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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must

be paid in advance.

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OH, FOOLISH HEART:

Oh, foolish heart, why feel In pain a pleasure, And banish smiles to find In terrs a treasure ! Way seek the cruel thorns Beneath the reses;

Why harbor thoughts of night Before day closes ? The joys of life, at best,

Are far too fleeting, That thou should haste the hour Of grief's sad greeting. Sufficient to the day Is its surrow;

For the pleasures of to-day May pall to mo rrow.

-Jerome B. Bell.

THE HAIONTED ROOM.

It would be almost impossible to discover any one more entirely devoid of superstit on than myself. Nevertheless, when I was seventeen years old an event happe ned which caused me to believe mine a he anted life. I was staying in Paris at the house of my guardian, Sir Charles -, and dressing for my first ball-a ball at the English embassy. My dress, a triumph of l'arisian taste, had been fastened, and I stood before the glass while my maid arranged the flowers in ny hair. A splendid bouquet lay beside my gloves and fan upon the tollet table.

"Ah, now mademoiselle is beautiful!" exclaimed my maid Justine, in French, as she stepped back to survey her work ad-

I blushed with pleasure. It was the first compliment that had been paid me, and my glass told me it was true.

"I wonder who sent me these flowers?" I said, taking up the bouquet preparatory to leaving the room.

"Mademoiselle will doubtless discover her admirer among her partners te-night," was the girl's reply. At this moment there was a knock at

the door. A telegram was handed to "Mrs. Northcote is dangerously ill,

and wishes to see her stepdaughter before she dies."

Startled, dismayed, but beyond all measure vexed at receiving such an untimely message, I dropped the paper upon the floor. "Bring me a railway guide—quick!" I said to Justine. Mrs. Northcote was my stepmother, but we had never met. My father had

made a mesalliance out in India by taking a half-caste for his second wife, and when he died he left to his widow, for her life, the family estate of "Crowsnest," to which he had only just suc-I found by the railway guide that if I changed my dress with speed there was time to catch the last train that night from Paris. By noon next it at once.' day I should reach Dashshire, in which

county Crowsnest is situated. me my traveling dress. You must go much as it annoyed me. My belongings

with me to-night to England" "Mon dieu, mademoiselle! Would you

9 o'clock next morning there was another train. * * * Meditatively I raised the bouquet to my face. Who was it said: "The woman who hesitates is lost?" The sweet perfume of the flowers permie-Curiosity prevailed. I would wait till the morrow, go to the ball and solve the mystery. Sir Charles and Lady Cwere waiting for me when I descended the stairs. I did not say anything about the telegram; we entered the carriage and were driven to the embassy.

The ball was brilliant in the extreme, and I completely intoxicated with the adulation I received. "La jolie Angover before I even remembered the avowed object of my deferred departure for England—namely to discover before a half-sleepy manner as I become in for England-namely, to discover the all at once I became conscious of seeing sender of the flowers.

"Of what were you thinking so pro-foundly, Miss Northcote?" as ked a gentleman in a way that made me start. The speaker was Mr. Weston . He had been introduced to me a few days before at my guardian's house.

was thinking of the sender of this lovely bouquet, and wondering who he is. See, my name, 'Nina,' is spelt out in white violets," I answered, holding the flowers towards him. "I hope you were thinking kindly of

the donor "Indeed I was,"

"Thank you. Will you always so think of him-of me ?"

My surprise was too great to frame an immediate reply. Beside, his manner embarrassed me. It inferred no much more than the mere words. I danced with him more frequently than with any one else, and found a new and strange attraction in his presence. On returning from the ball I told my kind host and hostess of the telegram, and of my determination to start for England on the

Lady C- looked grave when she read the message. "You might have saved a few hours,

dear, -," she said. "Only a very few. And then I should

have missed the most delightful experience of all my life!" I answered, fervent-

"But it was a case of life and death, my child," she added, gently. And I

felt she had given me a reproof. My trunks were soon packed by Jus-Sir Charles C-, as my legal guardian, also insisted on going with me, and late on the following night we were driving peared, and I rose from my bed and at about by the juxtaposition of certain through the moonless darkness of country cart and worn in body with the weary heavenly bodies. Here was an instance, two perfectly formed tails.

roads to Crowsnest. A stately house

keeper met us in the hall. Miss Northcote, you came too late," she said, and there was more austerity than sadness in her tone. "My dear mistress died three hours ago. If you had left Paris last night you would have been in time. My lady had a communication she desired to make to you." "What was it?" I asked in much dis-

"That no one will ever know in this world," was the answer. And I felt from that moment as though Mrs. Stevens was my enemy.

