# CYNTHY ANN BOWKER'S STRANGE GUEST. BY FRANK W. SAGE.

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PART I.

"No, we ain't got a hotel in Portland. We ought to have one, but we ain't. But there's my half-sister, Cynthy Ann Bowker, right across the road there. If she's in the humor of it, it lays in her power to git you up a dinner fit fer

a king-er a banker." Sol amended his speech as the result of a process of unconscious cerebration whereby had been suggested the likelihood of this well-dressed stranger's belonging to the banker's guild. He was of striking mien, unquestionably a person of distinction in whatever circle he moved, if mere externals counted for anything. But Sol, with worldly wisdom beyond the average rustic, relied not on mere appearance. He learned on his hoe handle, eying the stranger warily.

On second thought he found his appearance to answer equally well newspaper descriptions of gamblers and conidence men.

The little dead-and-alive village was in an unwonted state of excitement that het July day. An occurrence the most improbable anyone could have predicted had literally shaken the At seven minutes past one o'clock the Chicago fast mail, which daily for months had not once failed to thunder past the little station promptly on time, never stopping, nev-



CYNTHY ANN WAS STITCHING A CRAZY QUILT.

er so much as slackening speed, had jumped a switch, ditching the engine and piling two mail cars in ruins across the main track. A blockade of several hours being inevitable, various passengers unprovided with luncheon were inquiring at private residences for dinner. But inasmuch as Portland had turned out en masse to view the wreck, their quest was for the most part vain.

"Ef you'll wait here, I'll step across an' see what Cynthy Ann says,' Sol volunteered. "She's an old maid, an' notional like them kind mos'ly is, We've got to manage her kind o' by contrairies, er she won't move a hand. You see now how she is; everybody lis' crazy 'bout the accident, an' a-runnin' to break their necks, an' she wouldn't stir out o' the house er even look out o' the winder, ef it was to save the hull railroad system from bein' stove to flinders. That's the way she always was, But mebbe I kin fetch her."

He leaned his hoe against the fence, and, plodding across the dusty street, knocked at Cynthy Ann's door.

"It's goin' on to two o'clock, Cynthy Ann, middlin' late fer cookin' a meal vittles," he insinuated, after stating the case. He shook his head disap-"I wouldn't 'a' come over, provingly. only I felt obleeged to make a show o' askin' seein' he was so set. b'ilin' hot day in the bargain, an' a man that's half a man wouldn't persume on askin' a woman to stew over a cook stove a-gittin' up a fancy meal, when there's crackers an' dried herrin' to be had at Bly's grocery. Wouldn't encourage sech doin's, Uh-um, You wouldn't see me takin' long to decide How can we tell but what he's a gambler, er one o' them bunkum fellers"

Cynthy Ann was seated in a rocking chair, stitching on a crazy quilt. Now and then she indulged in a habit of stooping and anxiously inspecting the toe of her embossed canvas slipper, as if to assure herself that it was still on her foot. Her short hair was roached straight back over her head and confined with a semi-circular comb. Her features were heavy; her countenance immobile. She half turned and peered through the slats of the shutters. "He's decent lookin' enough, Sol Ad-

ams. As fer it's bein' some trouble, it's a chance to do a sufferin' feller critter a good turn, an' put a quarter in my pocket at the same time, I'm goin' to do it. So you just move yourself and ketch me a couple o' pullets, an' I'll give him a taste o' fried chicken that'll make him own he ain't ever knowed before what fried chicken is."

