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The Faces We Meet. Oh, the faces we meet, the faces we meet, At home or abroad, on the hurrying street! Each has its history, dark or bright, Traced so clearly in legible light;

As with pen of gold Of the finest mold, Diamond pointed And lightly scrolled-Some, telling that fortune hath graciously

planned Their sketch, and wrote with her soft, white hand.

Others, where harrowing grief and care Have left in steel their traces there -Steel that cuts like the sharpened sword, Slowly carving each written word,

Through anxious fears And sorrowing tears-Each furrowed line Its import wears; And we read that "life is a stern warfare,

To battle and to do, to suffer and bear." While others, the iron hand of sin Branding each line and sentence in,

Leaving torever its harrowing trace, Where once was purity, beauty and grace; The soul's deep scars Like iron bars O'er windows bright,

The visage mars; And we read, "Lite's a wild bacchanalian seng.

The province of seifishness, ruin and wrong. Faces so old, yet so young in their years, Where pinching penury blights and sears, And the bony finger of poverty writes What merciless misery e'er indites;

Where pain and want And hunger gaunt, Big Joy and beauty And hope avaunt; "Life is to wonder-starving and cold,

Shunned and forsaken-toil and grow old."

Oh, the laces we meet, the frees we meet, At home or abroad, on the hurrying street! Beautiful faces with soul-beaming eyes, Visions of angels that walk in disguise! Faces glad and as gay

As the blue skies of May, With no more of care Than the rose on the spray! Others sad, yet more sweet With submission soit tone,

By treading the wind-press of sorrow alone Pititul faces upturned so to mine, Wistful and eager, as if to divine

It human charity, pity or love Could be found 'neath the dome of the heavens above. Little faces so old,

Thin with hunger and cold; Faces furrowed by toil After perishing gold! Oh, the heart is oft burdened with sorroy replete.

By the tales that are read in the faces we meet -Allie Wellington.

The Ghost of the Laburnums

"Why do you not invite me to the Laburnums, Fan?"

Because it is so lonely there, Rae "For that reason I shall come," said pretty Raphaella Fairlie. "I shall come and keep you company for a whole week, just as soon as I can get away from the city. I knew you and Phil were moping," nodding her curly head sagaciously.

A sudden gravity went over Fannie Brudenel's gentle countenance, yet her eyes bri_htened expectantly.
"I should love to have you there, of

When train time came and Fannie had left Rae's pretty studio and the city, the little artist still sat daintily touching the photograph she was coloring, and evidently closely thinking of some thing else. She was not sure that Doctor Philip Brudenel would exactly approve of her going to the Laburnams, but she meant to go, for all that, for she loved him, and she could plainly see that he had cares and perplexities of which she knew nothing. And though they had been engaged over a year, he made no proposal of marrying soon, only looked moodily when the subject was approached. Rae so enjoyed his company that she could live with him in the black hole of Calcutta, she declared to herself, but probably Philip did not think so. Anyway she was going to the Laburnums, his home at Lowing to the Laburnums, his home at Low-shore, because she felt that her love Rae's veins thrilled with excitement

Ten days later she locked her studio door and steamed away to Lowshore, and soon the depot carriage had set her down at the door of a tiny cottage hid in laburnum-trees

Fannie kissed her affectionately. are, Rae," she said, and led her into a

little sitting-room. Everything was very plain, and very, influence strung her nerves?—for when very tiny, Rae thought, accustomed to all was still and the night far advanced spacious city apartments; and when she rose, and, dressing, donned her warm Fannie had taken her hat and traveling-sachel, and gone to spread a lunch for into the hall. She took a bunch of her, Rae looked around and saw that the keys from their nail there, and, selecting carpet was threadbare and the furnione which she had seen Fannie take, ture extremely old-fashioned.

Suddenlya door opened, and an old lady, leaning on a cane, tottered into snowy cap, had a strange, white, puffy look, but she yet showed signs of hav-

Rae's cheek burned under

strangely significant words, but she guessed immediately that the old lady's mind was wandering; then Fannie en-Come, mother, come and rest now,

she said, gently, and drew her from the room. She came back, saying to Rae: "My mother is demented. Do not be troubled by anything she says. It was evening when Doctor Philip brought his fine presence into the tiny home. His start of delight on behold-ing Rae was succeeded by a rather sad

smile.
"What pleasure did you expect to find here, child?" he asked, holding Perhaps I did not come for pleasure,

Philip."
"For what then?"
"Profit."

