PWLPUD CYMREIG

of the Fountain of Light.

The Nonconformists Hold Sunday Ser-

vices in Open Air.

experiment is just now being made at

Pontypridd in the way of holding

'Eglwysbach," at the head of what is

called the "forward movement," threw

mer months at least, the denominations

n the town of Pontypridd should, on

chapels and hold united services near

the Rocking Stone, or Maen Llog, on

Pontypridd common, and, therefore, in

the face of the sun, the Eye of Light,

and idiomatic Welsh expression cloth-

ed in English meaning, the Fountain

of Light. He himself acted upon the

esson by holding divine service in, or

a large congregation. It is well known

the beginning of this one, was when

minister because of their gifts of elo-

quence, held forth about divine things

from rustic wagons in the greenwood's

glade at the foot of mountains. Their

sermons, "from Nature's presence, ten-

open air where, as their fathers and

mothers had informed them, the great

Cymanvas had been held, and where

the vest throngs had been stirred up in

the mountain by their shouts of joy.

Says Thomas Williams, Bethesda-y-

Vron, in his elegy to the Rev. David

'Un o'r manau (bythfi goffa),

Gweliias i e gynta' gyd,

I golledig anwir fyd-

Iseu'n marw, Iseu'n eiriol,

Yn cyhoeddi Gair y Cymmod

Diwedd byd a boreu'r farn.

Oedd ei araeth o flaen canoedd,

Wrth hen gapel Tal-y-Garn,'

'Dyddiau hyfryd oedd y rheiny,

Pan oedd Rowlands, uchel ddysg,

Peter ffyddion, William Williams,

iliar way to them to express the joy

hearts. They had been long familiar

with dancing on the green to the music

stated that the celebrated Rowland

Hill came from London to Wales with

common, formerly called "Brydwen

Ardd, or Garden of Britannia, where,

last Sunday evening, Mr. Jones preah-

ed with great power to between two and

three thousand people. The druids re-

garded the open air the True Taber-

nacle, and in the epistle to the Hebrews

the temple at Jerusalem is said to be

but a pattern of the real or true taber-

nacle, or, in the Hebrew, Maes Gwyn.

It is certain, and most interesting, that

the great events of the earliest days of

Christianity took place in the open

THE COMING BARITONE.

at the National Eisteddfod of Llanelly

ized a series of concerts for the purpose

of raising money sufficient to pay for

musical academies. It was estimated

that two years' maintenance and tui-

tion in London would cost about 1200.

and considerably more than half this

sum was raised by concerts in Tony-

pandy. Mr. Foster's friends were

about to appeal to the public of Porth,

where Mr. Foster was almost as popu-

lar, when an unexpected benefactor

turned up in the person of Mr. Llew-

elyn Williams, the gold king of Cool-

gardie, Westrala. Mr. Williams hav-

ing heard Mr. Foster sing at a gathering

of Welshmen at London, proved his de-

light by contributing f20 to the fund.

and relieved the anxiety of the young

singer by declaring that he would con-

tribute £1 a week to Mr. Foster's main

tenance while he remained at college. On the strength of this promise the ar-

rangements for the concert at Porth

were abandoned. Acting on Miss Maggle Davis' advice, Mr. Foster went to

the Royal College of Music. He pre

viously informed his friends that he had

heard nothing farther of Mr. Williams

promised support, and a gentleman ac

cordingly wrote him, pointing out

that the case was a necessitous one,

and asking him to state where Mr. Fos

ter might call for the £1 a week. The

S. W., April 4, 1896;

tary.

following is the reply, dated from 23,

Llwyd a Morys yn ein mysg;

Jones fel angel o Langana

Yn udganu'r udgorn mawr,

Yn dyrchafu uwch y llawr."

