The First Will Recorded Hore Sears the Date of March St. 1730—Rearly all the Kerly Testaments Were of a Breegly Religious Character.

The first will on record in the register's office of Lancaster county was probated on March 31, 1730. It was that of Cadwalader Eille, and began with the form in vogue then and which is still athered to by many scriponers. It begins :

enera. It begins i

"In the name of Gal, Amen. I, Uadwaiader Eilis, of Cernaryou, in the county of
Lancaster and Province of Pennsylvania,
husbandman, being sick and weak in body,
but of sound and perfect memory, thanks be
given to Almighty God, do make this my
last will and testament in manner and form
following (that is to say): First, I give and
bequeath my soul into the hands of Jeans
Christ, my gracious Redeemer, by whose
morey I hope to be saved, and my body I
commit to the earth to be Christianiy and decently burles."

Another early form is

"Knowing that it is appointed for all men to die, I would muse this my last will and testament, and I recommend my soul to God who gave it, and my body to the earth to be

Another is :

I direct my body to be decently buried at the discretion of my friends, nothing doubting but at the last day I shall receive the same sgain."

MUST OBEY THEIR MOTHER In the early part of the century is a will in which the testator gives his whole estate to his wife, but he enjoins upon her to give each child to at, clothes and learning for seven years, and a good suit of clothes and bedding when they leave home. But he

but she is to pay for their maintenance. Here is snother form : "Calling to remembrance the uncertain es tate of this transitory life, and that all flesh must yield unto death when it shall please God to call, I make this my last will."

provides if the children do not obey their mother they are to be sent away from home

Here is a peculiar testament : A. D., 17-, the - day of ---sickness I have writ this as to show my wire has to behave herself if I should die." He then goes on and disposes of his property and concludes by stating that if she should come to marry scain, then his property is to be divided, according to his brotherly orders and the custom of the country. This is the beginning of a few wills probited

in 1735:

"I bequeath my soul to God who gave it, and my body to be buried in a Christian and decent manner, not doubting in the least but it shall be raised again at the resurrection on the last day, and that my soul and body shall be united and stand before the judgment seat of Christ, our only Lord and Savior."

"I bequeath my soul to God, my maker, heping that through the death and merits and mediation of Jesus Christ to receive free pardon of all my sens."

pardon of all my sins."

"I first recommend my immertal spirit unto the heads of my great the area, trusting in the merits of my blessed Savier for pardon and remission of all my sins and a mappy admission into the regions of blessed immertality."

In the early part of the present century wills written in the German language were not recorded. They were received and filed Now the register has them recorded in Ger man and a translation made of them in Eog lish for refered co, which is very convenient for those having to look at them who do not understand the terman

For the past fifty years wills written

others than e-untry seriveners do not have the preliminary paragraphs above noted. As a rule, they begin, " Boing weak of body, but sound of mind. I make this my last will and testament" The following paragraph is in a will probated within the past fifteen years and no more penuliar paragraph can be found in all the record books of the register'

"I deem it right in this solemn and im portant act of my incompany the following reflections, seeing test an things are perish ing and surject to change and these, let us as parerts, culdren, relations and thence, seek through Jesus Christ to secure an in beritance among the redeemed in the New Heaver and New Earth, that will be endur These are only extracts from a few of the

RAIS IN THE COAL MINES

Harrisburg Corr. S. Y. Son.

p in the coal region James A. Sweeny, extrember of the Parnsylvania legislature from Lozerne county, and known throughout the state as Truth ful James of Haziston, "when one person wants to pay the highest possible compliment to snother person's intelligence, says he knows as much as a mine rat And that is a compliment, too, I can tell you, for a mine rat knows enough to satisfy any man. They not only know a heap, but they do very funny things. I have known them to break up a long strike in the mines when every other effort to bring it to a close bac failed, and I remember instances when they have become so numerous in mines that i was necessary to suspend operations until they could be thinned out by attacks of the

"In one mine near liszleton, where I live, the rats were so numerous a few years ago and became so bold that it was impossible for the miners to keep any feed for themselves, and even the scap, tamp oil, and other supplies used in their work were devoured by the army of rate that overran the chambers. The persistent animals would gnaw through the tool boxes in a very short time and get at and coal to prevent the animals getting at the contents, and even they frequently dug down and secured the victuals. Many a time a miner would be compelled to fight with a horde of hungry rats that disputed with him n of his lunch.

