

Miss Midfern's Wedding.

"Father said that railroad would bring no good to us," said Martha Midfern, "and now his words have come true."

There had been a railroad accident on the "Blue Rock and Rennsvort line." The engineer had been killed at his post, the telescoped train had caught fire, one passenger was taken up for dead, and all the rest were more or less bruised, wounded and terrified; and by the way of sequel to the rest, Miss Midfern's barn was burned to the ground, with all the newly garnered store of hay, and the new patent reaper, which had cost such a sum of money. The farmhouse itself had narrowly escaped; the cattle being at pasture were fortunately unharmed.

Miss Midfern never had been a nervous woman, but she was a little pale as she stood on the front porch, looking at the wrecking train, whose hands were hard at work.

"How's the young man?" said Mrs. Dulcimer, who lived on the nearest farm.

"He's better," sighed Miss Midfern.

Mrs. Dulcimer sighed. Even in a railway accident luck seemed to go on the opposite side of the boundary fence which separated the two estates of Dulcimer and Midfern. Why she asked herself, could not the pleasant looking young man with the diamond studs have been flung into the arms of her four unmarried daughters, instead of falling to the lot of Martha Midfern?

"Going to recover?" said Mrs. Dulcimer.

"That's what Dr. Paley hopes."

"If you want any help in nursing him—"

freely began Mr. Dulcimer.

"Much obliged, I'm shure, promptly answered Miss Midfern; but I don't require any assistance."

Mrs. Dulcimer made no reply, but she glanced obliquely at Midfern and thought that there was no danger of any man's losing his heart to that wry, faced old maid.

"If it had been my Carolina Augusta, now, or Hannah!" thought Mrs. Dulcimer with a thrill of maternal pride.

But there is no accounting for the freaks of Cupid. Harry Sevier was young and grateful. Dr. Paley told him truthfully that Martha Midfern's careful nursing had saved his life. And one autumn evening, in the burst of gratitude, he laid that life at the middle-aged woman's feet.

"Do you really mean it?" said Martha, who had never had a bona-fide offer of marriage in her life.

And she blushed red and white like a girl.

"Is it likely that I should jest on such a subject?" said Harry earnestly.

"But I am older than you."

"In years, perhaps—yes. But what difference does that make?"

So Miss Martha Midfern became engaged to the handsome young Georgian, whom fate had drifted to her door.

"I suppose people will laugh at me," she thought. "But there—why should I care? He loves me and I love him and that is enough. But I guess we'd better keep the secret to ourselves just at present."

As the beautiful October woods blazed forth in their mellow autumn tints Mr. Sevier began to stroll out a little way at a time, to sit on mossy boulders and dream beside merry little brooks. And one day Hannah Dulcimer came dancing home from a search after nuts in the woods.

"I've seen him mother," said she—"the Captive Knight! The old which has let him out of the tower for a while. And he's as handsome as a picture! And, oh, mother, he is so nice! And he is coming here this afternoon to see the view from Apple Tree Knoll. May I bake fresh an gel cake, mother? And can Sarah Alice make some vanilla fritters?"

"What will Martha Midfern say?"

cried Mrs. Dulcimer.

"As if that signified!" gayly retorted Hannah, who was the youngest and prettiest of all the Dulcimer girls.

"He isn't hers, is he?"

And then she ran up stairs to brush out her auburn curls, which were blown into silky confusion by the wind, and to put into water the cluster of blue sashes which Mr. Sevier had given her.

Nobody was to blame—in these un-

fortunate cases nobody ever is to blame. But the mischief was all done before poor Hannah Dulcimer found out that Harry Sevier was the captive of Martha Midfern's bow and spear. And Harry himself awakened at last to a consciousness of his life's mistake.

He was a Georgian gentleman, however, and honor was dearer to him even than love, so he made no sign.

Hannah, however, was less reticent and self-contained; and when Martha Midfern came over to consult Sarah Alice Dulcimer, who was a milliner by trade, as to the wedding bonnet Hannah came into the room with red eyes and burning cheeks.

