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T. W. DICK. CENTRE STREET, EBINSBURG. FORT FOR THE it hnown and any established Shaving OLD HARTFORD now located on Centre street, op or status of O'Blars, Day is a Little IN THE DEPRESE WILL DE CATTER AND IN THE STATUTE OF AND THE INSURANCE CONT.

tropic warmth of conservatories, and a single dazzling japonica gleamed, like a carved pearl, among the jetty folds of Ella Wardlaw's hair, as she stood smiling, listening to the regretful adjeux of him whom the world called her lover. "Good-by, Ella; I shall come again

very soon." Miss Wardlaw's heart throbbed high. Charles Forrest had never before called her "Ella," and she felt triumphantly conscious that her proud beauty and her seductive notes had very nearly brought him to the "proposing point." One or two more such vigorous sieges and the fortress would be her own. She sank, yawning, on a sofa, as the

loor closed upon her lover, and clasped her white hands carelessly over her head.

"Mrs. Charles Forrest," she repeated to herself-"that doesn't sound so very badly, does it? particularly as the aforeand Mrs. Charles Forrest will step into a brown-stone palace, a carriage and a perfect carcanet of family diamonds! Yes, I believe he is safely entrapped, and if I play my cards as well as I can, the matter will be settled within three days! Heigho! this husband-hunting is a wearisome business, after ali; and rather hazardous, unless one is very skillful. That reminds me," sheadded, starting suddenly up, and throwing off her soft languor as one might lay aside useless garment; "I must write to Ralph Thornby to-night; if the love tricken wretch should fulfill his hinted atimation of coming to see me, it might possibly be awkward."

It was nearly one, and the fire had burned very low before Ella finished the carefully-worded note and sealed it with a fairy-like device of entangled initials in pink wax.

The beautiful velvet-checked coquette, with her drooping cyclids and voice attuned to the sweetest and softest key-one would not have thought, as she placed that letter on the marble mantel, that she knew its contents were meant to break the heart of a noble and true souled man.

When Charles Forrest descended the broad stone steps of the Wardlaw mansion and walked along the lamp-lighted street he felt dizzy and happy. The siren's spell was on him-and yet some warning, watchful pulse down deep in his heart kept beating the old, incomprehensible tune: "Beware! beware!" He passed through the noisy tumult of Broadway. At great hotel office threw a blaze of light into the street. A crowd had assembled there-the midnight mails had just arrived-and Forrest mingled with the throng to hear the fleeting rumors of war which then vexed the public mind.

"Forrest! old fellow! can it be possible that this is you?" "Myself, and no other, Thoraby; but I thought you were safely settled in Chicago, practicing law, instead of-"

"Instead of running wild about the country, you were going to say. But I granted myself a temporary holiday to -Pshaw, I can't tell you about it here; come up to my room, and we'll have a cozy, old-fashioned chat."

The delightful little impromptu supper of well-seasoned dainties, washed down by champagne, was over, and the two gentlemen were smoking, when Thornby abruptly plunged into the subject which was uppermost in his

mind "Charley, I'm in love!" "You are? My dear fellow, so am

"I am glad of that, because you can sympathize with me. I have come here expressly to see her, and have the day fixed for the wedding." "I haven't got quite so far as that!"

suid Forrest, smiling

nounced by a waiter. "Well," was his greeting. Forrest replied: "I have dispatched my missive and here is the answer. See, the seal is yet unbroken-we will peruse it together."

It was a skillfully written note of glad acceptance. Ella wrote that "she had long loved Mr. Forrest-that her greatest happiness through life would be to secure his contentment," with a variety of charming little addenda. such as, yestarday, would have filled Charles Forrest's heart with rapture. Now, they were false, idle rhapsodies! "Are you convinced?" was Forrest's simple question, as the letter dropped from his companion's trembling hand. "I am. It has been a pleasant dream; but I am effectually aroused at last.

Charley, I have been a fool-a dupe!" "And so have I, Ralph; just give me that enthusiastic love letter you showed me last night."

"What for?" Charles made no reply; but he took the letter from Thornby's unresisting hand, and folding it with the note of acceptance he had just received, wrote one pencil line on the margin: "The compliments of Messrs. Thornby and Forrest." and inclosed both in one envelope, directed to Miss Wardlaw.

Ella Wardlaw was practicing a difficult Italian sonata as the eventful note was handed her. She tore it hurriedly open, and gazed with wide-open, bewildering eyes upon the inclosures. The next instant they fell from her nerveless fingers. Years have passed since then. Ralph

Thornby is married; Charles Forrest has a blooming wife, and two rosy little girls; but Ella Wardlaw is a hopeless old maid, with not the faintest chance of a husband.-N. Y. News.

## NDUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MRS. PHILIP NEWMAN, of London, is the only woman designer and jeweler in all England. Her place in Bond

street is well known. ALICE M. CHENEY began business as an express messenger in Boston four years ago. She now has three offices and five teams in daily use.

MISS FAWCETT, the young English woman of recent "above-the-senior-

officiated in churches of every creed except those of the Church of England and the Roman Catholic denomination. MILLE. DOBROWLISKA has completed

THE receipts of the American Baptist Home Mission society for the year THE report comes from Paris that a colony of 2,000 Waldenses are likely to settle in North Carolina next spring. THE American Home Missionary society has had the most successful year since its organization, 67 years ago. Its total receipts from all sources, up

it 'cause they've had a fair chance an it were their own fault if they w'a'nt up to the mark. But if ye sneak on 'em an' git the best on 'em, w'en they'm asleep, look out, b'gosh! Then they've got it in fer ye, an' they'll git even, an' make it a sorry day fer ye w'en ye took 'im in that way! Joe Ball wants stopped.

to keep his eve peeled, Squire!" thunk it?" "Pooff" ciaculated the Squire, scorn-"So Job goes right back an' wakes up

"It may be poof, an' it may be puff, an' it may be piff!" the Old Settler exclaimed, "but I know w'at I know, b'gosh! Poof! That's w'at Simeon Puterbow said tocan ancister o' mine wunst, an' mebbe he didn't live to see the day he were sorry fer it! Simcon had snuck up on a sleepin' yearlin' b'ar jist the same ez this here Joe Ball's ben an' did, an' he got a rope on it an' drew it into his clearin' an' tied it to a pole.

"Simeon,' says my ancister, 'yuy run head fust ag'in the natur' o' b'ars by dom' o' this here,' says he, 'an' if ye don't put a ball inter that b'ar an' end its future right here,' says he, 'tha's danger ahead o' ye, b'gosh, bigger'n a stack o' bog hay!' says he. "An' Simeon turned up his nose an'

says: \* 'Poof?' says he.

"An' my ancister shook his head and went away, sorrerin', az well he mowt, fer he know'd b'ars from A to izzard, an' he know'd tha were a day o' reckonin' comin' fer Simeon if he didn't kill that b'ar he had snuck up an' ketched w'ile it were sleepin'. An' b'ars 'll be b'ars to-day, jist the same ez they was then. I feel sorry fer Joe Ball, b'gosh I do!"

"Well, major," said the squire, aggravatingly, "P'ison Brook Holler an' Sugar Swamp is differ'nt."

"Differn't! I should say so," exclaimed how he were gittin' along with the the Old Settler. "An' that's wat'll b'ar. The b'ar were layin' down by its make it all the wuss fer Joe Ball. That pole an' my ancister stood lookin' at it. b'ar is feelin' ugly enough, jist 'cause ponderin' like, w'en Job Sawyer kim he got ketched asleep; but gettin' along an' hollers out to him: ketched asleep in setch a deestric' az P'ison Brook Holler! Jee-whizz! That'll

make him so much wuss that the hain't no tellin' w'at he won't do to Joe w'en he gits the chance. There's where Joe wa'n't smart. If he'd a give it out that he ketched the b'ar in Sugar Swamp, the b'ar mowt a felt grateful to him, an' mebbe let up on him a leetle, but to be ketched asleep an' then to hev folks know that he were ketched in the P'ison Brook deestric; no b'ar that thinks anything of hisself could get over that without makin' things hum to git even. But mebbe the b'ar don't know that you come from P'ison Brook Holler, Squire. If he know'd that, mebbe ne wouldn't feel so ugly, an' wouldn't hev it in so bad fer Joe Ball. Ez it is, though, I know jist how that b'ar feels. Joe orter

know'd enough, b'gosh, to give it out that he ketched the b'ar in Sugar Swamp." The Old Settler looked as if he felt

sorry for Joe's shortsightedness in this serious matter, and we waited for some expression of the Squire's opinion on the subject, but the Squire did not seem inclined to give any, unless one remark

he made had some bearing upon it. "I've alluz heerd," said he, "that if anybody were lookin' fer agur an' idjits, he alluz p'inted straight for Sugar Swamp. Tha's jist ez much agur there

ez tha ever were, but tha's one less idjit. An' he hain't dead, nuther." The Old Settler pondered over this remark of the Squire's for some time, evidently trying to think who it might be that the Squire had in his mind. But he apparently could not recall him, and would not humor the Squire by asking whom he meant, for he dropped the subject and went back to Simeon Puter-

bow and his bear.

