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NO. 3.

My Rights.

Yes, God has made me a woman, And I am content to be Just what He meant, not reaching out For other things, since He Who knows me best and loves me most has ordered this for me.

A woman, to live my life out In quiet womanly ways, Hearing the far-off battle. Seeing as through a haze The crowding, struggling world of men fight through their busy days.

I would not join the fight Or jostle with crowds in the highways To sully my garments white: But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim.

The right of a rose to bloom In its own sweet, a parete way, With none to questica the perfumed pink And not to after a may If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even rose tree may.

The right of the lady-birch to grow, To grow as the Lord shall please, By never a sturdy oak rebuked, Denied nor sun nor breeze, For all its pliant slenderness, kin to the stronger

The right to a life of my own -Not merely a casual bit Of somebody one's life, flung out That taking hold of it, I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral

The right to gather and glean What food I need and can From the garnered store of knowledge Which man has heaped for man. Taking with free hands freely and after an

ordered plan. The right-ah, best and sweetest!-To stand all dismayed Whenever sorrow or want of sin-Call for a woman's aid,

I do not ask for a ballot ; Though very life were at stake. I would beg for the nobby Justice That men formanhood's sake

Should give engeneigingly, nor withold till I must tight and take. The fleet foot and the feeble toot

Both seek the self-same goal, The weakest soldier's name is writ-On the great army-roll. And God, who made man's body strong, much too the woman's soul.

-Sunn Cochilge.

LOLA.

THE STORY OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE. I was homeword-bound from one of my various excursions across the ocean. . Fear could not live in my heart, which by which I had for many years beguiled holds a perfect love." the tedium of my monotonous bachelor existence, and having settled my belongings in my stateroom, I turned out to take a survey of my fellow-passengers. It was autumn and the last of the summer tourists were returning, and both saloons and decks were crowded with animated groups. Every one seemed cheerful and gay, and already several embryo flirtations could be detected among the young people, of whom the passengers were largely composed. Being an outsider myself, traveling alone, and having left such tender pursuits for back in the vagueness of the past, I amused myself with merely watching and listening, and it is perhaps not surprising that I soon found myself wearied. It was for the most part such senseless chatter, such arrant frivolity that I heard, such conscious posing and airy fluttering that I saw. Of course after a while I found exceptions to this tendency, but the quiet and sensible people on board, as usual, occupied the background.

Failing to find myself interested then in these surroundings, I began a leisurely inspection of the vessel, wandering about its nooks and crannies, and familiarizing myself with my little island home. And so strolling along, I came upon a small, quiet, gray-clad figure seated alone and looking wistfully over the waters. As she was quite unconscious of my proximity, I stepped a few paces off and examined her closely. She looked almost a child, so small and slight she was, and yet one would not have dared to treat her as a child. There was a selfreliance and sevenity about her entirely unchildlike, but, all the same, very pretty to see. Her complexion was dark and very rich, and her cheeks charmingly rounded and curved, and her eyes, turned seaward, were the largest and darkest I ever remembered to have seen. Indeed, so uncom-mon was their size that, when some sound aroused her and she turned them slowly on me, I was dazzled by themthey gave her face such a strange aspect, and yet it was a peculiarity far from being unlovely. She was Spanish—I had seen that at a glance-and the mute, uncertain way in which she looked at me prompted the conviction that she felt herself, even at the outset of this voyage, humpered by the fact that she knew no other tongue. After that one long, steady glance, she turned her face away again and I heard her sigh gently. After a moment's hesitation I moved just a step nearer and addressed her in her own language, asking if it was her first

She turned with a swift impulsive smile and looked at me again. The great eyes were radiant with pleasure, and, with an exquisite utterance that made my own Spanish seem a harsh brogue, she answered fearlessly and naturally that she was going to America for the first time, and, indeed, was for the first time at sea. "You will be seasick almost certainly, then," I said. "Are you prepared for

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I have hoped that perhaps I might not be, but I am prepared for anything.