"You ain't goin' to do no sech foolish extravagance, Cynthy Ann Bowker, Two fried chickens fer a quurter! What er you a-thinkin' about! Now, you listen to me; you fry him one pullet, ef you're bound to be so contrary, an' you keep half o' it fer your supper an' mine. Then see here; you set out the other half fer him, an' them cold green left over from our dinner, an' whatever you've got handy, and then you promis me you'll charge him forty cents, an' no hemmin' er hawin' about it, er I'll go straight back and tell him you won't be pestered with him, I as good as told

him so before," "You don't do no such a thing Sol Adams. All you got any call to do is to let him know I'm tollable high chargin'. an' leave me to tend to the rest. I nin't a-goin' to say what I'll charge him; depends on what sort o' luck I have cookin'. An' say, you see that you don't bring him in this house fer a good hour to come. Chickens has to fry slowly. I nin't a-goin' to be drove fer the president o' the United States, an' you kin tell him that, ef you want to. It's ask-' enough o' me to stay home a-stewin' over a hot stove while the hull town is out enjoyin' the accident, without havin' a strange man rockin' an' fannin' in my settin'-room, a-fussin' an' fumin 'cause I ain't hurryin' faster with his dinner. Now you go 'long an' ketch me two pullets, do you mind, er I'll go an' hunt a cool place in the cellar an' let your Mr. Stranger hunt somewhere else fer a dinner. But here; first of all you take him a couple o' cookies to kind o stay his stummick, an' you draw him out a bit, an' see of he's one o' the kind

to be stingy 'bout payin'. Ef he is, you needn't come back." "He's got money, you may depend,"

the pullets right away; the cookles will keep, I reckon. Having discharged this mission, Sol returned leisurely to report to the stranger cheering news of his success.

"Et you see me lean my hoe agen the fence, you may know it's a bargain," he had said to Cynthy Ann at parting. "It's all settled, but you're not to go nigh the house fer an hour. She pintedly told me to tell you she would't be drove fer the president himself. I had a wras'lin' match with her, you better believe. Mighty nigh give it up, once. You see she was sewin' one o' them piece-quilts she's so crazy about, an when Cynthy Ann Bowker is busy at work o' that kind, it's about like tryin' to whistle a hog out of a sweet-pertater patch to git her to lay it down, But you see I sort o' let on about the nuisance o' people comin' round an' pesterin' fer favors at unhandy times, an doubtin' whether you'd got the price of a meal o' vittles about you, an' things like that 'till I'd got her a-pullin' contraireywise, . An' now she's got started an' no stoppin' her. She'il jes' try herself, an' fix you out with luxuries the season, from corn-bread to weddin'

cake, I reckon." Sol bent himself, laughing immoderately at the drollness of this impromptu concert. Then, suddenly bethinking himself, he delivered the cookies. "She thought you mightn't be able to wait." he explained. The man gave a quee smile, but accepted the gift with becoming humility. Sol leaned his hoe against the fence and stooped to remove an imaginery pebble from his shoe. Then the guest-to-be retired to the shade of a towering sycamore on a creek-bank near by, to beguile the interval of waiting with a newspaper, "I don't properly recall your name,"

said Sol, inquiringly, as he ushered the supplicant for Cynthy Ann's favor into

"Brown," said the guest, simply, and as his hostess, heated and perspiring, came in at the moment from the kitchen, he bowed smiling, before Sol could formally introduce him.

"It's too bad to put you to so much trouble, Miss Bowker," he apologized, glancing at the bountifully furnished table with a look of appreciation which spoke at the same time sincere concern for the labor it had cost her, "I fear I have imposed on your good nature. J really must apologize for allowing you to undertake such a task, this warm

"It ain't the trouble, of things was only cooked right," Cynthy Ann replied, graciously. The grim look of reserve faded from her features under the touch of his sympathy. "There's times when I'm that flustered, like I've been since the accident, that I can't cook fit fer a section-hand. Speakin' o' that, I want you to tell me, Sol Adams, what ails them biscuits."

A curious smile lurking behind the air of mystery which invested this query, suggested that the solution of the problem would be found to shed light upon various indeterminate factors which operate frequently to baille the cook's calculations.

Being thus expressly challenged to pass judgment, Sol seated himself at a er we goin' to give of ourselves?" respectful distance from the table, buttered a biscuit and nibbled at it with a countenance composed to an aspect of profound ratiocination far removed rom any suggestion of animal appetite. Mr. Brown and Cynthy Ann awaited breathlessly the verdict. After a moment Cynthy Ann broke the silence.

