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The Somerset Herald.

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Somerset, Pa.
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Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail!

The spirits of angels
Is active, I know,
As higher and higher
In glory they go.
Methinks on bright pinions
From heaven they sail,
To cheer and encourage
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

MR. LARKSPUR'S ROMANCE.

Mr. Larkspur was out in his orchard, gathering apples for cider making. The trees were weighed down with their heavy fruitage, and about their sturdy trunks the clover, all dappled with pink, was blowing in purple waves.

Mr. Larkspur's orchard was ample and prolific; his fields, pastures, gardens all thriving and luxuriant, his worldly possessions plentiful enough. Nevertheless Mr. Larkspur, though prone, as a usual thing, to bear a thankful heart and a cheerful countenance, was at this time not at all bright of visage or merry of spirit.

Lifting his head from a half bushel basket of garnet and gold fruit, he could see between great, lazily-leaning tree trunks, and across a grassy lane, the pretty bit of a cottage belonging to his nearest neighbor, Miss Rowena Davis, tucked in amidst sugar-maples and silver leaved poplars like a brown chocolate drop in fringy paper. And Mr. Larkspur, thinking of Miss Rowena, sighed.

They were only neighbors, now. There had been a time when they were good friends—remarkably good friends. But that was before a certain obnoxious Captain Skaggs had come to Baxter's Cross Roads; before Mr. Larkspur had said unkind things on his account to Miss Rowena, and she had said unkind things to him; before their crowning battle, wherein he had bitterly observed that she was rather more of a coquette than became her years, and she had retorted, with hasty inelegance, that as far as years were concerned, a pot should not call a kettle black.

And from that point matters had stood stock still until the previous Sunday at church, from which time Mr. Larkspur began to think he had some reason for suspecting that Miss Rowena was repenting of her folly and obstinacy. He gathered the idea from trifles—a half glance, quickly withdrawn; a faint, peach bloomy blush; and, now he came to think of it, she had lingered a little just outside the gate after meeting, where he might easily have joined her, as she, perhaps, wished to give him the opportunity of doing.

He regretted now that he had not done so, instead of poking off with Mrs. Deacon Cottonwood, and listening to the interesting history of the deacon's five "biles."

Mr. Larkspur sighed again as his eye roamed over Miss Rowena's pretty domain and down to her blackberry patch just the other side of the lane—a thicket of tangled, trailing bushes, with tufts of wild, rank-growing grass waving high, like plumes; and there it rested, for there he beheld Miss Rowena's pink gingham sun bonnet just above a feathery bunch of grass, looking like a big pink flower growing there.

It wouldn't be very hard to step across the lane and speak to her. There was no use keeping up a foolish quarrel; some one had to speak first, and—

Without giving himself time to back down from his purpose, Mr. Larkspur scaled the fence and crossed the lane. He was half inclined to run away again when he got within speaking distance; for what if she had taken fresh offense at his having let slip the opportunity of making up she had given him, and scorn his tardy overtures?

However, he encouraged himself by selecting a position where a flourishing wild grapevine, clambering into a hickory sapling at the edge of the field could screen him a little, and break the force of scornful looks and sharp words, should such be his portion.

His heart jolted up and down nervously at sight of that bonnet, with its deep cape and full frill, and of the light linen sacque below; even the well known striped calico apron dimly seen under the drooping grass and vine sprays.

The back of the bonnet was toward him, and a tin bucket stood close beside her, half full of the purple ripe berries.

"A nice afternoon, Miss Ena," said Mr. Larkspur, experimentally.

But Miss Rowena was either too deeply absorbed to hear, or was not prepared to meet any advances, for the sun-bonnet gave no sign of turning in his direction. But determined not to be too easily discouraged, now that he had made a beginning, Mr. Larkspur bravely elevated his voice and proceeded.

"Right smart of blackberries this year, ain't there?"

Still no word, and only a slight nod of the bonnet rewarded him.