There was a patient resolution in her tones that piqued my curiosity, especially as she presently informed me she was all alone and going simply under the captain's care. She was full of joy at meeting some one who spoke her lan-

her talk little ejaculatory expressions of she was coming, and of course he would despite my fond sympathy for her. I of my knowing Spanish.

took her down. My arm, which was rather timidly offered, being promptly and gratefully accepted. After that I used to seek her always before meals and take her in with me, and once, when "And if," I said, reluctantly, "if he casy to fall into hopeful dreams of the casy to fall into hop something detained me and I was a little one alluded to her once as my daughter, and although I hastily corrected this, I willingly let it be supposed that she was traveling under my care. In the simplest and most natural fashion she Heavens! what trust, what exquisite learned to defer to me and lean on my decisions, and, by-and-bye, to confide in

It was one evening that we had been sitting together a long time, idly talking about the weather and the ship, and wondering how long we should have it so fair, when she turned to me, in her soft Spanish speech, that loses so incalculably by translation, and said :

"I want you to tell me about your people and your home." I felt as if her little, soft, plump hand had dealt a blow upon my bare heart;

but I answered, simply: "I have no home, and my people are all dead or gone from me—that is, my parents and sisters and brothers, for I never had a wife or a child, which is

what you meant, perhaps."
"Yes; I meant that. It is so sad. I thought, perhaps, you might have a daughter like me, and that made you so

"No, I have no daughter," I said slowly: "though I am, in truth, old enough to be your father." "And you have never loved any one-

never wanted to be married to some one who was good and beautiful and kind? How strange! These questions were scarcely marked by any interrogative accent. She seemed

to be merely stating them as facts, with With none to early or question, by tower a look a gentle reluctance. But, though she expected no answer from me, I was irresistibly prompted to confession. "Yes, Lola," I said, "I knew some

it was long ago, and we were parted."
"Oh, why did you part?" she said,
passionately. "Why did you suffer anything to part you? Was she not willing to give up all, to leave home and friends and country and everything to follow love, as I have done?"

she would repent and try to retract it, but she did not. She seemed either to be unconscious that anything had been divulged, or unconscious of the fact that I had not known it all the time.

do not repent it." "I have no fear," she said, confidently.

Spain as agent for some New York business firm, and he had gone home a few months ago, expecting to return; but his superiors had made other arrangements, and he had written that although he would be stationary in New York thereafter, he was coming back to marry her and bring her to her home in the new world. At the time set for his arrival, however, he had sent a letter insaying an attack of illness prevented his coming, but he was now convalescent, though the physicians said he must not take the voyage for some time.
"When I got that letter," said Lola,

'I could do nothing but cry and fret for the first two or three days. I did not eat or sleep, and my aunt, whom I lived with, said I would die, and was very hard and cross. I was utterly wretched, until one night as I lay thinking it all over I resolved that I would go to him. He had once, half-hesitatingly, suggested it, saving it would save so much expense. and he is not at all well off; but it had frightened me so that he gave it up, saying he would spend all he had, than give me the anxiety and trouble of such a voyage. But now-now that he was ill and alone-I could think no longer of my dread; indeed, it was gone, and all I thought of was to go to him. and comfort and nurse and take care of him. So I got my aunt's consent, though she would not give it at first, and I took the very next steamer. And see how easy and pleasant it has been! He need not have been afraid for me; but, then,

he could not know, and neither could I.

