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Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 45.

"REMEMBER."

Remember, when the timid Dawn unclo Her magic palace to the sun's bright Remember, when the pensive night reposes Beneath hersilvery veil in tender dreams, When pleasures call thee, when thy heart

is light, When to sweet fancies shade invites at night,
List, through the deep woods ring,
Sweet voices, murmuring
Remember!

Remember, when Fate's cruel hand has For aye the tie that bound my life with When, with long years and exile, grief un-Despairing heart and blasted hopes are

Think of my love, think of my last adieu, Absence and time are naught when love is

Long as my heart shall beat, Ever it shall repeat, Remember! Remember, when beneath the cold ground lying, My broken heart forever is at rest,

trying Its petals soft to open on my breast, Thou wilt not see me; but my

free, Faithful in death shall still return to the Then hark to the sad means Of a deep voice that greans, Remember!

A CHANCE WORD

Myra Sidney was sitting in the window of her little parlor waiting the slow rising of a storm over the opposite sky. Even city streets have their opportunities. This street in which Miss Sydney dwelt was in the outskirts of a suburb, where building lots were still generously measured. It ran along the ridge of a slope, and Miss Sydney's house had the further advantage of standing opposite a group of vacant lots, beyond which, above the roofs and chimneys on the lower streets, a line of blue hills was visible, topped with woods and dappled with cloud shadows.

Many an autumn sunset had she watched from her front windows; many a soft spring rain and whirling snow storm. To some natures there are both companionship and compensation in the changeful aspects of nature. Myra was one of these. She would not have exchanged her little house with its wide view for any other, however magnificent, whose boundaries were walls alone; and sky, and sun, and hill, made for the leisure moments of her busy life a perpetual and unvarying

The room in which Miss Sydney sat expressed its owner, as rooms will, whether meant to do so or not. In no respect of size or shape did it differ trom No. 11 on one side, or No. 13 on the other, yet its aspect was anything rather than common-place. The prevailing tint on the wall and floor was a Asher's had a room together out in from No. 11 on one side, or No. 13 on vailing tint on the wall and floor was a Farewell street. They had pretty good much prettier was the little maiden that for brighter colored things; for the old Indian shawl, which did duty as a portiere; for a couple of deep-hued eastern rugs; for pictures of various kinds and values, and a sprinkling of bric-a-brac, odd rather than valuable, but so chosen as to be in thorough harmony with its

surroundings. Everything had a use. No pitfalls yawned for unwary guests in the shape of minute tables, Queen Anne or otherwise, laden with trumpery biscuit or Sevres, and ready to upset with a touch. A couple of short old-fashioned sofas flanked the fireplace on either side, two or three easy-chairs and a firm-set, low table, laden with books and periodicals, completed a sort of circle where ten or a dozen persons could group themselves around the blaze. Miss Sydney herself, slight, vivid, and very simply dressed but without an ungraceful point or fold

was in accordance with her room.

The clock struck seven. The black cloud had crept to the zenith, and now a strong gust of wind swept from beneath it, bringing on its wings the first drop of rain. Miss Sydney rose and shut the window. At that moment the door-bell rang. "It's two girls with a parcel, Miss

Myra," said Esther the parlor-maid, "They'd like to speak with you, they

Miss Sydney went out into her little entry. The girls about the same age, were of the unmistakable shop-girl type "You are from Snow & Asher's, I think?" she said in her courteous voice. "Yes'm. Mr. Snow said he wasn't sure which of the underwaists it was that you took, so he sent both kinds, and you will try 'em on, please?" "Certainly. Are you to wait for them?"

Miss Sydney made what haste she could, but before she returned the rain was falling in torrents. "You must wait till it slackens," she said. "You'll be very wet if you don't. Have you

"She has," replied one of the girls, with an embarrased giggle. "I'm pretty near by, and the horse-cars run just in front of the door. But Cary has to walk quite a long way, and her shoes are thin, too. She'd better wait, I

guess, but I must go, anyway." Miss Sydney glanced at the shoes— cheap, paper-soled boots. with a dusty and she, too, concluded that by all means "Cary" must wait.
"Come in here," she said, leading the

way into the parlor. Esther had now lighted the lamp. A little fire sparkled on the hearth. Myra drew an easy chair close to it. "Sit down and have a thorough warming," she said. "It is a chilly evening."