"Sulky," said Mr. Larkspur to himself. "She's mad about Sunday. Bein' as I was to blame then, I'll go ahead. I say, Miss Ro?"

A very faint motion of the bonnet.

"We used to be good friends, didn't we, Ro?"

A little droop of the bonnet.

"And there ain't no use of our fussing now, is there?"

Immovable grimness on the part of the bonnet.

"I say, there?" persisted Mr. Larkspur.

Still no response from the bonnet.

"Ena," desperately, "speak—say something, can't you, if it's only to scold!"

No effect whatever on the bonnet.

A wagon came rumbling up the lane.

"I'll not stay here like a fool no longer!" vowed Mr. Larkspur. "Good-bye, Miss Ro—and it's for good!"

With one glance at the bonnet, which he thought nodded slightly, he hurried away.

"Ef she wants to stay mad now, she kin stay mad," he declared. "I've did all I kin."

"You ain't got nary grain of sperrit, Rowena Davis!" asserted Mrs. Levi Davis, a stumpy little woman with a freckled face and a shrill voice. "Why don't you take Captain Skaggs and be done with it, hey?"

"Well," said Miss Rowena, deliberately, "I don't for sever'l reasons, one bein' that he ain't asked me."

"Shucks!" said Mrs. Levi, vigorously plunging her darning-needle into a gray yarn sock belonging to her liege. "You know hit's only a queshun of time—might as well make up your mind; you know you like him."

"Yes," admitted Rowena with a little sigh, "I like him well enough, but—"

"I believe you're a pinin' for that owdacious Larkspur," observed her sister-in-law, sharply. "I knowed it—I sayed you hadn't no sperrit! Won't do you no good noway. He won't never come 'round. Ef he wanted to make up, why didn't he make up when he hed a chance?"

Miss Rowena turned to the window with scarlet cheeks. Why did he not, indeed?

"He jest showed, a Sunday, he didn't keer a cent whether he seen you or not."

The color deepened in Rowena's cheeks. Notwithstanding her sister-in-law's assertion, she did have spirit—too much when it got the better of her principle and heart, as it would now and then; and Mrs. Levi was purposely taking the surest course to excite it to a high pitch.

"You're just a fixin' to be an old maid all your life," continued the little woman. "The captain ain't agoin' to stick to you always, neither, if you don't let him think you'll hev him. He'll marry Jinny Tucket yet if you ain't keerful. She's willing enough. I reckon Larkspur must be goin' to see that gal that's a staying at Deacon Cottonwood's, that's why he went home with Mrs Cottonwood from church. Anyhow, he couldn't help seein' how you waited for him, and as long as he didn't try to make it up then, when do you reckon he will? Never! That's what I say, and you'll be left. Captain Skaggs, he thinks a heap of you now, but ef—"

"Oh," cried Rowena desperately, "do stop, Sophy! If Captain Skaggs should ask me to marry him before Mr. Larkspur speaks to me—"

"Would you hev' him?" asked Mrs. Davis, eagerly.

"I—I almost believe I would," faltered Rowena.

"Goose if you didn't," said Mrs. Levi, tersely.

Mr. Larkspur stood beside his meadow bars, sentimentally out of temper. Miss Rowena's snubs of the day before had filled him with anger and sorrow. He frowned and sighed alternately. Raising his eyes to the chocolate-drop cottage beyond the lane, he saw Miss Rowena among the hollyhocks in the back yard feeding her chickens, with a blue veil tied over her head; and he knew just how the little flax-brown waves of her hair rippled up under its rim in their own sweet odd fashion, until her face seemed set in a blue and gold frame.

The next moment he scowled. The swinging form of Captain Skaggs was coming rapidly up the lane. He did not appear to see Miss Rowena; his eyes were fixed on the blackberry patch and he was making directly toward it. Mr. Larkspur's eyes involuntarily followed, and then he gave a sudden jump and rubbed them, and then he climbed upon a bar to scrutinize the berry patch more closely.