that I should find you!" Her ardent tone and look, as she said these last words, thrilled me strangely It was a spontaneous, affectionate out burst that pained while it caressed me. And beside my own personal feeling, a dreadful misgiving about her weighed on my heart. She was so confident, so full of trust-what if she should be deceived in this man? What if the attack of illness were a mere subterfuge? Such things had been. I turned cold and then hot at the mere suggestion. I asked her lover's name, but it was unknown to me, though the name of the house he represented was familiar. But that went for nothing as to the man's personal character, and the fear that this might be treacherous made me sick with dread. What would be the end, if my appre-hensions proved correct? What would become of the poor child? A wild thought suggested itself. It was a strange mixture of deep pity for her and deep joy, tempered with pain and yet

sweet with hope, for myself. At last the voyage was over, and the realization of this fact made me unaccountably sad. For Lola was dearer to me every day. In her little attacks of illness, which she had not altogether escaped, I had carried her about in my arms, like a child, and she had leaned on me and looked up to me with a childish confidence and trust that was unspeakably sweet to the lonely whose attitude toward this young girl had seemed to touch his age and world-weariness with a magic wand that had made them drop from him like

a garment. Lola and I stood together on deck, all

thanks, which seemed to have 'no application beside the general one having telegraphed, feeling a strange repense, for, on my own part, I entirely pplication beside the general one having telegraphed, feeling a strange reluctance to go and hunt him up; but she believed in her lover's treacherousness, though there was nothing that could go

should not be here, or anything, have future; it was impossible not to.

away I should wait till he returned. have no money to go home if I should

Heavens! what trust, what exquisite feeling, what beautiful belief in love! And if he should prove unworthy!

When we stepped ashore, Lola and I got into a carriage, which I ordered to take us to a hotel. She let me arrange everything just as I chose, and we had agreed to go together to the hotel, and then I was to find her lover and send I saw her safely seated in her little

parlor, and then, as it was early morning, I ordered a dainty breakfast there and we ate it tete-a-tete. I don't think either had much appetite, though I taxed my wits to the uttermost on the menu and had even given a lavish order for flowers. I tried to think of everything that could give her pleasure, for I felt almost certain of a impending calamity and I looked again and again into her sweet face trying to fix its look of happiness in my mind. And she was happy! Her voice was joy-ous as a lank's and her face as radiant as day. I would fain have lingered a while to bask in this bright sanshine, but she was feverishly impatient and eager that I should be gone. I think she gradged me the boon of seeing him first, for she made me promise that I would not tell him of her presence, but bring him back

if he was ill. In either event, she had settled it in her mind that they were to e married that very day. When I was ready to go I went up to one like that once, and I loved her. But her and took her hands in mine. "Lola," said, "whatever lies before you whether joy or sorrow, remember that you have me always for your friend. You

with me under some pretext if I found

him well, and return and take her to him

nust rely upon me as you would upon rour"—I paused and then said—"father." It was an effort, but I forced myself to ay it. Then, before leaving, I stooped Urged on by a deep excitement, she had revealed her secret, and I half feared first time and would probably be the last, and I valued it as people do value what can come to them but once.

When I reached the house, the address f which Lola had given me, I inquired for her lover—he was gone. The woman "You do well," I said, fervently. "It who kept the house could give no inforis worth the sacrifice. God grant you mation except that she thought he had

I was unfeignedly distressed. In that moment I rose above self and thought nly of Lola. How shall I describe the Then, so simply and naturally, she scene that followed my announcement to told me her story. She had become on- the little creature? The heart-rending gaged to a young American sent out to grief, the wild denial of her lover faithlessness! She utterly refused to believe it. She would far sooner, she said, think that he was dead. After her first outburst of passionate grief was over, she calmed herself and said, stand ing up: "I must go away; I must not

The sight of her agony almost killed

"Oh, Lola," I said, "where?" She flung herself back on the loung with a motion of utter despair. I went o her and threw myself on my knees beside her and folded both her tremb ling bands in mine.

