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# MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA.. WEDNESDAY. MARCH 19, 1884.

NO. 12.

### THE SKYLARK

Bird of the wilderness, Blithesome and cumberless, Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the downy cloud.

Love gives it energy, love gave it birth. Where, on thy dewy wing, Where art thou journeying? Thy iay is in heaven, thy love is on O'er fell and fountain sheen,

O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red streamer that heralds the day; Over the cloudlet dim, Over the rainbow's rim, Musical cherub, soar, singing, away! Then, when the gloaming comes, Low in the healther blooms

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be Emblem of happiness, Blest is thy dwelling-place— O, to abide in the desert with thee I

## A NIGHT IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Polly Jane shut the door. She had shut the same door more than thirty

the hearth she threw berself on the keeper's small craft.

than Polly herself, who sat reading. "Do you think," she asked, "it alters his coming one jot, or tittle, or your watching and slamming that door all the afternoon?"

one go on before her eyes and never midst of the great sea, and said: "This seem to know it."

is a fix." Polly looked out over the sea. It He was five miles from the island, zon's rim.

her lay a small, snug, comfortable

doubt of her father's safe return in time to do as he always had and lower until at last the hills hid done every night since she could re-

cried Polly; "I forgot to light up."

"In a minute. I want to find out still the minutes passed, and no sign whether Matilda-

"One sailer's life is worth all the forth over the water five or six flashes from the light before Sophronia was at

'Tisn't dark out doors yet, and crew, or ship that trusted him to do his ent make a might of difference." Said Polly, with tragic utterance:

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reported to the board that Cliff Head Light wasn't a-going when the sun went down, off goes my father's head, and all our living with it. I should think, Sophronia, that you would know something, some time."

"Who's going to tell, I should like Carson stood still, and looked at it."

uppose the keeper at Trap Rock would see? And down at Squirrel Bar, as well? And then, how many ships do you suppose there are on the lookout or just this flashing light? Oh! I hope no one will get on the sands, or into the shoals, to-night, and lay it all to not seeing the Cliff light!" mounted be his last trip to the mainland until the

"You've never had a wreck here, have you?" inquired Sophronia.
"No! and I, for one, don't want

e," said Polly,
"Well, now," continued Sophronia, "I think if the people were only rich and handsome and could save their trunks, it would be rather nice."

"A nice shipwreck!" repeated Polly. "That shows the ideas you get out of Polly spoke with an echo of disdain in her voice. Polly had been born on Cliff Island-had always lived there, her visits to the mainland had been brief and infrequent and the education she had received had been given her sitting-room.

went by she tired of mere prettiness and fine raiment and did her utmost to didn't start out, for he'd be nearly frobring Sophronia down from her world | zen to death before he got here. life an American girl ought to live. to the honse. Within, all was bright

came here!" lamented Sophronia. "You must forgive me," she said, but

visitor. I did not mean to be cross but" (she spoke in a slow, hesitating manner) "I feel so bad about forgetting my promise to father. It seems though something dreadful was

"You'll feel better when your father comes here," comforted Sophronia. "But he was not even in sight when I came up," said Polly; and then came her fear that he might not get to the

island that night. "Only to think of it! All night alone! Just two young girls! It would be ever so nice in a story, but here I shouldn't like it one bit," said Sophronia. Poor Polly adjusted a wick at that Watching the flashes rise

and fall over the sea, she announced that all was right; and they would go down and have tea. A half hour later the two girls sat at the little round table in the tidy kitchen, taking their tea. Outside the night darkened, grew cold very fast, and every instant a keen, cutting wind

skurried across the water. Their simple repast taken, they went out where they could get a good look at the light; times since the tall clock struck mid- and, finding it doing its duty, they day and it was then only half-past went down to the landing. Government had built a small breakwater and "I can't see to tell whether he is made a tiny harbor; just enough room coming or not, much longer," she sighed. Going to the bright blaze on supplies and to give shelter to the light-

rug (Polly Jane manufactured that Flash! flash! came the light of the rug) and spread her strong young hands great eye looking out at sea and illuto catch every motior of heat the logs minating the little island, only to leave it in intense darkness the next mo-

> very far off, the educated eyes of Polly land.' discerned a steamship's lights.