Sunday evenings, adjourn from the

out the suggestion that, during the sum-

divine service. A short time ago

SYNOPSIS. Newport harbor is alive with beautiful pleasure craft, gathered there to witness or take part in the annual races. Honoria Hensler has come on board the Neckan, the yacht of her rich Vanderwater cousins. She is rich in beauty and an feminine charms, but not in worldly goods, and is engaged to marry Chauncey Parkes, a poor but brilliant college professor. Among other guests are Charley Gisborne, a commonplace young man, a distinguished for eign prince, and Mrs. Dennett Dennett, a ial leader. While at dinner that night stranger yacht anchors very close to the Neckan. It proves to be the "Pen-dragon," in which Sir Brooke Beltanley, a rich mine owner and heir-presumptive to a dukedom, and his friend, Lord Gads den, are going around the world. The races have brought them to Newport, Mrs Dennett is delighted at this news, for Sir Brooke's acquaintance is an acquisition of her London social career. Mean while, from the Pendragon, Sir Brooke has noticed the beautiful Honoria on the bril-iently lighted deck of the Neckan. She is simply clad in white silk and has a longstem med American Beauty rose pinned to her waist. Lord Gadsden explains who she is and calls her "the best equipped firt in these or any other waters." He had met her while in America the year before. He tells of her beauty and of her cold, artless nature. Sir Brooke is immense interested and resolves to meet her

He also recognizes Mrs. Dennett, The next morning the two men go on board the Neckan to pay their compliments to Mrs. Dennett and meet Honoria. It is the first day of the races, Jack Pep-peridge, the husband of one of the Vanderwater girls, is to follow in his own boat and Honoria is to go along as maseot. Sir Brooke is invited to accompany them. His devotion to Honoria is marked, and he saves her from a situation that might have resulted in her being washed overboard. She is pleased with his attention. and only once when her daring has been met with presumption from him does she think of her lover and resent it. The indignation from this "faux pas" soon passes away, and when they part he begs for the rose she has worn, "Not this one," she

Shortly after this, at the De Ruysens ball, Sir Brooke is made furious at Honoria's conduct with the prince, whose attention she exclusively accepts. This is so marked that Mrs. Pepperidge reproves her, but to no avail. Sir Brooke has been invited to sail to Bar Harbor in the Neckan,but will not go on account of the prince. Late in the evening he manages to dance with Honoria, and after a talk promises to to with them, and comes away with a virthered American Beauty in his hand When returning to the Pendragon he discovers that the prince has been left on shore by the Neckan party, and is therefore compelled to offer him the hospitality of his own boat. On board Lord Gadsder noticing Sir Brooke's dejected condition, soundly berates him for allowing a penniless aristocrat like the prince to stand in his way; all of which the subject of the conversation accidentally overhears,

PART IV.

"Billy, Billy!" exclaimed Sir Brooke. "Under our own roof! I mean, on our own deck." "How came he to be on our own deck?

By way of a confounded infamy! A blackleg after some heiress and her money.' "You are quite mistaken, my lord,

began the object of wrath, with cool-

nothing to hear from such cattle." "That is not the usual characteristic of British justice, Lord Gadsden," said the pretender, tossing his cigar over the

"If it strikes it hears." 'Quite so," said Sir Brooke, "I don't see what you can have to say for yourself. But if you wish to speak, why, we

"I don't know that we will," said Lord Gadsden.

'Come, come, Billy! He may be on the trail of some mystery, who knows? Perhaps one of Gorchavine's people, or perhaps he hails from what answers for Scotland Yard over here."

"You mean Pinkerton's men? Nothing of the sort, Sir Brooke, And there is no mystery about it, either."

"Just a common, vulgar imposter," said Billy. The plain truth, gentleman, is that I live by my pen. I am a writer by pro-

fession, a story-writer, a literary back, you may call it. I dare say you may have read some of my work-"Not I," said Billy.

