

## B. F. SCHWEIER.

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o read

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### JUNE DAYS.

Clover in the meadow, violets in the lane; ever in a garden, and where'er you pass, Round, co

Very tree-top, joy in every shower, very atom, bees in every flower, a fair with promise, blissful all

the forests, sunshine every-

in my slow measure, or my halting with the spirit of the blessed time?

Body. ips to stammer, cease my pen to Sile is laudeth better June's transcendent

To the blooming meadow his at noon away,

Where the water-lilies spread their petals In the liquid measures of the birdle's tune, You will find outspoken all the soul of

June. THE LITTLE PLIET.

What a sleepy place it was, to be sure,

that little Riverport ; with its outlook on the broad waters of a muddy river, its steep streets, its old-fashioned ses, whose curiously cut, small window panes wink d in the April sunlight, and its elms and poplars which cast a checkered shadow on the stones. It was not far from the sea, and occasional salt breezes roamed up the river, to wander fitfully through the by-ways of the quaint town. High upon the hill stood the church, its stained-glass windows casting blue and gold shadows on the ground, and bathing the lazy lizards that crept out to sun themselves, with an unwonted glory, and in the churchyard the tombstones gleamed white amid a tangle of ankle-deep clover,

starred about with daisies. In this peaceful spot, sentimental couples often wandered ; and some few persons came alone, and fell into a abit of gazing rather wistfully at the mossy graves, and wondering how it felt to be shut out from the light. One oung lady, in particular, came often, but seldom alone-this was Echo Tudor, our naughty herome; imagine a pair great, soft, provoking black eyes, hair like a tangle of rippled sunlight. crimson mouth, short white teeth, and a voice like a bobolink's in June. Echo was a born coquette, and from her cradie, unward, she had flirted her way through life ; at the mature age of five, trying her wiles on the youth next door, and then discarding him for the small boy across the way. Do not let us be too hard upon her, for her cruelty in not caring how much heartache she ansed, for she was well punished one day, for her caprices.

Having flirted, successfully, with all the eligible youths of Riverport, she declared herself tired of every one of them, and frowned severely upon all speeches, until relief arrived in the shape of a stranger, Lanceot Verschovle, a gentleman who came on a visit to one of Echo's friends. Luckily for Echo's peace of mind, May Fox, her friend's daughter, was engaged, and although very pretty, she was voted rather wonderingly by her acquaintances, "not a bit of a flirt." Lancelot was tall and handsome, with straight features, closely-cropped fair hair, the merriest blue eves in the world, and a "perfectly lovely" mous-tache, "Yes," mused Echo, as she brushed her curling locks, "It is fortunate that he came, for I'm completely tired of every one here." Oh, Echo my foolish Echo !

tering it may have been, was not very Crchard all in blossom, fields in growing agreeable, "Suppose we try our luck at fishing," she suggested, and with the ald of two crooked pins and some string, this frivolous pair amused themselves for at least half an hour, suc ceeding, at last, in landing one very small minnow and a crawfish.

"One of the Brawl's fine points is Tudor." "Sir Lancelot sleeping," laughed its abundance of fish," said Lancelot, sinking lazily down into the grass be-Echo, mockingly-"His knightship in side Echo, to rest from his labors. a new aspect."

"What is your chief employment in Riverport, Miss Echo ?" "I don't know exactly," arching her eyebrows. "We read novels, watch the passing steamboats, occasionally go beating, and dawdle VERY much. That is the sum of our daily lives. By-theby, our party must wonder what has come of us, Sir Lancelot"-laughing a little as she rose, and looking over her oulder at the lazy figure on the clover lightly the purple blossoms overhead.

"Hadn't we better go ?" It was all so still, so bright-Echo was "Stand just in that attitude for five vaguely touched and stirred without minutes, please," said the knight, knowing why. Such golden moments springing up with sudden animation come into our lives sometimes, and 'I want to put you in a sketch-inst so

the attitude is perfection ;" and he produced his sketch book, going to work with great energy. At last he finished it, and she was free to change her tire some position, as he gave his picture a few last touches, writing "Echo," in a corner where it would not be noticed. I wonder if he has it yet-the arch innocent face with its half wistful, half mocking expression, and the bright head crowned with a flower-wreathed

hat. "We must go now," exclaimed she breaking the irksome silence. "Oh ! not yet," pleaded Sir Lancelot,

"I'm tired of staying alone," pro tested the wilful girl; whereupon the knight said, with a reproachful look 'Alone ! I must have been very stupid. But Miss Tudor had her own way, as

one else's pleasure. When they returned they found the party grouped in various attitudes under the trees. "Where have you been?" was the question with which they were

swered Lancelot promptly. "Intellectual amusement," sneered window-sill fiercely.