The girl thrust the velvet-bowed shoes, which gaped for lack of buttons,

prevailing fashion. A ruffle of soiled ace surrounded the girl's neck, beneath which, over a not over-clean muslin tie, hung a smart locket of yellow metal-very yellow. Bangles clinked puffed and ruffled skirt a shabby petticoat of gray cotton peeped out. Though the weather was chilly the girl wore no

wrap. Miss Sydney noted these details in half the time it has taken to describe them, and stirred with a pity that was half indignation, she said: "My child, how could you think of say?" coming out on such a day as this without a shawl?"

"I haven't any shawl." "Well, a jacket, then."

matches this dress," glancing compla-cently down at the beruffled skirt.

as you are at the moment, for a lady nobody!—but"—disregarding the deep that didn't match your dress than catch cold, wouldn't you?"

know it. I never attempted to have a different wrap for each dress I wear. cannot afford it either."

"Cary stared." "How queer!" she began, then changed it to. and us are quite different, ma'am." "There was something wistful in the face which touched Myra Sydney. "It will be time wasted, I dare say," she said to herself, 'still, I should like, just

for once, to argue out the dress-question with a girl like this. She is one

cannot go yet, and you will be less like-ly to take cold when you do go, if you start well warmed. Besides, I was nt to I shan't forget it, and I guess you're little talk over the question of dress, which is interesting to all us women.' She smiled brightly at her guest, who,

as if dazzled, watched the entrance of the tray with its bubbling kettle, its crisp, dainty cakes; watched Myra neasure the tea, warm the pot of gay apanese ware, and when the brew was ready, fill the thin-lipped cups and drop

in sugar and cream.
"How nice!" she said, with a sigh of satisfaction. Her heart opened un-der the new, unwonted kindness and comfort, and Miss Sydney had little difficulty in learning what she wished to She had lived "at home" till times when they were not too full of much prettier was the little maiden that work, but in the busy season they stayed so late at the store that they blush and smile pointed her out.

She waited on her customer with as didn't want anything when they got home, except to go straight to bed. Siduity ruffles ruffles got seven dollars a week, and ges. I when there was extra work to do.

"Can you lay up anything out of that?" asked Miss Sydney.

friends to save for." "Now," said Miss Sydney, having thus felt her way, "to go back to the jacket question. As I told you, I can't at all afford to have one for every dress,"

Cary, but circumstances took her off to Florida soon afterward, and it was late in April when she returned. "Can't you, ma'm; and what do you

"I buy one jacket which will do with verything I wear." "But that isn't a suit," said Cary

doubtfully.
"No; but is it absolutely necessary away. There she is now." that everything should be a suit?" "The girls at our store think so much of suits," she said in a puzzled tone of self-defence.

"I know some people have a fancy for them, and they are very pretty sometimes. But don't you see that they must cost a great deal of money, and that working people, you and my-self for instance, ought to manage more carefully?"

Do you work, ma'am?" "To be sure I do. You look surprised. Ah, you think that because I have a little home of my own, and live in a pretty room, I must be a fine lady with nothing to do. That's a mistake of yours. I work nearly as many hours a day as you do, and earn the greater part of my own income, and I have to consult economy to keep my home and make it pleasant, and among the things which I can't afford to have, are "suits," "I wish you'd tell me how you do.

"I will, though I'm not in the habit of talking quite so freely about my affairs, but I'll tell you, because it may give you an idea of how to manage better for yourself. In the first place I keep two or three colors. I have a black gown or two, and an olive-brown, and this yellowish-green that you see, yellow. Now with any one of these the same bonnet will do The one I am wearing now is black, with a little velvet bow sewed on the toe of each, and she, too, concluded that by all means "Cary" must wait. rasol and gloves, which are yellow also.

Don't you see that there is an economy in this, and that if I had a purple dress, and a blue one and a brown, 1 should want a different bonnet for each, and different gloves and different parasols?"

"Why, yes, it does seem so," said Cary, drawing a long breath. "I'd like to do something different myself, but I don't suppose 1'd know how-"Would you mind if I told you what I think?" asked Myra, gently.

