

### AT THE STATION.

came to the railroad station  
As the train just thundered in,  
Mid the pushing throng and confusion,  
And dust, and hurry and din.  
On the platform two lovers were standing,  
Hand in hand, lip to lip, tear in eye,  
And I said to myself: "They are bidding  
Each other a long good-bye."  
And I pitied the left and the leaving;  
For I thought how sorrow lay,  
Like a pain, on two hearts sundered  
From each other for many a day.  
But the train moved on, and the lovers,  
Arm-in-arm walked down the street;  
And I saw they had come to the station  
Not to part there, but to meet.  
And the tears I had seen were the language  
Of a joy that no other speech knew—  
The same that is uttered by sorrow  
When bidding a long adieu.  
For sorrow and joy, in expression  
And in essence, are near of kin,  
And they hallow this life which, without  
them,  
Were all dust, and hurry, and din.

### From Demorest.

#### Speculating on One's Life.

The Chicagoan is nothing if not a speculator. He bets not only on grain and stocks, but on his very life. There are over twenty individuals in the chief city of Illinois whose lives are insured for \$100,000 and over. John V. Farewell of that city has written to his credit \$223,000 when he dies. Two hundred others in Chicago are insured for \$50,000 and over, and over one thousand for \$20,000 and upward. Among the prominent men of Eastern cities who carry large amounts of insurance we will name Cyrus W. Field, of New York, who has \$250,000; F. B. Roberts, New York, \$200,000; Charles Pratt, Brooklyn, \$200,000; Alexander Barrett, New York, \$200,000; F. W. de Voe, New York, \$245,000; Pierre Lorillard, New York, \$255,000; James Park, Jr., Pittsburg, \$300,000; W. H. Langly, Gillipolis, O., \$300,000; Charles M. Ruik, Allentown, Pa., \$200,000; G. K. Anderson, Titusville, Pa., \$315,000.

#### Another Ship Canal.

The peculiar success of the Suez Canal has started similar enterprises all over the globe. De Lesseps' great canal across the Isthmus of Panama is now well under way. The project for another canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across Nicaragua, has all been mapped out and has earnest believers, among whom is General Grant. The money has been raised for connecting the Atlantic with the Gulf of Mexico, across the upper part of the peninsula of Florida. A French company have raised \$8,000,000 to complete the old scheme to construct a ship canal to connect Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. This canal is to be twenty-seven feet deep and one hundred and seventy-one feet wide at low tide. When this canal is finished Baltimore will become a great commercial city. This is a work, by the way, which should have been undertaken by the United States. But the American people seem determined not to let their Government make the necessary river and harbor improvements. It is political death to any Congressman who votes for an appropriation of this kind, however needful it may be. Very important and necessary works, which were under way, are now going to ruin because Congress at its last session did not dare to appropriate \$7,000,000 to keep up the work already begun.

#### Cheap Telegraphy.

In Great Britain a telegram of twenty words, with the address, can be sent to any part of the kingdom for one shilling, about twenty-five cents of our money. On the Continent, where the Governments have control of the telegraph, the rates are much cheaper. In Belgium and Switzerland, for instance, there are half-franc telegrams—that is, something less than ten cents of our money—while in Paris the telegraph system is supplemented by pneumatic tubes carrying post-cards for half a franc. The English Government paid ten million pounds for what was worth commercially not much more than seven millions, yet so great has been the increase of business, due to government control, that the shilling rate is soon to be reduced. The address will, as heretofore, be free, twelve cents will be charged for six words, eighteen cents for twelve words, and twenty-five cents, as now, for twenty words. Telegraphing in this country is under corporate control, and we are charged more than any other country on earth. All our family and business secrets are confided to the employees of Mr. Jay Gould, who, through his control of the telegraph, has the press at his mercy, and has the privilege of taxing the American people without any limitation of his power by the Government.

#### To Europe in Five Days.

Mr. James R. Thompson, who built "Aurania," of the Cunard line, and who is a very conservative shipwright, has been making forecasts touching the ocean steamships of the future. He predicts they will have two screws instead of one, but instead of seventeen

knots an hour they will go at the rate of twenty knots. But they will be constructed for passengers only. Freight will be carried by steamers specially designed for that work. The passenger steamers will really be ferry boats, and will probably leave the day after they arrive, and, as there will be no freight to discharge, they would only be detained long enough to take on provisions, fuel, and the mail. Hence the passenger steamer of the future will make fifty per cent. more trips than at present. The "Alaska" made twelve round voyages last year, which is little over seven days between New York and Queenstown, and once she arrived from abroad in 6 days, 18 hours, and 37 minutes. The best time made by any steamer is that of the "Stirling Castle," in the China tea trade, which has made 18.4 knots an hour. The "Oregon," of Guion line, is expected to make even better time than that. In other words, before the year 1900 a trip to Europe will only take a little over five days.

