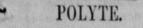
TO A ROSEBUD. Can the

0, happy little rosebud upon her dusky hair! Like some sweet star that gleams afar, You lighten my despair.

All wet with dew at morning upon the old ros tree You shone so fair I chose you there My messenger to be.

So loyal little rosebud just whisper to my sweet I sigh for her, I'd die for her, My heart is at her feet.

-Samuel Minturn Peck in Home Journal.



A sappy home that of the Signults-the husband John, a sober workman, his wife Theresa, gentle and honest. To complete the family an urchin 9 years of age, M. Polyte-a very devil, said his father, and with that always first in school. John Sigault was a skillful molder. The-

resa was known as the most tasteful milliner of Montmartre.

All that little world lived without any other care but the future of M. Polyte. Eather and mother prepared to drain them-selves when that would become necessary, as Polyte had already shown some inclination toward the learning of an art whose apprenticeship costs a great deal. John had a friend named Robert, a stonecutter em-ployed in the studio of a celebrated sculptor. The child had been admitted in the contemplation of the world renowned artists, of whom the two workmen spoke of as a demigod. At arst M. Polyte was intimidated; then he familiarized himself when he saw the great man. Nothing was less imposing than this short, old fellow, wearing a blouse abominably maculated, occupying himself in the making of small balls of sticky clay with his clammy fingers. This cry from the heart escaped from the lips of this Parisian gamin: "Papa! when I am big I will be a sculptor, because at least that is dirty!" The member of the institute de France,

who was a kind of wag, declared that this exclamation might pass for an unequivocal manifestation of an artist's vocation. The good parents did not go further. From this memorable day, when Theresa

had to work late in cutting, repairing and washing the clothes and linen of "her mon," she said to the boy: "All right now, only when I cannot work any more, monsieur the

sculptor, it is you who shall work for me." Then from an early period Polyte was taught that the destinies of his family would est one day entirely on his conduct and

labor. Besides, John Sigauit had been a soldier his child bore and his moral education of his child bore marks of his military life. Early he took are to develop the sentiment of responsibility in his son by making him believe that, me time to come, he would have to support his parents.

So it was, when the molder left Theresa alone in the house, he said to Polyte, "Boy, I am going out and place mamma under your protection; you stand sentinei!"

And Polyte, honored with such high confience, would have allowed any one to make meat of him rather than go out and play with the other urchins of the neighbor-

Those humble people, so quiet, so loving, so anited, were too happy. That could not last long. The 15th of July, 1870, the declaration of

war to Germany was published in Paris. From that day John was not the same man. That model of a workman, having absolutely othing to do in the shop, expended his whole time in the reading of newspapers. One evening he came home, pale with rage. The Gernans were in sight of Paris! During the following night he had the fever

-a patriotic one. His despair broke out into rrific invectives against his egotism of a happy husband and a timorous father; so uch that Theresa, although she had nothing

profits made by the indefatigable boy. Polyte increased his commercial operations

by taking a partner in the shape of a poodle dog that he found in the street and to which he taught tricks. Among them the foremost was known as "The Duck's Hunt Executed by Jean de Nivelle's Dog." Polyte threw up a large ring on which newspapers were hung, and a cup was put on the ground. The dog seized the ring in the flight. The more the master cried "Come here," the more the dog ran away from him; the animal described quick circles, presenting the newspapers to the passers by with such a comical expression that quickly the ring was deprived of its burden and the little cup filled to the brim with

copper and silver pieces. Energy wore out adversity in Polyte's case. Theresa regained her health and resumed her work of a milliner, Meanwhile other sorrows were in stora for the courageous child.

One evening after serving his customers Polyte found Robert visiting his mother. He returned often, friend Robert, he re-

turned too often. Once he invited himself without much ado to dinner, under the pretext that he had brought a roasted chicken and a bottle of fine claret. And asking to be excused for his lack cere-

mony, on the plea that he was alone in the world, the stonecutter arrived, little by little, deal. Every day it seemed to the jealous sold into slavery to the American plantations, child that this newcomer was taking part of and condemned to a life of laborious servihis mother's love from him.

It was the morning of New Year's day. Polyte had economized cent by cent in order to prepare a surprise to his mother in the shape of a modest costume that he spread on her armchair, and he said to her:

"Mamma, after breakfast will you dress yourself and we will go out together to show your new dress to the neighbors?"