"I see you ain't makin' no headway. Sol. No, it ain't the lumps in the flour, ner the mite too much sody, though them faults I kin notice if you can't. Well, then, I reckon I'll have to tell you. men is such poor guessers; it's the lower crust's bein' a speck underdone. ought to left the pan settin' on the bottom of the oven half a minute longer. Ef I'd 'a' had time I'd 'a' slung the hull batch out to the chickens an' begun all over. But they'll have to do, so draw up your chair, Mr. Smith, while I fetch the sweet pertaters."

As the meal progressed, Cynthy Ann. flattered by her guest's favorable comments on every dish, rehearsed her experience as a cook, from the earlier days when her faculty was universally recognized as a heaven-bestowed gift. to the present time when, as she averred but the merest suggestion of her former aptitude remained.

"Since I've taken up piece-quiltin", I've noticed a stiddy fallin' off, goin' on four year now, But a body can't be



A FACE SUDDENLY APPEARED AT A WINDOW.

cookin' all the time. So what will I do. Mr. Smith?" she appealed, plaintively, "There's nothin' goin' on in Portland, the year round. People nin't sociable The men sits on store boxes day in an' day, out, wastin' their time discussin' politics an' such nonsense an' the women sets at home, mendin' clothes an' fussin' with the children. Its turrible humdrum."

Availing himself of her preoccupation while awaiting a reply to her perplexing question, and noting the fact that Mr. Brown ate sparingly of the chicken, Sol drew his chair closer to the table. helped himself to chicken and gravy. and proceeded to eat after a grave decorous fashion, his eyes meanwhile upon the lounge, where she sat for being fixed with an expression of profound and absorbing interest on the face of their guest. At this bit of presumption Cynthy Ann frowned at him indignantly from behind their guest's his sleeve. He had an air of having chair, unconscious of the fact that the latter's countenance gave token of amusement which was incompatible All unbidden, as it seemed, a gleam of with the idea of possible offense. De- mirth slowly overspread his countenspite her nods and grimaces Sol sat lance

It was at a moment when Cynthy

Across the front of the caller's cap was blazoned in silvered letters the single word "Conductor."

"We've got the track cleared, governor. The Chicago express is in sight and will be here in three minutes. I'll hold it for you, if you want to finish your dinner

"Oh, don't do that: I'll come at once." Mr. Brown replied, rising quickly. "I can easily hold the train, governor, Or if you prefer to wait, we'll have an-

other engine for our train in an hour." "I'll take the express," and, with a hasty good-by and a warm handshake and profuse thanks to his entertainers, he was off before either could collect their wits.

PART II.

"Did you hear what that conductor called him, Sol? He said Governor, didn't he? Why what alls you!" Sol had started up, dropping his knife and fork, and stood aghast, facing Cynthy Ann.

"By Jickity! Cynthy Ann Bowker, do you know who that man is? It's Governor Brown!" "Who's Governor Brown, then?" A shade of rising apprehension appeared

in Cynthy Ann's tone. "Who do you reckon? Ozro L. Brown, the governor of this state!" bolted to the open door.

"Fiddlesticks, I don't believe it!" "Well, you needn't if you don't want to. I knowed I'd seen that man before. Wasn't I at the inauguration, an' didn't I shake hands with him? Mighty strange I didn't recall him. I'll warrant he knowed who I was, all the while Them politicians never forget a face Great Jupiter! Cynthy Ann Bowker me an' you has gone an' done it this

As if expressly to confirm Sol's dec laration, shouts of applause resounding from the direction taken by the departed guest reached their ears, prompted by the piping voice of an urchin yelling vociferously: "Three cheers for Governor Brown, that lives in the state

"There didn't I tell you?" said Sol. "The land alive!" Cynthy Ann ejaculated, "was I ever so plum beat in my born days! To think o' me sittin' here to ca-am, in this old faded gown, an you loungin' there, on a cheer beside him, eatin' as composed, without ary collar, an' sweatin' like a wash-b'iler!



