MIDSUMMER FIRES.

To morrow would be midsummer day. To morrow would be missummer day.
The sun was nigh its setting. Out over one
level, shuning as a be seemed to ite; blood
red and ruddy purple gleamed the throbbing
waves of the horizon; rosy and golden came
the rippling wavelets from that distant path
of the sea to the yellow sands of the Manx

A path winding up a headland, led from the western shores to a white road. The red gleam of the aunset was upon it, and the sparse heather landward glowed ruddy, as some girls sauntered lottering along the path. nome girls saintered lotsering stong toe path.
There were three of them, sisters. One
was a child, Nessie; the others, Meta and
Kate Qualtrough, were on the happy borderland of girlhood and womanhood.

We have no picture-que national garb of a foreign land wherewith to set them forth,—they were dressed as hundreds of girls in London might be dressed, though they came of so pure a Manx race as to be proud of the days when English people were looked upon a foreigners in Man.

foreigners in Man. Nemie was full of life; she danced shead or she lingered behind; she sprang to right or left over the broken ground of the headland; what her sisters waited for had evidently no strong hold on her thoughts. At last she

strong note on her thoughts. At less one struck in with this:

"Ye'll be utterly foolish, you girls, idling here any longer for those lads. Her secont bore the North Country lift and the soft, sweet tones of the Manx people. "Do you think they'll be leaving their fishing for

The girls were all at play, in a sense, but it was a play with a serious vein in it to Mota.
"Et:? I am full of respect!" And wild
Nessie threw out her arms and made a gay, owing reverence in a circling fashion to the hills and the green mountains. "But the boys are not so, and I'm thinking they'd only be hindering us if they were here."

"And they promised, too: and if they break their promise, we'll be free from ours, I say. Do come: we'll be awfully late, and there's a lot to do." Then they walked on a bit faster. Neasle

was out of sight, but yet they were closely

was out of sight, but yet they were closely following on her steps. So many turns and bends and shoulders there are to these Manx headlands that one may be easily out of sight. A shout burst forth into the still runmer air, and the next moment Asseis, with waving arms and with yellow hair flying as the light wind caught her, was seen on the topmost bit of green.

"Boat shoy!" and her arms gesticulated. There was a boat skimming scross the bay,—I'eel Bay. One unbounsted head was in the stern of the round, deep boat; it belonged to a fisher lad, who was the working chum of three scarlet-capped youths. One of these last was a Qualtrough, a cousin of the girls; the others were his friends,—lads who a vear or two back, had been with him at King William's College at Castletown, but who, being English, were only in Man for a summer jaunt now.

same young Englishmen that the doings of that midsummer eve were being made so Kate.
"Undoubtedly," was Meta's decisive word.

Do they not know it is for them we are making this delay?" In a very short time the boat was out of sight, which means that she was well under the headland and landing her crew in White Strand Cove. Some few moments more and three young men in beating flannels, and each with a rough pes-jacket atop, appeared clambering up the face of the headland. Then

the party went on more swiftly.

First on to and across the white sunlit roadway, then down an opposite lane, rough and story and untended. This lane finally lost itself on a furzy common, where short, sweet, measy grass was patched irregularly weet, measy grass was patched irregularly. by a savagery of gorse and furze and waving bracken. Meta, walking spart, pulled the bracken; Kate and Nessie, with energy of a more talkative and less solitary humor, bade the young men bring out their knives and slash away mossy branches of gorse and

"Where is all this to go now?" asked Doyle Phillipson, the elder of the two Eng-lish brothers. "Is this common the baunt of —of—the enemy?" A twinkle lighted up a n't!" Meta's exclamation was in-

There!" cried the Manxuan of the party. "Take Meta's horror for your keynole, Phillipson, or you'll be setting us all in dan-ger of the evil influences of the hour."

"Eh, Willie "' and Nessie flung her vigor-ous small sell against her cousto, herself armed with a huge bundle of prickly furze, "ye'll be the worst of the three.

"Blessed are the immunities of ignorance!"
the youth exclaimed.
"I do not say that at all," quickly young
Phillipson replied. "I wish to know—I
wish to—"

wish to—"
"Meta will tell you, then."
The girl was still in her allent humor—perhaps a dangerous humor for a nature just a degree prone to mysticise over things.
These were men from the outer world, the brave outer world of which she dreamed the faithless outer world which she knew ridiculed any ancient fantsay of custom Should she be silent, or should she be brave

Should she be silent, or should she be brave and show that she was not too weak to acknowledge her weakness? One accept had for hesitation, but no more.

"Will you"—came the question pointedly put to her—"lay your commands upon me, disse Qualtrough, and tell me while I obey?" How light and yet how true did he look as his clear-browed eyes met hera.

Metaglicated with pleasure. Was there really a sensible man going to listen to her old wives' fielies, and listen with respect? The delight of this flashed through her and made the delicate Manx face of the girl radiant. Manx feminine beauty has not had much culogy, very likely; but where will you find more delicate features, brighter intelligence, and purer expressions than in the faces of the girls of Man? Meta Qualtrough was a picture, with all the loveliness of those island women.

island women.

"You mean it?" was her cry, and her face was full of enthusiam. Her blue eyes took a fire of brilliancy, and the clear delicate pink of her complexion heightened its color with one quick flust, gone as soon as it was "Assuredly I mean it. Ignorance has no

"Assuredly I mean it. Ignorance nee no charms for me as it has for your cousin there. But I do not premise faith, mind you. A shadow fell over Meta's radiance. A very quick-eyed young man was this. He saw it, and read, too, in his sympathetic soul the measure of her troubles. So reading, he at once set himself to gladden her again. He was thinking what a lovely study her radiance would make for some girl saint of middle ages religion.

middle-oge religion.
"Every one has a chink in his arthor, you

know: and though I am matter of fact per sonified, you may—just may"—he smiled-"find me vulnerable somewhere."