"Not much in our line, I fancy," said

"Well, that's as it may be, I have written up the detective story, and the bowl and dagger story, and the New England dialect story, and the New York slums, and the southwestern ranche, and the rest of them, and I



"YOU HAD BEST LEAVE FOR YOUR ESTATES TOMORROW.

found that in the curiosity to know about the lives of the Four Hundred, so called, snobbish, but real, it could be made a matter of great moment to me to be able to do the yachting season. Newport, Bar Harbor and life among the multi-millionaries. And I made my plans accordingly. I had happened to live in Italy in my youth, and knew the language and localities. I chose a title I thought extinct, hired a valet-that Sicilian scamp over there-I believe is a count himself, or something of that sort—and registered at a big hotel, and the fish leaped at the balt, and here I

"Well, I'll be dashed!" said Billy. "That I had no other or more ulti-mate intention,I beg you to believe me," "I don't know why we should believe you," said Billy. "In false colors, under a false name, obtaining hospitality un-

der false pretenses."
"Not altogether. The people who entertained me wanted a prince to display to their acquaintances. I furnish-ed one. I have given them the satisfac-

tion of making the desired display. think that account may be called square.

"Splitting hairs!" said Billy. "I have regretted the imposition when among men—"

"And how about it when among romen?" asked Sir Brooke.

"Nothing whatever to regret there."
"Noting," said Sir Brooke, sternly 'to regret in relation to Miss Hensle last night?" for the dawn was already creeping broadly over the sea. "By heaven! when you only owe it to my clemency that your theft has not already been denounced to her!"

"Theft is a hard word, Sir Brooke What have I stolen? I borrowed for a short period what it is impossible to steal, a title of which it seems you thought too poorly to use it; and I have



SHE LOOSENED THE ROSE HER LIPS HAD TOUCHED.

conducted myself while using it in turn it with no more injury than my brief wear-"

"You have stolen confidence, trust-"On the contrary, I have rather fosered those qualities. And as for Miss Hensler-' "Ah!"

"I have already taken her into my confidence. I think she was more amused by the jest than concerned by the

"By Jove!" said both the young mer together. "And playing him on you for all he

vas worth," added Billy. "I suppose," continued the ci-devant prince, "it was a fraud. But perhaps, may say that it was undertaken in the interest of truth. And in the face of it I can hardly ask you to believe that I am in the main 'indifferent honest.'

den. Sir Brooke was silent a moment, filliping the ashes of his cigar with great

"I don't know," said he then, "wheter I owe you an apology or you owe me "Don't you my-lord me! I have much push for a small canoe. Since you and around her, and her own red roses joined in the "merry making of Zion." have such a hankering after the things you threw away a couple of hundred years ago, you people, you might have the title and welcome, if it were transferable. I dare say it was worn by as it is, I fancy you had best make your compliments to the Neckan people and leave for your estates tomorrow Good night.'

"Sun's coming up," said Billy, as they walked away.
"And now," said Sir Brooke, gloom-

lly, "she'll think I've sent him off to get him out of the way."

"I say," said Billy. "Let him keep along where he was. If we're going up the coast on the Neckan, he won't want more punishment than our good fellowship, the poor devil! He wants high ife-let's give it to him!" cried Billy. with a chuckle. "Take him along aft erward on the cruise of the Pendragon. He'll be-what's this they say over here, what Gisborne yonder calls itmore fun than a goat!"

"No," said Sir Brooke, "than a box of monkeys. But for my part I like honest company."

The trial races were over, and the Neckan was at last moving up the blue Atlantic, that rippled in sunshine, placid as a pond. The little tan on Honoria's cheek only seemed to make her beauty burn the clearer; and in her white jacket she still wore her rose. As Mrs. Dennett Dennett saw her pacing one before. Show me one more perfect," the deck with Sir Brooke she had great hopes of her.

