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TIONESTA, PA. WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1882.

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father's study.

yer?" demanded Sammy.

his forehead with the tips of his fingers, as if to summon forth some stray-

sheets of foolscap paper which had evithese the minister read aloud: .

dler's argument by St. Paul, and—
"'Mem,—To tell Deborah, mildly but firmly, that so much saleratus is

" Mem.—To punish Joseph and Samuel for unseemly conduct at prayer

" 'Mem .- To admonish Brother Bates (gently) that he is becoming unsound

" Mem.-To endeavor so far as lies in me to restore peace to the singing

such a measure of wholesome restraint over Moses and Samuel that they may not become a cause of scandal to the neighborhood.

" Mem. - To devote a greater measure of attention to worldly matters, such as applying blacking to my boots,

an religion or the duties of the Christ-

""Mem.—That the singing reats are in the hands of God, and that He causes even the wrath of man to praise Him. " Mem .- To consider prayerfully the subject of contracting a matrimo-nial alliance with Miss Cordelia Brew-

"That's it! I knew I was not mis-taken; and I felt that I had leadings from the Lord in that direction; and yet, in the midst of manifold cares and distractions, it wholly slipped my mind, weak and erring mortal that I am. But it may not yet be too late." And the minister seized his hat, giving it a hasty brush with his sleeve, and hurried to the door, turning, however, to lay his hand with unwonted tenderness upon his son's head, saying, solemniy: Samuel, I thank you for this suggesof grace as I do of wisdom and discern-

Samuel, left alone, looked after his father with a most lugubrious face. "For a feller to go and do it himself, that's the worst of it! I hadn't better let on to Mose and the rest that I did it! No more fun if she comes here;

she'll want a feller not to tear his clothes and have his hair brushed every minute, and no pie or cake between meals. We'll make it lively for her, though-Mose and Hose and Jo and L"

All unconscious of what was in store for her Miss Cordelia Brewster was enfrosting upon her chestnut locks. Why she had never married was a mystery For ten years after her father, the vil-Cordelia, people gradually ceased to speculate about her. For some inscrutable reason they decided that Miss Cordelia meant to be an old maid to the end fastened to the hitching-post before the old parson is, and she'll have to Miss Cordelia's door of a Sunday night; step around lively to fetch up them and only once or twice had he been

Many other admirers had Miss Cordelia, but she had turned a cold shoulder upon all, and seemed perfectly conber to. Nobedy would have him, either. He's as bald as a door-knob, handmaiden Tryphosa, who was not,

"Green means forsaken; there ain't no denyin' it. And Seliny Wilson, that was merried in green, was laid out a corpse in it before the end of the year; and Mertildy Lyman, that was merried in a white muslin sprigged with green, and green bunnit strings, she had a drunken husband that fell off the haymow and dislocated his spinal column, and everybody knew her twins wa'n't bright; and-"

writing and regarded Sam.

writing and regarded Sam.

amazement. Gradually his expression changed to one of perplexity. He removed his spectacles from his eyes to the top of his head and then he tapped only unlucky as a wedding dress. As for being forsaken, there doesn't seem to be anybody left to forsake me but jog, as if there were nothing in the you, and I am not afraid that all the world that was worth hurrying for. green dresses in the world could make

you do that," "There ain't no luck about green nohow," said Tryphosa. "If 'twas lay-lock, now, or a handsome brown—"

"I suppose I really ought to have had black," said Miss Cordelia, meditatively; "but some way the spring coming on, with everything so fresh and bright, made me feel as I used to long ago, and I've made believe to myself— I wouldn't own it to anybody but you, a girl again. And that's why I had this green silk." l'ryphosa-but I've made believe I was

"And that's why you've been putting posies in your hair. Well, it beats all what a difference there is in folks. Now spring puts me in mind of house cleanin' and scap-bilin' and bitters-Land sakes! if there ain't Parson Gree ley a-comin' up the walk, and nothin but the old cropple crown for dinner, and all skin and bones at that, and he a-comin' in the yard this blessed min-

Miss Cordelia whisked the green silk out of sight, and smoothed her crimps demurely down, as she hastened to greet her visitor.

