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Five miles north of Somerset, the place of manufacture. The following is a list of the kinds in stock.
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aug 18

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SOMERSET PA.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY. A. D. 1622.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for his sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford, (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say
Thro' virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November, thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet we've sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from doing us wrong;
And unto our Feast the Sachem shall be bidden that he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvest grow.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters: there is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ,
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a Feast of Joy!

"We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our hand in Devon;
—Ah, they are the lightest losses we suffer for the sake of heaven!
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the pumpkin pie."

So bravely the preparations went on for the Autumn Feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the Colony cabins; brown home-brew served for wine,
And the plum and grape of the forest, for orange and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed; the snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang merrily out for all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the Lord.

In his seat sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons and maidens fair,
Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corselet and sword, were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn the sway;
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed Thanksgiving Day.

And when Messasoit, the Sachem, sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves His white children the best!"

And then, as the Feast was ended, with gravely official air,
The Governor drew his broadsword out from its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,
"Hail! Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub the Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

—*Wide Awake.*

THE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A lighthouse on a rocky coast. Outside, thunder, lightning, wind and rain, and great black waves dashing up against the rocks at the foot of the tower. Inside a winding flight of stairs leading to an octagon-shaped room containing the plainest furniture. The occupants, a girl of eighteen, tall and lithe, with black hair hanging in massive braids to her waist, and luminous gray eyes under straight black eyebrows. Her dress of gray water-proof cloth was short and scant, and hung in wet folds about her limbs; and strangest of all girdles, a coil of rope encircled her waist and trailed one end on the floor. By her side a boy of fourteen years, with his blue blouse open at the throat, and a faded plush cap on his dark curls. These two were bending over a man who lay in all his magnificent length on the floor, a picturesque looking man, with fair hair clinging in dripping masses to his forhead; a curling golden beard and a white firm throat, and one might be persuaded that the closed lids with their long fringes covered a pair of steel blue eyes.

"Reckon he's a goner, Liz," said the boy, as he paused in his vigorous rubbing of the man's hands.

The girl was forcing some liquor from a tin cup between the blue lips and did not answer directly; but when her patient gave the faintest possible sigh, she exclaimed joyfully; "See, Neddie, he breathes! Now work fast," whereupon they both fell to rubbing him at a great rate.

When Allen McIntyre opened his eyes he looked about him confusedly. The odd little room, the girl with the black braids, the boy looking so like her that one would at once recognize the relationship, the drenched condition of all three, and the strange languor that through all his frame—what did it mean? He closed his eyes wearily, and then the boy spoke up in this bluff fashion:

"You came near going under, cap'n, but Lizzie pulled you out."

Then McIntyre rememembered all, and languidly raised himself into a sitting posture.

"It is too wild a night to be afloat in a little craft like that," said the girl, making a gesture seaward, where a tiny boat had broken up before.

"It was fair when I left the shore," replied the man. "I ventured further then I intended. Then the wind went down, and I could only drift until the storm arose. I have a recollection of a fierce rush of wind and wave that upset my boat, and a blow on my head, probably from some part of the boat as I went over."

"Yes," said the boy there came a flash of lightening, and Lizzie and I looking out saw the boat capsize. So Lizzie caught a rope and ran, and I after her. We're used to that sort of thing—eh, Lizzie?" Lizzie nodded and the boy continued, animatedly: "You see, my father keeps the light, but he is sick or gone to the mainland,—and we've pulled out more than one fellow more than half dead. Who—"

"Never mind that, Neddie," interrupted his sister, gently, and the unspoken reproof in her voice had the effect of making the lad look shamefaced as he went back to the first part of his story.

"Well, sir, we ran down the slope at the side of the cliff out there, where the waves were tearing up like 10,000 wild horses. And every time it lightened we could see you bobbing around out there like a piece of cork. We were afraid of your striking against the ledges, so Lizzie fastened one end of the rope around her waist, and I held the other while she went straight in and struck out for you.