"I find very little of that here."

Two days passed. Rae saw plainly what the life was at the Laburnums monotonous, meager; but ever since Philip had first brought his sister to her

studio, Rae had loved Fannie, who was older than herself, and patiently be-coming one of the sweetest of old maids. So she enjoyed sisterly talks with Fan-Philip was absent most of the

In one of these confidential chats Fannie said:

"You ought to have come in the early autumn, Rae—it is prettier here then. In autumn, Rae—it is prettier here then. In November we have nothing attractive—literally nothing. I have often expressed the wish to Philip to have you visit us; but he always speaks of the contrast between your life and ours—you in the city, with access to so much that is entertaining, and we so shut out from the world. But because it is you, I think, Rae, that I will show you the house in the hollow."

"The house in the hollow, Fan?"

"Yes, our ancestral home; for Philip and I came of a prosperous race, poor as we now are, and the old house is full of what is beautiful and rare. Get your

"I have found it—I have found it."

of what is beautiful and rare. Get your hat and we will go now."

Through long lines of laburnums, across a tiny kitchen garden, along a decaying orchard into a slope still green in the November sunshine. At one end of the valley which opened toward the sea, where white sails were noiselessly flitting, stood a large and handsome house of painted brick, with oriel windows and other picturesque effects.

"It is not an old house," said Fannie.
"It was built by my grandfather, in his last days, as a wedding present to my mother. The old house which had formerly stood here he had pulled down

merly stood here he had pulled down and this built. He intended to reside with his only daughter when she married Israel Beaucaire, a French Jew, whom he had chosen for her. But my mother fell in love with her music-teacher, Ross Brudenel, and eloped with him, and grandfather wrote and bade her never to come back. But when Philip and I were latherless, my mother came, in her great extremity, and begged her father's assistance Grandfather gave her this cottage we have now, and allowed her a small income with which to bring us up, but never forgave her. At last he died, willing all his property to a distant cousin in India, who has never come for it. The house stands empty, with all its beautiful furniture, and the rich fields lie fallow, while Philip barely supports us with his small practice. Lowshore is a distressingly healthy place," with a faint smile.

The interior of the house was finished in rich foreign woods, the floors polished

like glass and laid with costly rugs and tapestries. The furniture was of ma-hogany and velvet, long mirrors and dark paintings adorned the walls. It was indeed a handsome house, speaking of almost limitless wealth.

"There are thousands of dollars worth of silver in the bank at Shoreborough," said Fannie, "and rents accumulating there which will be a small fortune in itself. But we have nothing."

"How hard! how cruel!" cried Rac. I should not think your grand-father could rest in his grave to have you and Philip, with all your reunement and culture, spending your lives in a hand-to-hand scramble for bread." "They say he does come back and ander uneasily about here," said Fan-

and coming out into the sunshine.
"But of course such stories are told of
all such places. Philip says he does not
believe a word of it," with a marked emphasis which made Rae turn and look

But you do, Fan." "Twice people have tried to sleep there and declared that grandfather appeared to them. I should not dare to try it, for I am a timorous thing at best,

The intensity of Rae's thoughts made Philip's right. No wonder he was sad moody and hopeless of their marriage as he was situated and seemed fated to

continue to be.

"The will was made immediately after mamma's marriage," said Fannie, standing under the laburnums and looking up at the great house. "Poor mother says he told her on his deathbed that he made another will-perhaps in her favor. But what she says goes for little. Her state is very strange since a tever she had just after Philip came of age-her talk so wild and foolish-aud yet she seems to understand some things in our affairs that we do not see till afterward. It is almost nncanny to think over the strange knowledge she

gave her a right to know what was but Fannie went soberly about getting tea. They kept no maid, this poor disinherited family, and Rae learned that Philip's own hands tilled the little kitchen-garden, while every labor of the household was performed by

Fannie. She could not sleep that night after "What a delightful apparition you she had gone to her tiny bedroom. The moonlight seemed to disturb her and make her brain wildly active. one which she had seen Fannie take, held it tightly in her slim, white fingers

as she went out into the night. In the moon's white light she went steadily through the long lines of laburnums, across the tiny kitchen-garden look, but she yet showed signs of having been very pretty in youth.