### The Wisdom of Simplicity.

One of Turgeneff's latest tales has a shrewd touch of humor. He recounts how Giagar, the renowned vizier of Haroun Alraschid, while yet young and undistinguished, rescued a mysterious old man from assassins, and afterwards visited this old man at his request. The old man took Giagar by the hand and led him into a garden inclosed by high walls, in the midst of which grew a strange tree, in semblance like a cypress only its leaves were of an azure hue. Upon this tree hung three apples; one of longish shape and white as milk; the second round and red; the third little, shriveled and yellow. "Youth," said the old man, "pluck and eat one of these apples. If thou eatest the white, thou wilt be the wisest of men; if the red, thou wilt be the richest; if the yellow, thou wilt be singularly acceptable to all old women. But make speed; the charm loses its virtue within an hour." Giagar ruminated with much perplexity. "If I know everything," thought he, "I shall know more than is good for me; if I become too rich other men will envy me. I will eat the yellow apple." And he did so. The old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and exclaimed: "Good youth! in sooth thou hast chosen the better part. What need hast thou of the white apple; thou art already wiser than Solomon. Nor needst thou the red apple, either; thou wilt be rich enough without it, and none will envy thee." "Venerable sage," responded Giagar, "deign to indicate to me the dwelling of the august mother of the Commander of the Faithful." The old man bowed to the ground and showed the way. And Giagar is he greeted a subject in Bagdad.

### Trouble Over a Small Debt.

Horace Horton, of Athens, Tioga county, borrowed twenty-five cents of Gil Clark, giving a note for the amount. Clark entered the note in the Prothonotary's office and a fine was issued on it. The Sheriff seized Horton's team, when Josh Lull paid the claim and took an assignment of the judgment. A friend offering Horton assistance Horton drew on him for twenty-five cents, but the draft went to protest. Afterwards Geo. Fuller and Fred Sherman sent their check on the bank for the amount, signing it Fuller, Sherman & Co., but the bank, having no such account on their books, protested the check and sent it back.

Now the query seems to be: "How can this matter be satisfactorily settled so that Mr. Horton may have the undoubted legal ownership of his horses, and not be in constant dread of an attachment? And further, there are prothonotary and sheriff fees, and notary fees, and fees for exchange and re-exchange, which are constantly augmenting the amount of the bill.

### Petrarch.

#### The Books About the Poet Owned by Willard Fiske.

I asked Professor Fiske to tell me about his collection of the works of Petrarch, the great scholar and poet of Italy 500 years ago, who was crowned with the laurel wreath at Rome. "Well," he said, "it is a short story, hardly worth telling. I acquired new interests in Petrarch in 1880, while in Venice, and I got an edition of his works in Italian and read them to my wife as we went up the Nile. We had our own private boat, so that we were independent of time-tables, and we were enabled to carry forward reading and sight-seeing together. On returning to Paris, my wife was prostrated with the disease of which she died, and while watching by her bedside I began this collection. I had some cards printed asking for Petrarch literature, and circulated them all over Europe. The result was the collection of a library of 2000 volumes of Petrarch in the incredibly short space of two years.

Of the 500 editions of his works extant in many languages, I have all but half a dozen. I have the first edition of the sonnets and Italian poems, dated Venice, 1470—for that I paid \$1000. I have the second edition, Rome, 1471, and the third edition, Padua, 1472—the finest of all. This was compiled by Cardinal Bembo, from what were declared to be Petrarch's original manuscripts—now lost. During the last year I have passed my time in the libraries of Florence, Bologna, Venice and Padua in the morning, visited book-sellers in the afternoon, and in the evening catalogued my purchases. I have been to every place where Petrarch ever lived, to his birthplace, to the town where he went to school, to the various cities of his sojourn, to the home of his "Laura," to the place where he took priest's orders, to Montpellier, where he studied law, to Avignon, where he saw life, to the beautiful valley of Vancluse, where he wrote, to the little village of Arqua, where he died, and from every place I brought something.—W. A. Croffus.

### Horticulture.

HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.—The Hybrid Perpetual Roses being hardy, and embracing nearly all colors, from the purest white to the richest crimson, are deservedly a very popular class of roses. They are of easy culture, not requiring but benefited by protection at their roots with mulching of leaves or evergreen boughs during winter. They thrive well in any rich soil, but best in a well prepared stiff loamy soil, carefully top-dressed with good rotted stable manure in the fall. The term perpetual might lead some to think they are as constant bloomers as the ever-blooming roses. This is not the case. They flower freely in June and at short intervals during the summer and fall.