CYNTHY ANN SAT IN HER PAR-LOR, PEN IN HAND,

What's a-goin' to happen to me an you, Sol Adams? What sort o' account

motion. "I say, you'd ought to run after him an' 'umbly beg his pardon, ef you're

half a man." "I ain't a-goin' to do no seech a thing. Cynthy Ann Bowker!" Sol exclaimed, sturdily. "I say it was his part to 'a' give his full title when he introduced himself. Ef you feel as bad about it you kin write him a note. I ain't agoin' to make no move in the matter. You know I'm about settled on makin' that Kansas trip soon, to see Mirv's folks. I'm liable to start tonight, in You've been so contrairey about goln' with me; mebbe this'll help you Kansas is out o' Gov. Brown's

jurisdiction." "I wouldn't mind near so much of hadn't kep' callin' him 'Mister' Brown all the while," said Cynthy Ann, wining her eyes.

You didn't call him Mister Brown." "I didn't?"

"No, you didn't; you called him Mr. Smith every time you opened your mouth." Cynthy Ann threw her apron over her

head and dropped despairingly into a chair. Emotion seemed to have become paralyzed in her. "An' you said some disrespectful re-

marks about politics," Sol reminded her, with a gleam of mirth. "I know I did, but that wasn't half

as bad as your a-settin' there eatin' like a harvest hand, an' that without bein' invited. An' you never riz up, ner hardly stopped eatin' when he shook hands, on goin' away."

"You sent him two cookies, like as ef he'd been a seven-year-old," Sol retorted.

"What of I did? It was you gave 'em to him. Thank goodness they was crusted with my best granulated sugar. an' not with brown. An' he et one, fer I watched him. I ain't ashamed o' them cookies. This is too selemn a case fer quarrelin,' Sol Adams; we've got to think up what's best to do to clear ourseives.

After further conference the case eemed to assume, if anything, more

"I don't care!" Cynthy Ann at last eried, defiantly, "there's things to be said on the other side. I've got my opinion of anybody that'll set a poor woman to stewin' over a hot stove an hour an' more, an' then run off after he's et his fill, without offerin' a cent o'

"Why, he didn't either; I plum forgot to tell you. Here," Sol produced two silver half-dollars. and spun them across the table towards

"You see, I made him pay in ad-"You didn't! Sol Adams, I did give you credit fer havin' some sense. What

possessed you to do that? What did you

say to him?" "Why-well-er-I told him you was the leas' mite jubious about his looks." Cynthy Ann gasped spasmodically, then rose from her chair and dropped three minutes with parted lips, and eyes fixed stonlly on a distant church steeple a picture of wee unutterable. Sol carefully wiped away a drop of gravy on resolutely set aside, for a moment, the pressure of everwhelming tribulation.

"We come nigh forgettin' about-your sendin' him word how you wouldn't be Ann, having removed Mr. Brown's plate drove fer the president himself, Cynthy said Sol, confidently. "I'll ketch you was in the act of placing before him Ann," he suggested, with an air of ture?-Toledo Blade.

a dish of apple pudding, that a face impartially arranging the worst fea-suddenly appeared at a window, tures of their offense, and having it over with

"Owdacious scand'lous affair. Don't ee no possible way o' patchin' it up. neckon you'd better take the Kansas trip with me, Desprit bad scrape. I'm goin' upstairs to pack my gripsack."

At noon the next day Cynthy Ann sat behind closed shutters in her parlor, pen in hand, arduously composing a letter. It was an unfamiliar task, and her progress was slow. Her eyes were leaden; she had slept little the night before. There came frequent knocks at the locked doors. Curiosity to know just how she had entertained her distinguished guest was not satisfied with Sol Adams' minutest rehearsal of particulars. Women coaxed through



THEN SHE OPENED ALL THE SHUTTERS.

keyholes; children wantonly rattled the shutters. shutters. Cynthy Ann gave not the slightest heed to either. Even Sol returning promptly at the stroke of twelve for his dinner, pommeled valuly at the kitchen door. An hour later he returned and called fretfully through a shutter: "What ails you, Cynthy Ann, are you deaf? Lemme n, I say. I've got a letter fer ye."