"What are you?" she asked Rae, "a fairy? Do you think you can better our follow. She stood a moment before the great still house, listening to the roar of the sea. Strangely enough, she fallen fortunes? No, no! that can never | did not feel afraid. If she thought of the presence of an unseen spirit, it was to

appeal to it prayerfully for help. Another will. It must be. it would do no harm to search, and that is what she had come for.

She left the hall-door wide open and let the moonlight flood the tiled hall. It streamed through the chinks of the shutters, which she opened, one by one, as she fitted keys to drawers of all kinds. The task was no light one, for in every nich was cabinet or escritoire. But there were no papers anywhere. Many things which must have been the personal property of old Squire Brud-enel she found, but nowhere his will. "Ob, if I only could—if I only could!"
he said, sadly, "and it would restore

she said, sadly, " and Philip to his rights!" Rat, tat, tat—the sound of a cane on the tilted floor. Rae turned for the first Curosities of Advertising:

her utterly forgetful of herself. Now her utterly forgetful of herself. Now some one was coming.

The door swung slowly on its tarnished silver hinges. A quaint, bent little figure, leaning on a cane, advanced into the room and paused beside a handsome carved armchair which stood before a table. Lifting the cane, the bent little old woman knocked smartly thrice on the seat of this chair, filling the room with a hollow sound, then, resuming her feeble walk, she passed out of the apartment by another door.

Tremblingly, doubtingly, Rae curiously approached the chair. The blows of the cane seemed to have disturbed or broken the seat, for it was awry, plainly

and shaking to Fannie's door.
"I have found it—I have found it!" she cried, flinging her arms around the amazed, white-robed figure who ad-

mitted her to Fannis's chamber.
"Found what? Are you sick? Are you crazy?" asked gentle Fannie Brude-"The other will-within a chair-an

old armchair in the house in the hol-low. A ghost showed it to me!" answered Rae, holding the paper aloft. There was a knock at the chamber

door. "Sister, what is the matter? What disturbs the house?" It was Philip's voice.
"I have found the will! Come in and

read it!" cried Rae, dragging him in.
She gave him the paper; she lighted
a lamp. He was forced to read. Struggling for calmness as he proceeded, he read to the end. Yes, late, but not too late, the precious document was foundthe second will of Paul Brudenel, unconditionally bequeathing all he possessed to these two, his grandchildren.

In the exciting talk which followed no one heard a slender cane go rat-tattat past the door, but when the blue morning light dawned and Fannie bestirred herself to get breakfast, she went

first to her mother's room.

"Philip," she said, coming back,
"mother has had one of her bad nights
again. She has been up and away. I must have slept very much more soundly than usual; she never eluded me before. She is very much exhausted.'

Philip went instantly to attend his mother. When, the next day, she seemed restored to her wonted condition, and Rae had minutely told her story, they closely questioned Mrs. Brudenel as to her visit to the house in the nollow, and tried to discover if she had any knowledge of the hiding place of the will. But nothing could be gained from her disordered mind. She would only shake her head and smile.

"How dare you go on such an expedi-tion to that lonely place at such an un-canny hour, Rae?" asked Philip, the next evening, when, embraced by his arm, they had talked over the happy prospect of their immediate union.

"I was inspired," she answered, laughembraced him: "All for love, Philip. It was done all for love."

They Wanted to Live in the Stars.

Very near us sat two young people He wore the face of a man who turee times a day, and that white neck-tic had never seen the starlight before. There was pearl powder on the shoulder of his coat, and a tender, dreamy look in her lovely eyes. They sat and looked up at the stars, and they didn't care for her quite deaf to what further her companion was saying. This fortune was Philip's right. No wonder he was sad to be Mortimer, though I couldn't learn whether it was his front name or his after name—"Mortimer, dear," she said, "if we could only live apart from this busy and sordid, in one of you glittering orbs of golden radiance, living apart from all else, only for each other, forgetting the base things of earthly life, the coarse greed of the and its animal instincts, would be our heaven, would it not,