It happened that Miss Polly Watkins. who went about the village peddling a concection known as Watkins' Unapproachable Liniment, was so fortunate as to be passing just as the minister opened Miss Cordelia's front yard gate.

"There! I knew well that there wa'n't never so much smoke without some fire. Miss Badger needn't think she could make me believe that green silk gown with a train didn't mean something. So it's the minister. Well, men-folks is terrible short-sighted creters. There is them in Westfield that would make him a good sensible wife "

on for nearly a quarter of a mile before quests that a tablet may be put up in white horse, and between him and Miss Polly "there wa'n't," as she expressed it, "no great likin', no more'n there was apt to be between two of a trade." But still news was news, and Miss Polly could not resist the temptation of an opportunity to share it.

"Well, things do turn out queer!" said the doctor to himself, meditatively flicking a fly off his old white horse as he jogged along again. "I wouldn't have thought she would have had anybody, let alone the old parson. If I had thought- Why, I'm ten years younger'n he is and a sight better calculated to please the fair sex. And that's a snug bit of property of Miss Cordilly's. and she's a wholesome looking, goodtempered woman, to say nothing of behandsome, which don't signify. I believe I can cut out the parson if I try. I always said I would die a bachelor, but it's a wise man that changes his mind."

And the doctor actually whipped his window, for the doctor in a hurry was a sight that the oldest inhabitant had never seen.

In the meantime Miss Polly had met Abner Phillips, one of the "black folks," who lived three miles from the village. the green silk.

His homeward way led him past John Parmenter's house, and John was hoeing in his garden.

"Wa'al, now, Parson Greeley is goin' to do a pretty good thing for himself, ain't be?" drawled Abner, after the usual comments and inquiries concerning crops had been exchanged. "He knows which side his bread is buttered on. Parsons ginerally doos."

"What is he going to do?" inquired John Parmenter.

"You don't mean to say you hain't heard? Wa'al, I declare, you don't know what's goin' on so well as black folks doos! He's a-goin' to marry Miss Cordilly Brewster. He's turrible tejus, boys. But women-folks always doos set

After Abner had gone John Parmenter dropped his hoe and stood wiping his forehead with his handkerchief with a bewildered took.

"I don't know why I shouldn't have

expected she'd marry, but somehow I didn't. I never thought of such a thing. tented to live on in her comfortable old I don't know why I should feel so about house, with trim box-bordered flower it. If I hadn't the courage to ask her digging of short canals the great canals beds in the front yard, and lilac bushes | when I was young and prosperous surely of the world that remain to be made erowding in at the windows, with her I couldn't now. I always began to be a are: 1. Through the Isthmus of Panacoward the minute I came in sight of ms; 2. Through the neck of the Malay and angular spinster, who believed in thing about any other. Anyway, I can't lar Schleswig-Holstein; 5. From the signs and omens, and always "felt" rest until I find out whether its true or head of the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf coming events "in her bones." Try- not. Cordelis can't object to telling an of St. Lawrence; 6. From Lake Win-phosa was now gazing at the green slik old friend. Madame Rumor rules this nipeg to Hudson Bay.

village, and she's very apt to be mis-

So John set out to call on Miss Cordelia. As he passed the bed of cinnamon pinks he found that, although it was early in the season, three had blosabout little bouquets-he had done on other occasions.

The doctor was driving away from Miss Cordelia's door as John approached it, the horse going at his old-fashioned

"I hope she isn't ill!" thought John, and then a sudden suspicion seized him. Here might be another rival, and a more formidable one than Parson Greeley. Were rivals spring-ing up around him like mushrooms, when he had never thought of the possibility of the existence of one?

flushed, and they grew redder still at sight of John's nosegay.

John, strange to say, did not blush or stammer as he presented it. Rivals seemed to be a wonderful stimulus to his courage.

"Cordelia, I heard that you were going to marry Parson Greeley.

There was something in the tone of his voice that made Miss Cordelia start. Was John going to speak, after being dumb so long?

"No, it isn't true," said Cordelia, and east down her eyes.