said, laconically, "No, I don't," Sol replied, masterfully; You're goin' to let me in before you git your hands on it. It's got an official envelope, an' concerns me, too. I don't nake a doubt. I'll jist read it fer you. At this threatening intimation Cyn-thy Ann cautiously opened half the shutter, and Sol, clutching the letter guardedly, climbed in. Then he gave

her the letter. "There's somethin' stiff inside," he said, as she snipped an end of the envelope with her shears. In a moment she had removed a photograph and the letter. This she read several times then, without a word, handed it to Sol, while she examined the photograph. Sol read eagerly:

"State House, July 18, 18-,-My Dear Miss Bowker: Allow me more expressly o thank you for your hospitality to a tranger in distress, yesterday, and to pologize for what now seems to me a dis-Adams in not revealing my identity, which must have been made known to you by this time, I had no intention of having v little loke at the expense of either you. As a token of regard and friendship please accept inclosed photograph of Mrs. Brown, the children and myself, very faithfully yours, "OZRO L. BROWN."

Cynthy Ann deliberately planed the pen letter and the photograph in a

Then she opened all the shutters and he had omitted and convened another unbolted the doors.

forenoon, I ain't intendin' to be mean."

SHORT SILVER CATECHISM.

From the New York World.

Q. Mexico has been a silver standard otes-28x.427.000 in all. The specie esilver) reserve to pay them is \$39,599,096 There is \$15,000,000 in silver dollars in cir-12,100,000-\$4.50 per capita. There are no government notes.

Q. What has become of the \$1,321,000,coined by its eleven mints? A, it has on exported as fast as it was coined, as bullion, to pay for imports, at its com-

ths 406.39 grains of fine silver; ours Q. What is it worth in Mexico in gold?

A. Exactly 58 cents when silver is worth 68 cents per ounce, as bullion; and 63 cents or a legal tender-five cents being the cost of columne. It fluctuates from day to day as bar silver fluctuates in London. Q. Then a Mexican silver dollar is worth

no more in Mexico than it is anywhere else in the world—its market price as bullion. A. Yes, five cents-the cost of coinage. It has no other fint value in Mexico. Q. Then its practical "free and unlimited coinage" adds nothing to its value? A. only the legal tender fiat value in Mexico of five cents over the buillion value. If free coined this would disappear, and it could only be worth in Mexico its weight

of Mexico? A. About one-fourth more than in New York city—in Mexican money. Hatel rates are \$5 per day, Cabs cost \$1.50 per hour. Street car fares are \$4 cents. Rents are higher than in New York city; board is dearer; restaurant

mestls cost more.
Q. What is the cost of food? A. Flour, 5½ cents; sugar, 19 cents; beef, 6½ cents; pork, 5½ cents; coffee, 2l cents, ten tcheap-est), 8t; cheese, 25 cents. All staples imported cost gold prices in addition to du-

O. How much of the Mexican silver money can a man carn? A. The stree car companies pay conductors, drivers and collectors from 50 cents to 81 per day. The highest wage paid blacksmiths is 82.50; tookbinders, \$1; carpenters, \$1.50; are the following: engine-drivers, \$1.50; harness makers, hat-ters, locksmiths, silversmiths, plumbers, Rhof I Walia orfoled and turners, \$1; muchinists, \$1.75; brick-layers, stonecutters, house painters, \$1.25. Many work for half these rates. Q. Then the cost of living is much higher and wages of craftsmen much lower than with us? A. Decidedly, A crafts.

man in Mexico receives practically one-half American wages, and his living in the same way as here costs much more. Q. How is it with laborers? A. They set from 37; to 50 cents per day in this Mexican silver money.

Mexican silver motiey.

Q. And how do they live? A. "At less expense than a farm horse in New England," and not so well, John Bigelow once remarked. "The laboring classes," says a Mexican newspaper, "regard themselves as a plant, which moves by extraneous aids only, and has no nower of volition, and no desire to exercise it if it had."