And Mortimer, he said that it would "There, heart of my own," he said, and his voice trembled with earnestness, "my own darling Ethel, through all the softened radiance of the day and all the shimmering tenderness of night, our lives would pass away in an exalted at-mosphere above the base-born wants of earthly mortals, and far beyond the chattering crowd that lives but for to day, our lives, refined beyond the common

came out. Mortimer, he made a grab at Ethel's hand and a plunge for the cabin door. Ethel just gathered her skirts with her other hand, jumped clear over the back of her chair and after him and with her other hand, jumped clear over the back of her chair and after him, and away they went, clattering down the of a smile that John McCullough, as cabin, upset a chair, ran into a good, sweet old Quaker lady, and banged a bad he begins to see through "honest Iago." word out of her before she had time to stop it; down the stairs they rushed, collared a couple of chairs at the nearest table, feed a waiter, and opened the campaign without skirmishing. I am a man of coarse mold and an earth-born appe ite myself, and I wouldn't live in a star so long as I could find a good hotel in America; but long, long before I could get seats at the table for my family, Mortimer and Ethel had eaten two bluefish, a little rare beefsteak, some corn bread, a plate of hot cakes, two boiled eggs and a bunch of onions, and the waiter had gone out to toast them some cheese.

I have, during my wanderings, met several people who wanted to live in a star, where earth-born people with hu-man appetites couldn't trouble them, and I always found the safest place for an earth-born man when the star-born soul started for the dinner table was behind a large rock. Distrust the aspiring mortal who lives in a plane so elevated that he requires the use of a telescope when he wants to look down at the rest of us. And if he ever wants to board at your humble table, charge him \$15 a week and feed him lots of soup, or you'll lose money on him.—Burlington Hawk-

Chicago had but 109,260 inhabitants the tilted floor. Rae turned for the first time, her eyes wide with fright. The enthusiasm with which she had entertained her generous purpose had made of the tilted floor. It had 298,977 in 1870, and was fifth in rank. It now has 495, one of the tilted floor. Rae turned for the first in 1861, and was then the eighth city in the Union. It had 298,977 in 1870, and was fifth in rank. It now has 495, one of the tilted floor.

Carosities of Advertising:

In the winter of 1858, a young signpainter in the Bowery found his business failing, and, having nothing else to
do, went along Harlem lane painting
his name, occupation and address on the
rocks and fences. Several business men
were struck by the novelty of the
method, and employed him to advertise
their wares in a similar manner. His
customers increased in number. He
traveled with his brush and paint up
the Missouri river by steamer, and
across the plains and Rocky mountains
by pack-mules in 1858, when that expedition was not the easy matter it is today. His signs appeared under the

day. His signs appeared under the palmettos of the Gulf and among the flowers of the Antilles. He reached Oregon; he daubed the pyramids; the railways were hedged in by his handiwork. But his success was harassed by a competitor, who was as hold, as pusha competitor, who was as bold, as pushing, as adroit and as irreverent as he was. He converted this enemy into a friend, and the two together continued the profanation of nature, and the whole face of the country near the main lines of traffic was degraded into a vast bill-board.

"We traveled over a million and a half of miles, sir," said the arch vandal whose adventures we have given; "painted more than ninety thousand signs, and used more than five hundred barrels of linseed oil, mixed with five hundred barrels of turpentine and a hundred and fifty tons of white lead. I say tons, sir, and will show you the books to prove it."

He beamed with exultation in mendless of the same of

He beamed with exuitation in mentioning this stupendous fact, and seemed to breathe with difficulty whenever he recurred to it. He overwhelmed us with figures, and begged that, it anybody questioned their authenticity, he would either "put up or shut up," jingling the coin in his own pockets to

indicate that he was prepared to back all his assertions. The firm has over eighteen hundred agents, he told us, and in addition to painting it has facilities for distributing and posting bills in every city. The cost of painting the name of any article containing not more than ten letters, each about eight inches long, is about one dollar, and small posters are designed, printed, distributed and hung in every city east of Omana at a cost of about six cents each. Over 3,000,000 "gutter-snipes" are distributed for one tobacco-manufacturing concern in a year, and a certain patent medicine was "billed and painted" in seventeen differ-ent States one year for thirty thousand dollars. A "gutter-snipe," let us add, is a loog, narrow bill usually pasted on the curbstones of a prominent streets. In all large places the bill-stickers' privi-leges are valuable, and there is a good deal of competition where any are to let. They consist of dead-walls, tences and They consist of dead-walls, lences and boards, upon which one concern usually acquires by purchase the right of exhibiting their advertisements; and as an example of the prices sometimes paid we may mention that, during the erection of a new building on Broadway, three thousand dollars were offered for the respect the boards surrounding it. the use of the boards surrounding it. There are also "window privileges," of which theatrical managers avail themselves, exhibiting their programmes and ing, but with a look of awe creeping into her beautiful eyes. Then, as she reconsmaller stores and saloons, and rewardsidered that strange night, she gently ing the tradesmen for their permission with three or four gratuitous tickets month while the season lasts. But the average bill-sticker does not limit his operations to the extent of the privileges which he has purchased; he has a law-less instinct to put up one of his posters in every position where it can possibly attract attention, and through his lack of principle he sometimes becomes involved in dispute with the competitor upon whose space he has encroached. A bill-sticker's war is chiefly damaging to the advertisers whose posters are being distributed, as the combatants efface the bilis of one another as fast as they are put upon the walls. The bill-sticker is also open to the charge of being a nuisance, from his habit of using his paste where it is obviously inappropri-ate; but, charitably overlooking these proclivities, which are less the outcome