This request caused Theresa to blush. She had already promised Robert to have a walk with him-he was to call on her at 10 o'clock --and "it is proper," she added, "that I remind you to be more polite with Mr. Robert;

you are too rude with him." Polyte did not answer; the tears filled his big blue eyes; he retired to the next room. Opening a drawer he took out a photograph of his father, that he covered with kisses and deposited it on the dress, his present to his mother.

Through a ray of precious intelligence the boy had comprehended that shortly the rigid sentinel, as his father called him, would be unable to watch over the place alone. The dog turned around his master, looking

at him very attentively, as if it wanted him to understand the cause of his sorrow.

Suddenly the animal straightened its ears and began to growl. Somebody had entered the room next to Polyte's. The child heard a heavy step, a voice (Robert's) speaking loudly, then a whisper, followed by a cry half smothered, and the noise of a slight struggle. The dog made a jump and opened widely the door that was not locked. Polyte saw this hated Robert standing near his mother, who hid her face and protested with great vehemence. The intruder had buried the old year too gayly; in his half drunken-ness he had thought himself entitled to a kiss from Mrs. Sigault as a New Year's present.

Polyte was on the eve of speaking, when his dog, sociable only with him and his mother, rushed on the man and bit him cruelly.

It needed all the strength of Polyte, who shook with anger, to make the faithful animal let go his hold on Robert's leg. The boy and the man, brought face to face by the incident, glared at each other. Robert detected in the eyes of the child his firm will to retain his mother's heart. He was not a bad man, that Robert, only a little vain and braggart, a true Parisian. Noticing the mistake done by him, he reddened, stammered and saluting low he departed.

The next day, as Theresa awoke after a bad night's sleep, Polyte entered her room like a

weeks mother and child subsisted on the , THE MOONSHINERS' ANCESTORS. Speculation Upon the Origin of the

Rude Mountaineers. The origin of the mountaineers that in-

habit the ranges from Virginia to Aikansas is a subject that might tempt the curiosity of a serious historian. The vestiges of the early population, and of some of the singular epiodic inronds that accompanied the steady flow of English colonization, are still plainly perceptible. From the semi-ducal plantations the king's favorites in Virginia and the Carolinas many of those unfortunate or criminal wretches who were transported from the mother country to be penal slaves in the fields of heartless, and mostly absentee, masters, escaped into the refuge of the mountains, and, animated by a despairing hope of freedom, sought the most inaccessible hiding

To the escaped convict, trembling under the remembrance of a master's lash and willing to dare any native danger to escape the very he had fled, the approach of another refugee was as full of terror as of comfort. The runaway felon could trust nobody; or perhaps, he had a brand upon his forehead to hide from curious eyes, and wherever he made Leav his home it was kept remote from neighborship, and made as uninviting as possible to adventurous or suspicious eyes. There is to share the evening meal of the Signults, a little doubt that among the first settlers of thing which displeased M. Polyte a great the mountains, were these British convicts. and condemned to a life of laborious servi-tude, which they only escaped by such hardships as could tempt no free man. The free pioneer and the woodsman pushed on across the mountains or through the passes and cleared for himself an empire and garden in fertile Kentucky and middle Tennessee, or sought the softer air and cotton lands of the uthern states. The escaped convict was afraid to venture in either direction, lest he should rush into the hands of a former master or overseer, who would identify and re-enslave

So, with that last instinct for personal freedom that has always possessed the Caucasian race in every land, he clung to the mountains of his refuge, secure in his solitude and getting his peace in the impregnability of his retreat. It was, perhaps, an inherited instinct, therefore, that made the mountaineers hate negro slavery as bitter as the most determined abolitionists of the north, and which led them by force of fate to join the Union armies when the civil war came on. The mountain regions not only furnished the northern armies sands of soldiers but also maintained warm sympathy for the cause in the rear and front of the Union lines, and it is not singu-lar, perhaps, that they have continued in sympathy with the Republican party as instinctively as has the emancipated negro,-Y. E. Allison in Southern Blyouad

Consumption Cured by a Car Platform. "You see this car platform?" inquired one passenger of another on an Illinois Central suburban train. "Well, that platform cured me of consumption and saved my life. You think that's strange, don't you? Well, it is a little strange, but it's a fact. You see, I come of a consumptive family. My mother died of consumption, a sister and two brothers, and a year ago I expected to go in the same way. Don't look like it now, do If Well, all thanks are due to this platform. It was in this way: As soon as I saw that I was going down I made up my mind to take some desperate means of salvation. I wasn't financially able to go to California, or to travel anywhere except to and from my work. So I did the next best thing. Every morning in riding into town I stood out on the platform, and, drawing long breaths, filled my lungs full of the fresh air from the lake.

