

Morley Borrows Trouble-

Mary Emily, I wish you'd set down...

Have you something so important to say, Thomas, that you can't speak here in the kitchen?

Yes, Mary Emily, it's important to me, and I hope it is to you;

Very, well; take the lead, and I'll follow.

On reaching the setting-room, the important talk was begun.

Now, Mary Emily, what I want to speak about is, that baby of ours, our youngest and last of four, our Madge.

On looking out of the window upon a large orchard, Mr. Morley saw, at the topmost bough of a large cherry tree, his gazelle.

O, Thomas, tis the same old story; you're always borrowing trouble about our girls, and better daughters could not be found.

Time enough to worry, Thomas, after she has had her first beam. I've never known a young man looking at her yet.

Now you remind me of what I come in here to say. You say you never knew of a young man looking at her yet.

The subject of Mr. Morley's anxiety entered—as radiant and sunny a creature as one's fancy could paint.

Well, Madge, give us some music; play me a rollickin' jig. No liferluta tunes for me.

Seating herself at the piano she played galops and hornpipes, jigs and ragquets till she had exhausted her repertoire, wondering, meanwhile, why she received no encore.

About my pretty gazelle, and wondering if she'll ever leave us as the other three did.

Never fear of losing me, papa, for I am too untamed and wild for any one to love but you; so I am going to be pop's dear old maid, only not a real prim one, for I never can give up my out-door sports, and shall never get too old or infirm to ride horseback.

T. T. Morley was a self-made man, a good man and a rich man, but a terror to all the marriageable masculine fraternity, for he idolized his daughters, and thought no man good enough for them.

It had ever been his all-absorbing hobby to keep them single; but he had failed to do so, as the three oldest had by some preordained fate married their hearts choice, and with the mother's consent only.

Mr. Morley's fears regarding the neighboring young man were not groundless. Few could look upon Madge Morley in her rich warm beauty, full of life and purity, without loving her; and Lee Barnard, the object of Mr. Morley's suspicions, was not an exception.

Thomas, said Mrs. Morley, does this look much like love or marriage very soon?

On looking out of the window upon a large orchard, Mr. Morley saw, at the topmost bough of a large cherry tree, his gazelle.

Jump, and I'll catch you, little one he said. His strong arms were held out and in to them she safely dropped rather than jumped, a burden he was loath to give up, a burden he ultimately begged the pleasure of carrying through life; and, in time, he learned to his supreme joy that in falling from the tree Madge had also fallen in love.

And even T. T., very wisely remembering that love laughs at locksmiths, became, in a measure, though at the eleventh hour, and when there was no other alternative, resigned to give his youngest and last to the man who had rescued her from what might have been death, always considering it providential that the accident occurred before them bulletin boards were erected.

THE QUEEN OF TRAMPS.

The Queen of tramps was a guest at the Hoboken police station Thursday night. This remarkable woman, now in her 75th year, is Sarah Dougherty.

During the war she was close to the scene of the big battles, and was one of the first women to reach the Southern Confederacy after the surrender of Lee.

She is not an educated woman, but has a retentive memory and is a rhymster. She wrote a poem touching the death of Custer and recites it with

considerable dramatic power. She delights to tell of the leading events in the history of the country during the last thirty years, and with ponderous particularity details the prominent attractions in the leading cities in the United States and the many interesting celebrations that have taken place in the large cities at which she was present.

The Queen of Tramps is vigorous, and her long siege of exposure and suffering has left few marks on her despite her advanced age. She left the police station and the board that had served as a bed as refreshed and contented as if she had occupied a luxuriously appointed room in a hotel.

FOOD IN INDIA.

I suppose that in no other country in the world does religion have so much to do with food as in India. One day at Benares, on the Ganges, happening to approach a very sacred temple, I was greeted with shouts of dismay, and with much protesting with outstretched arms, on the part of a number of natives engaged in cooking dinner.

While visiting various great prisons in India I was told that the principal difficulty was the preparation of food.

Mohammedans world touch nothing prepared by the native Christians, while the Hindu not only scorned the food of Christian and Mohammedan, but would not eat even that prepared by his co-religionists, if they were of a lower caste.

SHE WAS A PEARL.

One day I was looking over the bill of fare in a city restaurant, a fashionable dressed young man entered and caught up another bill. He lacked none of the appendages of the dude—kid gloves, gold headed cane, abundance of rings, his face cleanly shaven, mustach waxed and curled, full dress vest; with ample shirt front; everything pointed to him as one whom fortune seemed to scatter her favors with no sparing hand.