"Nor-nor anybody else?" John was stammering now. Was his courage going to fail?

"No, nor anybody else," said Miss Cordelia. "That is—"

Tryphosa, coming into the kitchen from the back yard at that moment, saw a sight which caused her to drop the cropple crowned rooster, but just deceased, into her pan of dough. "Elviry Kimball needn't have

knocked me up at 5 o'clock this mornin' to inquire if that green silk and there are 5,307 children. During dress had a train. I should think it the year twenty-five were excluded and did have a train!" said Tryphosa, 943 "dropped." grimly .- Bazar Character of the Chinese Newspaper.

To begin with the ordinary and nu merous decrees acknowledging the good services of deities: "The governor general of the Yellow river," Miss Polly was so unhappy as to go the Gazette of November, 1878, "reshe met anybody to whom she could honor of the river god. He states tell her news, and then it was only Dr. | that during the transmission of relief | Lutheran ministers. Of these, Ramsay, jogging along behind his old rice to Honan, whenever difficulties were largest number in any one State is encountered through shallows, wind or in Pennsylvania, which has 550; Illi rain the river god interposed in the n is has 365; Ohio, 340; Wisconsin. most unmistakable manner, so that the 265; Minnesota, 228; New York, 180; transport of grain went on without hindrance. Order: Let the proper 118. No other State has a hundred. office prepare a tablet for the temple of the river god." "A memorial board is granted," says the Gazette of April, 1880, "to two temples in honor of the god of locusts. On the last appearance of locusts in that province last summer, prayers were offered to this deity with marked success." February, 1880. A decree ordering the imperial college of inscriptions to prepare a tablet to be reverently suspended in the temple of the sea dragon at Hoyang, which has manifested its divine interposition in a marked manner in response to prayers for rain. In another Gazette the director general of grain transports prays that a distinction be granted to the god of winds, who protected the dikes of the grand canal, whereupon the board of rites is called horse ut of his accustomed jog into a upon for a report. Also the river lively trot, and everybody ran to the god is recommended for protecting a fleet carrying tribute rice; and the god of water gets a new temple by special rescript. In fact decrees of this kind, which merely convey public not then tempered by as much wisdom recognition of services rendered by the state gods, appear in almost every issue But Abner could not have been more of the Gazette. The following degrees the old families. One day Mrs. A. interested in Miss Polly's news if he refer to the process of qualification for called upon Mrs. B., and in the course had lived next door to the possessor of divine rank: "The governor of their conversation (there being a the green silk."

Anwhei forwards (November, 1878) a seamstress present) Mrs. A. asked Mrs. petition for the gentry of Ying Chow, B, if her daughter was going to the praying that sacrifices may be offered party that evening. "No," was the the late famine commissioner in Honan, in the temple already erected to the memory of his father. The father had been superintendent of the grand transport, and had greatly distinguished himself in operations against some rebels. The son had also done excellent service, and the local gentry had heard of his death with great grief. They earnestly pray that sacrifices may be offered to him as well as to his father. Granted." "A decree issued (May, 1878,) sanctioning the recommendation that a temple to Fuh Tsung, a statesman of the Ming dynasty, may be placed on the list of those at which the officials are to offer periodical libations. The spirit of the deceased statesman has manifested itself effectively on several occasions when rebels have threatened the district town, and has more than once interposed when prayers have been offered for rain."-Fortnightly Review.

Coming Canals.

The New York Witness thinks that while railroads have put and end to the

SUNDAY READING.

Paying Debts.

One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail to the somed that very morning, and he made them into a little nosegay with some sprays of fragrant southernwood. And never make it right, and all the iniquihe was in such haste that he forgot to tous laws in the universe cannot make conceal them from the public gaze by a it right for them not to pay their debta, bit of paper, as-feeling that it was There is a sin in this neglect as clear somewhat ridiculous for a stout old and as deserving church discipline as is bachelor of forty-five to be carrying stealing or false swearing. He who about little bouquets—he had done on violates his promise to pay, or witholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet the obligation, ought to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable clouk under which to hide, but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth

> Religious News and Notes. The Presbyterians in Minnesota number 7,419.