Sir Charles C- remained at Crowsnest until after the funeral. Then, in vain, he urged me to return to Paris. was bent on remaining a few weeks longer in the quaint old-fashioned house, which now to all intents and purposes was mine. With the exception of one bedroom in it, a description of Crowsnest is not necessary to the development of my tale, but to describe that is imperative. This room had taken my fancy from the first. It was long and large and low; the walls panelled with cedar-wood. On the panels hung framed tapestry pictures, the work of past generations of Northcotes. The ceiling of cedar-wood, with curiously carved rafters, made the walls look even lower than they were. A time mellowed-square of Indian carpet covered the centre of the cedar floor on which stood the bed-of the same wood, and richly carvedraised on a dias. There were two windows; that nearest the bed, a bay with diamond panes, the hangings, similar to those of the bed, of old-fashioned rich brocade with faded pink satin linings. On the side of the bay window nearest the bed was fixed a modern gas-bracket, which struck me as a strange anomaly and the only incongruity amid the antique surroundings. It was in this chamber my stepmother died, but utterly devoid of all superstitious weakness I decided to occupy it myself. No sooner had my kind guardian left Crownsnest than I told Mrs. Stevens of my intention, whereon she looked troubled, urging various reasons why I should not do so, none of which appeared to me of any weight. At last she said: "It was Mrs. Northcote's wish that that room should not be used. She died in it."

"And do you suppose I am so foolish as to be afraid to sleep there on that account?" I asked.

"It is not my province to suppose anything, Miss Northcote. My late mis-tress entertained the fancy, and if you had seen her before she died it is my belief she would have given you her reasons herself. As it is-"

"As it is, Mrs. Stevens," I answered, seeing that she paused irresolutely, "I am now mistress here, and have set my heart on that particular bedroom. # Have it prepared, please, for I wish to occupy

"As you will," she said, indifferently. But as she turned away I caught a pecul-"Justine," I cried, excitedly, "bring far look on her face, which perplexed as were promptly removed into the coveted with the old house; above all with the room, my maid, Justine, occupying a cedar chamber, which I found-without take off that ravishing dress that suits small dressing-room adjoining, but to you to such marvel? Would you give up which there was no through communication. The first night of my taking pos-Once more I looked at my reflection in the glass. Once more I took up the rail-way time-table to study its contents. At find the scent of the cedar-wood slightly overpowering. About midnight I rose; threading my way across the floor with difficulty, for the room was almost in total darkness, I opened the nearest win-

The next night, before Justine ated my senses. Who had sent them? left me, I desired her not to turn the gas quite out. Three nights later I again woke with a sense of languor and oppression. I did not want to be at the trouble of rising to open the window, but I looked up sleepily. The gas beside the window gave out a dim light; beyond it a faint moonbeam slanting across the room in which lay the shadow of a the moonlight, appeared—the face! pear-tree that grew outside close to the house. I could trace the shadows of the something else beside the gaslight and the moonlight, something that seemed to be between the two. It was faint and indistinct, certainly, but none the less it bore resemblance to a female form. The head appeared resting on the hand, the hair with a ruddy gleam on it floated backward on the shoulders. The rest of see most distinctly a beautiful woman, the figure was lost in darkness. I was her head turned this way, supported by sufficiently awake to know it was no her hand. Her hair, a bright auburnfreak of fancy, and yet the figure was altogether so faintly defined and vague in handsome face, but sorrowfuldetail that before long I fell asleep and next morning remembered it as a dream

> The succeeding night, however, I again awoke and on opening my eyes beheld So the self-same figure. But this time it lently. was more clearly visible, especially the face, which, turned toward me, I saw to dispersed!" he continued, laughing, as be that of a very beautiful woman. Moreover, to my unspeakable horror and dismay, I discovered in it a resemblance to my stepmother, whom I had seen once, and once only, as she lay dead within her coffin. The sight was the more distressing to me inasmuch as the face were an expression of mournful sadness combined with one of reproach. Had the spirit of my father's wife returned to first visit here?" he inquired, turning to earth to upbraid me for not obeying the | me suddenly as though a new light broke summons to her dying bed !