that will be fresh in the morning, your antipathies would vanish.—Scribner.

proclivities, which are less the outcome

industrious, honest and sober person;

of evil than of excessive zeal, he is an

and if in a bleak winter you should see

him starting out at midnight on his round, with ladder, brushes and paste,

to cover his boards with announcements

Too Rough for Texas. He was just from New York, where ne had been on the police, but he had left that city for some reason and went to Galveston. The first thing he did was to apply for a position on the Gal-veston police. He was a determined-looking man with a bad eye, a nose like a hawk's beak, and he was built all the way up from the ground like a bank

Othello, smiles when, toward the "Suppose you had six prisoners and one of them was to run off; would you leave the five and tollow up the fugi-

tive?" asked the chief of police.
"Why, no," responded the hard-faced applicant, "I'd shoot the five who didn't try to escape, so I would know where to look for them when I got back with the body of the other one.

That's all right in New York, but it is too rough for Texas," replied the chief of police. - Galveston News.

Shot Off His Coat-Tail. Sometimes in the heat of battle an

incident will occur that will set the men in an uproar of mirth when carnag is rife all around them.

At Bull Run, when the fight was

its wildest, one of the lieutenants of Western regiment stepped off to get a canteen of water. As he stooped down to fill the canteen, a cannon ball tore away the entire skirt of his coat, and knocked him down. He got up, filled his canteen, and as he came back the men greeted him with yells of laughter. and he went through the war by the title of the "Bob-tailed Lieutenant."

There are many reasons why children are adapted to picnics. If the cake gets jammed into the pickle jar, as long as the frosting doesn't melt it makes no difference and a trifle of leaf mold with a few black ants scattered over the custard pie answer to nutmeg with them. Children's palates would make good sole taps, they are so tough,—New Haven Register.

How a Great Planist Got a Wife.

Liszt was at Prague in the autumn of 1846. The day after his arrival a stranger called upon him and represented himself as a brother artist in distress, having expended all his means in an unsuccess-

expended all his means in an unsuccessful lawsuit, and solicited aid to enable him to return to Nuremberg, his place of residence. Liszt gave him a hearty reception and opened his desk to get some money, but found he possessed only three ducats.

"You see," said the generous artist, "that I am as poor as yourself. However I have credit, and can coin more money with my piano. I have a miniature given me by the Emperor of Austria; the painting is of little value, but the diamonds are fine; take it, sell the diamonds and keep the money."

The stranger refused the rich gift, but Liszt compelled him to take it, and he carried it to a jeweler, who, suspecting

carried it to a jeweler, who, suspecting from his miserable appearance that he had stolen it, had him arrested and thrown into prison. The stranger sent for his generous benefactor who immediately appearance that he had stolen it, had him arrested and thrown into prison. The stranger sent for his generous benefactor who immediately appearance to the stranger sent diately called upon the jeweler and told him that the man was innocent, that he had given him the diamonds.
"But who are you?" said the jew-

"My name is Liszt," he replied. "I know of no financier of that name,"

"Very possible," said Liszt.
"But do you know that these diamonds are worth 6.000 florins?" "So much the better for him to whom gave them."
"But you must be very rich to make

such presents."
"My sole fortune consists of three ducats" said Liszt.
"Then you are a fool," said the jew-

"No." said Liszt. "I have only to move the ends of my fingers to get as much money as I want."
"Then you are a sorcerer," said the

inen you are a sorderer, said the jeweler.

"I will show you the kind of sordery that I employ," said Liszt.