"No'm, I'd thank you."
"It seems to me that the chief trouble

"Does he ever come to the city?" "No, not once since I was here, but he speaks some of coming down along

toward spring, and that's one reason I like to look as stylish as I can, so's not round the slender wrists. Beneath the to be different from the rest when Mark comes. "I think in his place I should prefer

you to be different," said Miss Sydney, decidedly. "Now, Cary, don't be of-fended, but what you girls aim at is to look like the ladies who come to the shop, isn't it?-'stylish'-as you would "Yes; I suppose it is," admitted

Cary. "Well, then, I must tell you the plain truth; you utterly fail in your attempt. "I haven't any jacket, either, that No one would mistake a girl, dressed "But you would rather wear a jacket flush on her companion's cheek-"if I went into a shop, and saw there a young lady as pretty and as delicately made as "Yes," admitted the girl, in rather you are, Cary, with hair as smooth as an unwilling tone. "But the only one latin, and a simple gown that fitted exl've got is purple, and it looks horrid actly, and a collar and cuffs as white as with this blue." Noting dissent in her snow, and perhaps a black silk apron Noting dissent in her snow, and perhaps a black silk apron companion's face, she added: "We poor or a white one, and with neat shoes and girls can't have a wrap for every dress, like rich ladies do." we poor white stockings--if I saw a girl dressed like rich ladies do." "No," said Miss Sydney, gently, "I that any girl cannot have, but every thing fresh and neat and pretty, I should say to myself, There is a shop girl with the true instincts of a lady. And Cary—don't think me impertinent "But you like that among the crowd of untidy, over-dressed ones at Snow & Asher's, think the contrast would strike him as

it would me-agreeably! Miss Sydney paused, half fright ened at her own darling. Cary looked steadily into the fire without speaking. The of a great class, and, poor things, they are so dreadfully foolish and ignorant. She made no immediate reply to her companion, but rose and rang the bell. Cary followed her to the window. Her companion, but rose and rang the bell.
"I am going to give you a cup of tea,"
she said. "Hark! how it rains. You a frank and grateful look in her eyes as she said:

"I must be going now, ma'am You've been ever so good to let me stay. about right.

"I wonder if I said the right thing, or have done the least good?" queried Miss Sydney, as she watched her guest depart.

It was some weeks before she had oc casion again to visit Snow & Asher's, and she had half forgotten the little in cident, when one day entering the shop in quest of something her attention wa attracted by a face which beamed with sudden smiles at the sight of her. It was indeed Cary, but such a different Cary from the draggled vision of the wet evening. She still wore the blue know. Cary Thomas was the girl's off, and the front was hidden by a black dress, but the flounces had been ripped two years ago. Did she like the city? Silk apron. The tangle of nair was Yes, she liked it well enough, but it collar with a knot of blue ribbon was

She waited on her customer with a siduity, and under cover of a box of ruffles they exchanged confiden-ces. Did Miss Sydney think she looked better? She was so glad. The girls had laughed at her at first, but not so much hat?" asked Miss Sydney.
"No, ma'm, not a cent; at least, I now, and her room-mate, Eilen Morris, had got herself an apron like her's. don't. There are some girls in the Miss Sydney left the shop with a pleased store that do, but they've got sick amusement at her heart. She meant to go often, to keep a little hold on Cary, but circumstances took her off to

"That girl from Snow & Asher's was here to see you about a week ago ma'am," said Esther, the evening after her arrival. "I told her you was ex-pected Tuesday, and she said she would come to-day, for she wanted to speak

Cary indeed it was, with a steady manly looking young fellow by her side "It is Mark, Miss Sydney," she said by way of introduction. Later, when Mark had walked over to the window to see the view, she explained further in a rapid undertone; He came down about two months ago, while you was away, ma'am. I came out to tell you, but you was gone, and-day after to morrow I'm-going back with him to Gilmanton. I told him he must bring me out to-night, for I couldn't leave here without saying good bye to you.