A strange commingled feeling of awe and incredulity possessed me. Of awe, inspired by the apparent presence of a being from another world; of incredulity, that such a visitation could be possible. In vain I closed my eyes, pressing my hands upon them to wipe out, as it were, the eight. Whenever I opened tine, who accompanied me to England. them I saw the beautiful, repreachful ince, and it was not until the early summer morning dawned that it entirely dis-

| vigils of the night. Twice more the unique in its way, in which a heavenly visitation came; after that for two or three weeks the visits ceased; then once more were resumed. Before I had been two months at Crowsnest all my vaunted courage fled; my entire nature underwent a change. Though I spoke of what I had seen to no one, I was, nevertheless, sensitively conscious that Mrs. Stevens remarked something amiss with me. was even morbibly fearful that she had suspicion of the cause. I was convinced of this one morning when she said-not

"Justine tells me you have not been sleeping well, Miss Northcote. Indeed, I am concerned to see how ill you look,

plied, evasively. "Comfortable," and with that haunting presence? Heaven forgive me for the

There I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Weston. It was impossible to be blind to his feelings, his intentions. Every word and look told me that he loved me, and the day came when he an hour after midnight. Saint Francis, asked me to be his wife. To his evident of Sales, used to say that "Early rising surprise, and to my own inexpressible sorrow, I refused to marry him. Could I join my life-a haunted life-to that of join my life—a haunted life—to that of the man I loved with all my soul? True, children, and among the victims of over-I had had no visitation from this beautiful, reproachful face since I left Crowsnest; but might it not return at any time, at any hour? Oh, why had my father's wife cast this blight upon my life? Why did she haunt me? Was it such a heinous crime not to have gone in time to see her

Suddenly I became possessed with a strange longing to revisit Crowsnest, to life. With the persistent waywardness of a spoilt child I insisted on going to but Justine should accompany me. ended.

few months of married happiness effectually dispersed the cloud that had

My mind-warped, weakened, as it cies-gained tone and vigor daily by associating with my husband's, which was eorge was much pleased any orders to that effect—had been prestated, that I had outlived my fears.

fourney and on retiring to rest we soon fell fast asleep. Toward morning I awoke.

A stream of moonlight flooded the chamber. As of old, the shadow of the pear tree lay along the floor, flickering in the night wind. I watched it for awhile, then-this shadow being closely associated in my mind with something else-I looked toward the bay window, and could scarcely suppress a cry. There, in the old place, between the gaslight and

"Hush! Look there." Raising himself upon his elbow he

obeyed.

"Stay! what are you about to do?" I asked, as, rising, he made a quick movement forward.

So saying he shook the curtain vio-

"May all ghostly visttants be as easily torted, then, in a moment, vanished.

ground in the old folds and creases, as it glass threads, crossed by a silk chain;

'And is this what scared you on your on him.

my stepmother. I imagined the likeness of course." Then between laughter and tears I made full confession of all my superstitious folly.

that the communication her mistress had desired to make to me was to that effect. is a prominent ingredient. We read of strange results brought

body-the moon-aided by such commonplace earthly materials as a modern gas jet and an old, faded silk curtain, produced as perfect a specimen of a beau-

by any means unkindly:

Do you not find the cedar chamber com-

"Perfectly comfortable, delightfull I would not change it for the world," I re-

subterfuge! As to Justine, she was continually urging me to quit, what she termed, "ce vilain pays," attributing my depression to the climate, to the dull life I led, to anything rather than to the true cause. But at length her persistency, added to be seeching letters from my guardian, prevailed, and I returned to

see again the weird apparition that had exercised so subtle an influence on my Crowsnest, I insisted also that no one indulgent guardian yielded to my wishes, and I went. But not once during my month's visit did I see the haunting face. I believed then that my persecution was

On my return to Paris Mr. Weston re-newed his offer and I accepted him. A

overshadowed me.

"George," I whispered, trembling, wake! I feel so frightened." "What is it, Nina? Have you seen a ghost!" he inquired, lightly.