Seeing a piano in the back parlor of the jeweler's shop, the eccentric aritst sat down to it and began to improvise a ravishing air. A beautiful young lady

the performance exclaimed: "Bravo, "You know him, then?" said the jeweler to his daughter.
"I have never seen him before," she said, "but there is no one in the world

made her appearance, and at the close of

but Liszt who can produce such sounds from a piano." The jeweler was satisfied, the stranger The jeweler was satisfied, the stranger was released and relieved, the report of Liszt being in the city flew, and he was wited upon and feted by the nobles, who besought him to give a concert in their city. The jeweler, seeing the homage that was paid to the man of genius, was ambitious of forming an alliance with him, and said to him:

"How do you find my daughter?"

"Adorable!" was the reply.

"What do you think of marriage?"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"The jeweler, seeing the home, long, long ago, she willingly gave up for present duty. So to-day, in her loneliness, who shall say that she is not beautiful and dear.

So is she to the wide circle which she blesses. To some she has been all that a mother could have been; and though no nearer name than "Aunt" or "Sister" has been hers, she has to-day a mother's claim and a mother's love.

"How do you find my daughter?"
"Adorable!" was the reply.
"What do you think of marriage?"
ontinued the jeweler.
"Well enough to try it," said Liszt.

"What do you say to a dowry of 3,000,000 of francs?" he was next asked.

"Gladiy!" replied Liszt, and

marriage was celebrated the week fol-A Fest in Pronunciation

The following list of words commonly mispronounced was collected by Professor A. J. Hutton during his work in Wisconsin institutes. Perhaps teachers

TIL GO METT	O JOOK LINCLE O	17.5
ccurate,	European.	Recess,
ddress,	Excursion,	Reduce,
dvantage,	Exemplary,	Robust,
llies,	Extant,	Romance,
lmond,	Finance,	Roof,
rea.	Frontier,	Room,
cen.	Fruit.	Rude,
louquet,	Grass,	Schism,
room.	Greasy,	Shut.
lanine,	Health.	Sit,
hancellor	Hereditament	s Soan.
column,	Horizon,	Soon,
ondemning		Squalor,
Construe,	Houses,	Stalwart,
Corrollary,	Hymning,	Stolid,
breek,	Idea,	Stone,
Dance.	Institute,	Tableaux,
Defict,	Italian,	Territory,
Demand,	Kettle,	Town,
Digestion,	Lien,	Truths,
Direct,	Livelong,	Tune,
Down,	Matron,	Tutor,
Juwii,		Volume,
Due,	Mortgage,	
During,	Mortgageor,	Whoop,
Outy,	Peremptory,	Won't
SOURION.	Frairie.	AA OH C

The World's Railroads.

There are in the world over 200,000 miles of railroad, nearly one-half of which, or 86,000 miles, are in the United States. Europe has nearly 100,000, and the remainder of the world only about 25,000 miles. There are, however, more miles of railroad to the square mile (one mile of road to every forty squar; miles of area) in the United States than there are in Europe (one mile of road to fortyfour square miles). In the United States there is a mile of railroad to every 58 people, in Europe a mile to every persons; which, of course, is only another way of saying that the European railroads run through far denser populations than those of the United States; but, on the other hand, the population of Europe do not travel as many miles annually as do the people of the United States; and although there are six times as many people in Europe as in the United States, they have only 12,000 more miles of railroad.

In Asia 36,000 people, in Africa 9,000, have only a mile each, while in Au-tral-asia there is one mile of railroad to every 1,100 square miles and 1,040 people; and Canada is very little better off than Australasia. So that the people of the United States patronize the railroads more than the people of any other and every other country.

Winking photographs are said to be produced in the following manner: One negative is taken with the sitter's eyes open; another without change of position, with the eyes shut. The two nega-tives are printed on opposite sides of the paper, "registering" exactly. Held be-fore a flickering lamp, or other variable source of light, the combined photoregistering" exactly. Held graphs show rapid alterations of closed and open eyes, the effect being that of

An amateur farmer sent to an agricul-tural society to put him down on the premium list for a calf. They did so.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