"Well, but we were studying the habits of insects, such as mosquitos and gnats, Mr. Browne," remonstrated Echo, trying to look solemn. Reginald subsided, and the graceless couple seated themselves under a broad beech. Presently they heard Reginald's voice say, "And so you are a poetess, Miss Lavender ?"

Lily'-and-and-'Washington !'" "She must have exhausted those themes," commented Echo. "What a varied genius on the banks, Echo expressed a fear knight's equally unkind reply. that it would rain. As the day wore on, Echo neglected When they were launched and row-Lancelot, flirting shamefully with Vic tor, who was in the seventh heaven of her position directly opposite Lancelot elight-a proceeding at which Lance was decidedly embarrassing, owing to lot grew justly indignant, and tried to his unpleasant habit of staring. She revenge himself, and pique Echo, by was very pale, and was dressed all in flirting with Lucy, casting the most tender glances, sighing, etc., all the time secretly hoping Echo was watching him; but finding that she coolly looks this afternoon," said she, with a gnored his attempts, he ended by growslight shiver. Gradually their convering extremely sulky. Meanwhile, Echo who was as capricious and as hard to to talk of the ancient days of jousts catch as her namesake, was amusing and tournaments, "What cruel old times they were," exclaimed Lancelot, herself very pleasantly; she smiled sweetly, and even went to the length of and npon Echo's saying that she did not giving Victor a flower tied with a knot think them so very cruel, he asked, of blue ribbon, which he immediately "Could you be 'sans merci' to your own kissed and put into his pocket. true knight, as some of the damsels "Oh, you silly Victor I" sighed she, were ? rather softly. "Let any one prove himself false "I am no sillier than any other fel where I thought him true, and then I low would be under the circumstances. could be 'sans merci,'" she cried, a sudsaid Victor-Echo raised her eyes, and den gleam in her dark eyes, "Besides,' for a moment looked into his face, then she added softly, "Like the Lady of dropping her long lashes, she bent her Shallot, I have 'no loyal knight and bright head, and affected to arrange her true," flowers. "Do you remember who would have "What an awful flirt that girl is !" been her knight, had it been possible?" thought Lancelot gloomily. he asked significantly. No man cares how much of a flirt a "I remember only one," she answered girl is, so long as she turns her attencoldly, "for whose sake a curse came tions to himself ; but ro sooner does upon her." she toss him a smile, and cry, "Au re-voir, monsueur !" then what says his lordship ?- "What a shameful flirt she may I not ?" When the time came for their return She flung back her golden locks, and home, Lancelot and Victor each begged said, with a solemn smile in her large hid young lady who expressed her opin- to be allowed to carry Miss Tudor's basket of flowers. "Which shall I choose ?" she asked. looking from one to the other, in pretty nice enough to flirt with, when no one perplexity ; "You, Victor I" giving him better was present." the basket with her brightest smile, re-Lancelot gave a sudden start, and gardless of Sir Lancelot's tragic glance. dropping the oars, caught her hands in The four lovers fell behind the rest, lin-"Good Heavens, Echo I what do bliss was he; and this innocent pair of gering to whisper and loiter as you mean ?" only lovers know how. As the party neared Echo's home, Victor was "Only that I am not the fool you im agine me to be. Let my hands go, and row me to the landing," she cried, and obliged to tear himself away, as Mark "Warm, isn't it ?" was Lancelot's Townsend "wished to speak to him for Lancelot mechanically obeyed. first remark, as he sat on a bank be- a moment ;" so Lancelot was left to As they parted at the gate, he began carry the flowers. Nellie and her lover passionately, "Echo, if you will listen strolled along further on, and the two to me-" were alone at the gate. But he was interrupted by Echo's

stare in amazement; it was Lancelot, and the people plodded along through cropped head pillowed on his arm, and looking like gigantic bats, with their his clearly-cut profile in relief against umbreltas and waterproofs. the gray stone. As she paused, un- est inhabitant" stood in his doorway. certain whether to come in or to turn eyeing the swelling waters, and exback, Lancelot lifted his head with a pressed his opinion that the river was perk, and exclaimed, "By Jove! Miss rising, although such an idea was laughed to scorn.

passion-flower trembled in the sunny glare; a shy little brown lizard darted along the fence, and rustled into the leaves to hide itself. The wind shook

often slip by unnoted. Ah ! if Lancelot had only spoken then, what trouble they would both have been spared. "Echo," ne began in an agitated

tone, and sudden'y broke off. Oh ! there is Nell ; good afternoon Mr. Verschoyle," she cried, and was gone in a moment, leaving him standing disconsolately among the graves. That very evening as Ecno sat alone

> faced the street, she saw several men coming toward the house. The room was dim, and where she sat in the shadow of the curtain, she could not

be seen ; but she could hear distinctly 'It is so pleasant here."

was generally the case, regardless of any

greeted. "Skipping pebbles in the Brawl," an

the sardonic Reginald.

angry.