'Why, there is a woman in the room!" he exclaimed, in the greatest consternation. Then, after pausing a few moments, he continued slowly and deliberately, as though reading by a bad light "No! it is only an illufrom a book. sion-but what an illusion! I seem to hangs loose about her shoulders. It is a

"To dispel the illusion, darling."

the figure quivered, swayed, became dis-"I will reproduce it and you shall

was before. There, sure enough, she was and the fringe of glass fiber is about two

"Yes. I thought it was the spirit of

Next morning we closely interrogated Mrs. Stevens. She expressed her belief that the cedar chamber was haunted, and

tiful female ghost as ever visited out world, -Finley's Magazine,

Sleep. Sleep is to the brain what rest is to the muscles. Sleep is a craving more importunate than hunger. Among some of the ancients, deprivation of sleep was used train, as a punishment. This cruelty was inflieted by the Romans upon Perseus, and the Cathaginians deprived Regulus of his for ball and fancy dresses. eye-lids in order to make him so far

There are three kinds of sleep. First, natural; second. pathological; third, ar-

tificial. The length of time that should be devoted to natural sleep, it is not easy to determine. A maxim of the school of Salerno runs thus:

"Rise at six, and eat at ten; Eat at six, and bed at ten; Ten times ten years You may live then."

A child spends more than half its life in sleep. An adult should spend one-third of his. The aged sleep but little, though in extreme old age the habit of

infancy often returns. Girls and women require more, but generally get less than men. An hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than

preserves health and holiness," Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is common, work and anxiety. Students in college often complain of sleeplessness. It is a perilous thing to resort to drugs. The only real cure is found in physical labor. Fatigue from exercise in the open air is almost invariably followed by sound sleep. - Dio Lewis's Monthly.

Tonsorial Talk. The New York Tribune's "Broadway Lounger" says: I was at the Astor house having my head swathed, and I saw a curious instrument before the baroer, which looked to me like something between a watchman's rattle and a currycomb. Said I, in the spirit of the Frenchman standing before an English wash-basin: "What machine is that?" 'That is to cut all the hair off the head; it is a kind of lawn-mower. You just pass it around the head and all the hair comes off, in no time. It is a comb with scissors working through it. "Do you dye any more now?" "Not much. When I began this business twenty years ago I had to dye at least three men every day, and I give you my word that I haven't had been by giving way to morbid fan- dyed a man now for two years." "It cost about \$2 to dye one full, did it not?" sociating with my husband's, which was eminently matter of fact and practical. It was, therefore, without the slightest foreboding of evil that we set off for Dashshire to spend the summer months at Crowsnest. George was much pleased A fellow could go over there with red hair and beard, enlist and get his \$2,000 or \$3,000 bounty, and come right over to our shop and have himself dyed black, pared for us. It was late at night when hair and beard and eyebrows, too; we we arrived and there was not time to would charge him \$25 for it, because we altar the arrangement; beside, there knew that he couldn't kick. Thus dyed. seemed no need, for I believed, as I have he would go right back to the rendezvous and again enlist under another name, Both George and I were tired by our draw his bounty and come over, and this time we would cut all his hair and beard off and make number three of him, and I have known them to go back after that and enlist the third time. Oh, they were good days for barbors," exclaimed my friend, "but bad for taxpayers,"

> A Presidential Cabinet Album. The bureau of printing and engraving at Washington has completed its addition to the cabinet album for the present administration. It is probably not generally known that such an album exists. It is a custom for the bureau to prepare fine steel engravings of each President and his cabinet. These engravings are in the highest style of the art, and when bound in corresponding style make a handsome and unique volume. book thus made contains the portraits of each President and his cabinet from Washington down, also views of the White House, capitol, etc. Only a sufficient number of copies are made to present the President and members of his cabinet with one each, and retain one copy at the bureau of printing and engraving. The volume is a very interesting one, and, of course, quite rare, for although there have been twenty-one Presidents and 212 cabinet officers since the beginning of Presidents and cabinets in 1789, the number is very small in a nation of 50,000,000, and the habit of printing these books only dates back half that time.

Glass Napkins,

Napkins are now being made out of spun glass, at the price of one hundred dollars per dozen. They are of a delicate pearl color, about the size of an ordinary breakfast napkin, and almost as pliable He loosed the curtain and it fell to the as silk. The filling consists of minute inches long.

