John J. Hall

# VOL. XI.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1881.

The Golden Wedding.

Wake up, wife!-the black cloak of Night begins to fade,

fire has made; And he is heating red-hot his stove of iron And stars are winking and blinking before the

light o' day.

Mind you what I was doin', just fifty years agone?-Brushin' my Sunday raiment, an' puttin' my

best looks on; Clothin' myself in courage, so none my fright could see: An my coward heart within, the while, was

pounding to get free. Ten mile wood an' bramble, an' three mile field

In the cold smile of morning I walked to

No horse had I but my wishes-no pilot but a

But my boyish heart it fancied it heard you from afar.

So through the woods I hurried, an' through the grass an' dew. Au' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my journey through;

Things ne'er before nor after do so a man re-As on the day he marries the woman of his

And then our country wedding-brimful o

grief an' glee, With every one a-pettin' an' jokin' you an' me: The good cheer went and came, wife, as it sometimes has done

When clouds have chased each other across the

There was your good old father, dressed up in weddin' shape, With all the homespun finery that he could

rake an' scrape; And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of

whose smile Shone through the showers of tear-drops that stormed her face the while;

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed to know

How they could scare up courage to let their sister go;

An' cousins an' school-house comrades, dressed up in meetin' trim, With one of them a-sulkin' because it wasn't

An' there was the good old parson, his neck all

dressed in white, A bunch o' texts in his left eye, a hymn-book in his right;

Au' the parson's virgin daughter, plain and severely pure, Who hoped we should be happy, but wasn't ex-

actly sure. And there was the victuals, seasoned with kind

regards an' love, And holly wreaths with breastpins of rubies

un above: An' there was my heart a-wonderin' as how such

things could be, An' there was the world before us, an' there

was you and me. Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the sun, has come in sight

And on a tree-top perches to take his daily

He is not old and feeble, an' he will sail away, As he has done so often since fifty years to-day.

You know there's company coming—our daughters an' our sons ; There's John, and James, and Lucy, an' al

their little ones; And Jennie, she will be here, who in her grave

Provided company ever can come from out

the sky);

And Sam-I am not certain as he will come, or not;

They say he is a black sheep-the wildest of the lot.

Before a son's dishonor, a father's loves stands But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam

will come; The tree bends down its branches to its chil-

dren from above-The son is lord of the father, and rules him with his love;

And he will e'er be longed for, though far they be apart,

For the drop of blood he carries, that came from the father's heart. Wake you, wife! the loud sun has roused the

sweet daylight, And she has dressed herself up in red and yel-

low and white; She has dressed herself for us, wife-for our

weddin' day once more-And my soul to-day is younger than ever it was

- Will Carleton, in Harper's Weekly.

# The Handsome Artist.

Græme McDonald was a young Highlander come to Florence to study the the same time the elevation and spirituold masters. He was an athletic, whole- ality requisite for the ideal of the poet some, handsome fellow. He painted in the palace or wiped his forehead on a any case whether the romance of some warm day with equally small care, to all secret passion, fed and pursued in the appearance, and he had brought his imagination only, be not the inseparamother and two sisters to Italy, and ble necessity of a poetical nature. supported them by a most heroic econ- the imagination is incapable of being omy and industry. Indeed, the more I chained, and it is at once disenchanted knew McDonald the more I became and set roaming by the very position convinced that there was another man and certainty which are the charms of

Perhaps you have been in Florence, dear reader, and know by what royal body be the fidelity exacted in marriage liberality artists are permitted to bring is a question every woman should contheir easels into the splendid apart- sider before making a husband of an ments of the palace and copy from the imaginative man. As I have not seen priceless pictures on the walls. At the the countess I can generalize on the time I have my eye upon (some few subject without offense; and she is the years ago), McDonald was making a best judge whether she can chain my beginning of a copy of "Titian's Bella," fancy as well as my affections, or yield and near him stood the easel of a female | to an imaginative mistress the devotion artist who was copying from the glorious of so predominant a quality of my napicture of "Judith and Holofernes," in ture. I can only promise her the conthe same apartment. Folie (so she was called by the elderly lady who always accompanied her) was my ideal world and its devotions, that is a small and very gracefully-formed to say, left entirely to myself-I am creature, with the plainest face in which ready to accept the honor of the counattraction could possibly reside.