Meanwhile Polly's father in his ataccident. In going down the river, to "Cousin Sophronia," said Polly, avoid, if possible, a collision with an "did you get all of those big words out upward bound craft, the channel being of that book? I never thought of it parrow and the wind out of the wrong and add one more slam to the wind and scraped and rent by the boom of the may be it will fetch the boat in faster." other boat. Now, Peter Carson was a shoved back, for Polly's hand had not drawn up on the land. Polly Jane went out. As the echo good man, with his heart bound up in left it; the door into the lighted room Polly Jane went out. As the echo of the bang struck the cliff and came rolling back, Polly said of Sophronia:
"She's no more a live to the things going on around he te than a toad inside a rock is. She will just sit there and read about some big shipwreck that network is and read about some big shipwreck that network is a special polynomia was pushed open, and Polly much abashed, and laughing, stepped forth. "Father isn't here, Mr. Mason, and in order to see over the sedgy bank of the river, looked steadfastly at Cliff meant to stay awake and watch the light. Has anything happened?" that nobody ever saw, and let a real Island, lying like a small bog in the light. Has anything happened?"

was a cold, dismal outlook. A December night was closing down on black, whence he had come. In his boat lay were at work together on the same wrapped up in that way, precious thirgs when waves and rocks wet, too?" he exclaimed, were at work together on the same "Father," said Polly, " driven waves capped with foam. Long the choice delicacies and extra provi- boat, and no help at hand. and earnestly the large, steadfast gray sions for the soming Christmas. It "Who is it?" questioned Sophronia, eyes of the firl wandered from near and far, until they had scanned the horizon's rim.

solution

was for the purpose of procuring these that he had set forth. And now, to add to his discomfort, the boat that had

stepping out of the darkness into the off the rocks; it got on the Tush, and—
room.

"It's the splendid fellows at No. 15"

they'll all be here—there's nine of "Oh, dear!" she sighed, as once damaged him was sailing serenely up the coast guard who have saved so them, and they're dripping wet, and

house, built by the government. Above hours, that is at 8 o'clock in the De- out her towered one of the tallest light- cember evening, he might be affoat; houses on the coast, although the light and, as to the sail, he might double and cried that she "was not going out, reef that, and be all night getting and not going to be 'eft alone." In an instant, like a flash, it ran through Polly Jane, that she, by her forgetfulness, had perfled her father's he could man would take a long time, The light illumined her way to the could man would take a long time. The light illumined her way to the could man would take a long time. position as keeper of the light. In her and then he must risk his boat. Peter cliff, a high and almost precipitous anxiety for him she had forgotten his Carson did not forget that it was a rock that faced the sea toward the "I don't know," keenest interest. He had reminded government boat, and that one of his her before he left, over and over again, duties was to stand by it. He reefed see, in the flashes, the lifeboat fast on not to let the sun go down until the his sail, reefing in the rent and then, the Tush—a sharp rock that lay, at the sorry little procession, wheeling light gleamed out; and Polly Jane had as it grew cool, he landed and walked promised, promised faithfully, but up and down the reedy bank to keep to devour an unsuspecting boat. In the kitchen stove, in which Polly had were several hundred engaged on each the kitchen stove, in which Polly had were several hundred engaged on each the kitchen stove, in which Polly had were several hundred engaged on each the kitchen stove, in which Polly had were several hundred engaged on each the kitchen stove, in which Polly had were several hundred engaged on each the kitchen stove, in which Polly had were several hundred engaged on each the kitchen stove, in which Polly had were several hundred engaged on each the kitchen stove.

Then Peter Carson bent his eyes on Once more Polly threw open the the island. He took out his watch and to get them in to the island, when guests, and then prepared for them a shot did each other no damage, the Sophronia sat close to the win- counted the minutes. "It's time it caught on the Tush, and-in another very early breakfast; neither can the most of the bullets cutting up the dow holding up the book she was read- flashed!" he said to himself, breathing, to catch the last rays of the going lessly, and watched again. Newhere around the horizon was there token of the sun's shining. The lightkeeper greaned out: "Oh, Polly! Polly!" and

came. The great revolving light on Squirre Matildas in creation," cried Polly from the kitchen, where she secured a minutes. Peter Carson was almost box of matches, with which in her wild with a nameless agony. He knew band she sought the lighthouse. She that his position was one to be desired hastened up the stairs, long and wind- of lightkeepers; he knew that any de- kept ready for service. ing, gained the latter, and had sent reliction in duty would be certain to be reported; he knew that should this position be lost to him no other would the foot of the stairs and alive to the open, for all the lighthouses were under the same master; all these things be When at last the latter had gained knew, and yet not for a moment did he the light, she said to Polly Jane: "I think of them. His thoughts ran out wouldn't worry about it, if I were to some possible peril to passenger,

duty-and it was not done. What could have nappened at the is "No difference! No difference! I don't land to make his daughter forget her suppose it does in novels, but in real promise? The very thought of possible lighthouse life it just means that if it danger to her made the man frantic. He leaped from his boat and ran up the river bank toward the village.