"McIntyre uttered a low exclamation and turned his head from Neddie to Neddie's sister. The boy wagged his head proudly.

"Ah," said he with gleaming eye, "that's nothing for our Liz to do! She caught you and I pulled you both in. But you're monstrous heavy! I thought we'd never get you up stairs."

McIntyre laughed as he rose rather doubtfully to his feet.

"I feel a trifle shaky," he said; and then. "It is easy to see that you are brother and sister. I am Allen McIntyre, at your service, Miss Lizzie," and he bowed in a fashion that gave the lie to his declaration of shakiness. "Of course I realize that you and your gallant brother here have rendered me a great service—one for which you shall not go unrewarded, although I can never hope to fully recompense you."

Lizzie raised her head haughtily.

"Sir, such work as we have done to-night we do not for wages. If you feel strong enough I will walk with you to the house. I think the storm is passing over. We live a quarter of a mile from the light. Our accommodations are plain enough, but there is no other house on the island."

"Oh, I am as good as ever, now," said McIntyre; "but will you leave this boy here all alone?"

She smiled.

"Ned is not afraid and he can tend the light as well as I."

"Very well, I will go with you."

He waved a smiling adieu to the boy, and followed his guide down the narrow stairway.

Two days later a small boat put out from the island, which when it returned, brought McIntyre's luggage.

Lizzie's father, who was laid up with an attack of rheumatism, had taken a fancy to the young man, who expressed a desire to spend a few weeks there at any price they may charge. Captain Clyde straightway ordered Neddie off in his new boat to the mainland for the gentleman's traps. The youngster obeyed this order with alacrity, for the good humored ease of the stranger, together with the appreciation of "our Liz," had wrought favorably on our Neddie. Even the maiden aunt, who kept house, smiled frostily at the prospect of this pleasant addition to their family.

McIntyre, who had been wandering about three or four hundred miles from home in search of a quiet place to spend the summer, congratulated himself on having drifted to the very place.

"Although it was an expensive style of drifting," he remarked, with a smile, as he enclosed a bank note in an envelope, to be sent to the owner of the little boat which had slipped out into the waves abreast of the light house.

A week later, as he sauntered shoreward there came to his ear a wildly sweet strain of melody. As he listened in amazement, for he had seen no musical instrument about the place, he began to realize that it was part of Strass' artist waltzes that he heard—a strain that he often whistled. He stepped round the junting of the cliff, and there leaning against the granite wall, was Lizzie her chin dropped carelessly, on a little red violin, as she drew the bow across the strings.

"You whistled that the other day," she faltered, "and I liked it so much—it haunted me all the time."

He stepped forward.

"Why, Lizzie, is it possible you play like that without notes?"

"I don't play much, now," she said, drawing her dark brows over her eyes. "A party of ladies and gentlemen came here to visit the lighthouse once and overheard me playing. I heard one of the ladies say: 'The idea of a girl with a fiddle!' So I thought may be it didn't look well."

"Not look well, indeed!" and he laughed in merry scorn. "Why, child, did you ever hear of Camilla Urso?"

"No."

"Well, she is a lady, and she makes the most exquisite music on a violin, and thousands of people go to hear her. Why Camilla Urso hirself would listen with pleasure to your music, Lizzie," said McIntyre, extravagantly. "Who taught you how to play?"

"No one. This violin belongs to my father, and he learned me how to tune it. I pick up tunes that I hear, but I never heard anything half so beautiful as the tunes I hear you sing and whistle."

McIntyre smiled; his repertoire of music consisted of snatches of operas, waltzes, redowas, and German airs; which were dimly associated in his mind with nights of brilliant gayety; and he wondered dreamily how this pure minded healthy souled girl would look upon the elegant dissipation carried on by the set of which he was a favorite." A sudden glow warmed his heart as he thought that not one of the fine ladies, who had swung languidly through the mazes of that very waltz of the great composer's could have rescued him so bravely from the jaws of death as Lizzie had—Lizzie who stood there so quietly, with her little violin hanging from her breast, and her fingers straying lovingly over the strings.