The bishop-elect of Cuernanaca, the Rev. Prudenzio G. Hernandez, of the Miss Cordelia's cheeks wer much Reformed Mexican church, is a pureblooded Indian.

> The Rev. G. Hubert, a Baptist minister in Norway, has been sentenced to pay a heavy fine for having baptized a young person, both of whose parents were already members of the Baptist church.

> According to the Irish church directory for the current year there are now 1,708 clergy in the Protestant Episcopal church of Ireland. In the census of 1861 there was 2,265, and the decrease, therefore, in the twenty years has been

The will of the late Leonard Church, of Hartford, is not to be contested, Mrs. Church agreeing to pay the contestants \$25,000. The estate is valued at \$400,000. Two Congregational societies and the American Tract society will receive \$4,000 each.

The annual statistics of the Moravian church in the United States show that there are now 9,697 communicants, a gain of 136; non-communicants over thirteen years of age number 1,530,

Bishop Peterkin says that, contrary to the assertions of some, it is a very common thing for ministers to decline churches that are offered to them, with much larger salaries than they are receiving, because they are unwilling to give up a work in which they have become interested.

There are in the United States 3,239 shingles.—Free Press. Iowa, 168; Indiana, 135; Michigan,

There are at the present day established in the Fiji islands about 900 Wesleyan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000, over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches. Idolatry is scarcely known, and cannibalism, for which these islands were so famous only fifty years ago, has been voluntarily abandoned save by a single tribe.

Anecdote of Judge Story.

The following anecdote about the famous jurist Story is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it

out. The narrative runs like this: In his younger days Story lived in the aristocratic old town of Salem, in Massachusetts. His great ability was as he afterward displayed, and he was looked upon with disfavor by some of seamstress present) Mrs. A. asked Mrs. short reply, "I don't propose to let my daughter go to any place which is frequented by that insignificant young puppy Story." Years afterward, when Story was a judge on the supreme bench, he visited Salem, and was warmly welcomed by those who had known him formerly. Among his best friends apparently was Mrs. B., and he accepted her pressing invitation to din-Now, in the years which had ner. elapsed, the seamstress had become possessed of a home of her own, to which was attached a garden, with a pear tree, which was just then loaded with fine fruit. After the invitation to dinner had been accepted the seamstress received a call from Mrs. B.'s servant, asking her to send up a basket of her excellent pears for dinner, as "Mr. Justice Story, of the supreme court of the Unit d States, was to be present." The good-natured seamstress sent the pears at once, and with them this message: "Tell your mistress that I am glad that the insignificant young puppy Story has grown to be so fine a dog."—Harper's Magazine.

The difference between a person in his first childhood and his second childhood is this: In his first childhood he cuts his teeth; in his second childhood the teeth cut him.-Lowell

United States is 2,163.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion \$1 00 One Square, one inch, one month.

Legal notices at cetablished rates Marriages and death notices greeks.
Marriages and death notices greeks.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Job work, cash on delivery.

Tears.

Is it rainy, little flower? Be glad of rain, Too much sun would wither thee; 'Twill shine again.

But just behind them shines the Bue. Art thou weary, tender heart ?

Be glad of pain. In sorrow sweetest things will grow, As flowers in rain.

The clouds are very black, 'tis true;

God watches, and thou wilt have aun When clouds their perfect work have done. -M. F. Buits.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is one thing to be said infavor of knee breeches—they don't bag at the

The nine that none of the league ball clubs care to tackle - strychnine .- Rome Sentinel.

A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occu-

pation.-Lowell Citizen. Philadelphia has an artist named

Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie. Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bec. He can always give you a point.—Salem Sun-

Some epicures object to duck as a re-freshment, because if the bird isn't-well picked the consumer is very apt to

feel down in the mouth. Why, of course a dress coat is the proper garment to wear at a swell din ner. It doesn't button in front, and

gives you a chance to swell. "Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the

information. You are right in objecting to the principle that the bulldog is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it vou'd better let him have it .-Boston Post.