There was Miss Rowena's pink bonnet still, the cape fluttering in the morning air; there was her linen sacque, and beside her the tin bucket reflecting the sun in a gleaming white ring from its edge—all just as it had been yesterday.

He looked across at the figure among the hollyhocks. That was Miss Rowena, beyond a doubt. A sudden impulse, and an equally sudden spring, sent Mr. Larkspur over the bars and across the lane, and up the 4-oclock bordered walk through Miss Rowena's yard.

It was Rowena among the hollyhocks; her gentle, wondering brown eyes were turned directly toward him, while the rose color crept into the face in the blue and gold frame.

"Ena," cried Mr. Larkspur, "it wasn't you in the blackberries yesterday that snubbed and sulked at me, was it?"

Rowena turned her eyes toward the pink bonnet, for whose benefit Captain Skaggs appeared to be indulging in much eloquence of speech and gesture, while the provoking thing nodded and drooped as it had when Mr. Larkspur talked to it, turned them back to Mr. Larkspur, and a ripple of laughter startled the bees in the hollyhocks.

"It's only my bonnet and sacque," she said. "Sophy fixed them up there yesterday to look like me, so the boys wouldn't get all the berries while we were away, and I suppose she forgot to take them away this morning. She set the bucket of berries alongside as an extra bit of strategy. That's all."

Captain Skaggs soon discovered his mistake and started to the house, but perceiving a pair of radiant, unmistakable lovers among the hollyhocks he changed his mind, and went home.

This line fills the column.

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THE STORM PREDICTED FOR MARCH.

What the Chief Signal Officer Says.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: On the 27th of November, 1882, Mr. E. Stone Wiggins, of Ottowa, Canada, addressed a letter to the President of the United States, which reads as follows:

On the 23d of September last I announced through the Canadian press that a great storm would occur in March next, that it would first be felt in the Northern Pacific, would appear in the Gulf of Mexico on the night of the 9th, and—being reflected by the Rocky Mountains—would cross this meridian from the west at noon of Sunday, March 11, 1883.

No vessel, whatever her dimensions, will be safe out of harbor, and none of small tonnage can hope to survive the tidal wave and fury of this tempest. As the wind will blow from the southeast, the planetary force will be sufficient to submerge the low lands of the American coast, especially those bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and washed by the Gulf stream, while the air currents for several hundred miles along the east side of the Rocky Mountain range, owing to the great atmospheric pressure in those regions, will spread universal destruction. The New England States will also suffer severely from the wind and floods. No point outside of harbor in the whole area of the Atlantic—especially north of the equator—will be a place of safety; for this will be pre-eminently the greatest storm that has visited this continent since the days of your illustrious first President.

In view of this event, therefore, I take the great liberty of representing to Your Excellency the advisability of ordering all United States ships into safe harbors not later than the 5th of March till this storm be past. I have the honor to be, etc.,

E. STONE WIGGINS,
LD. D., Astronomer.

This letter, which has been widely disseminated by the press of the country, might well receive no official notice but for the fact that many people, who have no facilities for judging of the value of such a prediction, are disposed to give it credence. There are always some to be found who will put confidence in the wildest speculations of those who profess to foretell future events, and it requires only boldness in making a prediction and a tone of authority in delivering the message to enable the prophet to gain listeners. The number of followers, however, will surely diminish in proportion as the people are instructed in the fallacies which underlie these predictions. In the example afforded by Mr. Wiggin's letter the following may be pointed out:

1. No storm track has ever been observed which moved in the path indicated by the words "first be felt in the Northern Pacific, would appear in the Gulf of Mexico on the night of the 9th, and—being reflected by the Rocky Mountains—would cross this meridian (Ottawa) from the west at noon of Sunday, March 11, 1883." The Rocky Mountains do not possess the power of "reflecting" a storm though they may modify its course, and it is difficult to understand how a storm can proceed from the Pacific to Canada via the Gulf of Mexico and suffer any reflection whatever from the Rocky Mountains. There are two distinct classes of storms which traverse this country, the one which enters the country in the northwest (some of which can be traced from the Pacific across the mountains) and more easterly or southeasterly to the Atlantic, and the other which enters the country in the Gulf States and more northeasterly along the coast. It sometimes, though rarely, happens that two storms, one of each class, unite in their course, which may give a slight semblance of truth to such a description as that given above, but it should be distinctly noted that the words quoted will not stand a critical examination. The same may be said of the sentence which alludes to the "planetary force" causing a submersion of low lands, and the air currents on the east of the Rocky Mountains spreading universal destruction. Should a severe storm area cross the country in an easterly direction from the Rocky Mountains, strong southeast winds will blow towards the storm centre in advance of it and strong northwest winds will follow it, according to a well established law of rotation of the winds in the vicinity of an area of low barometer. This is all that can be truthful in the sentence under discussion. There is no "great atmospheric pressure" in the region of the Rocky Mountains, except that an area of high pressure may temporarily prevail there, and the words "planetary force" belong to the vocabulary of astrology and mediæval superstition upon which modern science cannot be too severe.

2. It is absolutely impossible to predict a storm for more than a few days in advance. The information cannot be too widely distributed that no one can foretell even the general character of a coming season, much less the occurrence of a particular storm in that season. It is possible that the advance of our knowledge may at some time enable us to predict the weather for many days in advance, but this is not possible at the present time. Meteorology is yet in its infancy, and no one is yet able to anticipate the occurrence of a meteorological phenomenon for more than a few days—a week at the most. If any one will take the trouble to verify the weather predictions which in these days are so frequently made by the actual weather experienced, he will find that about one-half of them are fulfilled and half fail. When a given prediction is fulfilled it is often made a matter of marked comment, while the unfulfillment of a similar prediction at another time is passed over in silence. The impression, therefore, prevails that reliance can be placed upon the forecastings of weather prophets, but this impression will be removed by any one who will give attention to the subject. A series of simple guesses, based upon no reasoning whatever, will come true in the long run as many times as they will fail, Until, then, weather predictions are fulfilled more times than they fail, they must be regarded as equivalent to guesses and as having no value whatever. All predictions of the weather to be expected a month or more in advance, whether based upon the position of the planets, or of the moon, or upon the number of sun-spots, or upon any supposed law of periodicity of natural phenomena, or upon any hypothesis whatever which to-day has its advocates, are as unreliable as predictions of the time when the end of the world will come.

There is a difficulty in refuting the assertions of those who pretend to foretell the weather since their predictions frequently relate to occurrences which are almost sure to prove in part as foretold. Thus the prediction of early snow in the northwest in August or September is a very safe one to make, if one claims the right to test it by the weather reported at any one town in the Northwestern States or Territories or adjacent British territory. Similarly the prediction of a storm in March is quite certain to be fulfilled. During the past ten years the number of storms which prevailed in this country in March has averaged twelve, varying from ten in 1881 and 1882 to eighteen in 1879. Some of these have been very severe, and it rarely happens that the month of March passes in any year without the occurrence of one or more storms accompanied by high winds upon the Atlantic coast. Undoubtedly in March, 1883, there will be storms of some severity, and some persons will be found who will notice the storm which comes nearest to March 11 and claim that Mr. Wiggins' prediction was verified, only that it was a day late, or a day early, or was not quite as severe as anticipated, or moved in a slightly different path, or in some other way different in detail from that described, but that it was sufficiently near to entitle the author to a high rank as a prophet. Let no one expect his prediction to be fulfilled to the letter—it is safe to say it will not be; but let every one expect that the coming March will, like all its predecessors in the memory of man, be characterized by storms of greater or less severity. The United States Signal Service in no one of its departments is more uniformly successful than in giving notice of the approach of severe storms. The records of the office show that not a single storm of any severity has moved across the country of our eastern shores for some years without warning being given to the Atlantic coast. When March, 1883, arrives, the Service will issue its storm warnings in advance of the storms which are to be looked for at that season of the year, and because they do not depend upon the imagination of any would-be-prophet, but rest upon the experience which past years has given the Service in its work. The published statement that the United States Signal Service has such confidence in Mr. Wiggins that it displayed storm signals on the Lakes three days in advance of a recent storm, on the strength of his prediction, needs no comment except an emphatic denial. The Signal Service is independent of any one who claims to foretell the weather; it works by its own methods and endeavors to keep pace with every real advance in the science of meteorology but to avoid everything which belongs to the realm of foolish imaginings. In point of fact, the Service has first learned of any predictions made by Mr. Wiggins from the letter under present discussion, and in the case, above mentioned, storm signals were not displayed on the Lakes till a few hours before the approach of the storm in question.