"Tell me about Camilla Urso," she said, presently. "Did you ever hear her play?"

"Yes, indeed? I have a paper in my trunk containing a little sketch of her life, which you may read for yourself, and which can tell you better than I can, of her great talent."

For a moment Lizzie's eyes met his own, a look of shame and distress gathered in them.

"Mr. McIntyre, that will be of no use—I cannot read."

"Lizzie!" Her violin slipped from her grasp and would have fallen to the ground had not McIntyre caught it, and she covered her face with both hands.

"But, Lizzie," persisted her companion, in some perplexity, I do not understand. There are good public schools in the city, and surely your father must have known that it was his duty to give a girl like you an education, to say nothing of Neddie, who is growing up such a splendid young fellow."

"It is very kind of you to say such things of Neddie and me, we are common people, and ours is a common life. Neddie did spend two years with our uncle who lives in New York State. He went to school there. But father doesn't think much of book learning Aunt Jane never had time to help me, and Neddie is too restless to keep still long enough, I suppose." She continued quaintly. "You who live out in the world look at these things in a different way; but I know of many who are just where I am. Why, there's a whole family on that island," pointing to a tiny speck away to the eastward, "who cannot read or write." Once in three months, perhaps, they go to the mainland. I scarcely ever go. I suppose I shall always live here, and I am contented,—I think," and a look of doubt gathered in her eyes; "At least I was. But lately I have wished so much that I could read and write, and had books—for it is so lonely here in the winter."

"Well, dear child," said the youngman gently, "this gives me the privilege of paying my debts, doesn't it?"

"Your debts?" echoed Lizzie, in surprise.

"Certainly. Did you not fish me out of the water a week ago? Well, now, you will put your six feet of driftwood to some service. I will teach you to read and to write."

After that McIntyre proved the most faithful of teachers, and his pupil made steady progress with her lessons. Neither was the violin any longer in disgrace. Lizze played to attentive ears while learning a deeper lesson than either at first realized. McIntyre was the first to wake up. He was a man of the world, and understood himself, or thought he did thoroughly. Accordingly he started one morning for a stroll along the beach to think over it.

"As the case now stands," he soliloquized, as he lit a cigar, and threw the match away, "it is either Lizzie or the world; and I confess the world has charms for me."

His gaze wandered absently over the swelling waves, and lingered on a far off sail that dipped and rose, dipped again, until it sank below the horizon. His lips curled involuntarily as he thought of the delicate ladies in his set, and how wretched they would make the poor girl's life in their own high bred fashion. No — but would they, though?"

A faint amused look lingered on his face as he recalled Lizzie's rather stately carriage and dignity that redeemed her from being common place. He laughed out.

"It would be fun to see her among all those peacocks. Poor Lizzie! What shame that she has been neglected! If she had received half the advantages of any one of my acquaintances she would have surpassed them all. Well, well, it is high time I returned home. I have been here six weeks. Yes, I will go away to morrow and forget her, as she will forget me."

So saying, McIntyre threw away the end of his cigar, and started into a brisk walk along the shore, coming driectly upon the object of his thoughts, who was pacing to and fro, drawing primitive music from her violin. She wore a scarlet jacket over her gray dress, and a white hankerchief tied under her chin. His heart throbbed faster at the sight of her.

"Fool!" he muttered, "to think I could leave her. Now then my man,

'It's all for love, and the world well lost.'"

Lizzie greeted his approach with a smile, but played to the close of the strain before she spoke. It was a little German air that he had taught her.

"Is that right?" she queried, as she finished.

"I cannot tell you."

Then, meeting her look of astonishment with her own earnest gaze, he said:

"Lizzie, will you care very much when I go away from here?"