McDonald was her nearest neighbor, and they frequently looked over each time and presence. With high considother's pictures; but, as they were both foreigners in Florence (she of Polish Rather agi foreigners in Florence (she of Polish birth, as he understood), their converbirth, as he understood), their conver-sation was in French or Italian, neither as she arranged her brushes upon the of avoiding disease and death.

of which languages were fluently famil- shelf of her easel, her handsome neighiar to Gream, and it was limited generally to expressions of courtesy or brief criticisms of each other's labor's.

As I said before, it was a "proof im-pression" of a celestial summer's morning, and the thermometer stood at heavenly idleness. McDonald stood with his maul-stick across his knees, drinking from Titian's picture. An artist, who had lounged in from the part from the longer of the control of next room, had hung himself by the crook of his arm over a high peg, on his comrade's easel, and every now and then he volunteered an observation to which he expected no particular answer.

"When I remember how little beauty I have seen in the world," said Ingarde (this artist), "I am inclined to believe with Saturninus, that there is no resurwith Saturninus, that there is not the rection of bodies, and that only the spirits of the good return into the body of the Godhead—for what is ugliness to do in heaven?"

McDonald only said: "Hm-hm!" "How will this little plain woman look in the streets of the New Jersusalem, for example! Yet she expects, as we all do, to be recognizable by her friends in heaven, and of course, so have the same irredeemably plain face. Does she understand English, by the way— for she might not be altogether pleased

with my theory ?" "I have spoken to her very often." raid McDonald, "and I think English is Hebrew to her-but my theory of beauty crosses at least one corner of your argument, my friend! I believe that the original type of every human being could be made beautiful without in any essential particular destroying the visible identity."
"And you think that little woman's

face could be made beautiful?" "I know it."

your neighbor, and while it harmonizes with the body of Titian's beauty, still leave it recognizable as the portrait, and I'll give in to your theories-believing in all other miracles, if you like, at the

Ingarde laughed as he went back to his own picture, and McDonald, after sitting a few minutes lost in reverie, turned his easel so as to get a painter's view of his female neighbor. He thought she colored slightly as he fixed his eyes upon her; but if so, she apparently became very soon unconscious of his gaze, and he was soon absorbed himself in the task to which his friend had so mockingly challenged him.

[Excuse me, dear reader, while with wo epistles I build a bridge over which you can cross a chasm of a month in my

"To Greene McDonald: Sir:-I am inrusted with a delicate commission, which I kkow not how to broach to you except by simple proposal. Will you forgive my abrupt brevity, if I inform you, without further preface, that the Countess Nyschriem, a Polish lady of nd ample the honor to propose for your hand. If you are disengaged and your affections can conceive no sufficient obstacle to your acceptance of the brilliant connec ion. The countess is twenty-two, and not beautiful, it must in fairness be nead and heart, and is worthy any man's espect and affection.

"An answer is requested in the course of to-morrow, addressed to 'The Count Hanswald, minister of his majesty, the king of Prussia.' I have the honor, etc., etc. HANSWALD."