"Yes," replied the poetess confidentially, "I have written poems on 'The Death of Columbus' and 'The Rose and

almost undecip "The old. wave. True to his predictions, the river di easily interpreted. rise, over its banks, and kept rising steadily, until those that resided on

"I assure you, I wasn't asleep ; I just | the shores were obliged to vacate their strolled in, and it was so quiet and sun- lower apartments. The philosophic shiny that I flung myself down on the citizens of Riverport, living for the grass, and cogitated, until I heard the time in the upper stories of their houses gate opening," asserted Sir Lancelot. felt sure that the water would soon go Then they were both silent. A wild down, and were inclined to treat the matter as a gigantic joke. They visited each other in skiffs when the sun shone, made allusions to Venice and the gondolas, until they observed that the river was not falling and then they began to look anxious, "The oldest inhabitant" announced, I fear with some satisfaction (it is needless to say he lived on the hill), that, it was a 'regular old-fashioned overflow."

There came a night at last when none of the Tudor family-their house was upon the river bank-could sleep on account of their anxiety. They began to think it would have been much the wiser course to have moved up the hill, instead of exposing themselves to their present risk. Echo was alone in her room, pacing restlessly up and in the parlor, by the open window which down, occasionally glancing out at the sombre scene below, which was now and then lighted up by a vivid flash. Presently she flung up the sash, to see how far the water had risen; to her horror see discovered that it was up around

what was said outside. As they passed her window. they were evidently rallying one of their Outside sounded the hiss of the fallon his devotion to some one. ing rain, and the sullen wash of the With surprise Echo heard her own tide, which fairly made the house rock name mentioned, and then a voicein its ebb and flow. "How the river Lancelot's voice-exclaimed impatient- bas risen !" she exclaimed. "I am "Nonsense! she is only a nice little afraid the house will be swept away, girl, very pretty, and pleasant enough to flirt with, when no one better is presand we shall all be drowned !" Just then a jagged arrow of lightning tore ent." Their voices and footsteps died the sky asunder ; it was followed by a and the signature is made without liftaway in the distance, leaving the street horrible crash. Blinded, dazzled, terri- ing the pen. quiet and deserted. But Echo-my fied, Echo sank on her knees beside the poor Echo-there she stood, straight window, and was unconscious to every

thing farther. and slim, with burning cheeks and heaving breast, one hand grasping the But when the watchers on the hill saw the water was rising, they sent "The wretch !" she muttered, be- boats to the houses on the riverside. tween her teeth. "To speak of me in Making its way through the waves, a such a way after looking and acting so. skiff came to Echo's window, and its Stop! I'll be just the same as ever, sole occupant stepped into the room ; and not gratify him by letting him what would she have said if she could think I care enough about him to be have seen the one who came to rescue her? It was Lancelot, who, although Next day, Lancelot came to take Echo

Echo did not know it, had been in out rowing on the river, and outwardly | Riverport for the last few days, she was the same as when they had The lamp burned so dimly that he

parted in the churchyard ; therefore it could hardly distinguish anything in may be seen that Mademoiselle was an the room, but as he groped his way accomplished actress. It was rather a grey day, except when a ray of after-noon sunlight shot now and then cried, "I have come to take you away." Way she through the clouds, and as they stood She neither spoke nor moved. Was she

waste of water, one should know these Actors' Signatures acts: Joe Jefferson's penmanship would be She mus pick her intricate way beach at Los Angeles, San Francisco, through an age and bland reefs, and then the other day watching some fancy rifle rable if the name were

not recognized by the J's and f's. Those shave the head of the Island so closely letters seemed strung along in an ink as to brush the overhanging foliage with er stern. Charles Wyndham has a breezy sig-At one place she must pass almost nature that wanders up the page in an within arm's length of a sunken and inerratic sort of way, but can be quite visible wreck that would have pierced ner had she struck it. and destroyed a bottles and hitting dollars thrown in

Billy Florence writes his name withquarter of a million dollars' worth of the air with great eclat, when a dudish out allowing the pen to leave the paper until all is over. It is therefore hard teamboat and cargo, and maybe a hunfred and fifty human lives. "But he's a lightning pilot!" said one Rose Eytinge's signature is in a wood-

type size of letter, with a dash of di-plomacy and a shrick of emotion in every character.