"You are going to be married?" "Yes"—with a happy look—"to-morrow morning. And oh, Miss Syd-ney, what do you think Mark says? He says if he'd found me looking like the rest of the girls at the store, with false hair and jewelry and all that, he'd never in the world have asked me at all. And I did look Just like that, you know. It was what you said that rainy night that made me change, and except for that nothing would have happened that has, and I shouldn't be the girl I am-"Bread on the waters" thought Myra, as a little later she watched the

lovers walk down the street.

He had just got his oyster shop opene to the public, the other day, when in

"Got any raws?" "Yes, sir' we have some of the largest oyster ever saw."

The price was asked and given, and

as it seemed to be perfectly satisfactory, the man ordered a dozen and added: "I've got a slight contraction of the nuscles of the throat, and sometimes choke. If anything happens to me, run me to the door where I can get the air and then rush for a drink of water." The caterer promised to observe the caution, but it was only when the twelfth and last oyster was taken in between two rows of teeth which stood out like

A Detective's Discovery.

"Where did these burs come from?" and Mrs, Popperman pulled three real old-fashioned burs from her husband's coat as he lay on the lounge the other Now, it would have been very easy

for Mr. Popperman to have told where the burs came from, but he thought it would be a good joke to mystify his wife, so he pretended to be surprised.

"Have you been in the country to-

"Well, it's very singular how a business man can get burs on his clothes in New York." "Well, I'll tell you. The health offi-

ers have planted burdock bushes on Broadway to purify the air and prevent gers. Sometimes I brush up against these bushes."

The next morning two more burs

were picked from his pants. "Now, I want to know what neans. I went to New York yesterday on purpose, to see if there was bushes on Broadway. There wasn't one. Now, I want an explanation."
"Well, I'll tell you, my dear. These

are burs. They are the fruit of a remarkable tropical plant which is now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. This plant is twenty feet high. Occasionally I go into the hotel, and, while standing under the leaves of this plant, the fruit, which resembles burs, lrops on my clothes,"

What is the name of this singular "The botanical name is Lumty tun olius."

After Mr. Popperman had departed the next day his wife sought a detec-"My husband comes home every night with burs on his clothes. Now I want you to follow him and find out where

The detective undertook to solve the mystery. No burs on Mr. Popperman's lothes that night-nor the next. The complement. The next day the detective called upon Mrs. Popperman. "I've discovered ali!"

some woman, or does he spend his after ons at Central Park?' "I followed your husband two days

He attended strictly to his business. o'clock, and"-"Went in the country?" "No ma'am. He came to Brooklyn

ust purchased on Schermerhorn street. While superintending the erection of a massa.' Beauty of feature was very rare. fence around the lot he often came in and still rarer was that animation, that contact with the burdock bushes, and there is where he gets the burs." there is where he gets the burs,"

lot on Schermerhorn Street, and that you are innocent." "Ha! Ha! So you put a detective on

my track, did you?' "Good joke;" and Mr. Popperman aid back in his chair and fairly roared with laughter.

"Yes, dear, and here's the detective" bill, which you have got to pay." "To shadowing Mr. Popperman fo three days, at \$9 per day, \$27. The laughter subsided, and for hour it was so quiet that you could

have heard a bur drop. An Alleged Miracle An account from Lafayette, Indiana, says that Agnes Walter, a young lady residing in that city, was recently unable to move and was blind; now she but the State should surround him with and a half. Nor dues the present proable to move and was blind; now she walks and can see. Eight years ago she was seized with cerebro-spinal meningitis, which left her lower limbs paralyzed. She had gone to Oldensburg, Ind., to enter a convent, and was taken ill the second day after she arrived. In a few weeks she was taken home, and for eight years she has been been seed on a different principle from that now in force. He attacks the jail system of this country and advocates in its hour before the funeral, but in embalming, the friends may, if they wish, fully clothe it immediately after death line of the cloth and save him to the State and his family if possible." Bovee believes in reform the ice box as is commonly done, it is be conducted on a different principle from that now in force. He attacks the jail system of this country and advocates in its hour before the funeral, but in embalming, the friends may, if they wish, fully clothe it immediately after death home, and for eight years she has been a constant sufferer. The best physi-torced idleness is pernicious in its effects and before calling in the embalmer. a constant sufferer. The best physicians of the city have treated her and and that men waiting trial had better, That this is so, is evident from the fact She was in convulsions most of the ment as a barbarous law and argues that time, and these would continue as long the States of Maine, Rhode island, Wisas two and three weeks. Dr. Yount states that she presented a most terrible appearance. For weeks at a time she had no nourishment whatever. Recently a young lady friend, Miss Kins-man, returned from Europe and brought any other individual in the Uniter States, body thus simply and quickly prepared Walter has been applying and drinking. impress upon the penal codes of nearly A nine days' season of prayer was begun by herself and other members of liver public addresses in eight Southern paration which will resist all agencies the church. This terminated when she was removed in an unconscious condition to the church. She at length was paying took and took accounts to the church. She at length was boys in the South. revived, took communion, and instanty she could see and walk unaided. She believes that prayer did it. Dr. Yount and others pronounce it a most marvel-lous case. When the doctor and re-