McDonald's answer was as follows: "To HIS EXCELLENCY, HANSWALD, ETC., Erc.: You will pardon me that I have taken two days to consider the extraordinary proposition made me in your letter. The subject, since it is to be entertained a moment, requires, perhaps, still further reflection—but my reply shall be definite and as prompt as I can bring myself to be in a matter so impor-

"My first impulse was to return your letter, declining the honor you would do me, and thanking the lady for the exmpliment of her choice. My first reflection was the relief and happiness which an independence would bring to a mother and two sisters dependent now on the precarious profits of my pencil. And I first consented to ponder the matter with this view, and I now consent to marry (frankly) for this advantage. But still I have a condition to

"In the studies I have had the opportunity to make of the happiness of imaginative men in matrimony, I have observed that their two worlds of fact and fancy were seldom under the control of one mistress. It must be a very extraordinary woman, of course, who, with the sweet domestic qualities needed for common life, possesses at matrimony. Whether exclusive de-votion of all the faculties of mind and

Mademoiselle stancy of a husband. "This inevitable license is allowed-

GRAME McDonald."

bor commenced in the most fluent Italian he could command to invite her to his wedding. Very much surprised was McDonald when she in errapted ham in English and begged him to use his native tongue, as madam, her attendant, would not then understand him. He went on delightedly in his own honest language, and explained to her his imaginative admiration, though he felt compunctious, somewhat, that so un-real a sentiment should bring the vis-

ible blood to her cheek. She thanked him-drew the cloth from the upper part of her own picture and showed him an admirable portrait of his handsome features, substituted for the mascuine head of Judith, in the original frlom which she copied—and promised to be at his wedding, and to listen sharply for her murmured name in his vow at the alter. He chanced to wear at the momnt a ring of red carnelian, and he agreed with her that she should stand where he could see her, and at the moment of his putting the marriage ring upon his bride's finger that she should put on this, and forever after wear it as a token of having received his spiritual vows of devotion.

The day came and the splendid equipage of the countess dashed into the square of the Santa Maria, with a veiled bride and a cold bridegroom, and deposited them at the steps of the church. They were followed by other coroneted equipages, and gayly dressed people dismounted from each—the mother and sisters of the bridegroom, gayly dressed among them. dressed, among them, but looking pale

with incertitude and dread. The veiled bride was small, but she moved gracefully up the aisle, and met her future husband at the altar with a low courtesy, and made a sign to the priest to proceed with the ceremony. "Try it, then. Here is your copy of Titian's 'Bella,' all finished but the face. Make an apothesis portrait of Titian's open and the doctor finally stepped to the ing the crowd of spectators at the sides of the altar. He pronounced his vaccinated. "'Deed, sah, dat's what I vows with a steady voice, but when the ring was to be put on he looked around for an instant, and then suddenly, and thing quit aching!" As a rule the men, the great scandal of all present, clasped his bride with a passionate ejaculation to his bosom. The carnelian ring was on her finger-and the Countess Nyschriem and Mademoiselle Foliehis bride and his fancy queen-were

> This curious event happened in Florence some years since—as all people then there will remember—and it was prophesied of the countess that she would have but a short lease of her handsome and gay husband. But time titled wife, and one more continuously in love, does not travel and buy pictures and patronize artists -though few, except yourself, dear reader, know the

of John B. Junek, of Refugio, Texas, and tore its pages in a singularly irregulat last they were rescued by are not irrevocably given to another, I | lar manner. Junek was knocked sense-

William Alsford and his son-in-law, Norton Orr, of East Hannibal, Mo., were struck by a bolt and the former said; but she has high qualities both of was killed. Orr will be totally deaf the rest of his days.

At Springfield, Mass., lightning ripped up the floors of the house of Morris A. Cooley, tore out the ceilings, put out the lights, and created a general shaking up. None of the inmates was hurt. Lightning struck a cherry tree in the court yard of N. H. McCracken, of Ful-

ton, N. Y., and killed the canary in the eage that Mrs. McCracken was holding in her hand. Mrs. McCracken was not hurt. Thehome of Mrs. Catharine Welch. of Kit ery, Me., was completely wrecked by lightning. Mrs. Welch' son was hurled from his bed against the wall,

and Mrs. Welch herself was stunned. At Harrodsburg, Ky., lightning shattered every window pane in the house of Isaac Terhune, and demolished a tree measuring thirty inches socompletely that large pieces of wood were thrown 100 feet and the trunk split into

ordinary cord wood.