"Lola, be brave," I said, "Face the vorst. It is a bitter thing to say, but I believe he is false to you. I believe the Ilness was a feint, and I believe he is villfully lost to you. My little darling, it is hard I know, but not so bad as if you had married him and found it out afterward. But do not despair. I will not the centre, into which the bones are at least thirty miles per day, making a on would have me do. I will take you back to Spain if you want to go. "I cannot! I could not bear it!

have no money. 'Never mind that " I said. " I have plenty, more-far more than I want. ould give my life to comfort you. will go now, if you say so, and take pas age on the next returning ship.' I could not bear it. I never will go

I am only a useless little burden. I never "Then stay," I said, passionatelystay with me. Let me love and comfort you. Stay with me always, Lola.

No one can love you as I will. At first I think she did not understand ny meaning, but when she did she wrenched her hands from mine and

sprang to the middle of the room. "How can you? How can you be so ever love any one else after having given ny love to him? No; I have loved him only—I have given him all my love—and | shall not be defiled." worthy or unworthy, he has it still."

"Lola, my little child," I said, ' must face the truth. You cannot live in this strange country all alone. You have neither friends nor money. cannot work, and if you could you must not be alone. I cannot help you and maintain you unless you take my name and occupy the honorable position of my wife. But I will not force it on you. For the present I will find some safe place to put you in, and we will see what can be done. At all events, whether you can love me or not, I love you and will always love you.'

"Do you love me?" she said, facing me and speaking with eager vehemence. "Oh, I do, I do!" Isaid "Then find him for me!"

I could not speak at once. moment a wild hope had budded in my breast, and it would not die without a struggle. Then I looked at her and said, calmly:

"I will try. I will do my utmost. will give it my most conscientious ef-forts. But, Lola, if I fail?" "If you fail to find him," she said. "or if you find him to be false, then I will give you the reward you wish. will marry you."

late, I found her waiting for me. I think the people of the vessel thought that we were companions from the start, and some like that could happen. And if he were felt convinced that, if I could win her now, as she sat meekly on the sofa, after felt convinced that, if I could win her hand in the way we had agreed upon, I could also, with time, win her pure heart for my own. It was a glorious goal. Something to live for, something to work and struggle for. My life and utmost energies had found the incentive

they had lacked so long. We fell now into a composed and quiet talk, and she listened patiently while I unfolded my plans for her. But there rested on her lovely face such a look of unutterable sorrow that I had to turn my eyes away. How blessed it would be to smooth away this look-to recall the gay vivacity of my own bright Lola! What a happy task! In spite of

all, I felt I should succeed.

A long silence had fallen upon us both. The room was warm, and I had set open the door leading into the hall. I was glad of an excuse to do so, as it took away some of the air of privacy which I feared she might find irksome. She did not seem to notice my action but sat facing the door, with her drooped eyes resting on the little hands clasped in her lap. Presently a footstep was heard coming along the hall, and she listlessly looked up. As she did so, the light of a great, ecstatic joy rushed over her face. She sprang to her feet, with the glad cry:

"Richard!" and flung herself into his arms. He clasped her tight to his heart, and drew her into the room. Was he true or false? I knew that I need only see his face to tell. In that moment of extreme excitement he would forget to don his mask. He stooped above her and covered her neck and face with kisses. Then, after that moment's rapture, he looked at me. It was a noble face—honest, manly and kind.

I ought to have been glad, but I heard nyself groan.

I would have left the room, but Lola detained me, telling her lover in en-thusiastic terms how kind I had been, and begging him to thank me, which he did in such terms as only a good and honorable man could have used. I had to listen, too, to his explanation. He had, indeed, gone West, having accepted a promising appointment which would give him permanent and remunerative employment. Having settled matters there, he had obtained leave, and was now on his way to Spain and Lola. It was all as clear as day."

That very evening they were married. I was the only witness besides the clergyman, and I never will forget the radi ance of her face as I watched it during the service I rather feared her in might be dimmed by some remembering thought of me, but it was not so. I don't think she ever comprehended feeling for her, and, of course, it pleased her to fancy now that it had been chiefly pity for her loneliness.

The service ended, there remained othing but to take Lola to a jeweler's shop near-by and let her choose a presfrom me, which she munificently baid for with a kiss.