tribute it to the power of prayer.

Ladies of Sevitle at a Bull-Fight. "The ladies of Spain, except in son have laid aside the national costume, and dress according to the dictates of Paris, oreferring even the French fans to their we decorated with the incidents of the bull-fight and the serenade. In Seville, says a writer, the black lace mantilla stil! worn at church, and to some extent on the street; but the hat is the cover of the new fashion, more's the pity, and the high combs have gone altogether. I do not know why a woman even a plain woman, should be so utterly fasc sating in a mantilla, thrown over a high comb and falling gracefully over the shoulders, stepping daintily in highmoving her large fan with just that nonchalant air so accurately calculated to wound but not to kill. In the whole the horses from having the blind stag- assembly I saw only one or two national costumes; the mantilla and the high comb, with the short petticoat, "Oh!" Mrs. Popperman eyed her brilliant in color. Nothing could be susband suspiciously, but said nothing more becoming, and it makes one doubt whether woman's strongest desire is to please, and whether it is not rather to follow the fashion, when we see a whole nation abandon such a charming attire.

"But the white mantilla is de riqueu for a bull fight, and every lady wore one. It was a little odd to see ladies in the open tight of a brilliant, cloudless day, and i the gaze of the public, in full (as it is called) costume of the bill-room, but the creamy-white mantillas softened somewhat he too brilliant display, and threw over the whote the harmony of subdued splendor. What superb Spanish lace, blonde soft, with a silken luster, falling in lovely folds that show its generous and exquis itely wrought figures, each leaf and stem and flower the creation of dainty fingers! Such work as this, of such a tone and fineness, in such large mantillas, sweeping from the head to the train, is scarcely to be found in the shops nowadays. These were heir-looms, -great-great-grand-mother's lace, long yellowing, and growing rich | man what he was doing there, and the in locked chests, worn only on state occasions, and now brought forth to make a

bull's holiday. "We spent a good deal of the waiting time in scrutinizing the packed seats for beautiful women, and, I am sorry to say, with hardly a reward adequate to our get it in condition to speed the colts anxiety. I am not sure how much the third night he returned with the usual anxiety. I am not sure how much the beauty of the women of Seville is traditional. They have good points. Graceful figures are not uncommon, and fine teeth; "What! Is my husband then false to and dark, liquid, large eyes, which they use perpetually in oeillades destructive to peace and security. And the fan, the most deadly weapon of coquetry, gives the me? Does he go to the country to visit use perpetually in oeillades destructive to peace and security. And the fan, the to know it all, and it was dangerous to The third day he left his office about have usually sallow, pasty, dead coman artificiality to their appearance on

Wisconsin. Bovee beheves that the crim- and there is none of that evolution of reformation is impossible life imprison-ment must of accessity be the coase-quence. Society must protect itself. Whenever any individual disturbs the peace of society he should be promptly have ceased to be life-like.' restricted of his liberty. This being done "How about the process the safety of society is assured against pronounced her incurable Dr. Yount even if innocent, have employment that the process is in the main similar tast been her physician for three years. Bove also protests against capital punishwith her some water from the fountain and has made a public canvass of nearly of Our Lady of Lourdes. This Miss half the States in the Union, leaving his even in better condition, for six months,

The Night-Shooter.