# IN A NUTSHELL.

Under free coinage at sixteen to onthe following classes of people will be robbed of half their investments: All depositors in savings banks,

All members of building associations. All pensioners. All persons carrying life insurance in

All persons carrying fire insurance poli-Are these people willing to vote for a proposition which robs themselves of their earnings or investments for the fu-

### EBEN FARDD **GORAF CYMRU**

The Great Welsh Bard Wins the Chair at Twenty.

DINYSTR JERUSALEM" A BEAUTY

During the Last Few Years the National Eisteddfod of Wales is Coming More in Favor with our Cousin John Bull--We Teach Him How to

Eben Fardd was only 20 years of age when he gained the chair of Powys in 1824 at the Welshpool eisteddfod, the subset being "The Destruction of Jer-usalem," and this composition is still reckoned among the best ever composed in rhythmical concatenation of sounds, which, according to the highest authorities on Welsh poetry, is characteristic of and escential to Welsh poetry. A very good poet, who had cained the envious dirtinction of being a "chaired bard," said upon one occasion that he would give all the poetry he had ever composed for being the author of the following two lines. Llithrig yw'r palmant Bathrwyn,

Mor gwaed ar y marmor gwyn, The young poet introduces his subject very abruptly, exclaiming-

A! dinyrsr! dinystr! yn donau, chwalodd Uchelion ragfuriau; A thirion byrth yr hen bau, Casssalem sier ei seiliau,

ne of the adjudicators remarking that his powers of description were most admirable, and that lilram himself could scarcely have described the orne mental architecture of the Temple with greater precision.

Heirdd golefnau, elliadau goludes Campwith cywreiniawi, cnapwaith eoro nog," etc.

Having followed his subject until he found "the city of the great King" reduced to a heap of rubbish without a Cynthy Ann rose at that and peered duced to a heap of rubbish without a through the slats. "Hand it in," she living inhabitant, he concludes his ode as abruptly as he begins, which abruptness is not considered a defect, but rather an excellence, for was the subject not the Destruction of Jerusalem, and nothing more?

A'r lie glan, wedi'r hell glod, Llenwir o ddylluanod; Pob bwystiil yma gilia, Hoifi yn hon ei ffau a wna; Diau af ffnau o'r (an Mae'n well i ninan allan;

Ddi-drefn i'r sawt yaddi drig. In the days in which the old Gwynddigion society was leading Welsh thought, candidates for prizes given by this good and patriotic society composed in the twenty-four metres, termed of Carmarthen, the metres framed by Dafydd ab Edmund, a gentleman of property from North Wales, and one of the chief bards of his age, who having attended the Cannarthen eisteddfod dvantage I took of you and of Mr. in 1451, gained the silver chair, and was subsequently called the silver-tongued bard. In the "Creal," in 1805. Nos. 1, 2, 3, is published an account of this notable eisteddfod, and it is recorded in his new system several new metres of his own invention, and though he was not opposed at the said eisteddfod the bards of Gwent and Morgangw objected soon after to the substitution of his new inventions in onspicuous place upon the parlor wall. | lieu of some very ancient metres which elsteddfed within their own district, "I reckon we might as well let the giving the customary notice of a year neighbors in, Sol," she suggested drear- and a day, for the purpose of protestily, "They've been so pressin' all the ing against the new system, asserting that they had a code of 24 metres, which had the authority and sanction of ages. The protest does not seem to have any effect outside their own province, and the bards of North Wales have adhered most rigifly to the Caermarthen country for four centuries. What is its metres from that day till very lately—oresent monetary condition? A. It is on so late indeed as the Pontypridd eisa silver specie basis. Ten banks issue teddfod held in 1883, when one of the adjudicators, a North Wallan, insisted in giving the prize to the only bard who had composed on the 24 metres, culation, and the country has about \$55. who had composed on the 24 metres, 500,000 of money in use, counting in gold but the other adjudicators were against and substiliary silver. The population is him, since they considered another but the other adjudicators were against poem which had been sent in to the competition of a higher merit. Therefore, of later years, the best composition of candidates for the chair prize are generally upon a few selected meters, and this is quite in order since nercial price as builton.