"Oh Martha! Martha!" she sobbed, "I know it isn't maidenly, but I can't help it. I love him and he loves me. Oh, Martha, be magnanimous and leave him to me!"

"Hannah, hold your tongue!" cried Sarah Alice, greatly scandalized.

"I can't help it," wailed Hannah, wringing her hands and rocking to and fro, like one in mortal pain, "I love him and he loves me, and he is engaged to you, Martha Midfern! Oh what is to be done?"

Martha turned pale. More than once some inkling of this unfortunate complication had crossed her mind, but she had dismissed it as too utterly improbable.

"He has never asked for his freedom," she said hoarsely.

"Because he is too good, too noble! hysterically cried Hannah. He would die sooner than to forfeit his word. But you—you, you will not let him sacrifice his life. Oh, Martha, think how terrible it would be!"

"Hannah, I'm astonished at you!" said Sarah Alice. "Mother, do get her out of the room."

And poor Hannah was taken sobbing, from the presence of the bride expectant.

Martha Midfern ordered the wedding bonnet, white shirred silk, with a wreath of white rosebuds, crossed over with silvery green and white satin strings.

"It may look a little youthful," she said, "but after all one is not married every day."

"No to be sure," said Sarah Alice, with a sinking heart, for naturally enough, all the sympathies of the Dulcimer family were on the side of pretty Hannah, and there had been a sort of faint hope that Miss Midfern might possibly relent in favor of her younger rival.

Her thoughts were anything but pleasant, however, as she went home. Harry Sevier was ready on the porch, but she did not join him, as would have seemed most fitting but merely slipped out the back way.

It seemed to her that he had never looked so young before; and as she glanced at the cherry wood mirror in the sitting-room, her own face appeared absolutely haggard and old.

"Pshaw!" said she, "How would I look in a white silk hat trimmed with white rose-buds?"

Martha Midfern was a heroine in her way. A minute's serious thought settled the question. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but it was her duty, put the bright vision of her life valiantly away from her, and went out to Mr. Sevier on the porch.

"Harry," said she, with a rather forced laugh, "it's a woman's privilege to change her mind isn't it? And I've changed mine."

He looked at her in amazement. "What do you mean?" said he.

"I've concluded not to marry you," said Martha, blurring out her words.

"I don't think we're suited. I'm better off as I am, and you—Hannah Dulcimer will make you a good little wife, I am sure."

"Martha," he said, rising hurriedly, "I have never asked to be released from our engagement, have I?"

"No," said she sharply—"no! But don't I tell you that I have changed my mind? Let us always be friends, the best of friends, but nothing more."

Dr. Paley came around the next day to see about buying a strip of Miss Midfern's meadow land, and Martha told him all.

He was one of those snug, comfortable, elderly gentlemen to whom it seems natural to confide all one's troubles and perplexities.

"Did I do right?" said she.

"Yes, I think you did," said Dr. Paley; "but there isn't one woman in a thousand who would have acted as you did Martha."

"To tell the truth," said Martha, "I am beginning to believe that I never really loved him, or I could not have given him up."

"My opinion exactly," said the Dr. visibly brightening.

And he pulled Miss Midfern's work basket toward him and began winding and unwinding her balls of colored silk.

"After all, he was a deal too young for me," said Miss Midfern, calmly. "I can see all these things now. I should simply have made myself ridiculous. Hannah Dulcimer is much better suited to him."

"Yes I think so, too," said Dr. Paley, twirling the scissors around and around. "By the way didn't you tell me that you had ordered the wedding bonnet?"

"Yes," said Miss Midfern, with a little grimace.

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"Countermand the order, I suppose said Miss Midfern.

"Don't," said Dr. Paley.

"Eh?" said Miss Midfern.

"Wear it," said the doctor.

"Where?" said Miss Midfern.