He went on until, out of breath, he Carson stood still, and looked at it lustre. Then calmly and slowly he trod the way back to his boat, and walted through wind cold and darkness for the mysterious tide to flow in upon him and bear him down to the great

deep. This, Peter Carson Intended, should

spring. again afloat. Down the river, out of the shelter of its protecting banks, the strain of distress. wildness of the night swooped around him and his double-reefed sair. At last he was off for the island, and there was the light to cheer him on. The wind was contrary, it was hard work tacking, and his course was very slow.

It was 9 o'clock at the island when Sophronia declared that she could not keep awake another minute, not for all the lighthouses in creation; and Polly Jane said that she was going up once more to the harbor, and then she, too, would go to sleep on the sofa in the

in, Sophronia Snyder, had been Peter Carson's boat would land. Short, airs and fine clothes, but as the days an icy rush that made the girls shiver,

of imagination to the real, practical Then they turned away and went up to the honse. Within, all was bright not, and there was no time to loose. In Mason's little shell there was no ame here!" lamented Sophronia.

You goest forester changed instantly. To the pleasant room.

With her father's lantern Polly went without taking her eyes from the light.
"I forget for the moment—I seem to phronia, who would not for an instant forget every day now—that you are a et her out of her sight. Up above all

shook her awake.

"Has Uncle Peter come?" yawned Sophronia, but without a glance toward the window; and, had she looked in that direction, she would have seen nothing, for the bearded men had re-

"The light! the light! come quick!" gasped Polly, who was greatly alarmed. "What's the matter with the light?" "Never mind! come!" and Polly eized her by the arm and dragged her through the door opening from the sitting-room directly into tower. Once inside it was total darkness, the very blackness of darkness, and Sophronia heard the sound of a great bolt mov-

ing. "Now, take hold of my hand, and I will tell you," said Polly, her voice in a tremor of alarm. "Father always told me if I were frightened, to run right in here and bolt the door; and, Sephronia, don't you be afraid, for we are safe now, but I did see two men looking into the window." "Oh, Polly, Polly! What shall we

disgusted with her cousin for screamtempt to reach home, had met with an ing, because that scream betrayed their locality. The next instant a loud woman knock was heard on the very door behind which the two girls were.

> "What's wanting?" ventured Polly. "We wish to see Mr. Carson," was

"My boat is on the rocks, and-but never mind now." Mr. Mason and the

The tide was still falling. In four to wrap up her head and prepare to go In vain Sophronia wrung her hands

warm. The sun began to sink lower the lifeboat there were women and kept a fire burning, ready to cook her side, armed mostly with old flint-lock children. There had been a sore dis- father's supper.

> The coast guard must have been very short of men, she thought. Another boat too small to carry more than one

Alone and breathless, Polly sped rade be given.

The harbor was dark, but Polly found her way into the boat, oars in and happy. hand, and pushed off into the sea. Never in her life had she made a venture quite like this one in a December night, but Polly knew there was no time to lose. She did not turn back, not even when she heard a voice calling to her, and knew it was that of the other man who had landed, and who was man who had landed, and who was searching for a boat, the very boat she

She kept on her way, rounded the island, and steadily worked up to the Tush. It was not easy to make a close approach, but she called out to Mason: "Put some one in my boat, and I'll land under the clig."

"You can't !" he responded, trying his best to persuade a woman to step Carson stood still, and looked at it until tears of gratitude dimmed its over into his little rocking shell.
"I can!" shouted Polly, deftly getting her boat in position.

"Bravo!" cried Mason, seizing in his arms the woman, and swinging her

over into Polly's boat.
"Sit still, now, or you'll drown," said Polly, with great decision, and she pulled in among the recks for

and jump, and you are all right."

for a passenger.
"Keep off!" cried Mason.

over right in the middle of the boat, and you are safe." But she would not step, or could

hausted by a night of toil, knew not They claim that it will put on the most what to do. "Give me two," said Polly.

The night went on the light flashing, the sea roaring. Peter Carson's boat approaching—when, with a sudden start. Polly found herself wide awake, sitting upright, and gazing ling sound, the waters closed on the

with wild alarm at the faces of two
bearded men, who were peering, with
eyes close to the window panes, into
the lighted room.

She sprang up,

The lighted room.