" I am beside myself," said Lorenzo, as he stood by a portrait of himself in the artist's studio. "It isn't the first time though, Lorenzo," sighed his wife in martyr tones.

An Italian lady knows forty lan-guages and talks thirty-two, yet when she gets right mad this knowledge is of no use, for her husband can only understand one of them.

The 222d asteroid has been discovered, and the world moves right along as if man had no further mission here than making sort soap or whitting up

Our exchanges contain frequent men-tion of " pound sociables." We have no idea what they are, unless they are the kind of entertainment Sullivan and Ryan indulged in lately.—Siftings.

A statistician computes that one

hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. We are unable to give the figures for this country, as the Indians keep no re-" Intelligentl" said the man of his

setter dog, "He knows a heap, sir. Why, once he took a dislike to a man and went and induced the man to kick him so I would lick the man! Fact, sir!"-Boston Transcript. At a high school examination the

teacher asked the son of an old ice dealer how many ounces there was in a pound. And the boy said it depended on the extent of the crow the length of the summer and the heat of the weather, varying from 51-2 to 113-4, but never reaching as high as sixteen.

WISE WORDS.

That which is well done is twice

A blithe heart makes a blooming Better one word in time than two

afterward. None but the wise man can employ leisure well. People seldom improve when they

have no other model than themselves to copy after. Fortune does not change men; it

only unmasks them and shows their true character. When you have occasion to utter a

rebuke, let your words be soft and your arguments hard. We cannot too soon convince ourselves

how easily we may be dispensed with in this world of curs. Give me the money that has been

spent in war and I will purchase evry foot of land upon this globe. Instead of complaining of the thorns

among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns. Men who have the strongest intellects have the weakest memories; they trust more to invention than to

A brain is a very hungry thing indeed, and he who possesses it must constantly feed it by reading or thinking, or it

will shrivel up or fall unleep. That which is good enough to be done cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done

at all. It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not

h we harbor, The number of national banks in the as much to do ir at the thoughts b

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Bullding.

The Silver Lining. There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears ; There's never a life so happy But has its time of tears; Fot the sun shines out the brighter

Whenever the tempest clears. There's never a garden growing With roses in every plot; There's never a heart so hardened But It has one tender spot : We have only to prune the border

To find the forget-me-not. There's never a sun that rises But we know 'twill set at night ; The tints that gleam in the morning At evening are just as bright : And the hour that is the awestest Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy But the waking makes us sad ; There's never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad; We shall look some day with wonder At the "troubles" we have had,

THAT GREEN SILK

Mrs. Descon Lewis and Mrs. Davis, the postmistress, were conferring to-gether in mysterious whispers as they leaned over their mutual back-yard

nce. Said Mrs. Deacon Lewis:

"Seein' is believin' or else I should say jest as you do, that it couldn't be true; but I jest stepped into Miss Badger's to see what she'd charge to fix over my black alpaca—I wa'n't in any hurry for the alpaca, but I kind of got an idea that there was somethin' in the wind and I thought meb be Icould find out what it was there-and there I saw it with my own two eyes, all over plait in's and rufflin's that it seemed a burnin' shame to cut up good thick silk into and fixed up in the back so't I couldn't have the heart to set down on it. And Miss Badger, for all she's so closemouthed, she up and told me who it belonged to, and savs I, 'You don't say so !' and says she, 'Yes, I do,' and ther she pursed her lips up kind of provokin', as if she could tell a great deal more if she was a mind to. But I've got wit enough to put two and two together, if folks is close-mouthed, and says I, right out—for there ain't nothin' aly about me-says I, 'Then Cordilly Brewster is a goin' to get married.' And Miss Badger she never denied it."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Davis. "This has been a sing'lar year, what with the comet and the terrible happenin's all round; and now Cordilly Brewster settin' up to have a green silk bazine and alpaca and her one old black slik for nigh upon twenty years. It's enough to upset anybody's ideas altogether, and make 'em think the world's comin to an end. Though I can't say that such extravagance looks