In response to his call a girl appeared.

What can I do for you sir? she asked.

Turkey and champagne, he replied.

Stop. Wait a moment. Yes, I guess that will do. Ow, aw, heighho?

In a few minutes he was supplied with what he had ordered, when he says, turning to the girl:

What shall I call you—what is your name?

Pearl, sir, please.

Pearl? Yes, sir.

Then I suppose you are the pearl of great price, are you?

No, sir.

What then—what other pearl are you?

Please, sir, I'm the pearl that is sometimes cast before swine.

Conferee Meeting.

Some of the Democrats in this XXVIII, Congressional district have been laboring to bring about an equitable system of nominating candidates several conferee meetings, have taken place, the last at Ridgeway, on Thursday May 31st.

man and A. J. Siggins. On motion John A. Woodward, of Center was elected President, O. B. Grant of Elk, was elected Vice President, and George R. Dixon, of Elk, Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been stated by Mr. Bell, G. R. Dixon offered the following:

Resolved That each county in this, the 28th Congressional District of Pennsylvania shall be entitled to three Conferees in all Congressional conferences in said district; which resolution when ratified by a majority of the counties of the districts, at their next County Conventions, shall be binding and conclusive in the whole district.

A long discussion followed, the resolution being supported by Conferees of Elk, Forest and Clarion and opposed by Center and Clearfield.

At midnight conference adjourned to 8:30 a.m. when after further discussion the resolution was adopted, Elk, Forest and Clarion voting in favor, Clearfield against it and Center not voting.

The following resolution was then adopted unanimously;

Resolved. That we recommend the creation of a District Executive Committee consisting of three persons from each county and refer the subject to the next coming County Conventions for their action and request them to elect such a Committee.

On motion adjourned sine die. The man who still insists upon three delegates from each county in a party conference, no difference how small or how large the county may be, should be allowed to abandon the railroad in making a trip from Erie to Philadelphia, and be compelled to foot it over the road, or take a coach ride, so as to prove his consistency in the affairs of life.

GOV. BEAVER TALKS.

His Opinion of the Democratic Ticket and Platform.

HARRISBURG Pa. June 9.—In the course of a conversation to-day on the Democratic ticket and platform Governor Beaver said:

Speaking from a purely political standpoint, it is an honest ticket upon a sincere platform, and rises a direct issue upon the one great political and industrial question of the present day never heretofore distinctly raised. The Republican party will gladly and unequivocally accept these issues and go to the county unhesitatingly upon it.

THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON IN 1776.

When Gen. Howe comprehended the real peril of his situation in Boston, after the fortification of Dorchester Heights was undertaken, a severe cannonade and bombardment, from batteries along the American line from Roxbury to the extreme left, were opened on the town to divert the attention of the British from the secret labors of the provincials.

A train of 300 carts and wagons, filled with fucines and bundles of pressed hay, followed, all moving in perfect silence. Within an hour they were all on the heights, undiscovered by the enemy in the city, where every ear was filled with the noise of the cannonade and bombardment, which the Americans kept up from 7 o'clock in the evening until dawn.

On the summit of the steep hills were barrels filled with stones to be rolled down upon the ascending assailants and a strong abatis, formed of the trees of adjacent orchards, protected the foot of the heights. Howe was overwhelmed with astonishment, and exclaimed: I know not what I shall do the rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month.

It was determined to drive the Americans away by direct assault and 2,400 picked soldiers, the flower of the army, were placed under the command of Lord Percy, with orders to drive the Americans from the heights. Percy embarked his men and awaited the darkness of night.

could not move.

Howe, in dismay called a council of war. The terrified loyalists demanded of the General the sure protection which he had promised them.

The resolution spread dismay among the loyalists or Tories. They, too, determined to leave, and endure the perils and discomforts of a sea voyage and privations in a strange land, rather than brave the resentment of the Whigs whom they had helped to oppress.

The embarkation was delayed until Sunday morning, March 17th, Howe hoping for the arrival of re-enforcements. At four o'clock in the morning the troops and loyalists began their embarkation.

At sunset on that beautiful Sabbath day the great fleet had left Boston for Halifax, bearing away 1,100 loyalists with the army to Nova Scotia. The nation, through Congress, thanked Washington for the great deliverance, and gave him a beautiful gold medal.