"In the mine I am speaking of the rats not only robbed the mules of all their feed, but at tacked the mules themselves. It was a common thing for miners, going to work in the morning, to find the stable floors covered with hundreds of raisthat had been trampled to death by the muice, as it ascemed to be a favorite set with the rais to gnaw the fetlocks of the mules, frequently eating them away, notwithstanding the scores of their own numnotwithstanding the scores of their own num-bers that were crushed beneath the mules' feet. I have myself seen mine rats covering a stable floor a l-ot deep, having thus failen victims to their greed for live mule flesh. "In this mine matters got so desperate for the miners that something had to be done. The myles grew thin and weak, and could not do their work. The miners got tired of loving

their dinners day after day, and it seemed to be a question of only a short time when it would be impossible to work the mine at all. So at last the operators ordered the mules taken out and work abandoned until the rata could be exterminated. Poisoned food was scattered about in the mine and left there to do its work. This was done so effectually that three days afterward, when the men re-entered the mine, they found the tunnels so thickly strewn with dead rate that the car-causes filled three mine cars holding a ton

and a haif eact.
"As a general thing a coal miner will not harm a rat. Some miners would as soon think of killing his children as he would o harm a rat. Some miners would as soon think of killing his children as he would of killing a mine rat. The reason of that is that these animals will not stay in a mine where danger is threatened. Miners say that these rate have an instinct that warms them of a pending fall of roof or similar accident in a mine, and when they are seen scampering away from one section of the mine to another the workmen know they are giving them a danger signal, and they harry away in response to it, and the chances are that there will be a cave-in in the section thus abandoned. I know of several instances where the lives of many miners have been saved by this belief in the rat as a danger signal, and also of the loss of life by others who ridiculed the idea. Once, near histoton, the rats left a mine in droves, and the men—there were fitty of them—lost no time in getting out also Before the day was over the entire section where they had been working caved in. At Harleigh, a few years ago, there was a similar case, except that three of the miners refused to quit work. The fall of roof closed them in, and their bodies were never recovered. Seventeen mules also perished with them. The fall was so great that the mine

was decreased and no strongs was over made to work a squis.

"The belief in mine rais giving warning of danger in based on good grounds. The theory is that when a mine begins to work, as the quiet settling of one preparatory to a big cave in is called, the rate are disturbed in their holes and hiding places as they become contracted, and they hurry away to seek places of anety. That is all there is about it, but the miners attribute it to something much deeper than that simple cause, and consequently have a feeling for the mine rais akin to awa. It is a common sight to see a miner feeding half a dozon or more from his dinner pail. Frequently they become so tame that they will climb on a miner's lap as he sits at his lunch, and crowd around him to receive such portions of his meal as he has taught them to expect. Some of them grow to an enormous siz, and there is a story told smoog the miners near Hazieton about how one of their number once fed and trained a dozen or more, which had grown to such dimensions that he used them in harness, and they drew his buggy of cost daily from the breast where he worked to the dumping place. There are people who don't believe that, but it was told to me by a man who worked with the miner who had the rata, and he says it's a fact. But I've each mine rata myself as big as a powder key.

"It is during a strike in the mines when the workings are abandoned for the time, that the mine rata are especially annoying to mining villages. The rats leave the mines then and awarm about the dwellings of the workings. I remember once there was a strike at one of the collieries. Both operators and miners refused to give in, and the bossess declared that grass would grow around the mouth of the slope before they would consent to the demands of the men, while the mouth of the slope before they would consent to the demands of the men, while the mouth of the slope before they would consent to the demands of the men, while the mouth of the slope before they would consent to the demands of the men,

men wore they would cut the grass and eat it, if it was necessary, before they would yield a single point. The mules were taken from the mines and turned out to pasture. The rats, being thus deprived of their sustenance, abandoned the mine and took up their quarters about the miners houses, where they became a terror to the families. The strike emitrued, and the supplies of the men became exhausted. Miners at neighboring collieries who were at work responded to the requests of their striking brattree for add, and sent them a wagen load of supplies of various kinds. These were taken in charge by a committee and stored in a building, from which they were to be distributed to the needlest of the miners. The first night the store was raided by the rats and everything devoured or carried away. Four different loads of supplies were furnished in thing devoured or carried away. Four dis-ferent loads of supplies were furnished in this way, but the rats got the biggest share of them. A good many of the miners kept cows at that time, there being plenty of free pasturage about the piace, but soon after the strike began to lessen their yield of milk. This could not be understood until one morn-ing a miner went to his harnyard and discoving a miner went to his barnyard and disco ored half a dozen big rats sucking the milk from his cow as she lay on the ground. These combinations against them at last forced the strikers to weaken, and they finally went to work on such terms as they could obtain, absolutely beaten by the de-vouring horde of rata."