"At first I couldn't inhale much, but by and by my lungs gathered strength, respiratory cells that had long been unused began to open and admit nature's life giving oxygen, and in a few months I was surprised at my own strength and good health, as were my friends. Four times a day-for I rode home to dinner and back again-I stood on the platform and inhaled as much of the air as possible. The weather made no difference to me-rain, cold, snow, blizzard-for more than a year I haven't sat down in a railway coach. Now I can draw a longer inhalation than any man I know, and a long inhalation simply means filling with air all of the cells of the site lungs, bringing the whole system into service, as it were-and I have no more fear of consumption. People who work indoors, and ER never, under ordinary circumstances who get their lungs more than half filled with air, had better try my prescription. It is a won-der."--Chicago Herald.



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a heroine in her, ended by plagiarizing that amous phrase, "And now, go to fight." And he went.

In a few days he had won again his serant's stripes. One morning he paid a visit to his wife and child. He was mad with joy. His colonel had granted him a twelve hours' furlough and given him the military medal warded to the sergeant by the republic for the bravery he had displayed in the several nters with the Germans. He could not get a twenty-four hours' leave of absence beause his regiment had to make a sortie on the following night. Friend Robert, the stoneutter, called upon John to present him with is congratulations for the honor that he had ceived from the government. He offered to watch over the sergeant's house during his nce. John, who knew the personage as anfit to watch over any one's house, replied

"Many thanks. I have here a rigid sentiel; is that not true, Polyte?"

"Of course," answered that embryo of a an, with the inimitable accent of the pollson of Paris and raising himself on the top of is feet.

Yes, he was to be a rigid sentinel, the poor ild, as from this day nothing was heard of John Sigault in the modest apartment of ontmartre. After that sortie the squad of he brave sergeant had returned without their hief; killed or taken during the battle they ould not say-in any case he was missing.

. Since the month of March, 1871, poverty ad stricken hard the home previously so ntented. The slowly gathered resources ad foundered quickly. Theresa, worn out disquietude and privations, fell sick, and ae terrible days of the Commune happening expectedly, the situation of the mother and hild became very critical.

The young one did not complain, did not ry, did not fret. Not that he was unconous of the dangers that threatened his ther and himself. His deep look indicated rell enough that many bitter thoughts passed efore time through his child's brain.

Finally his courage gave way, and this is rhy - the baber was there; he wanted ney and refused to let them have bread on credit any longer, only until the next

At this moment the favorite axiom of his arents-viz, "It is the duty of children to upport their mammas when they cannot rk any moro"-was remembered by him. Polyte rushed out. A long time he promaded the streets, his eyes shining, his head a fire, asking himself what he could do to

All of a sudden he saw people pushing each other. In the middle of the street a young an was selling newspapers. The crowd aght among themselves in their engerness o buy The Petit Journal

At this view Polyte made up his mind. He also would sell newspapers. He bought a sopy of The Journal, read the direction of its hers, ran to the office and asked a clerk

A conflue a number of papers to him. As he had no money the man refused to en-tertain his demand. Then he burst out sobng. His, sorrow appeared so touching and ne that the clerk signaled him to one of the true that the clerk signaled him to one of the editors. In a moment Polyte, who had re-lated his story to the gentleman, received a gratuitous and large supply of newspapers, together with a handsome uniform cap, while the good editor dispatched a messenger to Polyte's house, bearer of succor for the wife

the missing sorgeant. From that time and for several weary

bombshell, having in his hand a letter just given to him by the janitor of the house. He threw it on his mother's bed unable to articulate another word but Pa-pa! Pa-pa!

And this blessed letter, that the child had not hesitated to recognize as having been written by his father, read as follows:

"DEAR WIFE-I am in the military hospital of Spaudau in Germany. I have undergone a frightful operation on my head. I am informed by the medical authorities of the hospital that I have remained senseless over one year; they call my case with a Greek or Latin name

"I have suffered very much, but now the physicians told me that I will be well again in a few weeks.