But as Lady Christopher saw her that good woman thanked heaven that her own dear Jane and Maria were of girl who queened it over every man and voman she met, excepting only Lady Christopher, Still, Lady Christopher was on the whole in a kindly mood, for she might have lived at home a Brooke and Lord Gadsden, and now it would go hard if she did not turn this new acquaintance to the advantage of her dear girls. "So very different from away and left Honoria and Mrs. Denour English girls," she could not, however, help sighing to Mrs. Dennett Den-

nett, as she removed her goggles. "Yes, more's the pity," said her companion. "If they were like her, the dukes and earls and things would be marrying at home and not taking our

money out of the country." "Dear Mrs. Dennett Dennett, you say such extraordinary things! You really do not approve the way Miss Hensler—"
"I do, perfectly." puffed Mrs. Denneft Dennett, unswathing herself of

one of her several vells,
"Such remarkable standards," sighed Lady Christopher. "Does she always wear an American Beauty rose because she is an American beauty?" "I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Den-

nett Dennett. "And when at sea?" "Oh, there is plenty of cold storage know of," said Charley Gisbourne, who

was reposing not far away. "Quite so. She has every appearance of it. No, indeed," murmured Lady Christopher directly, in response to her own thoughts, "If my dear girls never marry they will never throw themselve at a man in that style."

"My dear Lady Christopher, don't you see that it is the man who is throw ing himself at her?" said Mrs. Dennett

Dennett. "Not at all. I only see a very acc

"Sir Brooke a flirt? Oh, no!" "I have never before associated when "Dear Lady Christopher, you have so

nuch to learn."
"I have had," said Lady Christopher gathering her cloak about her as sh ose and steadying her rather uncertain sea-legs, "since I left home a great variety of lessons in underbreeding." "The doctor of divinity has the worst of it," said Charley Gisbourne, relating the affair afterward, "but the dear D. D. meant well."

Lady Christopher met Sir Brooke presently on her way, as she sprang to assist her swaying progress, Honoria saving she must post her journal, and leaving him. He held in his fingers the rose she had happened to drop from her jacket.

"You find the American Beauty very agreeable, Sir Brooke," she said, amia

"Fine," he said. "Very full blown," "A little too much so," she replied, opening her eyes.

"I shall try to transplant it," he said "Is that wise?" "Oh, I have arranged it." "Is it possible-do I understand

"But there are many others I like better.'

"Then why in the world do you-" "Why must I limit myself to one? If there were only one rose, I should say the lovely white English rose with its pure heart was the one. But I don't know why I may not have that and

Lady Cristopher looked straight be fore her, as if she were turning to stone. Sir Brooke was Sir Brooke, and the possible heir to a dukedom besides, and muh must be condoned. But for the moment Lady Christopher felt she was in very strange company, and walked on alone. The Neckan made no haste, loitering

up the coast. She put into port once, and Honoria went ashore with Sir Brooke to show him a certain scheme of frescoes where, on the interior walls of a public building the pristine simplicity of art on the first floor led to the graphic interpretation of romance on the next, and, still, mounting, to the utmost complexity of decoration on a "I must show you," she said, "that we

do have some things over here as fine as the best you have at home. "You showed me that long ago," he

sald. If she did not announe her neighbor hood to Chauncey Parkes it was becaus she was not sure, she said to herself, that it was worth while for so short a manner to do it no discredit, and I re- time. And then one night they watched the great light house lay its revolving beams upon the water as they lay at anchor off the shoals while the Vanderwaters went to see some friends there. And when they reached Bar Harbor there was a week's festivity there, and every hour of it all that Sir Brook passed with Honoria she was certainly lovlier than she had been before. He was still young, and in spite of his own ideas of his prowess in affairs of the heart, he was more familiar with big game in Africa than with women in drawing-rooms. And if, her beauty dazzling, her rather proud and arch spirit making her sweetness the more honeyed, she did not quite carry captive the simplicity of his nature, it was perhaps because a certain sincerity which was bounding in their true there, underlying faults and follies failed to strike an answering note in hers. Possibly there was a certain fascination of the harp, crooth and tabor. It is "Very indifferent," said Lord Gadsin the alternate attraction and repulsion that he experienced; and he never felt it more than one morning when he a view to persuade the dear brethern left her leaning forward over a balus- and sisters in Wales to abstain from trade, a trellis above her waiving its leaping and reeling in the open air rewhite York roses in the sunny wind ligious meetings, but at the very first one. But it seems to me altogether too everywhere against blue sky above her meeting of the kind he attended he clasped on her breast, while her hair Visitors to the Highlands of Scotland escaped from the white lace scarf constantly see the natives in the clachblown off from her head like the scarf ans, or the old stone circles, of their of Iris, her color rose and dimpled and ancestors, in the open air, partaking of deepened, her wide open eyes reflected the holy communion at the hands of many a rascal and robber before. But the gleams of the sa, and her smile the the elders of the kirk. intensity of the sunshine.