Too severe rebuke cannot be inflicted upon those who attempt to deceive or needlessly alarm the people by publishing such statements as that of Mr. Wiggins. Their words are totally untrustworthy and the people should be so informed by those who are familiar with the subjects upon which these prophets presume to speak. Such statements fill lunatic asylums, and those who make them are enemies of society. Their publication is a pestilence, and it is the duty of all persons who know and prize the truth to denounce them and enlighten those who might believe them.

W. B. HAZEN,
Chief Signal Officer.

Washington, Dec. 20.

Probably some one has been criticising the style of writing peculiar to Bill Nye, and his *Boomerang*, and Bill, not wanting his style tampered with, drops down on these grammar fellows in the following characteristic style: "Should any one who reads these words be suffering from an insatiable hunger for a paper that aims at elegance of diction, hightoned logic and pink cambric sentiment, at a moderate price, he will do well to call at this office and look over our goods. Samples sent free on application, to any part of the United States or Europe. We refer to Herbert Spencer, the Laramie National Bank and the postmaster of this city as to our reputation for truth and veracity.

Riches in Hop Farming.

At the present prices, ten acres in Hops will bring more money than five hundred acres in any other farming; and, if there is a consumer or dealer who thinks the price of Hop Bitters high, remember that Hops are $1 25 per pound, and the quantity and quality of Hops in Hop Bitters and the price remains the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitations because the price is less.

Fulton county, this State has a hog nine years old as large as an ordinary cow, and which, if fattened, would weigh about 1,500 pounds. Its tusks are like those of an elephant.

Artists and Tailors.

Your stories of Hunt remind me of another, hardly less amusing, and, like yours, illustrating his sense of the dignity of his air, and his peculiarly undignified way of showing it.

During the last winter of his life, he one day called upon the artist to look upon a portrait which had been returned with some expression of dissatisfaction from the subject and owner, and to give his friend, the artist, the benefit of his judgment in the matter of changing and so improving the picture that it should "pass muster" as a creditable work of art, even if it did not quite suit the taste of the patron.

The chief defect complained of was the complexion, which was thought to be sallow; and it was true that in the process of giving the flesh a warm glow the artist had given an expression of local yellow in the flesh tints—so strongly marked that the complexion was yellow. When Mr. Hunt entered the studio, he looked at the portrait as it stood upon the easel, and said: "They think it is too yellow, do they? They always think it is too something except good. Your yellows are all right with your reds and the general tone of the picture and that is well enough. Look at that bit of sky in your landscape (pointing to another picture.) Isn't that good for sky to your trees and foreground? But it isn't much like that," looking up at the light which poured through the window, "and who said it was? The fact is, people don't know anything about art, and the more they knew about other things the less they know about that. But they 'know what they like,' and they don't mean to pay till they get it. They rank portrait painters with tailors—no fit, no pay. We ought to make a stand against the unreasonable demands of the public, and let the patron share our risk. Of course, we all do the best we can, and we should be paid for our work just as we pay our doctors and lawyers, whether they bring us through or not.