BRINGING SHRUBS INTO SHAPE.—Before the buds start this spring is the time to impart a symmetrical form to ornamental shrubs. In order to prevent a check to their vigor, cut back the branches which are too long, before the buds open. If much out of shape this work may be done in two or three successive years. Avoid the stiffness sometimes resulting from shearing and allow a natural and graceful outline. Nearly every place new or old may be improved by setting out ornamental shrubs of which they are now deficient, provided the space they are to occupy is not already crowded, and without encroaching on desired breadth of clear lawn. A few kinds may be named which are among the finest ornaments. Deutzia gracilis, as well as deutzia scabra or crenata, weigela, viburnum plicatum, spiraea prunifolia, Persian lilac, prunus triloba, purple barberry, silver bells, panicle hydrangea, and the hardy azaleas and hardy rhododendrons. The strong growing roses are not to be omitted provided they can have a good breadth of mellow, rich soil.—Country Gentleman.

### A Woman's Wit.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. Governor B—used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote: One day there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman. "Be you the Squire?" asked the manly youth. "Yes, sir." "Can you tie the knot for us right away?" "Yes, sir." "How much do you charge?" "One dollar is the legal fee, sir." "Will you take your fee in beeswax?" "Yes, if you can't pay cash." "Well, go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax." "No," said the Squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun; "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you." Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched the horse, upon which, Darby and Joan fashion, they had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack. On being weighed, its value was found to be only sixty cents. "Wall," said the anxious youth, "tie the knot and I'll fetch more wax next week." "No, sir, I don't trust; that is against the rules of this office." Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying, "Come, Sal, let's go." "I say, mister," answered Sal, with a woman's wit, "can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?" "Yes, I can, and will," replied the Squire laughing, and he did.

Tradition relates that in some of the Spanish-Indian wars that followed the discovery of America, the Indians were so frightened at the flashing of the Spanish swords, that they determined to attack the Spaniards in the night when the glitter could not be seen. The fight was made; and alas! the sword cut just as keen in the dark though the glitter was unseen. "The sword of the Lord," is a terrible in the dark as in the daylight. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

### After-Dinner Oratory.

#### The Great Superiority of American Over English Speakers.

It has often been debated whether it is to climate, to race, to the influence of free institutions, or to some other subtle cause that men owe the gift of eloquence, and in a little book called "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries," it is stated that the prince of American orators was firm in his conviction that, as a predisposing cause, climate outweighed all the rest. If such be the case, the climate of these islands is evidently less calculated to create good speakers than that of the North American Continent, as among us there is not one man fluent of tongue against the ten to whom our kinsfolk in the United States can point. Take, for instance, that rarest, and, to Englishmen, most difficult accomplishment of after-dinner oratory, and who, that has attended a public dinner in London, and another in New York, can doubt upon which side of the Atlantic the superiority in this respect lies?

About a quarter of a century since, Richard Cobden, then at his apogee as one of the most persuasive and practical speakers in the House of Commons, chanced to pay a visit to Chicago, in order to look after an investment he had made in the Illinois Central Railroad. There a complimentary dinner was given to him, at which some forty guests were included. Among them was a fairly representative sprinkling of the bankers, merchants, lawyers, speculators and what not of that wonderful young city; and, dinner being over, speaking was freely indulged in, the verdict of all present—Englishmen and Americans—being that the worst speeches of the evening came from Richard Cobden's lips.

People were wont, twenty years since, to regard Charles Dickens as an after-dinner speaker almost without a superior in either hemisphere. The last visit of the great novelist to the United States sufficed, however, to dissipate the illusion under which his countrymen were laboring. "Finally, gentlemen," remarked Charles Dickens, at the banquet given to him in New York on April 18, 1868, "I do believe that from every honest mind upon both sides of the Atlantic, there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of which has in its own way done so much for freedom, being ever arrayed, the one against the other."

Compare with the hyperbole of this extravagant or, to use an Americanism, "hifalutin" elocution, the easy grace and dignity of the speech delivered with admirable effect by the American ambassador, James Russell Lowell, at the dinner recently given by the Institution of Civil Engineers. There were Englishmen present at that dinner who—again to employ an Americanism—were well calculated to "hold up their end of the plank." The House of Peers was represented by Lord Kimberley; the House of Commons by Mr. Bright, Sir Richard Cross and Mr. Childers. No one of ordinary culture who chanced to hear or to read the speeches delivered by the English cabinet minister would—to use a phrase of which Robert Southey was very fond—have "had his mind scratched" by any one of them. Mr. Bright, indeed, could not altogether get away from party politics, even upon that confessedly neutral ground. But when Mr. Lowell rose, there was, in the accents, the delivery, the voice, the manner, and still more in the words of the speaker, that which irresistibly engaged the fancy and riveted the attention of the hearers.