"I shall never see a rose," he said, "without thinking of you. Although I often wonder why it is this particular rose you so affect." "Because it is particularly delicious,"

"No more so-except because you wear it." he was holding her hand at the moment, "than others that I know." She bent and held her lips a moment at the topmost blossom of the bunch

she wore. "If you were abroad," he went on, "you might challenge the world with it, your type, and symbol and namesake. But here-it seems to me today that white rose overhead is far more like you."

"Do you really think that flower like me? Look at it, it is so open. Why, you can see its heart!"

"No one can see your heart!" he exclaimed. And he could not tell if that air, and " beyond the gate." wide gaze of her lucid eyes were a limpid look of innocence or a liquid depth of guile.

With her disengaged hand she loos ened the rose her lips had touched, and held it towards him. "I never gave you she said.

"I would have promised without fail, when I come back where roses are. But your lips have rested on it, and you give it to me-how can there be a rose more an entirely different creation from this perfect!" he exclaimed. And then the Neckan people were upon them, and he was gone with them.

"It's well enough for a fellow with money to burn like you." Billy said to him. "But an impecunious British nohundred years and not have known Sir bleman, as the D. D. calls me, is well out "Such an extraordinary relief," said

Lady Christopher, as they steamed nett behind

To be Concluded,

Truth's Fables Up to Date. During a snow storm a couple of oxen in

What a kind man our master is," said

the brown one. "He feeds us well and lets us live in luxurious idleness, Is he not a cuckoo'

"Nit," said the roan. "He is a coldblooded monster. You observe that I eat sparingly of the food he places before us, His idea is to fatten us and then sell us for gain. We will then be turned into steaks, roasts and other delicacies for the tables of the rich. You are playing into his hands, while I am a wise boy and will fool him a trip."

"You may be right," replied the brown bovine, "but it does not spoil my appetite. I shall not overlook any bets for fear ne one will get a tenderloin out of my flank. I can die but once, but I can eat several times. Better have another morsel of hay."

The two oxen carried out the plans they had discussed. Sure enough the fat brown one was sold to a butcher, by whom he was killed in a humane manner. The roan one, he who had boasted of his wisdom, grew thinner and thinner. The farmer put him to a plow and made him work all summer, until the poor beast wished that he was dead. The next fall he was sold whout being given another chance to become fat and he then spent several years hermetically sealed up in

Moral-They are fools to be oxen any-

live or where he is, but I believe he has from the captain's audience, who returned to Australia." Then his friends communicated with

EIN TEIDIAU other friends in London, all of whom declared they knew nothing of Mr. Wil-Hams, but believed he had gone to Victoria street, E. C., which is the MOREIEN ON OPEN-AIR PREACHING Our Ancestors Did Strike Up the Old Ecel, but to New Tunes, at Those

ddress of another gold king, Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M. P. for Merthyr. They accordingly wrote to Mr. Morgan letter of inquiry at the beginning of last week, and they have not yet re-ceived an answer. It is obvious, however, that unless something is done Great Cymanfaoedd -- In the Face within the present year Mr. Foster will have to return from London before com pleting his studies, and thus Wales wil The only Morien writes that a novel talents give promise to outshine those of any of his countrymen who have gone before him." Meanwhile, it is a pleasure to tell of