"find me vulnerable somewhere."

The rest were ahead, every one of them laden with green or sun-dried stuff for the burning. These two gathered up their burdens and followed, talking all the way.

From the gony common the track was homeward for the girls, and they crossed a meadow, stopping at its farther side by a brook, where grew clumps of golden marah marigolds. They were wanted as much as the dry stuff, but not for burning.

"I thought not," said E igar, the younger of the Puillipsons. They're far too presty. You have some in a bowl at your house. They come far before the lilites of the Loudon sutbetics, in my opinion." This young man was not, like his brother, an artist, but a trader. To put his status quite plainly, he

was not, lige his brother, an artist, out a trader. To put his status quite plainly, he was a clerk in a tea merchant's office. And here he was trending on to the debatable ground of lily worship. "Very well out here," said young Qual-trough testily; "but not the things for girls to wear on their dresses. You don't mean that?"

"I was thinking of that;" and the other marked the word. "Miss Qualtrough"— he turned to Kate—"do not les him talk you out of wearing them."

Kate had worn some only the evening before.

Kate had worn some only the evening before.

"No, I shall not; certainly I shall not!"
she cried laughing. Nevertheless she wore
only roses that night.

"What do you with these,—what is their
virtue? Doyle saked of Meta.

"You shall see if you can be patient. Their
virtue?—I cannot say."

"Empty seer!" cried the young man.

"Yes, we've reseened out the fires, but
here I don't know where to begin. "We always do it,—the children always do it."

"What?"

"What?"
"We lay them about on the doorsilis and the window-silis, and we strew them by the outhouses. It is for 'good luck.' We all want 'good luck."
"Mo we do have."

these march marigolds more than in other flowers."

"Can't give it to you, but you shall have the 'good luck' if you'll have a flower; or shall I keep it tack from you ?"

"No—an. Give it me."

"How excited you are! I've found the chink in your armor. I've found cut you are semperatitices, and I'il just punish your weakness"—Mese parceles some of his own words—"by not giving you the flower."

"Or—the good luck! Oh! you will."

"No."

"No."
What was mastering this very proud disciple of matter of fact! His sun-tanned face flushed, and something carried him out of his former wise selt. He ran back to the

his former wise self. He ran back to the brook, where he saw one golden starry blossom left, and pluoking it, he brought it like a trophy to Meta.

"This is for you," he cried. "There is 'good luck,' innaite good luck for you, and —if for you, then for me. You have given me your faith—"

A shout from the rest interrupted him. Could he possibly have been going to say that he had faith in those old wiven' fables of Meta?

"Oh, he quick! They are all waiting for "Oh, he quick! They are all waiting for

Meta?

"Oh, be quick! They are all waiting for us," and Meta ran before him. She could by no means face any talking in such a passionate strain as this matter of fact youth was developing. She felt hot, and she ran up to the others laughing and talking gayly. Certainly her humor had wondrously changed.

The awest midsummer eve closed in, and the gray of the night came on. Strangers from the foreign land of England wondered as they drove home from their day's excursioning at the sancy of the peasants for setting light to the gorse everywhere.

All the young Questroughs were out in the grounds with Willie and his friends. Mr. Qualtrough, gray-headed and wise, went out too. Perhaps he isughed over it all, but there had never been a midsummer eve he could recollect without the burning of the witch five. No, indeed; and if his children had shown themselves very advanced in the common sense of the age and neglectful of the old custom, he, good man, would have been just one degree uncomfortably surprised.

been just one degree uncomfortably surprised.

They had all had a merry supper—Manx
folk are primitive, and supper is not yet
wholly cast into oblivion—and then all went
out. Two of the girls threw light shawls
over their heads, Nessie stuck on a gray felt
hat of her father's, and they went gayly
around the house and through the unkempt
luxurious flower garden; then through the
kitchen garden, where monstrous cabbages
sheeted the beds with their crumpled outer
leaves; where the strawbergies blinked rosy
from smid the tangle of long suckers; where
salieys were made by trained apple trees,
whose green young fruit promised joys to
lade sad maids in the days to come.

"Ah!" suddenly young Phillipson exclaimed.

"The Corrin's fire at Ballaseggan!" and Mr. Qualtrough turned round. There had come a golden, springing, flashing light on his glass houses,
"Horrid!" Nessie exclaimed angrily, "and

his glass houses.

"Horrid!" Nessie exclaimed angrily, "and ours not alight yet. Jim is horrid! I specially gave him orders to light up early, because Mona Corrin declared they'd have the finest show. I'll be speaking to him tomorrow morning."

"Do, dear, do," her cousin Willie said.

"I will." And she ran on. In a moment she wav seen flying up to the wooden ladder, which led up to what they called their lookout, a square miniature tower which gave a grand view over miles and miles of farmlands, of distant mountains, of western sea, and—a sight of all for strangers—of one bit of savage, storm—battered Calf of Man. "Grand!" she cried joyously. "Grand! We're alight now! Eh! I'll not heed Mona having the start; we'll be far the finest."

A pale golden fire began to shimmer on a nearby hill; it spread and spread until verliy the whole of the hillside was a tricksy flashing dance of fire.

verify the whole of the hillside was a tricksy isshing dance of fire.
"Our gorse is not there?" Doyle wondered.
"Eh? No. This is my private business.
Jim and I did this in the morning."
"So! This is how Jim does his weeding?"

"So! This is how Jim does his weeding?" her lather began.

"Yes. That'il be his manner of weeding on midsummer eve! He couldn't do less than obey his mistress?"

"No, Mr. l'millipson," she went on, "the bits of fuel we got this morning are on the other side. Look! I saw Jim run across only two minutes ago; he'll be lighting it up now."