It was, indeed, the last!

The Towers of Silence.

These towers, which are built in corepound on the top of Malabar Hill. in the Island of Bombay, are six in number, and overlook the sea, the oldest being 300 years. The internal arrange ments of the towers are as follows, -The lack to Worcester via Springfield bodies are placed in three separate circles-the onter and larger one for men, the middle one for women, and the eave you, and you shall tell me just what thrown after the flesh is stripped off, total of 3,300 miles. Even in the about. The flooring gradually sinks to the centre to let the rain into the pits from which it filters into the earth, I thirty to fifty feet in diameter, and eight made without a dismount. From

to fourteen in height. This Parsee mode of disposing of the back," she said; "no one loves me there. where the friends are assembled, is carried out and placed in one of the towers, where it remains exposed to the elements until the flesh is entirely eaten off, by the skeleton becomes dry, it is thrown into the pit in the centre; thus the rich and poor meet together on one level of equality after death. When the pit beomes full of bones, they are taken out ruel?" she said. "Do you think I could and thrown into the sea, thus fulfilling complished the distance in less time one of the principal tenets of the Zoro-

She Paid a Commission.

A Chicago merchant accompanied Milwankee gentleman—an old friend to his home, where he had been many times a guest before. In a conversa tion with the charming daughter of his host, he rallied her on her continnance in a state of single blessedness. She replied that none of the Milwankee beaux were to her taste, and in an indifferent way inquired if Chicago had any nice young men disengaged Receiving an affirmative reply she remained a minute or two in a brown study, and then brightening up said in a bantering tone, "Well, you are a commission merchant; send me down a nice young man and I will allow you a commission of ten cents a pound.' The Milwankee girl got her nice young man in due time, The commission charges were just \$19,50.

Guiballard recently reproved a friend for his too liberal use of absinthe. "Bah!" said the latter, "Pve drank of it since I was a boy, and I'm sixty," "Very likely," replied Guiballard, "but if you had ueeting some one who spoke her lan-uage, and constantly intermingled with for moving. She had not told her lover found a wonderful satisfaction in it.

BORN ON WHEELS,

A Child Enters this Sinfal World at the Rate of Eighteen Miles an Hour.

When the Little Rock train which left Memphis at 4 p. m. Saturday had passed Edmunson, a tall, lank male specimen of the Sequatchie valley product ap-proached Conductor Charley McDonald and whispered in his off ear. "I say, mister, you're the conductor

The addressed individual "reckoned"

he was that interesting party. "Wall, I'll tell ye"—coming nearer and growing more confidential—"my old woman over thar's about to add to the population of these here steam

"Wh-wh-wha-a-t's that?" replied Conductor Charlie, suddenly seized with the idea that he was facing an escaped luna-

"Why, don't you understand?"-this with a knowing shrug of the broad, round shoulders—"Marier's going to be confined, and I guess you'd better put us off at the next station. My name's "Oh, oh," said the conductor, at last

comprehending the old man's meaning.
"This is something new in my line. But I can't put you off in the woods. You'd all freeze to death. Better arrange for a little episode right here in the car."

"All right, cap," returned the expect-ant father, "'Spose you'd have no objection to using that little room in the orner over thar?" "None in the world. In fact,

rather prefer it," was the reply.

The old man and his wife retired to the place mentioned, and a half hour later the ears of the passengers in the car were greeted with the feeble wail of new-born infant, which had entered this vale of tears at the rate of eighteen

miles an hour. Some time afterward Mrs. Guffin was removed to a hastily improvised but comfortable bed in the car, where she rested very comfortably during night. The infant slumbered at side, and far into the night, when the train was thundering through the Cache river bottom, the woman's voice shrilly piped out; "John—you John! git me toddy; I feel's if I want one, bad!"

time, he had observed incidentallydived into the recesses of an ancient looking gripsack, brought forth a black bottle, a spoon and a little package of sugar in brown paper, and began on the desired toddy. While doing so he imdesired to a little group of passengers the fact that they were "movers" from the Sequatchic Valley, East Tennessee, and were "gwine" to Texas—somewhar near Corsicana, what everybody gits rich mity

Meanwhile the ancient "Marier's" ever rightened at the prospect of the stimulant in the little tin cup, the infant slumbered peacefully as if its advent had taken place in a palace, and the drowsy passengers indulged in reveries on the viscitudes of life.—Memphis Avalanche.