A policeman in the Central police stacombing and dressing his hair in a recent thunder-storm when the electricity scon unmade it by drawing every hair on end so that it looked as if ruffled by a rake, but his body suffered no injury. In a recent storm in Philadelphia a ball of white fire resembling a flickering electric light was visible on the very top of a tall telegraph pole on Fourth street, below Chestnut. In a few seconds it darted among one of the wires and was lost in the darkness. Another and another followed in rapid succession until the wire resembled a string

of dancing red-hot balls. Lightning did terrible work at Cedartown, Ga., recently. In a double log house occupied by a family named Prince and another named Brazier, the bolt entered the roof and struck dead Mrs. Brazier, who was standing by the fire roasting coffee. Her neck was broken and her head split open by a piece of the mantel that was torn off by lightning and hurled at her with terrific force. Mr. Powell, who was holding Brazier's infant, was knocked senseless. Jeff Vancy, who was in the same room, was struck dead. Mrs. Prince, who stood in the hallway between the two rooms, was instantly killed, and a hole was made in the floor under her feet as if a rifle ball had

By estimate the surface of an averageman contains about sixteen and a-half square feet, or 95,000 inches. Allowing 2,800 pores or openings to each inch, we have the aggregate of 7,000,000 for the whole body. Connected with these there are about twenty-eight miles of tubing, through which the decaying and waste matters of the body-ever dying, particle by particle, while life remains—pass off, freeing the body of putrid matter. This waste is gathered up in all parts of the body and hurried

# FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Utah is just now the chosen field for onsiderable Christian missionary work. There are forty-four Presbyterian missionaries in the Territory, maintained at an annual cost of \$36,000, the Congregationalists are spending \$30,000 in new school-houses and churches, the Metho-dists have twenty missionaries on the ground, and other denominations are represented. These tremendous onslaughts have incited the Mormons to the superintendence of a steward, who renewed zeal.

Naam Lord, a resident of Friendship, N. Y., is a man who has undergone more suffering than is usually allotted to man. For several years past Mr. Lord has been a victim of rheumatism, and he has lingered along on the banks or death with one foot in the grave for a long time. For about three years he has been blind, deaf and speechless. Before he became speechless he used to moan and plead for death to relieve him from his agony. He is so deformed that the only position which he now rests in, or in fact survives, is a sitting years ago. Dr. Rhymus made insanity one, with his head between his knees, nearly meeting his feet. It is strange that some people have to endure so much suffering, while young men are much suffering, while young men are often cut down and taken from us in his own case, and for the purpose of their best and apparently healthiest days.

A Detroit (Mich.) doctor, who has vaccinated over 500 persons, reports many odd experiences with subjects under performed. Another wanted to take when they feel the lancet, cry "Woosh! or "Thunder!" The women cry "Ouch!" generally, but now and then one screams "Oh, Lordy!" Children have to be flattered, coaxed or scared

Details of the fate of that portion of unsurpassed horror. The natives having stolen all the camels which bore the of meeting with succor. But no carayan came in sight. Without either food or drink the men endured unspeakable agonies for a time, but were at last driven to the fearful resort of cannibalbut only in return for money. the Meharis from Uargla, only twelve of them remained alive, and their minds and bodies were almost fatally wrecked by men? the hardships they had undergone.