#### The Tenor and the Italian Dude.

A curious instance of Italian manners and customs is reported from Milan M. Prevost, the tenor at the Dal Verme Theatre, was at a cafe a few nights ago with a lady, when he observed a young man staring at her in the offensive way so common among young Italians who wish to be considered lady-killers. M. Prevost resented the offense to this extent: he boxed the young man's ear. When on the next night M. Prevost appeared on the stage he was received with a storm of yells and hisses. The second tenor then came forward to express a hope that as M. Prevost was not an Italian he might perhaps be excused if he did not quite understand Italian ways; but the audience went on yelling as before. A police officer now came forward and announced that the representation must cease, and then he hissed. The second tenor made another attempt in vain. The police officer tried again, but with no more success. Finally M. Prevost himself appeared and urged that he had no hostile feeling toward Italy; that French and Italians had fought side by side, and that he had only wished to give a lesson to a youth who had acted offensively toward a lady. This little apology was favorably received and the representation was resumed.

### Reminiscence of a Self-made Man.

BY MRS. MARY E. THROFF CONE.

Early one bright spring morning, some ten years ago, my sister and I found ourselves seated in one of the comfortable cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, bound for the great West.

It was a superb day, and as we swept away from Philadelphia and out through the open country, past hill and dale, wood and field, I leaned back in the seat and gave myself up to enjoyment. The window was up, the air was balm, and the scenery wonderfully beautiful. There had been a rain the day before, and everything was glowing in the magnificent freshness of June. Light clouds like snow-drifts were sailing across the sky and shadowing the fields and slopes, so vividly green, between which the bright steel rails stretched their serpentine way. Tasteful villas and neat substantial farm houses everywhere graced the pleasant land. Groups of fat cattle dotted the distance, and barns that loomed up in rivalry to the farm-houses, often surpassing them in size and prominence, testified impressively to the wealth of the fertile region through which we were passing. A slight breeze was rippling the pink and white clover blossoms, toying with the green blades of the young corn, whispering to the leaves of the groves where birds were singing, and occasionally, and afar off, flashed a glimpse where bright blue waters were shining.

I have seen, in my wanderings, many more glorious landscapes than that of Chester Valley, riven rocks and lofty Alps, unfathomed and mighty waters, eloquent of the power and majesty of God, or glittering towers and gorgeous palaces full of the pride of man; but this tranquil scenery, teeming with abundance, breathes only of the love and beneficence of its creator. Yes, it was a superb day, and I sat gazing on the charming panorama so rapidly unfurling, as our iron horse bore us swiftly on, in a perfect dream of delight, which, all at once, was rudely broken by a shock, a crash, and a sudden quick whistle for "down brakes." A shudder of alarm, ran like an electric shock through the passengers, some starting to their feet, others sitting still, pale and waiting; but the one gentleman directly in front of us left the car instantly, quietly, and returning in a few minutes, remarked in a distinct, reassuring tone that all could hear: "Only a cart derailed, served it right, carelessness, left it partly on the track." Seating himself in front again, and turning half around to us, he said kindly, for my sister was still trembling: "I hope you were not alarmed, Miss, there's really nothing to fear." Then, with gentle consideration and by way of diverting her mind, he called her attention to the Paoli, whose pleasant groves and shaded roads we were then passing, and sketched its history.

Whilst the gentleman was absorbing A's attention by his concise and graphic accounts, I could not resist watching him, he said so little and that little meant so much. He was a man of medium height, fine features, well-proportioned figure, rather inclined to embonpoint. He had a certain reserved air of the gentleman about him, and a look of remarkable penetration in his keen blue-gray eye. Though not a man of many words, he possessed the happy faculty of imbuing others with his own views and aims, and his whole bearing conveyed the idea of still strength, of repressed power.

Careful hands had prepared for us sandwiches and some delicacies, so that we preferred to decline his polite invitation to dine, when we arrived at Altoona. An invitation given with such tact and good breeding that it seemed eminently proper and kind.

When we were alone I whispered to A., "What a superior man!"

"Yes," said my sister, "how admirably he recounted in a few words the defeats, the weary marches, the struggles and the sufferings of the Continental Army for Liberty, as we passed by the localities where the scenes of the Revolutionary war had been enacted. Moreover," she continued, "he impressed me as exactly the kind of man who would have come unselfishly to the rescue of two helpless, unprotected women, if there had been a serious accident, involving loss of life, this morning."

