

The Princess Philippine.

The Princess Philippine dwelt in an ancient, gray, stone castle standing on the banks of a small river that divided a beautiful green valley in northern Germany. Broad, fertile fields and green pastures, dotted by herds of the famous black cattle and by flocks of snowy sheep, with here and there a peasant's or a hermit's cot, lay each side the stream. On either hand deep forests stretched up the sides of the high mountains that sheltered this fine estate, of which the Princess Philippine was sole heir, from the rough blasts of winter. The Princess Philippine had neither father, mother, brother nor sister, but she had an indulgent guardian and when a mere child had been betrothed by her parents to his son, the brave, young Prince Basil who lived just on the other side the high sheltering mountains.

With such charming surroundings it would seem as if the young princess ought to have been a very happy little maiden, but I am very sorry to say that she allowed her life to be made miserable by her uncontrollable and unreasonable fear of spiders. Spiders love the dust-filled crannies of a vast old castle like that of Castle Philippine and why should the spiders that had held possession for more than 700 years be put to rout on account of the whim of a child of a girl?

The Prince Basil asked the princess something of the kind on the occasion of one of the frequent calls he made at the castle, accompanied by his lady mother. The Princess Philippine was exceedingly angry at this question, saying that he had no regard whatever for her fine sensibilities, and she was surprised to see that his mother sat by and smiled at him instead of chiding him for his rudeness. So, sad to say, the young couple had their first quarrel, and the young prince rode home in high dudgeon, declaring there was no reason in a spirited young fellow being tied to a girl who would not walk in the park, sail on the river or ride in the forest on account of her silly dread of spiders, who even would not walk about the saloons and galleries of her own fine castle unless she was enveloped from head to foot in a sheet-like wrap of glazed white linen.

"I have danced attendance upon a ghost as long as I can endure it," he said, "and now I am going away to see the world." And so he went.

The parents of the young Prince Basil were greatly chagrined at his estrangement, for in Germany betrothal has always been held almost as sacred as a marriage, and they said: "We will leave her entirely to herself for a season and see. Perhaps she will come to her senses enough to realize how foolish it is for her to set herself up as being different from all the rest of the world." So with one accord all her neighbors and friends declared. "We will leave her alone with her morbid fears."

Philippine now shut herself up with her attendants in her own apartments that were all hung with pale blue satin, and passed her time in making sure no spider of any kind invaded her premises. Naturally enough, now that there was no supervision by her friends and guardians, everything went at loose ends about the castle and the estate, and the news thereof went abroad, no one can tell how, into the world.

One morning there came riding up to the castle drawbridge a knight in armor mounted upon a milk-white charger and followed by an attendant whose steed was as black as coal. The knight demanded to see the Princess Philippine, and when after much delay he was shown to her presence, he informed her he was her cousin, six times removed, and proposed paying her a long visit.

"Very well," she said, "I never have heard of you, but that may not be strange. Pray make yourself comfortable and give orders that the rooms you may choose for your own may be thoroughly swept and dusted and made free from spiders, for I suppose there is not in the world such another spider-inhabited place as this same old Castle Philippine."

Day by day the knight made himself at home about the premises, giving orders to the servants and managing as if the estate was his own, but when he began to make free with all

the secret drawers and papers in the great library, sitting over them until far into the night, the old servants shook their heads and said, one to another, "Ah, his presence here holds no good."

After some weeks he demanded another audience with the princess, who by this time had almost forgotten his existence, so taken up was she in watching to ascertain if indeed a spider had taken a tenement under the embrasure outside her bedroom window. When shown into her presence the knight informed her in a stately way that he had found papers that established his claim as rightful heir to the estate, that he had already taken possession and would like her to deliver the keys immediately.

The princess's manner was as formal as his own, and her tones haughty. When after a little pause, she replied:

"Sir Knight, doubtless thou art not aware that in the possession of the crown prince are papers showing that with this estate goes a signet ring. The ring is always in possession of the rightful heir and that ring I have."

The knight was exceedingly angry, but he brought all his arts of fascination to bear upon the princess, thinking to induce her to show him the ring, but all in vain. Quite out of patience, at length he told her if she did not give up the ring immediately he would set every person on the estate to gathering spiders from the field, forest, river and castle and would fill her apartments, her clothing, nay even her couch with them. The princess quaked with fear at even the thought of this, and enveloping herself in her linen wrap preceded the knight to the arsenal that was high up in one of the western towers. Here behind a coat of mail that was hanging upon the wall she touched a spring that opened a secret drawer within which was a small golden key. With this key closely clenched in her hand, and the wily knight close at her side, she proceeded to the great picture gallery. There behind the life-size portrait of her own beautiful mother she found another secret drawer, and taking therefrom an ivory casket she unlocked it with the golden key, disclosing the coveted prize.

"Let me examine it, please," entreated the knight.

"Never," cried the princess, now that the ring was in her hand, impressed by the instructions regarding it she had received from her parents, and dismayed at her own weakness in being frightened in her own castle, and her own people by a stranger.