She sprang up,

under the cliff, and Sophronia's later shrieks, joined with his entreaty, caused her to yield up boat and oars to a stronger hand. Then there came out to the little, shivering group on the island that terrible cry of despairing agony from the sinking lifeboat. Mason's comrade pulled with a will, but the way was intricate and rocky and only Polly knew it well.

"He'll never get there!" she moaned. And he never did; for midway of the distance, the bcat shot by a sight that his money." made him, turn. It was the pale face of Mason thrown back upon the waves, and struggling for life. The next times, when banks here were very instructions and was darkness. In it he significant affairs compared with what they are now, and there was comparaknew that even Mason could not swim tively so little danger of robbery that I the distance in a November sea, encumbered as he was, and to save Ma-Presently Polly Jane drew a long sigh. That sigh drew the momentary attention of a young girl, scarcely older atte man was found, his strength was eb-"So do I," gasped Polly, thoroughly bing fast, and he was at that moment gave it no notice, thinking the owner the bar arities inflicted on a poor guar-lieved, the "prime pieces" among her pre-

an to hold Mason fast with one hand and get the boat ahead with the other; but he slowly advanced shoreward, and, at last, in sorry plight, but alive,

No sooner had Polly made certain that Mr. Mason was rescued than she, calling back to Sophronia to show the way, sped back to the house to make ready for her unexpected guests. As she entered by one door, her "Oh, father! how glad I am to see

you!" said the girl. "Where on earth have you been, all other man were gone; moments were wrapped up in that way, and dripping "Father," said Polly, "there's been a wreck somewhere, and the coast

guard came for you to help the life-boat Peter Carson had his arms, all the way down to his finger tips, full of parcels he had brought up from the

A wreck on Cliff Island!" he ex claimed, as he laid them down, "The hope it wasn't caused by the light not "I don't know," answered Polly "There hasn't been any chance to find

out anything. Here they come!" and

instant it was revealed to her what story be given of the wreck of the ground midway between the co and the finding of the sinking ship by before we were made aware of the fact the coast guard in time to get off every by being hailed by an officer, who deglance, and she saw Mr. Mason toiling passenger before the brave old hull manded our passports, and as these out on the waves in his little dory, a went down; nor can the particulars of documents had been fixed all right at the rescue of the four women and the Victoria, he declared them to be "reguthree children by Mason and his com- lar," and after this treated us with

The next day, at sunset, the great eye knew just where, in the darkest night, to find her own little boat, always in the snug house went on its accustomed way, for the unexpected guests where a good view of the whole action were gone on to their homes, grateful could be obtained. The belligerents

light was not flashing until twenty the two different sets of missiles wer and a kiss, put into her hands the pa-per that had reappointed him keeper of or de something besides stand there and the flashing light; for that gave peace waste ammunition and call one another to her conscience. She knew then that vile names. The answer was that the her broken promise had not cost her father all his living.

The library of Congress contains 300-060 volumes, and is the largest collection in the United States. Some years ago tion in the United States. Some years ago then, again, the revolution now in pro-the library of the Smithsonian Institution was merged with the Congressional communities, and many of the men on library, and has now become a part of one side had friends or relatives on the it. Ancient and modern history emerged a close fight. braces the largest collection, containing about 100,000 volumes, Blography and travel stand next in order, with 80,000 shore.
"My child! Get my child, too!" pleaded a sweet voice. Polly felt that it
was sweet, even then and there, in its
strain of distress.

travel stand next in order, with 80,000
should govern them, and now he should
do it, and though they all had their
preferences, still they did not wish to
shed each other's blood about it. It
and of poetry there are at least 20,000
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and of poetry there are at least 20,000
should govern them, and now he should
portant one, so he filed up in the line
to the ticket office, and when he reached
the agent the Chief Justice smil d an
awful smile across the full width of his "I can carry two," she said; and volumes. The medical works present not another word was spoken until a front of 8,000, and the standard novsoldiers as fighting men. He held that soldiers as fighting men. He held that soldiers as fighting men. He held that soldiers as fighting men. and jump, and you are all right."

The mother obeyed; and in five about 5,000. No novels of a lower light; that they were in the improper "and what is more I don't want to, minutes Polly was again outside, ready order than those commonly known as standard are allowed in this valuable "We're collection. The books are allowed by they ought, and as other nations did, they ought, and as other nations did, who had received a better training and law to be loaned out to the President of who had received a better training and me. It is purely accidental. I can sinking fast," And he fairly tossed law to be loaned out to the President of over three children to Polly.