HOME STATISTICS OF SUICIDE.

reatures of the Crime in the United Stat Bronght Out by Study. Some noteworthy statistics have been put lished by The Chronicle, an insurance news paper, giving the result of a record kept for the five years ending with February, 1887, of the suicides in the United States as they have been reported in local newspapers throughout the country. The suicides thus brought to notice number 8,226. No starming increase is to be perceived year by year if exception is made of the unusually heavy int-1,943-of last year. The average for the period gives about 1,615 to each year. The statistics seem to show conclusively that summer is the season when suicides are the most frequent and winter the season when they are most infrequent. Spring and autumn furnish about equal numbers, suggesting that these seasons rank about equal as respects influence on the crime of self destruc tion. The difference between summer and

per cent, more cases of suicide than the lat-

ier, As regards the months, June shows the

largest list and February the smallest.

The classification by ages is naturally im-perfect but the fact is well brought out that suicide is most common between the ages of wenty-five and sixty. The greatest number reported at a single age is 212 at the age of torty five. The range of ages is wide, reach ing from five years to ninety-six. The record by causes shows the chief cause to be insanity, so-called. Family trouble accounts for a large number of suicides, while business trouble, love trouble, destitution, dissipation, sickness, and fear of punishment are important causes more or less prolific. The classification by causes also reveals cases where the self-destroyer has been impelled to business form trivial reasons. The to his faral set from trivial reasons. The classification by condition shows a greater proportion of suicides among the married ban the un-married, which is contrary to dition, the suicidal death rate among the female sex. Shooting, poisoning, hang ing, drowning, and cutting the throat, in the order named, are the means of death commonly adopted. Probably nine tenths of all effectes fall under one of these heads Various other methods, however, are occaionally practiced and eccentric and revolt n of death, although not infrequent inknown. The grouping by nation the nationality is subject in many instance to conjecture. The excessive suicide rate among dermans bears out the theory of sui-dents of the crime of suicide. As the figures stand the suicides among the foreign elemen

of the population considerably outnumber the suicides among Americans. The list of occupations is a long one and touches about all grades of social station and employment. The heaviest mortality is among farmers, and in this we have a result among farmers, and in this we have a result in which all authorities agree, i. e., that numerically, if not relatively, suicides are more frequent among the agricultural class than any other. The classification by sex shows that suicides among males are to suicides as 3 6 to 1. The distribution by states and territories gives Illinois the largest number. The ratio of suicides to population is an interterrito les gives Illinois the largest number. The ratio of suicides to population is an interesting and significant point. Morcelli, a European authority on suicides, speaks of "the centre of Europe from the northeast of France to the eastern borders of Germany" as a "suicidigenous area." In this area suicide "reaches the maximum of its intensity." In the effort to find out whether the United Niates has a "suicidigenous area," The Chronicle has taken the records of suicides by states and calculated the annual suicides by states and calculated the annual suicide

ecording to the population.

"If a chart were constructed," says The
Chronicle, "it would show that our principa suicidigenous area' has its centre in Indian ciptously, deaths by one's own hand, owing to the large African population, being very lew in the Southern states. Westward, north ward and eastward the descent is more grad-ual. On the Pacific coast there is another Saulcidigenous area' with its centre in Oze-

About five suicides occur during the hours of day to every two during the hours of night. For some unknown reason the classification by days of the month distinguishes the eleventh as a day of pronounced suicidal

A Cute Advertisement, A Pittsburg merchant as an advertisement offered a prize of \$20 to the first person solving the following problem: Take these figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, add them together and make 100 without using any figure twice." There were a great many an swers, but the only correct one received wa sent in by a young lady, and wos as follows

100

THE PHANTON LUTE.

Ventce, 16lover staging a serenad Unto an air divinely played stands where shadows are deepest laid.

So wrapt he is-so wrought with love For the lady listening just above, That nothing he bears. The rippling shove Of gondola oars that rise and dip -

wash of eddies that backward slip. send no pallor to cheek or lip Sudden he stops - a blow ! a groun !-

A spinshing of cars, and a lute, down thrown, Floats on the shuddering waves alone. Floats and floats-and forever shall. A spi it haunting the old canal— Humming the ghost of a madrigal —Charles H Luders, in "Hallo, My Fancy."