Herr Heinrich Waldner, well known on the ferns of Central Europe, has made an interesting contribution to the literature of sun spots in their relation to good and bad vintages. He has conthe minimum of the sun spots corresponds with the good years, the maximum of the sun spots with the wet and bad years, when great inundations and hailstorms have occurred. Thus the years 1810, 1823, 1834, 1844, 1856, 1867 and 1876, in which the sun was almost entirely clear from spots, concur exactly or nearly with those years of this century which have been most famous as the good wine years, namely, 1811, 1822, 1834, 1846, 1857, 1868 and 1875. Herr Waldner calculates that the next exceptionally good year will be 1887 or 1888. The wine growers of Switzerland have afforded an opportunity for doctors to disagree by inviting Professor out at another, assailed by a moving Rudolf Wolf, director of the Zurich wall of icy missiles wherever it burst A policeman in the Central police sta-tion of Philadelphia had just finished Herr Waldner's theory and prediction. out with renewed violence, in an hour's time it was completely baffled and under

That the Russian peasantry are not wholly unreasonable in their present wish for agrarian reform, one example out of many will suffice to show. A peasant in one of the eastern provinces whose crops had failed, having with difficulty maintained his household during the winter, found himself absolutely without resources in the spring. After vainly asking help from his neighbors, he at length applied to a wealthy money lender who had more than once profited by his distress, and offered to work for him during the whole summer as a common laborer. The other named a sum so far below even the meager market rate of twenty cents a day, that the peasant saw at once that it would barely suffice to keep his wife and children from starvation, leaving absolutely nothing for himself. "Have pity upon me, your honor," he pleaded; "I must starve if you won't give me more than that." "Starve, then, and be cursed to you," retorted the heartless usurer; "it's no affair of mine." Driven to desperation, the poor fellow sat down at his hard-hearted employer's door and cut his own throat.

An extensive and novel form of land lordism has been established in Iowa. Mr. Close, representing some English capitalists, bought 10,000 acres of land, divided it into farms of 160 acres each, brought tenants from England and now has it all under tillage. "Our system,"
Mr. Close says, "is not to hold virgin
land on the chance of a rise in value, but, by building houses and plowing the sod, to improve the property we buy and make it productive of income wherein we conceive lies the distinction between legitimate business and specu lation in land. Each 160 acres is let,

labor, with one assistant, usually a son, is enough, except at harvest-time, to cultivate 160 acres, if divided between wheat and Indian corn. Thus our laborers are directly interested in the yield, and we think we combine the economy of large buildings with the efficiency and productiveness of small. In 1880 and for 1881 we could have let our farms twice over. Every forty farms or thereabouts are placed under is controlled directly by ourselves."

James D. Rhymus was a patient in a private mad-house. Mrs. Bigelow, wife of the physician in charge, took a deep interest in his case. She believed that insanity could best be cured by moral suasion and generally mild treatment, and she chose Rhymus as a subject on whom to test her system. He steadily improved, until at last sanity was re established. In the meantime Mrs. Bigelow became a widow. She soon afterward married Rhymus, and he be a specialty in his practice, and had charge successively of many asylums. He adhered to the theory of mild treatputting it into thorough practice he leased, a few weeks ago, the Grand View hotel, near Denver, turning it into an asylum. In order to train his keepers by degrees he at first admitted only odd experiences with subjects under the lancet. Not more than two men out of ten have it done in a straightfor-was mistaken in one of these, and one ward way. They hesitate, make inquiries, and postpone it a few days. One insisted upon being strapped fast to his chair while the operation was free him. During the commotion caused by the struggle the two other patients escaped, and one of them drowned himself. This bad beginning of the enterdoor and asked him if he wanted to be prise drove Dr. Rhymus insane again, and while out of his mind he slew his

#### Snowballing a Fire. In some remmiscences of Montreal,

the following: One morning in January, 1826, after a heavy fall of damp snow the day before, a fire broke out in a large wooden warehouse at Point a Calliere, occupied by D. W. Eager, in which were stored 600 barrels of pork the Flatters expedition which remained in the Sahara under the command of Sergeant Pobequin present a scene of few minutes the roof of the building, which was of great length, was almost wreathed in smoke and flames, while does not say so. A more constant husband than McDonald to his plain and way afoot to the caravan route in hope crowd of men and boys rapidly collected until nearly 500 were present, but the engine for some reason not arriving, and the river, the only source of water supply, being covered with thick ice, and above all the crowd being without Fifteen men were devoured in a leader and utterly confused, nothing turn, Pobequin being the fifteenth. of importance was done to stop the fire, Freaks of Lightning.