In the Adirondacks once came a re markable episode in the annals of the night-shooter, but which is true to a porters called, she walked across the night-shooter, but which is true to a room to show that she was indeed cured. We had paddled barely 200 yards from where I killed a deer, when there are many more besides nerself we heard another one walking among who are familiar with the case who at- the grasses at the head of the lake. The moss-covered log rustled through the rushes, with the weird half-circle of The Chinese custom of killing the light spreading shoreward with each sweep of the silent paddle, and again the white outline of the deer seemed to it was a small hand, with an annoughous the grant of the foreigner. The mais ridgem on the foreigner. The brown of partial than the second of the partial throughout throughout throughout the second of the partial throughout throughout throughout throughout the second of the partial throughout throughout throughout the second of the partial throughout throughout the second of the partial thr emale infants of a family is, of course, grow out of the gloom ahead. Splunge, admirably adapted to keep down expenses and obviate inconveniences, but it stops! and in the full glare of the headlight we see a beautiful, fat doe,

The Bad Boy Away From Home,

go to the circus?" he was at the circus, 'cause he will kill you. You see pa and I drove up to the race-track, where the circus was, in the evening, and after the circus was out we waited to see the mentake the tents down and offer they had gone we

long as he could. "After we had rode around the track about eight miles, and I was getting The architecture of the house is as and dies. In order to appreciate the better stop at a house and inquire the original and novel as it is beautiful. A finest sport that any game bird in creaway to town, and pa got mad and asked me if I took him for a fool. Then statue of Clay, two miles distant in the turkey-hunter. Having made the wild he drove around a couple of times more, Lexington Cemetery, is visible between habits of the bird and its exceeding slyand the man that keeps the track he and the man that keeps the track he came out with a lantern and said, 'Hel-towa, and single-storied wings with use a call, which modulates the note of lo!' Pa stopped and asked him what he wanted, and he said, 'O, nothin',' and pa drove on and told him to mind track again, and when we got to the same place the man was there, and I guess pa thought it was time to inquire the way, so he pulled up and asked the man what he was doing there, and the man said he was minding his own business. Pa asked him if we were on the right road to town, and the man said if we wasn't in a hurry he would like to have us drive on the track all night, as it was a little heavy, and he wanted to could drive out at the gate and take the first left-hand road,

"Well, pa was mad, and he wanted to know why I didn't tell him we were on the track, but I told him he seemed

coup de grace to those whom the eyes didn't speak all the way to town, but, have wounded. But the Seville women when I put out the horse, he said, plexions. Perhaps the beauty of the skin pa will have the reputation of being is destroyed by cosmetics, for there was not a hady at the bull-fight who was not friend of mine.' So I shall not say anywho will go back on his pa.' Embaiming Taught.

and rode to the vacant lot which he has highly rouged and powdered. This gave thing about it, 'cause it is a bad boy

methods excited such a prejudice, The Hon. Martin H. Bovce, of Wisconsin, arrived in Cleveland recently on is destroys all germs of disease, so that a temporary visit. The gentleman is a it is impossible for the living to become handsone man, apparently about 50 years of age, with a mutary bearing. His career as a prison reformer dates from his connection with the State Senate of ice box. Embalming prevents decay, inal of to-day who goes to the State gases which no ground can wholly abprison is irretrievably runed. "All pensorb, especially the cemeteries of large altres," said be, "should contemplate the cities. The features of the dead can also refermation of the criminals, and when be preserved for a great length of time,

"How about the process itself." of the living. years ago, and which I was permitted

Ashland, the Home of Clay.

"Oh, people are not all as good as complished and hospitable husband. It you and I are," said the groceryman, was long the residence of James B. tered over the whole of the North "Oh, people are not all as good as as he watched the boy making a sneak Clay, the only son who reached national American Continent, but, as the axe of

on a bunch of grapes. "But did you distinction as a public man and who the pioneer was heard advancing further "Circus? Well, I should assimilate. And it is a wonder I am not there yet.