You will remember,—or, more likely, you won't—that more than a year ago, when writing about the short story so a distinctive element in our American literature, I mentioned one which had appeared in The Centers as four appears there as a post time before, as in my contrast. tury a short time before, as in my opinion the most perfect specimen of that kind of literature that had yet been written. "Marse Chan " was the title of the story ; and it was by an author whose name was new to me: Thomas Nelson Page. If he had never written snything more, that one gem of a story would have given him a prominent place in the galaxy of bright and shining lights that have arisen in the literary firma-ment of the "New Mouth" since the storm of war has cleared it of the benumbing vapors and depressing clouds that so long had wrapped the spiritual life of the South as

It was very gratifying to me, after I had formed and expressed the above opinion, to find that it was verified, with a unanimity that was rather remarkable, by nearly all the leading critics of the press; while the general lighted welcome, as containing the "promise and potency" of indefinite enjoyment in the future. And I am confident that thousands looked forward with me full of expectancy from month to month, and easyerly scanned the pages of The Century, for something more from the gifted pen of Thomas Nelson Page. Nor did we look in vain. For soon came "Meh Lady," a worthy successor of "Marse Chan"; and from time to time several others in the same delightful vein.

This was gratifying indeed, but it was not wholly satisfactory. Some kinds of litera-ture, in fact, according to my taste, the great bulk of magazine abort stories and long ones too, one is content to read once and then cast sside, or at most preserve in a dismembered and scattered state in the bound volumes of the magazine, - , kind of sembalming and burial from which there is no resurrection to real life. But once to a long while there appears a novel, or a succession of short stories, the first reading of which is only a kind of apfirst reading of which is only a kind of appetizer. One wants to read them again, and yet again; one wants to have them apart by themselves; one wants them all together in a book, as a permanent piece of literature, to take its place, on our shelves for reference and repeated enjoyment by the whole family? To this exceptional class I fait that Mr. Page's stories preeminently belonged. They are too good meat for a mere magazine sandwich. They are a whole dish in themselves. And they taste better separately and alone than with a melange of miscellaucous secompaniments, however good and interesting those latter may be.

I can prove the correctness of this notion for Mr. Page's stories have just been gathered into such a separate form, and issued in a convenient and attractive volume by Charles Scribner's Sons of New York, under the appropriate title of In Ole Virginia, with the sub-title of Marse Chan and Other Stories. These Other Stories are five in number, and follow each other in this order: "Une' Edinburg's Drowndin', A Plantation Echo": "Meh Lady: A Story of the War;" "Ole 'Stracted;" "No Haid Pawn" (No "Ole 'Stracted; " "No Haid Pawn" (No Head Pond); and "Poliy: A Christmas Recollection." The binding of this volume is so striking, more unique than beautiful, as at once to arrest attention, snd, what may have been the intention, to tempt even the most careless and indifferent to pick it up and examine it more closely. The dull green ground has a kind of lattice-work of red, through and over which twines a Virginia creeper, with leaves almost natural size, in bright yellow. Tots design, with the title in yellow and red, covers the whole side of the book, while the back corresponds with it. It certainly is original, and as certainly attracts attention to the volume.

After again reading the stories, as collected n this volume, my first opinion concerning Marse Chan " is rather strangthened than otherwise. It is the best short story in dislect I have ever read. And the " Other lect I have ever read. And the "Other Stories" are second in excettence only to it, except "No Hard Pawa" which has considerably less merit. In making this estimate of Mr. Page's work, I do not forget the productions of his own more famous predecessors in the same line. I haven't read any of Joel Chandler Harris's, or of Maurice Thompson's, or of Frank R Stockton's negro sketches with anything like the same degree of pure enjoyment that the reading of degree of pure enjoyment that the reading of the five best stories in this volume has at forded me. Nor do I place them second in literary merit to Bret Harte's California char-acter sketches, or to Gaorge Cable's "Old Creole Days," nor yet to Miss Muriree's "In the Tennessee Mountains."

By this I don't mean to say that his deneation of the negro character, or repro duction of the East Virginian negro's dia ect, is more accurate than those of the negroes, crecies, mountaineers, and frontiers men depicted by these other authors : for o that I am not a competent judge. What I mean is that his stories, simply as stories, are equal to the best of their kind ever writton. And, in fact, they treat less of the negrothan of his former aristocratic " marse" and " mistis". old Virginian untitled "nobility," of the bitter jealousies and hatreds, the deadly feuds, the strong attachments, the pride and chivairy, of all that entered into their relations with one another, and with their slaves. And, what is peculiar to these stories, and perhaps an essential slaves of their charmes. ntial element of their charm sell these characteristics are presented from the point of view, not of the slave owners, nor of Northerner, but of the slaves themselves. a Northerner, but of the slaves themselves. Thus the first three stories are put into the mouths of the devoted old body servants of their respective beroes, and narrated by them in their own style and language entirely. The story of "Ole Stracted," too, is largely told in the same way by a negro; and so, partly at least, is "Polly."