Her eyes dropped, the red blood dyed her cheek and brow for a moment and then faded away, leaving her quite pale.

"I think it will be well for you to go," she said.

"And why, Lizzie, will you tell me?" You need not fear to tell me anything," he added as she hesitated.

She looked away from him, and her voice was almost inaudible as she answered:

"Because—because—Oh, I cannot tell you! You know—"

"I have thought of going, Lizzie; but I have realized to-day that I cannot leave you—ever again, dear."

He put one arm around her, but she drew away from him, trembling from head to foot.

"Don't, Mr. McIntyre! I want to remember you kindly, and I cannot if you use such language to me."

"For heaven sake!" he cried, in astonishment, tell me, have I said anything wrong to you? Is it wrong to love you? If that is a sin, then I am the greatest of sinners."

"I do not forget that you are a gentleman, and I a poor, ignorant girl, who knows only what you taught her."

"But Lizzie, I ask you to be my wife, and you have not answered me. I do not boast when I say my suit would not be rejected in most families of high standing where I am known."

"Ah, that is the idea," she exclaimed, hastily; "if as you say, you do care for me"—she stammered a little over the words, "you would soon grow weary of my stupid ways. I should shame you every day of your life, and your grand friends would wonder at your choice, and I should die of homesickness."

"With me, Lizzie?"

"Yes even with you!" smiling and blushing as she met his eyes.

He laughed—he was so sure of winning her—and kissed her mouth.

"Well, sweetheart, I will live here, then, and turn keeper of the light after your father. Will that suit you?"

"Don't deceive yourself, Mr McIntyre. We would not be happy together, and think how terrible it would be—bound together forever."

He laughed exultantly and with a great deal of amusement.

"Faith! I think it would be a mighty pleasant thing. Come Lizzie, you can deny me no longer. Do you not see that your own happiness depends upon your answer? Now kiss me, dear, and tell me that you will take the life you were so brave to save into your own keeping."

He drew her gently toward him, but she faced him suddenly, with great tears trembling on her long lashes.

"Do you think it costs me nothing to refuse you—you who have made my life so beautiful these few short weeks? I am rude and ignorant—such a wife would burden and disgust you in time. It is for your good that I refuse to accept what seems like a heaven to me."

And then, swift as a deer, she flew along the shore, leaving McIntyre to struggle between anger, amusement and wounded self-love.

All that day he tried to speak to Lizzie alone, but she gave him no oportunity. At last in every desperation, he tapped at the door of her father's room. Captain Clyde was again suffering with rheumatism, and the young man found him in his easy chair, with Lizzie hovering about him.

"Captain Clyde" said McIntyre, as he blocked the doorway with his broad shoulders to prevent Lizzie from escaping. "I wish to say a few words to your daughter in your presence, since she refuses to grant me that privilege elsewhere."

"Say on, my lad, she would be proud to hear whatever you have to say to her."

"Well, Lizzie, I will go away from here to morrow, and stay as long as you bid me. When the time is up I will return to claim you for my wife. You shall see that this is no idle, passing fancy."

His eyes grave and sad, rested on the girl's flushed face, and the bluff captain's eyes widened in amazement.

"Speak out, gal," he commanded. "Have you anything to say to this young man, who wooes you like a gentleman? Shall he come or no?"

And Lizzie answered with downcast eyes: "If he comes one year from this time, and still cares for me, I will be ready."

"And is that all, Lizzie?" he said, stepping toward her with outstretched arms.

"No, I'll be bound!" said the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "When I went courting, my girl used to kiss me." And reaching over he gave Lizzie a push, that sent her into the arms of her lover; whereupon they all laughed, and Lizzie, after kissing McIntyre, shyly slipped from the room.