Lightning struck a book in the pocket

Lightning struck a book in the pocket

Lightning struck a book in the pocket

With a small supply of food and water, When minds of those present, Henry Corse came rushing over to the scene from hifactory, shouting at the top of his voice: "What are you thinking of, men? Why don't you snowball that fire out?" and suiting the action to the word he caught up a handful of the damp snow and flung it as the author of an exhaustive volume upward. The crowd caught the idea on the instant, as all they wanted was a leader, and, making a solid rush forward, they caught up the snow at their feet, and a moment later a thousand structed a series of tables showing that snowballs were mounting fireward and falling with a hiss on the blazing timbers. Never was such a sight seen before; the immense crowd surrounded and stormed the fire-fiend with a will, cheering and shouting in their excite-ment; the snow-missiles flew upward thicker than hail falls in December; the great snow fight of Napoleon and his fellows at Brienne school was nothing in comparison to it. Almost after the first half-dozen volleys the fire seemed to pause as if astonished at the novel mode of attack; before it could

### and the affair was talked of and laughed over for many a day afterward. How to Gain Health.

recover another and another storm of

balls fell upon it until beaten and bat-

tered down at one point and flaming

wall of icy missiles wherever it burst

time it was completely baffled and under

control, and in another hour entirely

subdued. The only loss to the building was its roof, badly burned, while

the stores of pork and flour inside were

comparatively undamaged. The crowd

dispersed in the highest good spirits,

What is more charming in all Nature's dominion than a thoroughly healthy woman-a bright-eyed, rosy, happy gir. who finds keen pleasure in merely ing? There is nothing charming in illness. An invalid wife and mother furnishes a constant spectacle of sadness and misery to her family and friends, and a subject of unlimited expense to her husband. In such a home the greatest of all blessings that could be hoped for would be the health of the mistress restored; but too often it is the one blessing that never comes. American homes, more than any other, perhaps, in the world, have been saddened by sickly women. If this shall be so no longer, it will be a great blessing to the nation And the remedy is simple. American men are as strong and healthy as those of other nations; there is no good reason why American women should not be. All that is needed is proper attention to dress and exercise. Let women dress, as men'do, so that their bodies shall not be squeezed and pressed together, but have free room for motion, and let them go out into the air and sunshine, as men do, and exercise their bodies, and the race of American women will not become extinct, but be improved, built up and beautified-fit to become the mothers of a growing race.

The Portuguese government have made primary education compulsory as a rule, to one tenant, who provides for children between 7 and 12 years of labor and machinery, paying us rent for wheat lands in kind, on the half-share system, and for Indian corn lands a lands and for Indian corn lands a lands and for Indian corn lands a lands a

## FOR THE LADIES.

An Incident at a Royal Wedding. There was one picturesque incident about the wedding of Princess Stepha nie in Vienna. No sooner was the cere emony concluded then the high master of ceremonies, stepping forward, requested all the Belgians in waiting on the princess-the stewards, chamber lains and ladies-to follow him, and led them away; their duties were at an end, for Princess Stephanie was now an Austrian. Next instant the master of ceremonies appeared at the head of a new cortege of ladies and gentlemen in wait ing accredited to the crown princessthis time Austrians and Hungarians. This part of the ceremony was, perhaps, the most impressive of all, and the crown princess was deeply moved.