Now while this dialect of the negroes Eastern Virginia is very unlike that of the negroes in any other part of the South. and while unquestionably it is not, at first at least, easy work to read and understand the barbarous jargon, yet to translate these stories into our every day English would be like extracting all the pepper and sait from an oyster stew. The oysters are there, indeed, but their relish and pungency is gone. So in these sketches the plot would remain the same, there would still be rich humor and all the deep pathos in each, but that which, by very contrast, perhaps, with the rude jargon, gives the chief charm to the whole, would vanish if they were told in any other tongue

After all is said and done, however, in this volume even more than in any ot Bret Harte's or of "Uncle Remus's," this disect element only belongs to the setting of the pieces. The real worth of the literary gems it presents is not affected by it. This spens, for example in "Polly." In this appears, for example in "Polly." In this the negro dialect is given only a small place, and all the negroes in it are only incidental and subordinate, and yet the story loses none of its broad humor under which is concealed its deep and touching pathos. No, the true claim to excellence in Mr. Page's creations than the property and quantities so I had lies not in the novelty and quaintness of his characters and their language, nor in the interest of the scenes and times which he portrays; but essentially in the skill and delicate yet firm touch with which he has analyzed the human heart, and then shows us, not the analytic process, but the result, in "Marse Chan" and in "Ole Ham," in "Cun'l Chahmb'lin" and "Miss Anne," in the swearing old colonel, the drunken raccally "Torm," and the altogether charming

Some of the pregnaut, forcible, and pithy saying and similes of "the quarters" which sparkle on pages of this little book, are sito-gether worthy of "Uncie Remus" and equal to the choicest of "Uncie Esek's Wisdom." gether worthy of "Uncle Hemus" and equal to the choicest of "Uncle Eeck's Wisdom." Take, for example, this declaration of "Unc' Edinburg" concerning the female sex; "Dees monaus 'ceivin' critters, womens is, jes as onreliable as de hind-leg of a mule; a man got to watch em'all detime; you kyarn break em' like you kin horses."

Or take this description of "Meb Lady" by the devoted old Man: "When she'd come in you' house 'twuz like you'd shove back de winder an' let piece o' de sun in on de flo'—you could almos' see by her !"

Could anything be more expressive and forcible than this, of the change of fortune brought on by the war among the old Southern aristocracy? "Dem whar ain' nuver

While the wit and wisdom in this book, often most curiously mingled, are such as to make one laugh while thinking and think while most heartily laughing, deeper than these, hardly ever hidden, there runs a strong current of profound carnestness, that not infrequently breaks out into a pathon that is tenuer and touching in the extreme. It is indeed by this quality I should characterize the stories, and from which they derive their wholesomest charm. As full of humor as are the works of some of our most noted humorists, they do not only make us inith at the same time. And the thoughts we have to think are worthy and noble thoughts, the centiments called forth are altogether pure and making for righteouness; thoughts and feelings together melting into tears, more than once, the heart that is not petrified to an unmanly hardness.

Since writing the above I have read " Jack ' in The Century for June. It is by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps of whose exquisite " Madonna of the Tube "I wrote some time ago. I am almost inclined to give this pathetic, heart-stiering, and powerful story of "Jack" as high a place in the short story class of literature as I have given "Marse Chan" But it is so different in every way, in scene, charsters, and motif that it would hardly ue fair to compare the two. At all events, however, it is a gen; a most touching, strong and altogether wholesome piece of literary work. Don't fall to read it. It will do you good.

UNCAS. of the Tube" I wrote some time ago. I am

COUNT LEG TOLATOL



The Great Russian Novelist and Some of His

famous Works. The fate of Count Leo Tolstoi's latest work. The Power of Darkness," is the subject of nuch speculation in literary circles. The Imperial Atexander theatre of St. Petersburg was about to perform the play when suddenly its appearance was prohibited, not only in that city, but on any Russian stage and its sale by publishers and booksellers at the same time strenuously prohibited. The outcome of these proceedings are eagerly written anything but the pampulat recently translated into English, entitled "My Raligion," his name would find world wide recognition as one of the most remarkable men of the ago. But Count Tolstoi has written also a number of novels which are con-sidered by the Russian, German and French "Anna Karennia" and "Cossacks" by Tolstei, will live as long as any novel by Tourgenett. Aside from being a first-class writer, Leo Tolstoi is a very conspicuous character in other respects. He is a man who has lived through all the intellectual and moral phrases to which Russian society has been subject for the last quarter of a century, He has experienced personally all the pleasures of the world, and he has found them all to be vanity and vexation of spirit. By birth and education he belonged to the best society and yet that society had no charms for him. He took part in the Crimean war, but the soldier's role was not to his liking. He was made a courtier, but the life at the Imperial court did not please him. The literary world of Russia honored him as a master equal, if not superior, to Tourgenerf, and yet he did not feel satisfied. He was rich and he tried in good earnest to reform the degraded lasses in Mosessw ; but when he learned how leep were the social wounds, his hands tropped in exhaustion and his heart was dropped in exhaustion and his heart was filled with despair. Some ideal led him up-ward, but he could not perceive the right way of resching it. It was then that, being about fifty years old, he thought o suicide, religious sect in Russia proved a salvation for him. He became a philanthrophist of the most pronounced kind, giving his money and much of his time to the distressed and needy; it is sai i he now lives in a common country house, consisting of one immense room, and filled with all sorts of necessary articles including libraries of useful backs room, and filled with all sorts of necessary articles including libraries of useful books and manual tools. His children work in turn at the bench or at the desk. When one quite his manual labor the other leaves otellectual talk and takes the other's place. Thus is Count Tolstoi leading a useful, happy life.