* * * * * *

A whole year passed by, and not unhappily to Lizzie, who had faithfully endeavored to improve herself. She spent the winter "on the mainland," with some friends. She studied, read, watched the people about her, and, never coarse herself, despite her commonplace life at home, she fell easily into the new groove. Although not unhappy, the girl's cheek was paler than of yore, and her eyes held a wistfulness that had grown in them since parting from her lover, for occasionally this thought crossed her dreams for the future: "He may not come at all—he may forget."

But Allen McIntye was truer than most of his kind; for the early fall brought him again to Lizzie's house. While he waited in the old-fashioned sitting room, the door was opened hesitatingly, and who was this before him?

Allen had left a young gypsy, magnificent in her way, with coal black braids and flashing eyes, yet scarcely a figure for a drawing-room in her coarse gown and thick, coarse shoes; a daughter of the sea, sunbrowned and fearless. But this—was this Lizzie? A graceful woman in trailing robes, and the shining hair braided and coiled about her head, resting in a coronet a queen might envy, above the low, broad brow. Paler than of old, her eyes downcast but shining softly through happy tears, her mouth smiling triumphantly. Was this Lizzie? Why, not a woman in all his brilliant throng could compare with her.

Every summer a handsome gentleman and his dark-haired wife visit the light-keeper's home; and every fall they return to their stately home in a far away city, where the lady does the honors of her grand house with a grace that charms all.

And yet Allen McIntyre laughingly accuses his wife of "fishing for him."

What We Hate.

We hate growling, no matter the source or cause and recommend herewith the remedy. Use St. Jacobs Oil and laugh at pain. It will do the work every time.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

A young man in Illinois was so badly stung by a colony of bees that he couldn't get married at the time agreed upon. He had a taste of his honeymoon in advance.

A Fatal Dream.

At the foot of one of the promontories of the Sierra Madre, near the town of Hidalgo, in the northeastern part of Mexico, dwells a man named Agnagetti. He is over eighty years of age, and his tall figure, white hair and patriarchal air gives him an indescribable appearance. With the exception of his wife, he lives entirely alone in his cozy log cabin, subsisting, for the most part, upon the proceeds from wild animal skins. But his life has not always been thus entirely desolate.

Only a few years ago three children brightened their humble home—two boys, Gabriel and Ernst, and one daughter, Julia, a rare wildwood blossom. Her large black eyes and luxurient tresses, coupled with a captivating manner, that ever carried sunshine and happiness with it, won the hearts of many of the opposite sex in that section—the fortunate suitor, however, being a young man named Antoine Setacci, a very forest Apollo: in fact the very sort to win a young girl's heart. The Agnagetta family were anything but pleased with their daughter's choice, and spared no means to break off the attachment the lovers had for each other. Entreaties and threats were alike unavailing on Julia; the former giving her courage to plead for Antoine, the latter making her cling closer to him. "I will never give up Julia," Antoine was used to say when questioned on the matter.

When they found all efforts useless, the family resorted to more violent measures. Gabriel Agnagetta met Antoine one day in the forest, and a desperate fight ensued, in which both were badly cut and bruised, but in which Gabriel was decidedly worsted. This event stirred up additional bitterness, and for a time threatened to draw others into the quarrel, and eventually result fatally.

Julia sought to pour oil on the troubled waters, and her gentle words melted the hardened natures that evil passions had filled with wrath. There was a reconciliation between her brother and lover, and a general rejoicing in consequence resulted, when an event occurred which changed amity into distrust and suspicion. This was no less an event than the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Antoine Settaci.

He was last seen alive in the forest beyond the mountains on the track for game. The most rigid search failed to discover him or any traces of his whereabouts. He had dropped out of sight and life as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. All sorts of stories were rife. One said that he had run away, still another that he was purposely hiding himself and would soon return. But time went on, and he neither came nor was heard of. The suspicion that he had met with foul play gained ground rapidly, growing into certainty in the minds of very many persons. Of course Gabriel Agnagetti was accused of the murder, and though he strenuously denied the charge, the evidence was strong enough to warrant his apprehension. Once in the meshes of the law, it seemed as if a hundred circumstances came up, all crying trumpet-tongued, 'guilty.' Various persons had heard him threaten to kill Antoine; that young man himself said that he did not consider his life safe so long as Gabriel Agnagetti remained in the neighborhood. Even Gabriel's father admitted reluctantly tht his son had declared his intention of riddling Antoine with buckshot, while Ernesto corroborated the parent's statement. The coils of circumstantial evidence closed tighter about the young man and beyond his own assertion there was nothing to be said in refutation.