st thwarts attempts of the kind as an' he were gone three weeks. The day far as possible in order to keep the adarter that Job Sawyer, ez lived nex' to versary in ignorance. Thus if Gen. Simeon, got up at daylight and went Mende desired to ascertain if the conout to his sheep pastur', an', b'gosh federate army in his front had been rethree o' his sheep was gone. He foun' duced by sending regiments elsewhere, the trail o' the thief an' follered it till it Gen. Lee equally desired that this information should not be obtained by "Great spooks!" says he, 'who'd a

Meade. On a stormy morning in February, 1864, my division of cavalry marched Squire Colduff an' says he wanted a from its camps in front of Culpeper war'nt, ez he had diskivered the sheep Coart House, Va., with instructions to thief. The squire ast him who, an reconnoitre the left of the comy's line w'en Job told him the squire most fell on the Rapidan river, and develop the offen his cheer. But he give Job the force in that direction without bring-

war'nt, an' Job went an' woke up Si ing on a general engagement. Salter, the constable, an' they started To reach the desired position it was to git the sheep thief. They went necessary to march a considerable disstraight to Simeon Puterbow's. 'Fore tance to the south and cross the Robthey woke Simeon up they stopped at inson river, a tributary of the Rapidan. his milk house. There hung Job's three The division consisted of three brigsheep! An' they was skinned. Then ades of cavalry, each of the brigades bethey went to the barn. There was the ing accompanied by a battery of light. three pelts offen them sheep layin' on or horse, artillery. A force of confedthe barn floor! That's all they wanted erate cavalry which was on picket duty They got Simeon up, sarved the war'nt, on Robinson river was easily driven in, an' marched him off, spite of all he and on the evening of the day we could say. Job said arterw'ds that ez started we found ourselves face to face he were gettin in the wagon he looked with the enemy, with the Rapidan river back an' see Simeon's b'ar dancin' between us. round his pole an' a-huggin' of hisself

The work of discovering the enemy's strength was, owing to the lateness of the hour, put off till the following morning. After placing our pickets to insure against surprise, we made ourselves as comfortable for the night as the weather of an unusually raw Virginia February would permit. Early the following morning the cav-

alry and artillery moved toward the river in our front, and a lively skirmish with small arms, accompanied by artillery, commenced and was well sustained on both sides.

the news he were jist goin' inter Sime The result was far from satisfactory. on's yard, ez he were anxious to l'arn Do what we would, the enemy persistently declined to show force beyond what was necessary to engage our skirmish lines; and he uncovered but a gan or two at intervals along his lines reply to our artillery. We could plainly make out long and

plans failed to discover. The entire

morning was spent in these vain at-

It will be understood that loss of life

on the picket line and to a less degree

on reconnoissance is not directly de-

cisive of a war: hence we speak of lives

"thrown away" in these duties. How-

ever, in order to gather information, it

may be necessary to expose soldiers to

danger, wounds and even death; and

It was finally decided that the only

way to make the enemy show his force

was to cross, or try to cross, the ford in

our front. If this succeeded, the enemy

was to be driven out of his works if

possible; if not, he would drive us back

across the stream with possibly severe

Reluctantly, under these circum-

artillery of the division, properly formed

for effecting a lodgment on the farther

broadest part, and at this season was

The instructions to Capt. Ash con-

loss to our troops.

we were now facing that necessity.

tempts.

" 'Hooray! Simeon goes to jail for four years! Hooray!' formidable breastworks on the farther

ez if he was bustin' with joy over

sumpin'; but Job said he didn't think

"Wull, they made short work o'

Simeon. Tha coul in't be no goin' back

on the sheep bein' found in Simeon's

milk house an' the pelts in his bara.

Court sat in three weeks, an' they give

Simeon four years. The news got back

to Sugar Swamp jist ez my ancister got

there from his trip down the river. He

hadn't heerd a word about Simeon bein'

arrested nor nothin', an' w'en he heerd

nuthin' of it, b'ars bein' queer.

"With that the b'ar jumped up an' bank of the river; but whether these begun to dance an' hug hisself, an' were occupied by many or few soldiers, most hollered hooray, too. our best efforts and most ingenious

"'I warned him!" my ancister hollered. 'I warned him ag'in that b'ar, but he poofed at me! The b'ar stole them sheep an' put it onter Simeon! Sure ez guns, the b'ar stole them sheep an' put it onter Simeon!"

