constantly getting herself into print."

"I do," said Smithers, positively.

"You considered it unwomanly and inelicate, I believe