POINTS ON FIRMING.

Two Little Boys Triumph Over a Salmon That Was Hard to Land. A good story regarding the great run of salmon in the Penotscot has been the topic at Bangor. Many sportsmen from New York, and even further south, are there with the most seductive devices for fish killings and thin flies lash the river above and below the city from sunrise to sanset. Among the native sportsmen who have rivalled the visitors are two small boys II and I3 years old, who are now the heroes of the town. They have an old boat in which they spend all their spare hours on the river. For fishing tackle they secure a long, straight stick, like a bean pole, a cord nearly as large as a lead pencil and strong enough to hold a whale, and a small ordinary hook. They paddled around on the river daugling the worm-batted hook at the end of the rope until they got a bite. The elder lad had the pole, and the fish with a rush almost hauled him ou of the boat. The boy was equal to the emer-gency, and he hung on like an Alabama claim.

He yelled to the other boy to pull for shore, He yelled to the other boy to pull for shore, The little fellow worked away at the oars like a Trojau, while the fish pulled almost as hard as he did. The struggle was a long one, but the boat finally reached shoat water near the bank. The fish rushed about frantically, and the boys could not land him. Finally the boy at the pole, getting the fish near the boat, handed the line to the other, and improved overheard for a handle bend. and jumped overboard for a hand-to-hand tustie with the game.

The water reached to his waist. The little

The water reacted to his waist. The little fellow tugged with all his might at the line, and the other made a grab for the fish. He succeeded in getting hold of it just back of the gills, and he hung on. It was a monster, and the tow was almost everywhere. and the boy was almost overmatched. The fish was almost as long as he was, but he hish was almost as long as he was, but he managed to get his arms around it, partiy underneath the gills, and he hugged it frantically. In a lew moments he waded ashore, and dropped his prey triumphantly on the bank. Then he and his companion had a war dance. They lugged the fish home, and found it weighed twenty one pounds.

Progress.

From the B ston Courier. "Are we making progress?" an exchange anxiously inquires. If we are not, what does 1 800 pounds to the ton of coal and four inches of froth to the glass of lager beer mean? Progress—making progress? What is the bottom doing in the middle of the strawberry box if we are not?

WOMAN.

MOSA il attered and least trusted of the race, Dropt for a whim and followed for a face, Loved for their folies, their devotion scorned, In presence slighted and in absence mourned. Their hearts, their characters, by men abused; Who never think their help should be refused Seated by kings and trampled in the mire, The best and worst they equally inspire. Cursed for their weakness, hated when they're strong :

Whatever happens always in the wron Whatever happens at ways in the first more, Tact is their genius. Add yet one thing more, We han is lost, when woman proves a bore.

—From Temple Bar.

DAN HOOPER, THE UNLUCEY.

Daniel, or Dan, Hooper, as he was miled by his intimates, lived in 1873 in a small log house on the banks of the Shenandesh. His family consisted of his wife, mother-in-law, and several children; and he supported them by lishing, hunting, and working as miller's assistant at a mill about a mile below.

Dan Hooper was a character, and bore no slight resemblance to Rip Van Winkle. His clothes were ragged, and he had a gay, vagabond air that put everybody in good humor. He had the best heart in the world, and was not deficient in shrewd sense. Only one thing tormented him: he was doomed to ill luck ; or, to use his own expression, he was " the onlucklest man! "

One morning in 1873, the year of the great freshet in the Shenandosh, he put on his ragged hat to go to the mill, when his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wilkins, confronted

"Dan'l Hooper!" said Mrs. Wilkins, in a loud and stern voice, holding her

akimbo.
"Yes, mum," said Dan.
"Have you led too pig?"