"I would have an order for a portrait mean the best thing that I can do with a reasonable effort, and that should fulfill my obligation and entitle me to be paid. Of course I like to have people satisfied when I am, but I am the one to be pleased. I know something about my work and they don't, and when I am willing to let a picture go, that ought to stand for something, whether they are satisfied or not. But then there is another way. You know we should all paint better portraits if we didn't care a d—n for our sitters. Suppose now when a patron calls to order a portrait I should say, 'I will not take your commission in the usual form, but I will hire you to sit and pay you $1 an hour, and if you like the picture when I call it done, you can have it for a stated price, and if you don't like it you needn't take it—and there will be no favor either way.'

"With a sitter on such terms I think I could turn out something pretty good. I know I should have a good time. I'd manipulate him just as the barber does his victim, and if he dared to open his head about art or anything improving, I'd stop his yop with a paint brush."

"I'd just have my way till I got through, and then he could have his—take it or leave it."

Washing Vegetables.

Housekeepers make a great mistake when they allow their vegetables to be washed at all until just ready to put on to cook. Many leave all kinds of vegetables to stand, covered with cold water, for a long time after washing, and by doing so lose a large portion of the natural sweetness and flavor. Many grocers think they cannot sell their vegetables unless they wash them free from the earth that is on them when dug up, or they insist on the farmers washing them before they will buy. To make them look fresh and handsome they sacrifice a large portion of the best part of the root. If farmers washed their potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., after digging them, before putting into the cellar, they would be spoiled in a month. The earth about them is an absorbent and preservative of the less volatile elements of the root, which evaporate quickly after being washed. How often city people speak of the excellent flavor of the vegetables they sometimes eat in country homes, and wonder why they cannot be cooked to taste as good in the city. It is not because the farmer's wife understands the art of cooking vegetables any better than the city dame, but because she first leaves her vegetables in the earth that covers them, until she needs to put them on to cook. Housekeepers only can cure this evil. The moment a grocer finds that he looses his time and labor when he washes his vegetables—just for the fancy looks of the thing—and that housekeepers are sensible beings and will not buy them in their fancy dress, but in their natural covering, then city folks can have as nice vegetables on their tables as the farmer is favored with—certainly they can do so after the season is too far advanced to gather vegetables fresh every day.

'What are you looking around for so much?' asked an Austin mother of her sixteen year old son with whom she was walking.

'I am looking around on your account.'

'On my account?'

'Yes, I want to pick you out a good looking daughter-in-law.—

Those who use lime as a fertilizer should apply from ten to fifty bushels to the acre; ashes may be applied at the same rate, salt at the rate of two hundred to four hundred pounds, and plaster at the rate of one hundred pounds.

The grasshopper has, according to its size, 120 times the kicking power of an average man. It must be exciting times for the young grasshoppers which go courting and find the old man at home.

Romance in Real Life.

Before the war Robert Stafford, a millionaire planter, owning two islands off the coast of Georgia which was noted for the superior cotton they produced—the famous Sea Island variety. On the larger of the two islands Mr. Stafford lived. He fell in love with a creole girl who was one of his slaves, and married her. She was educated and refined in her manners. Six children were the fruits of the marriage. Two boys died in their youth. Just before the breaking out of the civil war Stafford, who noted the gathering clouds, came North and built a magnificent dwelling among the pastures a few miles north of this village, on the swelling banks of the Thames rever. Then he returned to the South, and thence sent his wife and daughters to the Northern home. Here they were surronded by every luxury. The interior of the house was very fine and the grounds were a triumph of the gardener's skill. Beautiful and rare plants and shrubbery diversified the rolling green of the lawns, fountains played among marble statues, and through the grounds broad gravel walks wound up to the spacious verandas. The advent of the beautiful girls in New London and Groton was an event that is still fresh in the memory of Connecticut.