But, whatever you do, don't ask pa if

Lexington and the State contributed to towards the frontiers of the settlements, down, and after they had gone we started to drive home. It was darker than a squaw's pocket, and I drove out on the race-track, and the old horse Clays within the last year. The maulation, however, which protect the wild used to be a racer and he pricked up his ears. Pa took the lines and said he would drive, 'cause we were out pretty late and ma would be nervous. I told late and ma would be nervous. I told is the exact counterpart of the original, he life conditional upon cunning and his life conditional upon cun pa I didn't believe he was on the right in both architecture and material, lack- vigilance. Nor is its finely flavored road, but he said he guessed nobody ing only the sanctity of age. Colonel meat unappreciated by the swamp for could fool him about the road to town, McDowell welcomes the friends of the and bless me if he didn't drive around Clays to the home they regard as one of birds for its evening repast whenever it that track about eight times. Every the shrines of patriotism and statesman- is possible to catch them. Occasionaltime we passed the grand-stand, which

'Hennery, if this thing gets out your A "School of embalming" is in pre-

"Oh, I am so glad. You have done your work well. Good day, sir,"
That evening when Mr. Popperman returned his wife threw her arms around his neck and said: "My dear, I'm so glad to know that you are not a villain."
"What do you mean?"
"Well, about those burs, you know. I put a detective on your track and he told me that you got the burs in that

Reform in Prisons.

Increase in any assembly of American women. No, the handsome with Prof. Renouard and asked him about the process he is to teach. The function is a man of medium height, heavy build, a little over 40 years of age, and has a marked French accent. He began by referring to the popular prejudice against embalming, and said it why the home of Henry Clay was tell why the home of Henry C

"It is a very brief one. The old Egyptian process occupied 70 days, medicines are injected beneath the skin By the passing of a venient arteries, an antiseptic fluid flows into the arterial system and prewill continue as at the time of death, or come greatly shrunken, hard as wood and in color like mahogany, but noth- are dozens of men who began business sharp crack of a rifle rings through the

Pro. Renouard has ten pupils in his siness thirteen years ago, and since

self, is now the residence of his granddaughter, Mrs, McDowell, and her ac-

ship, and his wife hears with filial pride by the Mississippi and other big rivers pa couldn't see on account of his eyes, the homage paid to the grandsire she arise during the nesting time, and over-fl laffed; but I thought if he knew the more than idolizes. She is a thorough oad so confounded well I could ride as Clay, with all the marked features and which the turkeys breed. The young complexion of her grandfather, softened bird, unable to fly and too delicate to in refined and e egant womanhood. resist the influence of the wet, sickens pillared portico faces Lexington to the tion affords an English sportsman should northwest, from which the imposing become acquainted with an American gables to the front, flank the main alarm and the dulcet whisper of birdstructure and add to its palatial propor- love, or gives forth the mimic sounds of business. We went around the clous grounds are a forest of shade, tions and internal comfort. The capa-cious grounds are a forest of shade, under the falling leaf and upon the variegated in type and threaded with swarming ant-hill. The hunter knows walks and drives and beautiful with that the cracking of a twig under his shrubs and flowers. It is a home worthy foot, the clatter of an alarmed squirrel, of Henry Clay, and that exhausts the the scampering of a deer through the all the creatures committed to their of the call, generally made of the large guardianship, should attain the highest bone of the turkey's wing, and a sure measure of perfection, The quality of rifle. The bird changes its habits with his stable may be understood when 1 its haunts, growing wilder where it is speak of "Dictator," a twenty-year-old most pursued. Gaining in wisdom and horse, for whom he paid \$25,000 only a cunning according to the danger of its few weeks ago, and could sell him at an surroundings, the old gobbler is so exhibited, the least valuable of which as yearlings, would rate in the thousands. 'Dictator" is, I learn, the most noted the critter's yelp as well as that of horse on the continent, and the royal Mus c, my old deerhound, and the bird's disdain with which he stops the earth track, was as clear to me as that of a log leaves no doubt of his self-appreciated hauted along a dusty road. I hunted nobility. All that is about Ashland has him always about the same scratchins, the appearance of grandeur. Its gently and when I called he would run from undulation fields, neat as a Lan aster me," Let us take an imaginary scene. model farm; the clearly exhibited fer- The day wears towards noon, and the tality of the soil; the high-bred cattle patient hunter has met with no "sign, grazing on the bine-gras- coated lawns, Suddenly a slight sound is heard, not