An Economical Fashion. For the correspondents who ask what to wear with black silk skirts, there is nothing prettler, more dressy and less costly than a coat basque of light foulard silk of some quaint color and pattern on a cream ground. Other colors are used for the ground of such basques, but the effect is not nearly as good as those of creamy white when worn with any black silk demi-train or else long-trained skirt left over from a former trained skirt left over from a former season. When worn with long skirts these basques are of course meant for the house only, and are then sometimes cut square in the neck, and this square is filled in with India muslin, or else a mull fichu is folded there, leaving an open point instead of the square neck. If it is intended that the basque shall also serve for the street with a short walking skirt of black silk, it is cut quite high in the neck, with a Directoire collar and revers, and its only ornament is facing of colored Surah and large, handsome buttons. The skirted basques and those with habit backs are the patterns used Sometimes the panel coat basque is made to serve this purpose. This has made to serve this purpose. This has the sides extending in panels that reach to the foot of the dress skirt, while the front and back of the skirt are quite short.—Bazar.

Old Malds and Confirmed Bachelors. There are men and women who, like some flowers, bloom in exquisit 3 beauty in a desert wild; they are like trees which you often see growing in luxuri-ant strength out of a crevice of a rock where there seems not earth enough to support a shrub. The words "old maid," "old bachelor," have in them other sounds than that of half reproach or scorn; they call up to many of your minds forms and faces than which none

minds forms and faces than which none are dearer in all this world. I know them to day. The bloom of youth has possibly faded from their cheeks, but there lingers round the form and face something dearer than that. She is unmarried, but the past has, for her, it may be, some chastened memories of an early love which keeps its vestal viril sleepless, yover the keeps its vestal vigil sleepless, yover the grave where its hope went out; and it is too true to the long departed to permit another to take his place. Perhaps the years of maiden life were spent in self-denying toil, which was too engross-ing to listen even to the call of love, and she grew old too soon in the care of mother or sister and brother. Now in these later years she looks back calmly upon some half-cherished hopes, once attractive, of husband and child, but

mother's claim and a mother's love.
Disappointment has not soured but only
chastened; the midday or the afternoon
of her life is all full of kindly sympathies

3,000,000 of francs?" he was next asked.
"I will accept it," was the reply, "and thank you, too."
"Well, my daughter likes vou and you like her," said the jeweler; "the dowry is ready. Will you be my sonin-law?"
"Gladiy!" replied Liszt, and the many a family circle would lose its brightest ornament and its best power were maiden sister or maiden aunt removed; and it may bless the Providence which has kept them from making glad

some husband's home. Yonder isolated man, whom the world wonders at for never having found a wife. Who shall tell you all the secret history of the bygone time! of hopes and love that once were buoyant and fond, which death, or more bitter disappointment dashed to the ground; of sorrow which the world has never known; of fate accepted in utter despair, though with outward calm! Such there are. The expectation of wife, or home, has been given up as one of the dreams of youth, but with groans and tears; now he walks among men somewhat alone, with some eccentricities, but with a warm heart and kindly eye. If he has no children of his own, there are enough of others' children who climb his knee or seize his hand as he walks. If he has no home, there is many a home made glad by his presence; if there is no one heart to which he may cling, there are many loving hearts that look lovingly toward him, and many voices shower benedictions on his head.—"Life at

Fashion Notes. Wide canvas belts are again worn. Fans grow more and more fantastic. Japanese parasols grow more and

nore popular. Kid gloves are worn only on cool days in summer. The handsomest dust cloaks are of oongee or fine mohair.

Gold lace, gold braid and gold cord are worn ad nauseam. A touch of the antique prevails in all fashionable coiffures. The dressiest round hats are of cream-

white Tuscan straw.

The feature of the season is the plaited or shirred waist. Linen costumes and linen dust cloaks ever go out of fashion. Fine twilled or satin woven cotton

fabrics are much in demand. All fashionable costumes show two fabrics in the composition. Biscuit, red and almond shades of color, are very fashionable.

Corah silk is similar to Surah, but is figured in printed designs. Slight draperies around the hips have taken the place of paniers. Black costumes take precedence in

the favor of American women.

dress caps for elderly ladies. Plain black ice wool shawls look handsome over black silk dresses. Plain effects are sought for in costumes for all occasions at present. Corah and Surah silks take precedence of all others for summer wear.

Something resembling a collar is seen upon nearly every dress this season. Solid colored muslins are much worn in the country and at watering places. Navy blue and gray blue flannels re-main the favorite fabrics for bathing suits.

White Surah silk collarettes and looped bows trim many white wool cos-Sashes beaded and finished with bar-

rels, spikes and tassels are much worn, Letter.