All the good, strong sea blood of the Carsons seemed to come ont in Polly then, she rowed to the shore for dear life, and actually throwing overboard of the Senate and of the House of Repby her mother. Polly's mother had been dead nearly two years, and during the time her father had never been a might away from the island. Her more. There were three women in the sinking lifeboat then to be saved, and it was almost full of water. One was large and unwieldy and could not be large and unwieldy and could not be persuaded to step over at the proper moment.

There were three women in the sale, that they had been fairly whipped. Santa Anna said of General Taylor at Buena Vista, that he moment.

The were three women in the sale, that they had been fairly whipped. Santa Anna said of General Taylor at Buena Vista, that he mother person, male or female, over the moment.

The Chief Justice glared. He could not fine the young man for contempt of "Well, give me back my desk. A doubt money."

The Chief Justice glared. He could not fine the young man for contempt of "The Chief Justice glared. He could not fine the young man for contempt of the way of people who have money."

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The Chief Justice glared is the way of people who have money."

The Chief Justice glared is the world in the would not give up when they had been a part of the way of people who have money." less than a month with them. At first Polly had admired Sophronia's pretty water and hurried into the shore with "Come now!" shouted Polly. "Step of nineteen years, is accorded the privilege of going to the library and you are safe."

General five times that day, but he did it was no use in fighting such a man as the room.

General five times that day, but he did it was no use in fighting such a man as the room.

General five times that day, but he did it was no use in fighting such a man as the room.

The Chief Justice dashed out of the privilege of going to the library as the room.

The Chief Justice dashed out of the couldn't find some of the tired throng behind her.

The Chief Justice dashed out of the couldn't find some of the tired throng behind her. is open.

Tux English feed for fattening sheep consists of cotton seed and turnips. fat is the safest feed, makes the best mutton at a less cost, and produces the Careful Mason deposited the half- best and strongest manure.

## The Cashier's Story.

of frequent occurrence. "Where he keeps his money," contimes a depositor shuffles of his mortal the liberty of the oppressed people of Trusht me, sorr. Is it a \$20 ye want? coil without remembering to leave his the Two Sicilies. Dumas was, I be-

"Hold on a minute," suddenly exclaimed the cashier, as the reporter was taking his leave. "I have got a little story about a remarkable deposit once It has been advertised from Maine to California, but has never been claimed. But the most extraordinary circumstance connected with the affair is, that nobody in the bank ever saw the depositor or issued him anything to show for

"How could that be?" "Just this way. That was in early used frequently to go across the street to lunch, leaving the door open and no one in my place. Well, one day when I came back from lunch, I saw that His instincts were always in favor of teok a walk into Birmingham or else-ded some documents which might have came across it and brought it out, ask-

ing if he should throw it into the ashif it contained any clue to its ownership floor a shower of gold, mostly in small That was absolutely all the coins bag contained, and there was \$330 of

"And nobody ever called to claim

"They haven't yet, and I guess they are not liable to at this late date. It struck us strangely enough that any one should be so forgetful about such a matter, and, when all our advertising was of no avail, we thought it very strange indeed.'

into a presentable shape to lay before

at its appropriate ending, and the revery first one since I came here. I porter, who hardly knew what to say, said nothing and took his leave.

A few miles beyond Victoria we had the fortune to witness the termination of muskets. Queen Anne arms, blunderaster somewhere. She saw it at a glance. Mr. Mason had been trying and Sophronia warmed and dried their were stationed so far apart that their Cynthia in a terrible storm outside, ants. We got into the midst of them

marked consideration. He invited us to accompany him soon began to fire again, and after each Whether or not it was reported to volley of builets they would send the light house board that Cliff Island another of vile epithets and oaths, and ninutes after sunset on the 15th of equally effective, except in the case of

opposite party was composed of very valient men, and if a charge was made upon them that they would not run away, but would stand their ground, and think nothing of killing any of the assailing party; and that was a catas trophe which they seemed to think should be avoided in warfare. And

should govern them, and how he should quickly. His engagement was an im-do it, and though they all had their portant one, so he filed up in the line said to me in regard to the American enormous mouth and asked the ticket were more civilized.

"I am waiting, my darling, for the, he warbled; and yet when the old man saloon he accosted the proprietor with resumed his work. threw up a chamber window, and assured him that he'd be down in a min-ute," he lost his grip on the melody and went out of the waiting business.