The knight quite forgetting all his assumed courtly ways, sprang to take it from her, when quick as thought she threw it out of one of the deep narrow windows that the knight had opened on account of the closeness of the air, in the long disused gallery. It flashed like a coal of fire in the sunlight and was gone.

"Mad girl!" shouted the knight, angrily. "It has fallen into the moat!" and leaving the princess he rushed down the stairs.

With her heart beating wildly, and her eyes sparkling with excitement, the young girl leaned out the narrow window and looked far below to where the gray walls of the strong square tower were reflected in the still black waters of the moat.

"Ah! what is that?" she cried, for just below her, even within reach of her hand the signet ring hung securely caught in meshes of an ancient, closely woven spider's web. Although the spider was close by, curiously regarding this singular prey, the princess did not mind, but reached down and secured the ring without fear. As she did so, standing there in front of the portraits of her parents, she seemed to hear their voices, explaining once more the significance of the ring, and setting forth her duty to all the dependent people living on her estate.

"To whom much is given much shall be required," she said, half aloud. "Dear me! how selfish I have been,"—and securing the ring to a chain fastened about her neck, she too, ran down the winding stairs, quite regardless of her linen wrap that lay forgotten on the dusty oaken floor of the gallery, astonished her servants by dispatching a courier with a letter to the crown prince.

The knight meanwhile had set all

the laborers about the estate to draw the water off from the moat and search the muddy bottom for the ring. While they were thus engaged, with the knight in the greatest excitement and followed by his servant, pacing back and forth across the drawbridge a company of horsemen arrived who had been sent from court. The Princess Philippine met them in the garments, laces, and jewels of her beautiful mother, and on one dimpled finger sparkled the signet ring.

The grand old courtier who bowed over her proffered hand, said: "Your face and your bearing establish identity for I knew your parents and grandparents, but this signet ring substantiates your rightful ownership to the estates beyond a doubt."

The designing knight and his servant were banished from the country. Young Prince Basil was sent for and most gladly returned home. The crown prince and princess and a great retinue from court came to the wedding and the feast surpassed anything that had been in the castle for hundreds of years.

At the wedding dinner the Princess Philippine found an almond with two kernels.

"These stand for you and me," she said to her husband; you shall have one kernel and I will have the other."

"Thanks, my love," said the Prince. "Let me have the kernel that represents yourself and I will wear it, that you may never again be lost away from me."

"Here is your Philippine," said the princess, "and with it I give my signet ring, that stands for all my possessions, for since I threw it away and it was saved for me by a spider, against all whose kind I have all my life waged war, it humiliates me every time my eyes fall upon it, and I think I ought to pay some penalty for my foolishness and for my ill-treatment of yourself."

"But did I not cry 'Philippine,' my dearest one! the moment my eye fell upon you on my return," said the prince,—"to show you that I never held anger against you in my heart."

At this all the young people who found double almonds began to eat them with some chosen friend, and since they all had not signet rings to bestow, it came to be a custom that the one who should first cry "Philippine" after an absence should receive a gift, and the custom continues among young people in all countries to this day.—*Springfield Republican.*

MOURFUL OBJECT OF A WOMAN'S VISIT.

Professor James Welsh stood in the dissecting room of the New York University Medical college one afternoon last week, with his large blue apron and his syringe in his hand, busily engaged in preparing some bodies or "cadaver" for dissection. It was an unusually busy day and his face wore an anxious and tired look. He had just placed the last "cadaver" on the slab and was preparing to go home, when a messenger arrived and announced that a lady wished to see him. The professor at once ordered that she be admitted. As this is a most unusual request on the part of a lady, and as the professor did not know of any female acquaintance who would be particularly anxious to see him in the dissecting room, his curiosity was aroused to learn the cause of this lady's visit.

He did not wait long, however, for after the lapse of half a minute or so a tall, angular woman, past middle age, with a Teutonic cast of countenance and an unmistakable accent, made her appearance. The professor, who is of small stature, looked up inquiringly into the face of the tall stranger and eagerly sought the object of her visit.

"You are the superintendent here?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer added, "I have a body at home to dispose of, and I am told you buy such things here." This was at once in the line of the professor's business, and he eagerly caught at the opportunity.

"Yes, we buy bodies here," he said "but they must be of the right kind—no mutilation, no infection; nothing of that sort, you know."

"Oh," she replied, "this body is all right and I will be responsible for it. You see my children are hungry and it will not do to starve while one can get bread. I do hate to see them dy-

ing before my very eyes while I am able to give them no help.

"Perhaps, then, it is the body of one of your children you are going to sell, interposed Professor Welsh. "In that case it would be of no use to us, as we require adults alone."

"On that score you may rest easy: It is not my children's body, but my own, for I can get bread now no other way, and you can have it as soon as I receive the money, for I can die easy when I know the little ones have something to eat."

The professor, who is of a kindly disposition, looked up into the face of the distracted mother and at a glance saw that picture of earnestness and truth forcibly depicted thereon that went down into the very depths of his heart, and he drew from his pocket a five-dollar bill and placed it in the hands of the poor demented creature. Tears swelled into her eyes and she thanked the generous donor in terms of the deepest gratitude.