Q. What is a Mexican dollar equal to the Caermarthen elsteddfed of 1819. our silver columge? A. \$1.04. It con- where at a Corsedd meeting at this

eisteddfod, which is called Gorsedd Dyfed, among other things it was unanously agreed that from that time henceforth the bards of the Isle of Britain were at liberty to choose the metres considered most suitable by them for their subjects. The resolution is as tolows: "Bod o hyn allan ryddid i feirdd Ynys Prydain gyfansoddi eu canladau ar y mesurau mwyaf tellwng a chyf addas idd eu testynau; ac na byddo rhagllaw wahanlaeth o barth tellyngdawd i el roddi i fesurau yr un dosarth na'r hen na'r newydd, ragor, neu uwch eu gilydd; ond bod urddiant cerdd neu awdl i gael ei farou with gymmhwylladau synwyr a phwyll, a chynghanedd, rywlawg a diledryw yn hytrach nae

with amrywlaeth mesurau." The chief bards present at the Corsold meeting when the above resolution was passed, were Iola Morgany's, Daniel Ddn, Dewl Silin, Gwalter Mec .alp. Robert Nantglyn, Hywel Glandwr,

Gwllym Morganwg. It was a common saying among the bards that Die Sion Dafydd was taken very ill at this eisteddfod, and after pining for four years, died at an olsteddfor held in the same town in 1825. At the Powys eisteddfod in the year 1824, a prize was offered for the best epitaph to put on his grave, and about fifty were sent in, a specimen of which

Rhof I Walia orfoledd-Die Sion Sals, A gafas i genfedd Duoer-Bai hai o'r diwedd, Dyma fi ar dom el fedit,

Dygodd darfodedigaeth,-y Caesyn, Cegog i farwolaeth; Trwy ing ei nych, trengu wnaeth, Am regu y Gymreigiaeta!

During the last few years the ne-

tional eisteddfod of Wales is coming more in favor with our cousins across the border. They seem to enjoy our singing, and there seems a desire to understand what the Welsh "Awen" has to say. There has been some complaints made lately that the works of our best poets have not been translated for the benefit of our English renders. To make up for this deficiency the column of "Welsh Tid-Bits" may be of some service, and we propose to give now and again specimens of Welsh poetry in English dress. We commence with the eminent Clan Ceironydd's the following is only a liberal translation of the englynlon, which gained a prize at the Powys eisteddfod, 1834;

TO THE RIVER SEVERN. Onward pellucid stream, through towns and fertile plains thou flowest, thou bearest riches to our country, smooth-gliding in meandering course, To her, renowned in rank, Sabrina fair, thou ow'st thy name. O, how with-

in thy rolling flood found she her hapsay, how many heroes bold rushed

through the feaming flood, where, now, the dashing waves that saved the warrior's side? Still shalt thou flow, though a king should strive to avert thy native course, thy

roar of ages none may hush.

While the din of arms and the clash of contending hosts shook thy luxuriant banks, thou, reckless glidest by with thy swift bubbling stream. Forever, like, a delver snake, shall Severn

and moulder in the dust. MOTIVES FOR PREACHING. Some preach from love to God and man-Paith, truth, and plous wishes me, oratory's meed to gain,

sweep to ocean far, steal over its pebbly bed; but man, light-hearted man, though high in pride, must bow

Some, without honesty a grain,
Preach hard for loaves and lishes,
WHAT IS "AWEN!"
What is "Awen!" 'tis a name,
Eorn and nurtured there on high: Fraught with mercy, down it came, To forbid frail man to die,

Cymru, thou hast caught the fire, Ever be it burely toine; ever may thy sons protre By its deathless light to shine.

SIR JOHN.