Traveling on the Bicycle. Mr. John A. Dean, of Worcester

Mass., traveling agent for a manufac-

his business tours. Mr. Dean started from Worcester early in the summer, visiting most of the manufacturing villages of Northern Massachusetts, crossing over into New Hampshire, and canvassing the manufactur ing districts south of the White moun tains. He then went through Western Maine, back into New Hampshire, north of the White mountains; through Northern Vermont down the western ide, crossing over to the Connecticut river, down the river valley, through Massachusetts to Hartford, Conn., and These journeyings occupied five months out of which about twenty days must be taken for delays on the road, leaving smallest for children. There is a pit in about 110 days of actual travel, averaging and paths to allow the priest to move mountaineus districts it was seldom that any number of miles of impassable roads was found. Perhaps one mile in fifteen, on an average, had to be walked, The towers vary in size from about and frequent runs of ten miles were small number of days lost out of the five months it will be seen that some dead seems to European minds very re-traveling must have been done in volting. The body, after the religious stormy weather, and only when the ceremony is performed in the temple roads became very muddy from a protracted storm was a halt made necessary. All necessary samples and baggage were carried on the machine, the most of the baggage being sent on ahead by rail, the crowds of vultures which frequent however. Mr. Dean proposes to start the place, in about one hour. When out again on similar trips next season. He regards this means of travel as entirely practical, even in the rough regions he passed through. He reached places that would not have been discovered from a railroad, and actually acthan could have been done by rail over aster religion, "That the mother earth the same sections of country. The acquaintance with the districts visited obtained by this means of travel is valuable also, and not the least of its advantages is the healthful effect of the exercise and air. A marked change in Mr. Dean's appearance resulted from this trip, and he states that he gained friends, always manifested at a certain twenty pounds in weight.

> Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possession. Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again. The more virtuous a man is, the more virtue does he in others. He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

Some people think that justice applies exclusively or almost exclusively to money transactions and dealings in business. But that is a very restricted and imperfect view of what constitutes justice. It lies quite as much in the habit and manner of speech as in the making and fulfillment of contracts.

lottery has yielded the Italian govern-ment \$124,000,000 from 1,786,183,772 tickets issued.

China had coin in circulation centuries before England had.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Dr. Busch, who has risen to the highst rank in the German foreign office, has no noble birth to recommend him. He began life as a dragonian to the Prussian consulate at Constantinople, and there thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the Eastern imbroglio. He studied politics with equal success when attached to the legations at Stamboul and St. Petersburg; and when the last Turco-Russian War began Bismarck A lady friend sa summoned him to Berlin, and relied upon him for information on the changing phases of the Eastern question. Before Bismarck's rule only aristocrats were permitted to enter the Prussian diplomatic corps. Now there are many commoners holding the highest offices.

The desirability of having immediate and absolute control of telegraphic facilities in certain emergencies has led to the leasing of telegraph wires by newspapers. The London *Times* has some short ones; the New York *Tribure* has a wire between New York and Washington; the leading papers of Cincinnaii are similarly connected with Washington; and recently the Chicago Inter-Ocean has taken what is probably the longest wire leased by any newspaper, connecting its editorial rooms with its news bureau in Washington. All messages are sent direct, the paper having exclusive use of the wire and employing its own operators.