"Have you led the pig?"
"Yes, mum."
"Have you beer to the fish trap?"
"I'm the onlucklest man! But you know people will forgit, mum."
"Forgit! You con't forgit to stick that pipe in yo' mouth, Dan'l Hooper!"
Now, as Mrs. Wilkins herself had been smoking a short, black pipe when she began her remarks, this fierce denunciation seemed rather unreasonable. It may have struck Dan Hooper in that light, but he made no reply. Long experience had told him that Mrs. Wilkins was more than his match in cloquence. "I'm the onluckiest man!" he only said,

"I'm the onluckiest man!" he only said, as if from babit.

"You never said a truer word'n that, Dan'i Hooper!"

"I s'oose there never was a feller more onlucky," he added contemplatively. "Here I'm 'bliged to stump to the mill in all weather with my rheumatiz, and sin't got no clothes, and—not to make no illusions, mum—no peace in the fambly."

"O Dan!" murmured his wife, who was always alling, "how can you say that?"

"Now, if the house was near the mill, and you was well, Marthy, and mother-in-law was—" Dan stopped. If he meant to aid that the sickness or death of Mrs. Wilkins would be a grateful boon, a glance at the

would be a grateful boon, a glance at the lady sealed his lips. A terrible scowl sud-denty darkened her face, and Dan Hooper disappeared.
"Well, of all the lazy varmints I ever see," said Wilkins, "that Dan'i Hooper "Well, of all the lazy varminist ever see," said Wilkins, "that Dan'l Hooper is the laziest!"

"Oh, no, mother! you're too hard on him, and I wish you wouldn't talk to him so," murmured the poor wile. "You know how good he is to me and the children; and he does 'most avy withing!"

does 'most everything!''

"'Most everything!'' cried Mrs. Wilkins;
"what do you mean by ''most everything!'
How would this house git along if it warn't
for me, I'd like to know? Here I'm drudgin' from mornin' to night to keep you out o'
the poorhouse, and this is all the tnanks I
git!"

Having thus asserted her merics, Mrs. Wilkins put on an old hood, and, taking a basket, lit her pipe, and proceeded toward the river, only fifty yards dis aut. Stepping carefully from rock to rock, and over fallen carefully from rock to rock, and over later trees brought down by the current and lodged against them, she at last reached the fish-trap. It was one of the old fashioned description, consisting of a sloping floor of narrow lath, with depressions resembling steps, and boarded sides. The stream carried the fish over the series of steps, and then fell through, leaving them to flounder hope-less in their prison.

ess in their prison.

Mrs. Wilkins was fond of bass, and filled her basket with superb fish. She then turned to retrace her steps, when suddenly she stopped. So intent had she been on securing her favorite fish, that she had not observed that the river was rising. Rains above had swollen the waters, the flood was now rushing down, and Mrs. Wilkins saw that there was not a moment to lose, for the ledges of rock upon which she had stepped

ledges of rock upon which she had stepped were rapidly disapppearing.

The lady then performed a ceremony that rendered her appearance more picturesque than graceful. She seized her linesy dress behind, lifted it up nearly to ber knees, and, puffing vigorously at her pips, plunged a pair of stout legs in blue woolen stockings into the water. She hoped there would be time to reach the shore, but there was not. Just as she gained a huge tree trunk lodged on the rocks, and bestrode it, a rearing flood lifted it from its place and bore it away. The last seen of Mrs. Wilkins by the family in the log house was the smoke of her pipe, and her hoot wildly waving as she disappeared.

Dan Hooper had meanwhile proceeded to
the mill, where he went to work at his usual
occupation, interchanging now and then
a few words with the old miller on neighborarew words with the old miner on neighborhood news. A topic of interest was the terry about to be established just below the mill. The only trouble was to secure a terry man living near.

"I will be a topic of the right way to live is smoking a pipe, and drawing a sellery, and

My own idea of the right way to live is smokin' a pipe, and drawing a seliery, and —but what's the matter?"

"Look yonder!" shouted the miller.

Dan Hooper looked, and saw the river rushing by like a race-horse, and rising buther every moment. A second shout of "Look out!" called his attention to his proposed tensor. The mill was trembling personal danger. The mill was trembling from bese to summit, and miller and a ant hastened to higher ground. The ceeded in reaching it just in time. furious current struck the weather-board structure, broke in the windows, filled the building, litted it from its foundation, and, hurling the large water-wheel against it, swept it off down the river. All had taken plece so suddenly that Dan Hooper had not had time to think of his wife

and children. Their danger now flashed upon him, and he was about to run in the middle of the river caused him to burst into direction of his cabin when an object in the laughter. This coject was Mrs Wikius astride the huge tree-trunk, rushing down the river. Her pipe had never gone out, and she was smoking with hysterical puffs; her hood was waving in the wind, and she was clinging to the tree, uttering cries for help.