"Hardly ever," answered one of Chicago's oldest bank cashiers, to the query of a reporter, who asked if such things as unclaimed bank deposits were of freezength contents as the slightest reminiscenses of by the Shuprame Coort. I see ye ivery day go'n' by here on the cars," "Will you cash my check? I have no time to explain." Here the Justice of freezength contents as unclaimed bank deposits were cannot pretend to send you any others. grabbed a piece of paper and a pen on a I had the privilege of his acquaintance desk near by and began to write hurin 1860 for we were both engaged, in riedly. Mason grasped her and lost his footing but he did not let go his hold. Coming to the surface, he managed to gasp; "If you touch me I will let you go." And, with an utmost despairing effort, he set his face toward the shore.

Before Polly had landed the third time, the guardsman was on the shore under the cliff, and Sophronia's later.

coil without remembering to leave his surviving relatives any clue whereby they can learn who were his bankers. This is to them a truly distressing state of affairs, and it necessitates a thorough has inscribed under it, "A. Dumas, Ricordo dell' Independente." He was a spirited contributor to it, and lashed without sparing the faults of those during the Judge's absence and was all politeness when he saw the money. Mr. Waite barely made the train. class that I know not how many chal-

lenges were sent or threatened. Those were flery times, but Dumas never shrank from doing what he considered the lot of the anatours of, and the made here. That was twenty years ago. his duty. His photograph is expressive dealers in ceramic works in the mid of that bodily force, which, united to his powerful mind, enabled him to work lived in an humble little cottage at distrust on him on account of certain what may be called miracles, In those Shirley, near Birmingham, a very anbusy times, when a man was here, there cient dame named Woodbridge. Her habits were those of a recluse; she was was brought into personal connection known to be extremely parsimonous; it should be got out of the way quietly, with him. He always received early in was currently reported among her neigh when after his departure, his friends in the morning at the Foresteria, and bors not only that the old lady was there it was that, during his breakfast worth the conventional "mint of money," and after my own, I saw him-at times but that she was also the possessor of in his shirtsleeves, for he was a laborer some very "rare old china." They are On his presenting himself to Charles

in the veriest sense of the word. feature was visible. Dumas, I was and brought only haif a crown under the painful episode which occurred on the boards of San Carlo when the greatest quence. All's well that ends well; the material in the construction of a bonnet musical abilities being known, he was great author and the Neapolitans made at all. This wonderful old woman of received with open arms, and he soon

recently a handrul of notes and he gave

have already said. This was a small not good to bear or carry, as the horse; nor under Bordogni and Ponchard, but it palace, now the Hotel Washington, to clothe, as the sheep; nor to draw, as the does not appear that he owed much to beautifully situated on the border of the Mediterranean, whose blue waters lapped the base. It was usually ascame to visit the Bourbon Princes. On deat his riches come to be disposed of." accomplish tasks for which years of toll Garibaldi's entrance into Naples, Dumas was installed in it, as the proprietably penurious woman who had just died Paris, however, is an expensive matter, tor, it was said. I do not pretend to at Shirley. While she lived she does not and live as economically as he could, know what passed between the two appear to have been of any good to any- Mario found that his stock of money great men, but the illusion was soon body. She was certainly of no good to was rapidly decreasing, and he deter-destroyed had it been entertained. On herself. But being dead, her hoarded up mined upon trying his fortunes in on the Two Sic lies being united to the to be hoped that she has not died intestate; other part of Italy, the right of Gari- in which care her wealth would be swept tention and forfeit the money he had baldi to distribute palaces was disputed into the coffers of the Sta'e. a change there was on my going to it one morning, to find Government offi-cials in occupation of it instead of the kind and courteous author of Monte men and boys behind her as she stood Cristo. It would be very difficult to say what part Dumas took in the important events of 1860. I do not like to say that he was very "fussy"—he canized-frish brogue could be neard to the end of the corridor as she talked was very active and a real well-wisher with the stamp man. He was quiet

written by him on the eve of the revolution; the letter itself was withheld. It runs thus:-"P. S .- Si vous avez un homme de

I have been sending you a piece of the official. ancient history, but the erection of the statue of Dumas has brought the past to life, and there may be some to whom the slight incidents I have narrated may

## A Story of Justice Waite.

When Chief Justice Waite of the Supreme Court of the United States re-cently started to go to Baltimore to keep an engagement and had reached the ticket office he discovered, to his hor-ror, that he had only a few pennies in his pocket. He had neglected to provide himself with money for the trip. He looked around the waiting room of you don't. Now how much for this?" This explained the mystery; it was the station and he saw no one he knew. just a little family quarrel about who What was to be done must be done