She was right. A hillocky lift of the land She was right. A hillocky lift of the land

She was right. A hillocky lift of the land was spangled sil at once with patches of flame, ruddy flame, golden flame, flame that sputtered and fizzed as it mastered the juices of the green bracket.

"We have an extra grand show to night, girls," Mr. Qualtrough began. "Who shall say our old customs are dying out? But I expect it is as much in your honor as in that of the fairles and witches," he nodded to the young men. young men.

They, seated like the girls, on the battlements of the ministure tower, were gazing here and there, as one quarter and another was mare alight. Beacous, like stars, blazed out far away. Evidently the whole neighbor-

nood was of one mind.
"We will not accept that idea to night, air,"
Dayle answered. "No, no; let us not tempt
the powers. But can we not go among it air?
Two minutes will take us where Jim is." bood was of one mind

Two minutes will take us where Jim is."

Oh! if you like."

So they left the gardens and tramped over a field to the hillocky ridge. There was a good deal of talking and laughing, as might be supposed, but among it all Meta was again stient. She was wearing her one marsh marigoid stuck under her chin, as a girl might wear a brooch. She was very careful of it, keeping her light wrap well away from it. What danger of cold could there be on such a sweetly warm summer night?

She lingered behind. But among such a She lingered behind. But among such a gay string of merry folks who would notice one straggler?

Nemie was by Jim and talking hard and

nat. No one paid any heed to her, but we must, for the subject of her talking affects our story.

"There were nine lots, Jim."

"Eth, missee, I'li know that; and nine have I set the light teu," refining his word in real Manx fashion. Manx fashion.

"Then where are they? Six—seven—eight," she counted.

"It's beyond me, missee; but n'ne il be the number I kindled. Sure, by token I'd only ten matches in my box here, an' one I left for the pipe. Pfah!" he blew on the pipe bowl. "It's nigh out she'il be, missee, with me talking an' talking."

He here took a good whift to ward off the fulfillment of his words.

"The boys must have matches. I'll by

ruinliment of his words.

"The boys must have matches. I'll by no means go without my nine!"

Necele was always a bit self-willed.

"Eh, missee?—let bs. I wouldn't interfere—" fere_ " Interfere ! "

"What stuff!" Nessie's play had no faith—no faith of the timorous sort, at least, "I'm as strong as the fairies. If they put the fire out, I'll light it again. That I will!"

will!"
She ran back to the young men.
Whereat Jim faced the nevitable and bestowed all his active care upon his pipe. He shrugged his beat shoulders; perhaps it was at the foolhardiness of young maids.
All at once a new blaze of light sprang into the gray night. It came with a sudden flesh just behind where Nemie and the boys stood and talked.

One golden flush there was; dry gorse had caught a smoldering spark, jelt at the very

caught a smoldering spark, let at the very tail, as one might say, of Jim's ninth match. Then the flash died down; then—another biaze. A quick, short cry on the top of it:

"Ah!"

Meta's foot treading on the unseen dry Meta's foot treading on the unseen dry gorns had pushed it toward the dying match, had kindled the flame, and—her dress, a soft mustin thing, had been caught by it.

There was a rush. All were first and all were last, it seemed. Meta was down upon the ground before the rush and cry were done. Every flame was out, every smoldering apark was hurried out of life.

For one moment Meta lost sight and sound. Then memory flashed back one sight and one sound,—Doyle Phillipson she had seen tear off his cost and she heard him give one cry.

had seen tear off his coat and she heard him give one cry.

"Mota!—my own!"
How the soit gray night echoed the words! Had she dreamed them? Was she dreaming still! There was now no fire; the flickering lights of the distant hills were pating under the breeze; her father stood over her, bidding her not to "be atraid."

"Your coat has auffered." This she heard Mr. Qualtrough say to a sim, shadowy figure. The voice was low, and such as comes when a man's inner self is trembling. Doyle made a light answer. Men do answer lightly, even when perhaps the gravest question of their life is fighting for its ansawer within them. He pushed his arms into his coat sleeves, and all at once he found that in crushing down the rising flame of Meta's dress he had got his hand burned.

A week hence the young men had to go

ways do!t,—the children always do it."

"What?"

"We lay them about on the doorsilis and the window-silis, and we strew them by the outhouses. It is for 'good luck.' We all want 'good luck.' We all who we do, but—I'd like a resson to see why 'god luck' lurks within the mysteries of the bost. A good hour's drive this wan, and they must be up betimes. He and his iriends had strolled over the fields from his why 'god luck' lurks within the mysteries of the house; they would naturally say

good-by to the girls and the Qualtroughs of Bree Hill.

good-by to the girls and the Qualtroughs of Bree Hill.

Again it was a summer night, again the girls were wandering about the old garden. Mota was aloft in the lookout, was below meeting the young mee, Nemie was chasing a white butterily.

Doyle Philipson had, many days back, come to the solution of one grave question; but not being a rich man, and being honorable to what some folks might call an extreme degree, he had commanded himself to hide the love he had for Meta Qualtrough. Nay, he it way who had hastened the departure from the island because, seeing Meta day after day, he could not keep eye and tongue in cool obedience.

And the aweet, lazy hours of evening had come, and Meta, had chanced to be aloof, and the others had chanced to drift into the one-pany of each other—who talks of chance?

The would be matter-of test young artist was mastered. He told his story, and all his wise commands were scattered to the wieds. What they two said only the night heard, it was an old story made new, and there is always a golden originality about the telling of these old-new stories.

Meta and Doyle were coming down from the lookout; the rest were in a group.

"It is arrant nonsense, Kais, for you to drive into Douglas at such an hour." So spoke Willie Qualtrough, the girl's cousin, the and Kate often squabbled; cousins do so.