"The b'ar quit dancin' an' huggin' itself, an' laid down lookin' sneakin'. My ancister tried his best to git Simcon off, but ev'rybody larfed at the idee of a b'ar stealin' sheep an' puttin' it onter some one else, an' it wa'n't no use. Course, the Widder Sluppy throwed Simeon up right away, an' the onfortnit man who poofed at the warnin' of my ancister, who know'd b'ars from A to izzard, an' know'd that a b'ar that were ketched asleep were bound to git even with his ketcher even if it had to make him out a sheep thief, had to serve ou his time. Squire, the bes' thing you kin do is to send this here Joe Ball

stances, the division was organized for warnin'!" the work. There was a spell of silence, and Leading the advance guard, consistthen the Squire grunted disdainfully. ing of a squadron of cavalry, was Capt, and said: Ash-destined to be the hero of the oc-

"Simeon Puterbow were an ancister casion. Following this advance at a o' mine. an' it's queer I never heerd proper distance were the cavalry and nothin' 'bout a b'ar makin' him out a

sheep thief." "What!" exclaimed the Old Settler ride of the river. This stream was not "Simeon Puterbow an ancister o' your'n! Wull, wull! Kin it be, then, more than thirty yards across in its that the b'ar didn't steal them sheep easily fordable. arter all?"-Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

## WORTH YOUR WHILE TO READ. templated the possible crossing of not more than his advance guard, and

not all of that if what we desired to dis-ONE-HALF the population of Minnesota and the Dakotas is foreign born. cover could be effected before all had

He had accomplished the work without the loss of a man, and had seen himself, and displayed to every one else, a full force of infantry manning the confederate works. The whole affair took less time than

it takes to read this hasty and imperfect sketch; but I thought, and still think, that it was the bravest deed on the part of an individual that I ever witnessed. Capt. Ash, in reporting to me afterward, stated that his scheme of developing the enemy's force had not occurred to him until he had reached the brink of the river, and found that the enemy held their works in force.

To go on meant certain death to many of his command. To retreat in the line of direct fire would be equally disastrous; and the inspiration to do what he did, ride rapidly across their line of aim, and gradually oblique out of range, suddenly seized him.

Ilis risk was great and he knew it; but it was better than any other course that presented itself to his mind. Men accomplish in seconds under such circumstances the thought of hours, with conclusions not less correct than those attending more deliberation.

True, no one could have foreseen that the excitement and rapid fire of the enemy would so far disturb their aim as to insure that the union officer should escape unhurt; and still less could the effect of his intrepid conduct on the enemy have been foretold.

Now, after the lapse of years, the story of this heroic deed appears almost fabulous. Then it seemed very real, and all natural enough.

I need scarcely add that as we united with the confederates in cheering the bold rider, our hearts went out to the generous foe who so well appreciated a gallant act, and so chivalrously acknowledged it. We were then impressed-and who has not been?-with the fact that, whether wearing the gray or the blue, the true American soldier is a worthy descendant of the men who made glorious the history of chivalry .- Gen. Wesley Merritt, in Youth's Companion.

SANDWICH ISLAND WOMEN. Something About Their Costumes, Cus-

toms and Mode of Life The ladies attire themselves in the holoku. The warm tropical climate

makes loose, flowing gowns a necessity. The young girls wear wreaths of wild flowers around their brows and decorate their bodies with chaplets of green leaves. They do not use gold ewelry, but ornament their toilet with the floral beauty of the tropics. They are fond of outdoor life and live most of the time in the groves. They sleep in hammocks under the trees, and have their dances and feasts in the grottoes of the forests.

They have little huts in which they dwell during storms, but are rarely found in their cottages except in rainy weather. They build grass-thatched houses and cover their roofs with rushes and have wide porches in front of their doors to keep off the heat of the sun. They like to be near the sea, so they can bathe in the waters of the ocean. They become expert surf riders and can scale the breakers in the wildest storms.

Like seagulls they ride the tossing rollers and smile at the ocean's maddest winds. In their little boats they sail over the blue bosom of the Pacific and cruise many miles away from their island shores. Their little crafts crossthe channels from island to island and visit all the ports in the archipelago. They are not afraid of the ocean salitudes, but are at home on its we gety wastes and find delight in its epause

wrangler" fame, has adopted the profession of electrical engineer. THE English Horticultural college has lately received several applications for women head gardeners and one for a woman to take entire charge of the conservatories and greenhouses. MRS. ORMISTON CHANT, the wellknown preacher, says that she has

her studies in the Veterinary college at Zurich and is now preparing for the regular state examination at Odessa. She has already been offered a position in Russia.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

"MRS. JOHN VINTON DAHLOREN has erected a chapel of the Sacred Heart

ending April were \$473,865.89.

to April 1, were \$739,841.59. This sum is \$77,052,11 in excess of the receipts of the preceding year and frees the society from debt.