"No, I don't," snarled the agent, saries and sticking bayonets into them "I want a ticket to Baltimore and reinstead of standing off and shooting as turn. I am the Chief Justice of the "I want a ticket to Baltimore and re

ere more civilized.
"He said it was this that caused the "Oh, I know you. I know all the Mexican army to run away from them bloods, but that dodge won't work on at Buena Vista and other place. They me. I have just had two members of would not stand to be bayoneted; it the Cabinet try to bilk me out of tickets

station to see if he couldn't find some of the tired throng behind her.

behind the bar. "Ye are the boss of

tinued the banker, "is about the last different ways, in preparing for the "Shure I will. I have seen ould boys thing a man ever forgets. But some advent of Garibaldi, and for securing off on a tear before get out of money. "Shure I will. I have seen ould boys

The Cradle of "Old China." A grievous disappointment has been lands. For a long time past there had very curious about "rare old china" in Albert, the King, Mario's suspicions On one occasion a negged him to give the midlands, and justifiably proud of me some autographs in order to gratify the fact that that region is the cradle of

some one had entered and left lying in the oppressed. I shall not forget his the window-seat an old carpet-bag. I disgust and indignation at hearing of covered basket which contained, it is bedisguised himself, left his residence and sinking into unconsciousness under the terrible clutch of the drowning woman

It was desperate work for the boat
It was desperate work for the boathome. Several days later the office boy It was a mummy we looked on, for the Mrs. Woodbridge died, and the "contents unfortunate man had had his eyes of the basket were offered for sale, the gouged out, his nose and ears cut off, famous rare old china turned out to be a barrel, as it appeared to be of no value. and he was so swathed up that not a basketful of very rubbishy crockery ware, we thought we'd open it first and see feature was visible. Dumas, I was told, had the figure photographed, but I hammer." A piano of the make of 1780 or anything of value. I broke the lock with a paper-weight, the bag flew open and out fell and rolled all over the also, and every one must remember the cheap at this disappointing sale. A couple of old bonne's which the old woman was accustomed to wear were singer of her time was grossly insulted, found to be composed entirely of post I went to her to express my sympathy cards, addressed to herself and satched to and offer my assistance, and it occurred to me to seek that of Dumas also. He gether three deep. Now, these post-card kindly, but could not gratify his desire. At length Mario's hopes of military "fancy" price, if only for the sake of the employment being at an end, he detercle in the Independente was the conse-

Sairley, inflexible in her adherence to the became the idol of the Parisians. There recklessness of his expenditure is well maxim of "waste not, want not," made was little wonder at this, for his great her bonne's far herself, and from a charm and manner which attached to The kindness—nay, weakness—of his fabric that had cost her nothing, and de him, and, above all, his superb voice, "What did we do with the money? heart exposed him to being constantly of hour new cashier employed it very advantageously in bringing his accounts into a presentable shape to lay before Paix. She was wealthy. She left cleves which he met at the gay capital had the board of directors."

Several bookkeepers who had been listening in open mouthed astonishment to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money, and I know not to the cashier's story, grinned audibly time and wants money are story to thim, and the cashier is the cashier in the cashier in the cashier in the cashier is the cashier in the ca and now he is leaving Naples for a short time and wants money, and I know not when the state of a farm worth two thousand pursuits so necessary to the realization of the perfect artist, and this was apwrites the old theologian Williet, "that a hog is good for nothing while he is alive; stated that he studied for some time signed to foreign royal personages who his riches while he liveth; but when he is study, his natural gifts enabled him to Victor Emmanuel entering Naples, and money may benefit somebody. It is only

with the stamp man. He was quiet

to the liberties of the Two Sicilies. I and polite and endeavored to be patient.

"What is this?" he asked when she handed him a small parcel to weigh. "It's a book." "Any writing in it?"

"Nary bit is there. It's just a book ing of Fannie Eissler, Mario said: "I confiance a Naples charge de vos af- for pictures that I would wish to send faires, je m'efface ou me reunis a lui. to Glasgow to me daughter who was N'avez-vous personne, je reponds de married and left me a year two months ago and-" "Any pictures in it?" interrupted

> blank with a hole in it." "It's an album, I suppose?" "Yes, an album." He weighed it and passed it back to

"No, no; none at all. Every page

"One cent for this," he said. "One cent, did you say?" "Yes, ma'am. One cent." "One cent for all of this? Are you sure one cent will take it all the way to Glasgow?" in doubtful tones

"Yes, ma'am; sure." "Well," resignedly, "I can't com-plain of that. You ought to know, if and she took the smaller parcel and handed him something done up in a brown paper. It was placed on the

"What is this, ma'am?" "It's a writing desk."
"Anything written in it?"

he had weighed it. "One dollar!" she almost sho "Yes, ma'am. It is merchandise and annot go at book rates. It is also sealed, as you see, and we have to charge full rates for it."