The girls received a fashionable Northern education. Private tutors taught them French, Italian music, painting, and the arts of the ball-room. They were reared in the most pretentious society, and suitors were not few. One sister married Fred. Palmer, of New London. The union was not a happy one, and a separation soon followed. Another sister was wedded to Commodore Brady, of New York. The honeymoon was passed in Paris, where the bride shone as a society star for a few months. Soon after the couple were divorced. The youngest sister was married to a New York gentleman, and is living happily with her husband. Adelaide, another sister, has lived during the past eight years at Paris. A few months ago she met Count Cybulski, who is connected with the diplomatic service of Russia, and about a month ago she became his wife, the nuptials began celebrating in the Church of Notre Dame. She sent wedding cards to her friends in Grotton and New London, dainty pieces of pasteboard, perfumed, adorned with the regal coronet, and bearing the words in Italian: "Countess Cybulski Paris." The young wife is described as tall, lithe, graceful, with olive-tinted skin and lustrous eyes. The Count is little, old, withered and bent with a whisk of yellow beard. He has taken his wife to live in the most elegant quarter of Paris.

Robert Stafford was loyal to the Union. At one time the troops of General Joe Hawley, the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, were quartered on his plantation. He passed his summers in the North from 1867 to the year of his death, 1878. He bought property in New London and Norwich, which the heirs still hold. He left a will by which 400,000 was divided equally anong the daughters, while the bulk of the property, several million dollars, was divided among distant relatives. The great mansion that he built in Groton remains in treeless and isolated grandeur among the bleak pasture lands, and every tourist that journeys up the Thames Valley inquires; "Who is the owner of that splendid place?" It is many years since a daughter of the creole slave of the Georgian Islands has revisited the mansion."

The Peerless Lurline.

Night in St. Louis.

Seated in the parlor of her father's magnificent residence, Lurline Loosehair allowed her taper fingers to wander idly over the keys of the piano, and obedient to her delicate touch, there floated forth upon the air the strains of that beautiful mis re, "Since Papa Tore His Pants." And as she sat there, absorbed in the sad reflections to which the music gave rise, the door opened softly and Berwyck Hetherington entered the room. Lurline, all the senses of her passionate nature absorbed in the music, continued to play, not knowing that the man she loved, and whose pocketbook in return she would have hustled around with dread earnestness, was standing by her side. But at last Berwyck placed his hand gently on her shoulder, and by that indefinable sense that tells us of a human presence, although we see it not, she knew that somebody was around. Turning quickly she saw Mr. Hetherington.

"I did not know you were here," she said, a blush flooding the face that such a little time ago was pale and calm, "or I should not have played so confidently."

"Can you not favor me with something more?" he asked.

The blush grows deeper and more vivid now, and the drooping eyes are moist with tears. "I cannot play any other piece," she says, half sadly, half defiantly.

"Are you sure of this, Lurline?" Berwyck asks, bending over her in a loving way. "Think well before you speak," he continues, "for on your answer may depend the future happiness of two young lives."

"I am quite sure," she says.

"Then you must be my wife." And as he speaks these words, Berwyck Hetherington's face lights up with a rapturous, Schuyler Colfax smile.

"You will come again to-morrow evening?" she asks.

"Yes," he replies; you may tie the dog at 8."

"And you will not regret your choice?"

"Never!" he says in clear, steady tones. "I have spent the best years of my life looking for a girl who could play only one tune on the piano."

"Boy," said a stranger to a lad who was blacking his boots in front of a hotel yesterday, "if I should give you a dollar would your first impulse be to go to the circus?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply, "my first impulse would be that it was a counterfeit."

An old bachelor was courting a widow, and both had sought the aid of art to give their fading hair a darker shade. "That is going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "They are both dyeing for each other already."

An old physicean of large experience says the best ointment for cows' teats is unworked butter right from the churn, melted and mixed with vinegar—simmered together perhaps—and if used persistently will remove the warts.

Be truthful.