Englishmen's estimation of Sir John Llewelyn is by no means inferior to that entertained of the honorable baro-

net by his own countrymen. In the current number of "The Science and Art of Mining," an excellent little sketch. with a portrait of Sir John is given. The Dillwyn and Llewelyn are names that have been distinguished in the annals of Wales for too long a period to be distinctly fixed and the John Diliwyn Llewelyn, of whom I write, is the eldest son of the late John Dillwyn Liewelyn, of Penllegaer, Born of a good family, and fortunate in the possession of a fair share of the world's goods, he identified himself early in life with the grand game of cricket, and generally has always ranked as an ardent sportsman. His youthful patriotism-all Welshmen are patriotic-found vent in association with the Rifle association of the County of Glamorgan. By marriage he became related to the present amiable and distinguished chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and is a worthy brother-in-law to that

eminent statesman." We have heard again from the man (Mr. James Price, of Llanishen Dairy) who sent some leeks for the Queen's inner on St. David's Day. These are the new lines:

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. This year upon St. David's Day I sent our gracious Queen Six of the finest leeks that we In Wales had ever seen.

To the Master of the Household Please write and thank the Cardiff man For sending me the leaks, have that letter framed and hung

In an exalted place, I'll leave it to my only son When I have run my race, My wife says, "Leave it to the girls, For we have daughters three."
I am most afraid to say her nay,
For she's as good as me.

We men are really sat upon In this Principality; The women say the Queen doth rule, And they will rule o'er we,

And long may live our Gracious Queen

To rule o'er them and we. But when Great Britain bath a King We'll claim our liberty. We men that day will proudly say To Madams Win-dy-lungs, "Now, madams, knuckle under,

And please to hold your tongues." NOTES. There is a man at Brynaman who is the very embodiment of broadmindeness, At a recent elsteddfod committee meeting numerous subjects submitted for the awdi competition were thought unsuitable by him as being "chy leol" (too local). At

last the profound engigner "Gwydderig" suggested "The Dawn of Day" and even that was "rhy leol, rhy leol." Major Jones, formerly American conof at Cardiff, got even with Linnelly for rejecting him at the last election. Most of its chief citizens were at London recent-ly looking after their parliamentary bill, and the major has got his artist to make sketches of them for the "Shipping World," We latek the portrait of Mr. Tom Hurbes, J. P., to create a sensation wheever the genial sentleman is known, the way, the "Shipping World," in is enough to say that the weekly edition is not behind the monthly one in its usefulness to the shipping world and commercial men generally.

lon to themselves and their society. At he last meeting but one of the British Astronombal association there was quite tion by Mr. F. Jackson (an A. S. W. member), and which a well-known astronome present characterized as almost unlaud t the last meeting of the B. A. A. in ction with a paper on Jupiter's satchtes y Mr. C. T. Whitmell, Mr. Crommelli cinted out, to the amusement of the secting, that at certain points on Jupier it was impossible for three total colleges to be seen within a period of three cours and cleven minutes, of which the total duration was eighty-four minutes. Fills, he remarked, was very installights o us on the earth, where total eclipse were of very rare occurrence, and insted at most only a few minutes. Other pa-pers read included "Calley's Beads, a Surgical Explanation," by Mr. George St. Clair. Both vice presidents and active members of the Astronomical Society of

It has been usual for several years to give the poor London Welsh a treat ones a year by taking them into the country e expense has niways been defrayed b well-to-do Weishmen and others connected with the Principality. This year the intention is to take several hundreds to Epping Forest, and the promoters are hoping to carry out the scheme on a large nd more liberal scale than usual. Tho who read in our columns some mouths ago the reathetle and silrring account of the Welsh poor in London can understand ow this trip is appreclated. The organiz how this trip is appreciated. The organiz-ers are the four Welsh missionacies of the London City Mission, supported by Mr. Griffith Jones, Mr. D. Lieufer Thomas and Mr. Liewelyn Williams. If any one who reads this would like to add the novement, subscriptions may be sent to be treasurer, Sif John Poleston, White-rall-court, S. W., or Mr. David Thomas, senior missionary, Mission House, 3, Bridewell-place, Landon, E. C.

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