Artificial Oysters.

Artificial oysters are the latest things in deceptions, and numbers of "manufactured bivalves" are said to be passed off on the Paris public. Hitherto, al-though the oyster itself could be well imitated, it had been found impossible to make the substance adhere to the shell like nature, but an ingenious personage has invented a glue which overcomes all such difficulty. The exact composition of the imitation is not stated, but copper

Scools, Miss., boasts of an ox with at one shot near Yazoo City, Miss., re

FASHION NOTES.

The Medicis collar is very popular this Lace pins come in a variety of beauti-

ful designs. Pale pink and blue repped velvets are used for dinner dresses.

The newest handkerchiefs have the merest shadow of a hem. Some of the latest bridal dresses have

a broad band of white for bordering the Gauzy stuffs, tulies, crepes, and silks, and Indian muslin, are in great demand

Some curious fans are made entirely of owls' feathers, and have an owls' head

with ruby eyes on the frame work. The flowers most in favor for ball dresses are lilies-of-the-valley, forget-me-nots, hedge roses, Alpine, heather sprays,

and red or blue salvias. Birds and butterflies of the most tropical appearance are placed flat on the corsages and drapery of many gauzy and tinsel-embroidered dresses.

Rands of black velvet are worn around the throat and wrists at afternoon "at

homes." They are always ornamented with diamond or pearl pins. Elbow sleeves have the upper part of | But I'm praising for this: I am going to sea! the cloth cut away, showing the arm to

the elbow, save where it is covered by the bands that fasten the sleeves across it. The straight, high dog-collar is affected by women with long, slender throats. It is generally made of dark velvet, stiff,

with gold, silver, steel or pearl embroid-The colors for brunettes are lovely this winter, and some of them are equally appropriate for blondes, says the Philadelphia Times. They are dark, nasturtium red, old copper color, seal and nut brown, dark claret and maroon, in the rich hues, and for evening delicate tinte, ivory white, flesh pink and glycerine, a faint, pinkish mauve shade, with a new plum, a kind of greenish blue or purple and a red tinged gold color.

New York Fashions in Hosiery. Black stockings still prevail for general ise, but there is an effort to revive the fashion of having the hosiery match the dress. Solid colors, with embroidery in open designs, and in thick work, are chosen, says a fashion authority, for handsome silk stockings, fine Balbriggans, and for those of lisle thread; the embroidery begins at a point on each side and widens until it almost meets the instep, and this needle work, as well as the plainest clocks must be of the color of the stocking, not in contrast to it. For the street, black gray, navy blue, emerald green and dark cardinal—not scarlet—are the colors most used. To match suits there are golden brown stockings with tan-color, seal, brown, Judic, mouse and blue-gray. For evening toilets are flesh tints, salmon and pale coral; pearl white stockings are worn only by brides. Ribbed silk stockings cling to the leg, and are warm enough for out-of-door use in winter: raw silk stockings are also for street ase, and with fleece linings are comfortable in the coldest weather. Ribbed Bal-briggan hose, made of the finest sea-island cotton, are shown in all the dark colors, with white soles that have fresh and cleanly appearance; these are especially liked in black, navy blue, seal brown and cardinal.

Adulteration in Butter.

When oleomargarine was first brought into public notice there was a good deal of opposition to its introduction, as affording the ready means of deceiving buyers, no matter how much better it might be than poor butter, how entirely harnless, and how thoroughly cleanly were the methods of its manufacture. Laws were therefore passed in several of the States prohibiting its manufacture and sale, only as all the packages should be distinctly branded with the name "oleomargarine. The farmers and dairymen were most anxious for this legislation. But since these laws were passed there has sprung up a large business in what is called 'butterine," which usually consists of a little good creamery Butter and an admixture of oleomargarine oil and neutral lard. The latter is simply lard with all taste removed, which increases its cost only about a cent a pound; but the butterine thus made is hardly distinguishable by the best judges from a fine creamery butter, under which designation a great deal of it is now coming to market. The winter is the best season for palming off this adulteration, as it does not keep as hard as genuine butter in the warm weather .-Scientific American.

For Sweetheart and Swain.

Love knows hidden paths. Love makes labor light. Love makes time pass away, and I ne makes love pass away.