another brilliant achievement by Mr. Foster, and one which is of even greater importance than any of his eistedd fodic victories. Recently, the contest promoted by the International Music Trades Exhibition were held in the Agricultural hall, Islington. In the paritone solo competition there were four prizes of the respective value of a handsome planoforte, a gold medal and certificate, a silver medal and a bronze nedal. There were 29 competitors drawn from all parts of the country, and suggestion, and rendered an object the adjudicators were Signor L. Denza the well-known song-writer, and Signear, the old sanctuary of Druidism, to nor Garcia, the professor of singing at the Royal College of Music. Mr. Fos that the palmy days of Cambrian Nonter sang the recitative,"O Santa Madagconformity, during the last century and | lia" and caventina, "Dio Pas sente Dio d'Amor," from Gounod's "Faust." the gray-coated ministers, elected to At the close of the competition the adjudicators said they could not decide between four of the competitors, who were, accordingly, ordered to again. Mr. Foster was one of the fortunate four, and this time he sang fold grandeur caught." The Welsh people will point out the spots in the Handel's "Why Do the Nations." adjudicators then said there was scarcely anything to choose between Mr. Foster and another competitor named Carles Tree. They had, however, decided to give the first prize, al their hearts to awaken the echoes of though by no means representing the difference between them, to Mr. Tree and the second to Mr. Foster. The third prize went to Mr. David Jones son of Mr. Philip Jones, manager of the Clfyndd colliery. A sporting write of one of the sporting papers says Messrs. Tree and Foster sang a neck and neck race home, and although the former just succeeded in winning, he had nothing in hand. He won 'all out." There were several top notes between second and third."

NOTES.

Welsh colleries will have to do more with the next great naval war than they think, A consular report on the trade of Nagasa ki, Japan, for the year 1896, says: import of Cardiff coal for naval use has increased to a considerable extent. A few Nes b'ai'r dorf mewn twym serchiadau years ago the British navy was the only one to use Cardiff coal in any quantity but now it is largely used by the Ameri-The echoes of those joyous cries linger still among the sylvan glades of ean, French, Japanese and Russian navies Wales. Our ancestors did, undoubted-ly, strike up the old reels, but to new Considerable shipments arrived from Bingapore, Hong Kong and Shanghai, as well as from Cardiff direct; 54,779 tons, val tunes, at those great Cymanyas, Small ned at 177,354, in 1894." blame to them if it was the most fam-

The name of Mr. Beckerton A. Edwards on of the late vicar of Llanwonno, and nephew of the Bishop of St. Asaph, ap-pears in the Oxford class lists of the Final Honor School of Theology published re-Honor School of Theology published re-cently. Mr. Edwards belongs to a remark able clerical family, as, in addition to the Bishop of St. Asaph, he has other uncles in the church, namely the vicar of Rhuabon and the rector of Llandow, Cowbridge, whilst the late Dean Edwards, of Bangor, was an uncle.

Archdeacon Griffiths is credited with Wales lies in its rich mine of place-name What an instructive light is thrown upo the past by some of the local names of rivers, farms, fleids, etc. A discussion is now going on in a Welst contemporary respecting the meaning of name of "Ieuan Brydydd Hir's" home in At Pontypridd the suggestion of Cardiganshire-Cynhawdref. One author "Eglysbach" has been acted upon by ity alleges that it means 'Whelps' home,' and should be written "Cynawdref," point-ing out that there is in Cymrheidiol, near the Tabernacle church, of which the Rev. David Jones, (Baptist) is the pop-Professor Rhys' old home, a farm called 'Pwllcynawon," that is "Whelps' Hole," ular pastor. During the last few Sundays the doors of the Tabernacle, situand that a farm adjacent to Ieuan Bry ate near the great one-arched bridge dydd Hir's old home is called "Ffosy-bleiddiaid," meaning the "Wolf's Reafter which the town is named, were closed, and the entire congregation have gone to the service on the open