"Thanks," she pouted; but I'll judge for myself. I have shopping, and the shops are fresh in the morning."

"That are they; and the shopmen are sleepy."

"That are they; and the support alony."
"You shall wake them up for me, "—she was persistent. "Oh, Willie!"
The ory had actually trembling in it.
Kate made a little start and again a second start, or rather droop, backward to Willie's

"Eh! that's done!" Willie was a mar terful cousin; he made no ado, but drew Kate's hand within his arm. "He told me he shouldn't do it till next year, when he's he shouldn't do it un coming again..."

"Oh, Willie!" Kate's vocabulary was "Oh, Willie!" "Oh, Willie!" Retes vocabulary
growing stunted.

"And now that's—all—moonshine. Do
you mean you never saw it?"
"Dear—how could I?" She was clinging
to Willie in a way that her cousin unmistak—

Before another midsummer day came round there were two Miss Qualtroughs the less at Brae Hul.

Doyle Philipson does not so much as heretofore parade his matter in fact, and he is
going to make his Academy fame, so he
says, by a picture which shall have fairy
worship for its motive. There is going in
next year a marvel of a Saxon maiden, a
goiden-haired Saxon maiden, by a rocky
shore, wearing a goiden-hued marigoid.

The crits say it is beautiful.

It is Meta — The New Moon. em at Brae Hul.

A FIGHT WITH A BAT. The Curious Midnight Experience of ily in Philadelphia From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The family of John H. Bruner, a fruit dealer, living on Mackinsw street, a small thoroughfare in the Tenth ward had a most remarkable experience with a large black but one night last week. The family had retired a little earlier than usual, and in con-sequence of the extreme heat had all the ond story windows thrown wide open.

At about 11 o'clock the two little daughters of Mr. Bruner were awakened by some black object fluttering above the bedstead. They thought nothing of it at first, but the strange intruder kept buzzing about the bed so long that they became thoroughly fright-ened and began to cry. The father, who was

so long that they became thoroughly frightened and began to cry. The father, who was in the next room, lighted a candle and walked in to see what was the matter with the children. To his great surprise he beheld what he describes as "a large, hideous black bat," flying wiidly stout the room.

The appearance of the light appeared to daze the bird, and fully carried out the theory of naturalists that the bat cannot see in the light. At all events, it fluttered and spluttered about the room, knocking up against bureaus, picture frames and bed posts set it it had no eyes at all. Finally it leil, apparently exhausted, in a corner of the room. Mr. Bruner stooped down to pick it up, with the intention of throwing it out of the window, when as if by magic, it apread out its wings and once more began a mad flight about the room. This time it varied its performance by occasionally striking the heads of the two little girls with its claws. From time immemorial little girls have been taught that if a bat ever gets its claws in their hair they will never come out. Hence, the feelings of the little ones in this instance can better be imagined than described. They shrieked and went on every time the bat came within a foot of them until they were lairly worked up to the hysterical point.

The head of the family was very angry by

fairly worked up to the hysterical point.

The head of the family was very angry by this time and secretly vowed that he would not allow an insignificant little creature like that to agitate a whole household. Placing the children in a safe corner he procured iarge broom handle, and when the bat stew in his direction aimed a terrific blow at it. He missed the bat, but succeeded in demolishing two handsome decorated vases that stood on the mantelpiece. In no wise disheartened he leveled a second blow at the "peaky critter," and this time managed to hurl the coal oil lamp from the bureau clear on to the bed. Confusion reigned supreme for awhile. Mr. Bruner paced about the room in an excited manner, while the children added to the general din by shricking in an uncerthly manner. Just then the bat blindly stumbled against the candle, acorching its wings and extinguishing the light.

extinguishing the light.

The darkness seemed to help it considerably, but a well directed blow knocked it to the floor. A light was procured, and to make sure of his work this time Mr. Bruner make sure of his work this time Mr. Bruner pounded the bat vigorously with the leg of an old chair. As it still showed signs of life it was placed in a bucket of water and the latter covered with a board and several flatirons. The family got very little sleep that night, and the next morning ourlously inspected the water bucket. The bat was dead and that was all. It had apparently made fruitless efforts to get out of the bucket, and from all indications had "died hard." The second story of the Bruner household presented a scene of desolation when the first streak of dawn made its way through the half closed shutters. The floor was strewn with broken chairs and fragments of glass with broken chairs and fragments of glass and china. But the bat was dead, and this fact alone consoled the family for the cy-cionic appearance of the house.

Mrs. Robert Garrett. From the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.
The best-known Southern lady in the exclusive circles of both hemispheres is Mra. Robert Garrett, wife of the mullionaire president of the Battimore & Ohio railroad. She has all the quaities of a leader in society—aristocratic birth, a bright mind, an excellent education, wealth without limit and a generous hospitality. She is gracious, dignified and handsoms. Before her marriage she was Miss Frick, and her family is one of the oldest and most eminent in the state of Maryland. The Garrett mansion in Baltimore is the finest in the state, and it has been the scene of several great social affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Garrett have size a beautiful summer residence near Baltimore, a cottage at Deer Park, and they pay frequent visits to Northern capitals of society and position. They make a trip every year to Europe and move in the exclusive circles of London and Paris. clusive circles of both hemispheres is Mrs.

Where They are Sale From Heat. in the Chicago Tribune. It is an instructive and ponderous fact that very lew people are ever overcome by the boat when regularly in their places at church during the Sunday morning services.

----REPLY TO "WANTED." ISSUE OF WEEKLY, JULY 27, 1887.) or the INTELLIGENCER.

"It's idle now," so sings the bard, It's "empty," and its "lone," And to his heart it seems to be He says it is "an awkward thing" To have upon his hand E'er since ' she gave it back" to him : That tittle golden band !