Mrs. Dencon Lewis shook her head in solemn censure. "A good black silk would have been much more suitable and becomin' to a woman most forty years old, to say nothin' of the wear and the makin' over,

much like the millenium."

and for a minister's wife-" "You don't say that she's goin' to marry the minister!" exclaimed Mrs. "Why, I suppose so, of course. Who

can it be if it isn't the minister?" "I never saw any sign of their keepin' company. Parson Greeley is too speritual to marry a woman that crimps her front hair with hot slate pencils; and she pever put more than three eggs into those custards that she carried to the donation party. I should think more likely 'twas somebody that she picked up when she was down to Haverhill visitin', or John Parmenter, that used to keep company with her when they was young, and has kind o'

been doin' it, off and on, ever sence." "Oh, she wouldn't have John Parmenter, even if he had spunk enough to ask her, which he hain't. He is a good fellow, John is, but he'll never set the world afire, and he's been runnin' down hill terribly lately; has had to

mortgage his farm, they do sav." "Cordilly's money would come in just right, then; but, as you say, I don't suppose she would have him. It's likely that's what's made John turn out so poorly, her not havin' him. But I can't really believe it's the minister. There's

Sammy; let's ask him." Sammy Greeley, the minister's youngest hopeful, who was engaged in "shinning up" a neighboring telegraph pole with the ambitious design of attaching his kite to the wire, descended somewhat reluctantly to the earth and obeyed Mrs. Davis' beckoning finger. Sammy was a freekled-faced urchin with a turned-up nose, the expression of which was contradicted by a pair of preternaturally solemn and innocentlooking blue eyes. In spite of his eyes Sammy was generally regarded as a "limb," and he and his three brothers, Moses, Hosea and Joseph, caused the old proverb concerning ministers' sons to be often repeated with somnle head-

shakings by the townspeople.

"Sammy, is your father goin' to be married?" asked Mrs. Davis, with her hand affectionately placed on Sammy's

"The old gent? He couldn't remem-

and he asks a blessin' anywhere along between the meat and the puddin'. And Joe and me would fix her, anyhow." "Wouldn't you like to have him marry a nice, kind lady like Miss Cordilly Brewster? She would teach you

"Know how good enough now, and rid with a melancholy expression of countries to the street of the st

And off went Sammy, regardless of his kite, and burst, breathless, into his

"You ain't goin' to smarry Miss Brewster and ber old green parrot that swears, and have her always clearin' up and dustin' and losin' your papers, are

The minister turned from his sermon

ing recollection. "That must be the very thing I was trying to remember 1 Wait a moment. I must have set it down somewhere." And Parson Greeley drew from one of

the pigeon holes of his desk some loose dently been used as a diary. Several pages were devoted to memoranda;

" Mem. - To confute the infidel pednot conducive to health.

". Mem.-To endeavor to exercise

and brushing my raiment.

"'Mem.—To consider prayerfully whether the use of hair-dye is incompatible with the principles of the Christ-

tion, and I would that I could perceive in you as lively signs of the workings ment beyond your years."

gaged in inspecting and admiring her green silk dress, which had just been sent home from the dressmaker's. Miss Cordelia was a plump little woman, with a pinkish bloom still lingering upon her cheeks, and no trace of time's lage doctor, had died, leaving her a modest competence, the gossips had been on the lookout for signs of matrimonial intentions on her part. When she had passed thirty and was still Miss of the chapter. It was observed that even John Parmenter, who had somewhat indefinitely "hung round" her for years, "kind o' dropped off;" he no longer sat in the singing seats, where Miss Cordelia still serenely kept her place, despite the rivalry of younger choristers; so they were not so frequently thrown together, and he was seldom seen to walk home with her from the weekly prayer-meeting; his old sorrel mare was very rarely seen seen shyly to offer her a nosegay of by a minister." southernwood and cinnamon pinks,

Miss Cordelia had been very fond. as her name suggested, a blooming and her. I never felt so before any other peninsular; 3. From the Upper Nile to romantic young maiden, but an ancient woman; but then I never cared any the Red Sea; 4. Through the peninsu-

which grew to great perfection in his

garden, and of which, in her girlhood,