THE SCIENCE OF GOOD LIVING

Mr. Vanderbilt's \$10,000 cook says that the science of good living is easy if you only know how. All that is necessary is a few "simple dishes temptingly prepared, introduced into a stomach that has been appealed through the imagination.

The few simple dishes are within the reach of everybody and it certainly does not cost anything to cultivate an imagination. If the matter of preparing the few simple dishes temptingly is a little difficult of attainment it will only be necessary to make a little heavier draft on the imagination.—Philadelphia Press.

CHURCH LOTTERIES.

Judge Biddle, of Philadelphia, in charging the jury the other day, in a case where a party was indicted for setting up an illegal lottery, gave his views upon the subject of lottery business in general, and his announcement that he asked the director of public safety to investigate a church lottery to be held at a strawberry festival.

Lotteries at church fairs and festivals are no doubt a violation of the law, when the latter is strictly administered, but the good people who have engaged in this sort of business will no doubt be very much shocked at the suggestion that this open and apparently innocent breaking of the statutes in the interest of the churches should be classed with the carefully hidden and nefarious lottery policy business.

Cherry Pudding.—Take two eggs one cup of sweet milk and enough flour to make stiff batter. Add as many cherries as can be stirred in. Steam it two hours and serve with sauce. Peach dumplings or peach pudding may be made from the above receipts by substituting, of course, the peaches for the cherries.

An entree of great merit is made by dipping slices of ripe tomatoes into a batter made of flour, sweet milk and an egg, and then frying them a delicate brown.

HOW LOCOMOTIVES ARE NAMED

Locomotives said the railroad man are oftener numbered than named nowadays. The great trunk lines of the country number their engines, but some of the New England lines still continue to both name and number. Localities are concoliated by naming engines after them, and the directors feel flattered of course to see their names on majestic express or monster freight engines.

There is a sort of unwritten custom of localities individuals to give clocks or ornaments to the engines named after them. Different roads have different ideas and ideas and methods. The Providence names its shifting engines after characters in Dickens, suggestive of qualities that will be into play. There is the Pauck's that goes about puffing, the Micawber, that waits for something to turn up, etc. The Eastern road once ran on Shakespeare some years ago, and gave its machines such names as Carolanus, King Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Tempest, Hamlet, etc., thus making its train spropaganda of Shakespeare study.

HOW THE GIRL PROPOSED.

Saying little but thinking much. But lovers do not need to say much to be companionable.

The little clock on the mantel for a considerable time had been the only speaker. Its tick, tick, tick, seemed to the youth to say kiss her, kiss her, kiss her. To the maiden it said leap-year, leap year, and its reiteration of this phrase moved her to break the silence!

How funny some people are, she said. Funny? Yes, some people who are going to be married.

Oh! Yes; some want to be married in a balloon, some on the middle arch of a bridge, some in a boat, some on horse back, some on the edge of a precipice, some down in a coal-mine—

What is their object I wonder? Marriage, of course.

But I mean their object in getting married out of the usual way. Well I'll tell you what I think. They got married in this way so they can tell their children and grandchildren they were married under such peculiar circumstances, as, for instance; your mother and my children, were married in a coal mine, or your grandmother and me were married in a balloon.

I'll bet that's just the reason, said the maiden.

Of course it's the reason. There was a pause. Then the maiden with a glowing cheek said:

I've been thinking, John— Yes? he said interrogatively.

I've been thinking how funny it would be if—(a pause and a deeper blush.)

Well, Bella you have been thinking what? I've been thinking how funny it would be if—

Yes. When the subject of marriage comes up thirty or forty years hence you could point to me and say: Why children your grandmother proposed to me on leap year and were married a few weeks after.

John is very busy these days furnishing a nice little cottage and Bella is superintending the making of her wedding dress.

YOUR DESTINY.

According to almost all the charts gotten up by the astrologists, what may be expected of girls born in different months is about as follows:

- If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy but good tempered. If in February, humane and affectionate wife and tender mother. If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarrelling. If in May, handsome, amiable and likely to be happy. If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous. If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper. If in August, amiable and practical and likely to marry rich. If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked. If in October, pretty and coquetish and likely to be unhappy. If in November, liberal, kind and of a wild disposition. In December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

A man in Denver brushed a horsefly from the pasture of a mule this morning. He lit in Boston, and is hunting up a circus to see if he can find a philanthropic mule that will give him a dead-head pass to Denver.