TWELVE YEARS IN BED FOR SPITE.

Lying in a baggage-room at the Union Station this morning were two women upon couches, who had come in on a morning train from Midway, on the Panhandle. They were mother and daughter. An interesting story was told of the two invalids by a passenger on the train they came in on. The names of both are Bell and they lived at Midway. The mother had been in bed for twelve years.

At that time she was living with her husband, who is a farmer in Washington county. She quarrelled with him one day and made a vow that she would go to bed and stay there till she died. She has kept that vow until the present time. Three years ago she persuaded her daughter to take the same vow, which she did, and both are keeping it. The woman has been separated from her husband for several years and she is in company with her daughter, are going on a visit to Leetonia, Ohio.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Downward Steps.

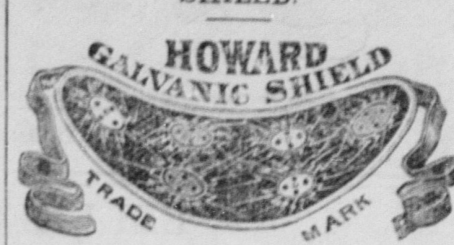
"Getting up in the world" is not always really getting onward in the right sense. One of the prophets speaks of the people as forsaking God, and says that they have gone away backward. Every step backward from the Lord is really a step backward. It is like turning one's face away from the sun, and walking toward darkness. It is leaving home, and going toward eternal loneliness and orphanage. A man may be "rising" in business, in wealth, in his profession, socially, intellectually, even ecclesiastically, and really not be rising at all. There are two standards of life—this world and Christ; we may be making progress according to the former, and at the same time going backward according to the latter. Away from God is always downward, no matter if we are climbing among men. Getting nearer to God in heart, in life is always getting onward, though in the world's scale we may be descending. We need, therefore, to watch our hearts and our spiritual life when we are prospering in earthly ways. We are likely to be greatly troubled if we lose money, or property, or position, but it is a far worse calamity if we lose faith, or love or spirituality, or tenderness of conscience, or the friendship of God. We need to beware lest while we are going forward enthusiastically in men's eyes, we may be going backward as God and angels see us.

John W. Dawson, a wealthy old farmer, living near Indianapolis, Indiana seven years ago married a German girl who had been employed in his family six months. He was 67 years old at the time, and the girl was his fourth wife. The marriage greatly displeased Dawson's children, all of whom left home and refused to recognize their new stepmother. However, two years ago Oscar, a bachelor son, about the same age of Mrs. Dawson, returned home and at once an intimate friendship sprang up between him and his youthful stepmother, culminating in his eloping with her on the 17th inst. They took with them a large sum of money, which the senior Dawson, who is worth about \$100,000, had been keeping about the house.

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I hereby certify that the following testimonials are true and exact copy as given by me by the parties whose names are attached thereto.

W. C. McCLAREN, Sworn and subscribed before me this 15th day of June, 1885, Layayette, W. Va., Prot. Notary of the Court of Common Pleas of Mifflin county, Pa. PARALYSIS AND CONSTIPATION.

Gentlemen—I deem it a pleasure as well as a duty to state that I have worn them for several months and have gradually improved from the effects of Paralysis of one side and Constipation. Since using the appliance have been free from the trouble, I believe I have improved in my general health. I therefore commend them to my fellow sufferers. Yours truly, B. S. CANTER, NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND SLEEPLESSNESS.

John Cox, No. Medicine Needed. Belleville, Pa., May 30, 1885. Gentlemen—I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Howard Shield, No. 2, for constipation. I have worn it steadily and would not like to do without it. I now feel thankful for your appliance and have advised others to give them a trial feeling sure that they would be benefited as I have been.

WHAT A LEADING DOCTOR SAYS. G. B. PEACEY, M. D., Milroy, Pa., June 2, 1885. Gentlemen—I have suffered many years with Cramps in my lower extremities, mostly at night, often being unable to walk the room for relief. I procured a Howard Shield and have been wearing it for language of 15 months in my bed chamber. I had the most wonderful relief since wearing it over the small of my back and have gained strength of muscle and vigor. I consider your appliance invaluable for nervousness, sleeplessness and general debility. I have recommended them to my patients and in every case with benefit.

A. H. HERSHBERGER, M. D., WHAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BANK SAYS. Ashland, Pa., March 9, 1885. Gentlemen—I know what your Appliances are from personal use and I therefore recommend them to Mrs. Hanburger some time ago for sciatica and induced her to send for one which she did and has used it for about four weeks and she is now able to be around and feels entirely cured. Yours truly, GEO. H. HELFRICH, President of the National Bank.

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Personally appeared before me, AUG. F. ELLERMAN, to me known, deposed and sworn that the above letter, certifying as to the curative powers of the Howard Shield and Spinal Appliance, is true. Sworn and subscribed before me this 8th day of May, A. D., 1885. Deputy Clerk of Courts of Franklin Co., O. For further information, we send our Illustrated Pamphlet giving a large number of testimonials for our appliances.

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