He thinks " it hunts the one thing lost,"-"I he touch of vanished hand;"
But pray, why should it not be hers?
That little golden band!

Why should it lay to idieness, He "empty," and be "ione," And why should it upon his heart Why should it be "an swkward thing ?" That little golden band! Why, hould it hunt "the one thing lost? Why did it leave her hand?

Pray, why does Will McSparran then, Di-consolately sing? He MUST have turned the girl away, Whose finger fit the ring !!!

DRIFT.

Show me a man's library, and I will tall you what kind of a man he is. There is no quicker and no surer way of reading a man's character, than simply to read the titles of his books.

I don't know whether that has been said by any one else before or not. Not does it make much difference; it is true anybow.

Nor is it true only in the very limited Nor is it true only in the very limited sense that you can tell a man's profession or compation in life from the general character of the books in his library. This a fact so patent and evident to every one that its statement would be a mere truism. If I go into a library and see it to be made up of shelf upon shelf of calf-bound cotavos with black and red title-labels, of course I know that its owner is a lawyer, just as surely as when I notice the theological or medical complexion of another I conclude the owner to be a minister or a doctor. The leformation thus given me however, is not what I mean. thus given me however, is not what I mean.

It stands to reason that from the red, yel low, black, or white complexion of a man I can tell what race he belongs to. But that doesn't tell me very much as to his individual character, as to whether he is a coarse or a refined, a learned or an ignorant, a good or a bad Indian, Negro, Mongolian, or Cau-casian. So the general complexion of a library, while, of course, it informs me of the profession of its owner, does not in itself suffice to reveal to me whether he be a good or an indifferent lawyer, doctor, artist, mer-chant, or minister, nor even to what party, school, or denomination he belongs. For this more definite knowledge I must have opportunity of at least reading the titles of the various books

If this be granted me, then, in five min-utes, I will discover, my in the case of the physician's library, first whether he be allo-pathic homeopathic, electropathic, hydro-pathic, or eclectic. Or in the case of the clergyman, whether he be Catholic or Protest-ant, Lutheran, Calvinist, or Episcopalian, to what sect or denomination he belongs and finally to what wing, party, or school of the denomination. This is gathered at a glance. But it still is only a kind of formal knowledge, and gives but little information as to the man's own individuality. To find this I must inquire a little more closely.

I look first of all at the classification and arrangement of the books. For I know that, to a certain degree at least, as they are arranged on their shelves so are their subjects and contents arranged in the owner's mind. If there is no intelligent order, if the volumes are simply piled upon the shelves in a miscellaneou aphazerd, style, then I am pretty sure that there is just as little logical order and rela-tion between facts, principles, and subjects in the man's mind. He is like his library, a kind of miscellaneous dumping place for the reception of any and all manner of knowledge. The knowledge is there but it is never "at hand." It is mixed up The facts wanted at any time, like the books first have to be hunted up, at the expense of much time and labor. They are seldom available when needed. More than half their worth and usefulness is thus lost.

On the other hand, if I see the library On the other hand, if I see the library divided into departments, all the works on anatomy, general and special, placed to gether in systematic order, all those on physiology likewise, those on obstetrics, surgery, materia medica, &c., I feel asfe in concluding that that doctor is clear in his own mind set to the logical and natural relations in which those departments of selectors. in which those departments of science stand to each other; and moreover that he is of methodical habits in his thought and practice. In short he is in so far, a scientific doctor, while the presumption is that the

In the next place, if the library is any thing like a considerable one, I look to see whether it is dead or alive; that is, whether it is a thing merely mechanically constructed, it is a thing merely mechanically constructed, or whether it is an organic growth. According as I find it in this respect will also be its owner's mind. Increase of size from year to year is not by any means the only or chief indication. A wood-pile may be increased much more rapidly than a growing tree. Yet the latter is a living, organic, growth, while the former, however builty. tree. Yet the latter is a living, organic, growth, while the former, however bulky, remains a mere accumulation of dead sticks. The library of the growing, expanding, progressive man is the index of his spiritual development. Each department of it, like the main boughs of every healthy tree, puts forth from year to year new branches and twigs, has added to it new books, not for the addition's sake, nor for the sake of their newness only, but from the necessity put upon it by the growth of knowledge in that department. This growth is clearly marked on the library shelves. Hook follows book in natural, necessary order and succession; not disconnectedly or at hapbazard. I see from it the order and degree of growth of the owner's mind. I learn that starting from sear the surface of a subject, it has peneirated deeper down into the fundamental principles, on the one hand, and stretched out further and further, from year to year, to comprehend all that directly or indirectly pertains and is related to it. Such a library makes me acquainted with one who keeps abreast of the term.

There are many signs to be seen in a li brary still further indicative of the man's self. If I go into a minister's study, for example, and see nothing but come and homilitical literature, I judge him to be in so far a specialist, one who studies only or in so far a specialist, one who studies only or mainly for the immediate uses of his profession, and moreover studies only a limited set of subjects, only partially, only a few of the sources useful to his special work as theologian and prescher. If yet his books are all denominationsi, or all the works of one school of theology; then I conclude that their possessor is warped in his judgment, prejudiced, and lacking breadth and liberality even as a theologian; and also that he is neither an independent nor an original thinker and student of the truth. My inference is just the opposite, however, when I see on his shelves, with the writings of the Church Fathers, and Church Histories, the best commentaries, and sermons of representative preschers of the day of all denominations, also the works of the great philicophers and moralists of all times and of all schools, and those elucidating the principles at least of the physical sciences. My opinion is raised still higher if the department of history is well represented, and if the works of the world's great essayists, novelists and poets are present. These inform me of the depth and breadth of the man's general culture, the quality of his mind, and whether his scholarship be partial and one-sided, or well-rounded, balanced and symmetrical. mainly for the immediate uses of his pro

It is not the number of books in a library that signifies most ; but the kind. If a man have only fifty volumes, so they be elemenial, fundamental, great, books, really repre tal, fundamental, great, cooks, result representative of the world's best thought and truest knowledge, they witness to the owner's judgment, taste, and culture more certainly and clearly than would five thousand gathered indiscriminately, bought by the yard, or selected with a full pocket-book but an another best world.