> town and forest and guides the wor- leaf. Half a mile off a spiendid gobbler shiper to the shrine he seeks. On the is feeding. As he scratches up the northwestern suburb of the town is the herbage that conceals his food he gives Lexington Cemetery, one of the most utterance to the sound that first attracbeautiful resting places for the dead I have ever visited. It is grandly and bountifully shaded by forest treer, variegated with evergreens and fragrant tracted and pale, when suddenly he hillocks and sudden ravines are all starts, and, instantly every feather is in dotted with the records of the dreamless its place. He raises his dainty head sleepers of this lovely City of the Silent. full four feet from the ground, and his-Near the centre on a gentle eminence tens. What an eye flashes, what a with a large velvety lawn around it, are stride is suggested by that litted foot, the grave and monument of Henry Clay. Again the clack greets his ear. Uprises A broad base of Kentucky limestone the head with lightning swittness; the twenty feet high, encloses the dust of bird starts forward a pace or two, and decade. Facing the sunny South is an up to the limb of a tree to peer into the

> beautifully chiseled marble tombs trained hunter ventures upon another which contain the dust of the Clays, call. The wary gobbler is satisfied that On the top of the marble sareaphagas it comes from no numan lips, and there are the simple words, Henry Clay.
>
> On the large base is erected a reund disconsolate mistress. But he is an old column of w. ite limestone, nearly one huadred feet in height, and on the pinnacle is the life-like statue of Clay, facing the home his name and love have made immortal. With all his grandeur upon the same tree, and rarely gobbles of character and attainments, his destiny without running away from the sound was dust to dust, the common destiny himself has made. But the last cluck of all, and the heart and tongue whose has fairly roused him. He begins to eloquence inspired the liberty loving strut; his slender lithe body swells; the people of every clime are silenced for-ever, but his memo y and his teachings his neck curves, his wattles grow scar will endure while the Republic lives let. The long teathers of his wings After half a century of distinction in brush the ground, and the tail rises and both hemispher s, and victories and de-feats which are alike immortal, the story ends in the peaceful shades of like purple and gold. The siren cluck Lexington Com stery, and records, after is twice repeated, and scarce fifty yards all, only the brief but fretful journey intervenes between him and the murderfrom the cradle to the grave.

Cheyenne's Cattle Traile

ing more. In fact I have some such ten years ago with a capital of from bodies in my rooms at Rochester, which \$500 to \$1,000 who are now worth from proud step, the piercing eye avail him \$25,000 to \$100,000. Not long ago I not, and without a movement of the visited the Kingman ranch, six miles muscles he has fallen a headless body I prepared in Colorado ten or more \$25,000 to \$100,000. Not long ago I years ago, and which I was permitted to exhume and take East as specimens."

Visited the Kingman laden, as the muscles he has labeled to the earth. To those English sportsmen—and they are many—who find cattle in America. They are fine speci- pheasant shooting tame, we would re-Pro. Renouard has ten pupils in his cattle in America to the superb antumn per line but went into the embalming the show I ever saw. In the large barn, of North America to the Southern which cost \$4,000, I was shown eleven States, in the hope that many such fine Hereford bulls, worth from \$500 to gobblers as we have described may fall then has instructed hundreds of under-takers.

fine Hereford bulls, worth from \$500 to \$1,000 each. Some had been imported from England. The Territorial stock laws are very stringent. A cattle thief would be hung there almost as quickly as a murderer. Every butcher in Wy-

was twice elected to represent the Lex- and further westwards the noble bird ington district in Congress. He died which raised in Audubon raptures of en-

> The implements of this peculiar Mississippi marksman, "for three years, and never saw him but twice, I knew

the beloved and lamented statesman, answers to the call. He is uneasy, and and by his si le is the partner of his joys picks up his food pettishly, smoothing and sorrows, who survived him a full down his feathers, and at last springing open grating that offers full view of the wood. An hour passes away before the ous rifle. The hunter, anxious to draw him still nearer, in order to shoot him through the head, fools him to the top Cheyenne has been made and is sup-fallen stump, some twenty yards distant

before their unerring bullets,