Prof. Bernbech, writing to the Medical Press, calls attention to the probable danger arising from the use of ultramarine wall papers. He states that a room hung with an ultramarine colored paper gave out a most disagreeable smell of sulphuretted hydrogen, the source of Eventually, however, a close examination was made of the paper, which led to the conclusion that the deep blue $F_d^a = 0.5$ answer for a suspender button.— $Det_a^a = 0.5$ wall paper was slowly undergoing a process of decomposition under the influence of the alum in the paste used in hanging. This appeared to be confirmed, for on steeping a piece of the paper in a very dilute solution of alum it gave off sufficient sulphereted hydrogen to The delighted parent—for the seventh be quite perceptible to the nose, and to be held observed insidentally.

Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, which now runs through the heart of the city, so forming and connecting the capitol of the United States with the official home of the nation's chief magistrate, has in the comparatively few years of its existence been the scene of many grand, peculiar and most interesting occurrences. A dozen years after the commencement of the present century, over the mud which then formed its road-bed, the British armies moved. Over Pennsylvania avenue has passed to his inauon the 30th of April, 1779, in the New York city hall, then called the Foderal building, and situated where the custom house now stands. Upon Pennvivania avenue almost any day during turers' supplies firm, has adopted a the winter, may be seen most of the men distinguished in the politics of this unique mode of locomotion-the bicycle country. It is the habit of all the people of Washington to walk on the ave-6 o'clock in the evening.

The Life of an Actress.

Mr. Labouchere recently said in an rticle in Truth on the London stage : Actresses live in a world of their own They generally exaggerate every senti-Their real life is tinged with their theatrical life, and high-wrought melodrama becomes a second nature to them. Few of them have a perfectly sane notion of existence; they exist in the feeling of the moment. They re generally incapable of taking an interest in the ordinary occupations of their sex: at one moment they are in the wildest spirits, at another in the depth of despair, and those with whom they come in contact are alternately either melodramatic villains plotting their destruction, or angelic beings that have no existence out of plays. If they are asked why they love or bate, they insist that they are endowed with a peculiar instinct, and this instinct they exalt as something far superior to practical intelligence, and glory in being its submissive slaves. There are certain qualities which go to make an actress, and most of them go to make a lunatic. All actresses are, of course, not necessarily mad, but if I were on a jury impaneled to try an actress for murder, I hould approach the inquiry with the feeling that nature had probably not been lavish to her in that harmony of intellectual powers which produce moral responsibility.

Power of Habit.

It is related of Queen Louise, of Prussia, mother of the present Emperor William, that one of her frequent visitors, a special friend of her husband, was an old general called Kockeritz. This old soldier, after having dined with his royal time a peculiar nervousness and restlessness, as if wishing to depart, while at other hours of the day he was only too glad to stay and have a friendly chat. But after dinner he always showed this great auxiety to go home. Louise was puz-zled at the old man's strange behavior, and resolved to find out the cause.

She made inquiry of his steward, who after a few questions, explained that the old general had indulged for so many long years in the habit of smoking a long pipe after dinner that he could not possibly do without it. The next time the old general came to dine he exhibited after the repast the same nervous restlessness, and rose to take leave. Whereupon Louise rose, too, said: "Wait a little, general; I want to there are many mansions," - W.H. Poole. show you something." She went into the next room. On her return she held During the last ten years the royal a long pipe already filled in one hand and a burning waxlight and a "spill" in the other. Handing the pipe to the as-tonished old man and lighting the spill, she said: "There, my old general, make yourself comfortable; this time you shall

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Three periods of life: Youth middle age, bumps; old age,

dumps. A sick man is considered out of danger when the doctor discontinues

his visits. A music teacher fell from a third-story window, and found the pitch un-

A lady friend says that bachelors are like a batch of biscuits, good enough after they are mixed.

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Possibly it would live longer if it didn't smoke,

The cremationists have at last discovered that Washington, Pa., is that country from whose burn no traveler Bernhardt dies so realistically that it

is said a coroner, who saw her, ran around to the stage door and wanted to hold an inquest.