One of the most interesting churche in Glamorganshire is that of Liantwit Ma-jor, so called to distinguish it from Lian-twit Minor or Fadre. It was built in teh early English style of architecture with a western tower, to which had been apolled in the Decorator period, with later additions, a western church or galilee making the tower central. In the eastern body is a good stone reredos and a curi-ous trefoil-headed niche, having a border carved as a tree of Jesse. In the churc and churchyard are a number of in

A correspondent suggests that the in habitants of "gallant little Wales," who are anxious to furnish the Princess Maud on her approaching marriage with a wed-ding ring fashioned of native gold, migh-It will be remembered that after -in case their desire so to do were thwart practically sweeping the boards so far ed-tender as a nuptial offering, a brooch in the shape of a thorn made in Welst as baritone singing competitions went at all the great elsteddfodau. Mr. gold, set, to suit their fancy and funds with precious stones. The most primitive of brooches was an ordinary thorn. This Ivor. Foster, a young man from Penygraig, last year secured five-fold glory the Ancient Britons used to secure their cloaks of skin. The ancient Germans also utilized this fastening, and the Welsh of His friends in the Rhondda then organtoday still fall back on this natural mod of securing their dress-doubtless, whe stern mother necessity compels them. the musical education of the young singer in one of the great metropolitan

The Rev. D. Mathias, whose death at good old age occurred recently, was ex-ceedingly happy in his reminiscences of men and things and he had a dry wit of his own in narrative. He used to tell of a celebrated discussion on Rhymney Com-mon between the Baptists and Independents. A great crowd had come to listen and as the miners came from work they joined, and pipes were brought into requi-sition, as they sat like Indian braves on the outskirts. The ministers tolerated the smoking, but when "fetchings" (beer) began to indulged in there was a stern repression (Mathias used to say) "by the

Lord Lisburne has made considerable alterations and improvements in Cross wood, his Cardiganshire house, and the first house party since the completion was there for the royal installation at Aberys-The guests included Lord and Lady Llangattock, Lord Xenyon, Sir John and Lady Llewelyn, Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Mr. Inglis Jones.

CAPTURED A SHARK. And Found in Its Capacious Maw Paper Addressed to Himself.

From the London Answers. "One afternoon, when we were in the Indian ocean," said the captain, "I noticed a shark swimming round the

Bennerly road, Wandsworth, Common ship, and I didn't like it a bit. know the superstition to the effect that "Dear Sir:-With regard to yours of a following shark presages the death of the 24th ultimo, re Mr. Ivor Foster, Mr. one of the ship's company. He sailed Williams is away, and I expect will not round us all the next day and the next Williams is away, and I expect will not be back until after the holidays. On after that, and I determined to catch his return I will show him your letter. him and quell my uneasiness. baited a hook, and after a short time Yours faithfully, H. L. Bursill, Secrecaptured and killed him. Then we cut April went and May was almos him up. Do you know what we found passing when he was written to again, which called for the following reply: in that shark's inside? No? Well, a hich called for the following reply:' newspaper, unopened, and it will sur-"Dear Sir:-Mr. Lewellyn Williams prise you, as it did me, when I tell does not live here. He never has you that it was addressed to me."

lived here. I don't know where he does! A shout of great laughter went up

winked at each other unblushingly. He, however, took all the bantering in good part, and when the jeers were ended he

said: "Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you how it Coolgardie. But they learned that the happened. I found that my children Gold King had stayed at No. 1, Queen had been skylarking the day before in the cabin. They found among the mass of reading that had been brought aboard some unopened newspapers addressed to me. They had been throwing these newspapers at each other and one of them went out of the porthole. The shark saw it, of course, and gobbled it down; and that was how it happened. Now, gentlemen, judge for yourselves the truth of my story."

A FEW OLD-TIMERS.