"To your own wedding," said the doctor. "Marry me!"

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Midfern, in amazement.

"Do!" said Dr. Paley. "I've liked you this long time, but when I saw how tender and loyal you could be to that poor invalid, I found out that I loved you. Don't laugh at me—give me a chance."

"Well, I will," said Miss Midfern, swallowing a lump in her throat.

For she was only a woman after all and it seemed a pity that the wedding bonnet should be wasted.

And so, instead of one happy couple there were two.

"One wedding," says the proverb, "makes another."

And perhaps the same rule holds true in regard to engagements.

FASHION NOTES.

Black watered ribbon sashes are very stylish.

Tinsel ribbons are much used on ball dresses.

Embroidered shoes and slippers are much worn.

Gold embroidery is fashionable for dress bonnets.

Braiding will retain its place as a favorite trimming.

Undressed kids hold their own against every other variety.

Canvas with lace border for trimming is one of the novelties.

Dressed kids are shown with elaborately embroidered backs.

Satin Khedive, plain and embroidered is used for evening toilets.

Gold and silver threads glisten in dress fabrics and in their trimmings.

Velvet is largely used for trimming wool and silk as well as cotton dresses.

Pearl-embroidered fronts in all the evening colors have lace to correspond.

The camel's hair jackets are lovely to look at and to wear, but rather expensive.

Norfolk bodices will be again worn as well as the postillion which are short on the hips.

Every day adds new and exquisite designs in gauze fans and some reach a fabulous price.

High dog collars of velvet are universally worn, but there is no limit either in color or design.

The new short sleeves consist of small puffs or narrow double ruching of tulle, crossing the top of the arm.

Barge is one of the leading fabrics for spring wear and is shown in finely woven and in open work lace effects.

Red velvet dresses have black watered silk sashes on the left side, and bodices are trimmed with jet passementeries.

When natural flowers are worn, a single long-stemmed large flower is chosen in preference to those small bunches formerly in use.

Cross-bar silk gauze with lustrous threads, gauze with moss rosebuds scattered over it, and French crapes in white or creamy hues, are among the novelties.

—For Sale.—The property now occupied by the undersigned, and known as the Davis place, contains two acres of ground. This valuable property will be sold very reasonable and on very easy terms. Possession April 1st, call or address,

A. M. HOOVER.

—Everything in the line of groceries at Earhard & Shuey.

THE OLDEST MAN.

When old "Dad" Freeman was buried across the river in Windsor a short time ago, says a Detroit (Mich.) letter to the New York Herald, it was believed that the oldest man in the world had been laid to rest. "Dad" was 122 years old, as conclusively proved before his death, and left 138 descendants. Since Freeman was buried some relic hunters have brought forward a man whose authentic record fixes his age at the remarkable figure of 127 years. The proof furnished leaves no room for doubt. The name of this man is Andrew Lucas. He is the father of Mr. P. A. Lucas, who for nine years past has kept a barber shop in Detroit.

Mr. Lucas was born a slave under the father of General Jackson, he was of "eternal" fame, and was a grown man when the General succeeded to the paternal estate. He remembers the Revolutionary War distinctly and recalls many very interesting incidents of the second war between this country and Great Britain. He declares that it is as distinct to him as yesterday when General Jackson went to New Orleans during that very memorable struggle, when he accompanied the General as his body servant. He describes the cotton bales piled up as a temporary fortification.

Soon after this, at a time when the General was away, Lucas was whipped for some reason and ran away. He remembers very well why he was whipped, but does not give the reason. He worked his way slowly north and crossed into Canada at Black Rock, on the Niagara River. Andrew Kirby, then customs collector at Fort Erie, sheltered him and helped him to cross into the King's domain. Lucas found employment in the family of General Brook, who was killed in the War of 1812 at Queenstown Heights. Next he ran on the Niagara River, under Captain John Clinch, for whom he worked nine years, and was then discharged by his employer because the latter considered him too old to be useful. Lucas was then sixty-two years old.