"Good-by, dearest. I hope that the rigid sentry has performed his duty to your utmost satisfaction. I kiss both of you a million times. Your husband and father,

"JOHN SIGAULT." After the reading of the letter from his father, Polyte did not wait long. As he was a progressive man and an economical boy he e nearest telegraph office and sent the following message, short and good:

"To John Sigault, Military Hospital, Spaudau, Germany-Yes. "What joy! Come home soon. POLYTE."

"THERESA." A month after the child was relieved from his sentry duty by his father, and with that

my story ends. Perhaps, dear reader, you want to know what became of our little Polyte. He is yet standing sentinel as fifteen years ago; this time it is for our country. Lieutenant in the that aged people are more apt to spend their marine infantry, he commands an advanced post in Tonquin, where, in two years, he has won his golden epaulettes and the cross of the Legion of Honor. -- Translated from the French by Guard S21, Sixth A venue Elevated Railroad, for New York Graphic.

Sturdy Old Simon Cameron.

I saw much of Gen. Cameron while he was in New York. He is a remarkable specimenof physical preservation. At 88 years of age he still carries himself nearly erect, and but for an injury he suffered to his back three or four weeks ago would be able to match himself with the average man of 60 years of age. The general has a sallow com-plexion which is heightened by the shock of "We hangs down upon his shoulders, luxuriant around the edges but getting just a trifle thin on top. The old statesman has a habit of running his fingers through his hair which makes it stand out in wild disorder. He has a long birch staff which comes up nearly to his shoulders, which he carries habitually in his hand as he walks about, even when in the hotel corridors or the house. I am told that he takes long walks over his farm and about the country in the neighborhood. His farm is located in Lancaster county, not far from Harrisburg. The general prides himself on the Donegal spring, which is on his land and which he declares has the finest water in America. In summer time he may be found sitting or strolling among the trees in front of his fine old country mansion, and his hospitality is known to every one. The latch string is always out to his friends, and his friends are legion,-New York Tribune.

While we like to see our neighbor get along and prosper, it whas pretty hardt to forgif ier aunt who dies und leafs him a legacy.--Carl Dunder.

Fashion in Gravestones.

"I suppose there are fashions in gravestones as well as in anything else?"

"Certainly there are. The heavy style, such as one used to see universally in burying grounds up to twenty years ago, is becoming antiquated and going out of fashion. What takes now is the light, airy kind of work, with graceful outlines, and of fine material. Angels, small statues after the Greek, glided on the banisters to the street, ran to doves and fancy figures are now most in vogue. Next to them there is the rough style-just the hewn rock, showing the unpolished surface. That seems to be the best liked by mourners of a serious, contemplative turn of mind, while sentimental people prefer the other style."

"As to the degrees of grief now," it was asked, "did your experience teach you that young people sorrow more visibly and expensively over their dead than do mourners of sedate age?"

DA money freely in fine tombstones than younger persons. It may be that young folks feel in as much as older ones, but they haven't got the money to spend, you see, as a rule. I know I often have trouble enough collecting my bills from such people, even if it's for ER othing heavier than a little baby angel. Widows, I must say, as a rule are good customers; widowers, not nearly so much. And that's as true of the young as of the old, perhaps even truer of the young ones.'

"Do widows who have buried successive husbands show just as poignant grief-as expressed on tombstones-on the demise of their second or third husband as on that of the

"Well, now, that's a ticklish question to ong white hair that covers his head and ask," replied the artist. "I couldn't be sure of it; still, if I can judge from what I've seen, I should say that the widow's grief becomes all the stronger on putting her second or third one under the sod."-New York Mail and Express.

An Optimistic View,

Cardinal Gibbons stands with Gladstone rather than with Tennyson sixty years after. In his sermon in this city yesterday he il-instrated and emphisized his belief that the world is becoming better rather than worse, and that, on the whole, rightcourses and moral growth accompany enlighte

Two centuries ago there was hardly such a thing as law known in the world. There was little established order. Stages rolled through London with armed men on their roofs. London with armed men on their roofs. There were an ignorance and immorality among the clergymen quite inconceivable at the present day. Almost all "gentlemen" got drunk. Official corruption sapped the treas-ury of every land. Books were read by ladies and gentlemen in the drawing rooms of England that cannot now be read in any mixed company.—Washington Post.

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Harrisburg 11 25 a m	We have unusual facilities for printing
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Lock Haven 8 15 p m	CATALOGUES,
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