It Dan Hooper was nniucky, Mrs. Wilkins was one of the fortunate class. Near the site of the mill, the tree she was bestrid-ing swept into an eddy; the eddy bore it to the shore, and it rested amid the boughs of a huge sycamore, nearly submerged, where it vas immovable. These trunks, perched in trees by freshets,

These trucks, perched in trees by freshets, are met with all along the Shenandoah; and all the incidents here related are true.

Dan Hooper was thinking that it was perhaps his duty to go to Mrs. Wilkins' assistance, when another cry came from the river, and he turned suddenly in that direction. His log house, containing his wife and children, had been swept off by the freshet, and was slowly floating by. At the window, nearly under water, his poor wife, with her arms round the children, was calling loudly to him. Dan Hooper was a brave fellow, and, plunglag into the boiling current, struck out for the floating house. As he did and, plunging into the boiling current, struck out for the floating house. As he did so, it seemed coming to meet him. It had been caught by the same eddy that saved his mother-in law; it turned round slowly, approached the shore, and finally rested against a huge sycamore and ceased to move.

Dan Hooper swam to the house, and climbing in, caught his wife in his arms. Then he hugged all his children, and cried over them like an honest fellow. "But mother! where is mother!" cried

"But mother! where is mother!" cried poor Martha, in despair.

Mother in law? She's safe, "said Dan, laughing; "I'm the onluckiest—" But he did not fusish the sentence.

"I'll climb up the tree where she anchored, and bring her down," he said. And this teat Dan Hooper accomplished. He found the worthy lady affected by an unwonted hervous tremer; and as he bore her ashore, wading for that purpose, she did not utter a wading for that purpose, she did not utter a word of abuse.

On the evening of the same day the river began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. The house settled down with it and at last was

een setting fair and square on the banks o About a month after these scenes, Dan About a month after these scenes, Dan Hooper was seated at sunset in front of his cabin, smoking his pipe. His wife was be-side him, and his children were laughing and playing. Mrs. Wilkins was temporarily

bsent on a visit to a friend.
"Well, here we are, Marthy," said Dan,
n a thoughful voice. "We are took up
and set down; and I s'pose it's all for the

"O'course it is, Dan," said Mrs. Hooper, cheerfuily. "I'm so thankful for the chil-dren! And I feel like I never would be sick or complaintn' ag'in.

"But thick of my bad luck! I'm the very onluckiest man! I was always wishin' my house was near the mill, and now there ain't no mill to be near."

"You've got me and the children. Ain't that somethin', Dan ?"

"Well, now, that's to be took into second!!

" Well, now, that's to be took into account ;

a weath over the too had a worked on her feeting, a years to hind a worked on her feeting, a years to hind a worked on her feeting, a year to hind a worked on the feeting, a year to hear of her. We've all got our failing, Den."

"That's a lack but I didn't tell you I met Equire Wood to day, and he engand me to keep the ferry, "

"You don't say so, Dan!"

"At two hundred dollars sellery, "

"Two hundred dollars! Why, it's a fortune, Dan! Wes ever anybody as lucky as you are?"

"Lucky! You don't re'lly think so! Lucky! Well, come to think of it, I do believe you're right, Markhy. Os atterin' you're a new coman, and the house is moved, and we've got the ferry, to my nothin' of mother in-law's bein' subdued-like somes her ride on the log, I declare I do believe luck in turned, Marthy!"—John Esten Cooke in the Cosmopolitan.

An Indotest Organ.

When the liver is mildent, as it must necessarily be when it fails to secrete the bile in sufficient quantities to meet the requirements of digestion and evacuation, it should be set at work with Hostetter's Stomach Butters The healthful stimulus to activity imparted by this incomparable afterative, speedily evinces itself in a departure of the uncomfortable sensations in the right side; the names; for upon the tongue; indigestion and sich headache consequent upon mactivity of the liver and the diversion of the bile from its proper channel. Irregularity of the bowels is always and painte-sly reformed by the cor-rective toducated, which is infinitely to be pre-ferred, both because it is safe and more effica-cions to bine pill, calomel and drenching purgatives of every class. It cares and pre-vents fever and ague, and rheumatism.

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Full for the share

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Queen street, Lancaster.

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| decad-lyd(i) | Mothers! Mothers !! Mothers !!

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and orying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go a: once and get a bottle of Miss, Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little suffer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother or mently who has over mently the suffer immediately. on earth who has ever used it, who will not tal on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and rulief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly aste to use in all oases' and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best lemale physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, is cente a bottle.

May31-lyd&w

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