Lucas soon found employment again this time at Kingston, Ont., where he married his second wife. His slave wife had borne him seven children. His second and free wife had bore him seventeen. One daughter by this union is now living at East Gage, Mich. Her name is Mrs. Williams, and she is seventy-one years old. Fifty years ago Lucas removed to Brantford, Ont. There he got from the father of Judge Stevenson, of Cayuga. The Judge though now an old man himself, remembers Lucas as a man about seventy years old when he, as a boy, was going to school.

For twenty-nine years Lucas was a driver for the express company at Brantford and resigned the place ten years ago for the reason that he was getting along in years and felt the need of rest. He has the frame of a once powerful man and stands six feet three inches in his stockings. A year ago he sawed and split twenty-five cords of wood for William E. Walling of Brantford. Up to three years ago he never wore spectacles, and during the summer of 1883, when visiting his son in Detroit, Mr. Lucas read the City Hall clock from in front of the Kirkwood House, across the Campus Martius. He then walked without the assistance of a cane, being 124 years old.

This is the most remarkable of longevity. Lucas is certainly as old as stated, and from his appearance today promises to hang on for some time to come. This man is probably the oldest person living. He has witnessed the development of the most wonderful era in the world's history, and has personal recollections of all the many great events in the career of this nation.

Diversified farming means fields of grain, meadows and pasture; a kitchen garden and orchard; a lawn with trees and flowers; breeding mares and milch cows; sheep, swine and poultry. Live stock is the ground-work and will hold the soil fertile. Get that which is superior in the departments. From the best is where the profit comes in.

To prevent a burn from leaving a scar, try the following, to be used after moving the fire from the burn: Grate or scrape flat turnips, fry in fresh lard until quite brown, and strain into bottles or boxes kept air tight. Apply on linen cloth.

KEEPING WARM IN DAKOTA.

Of the many hardships with which the pioneer has had to contend, none have perhaps been greater than that of providing his family with the necessary fuel for winter. Twisted settler's main fuel, for with soft coal at \$8 and hard coal at \$12 per ton but few could afford the luxury of a coal fire. While twisted hay is not to be sneezed at as a heat-producer, still it has had its drawbacks; not the least of which has been the time consumed in preparing it. How often has a settler been called from his work to "twist just a few twists" to finish a baking. None but those who have been there can have an idea of the annoyance and loss of time caused by fulfilling just such little requests. In winter, if one depends on hay, it is nothing but twist, twist, twist, and when the hay is twisted it keeps one warm feeding it to the stove. If you sit down to write you must rise at every period and put a twist in the stove, and if you forget it for ever so short a time you will find yourself sneezing and catching cold.

But now all that is done away with. Some enterprising Yankee in the vicinity of Mitchell has invented an attachment for cook stoves which is the wonder and admiration of the country. The apparatus is nothing more nor less than a sheet iron boiler, about the shape of an ordinary wash-boiler, only deeper. To operate it you stuff the boiler full of flax, straw or loose hay—the flax straw is preferable—and taking off the griddles over the firebox of the stove, you place the boiler upside down over the griddle holes, and it is truly surprising what an intense heat it will emit. One filling will last from one to three years, according to the draught you give it, and you have a fire equal to a coal fire for baking and all other purposes. As there is an abundance of flax straw in the country, fuel is now costing the people next to nothing. One of the leading coal merchants here complained the other day that they were losing their best coal customers on account of the "blamed boiler invention." As it is not patented and can be made by any tinner its cost is but \$1.50, which places it within reach of all. A great many are using their old wash boilers, which do very well, but they are not nearly as good as the regular ones.—Chicago Tribune.

Tid Bits.

Nothing is secret.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house. I would rather win honor than honor.

Life without laughing is a dreary blank.

I would rather have genius than wealth.

A hero, whether he wins or loses, is a hero.

You get the truth habitually from equals only.

I would rather be a man of genius than a peer of the realm.