"It is harder to get ahead in this world," said Clorinda's young man, as her father assisted him out of the door with his boot, "than it is to get a foot. "Don't you think," said a husband,

mildly rebuking his wife, "that women are possessed by Satan?" "Yes, as soon as they are married," was the quick

Young lady, examining some bridal veils: "Can you really recommend this one?" Over-zealous shopman: "Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."

Gladstone goes to church with a pin holding his shirt cuffs together in place of a button, but if all waited for buttons which for some time escaped detection. there would be no sermons. Hang a statesman who can't make a shingle nail

Fa 103 . 888. "Do you realize it, Angelica," whispered Clarence to his betrothed only two weeks more and we will be but, remember, darling, I am to be that one." And then the angelic creature silently stole to the piano and touchingly warbled: "Oh, to be

Room in Heaven. "And the city lieth foursquare, and the length I clarge as the breadth, and he measured the city in the resed 12:00 furloars. The length and the readth and the height of it are equal." Rev. 2: 16

There are some who never think of heaven. In their mind a thought of the botter country would starve for every loneliness. Others think of it occasionally, when the voice of sweet music steals upon their ear, or Providence or the preacher lifts them above earth. But when they do think of it, how poor and guration nearly every president of the meagre their thoughts; to them it is a United States. Washington, the first, parrow, circumscribed spot in the uninarrow, circumscribed spot in the unias it is almost needless to say, was not inaugurated here. He took the oath of their church, but too small to admit within its pearly enclosure, even the good beyond their communion. Such were not the views entertained by John when, on the lonely isle, he saw, in grand pane

amic view, the heavenly city, John was in the spirit on the mountain of hely contemplation, and he had a delightful conversation with one of the royal surveyors of the heavenly country nue during the hours from 4 to 5.30 or He says, verse 15, "And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof." The idea he gives to us is, that there was solidity, firmness, duvability and strength all combined with indescribable beauty, surpassing gran-

deur and infinite glory. The city, as he saw it, was in the form of a magnificent cube, of vast dimenions. The surveyor had the golden reed and he measured the city in the presence of his visitor. It was 12,000 farlongs (stadii) long, and 12,000 furongs broad, and 12,000 furlongs high The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.

In this view of the great city we are quite in harmony with the rabineal book. need not occupy room with quotations. In almost every other theory proposed great violence is done to the Greek text. In this interpretation the sense is natural and grammatical construction re-

spected. We take the passage as it reads, "12, 000 furlongs," which, when reduced to feet and cubed, is 948,938,000,000,000, 000,000,000 cubic feet, the half of which we reserve for the throne of glory and the heavenly court. Half of the remainder I reserve for the angel's thrones, do minions, principalities and powers. Half of the remainder I reserve for celestial gardens of heavenly fruits and flowers. Half of the remainder for shady bowers and lovely parks. Half of the remain der for the golden streets and walks, and the remainder, or one thirty-second of the whole, I divide into rooms of 20 feet square, and 10 feet high. Of rooms we

have 7,413,578,125,000,000,000,000. Then I suppose that this world was populated as at present, with say 900,-000,000 of human beings, and that three generations passed away every hundred years, that is allowing 33 and one-third years for each generation, and that at the close of the seven thousandth year the trumpet of heaven would proclaim that "time would be no longer," and that earth's population would all be brought

home to the city of God.

I also suppose that in the universe of our Father there are 800,000 worlds like ours existing under the same number term of years as ours; each having the same number of inhabitants as our own, and each inhabitant obedient to the uni versal "come." Take all these multitudes of human or created beings, and the heavenly home

the angel measured for John and for us, dear reader, would afford 49 such rooms as are measured above for each inhabi tant of all the 800,000 world and leave more than 4,000,000 cubic yet unsurvey-"And yet there is room." true it is that "in my Father's house

The only cure for indolence is work the only cure for solfishness is sacrifice : the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing your conscience's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.