I have often thought that if people would realize how thoroughly they make them-selves known, lay bare their inner selves, they would perhaps be a little more careful and sensible in the purchase of books. But how few do realize it?

---Tatching Pillows. New York letter in Milwaukee Sentinel

The very latest for young ladies' fancy work is to make yachting pillows for thegentiemen of their acquaintance who happen to own yachts. The pillow exclusively for yachts is covered with navy-blue satesn that is laced on to the pillow on either side by a white cord and tamel. Have a design of the yacht stampeden one side of the blue coverlag, and work in outline stitch with white sitk. On the reverse side have the name of the yacht stamped in large letters in old English text, and also work with white sitk in outline stitch. If one desires to give still more, an emign flag to match is attractive, with the initials of the owner worked upon the blue field as well as the name of the yacht. The very latest for young ladies' fancy

IF HORTH WARD REAS.

From the Youth's Companion.

[During one of the gales of October, 1885, a flating smack, whose name the papers did not give, went down off the coast of Labrador. The boats being swamped, nothing was left for the men but to swim for the shore. Among the crew was a boy, some eleven or twelve years old, who had accompanied his father on the smack. In order to save his life, the father lashed the boy upon his back, and ast off to swin to land. Finding that they made very little headway and that they were both in imminent danger of being drowned, the boy begged his father to go on alone and to "let him be," and upon the father refusing, the boy actually worked himself free from the rope, and would probably have been drowned had not a buge wave at that moment flung both of them upon the rocks. Afterward, to a lady, the boy said, simply: "I thought poor isther was going to be drowned and what would mother do then, so I got off his back." then, so I got off his back.

"Tens in eighteen eighty five,
Off the count of Labrador,
'Bid the breakers' dreadful roar,
'Bid the breakers' dreadful roar,
That the fishing smack went down;
All the men were left to make
'O'er the sea their way, or break
Heart and muscle in the effort, and to drown.

Then a father took his child,
And amid the curing brine,
I ashed him safely with a line
To his shoulders as he buffeted the wave.
What the end shall be I trow
Only heaven's white angels know;
But 'tis home and help for two, or one sea-grave

There were littles ones at home and their mother to be fed, and he earned their daily bread who was struggling in the sea; And the brave young fisher knew One could never swim for two, so he said "My father, go, and let me be." 'Twas a twaive years' child who spoke;
But for that completed deed,
Thank God's grace; there was not need
Underneath the velied sun:
For the hissing breakers curled
Heipful arms sround and hursed
Child and man high up the shore, an

Many deeds men's hands have traced On our history's golden page, And from winning age to age Is their giory handed down; But not Aulis' sight, nor Troy's Out sublimes this unknown boy's, Asking simply to be left alone to drow

Think! that boy is still alive.
And, in distant Newfoundland,
Where the blue waves inpe the sand,
He is now at work, at play!
Let us bare our heads to him,
While our eyes grow moist and dim,
In this unberole day!
'Iwas in eighteen eighty five."

WHAT TUFU IS. A Japanese Propagation That Is of Great In terest to Vegetarians. From the Chicago News.

Vegetarians should look to this. Tofu is a curd manufactured from beans in Japan.
According to the Journal of the Society of Arts, December 24, 1885, it approaches more nearly in its composition to animal food than other vegetable known." It contains about one-fifth of its weight of fat and nearly two-fifths of nitrogenous matter, (72 per cent. being water) the tofu must have at least double the nutritious value of beef, and its expectable, among rice, teating especially desirable among rice - leeding people, rice being deficient in such material. The bean has lately been successfully grown

in Germany.

The Japanese prepare it by scaking the

in Germany.

The Japanese prepare it by scaking the beans in water for twenty-four hours, then grieding them in a stone mill with the purest water attainable, so as to form a thin pulp. The pulp is heated to boiling, when more water is added and it is boiled again: then more cold water is added and it is allowed to at and. The liquor is then strained out through a bag and brine is stirred into it. This affects a coagulation and the cured is pressed as in making cheese. It is, in fact, a vegetable cheese and may be used accordingly.

The fibrous residue left in the bag after the filtering out of the vegetable casein may be mixed with chaff as food for cattle.

I have treated our common spit peas in a similar manner, and have obtained soluble casein, which I precipitated with acetic acid (see "Chemistry of Cookery," pages 217 to 220). All kinds of peas and beans will yield such soluble casein when thus treated, and most valuable food may thus be obtained free from the woody fibre, which is difficult to digest.

My experiments were avowedly but preliminary and suggestive; they, however, point to the possibility of a very important industry in the manufacture of a new and most desirable food, viz: vegetable cheese. If I am not altogether mistaken it may be produced on a large scale at about 3 pence per pound, and be equal, if not superior, to the best cheese made in the diary. As I have shown in the work above quoted, a sheep weighing sixty pounds contains less nutritive matter than twenty pounds of ordinary cheese. This also applies to the vegetable cheese. there were 45 members of this Society of the Solitary.

The secular branch of Beissel's Dunker's sons had one of the most thriving settlements at that time in the country. They owned a paper mill, a grist mill, oil mill, and fulling mill. They established a printing office, the second outside of Philadelphis in the state. In the office were printed many books, pamphlets, tracts, and hymns. The work on these books, both as to printing and binding, was superior. Among the rarest treasures in the state library at Harrisburg are specimens of these quaint old German publications.