The Simplicity of Dress Hustrated. Simple costumes, as well as rich and orgeous ones, being the order of the day, one can dress in the style or manner most becoming to them, spending hundreds of dollars or as many cents, according to their purse or inclination. Apropos of this simplicity that is so much admired, and which often costs more than an elaborate toilet, is the following: A number of ladies at a large party were wondering why all young ladies did not dress in the plain, simple style of a young belle present, whose toilet they greatly admired. The dress was of white surah, covered with tiny ruffles of the same goods. The overdress was of nun's veiling, with frills and cascades of cream-white lace, and caught up with clusters of white snowdrops covered with crystals. Upon her head was a wreath of snowdrops glittering with white jets. She wore no jewels, but carried in her hand a large antique fan of white feathers spangled with crystals. After the party was over the wearer of the dress, who had enjoyed the compliments poured in upon her for the exquisite simplicity of her dress, told her doting old uncle, who had been most profuse in his exclamations over her simple style of dress, that this compound of veiling, surah and lace had cost her over \$200. All the uncle did was to hand the young lady his new spring hat with a bow of acknowledggiven in the Star of that city, we find ment, that women were to him incom prehensible, and that he would never again praise the simplicity of a \$200

> Fashion Notes. Watered silks are worn again

Steel appears on the straps of the ov Painted French mull is a novelty for

Capes made entirely of jetted tulle are stylish. Little golden cats are suspended from

the bracelet. Velvet is sparingly used on the sum-

Pink and ruby shades are combined in French toilettes. Overskirts are not worn, the drapers

being fastened to the skirt. Spanish lace is used for trimming parasols instead of fringe.

Folded stocks of illusions are worn with high-necked white gowns. Bonnet strings should be tied in

normous bows under the chin. Bonnets are shown, covered with currants, grapes, and other small fruits. Young ladies still wear the plain round skirt and waist, with sash at the

Some of the little bonnets have exactly the curves of a horse-shoe over the

Children wear coachman's drab frocks and they soil almost as easily as if they were white.

The coral pink roses, lately introduc-

ed, damage any complexion but one ex ceptionally fine. "A bonnet of wild oats, lined with

scarlet satin" is the description in a New York paper. Buckles will be very fashionable,

orn with sashes, and they match the buttons worn on the dress. "Mountain bunting" is used for traveling costumes. It is stiff and wiry and comes in gray and brown.

Riding skirts are cut quite short, with knee gores, adapted to the position of the rider when she is in the saddle. Beetles in colored glass are used to

fasten French neckties. Hope it will stay in France; it's an ugly fashion. Duchess, Dot, Dimple, Charmer, Flirtation, Carey, Gerster and Bernhardt are the names of some of the new

Spiders with bodies made of humming-bird feathers, and gilt legs, are used to fasten the strings on new bon-

Wide collars edged with lace three nches deep will be the fashionable collar for morning wear with summer With high-necked dresses flowers are

the shoulder; with square neck, at the The long lace pins should be put through the material cross-wise, and so lightly that they are visible almost

wern at the belt; with low dresses, on

from point to head. Pretty aprons are made of plush, with bibs and pockets, and finished off with satin ribbon. An apron of red plush is trimmed with Spanish lace.

will be much worn by young ladies, and a new blue, or blue-green, called "duck's breast," is shown in rich satins. Olive green is the favorite color for the embroideries and satin bows of white

"Robin's egg" and "gendarme blue"

the tints most used are blue and pink in many shades. Wreaths of delicate roses, ending in fine sprays of rose leaves and moss buds, are worn under the oddly curved brims of the stylish and picturesque Spanish

The Palmetto Manufacturing Com-\$70,000 has been subscribed to the cap-

# NO. 17.

Cheer Up. Never go gloomily, man with a mind, Hope is a better companion than fear; rovidence, ever benignant and kind, Gives with a smile what you take with a tear;

Look to the light Morning was ever the daughter of night; All that was black will be all that is bright,

All will be right.

Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up. Many a foe is a friend in disguise, Many a trouble a blessing most true, Helping the heart to be happy and wise, With love ever precious and joys ever new.

Stand in the van, Strive like a man ! This is the bravest and eleverest plan; Trusting in God while you do what you can Cheerily, cheerily, then cheer up.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY

Current topics usually run to seed. Did you ever see a lemon-aide-decamp?