The following jokes are taken from a publication of 1830, and show that the jokes of today are simply rehashes of

WIL YOU TAKE A SHEEP? A valuable friend, and an able farmer out the time that the temperance re form was beginning to exert a health-ful influence in the country, said to his newly-hired man: "Jonathan, I did not mention to you when I hired you that I think of doing my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"O," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what ou please,"
"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do

"Agreed," sald Jonathan. The oldest son then said, "Father, will ou give me a sheep if I do without "Yes, Marshall, you shall have a shee f you do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then aid: "Father, will you give me a sheep if you do without rum." Presently Chandler speaks again: 'Father, hadn't you better take a sheep,

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the "good crea-ture" yet; but the appeal was from a source not to be disregarded. The re-sult was, the demon was henceforth banished from the premises, to the grea for and final happiness of all concerned.

THE BUTT END.

A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. When a log was to lift, the Yankee always contrived to receive the smallest end, for which the farmer chastised him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner cam nd with it a sugar-loaf Indian pud ding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, and giving the farmer a wink, exclaimed, "Always take the butt end."

An auctioneer was spoken to about the presence of sundry ill-favored wo-men in his sales-room. He replied that of all his visitors they were most fo idding.

CURE OF LOVE. Take off cable about 15 feet-of the tity to make one end fast-of resolution barely enough to make running noose about your neck with the other—of a eap about five feet down; and if found sufficient to effect a cure, do ose every two hours, and then take a Hygeian pill.

COVERING THE WHOLE GROUND "Gentlemen," said an eminent coun sel, "there are three points upon which we rely for the defense. In the first place, the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; in the second place, it was whole when we returned it; and in the third place we never had it."

CLASSICAL. "Caesar! go catch my big horse

there.' "Yes, sar! What you call he name, "Olympus; don't you know what the poet says about 'high Olympus?' " "I don't know about Hio-but he limpus nuf-dat's for sartin.

GUESSING AT HARD WORDS. A missionary in 1822 stepped ashore from a flat-boat on the Mississippi, with ome tracts to speak to an old woman who was knitting under a low tree by shanty. It was the height of the cholera

"My good woman," said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you ist, as he offered ner a trace, have younged the gospel here?"
"No, sir, we ha'n't," replied the old crone, "but they've got it awfully down to New Orleans!"

SOMETHING OF AN IMPOSSIBILITY "Have you noticed," said a man to Dumas, "that it is impossible to make an imbecile acknowledge that he is an "Of course," replied Dumas; "the mo he admitted he was an idiot he

would be no longer one." JUST AS ORDERED. From the Indianapolis Journal. "That last load of coal you sent," said Mr. Slopay, with a most impres

ive manner, "was more than half slate. "Perhaps you may remember," retorted the coal man, with much spirit "that you said, after you ordered it

just slate this, will you?" THOUGHTS OF GREAT THINKERS.

Terror itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage; as frost sufficiently intense, according to the poet Milton, will burn.—Carlyle. O. guard thy roving thoughts with jealous care, for speech is but the dial plate of thoughts; and every fool reads plainly in thy words what is the hour of thy thought.—Tennyson.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits bette countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson. It is the same with understanding as with eyes; to a certain size and make. just so much light is necessary and no more. Whatsoever is beyond brings darkness and confusion.—Shaftesbury. Flowing water is at once a picture and a music, which causes to flow at the same time from my brain, like a limple and murmuring rivulet, sweet thoughts

charming reveries, and melancholy re membrances.—Alphonse Karr. A man's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produces more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles.—Hume.

Absolute ugliness is admitted as rarely with whatever has the nature of death and sin, just as beauty is associated with what has the nature of virtue and lfe.—Ruskin.

The world is always ready to receive

Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb.—Holmes.

I consider it a mark of great prudence in a man to abstain from threats or any contemptuous expressions, for neither of these weaken the enemy, but threats

make him more cautious, and the other excites his hatred, and a desire to re-venge himself.—Machiavelli. venge himself.—Machiavelli.

Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of time. We look for the homes of our childhood; they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.—Longfellow.

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