WHAT PASHION PAVORS.

rarest treasures in the state library at Harrisburg are specimens of these quaint old German publications.

In 1768 Conrad Beissel died. The society fell into the control of men who had not his disinterested piety, and in 1777 it began to decline. In a few years jealousies and schemes arose. Leading men in this society left it with strong following and founded aimilar churches elsewhere, and soon the Society of Ephrata was no more. Among those who left Ephrata was Andrew Schnee berger. With a good share of the parent acciety he came to Franklin county in the latter part of last century. He purchased a fine property on Snow Hill, in Quincy Township, where he erected a larve convent a church, and other buildings. He was not a member of the Society of the Solitary himself, but he was the prior of the new church, which kept closely to the principles of the Ephrata society. The Snow Hill society became the head of all the Beisselite Dunkers, affit the nunnery, as it came to be called, was nearly filled with those adherents of Beissel who socepted fully his views on celibacy. The secular branch was large and prosperous, and the affairs of both the secular and monastic branches were controlled by the prior. All the land and the buildings belonged to the prior, who had eight children. In 1823 of 1,000 if they would release all claim they had sgainst his estate. The offer was accepted. In 1825 he transferred the property to five trustees, to be held in trust for the society soon began to decline. The immates grew old and died. None of the younger members of the society seemed inclined to take on them yows of celibacy. Now and then the nunnery would receive a new immate from the older members of the society, but even the aged preserred the privileges of the secular branch to the severe restrictions of the Bolitary.

To-day the only living members of Conrad Beissel's Society of the Solitary, formed in From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mitts of silk take precedence of gloves on il except very dressy occasions at the Manufactured mildew appears upon some

of the artificial mosses and flowers sent from Kilt skirts and blouse waists are the preerred form for little girls' flannel, serge and ther wool frocks.

The prettiest summer bonnets, and hats are of straw trimmed with white mull, white lace, white flowers, white cetrich tips, white algrettes and white birds. A flery fancy in the way of a red frock is a sceriet believe dotted with black and trimmed with black velvet bows and cascades of black lace, the hat, parasot and shoes to

Costumes of white cloth with embroideries of white slik and sliver, and costumes of sliver gray cloth with steel embroidery and gray pearls come among the latest importations from Paris.

For boys merely in trousers there is nothing so popular or fashionable as salior suits. They are of white serge or lines with square-cornered sailor collar and showing a shirt of bius and white stripes.

blue and white atripes.

The prettiest summer para-ols are of creamcolored satine, with a white Spanish iscecover overhanging the canopy, the handles
of the parasols being of white wood decorated with scorched designs.

Princess bonnetts, made wholly of white
lilac blossoms and foliage, are prominent
among the dainty head-coverings for summer. These are lined with white slik blonde,
and in most lastances are stringless.

Challi dresses are in great favor for misses
and small girls. These with cream white
grounds strewn with roses or with sprigs of
blue, green or brown are made with a basque
and slight drapery, with velvet ribbon trimming in rows around the skirt and as vest or
revers.

Can You Speak Votapak ?

"Volapuk," the universal language, is prospering. Count Von Moltke lately expressed his belief that it has a great future before it; and it has been learned and is being studied by an enormous number of persons on the Continent. Last winter more than 2,000 pupils received instruction in the language in Vienna sions. It is claimed that Volapuk is so simple that it can be learned in Voispuk is so simple that it can be learned in ten lessons; and a week or two ago at a public examination held in Vienna several pupils, who had received only nine lessons, showed remarkable proficiency in Professor Schleier's new languaga. Volapuk enjoys the very enviable distinction of being the only tongue on earth in which the rules have on exceptions. There is now published at Vienna a "Volapukagued" which claims to have a large circulation among the initiate.

aged preferred the privileges of the secular branch to the severe restrictions of the Solitary.

To-day the only living members of Conrad Beissel's Society of the Solitary, formed in 1783, are three old and decrepit people—Obed Snowberger, Mis. Elizabeth Ritter, and Miss Elizabeth Fyock. Snowberger and Miss Fyock are descendants of Andrew Schneeberger, the name having been changed to Snowberger after the latter's death. They have been in the cloister upward of half a century. Mrs. Ritter is a widow, and took the monastic vows 30 years ago.

The writ of ejectment suit to recover possession of the nunnery property is brought by 50 heirs of Andrew Schneeberger, who base their claim on the ground that Schneeberger's transfer of the trustees of the society was intended only for the use of the monastic branch, and, holding that the monastic branch is in reality extinct, consequently the property reverts to the legal heirs of Andrew Schneeberger. The trustees defend the suit, and, while denying that the transfer was for the benefit of the Society of the Solitary alone, hold that if still valid, as the society still exists in the persons of Obed Snowberger, Edizabeth Ritter, and Blizabeth Fyock.

The property in dispute has grown to be

The Villain Still Pursues.

been trying for half an hour to unlock my
posteffice box."
"Yes, I know it."
"But the key won't fit."
"Of course it won't. No man's front door
key will unlock his post office box."
"Oh, yes, I see. Yes that's it. I got 'em
mixed of course. But look here, sir, I want
it understood that I excuse none of the shortcomings of the postoffice department on
this account—not a single one!"

A Frebibilian Hat.

Is it consistent for Prohibitionists to nom inste a "full" ticket?

A Fly Time.

The average boarding house is having a fly time of it just now.

From the New York World.

From the Duluth Paragrapher.

Hature As Man Fixes It. From the Omaha World.

Philanthropist—My dear little children,
you should not play in these dirty alleys.

Don't you like the public parks? Child—Oh, yes they are beautiful.

"Yes, indeed, and you should go to then as often as possible, breather the fresh air and learn to love the beauties of nature."