A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence.

Countless knights were slain before St. George won the battle. In the battle of life we are all going to try for the honors of championship.

Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women, a vast number of clever, hard-headed men.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—Mr. Baskin, member of the Utah Legislature, arrived here to-night and is at Willard's. Mr. Baskin is the man who is entrusted with a confidential mission from Governor Murray and bears Murrays' resignation. He will call upon the President to-morrow as such an elaborate way of resigning is somewhat unusual some speculation is indulged in with regard to the purport of the rest of Mr. Baskin's communication. That his trip is some- thing more than a mere tender resignation is evident, as that would have been accepted by wire. The communication with the Mormons in the Territory is believed to be growing serious and Governor Murray is involved therein to a greater extent than is now known in the public. The full statement is brought here and is considered of sufficient importance for the President's ear alone. Mr. Baskin declines to talk of the matter to-night.

A little ginger or grated nutmeg put in sausage meat will improve it for most persons.

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Sworn and subscribed before me this 5th day of June, 1885, Lafayette Webb, Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas for Chester County, Pa.

PARKERSBURG AND CONSTANTINE, Md., May 30, 1885.

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 tire and headache I have improved in my general health. I therefore commend them to any who may be suffering from the same troubles. D. M. CUNNINGHAM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION AND SLEEPLESSNESS, Milroy, Pa., June 2, 1885.

Gentlemen—My wife has suffered for years with Nervous Prostration so much so that life at times seems to her a burden. Her rest & sleep was so much broken and disturbed that she could not without much difficulty perform her daily household duties. She was induced to try the Howard Shield, has worn it over two months can now sleep well at night, and even during the day can work with comfort. That was a burden before. She has improved in general health and complexion. Consider your appliances invaluable for nervousness, sleeplessness and general debility. 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 since May and would not like to do without it. I now feel thankful for your appliances. I have advised others to give them a trial feeling sure that they would be benefited as I have been. WHAT A LEADING DOCTOR SAYS: Milroy, Pa., June 2, 1885.

Gentlemen—I have suffered many years with Cramps in my lower extremities. I have often been obliged to rise and walk the room for relief. I procured a Howard Shield and have been wearing it for months and it has cured me. I can therefore recommend the use of these appliances to all who suffer from cramps and nervous complaints particularly nervous debility. I have recommended them to my patients and in every case with benefit. A HARBERSHREER, M. D., THE PRESIDENT OF THE 1st NATIONAL BANK, Easton, Pa., March 9, 1885.

Gentlemen—I know that your Appliances are true personal testimonials. I therefore recommend your shield to Mrs. Hanburger some time ago for Rheumatism and induced her to send for one which she did and has used it for about four weeks and she is now able to sit and stand and feels entirely cured. GEO. H. BELFRICH, President of the 1st National Bank, Easton, Pa., March 9, 1885.

Another Afflicted From A Friend's Cure. O. O. NERVOUS DEBILITY IN ITS WORST FORM. Columbus, O., our Friend & Sanitary, 5-2-75.

Gentlemen—I take pleasure in saying, that I tried almost every known remedy, as well as so-called Electric Appliances without any benefit. I was weak, nervous, depressed, despondent, almost without hope; almost entirely prostrated, lacked power and will force, in a word was afflicted with the worst symptoms of Nervous Debility. The effects of the Howard Shield entirely cured me. I commenced its use in 1881 and was restored to perfect health. I am now married and have never had recurrence of my former trouble. You can refer to me as I shall ever feel grateful to you. Your treatment was represented. You have proven yourselves worthy of the confidence of every sufferer. U. G. ELLERMAN, Personally appeared before me, Aug. F. Ellerman to me known, deposes and swears that the above is a true personal testimonial of the Howard Shield and Electric Appliance is true. Sworn and subscribed before me this 5th day of May, A. D., 1885. THOS. H. WICK, Deputy Clerk of Court of Franklin Co., O.

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