Love me little, love me long Love one that does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you will run a fruitless race. Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost. Loves rules his kingdom without a

sword: Love subdues everything except a felon's heart. Love, knavery and necessity make men

good orators. Love, thieves and fear make ghosts. Love your friend with his faults, Love your neighbor, but don't pull wn his fence.

Lovers' quarrels are love and redoubled. Lovers think others have no eyes. Cornelius Nolan killed eighteen ducka

cently - a a

Lovers' purses are tied with cobwebs.

SONGS OF PRAISES.

In a dried old mow, that was once, alast A living glory of waving grass, A cricket made merry one winter's day, And answered me this, in a wondrous way, When I cried, half sharply. "Thou poor old

How canst thou sit in the dark and sing, While for all thy pleasure of youth thou starvest?"

"I'm the voice of praise that came in with the harvest!"

I went away to the silent wood, And down in the deep brown solitude. Where nothing blossomed, and nothing

stirred. Up rose the note of a little bird. "Why carrollest thou in the death of the

Where nobody traveleth by to hear?" -"I sing to God, though there be no comer, Praise for the past, and the promise of sum-

I stopped by the brook that, overglassed With icy sheathing, seemed prisoned fast; Yet there whispered up a continual song, From the life underneath that urged along "Oh, blind little brook, that canst not know Whither thou runnest, why chantest so?" "I don't know what I may find or be,

-Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, in Wide Awake.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Wilkie Collins' new story is called "I Say No." Somebody must have been trying to borrow a five-pound note of

Wilkie. - Courier Journal. The name of a New York society belle is Winona Wheat, and the Elevated Railway Journal thinks it is "no wonder she became the flower of the family."

"Your father is entirely bald now, isn't he?" said an Austin man to the son of a millionaire, "Yes," replied the youth, sadly, "I'm the only heir he has left."—Texas Siftings.

The power of love can transport a five-pound box of caramels twenty-five blocks before marriage, but after that it breaks down under as little as a gum drop. - Merchant-Traveler. Doctor-"There, get that prescription

filled and take a tablespoonful three times a day before meals." Pauper patient—"But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days."—Texas Siftings. Probably the meanest thing that a man ever said was uttered by Fogg today. Being asked his idea of the best remedy for polygamy, he promptly replied: "Mrs. Fogg."—Boston Tran-

script.

Physicians tells us that it is unhealthy to sit with your heels higher than your head. People who have formed the habit of sitting down on the icy pavement in this position should profit by the information .- Statesman.

"Why don't you get up as early as you used to a few days ago?" angrily asked a wife of her lazy husband. "Because, my dear, it's sleep year," grinned, as he turned over for another snooze. - New York Journal.

An agricultural paper says: keep flies from horses brush them lightly with a brush that has been lately used in petroleum." Bosh! You brush a fly with a shingle, or anything that comes handy, he'll go away. - Boston Post.

A writer says that a Burmese girl who wishes to kiss, "presses her nose up against a face and sniffs," Now, when ou go to Burmah, and a girl rushes up in the street and presses her nose up against your face and ands, you will know how to act. But for this timely information you would, no doubt, have shouted "Police!" "Murder!" etc .-Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Junebug invited several of her friends to come to her house on a certain day, as she was going to celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday. At the dinner table Mrs. J. said: "This day is also the anniversary of sorrow to me-my father's "Indeed! And how long has death." your father been dead?" asked one of "Twenty-eight years rethe guests. plied Mrs. Junebug. - Texas Siftings.

GIVEN A WEIGH. 'Jump on the scales," the butcher said Unto a miss one day,
"I'm used to weighing, and," said he,
"I'll tell you what you weigh."

"Ah, yes," came quick the sweet reply From lips seemed made to kiss: "I'm sure, sir, that it would not be First time you've weighed amiss."

The butcher blushed; he hung his head And know not what to say ; He merely wished to weigh the girl— Hingelf was given away.

-Boston Transcript.

Neither Written Nor Printed.

Perhaps the most singular curiosity in this book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled, "The Passion of Christ," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a lief, and being interleaved with the blue paper, it is as easily read as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed in its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable and the the volume is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II., of Germany, offered for it, in 1640, 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England, but when it was in that country. and by whom owned has never been

ascertained. Earrings were worn by Jacob's family,

1732, B. C.