One half the world doesn't know how the other half lies about it. Of all the attachments of a sewing-

machine the feller is most pleasing to Haman must have had a very quick temper. At least we read that he was

very high strung .- Rome Sentinel. Root of all evil: "You are not fond of money for itself?" "Oh, no," said Johnssonburg; "I am fond of it for my-

It begins to look as though the next world's fair would have to be held in the next world if anywhere .- Philadelphia

A suspicious package, addressed to Alexander III., was opened and found contain an American cigarette .-Lowell Journal. The man who can see sermons in run-

ning brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays when trout are biting.-Picayune. One artist claims to have got 640 different positions from the same model

-a man. Presume the model had a boil. - Boston Post. A lady who drew a gentleman's dressing-gown at a recent church fair now wishes to draw a good-looking young

man to put in it.

In Russia "hello" is rendered "Tzi-jakanfitkrajanjanzski;" hence the telephone can never be introduced into that country.—Modern Argo. Ought not a picture dealer & , be a

man of picturesque appearance, nave a fine frame and be able to canvass successfully?-Philadelphia Item. The difference between a cat and a

comma is that one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause. A tree in this neighborhood has thirteen rings around it, and yet it is only six months old. An urchin did it with his little hatchet .- New York Dispatch.

A New York paper says that in that city crying at weddings has gone out of fashion. In Chicago the father of the bride does the crying when he comes to settle the bills .- New York Graphic. An intelligent lady asked a sculptor who was about completing the figure of

a lamb: "Did you cut out that animal?" 'Oh, no," said the artist, "the lamb has been there all the time; I only took the marble from around him." There are not more than 300 profes sional burglars in America, and yet to keep them out of our homes we pay \$5,000,000 per year for locks, bolts and

asteners. Ten thousand dollars apiece per year would hire them to be good .-Free Press. At twenty a man is sure that he knows everything; at thirty he begins to have grave doubts; at forty he knows that there are some things he don't know; at fifty he is certain that he will

never again know as much as he once "Yes, your Augustus is a fraud,"
Said Sue to Arabella,
"A fraud!" said Belle, "I can't afford
To hear that of my feller!

He's true and tried and good beside, And delicate and dainty..."

"Ah, yes! but then," Miss Suc replied,
"He's sort of beau-Gus, ain't he?"

When a boy sees a big horner's nest depending from the branch of a tree he is not satisfied that it is loaded until he hits it with a stone. He would rather heave a rock at it than to have five dollars. In a few seconds he would rather five dollars that he hadn't heaved the

rock.—Norristown Herald. Politeness: Gilhooly tied his pony to a fence railing on Austin avenue. owner of the premises came up to him and said: "You freekle-faced fraud, if you don't untie that horse I'll fan the air with your ungainly carcass.' must excuse me, sir," responded Gilhcoly, "but I am a stranger and did nct know there would be any objection." "You addle-pated outcast, don't you suppose I know you are a stranger? That's why I talk politely to you, you goggle-eyed outcast; that's why I don't talk rough to you."-Galveston News.

Long Courtships.

Beyond a certain point there is no progress in courtship. When the parties to the affair have arrived at the conviction that they were "made for each other," and cannot be happy apart, the sooner they become "one and inseparable" the better. Antenuptial affection is as mobile as quicksilver, and when it has reached its highest point, the safest policy is to merge it in matrimonial bliss. Otherwise, it may retrograde. Very long courtships often end in a backout on one side or the other—the retiring party being in most cases "inconstant muslin gowns, and next to olive green man." And we would hint to that unreliable being that he has no right to dangle after an estimable woman for years without any fixed intention of marrying her. The best thing a lady can do under such circumstances is to bring matters to a focus, by asking the point-no-point gentleman what he means, and when? She can either do that or dismiss him altogether. Perhaps pany of Charleston has applied to the the latter plan would in most instances clerk of the court for a charter. Over be the better one; for a man who is be the better one; for a man who is slow to matrimony is generally slow in all the concerns of life,