The blow had fallen on Julia with crushing effect. The sudden disappearance of her lover, the arrest of her brothar on the charge of murdering him almost drove her insane. She, however, shared the popular belief that Antoine had been murdered, and that her brother was guilty of the terrible crime. Urged for her reason for her belief, she finally admitted that it rested upon the slender foundation of a dream. She added that on the night following the day upon which Antoine had disappeared she had a dream in which she saw her brother and Antoine engaged in a violent quarrel. The men were in a dark ravine; there was a mountain to the right and a deep, dense forest to the left. She heard their words; she saw Gabriel strike Antoine with the butt end of his rifle and fell him to the eartd. That blow was fatal. Antoine never spoke afterward. Gabriel hid the body in a dark cave in the woods, and there it still remained. This dream made a powerful impression on the young girl, and though many were disposed to laugh at it, it told tremendously against her brother, and nothing could shake her faith and confidence in its horrible reality. She insisted that it was true, though no traces of the body could be found in any of the numerous mountain caves after most rigid search, and the vision rested only on her individual statement. But her faith gave it untold powers; her acts seemed to confirm her belief. From that moment she was a changed woman, slowly she pined away. The color faded from her cheeks, giving place to a death like pallor; her step, once light and elastic, became slow and languid; her eyes had lost their tender glance and sparkled with an unearthly luster. She uttered no complaint. Like the girl who loved the unfortunate Robert Emmet, she passed to her early grave forgiving all, beloved by every one, the victim of a broken heart.

Shortly before her death Gabriel Agnagetta broke jail and fled to Texas, his brother Ernesto going into exile with him. This settled all doubt as to his guilt or innocence. Flight was accepted by all as a confession of guilt. Liberal rewards were offered for the capture of the brothers, Ernesto being considered an accessory to the crime, but neither was ever aprehended.

From the Lone Star State they went to Louisiana. While in New Orleans Gabriel was protecting a lady from the insults of Bruman, when he was shot by the latter and mortally wounded. His assailant escaped arrest and fled the city. He was subsequently captured and lodged in jail. One morning he was found dead in his cell with his throat cut from ear to ear.

He had found a piece of a soda water bottle in the corner of his cell, and with it ended, as was afterward discovered, a life blackened with crime and profligacy. Gabriel died from the effects of his wound, and Ernesto two days later fell a victim to that dreadful scourge, yellow fever.

Years later, when the main actors in this strange episode slept in their quiet graves miles apart—when interest in the scenes we have related had almost died away or was recalled with eye to the hunter's fireside—the mystery surrounding the disappearance of young Antoine was brought to light recently, while a party of hunters were pursuing some game many miles from Hidalgo, they found the remains of the unfortunate man in a cave in which the animal they were pursuing had established its lair. There was only the ghastly looking skeleton of a man, a rust rifle, and rudely carved in the yielded rock upon which it rested were these words: "Lost; can't find my way out. Antoine Settacci." That was all, but it told its own story. It solved an enigma that dad darkened many lives. It cleared from the foul stain of murder, though too late, Gabriel Agnagetti and his brother.

This is the life history—a record which by the way, is authentic, and can be verified by other living witnesses—the desolate father told the writer as he sat in his lonely cabin one evening recently. The night wind swept down the deep mountain gorges with the roar of an angry sea, the stars twinkled camly overhead, the howl of the wolf echoed dismally far out in the shadows of the woods, while the darkness of the night filled all space.