Thorns and Roses.

From morn till night John's hammer rang. The tale of labor telling;

But oft he marked, with envious eye. Squire's Hardy's cosy dwelling. One day the squire himself came by-"My horse has lost a shoe, John,

And that's the least of all my cares, But cares don't come to you, John, The lightning struck my barns last night; My child near death is laid, John; No! life is not what folks suppose,

'Tis not of roses made, John." And then the squire rode sadly off,

John watched him in amazement And, as he watched, two faces bright Peeped from the open casement.

He heard his wife's voice, sweet and low, His baby's merry laughter; John gave his anvil such a blow,

It shook each smoky raiter. "I would not change with squire," said he, " For all his land and money: There's thorns for him as well as me,

But not such roses bonny !

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

-Frederick E. Weatherly.

A sun shade-An eclipse. Out on the fly-Various fish. Road to matrimony-A bridal path. A four in hand is worth two in the

Electric lights are talked of for London streets.

Fifty ladies are struggling for medical honors in Paris.

There are nine tenant-farmers in the British parliament.

When the day breaks what becomes of the pieces? That's the question. The individual who points with pride is the woman with a handsome ring.

The State of California has 50,000 people less than the city of Philadelphia. Lisle thread gloves for traveling and

silk lace mitts for full dress are de rigueur. France has 36,000,000 people and \$600,revenue-the largest ratio

known. A barber is not always a wise man if his labor is mostly head work .- Water-

The Tokio (Japan) Times says that a shock of earthquake is probably felt in some part of the island every day. Bows for the hair are worn in the morning and upon unceremonious oc-

We do not know as green apples belong to any secret fraternity, yet they seem to have the grip.—Marathon Independent. No man, says the Oil City Derrick, is

capable of gracefully licking a postage stamp in the presence of a pretty postmistress. The individual who saw a mouse fighting with a peice of Limburger cheese readily realized that the battle is

Henri Rochefort, French editor and agitator, was welcomed on his return to Paris by 6,000 persons, who sang the Marseilles" and cheered him. It is claimed by some medical mer

that smoking weakens the eye sight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath—Hawkeye. A young man has been duping peop in the West by selling them an electric corset, warranted to cure anything that any one happened to be afflicted with, including consumption.

Fred (to Tom, who has looked through Fred's MS): "You didn't know I was an author, eh!" Tom (to Fred): "No, I didn't; and if you take my advice, you won't let anybody else know it if you can help it." The common house-fly wears the belt

for persistent perseverance. One of these creatures will go a thousand times to the same spot on a man's bald head, and yet there is nothing gained by it any way. Two boys in Paris settled a disput by having a duel with knives, which they threw at each other. One was killed, and the other arrested. The

tather of the latter, who had lately lost his wife and daughter, has become inmuch made up of water," said a hot man on the corner yesterday, wringing the sweat from his brow. "Oh, yes," re-marked a hotelkeeper who came along,

"my experience is that man is a regu-lar sponge."—Chicago Journal. Several men lately swam the Mississippi liver above New Orleans on a wager. A reporter on the race says: None of them seemed to be putting forth much affort till it was discovered that an alligator had struck out from shore as a competitor, and then—well, every man did his best to keep the alli-

gator from carrying off the steaks.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred Northerners will say instituted instead of institute, dooty for duty—a perfect rhyme to the word beauty. They will call new and news, noo and noos—and so on'through the dozens and hundreds of similar words. Not a dictionary in the English language authorizes this. In student and stupid, the "u" has the same sound as in cupid, and should not be pronounced stoodent or stoopid, as

Ititis a vulgarism to callia door a doah as we all admit—isn't it as much of a vulgarism to call a newspaper a noos-paper? One vulgarism is Northern and the other Southern, that's the only When the London Funch class, saying noo for new, Toosday for of our teachers have never had their attention called to this, I hope they will excuse this notice.—Southern

The Pronunciation of "U."

so many teachers are in the habit of sounding them.

difference. When the London Func-wishes to burlesque the pronunciation of servants, it makes them call the duke the dook, the tutor the tooter, and a tube a toob. You never find the best Northern speakers, such as Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Emerson, Holmes, and men of that Tuesday, avenoo for avenue, or calling a dupe a doop. It is a fault that a Southerner never falls into. He has slips enough of another kind, but he doesn't slip on the long "u."

Black laces are again fashionable for