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Look here, sir!" he said at the chief clerk's window in the postoffice, "I've been trying for half an hour to unlock my posteffice box." "Yearin"
"Remember, my dear little ones, that God
made the country, but man made the town.
Now, my good little girl, tell me what you
first observe when you visit those delightful "Keep Off the Grass."

It Certainly Looks to.

From the Chicago Times.

Mrs. Cleveland passed her twenty-third birthday at the White House. If she lives she will undoubtedly pass five more birthdays at the same piace. APTEN. "After the clouds the blue, After the drought the dew,

And after you've taken your summer. The bills will shower on you.

SOCIETY OF THE SOLITARY.

SERTOR OF THE CROSS THAT WAS POURDED BY CORRAD BRISSEL.

KASKIN The Strange History of the First and Seventh Day Septiots Who bettled in Ponnsylvamin-A Goo,coo Property That Is Now Being Fought Over.

Good Appetite,
New Strength,
Quiet Net ves,
Eappy Days,
Ewest S Chambersburg Corr. of the N. T. Times.

The preliminary proceedings in a suit for ejectment have been commenced in the courts of Franklin county, which will probably be the last chapter in the history of one of the most singular religious ever formed in this country—a history having its beginning in 1719. In that year the mother church of a sect cailing itself First Day Haptists, or Dunkers, owing to persecutions in the various European countries, where A POWERFUL TONIC the most delicate stomach will beat. A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RMEUMATION, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, AND ALL GOTE DISSEASE. THE MOST SCHRETIFIC AND SUCCESSIFE BLOOP PURIFIES. Importor to quining.

BLOOP PURIFIES. Importor to quining.

Bl. F. A. Biller, or Real live of the server years of the server years of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run down from 170 pounds to of the had run to of the had ru in the various European countries, where it had from time to time sought refuge alnos the year 170s when it was founded by Alexander Mack and seven others in Schwarzdzonain, Germany, emigrated to America.
The greater part of the Dunker emigrants settled in Lancaster county, this state.
Among them was a German named Conrad The greater part of the Dunker emigrants settled in Lancaster county, this state. Among them was a German named Conrad Belesel. He had been a Presbyterian, but became a convert to the doctrine of the Dunkers. In the course of his investigation of the acriptures the establishment of a Pirat Day Baptist church at Muelbach, or Mill Creek, Lancaster county, Belsest became convinced that there was an error in the Dunker acceptance of the day that should be the Lord's Day, and mounced that it should be the sweeth day. This ied to much discussion and many of the seelety at Mill Creek accepted the Belssel construction of the Bible on that point. In 1725 he published a pamphlet settling forth his reasons for his beliet. The pamphist called down on his head the strong disappeared. No trace of him could be found for more than a year, and then he was discovered by accident by one of his disciples living in a contracted cave or cell on the banks of the Cocalico creek. The cell had previously been occupied by an aged hermit named Elimelech, who had died.

Immediately following the discovery of Belssel his followers left the Mill Creek society and settled about his cave, living in solitary cottages, in imitation of the solitary ille of their apositic. They formed a church, the doctrines of which were similiar to that of the society hey had left, except that they adopted the seventh day as their Sabbath. Beissel also urged but did not enforce a life of cellbacy on his followers. He formed what was known, as the "Society of the Solitary," and in 1733 a conventional life was adopted by both the brethren and sisters who entered the convent. Monastic names were given to all those who chose the cloister, Beissel becoming Freideam Gottrech, or Peaceable God-right. The place where this peculiar society domained them. Like the First Day Baptists, they recognized the strict and literal interpretation of the Bible as the only rule of faith, administered Apostolic baptem, with trine immession and the laying on of hands and prayer while t

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Mexican War Veteran.

The wonderful efficacy of Swift's Specific as a remedy and cure for rhoumatism and all blood diseases, has never had a more conspicuous illustration than this case affor 6s. The candid, unsolicited and emphatic testimony given by the venerable gentieman must be accepted as convincing and conclusive. The writer is a prominent citizen of Mississippi. The gentieman to whom Mr. Martin refers, and to whom he is indebted for the advice to which he owen his final relief from years of suffering, is Mr. King, for many years the popular night electrof the Lawrence House, at Jackson.

Jackson.

Jackson.

Jackson.

Jackson.

Jackson.

Jackson.

Gentlemen.—I have been an invalid pansioned for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican war, but not till the lat of March, 1975, did I feel any symmoms of rheumatism. On that day I was sudenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walred en crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one miss of my body or the other. The pain never left would be totally disabled, either on one miss of intense suffering I tried innumerable prescriptions from various physicians, and when I was first attacked, to October I. Iss. when I was cured. During these slewmy wears of intense suffering I tried innumerable prescriptions from various physicians, and when of its Principles of the feet benefit from any medicine everything suggested by friends but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine are principles. The late of the principle of arkansas, having despaired of every other reserved the latest benefit from any medicine to the list springs. Six when I accidentally met as old acquainments to go to the Hot springs of its and at a bottle in the first of the principle of arkansas, having despaired of every other reserved to the list springs was in valin-he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he heard for the su

For sale by all druggiets. Treaties on House and Skin Dissesses media from Physics of THE SWIFT SPROIPED OD.

CAPE, SURE AND SPREDT OURS.

Name of the control of Fyock.

The property in dispute has grown to be valuable, being worth to-day between \$40,000 and \$50,000. The best counsel has been engaged by both sides, and the chances are that the last vestige of Conrad Beissel's Bootety of the Solitary will disappear in lawyers' ices.

WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful orre-early decay, westing westmen, lost magics of yell lead a valuable treaties (assist) a taining full particulars for home cars. Fifth charge. A spinndid medical work; should read by every man who is never to the late. The state of the state of the late.

CURE GUARANTEED. RUPTURE.

Ruprude ours enances