The Way Women Boss a Pillow.

Among the recent inventions is a pillow holder. It is explained that the pillow holder is for the purpose of holding a pillow while the pillow case is being put on. We trust this new invention will not come into general use, as there is no sight more beautiful to the eyes of man than to see a woman hold a pillow in her teeth while she gently manipulates the pillow case over it. We do not say that a woman is beautiful with her mouth full of pillows. No one can ever accuse us of saying that, but there is something homelike and old fashioned about it that cannot be replaced by any invention. We know that certain over fastidious women have long clamored for some new method of putting on a pillow case, but these people have either lost their teeth, or the new ones they have bought do not grasp the situation. They have tried several new methods, such as blowing a pillow case up and trying to get the pillow in before the wind got out, and have tried to get a pillow in by rolling up the pillow case until the bottom is reached, and then placing the pillow on one end and gently unrolling the pillow case, but all these schemes have their drawbacks. The old style of chewing one end of the pillow, and holding it the way a retriever dog holds a duck, till the pillow case is on, and then spanking a pillow a couple of times on each side is the best, and it gives the woman's jaws about the only rest they get during the day. If any invention drives this old custom away from us, and we no more see the matrons of the land with their hair full of feathers and their mouth full of striped bed ticking, we shall feel that one of the dearest of our institutions has been ruthlessly torn from us, that the fabric of our national supremacy has received a sad blow, and that our liberties are in danger.

The Greek Church.

The Greek Church hold, in common with the Roman Catholic Church, the doctrine of the seven sacraments, of the sacrifice of the mass, of the veneration of the Virgin Mary, the saints, images, and relics, of the meritoriousness of fasting and other works, the heirarchial degrees of ecclesiastical orders, and monaticism. It disowns the authority of the Pope, and, in controvercies of faith, acknowledges the infallibility of the ecumenical councils. At Constantinople baptism by immersion only is admitted as valid; but the Russian Church hold baptism by immersion as a matter of rite, not dogma. The Greek Church administers the Lord's Supper in both kinds, and gives confirmation and communion to children immediately after they are baptized. It prays for the dead, but denies that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father, as principal, through the Son, as medium; it admits of no images in relief or embossed work, but uses paintings and engravings in copper and silver; it approves of the marriage of priests, provided they attain that state before they are admitted into holy orders; and it condems second marriages of priests and fourth marriages of laymen; and it keeps four fasts in the year more solemn than the rest.

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake &c., will have to use Hop Bittters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps death. No family is safe without them in the house.

Arithmetical: If a dime with a hole in it is worth five cents, a dime with two holes in it ought to be worth ten cents.

My daughter's paralysis ataxis disappeared from the use of Peruna. B. C. Hicks Pittsburgh, Pa.

If a man's aim in this world is good, the chances are that he will miss fire in the next.

Duel Between a "Fed" and a "Reb."

There occurred at Martinsburg, Va., in the summer of 1864, one of those strange duels that sometimes take place in battle, and which make a lasting impression upon the mind of the looker on. It was on the 18th of September, the day before Early and Phil fought their first pitched battle. A force of cavalry and infantry had that morning been sent to capture the Frst brigade of Averill's division at Martinsburg and turn Sheridan's right. Had the movement been successful, the Union position at Berryville would have been rendered somewhat precarious. But the troops which had been entrusted with the safety of the point were no home guards; they knew the value of the prize contended for, and were prepared to make the rebs pay dearly for every inch of ground they gained. The charging and counter-charging were disgustingly frequent, and many were the deeds of personal daring that transpired as the tide of battle surged from street to street and out upon the open field.