Very soon the gentleman returned and resumed his place again, but three passengers had come to occupy the seat in front of him in the meantime—a weary looking, not over clean Irishwoman, with a stout restless boy of three years, and a dirty, fretful infant of ten or twelve months. The boy clamored for a drink of water. The mother disinclined or afraid to leave her cross baby and her bundles, tried to quiet him without it, especially as the cooler was at the other end of the car. She gave him cake and promised him candy if he would be content, but all to no purpose. "Water, water," nothing but a drink of water, would satisfy the young autocrat.

The gentleman in front had been dictating replies to telegrams from his window, but as soon as the car started, and he realized the dilemma of the worried mother opposite, he went for water, and bringing her a glassful presented it with the courtesy of a Chesterfield.

"There, did I not tell you so!" whispered my sister triumphantly. She was right—that little unselfish act was typical of the man, as I afterwards discovered. The benevolence of his nature flowed out like a deep silent stream. He gave freely as to him had been given. None sought aid from him in vain, when they presented a worthy cause. Noble hearted, enterprising, farseeing, judicious, and of untiring energy, this man was a leader amongst men.

Pittsburg was, at that time, the traveler's place of destination. He left us there, after having commended us to the especial care of the conductor, and we missed his protecting but unobtrusive kindness continually, as we pursued our journey.

Years afterward, traveling with my husband, the same gentleman and myself became fellow-travelers again. This time we met on the steamer Pennsylvania homeward bound from Liverpool.

It was directly after the failure of the world renowned firm of Jay Cooke & Co., and how many tourists with worthless letters of credit, consequent upon the great crash, this princely man helped out of their difficulties, he in his modesty and delicate consideration for the feelings of others, would not be willing to have made known.

He regretted sincerely that Jay Cooke had been forced into bankruptcy; said it was not only unnecessary but wrong, and that the only fault attributable to the great financier was the fact that his sagacious, progressive mind was a score of years in advance of his times.

The traveler had one peculiarity that I envied him: he could conquer sleep. The drowsy god would come at his bidding; and not infrequently, in the day time, when the passengers were chatting around him, have I seen him close his eyes and doze off for an hour or more. As usual, he was kind to all during the voyage, and carefully attentive to his young wife, of whom he was evidently very proud, and with reason, for she bore the stamp of nature's nobility on her graceful form and beautiful face.

Again I stand beside him, but he has started on the long journey from which no traveler returns. Again it is spring, and the sunshine is on my head, the air is kissing my cheek, and I can hear the rush and whistle of the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the distance; but he, the mainspring of its greatness, has sought the silent grave and laid him down to rest. Here in Woodland Cemetery, "the little city white and still," under tall trees, beautiful with sunshine and verdure, and tuneful with the song of birds and whispering breezes, he sleeps "the sleep that knows no waking." A massive granite tomb mark the grave, fit emblem of the massive intellect of him whose pulse is stilled forever; but grander and more enduring than all the granite of earth is the giant corporation moulded by the master mind of Col. Thomas A. Scott, controlling the mightiest railway system in the world.

[The above is published as a specimen of descriptive eulogy, which for simplicity of style, purity of English and absence of verbiage and tautology is a gem of composition, from the pen of one of the most beautiful writers in America.]

### An Honest Boy.

There were a dozen of us waiting around the depot at Chattanooga to take the train for Atlanta, and pretty soon a stout, red-faced and high-tempered man from Columbus, O., began jawing about the way he had been bled by the waiters at the hotel, and added that there wasn't a single honest nigger south of Mason and Dixon's line. "I beg your pardon, but I must differ with you," remarked a man from South Carolina. "Differ be hanged!" shouted the fat man. "I wouldn't trust one of 'em out of sight with a 10-cent piece." "Oh, you certainly misunderstand them. I'll bet you the cigars that if I give one of 'em a \$10 bill to get changed he'll return as straight as a string." "I'll do it. Give your money to that chap by the window." The gentleman walked over, took a bill from his pocket, and quietly said: "Boy, run up-town and get change for this." "Yes, sah," was the reply, as the youth hurried out. In about fifteen minutes he returned, walked up to the Carolinian, returned the bill and said: "Went all ober, sah, but couldn't get it busted." He was rewarded with a dime, and the Buckeye, after a great deal of puffing and blowing and wondering over it paid the cigars. As we boarded the train I asked the winner: "Did you know the boy?" For answer he took the bill from his vest pocket and unfolded it. It was a \$10 Confederate note.