"But I want it to go by parcel post." 'There is no parcel post.' "No parcel post?" "No, ma'am, not in this country." Then how do you send parcels? 'Along with the rest of the mail.'

"And charge the same price?"

ore for some than for others," "Well, give me back my desk. A

one to identify him. He had only five "I don't have many as bad as she," same delicate hint given to it that its brew-ing was not up to the mark, when the

-Ernest Morris, "the boy natural-"Yer bet your head I do, yer Honer," ist," is 27 and bearded. He will sail astery that no excused might remain for aid a short-haired, freckle-faced man for British Guinea this week.

# The Debut of Mario.

Mario was born in Cagliari in the vear 1810. Coming from a military family-his father having held the commission of General in the Piedmontese army-he at a very early age embraced the military profession, for when only eleven years old be entered the military academy of Turin. From 1829 to 1836 he was on the staff of his father, the Marchese Stefana, General of Candia and Governor of Nice, and of Gen. de Maistre, a man who is said to have been possessed of considerable literary galifications. While under the latter Mario on one occasion received an intimation hat he must be prepared to start with important dispatches for Sardinia. The vessel was under orders to sail the same evening, and Mario, it would appear, had some suspicions that something was wrong, for on board were officers of higher rank than himself, to whom the dispatches could more properly have been entrusted. Mario became satisfied that General de Maistre looked with might be arrested, and it could be said that he had then been allowed to escape under pretense of carrying dispatches. were confirmed, and instead of embarkdisguised himself, left his residence and remained concealed, ultimately leaving Mario was therefore charged with being a deserter from the service, but he preferred incurring this disgrace to the friends under the circumstances of having secured his own safety at their expense. On his arrival in France Mario endeavor d to obtain a commis sion in the French army in Algeria, but without success. He then presented himself to the Carlists in Spain, and at one time sought employment from the Duke of Wellington in the British service; Wellington received him very

loss of his honor, which would have been sacrificed had he abandoned his the States when circumstances occurred which induced him to abandon his inpaid for his passage. Meyerbeer, it appears, had heard him sing, and proposed to prepare him for the stage, an offer which Mario, on consideration, accepted. Considerable time was de voted by Meyerbeer in drilling the neophyte into his role, and Fannie Elssler taught him to walk the boards. Having signed articles with M. Duponwhel, the director of the Paris Academy for 1,500f. per month, on the 4th of December, 1838, he appeared at the Grand Opera in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and in spite of stage inexperience the beauty of his voice won for him an immediate success. Speakshall never forget her goodness; dancers

### feet, but she was a woman of great intelligence." Monastie Dinners.

generally have brains only in their

The dinner in a great abbey was clearly

a very important event in the day-I will not say it was the important event, but it

was a very important one. It must strike any one who knows much of the literaure of this age that the weak point in the monastic life of the thirteenth century was the germandizing. It was exactly, as I am told, it is on board ship on a long voyage, where people have little or nothing to do; they are always looking forward to the next meal, and the sound of the dinnerbell is the most exciting sound that greets the ear in the twenty-four hours. And so with the monks in a great monastery which had grown rich, and in point of fact had more money than it knew what to do with -the dinner was the event of the day. It is not that we hear much of drunkenness, for we really hear very little of it, and where it is spoken of it is always with reprobation. Nor is it that we hear of anything like the losthsome and disgusting gluttony of the Romans of the Empire, but eating and drinking, and especially eating, are always cropping up; one is perpetually being reminded of them in one "Cost you one dollar," he said when way or another, and it is significant that when the Cutercian revival began, one of the chief reforms aimed at was the rigorous simplification of the meals and the curtailing the luxury of the refectory. But the monks were not the only people in those times who had a high appreciation of good cheer. When a man of high degree took up his quarters in a monastery be by no means wished to be put off with salt-fish and-toast-and water cheer. Richard de Marisco, one of King John's profit-"Not in all cases. We have to charge gate councilors, who was evidently foisted into the See of Durham, gave the Abbey of St. Albans the tithes of Eglinguam, to dollar is too much. You ought to have Northumberland, to help them to make their ale better-"taking compassion upon the weakness of the convent's drink," as same delicate hint given to it that its brewrectory of Norton, in Hertfer ishire, and two-thirds of the tunes of Hartburn, in Northumberland, were given to the mon-