About the middle of the afternoon there came a lull in the struggle, as if each side had stopped "to pant a little" before making some final and desperate struggle to crush its adversary. It was during this interval of comparative quiet and inactivity that the duel referred to took place. In front, and a little to the left, of the Union line there was an elevation where once, at the beginning of the war, perhaps, there had stood a goodly growth of forest trees, which had been cut down and hauled away. The stumps were still standing and afforded good shelter to skirmishers. A squad of cavalry belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment was sent to occupy this eminence as a sort of flank guard to the Union line. The rebel sharpshooters at once opened fire upon them and soon made the position untenable for the Union squad, which then moved further off to get out of range, leaving behind them one of their comrades, whose horse had been wounded by the sharpshooters. The Yank seemed to be in no hurry to leave his unfortunate horse, and was leisurely removing the saddle, bridle, etc., when he noticed a rebel cavalryman approaching with the evident intention of making him prisoner. It was about this stage of the game that the attention of those of us upon the left was called to witness what was transpiring.

The Yank took shelter behind a stump, and at once opened fire. His first shot killed the reb's horse, and then he, too, got behind a stump. The two men were not more than 200 yards apart, and each of them seemed to realize that he must conquor or die. The Yank placed his hat on top the stump, and immediately the reb shot it off. Neither of them could expect to get away until the other was either killed or badly wounded. Neither could expect to kill or cripple his adversary unless he should make what was called a close shot, for both men were careful not to expose any more of their person than was absolutely necessary while taking aim. They fired perhaps a half dozen shots apiece, when the reb resorted to a ruse. He remained quiet and inactive for some moments, carefully concealing every part of his body from the view of his opponent. The Union soldier began to suspect that his last shot hod done its work, and growing inquisitive he gradually raised his head above his little fortification to see what had become of the red. The latter had planned well. His Sharpe's carbine was already in position, and when the Yank had exposed his head and part of his chest the Johnnie fired. The shot took effect in the Union soldier's cheek, and he fell backward with a shriek. We saw the reb go to him, lift him up in sitting posture, and help to bathe the ugly wound; then, when he had rendered his fallen foe all possible assistance, we saw him take up his own gun and trudge off to his companions. He could have been killed or captured, but we had seen his noble conduct toward his unfortunate adversary, and we regreted his departure with a rousing cheer. The Union soldier had a frightful wound, but, I believe, eventually recovered.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Comparing Sons-in-Law.

During the Vienna Exhibition an amiable Hungarian merchant happened to meet in a railway carriage a gentleman, with whom he proceeded to hold a pleasant conversation.

"I'm going to Vienna," said the merchant, "to see my daughter, who is well married there. My son-in-law deals in paper and fancy leather work, and has a good trade. He is very prosperous."

"I also," said the good-natured stranger, "am going to see my daughter and son-in-law."

"Ah! Is your son-in-law well off?" asked the merchant.

"Pretty well; but as he has to carry on his work all alone it is rather tiresome."

"Is your daughter rich?"

"Not as rich as she'd like to be."

"She likes to spend a good deal on her toilet?"

"No; but she would like to be able to give a great deal in charity."

"She's a good woman," said the merchant, heartily; it's to be hoped that your son-in-law's business will improve. Good-by, sir. Come to see us, and bring your daughter; we shall be so happy to make her acquaintance."

The train arrived at the station at that moment, and the traveler whose son-in-law's business was only 'pretty good' was immediately surrounded by grand personages in uniform. After having politely saluted the amazed merchant, he stepped into the carriage of the Emperor of Austria.

The good father-in-law of the dealer in paper and fancy leather goods had been traveling with the Prince Max, of Bavaria, father of the Empress Elizabeth.

What every one says must be true," that "Dr. Sellers' Cough Syrup" has no equal for coughs and colds. Try it. Price 25c.

The crying baby at a public meeting is like a good suggestion; it ought to be carried out.

Some things are past finding out The love for whisky is what staggers a man.

Dresses are now worn so short that the street crossings are seldom clean.

There are 140 law firms conducted entirely by women in this country.

The cucumber does its best fighting after it is down.

Naughty but nice: $1,000,000.