John McCullough is not a good pen-man, the letters are not more than half formed, and look rude enough to have been written with a shovel; still they are plain. Margaret Mather's signature is very

sick-looking. The writing is that of a novice and the poorest in the whole collection There is a great deal of dialect in

Fanny Janauscheck's signature. It is about three-fourths German and the rest a mixture of Fulton street and the United States.

Edwin Booth's cranky signature starts in wildly by jumbling the first three letters hopelessly together, but comes out clearly and distinctly in the last name, and winds up with a great flourish across the paper. Thomas W. Keene's signature is

strange contrast with the style of his acting. Not a flourish mars it, and nobody would take it to be the hand-

writing of a voracious scene-eater. the captain. J. H. Stoddart, the comedian of the "Thou seest, O Frangistani, that my Union Square company, is a little nernorse is swift as an arrow from the yous in handling his pen, but signs his bow, and that he springeth like a jackal. name in a neat, round hand, not unlike See his loins; they are in strength as Oscar Wilde's style of penmanship, the lion." "I see all these things O child of the James O'Nell, one of America's rep-Faithful, but yet thou askest too

resentative actors, would not represent his country very well in a writing conmuch.' test. His style is large and unshapely, "Well, please God, thou wilt buy him for 150 sequins." "Now, may dogs defile thy grave, J. K. Emmet writes his name in thou robberl" shouted the fellow who

sported the blue gabardine and yellow slippers. "Wouldst thou cheat the large, angular hand, the initial letters being tangled up as cleverly as any bank signature that was ever seen. stranger within our gates, when for eighty sequins he can buy my beast,

Stuart Robson makes a separate start at each letter in his name, and is quite dudesque in his signature. W. H. Crane writes a plain. round back-hand, and finishes with a flourish under the signature.

twenty sequins with the sultana of Alice Harrison signs herself in a Frangistan thereon for thy horse," said manly way for the whole family, which the captain. includes herself and her two clever "What hath thy servant done to thee

O master, that thou should thus revile him? Say eighty, and we shall rejoice," "Three of a kind" is what brothers. she calls the group. Maggie Mitchell's signature is plain and unassumine, as she is herself.

"Fifty sequins, and he is thine," "No. Modieska writes a pretty hand, but "Helene Modjeska" is the "He is of the children of Araby; but er or later by the natives. The whole

ing but lepers to ride?"

town, which is very romantically situastill thou mayest have him for forty." "Twenty, or we shall depart in ted, consists of huts built on piles. Jeffreys Lewis writes a big, bold

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Maryland forbids pool selling under penalties.

-Great Britain has 180,000 acres in onal apple orchards

otter hunters who had come over from -Paris has lately been having a madthe Channel Islands for a Sunday lark. These really wonderful marksmen, dog epidemia.

most of them native Californians, were -Women now serve on juries in killing gulls on the water, breaking Washington Territory.

> -A colored woman is studying medicine in Paris,

-This year's cotton crop in the South is figured at 5,700,000 bales.

-There are 180 women enrolled as students in the University of Michi-

-The total number of recognized species of Australian fishes now reaches

-The school teachers of Vermont are prohibited by law from using tobacco in any form.

-Prairie dogs, it is estimated, destroy annually ten millon dollars' worth of grass in Texas.

-The value of the fish caught by Canadian fishermen during 1883 is placed at \$17,000,000.

-A poorhouse at Mars Hill, Me., has just lost by death an inmate who "Why, to be sure," drawled the was 105 years old.

dude, looking around. But his fellow dude sauntered off and was standing -Females in Great Britain are in excess of the males to the number of seven some three hundred yards further along hundred thousand. the heach meditatively smoking a long

-Citizens of Victoria (B. C.) assem-"Ah! there's Cholly," said the lanbled in mass meeting recently, and deguid party, cocking the gun. "Let nounced gambling.

me see. You observe that he has a cig--The total number of separate farms ar in his mouth. Very well. I'll put a hole through it," and taking a carein the United States is 4,000,000, valued at \$10,000,000,000. less sight he fired. At the report the

-The great mass of the people of smoker gave a sudden start, took out and examined his Havana, and then Mexico are Indians. The ruling classes are mainly Spanish.

shook his fist angrily, The entire crowd ran toward him. -One million boxes of matches are produced daily by one machine in use Sure enough, there was a hole right at a factory in Sweden. through the center of the cigar, almost

-In both Germany and Austria paper "That's the fourth cigar you've is now being extensively used for the

spoiled for me," said the smoking dude in a vexed tone, "I wish you'd stop —War is being carried -War is being carried on in several cities in this country against the "swing-"That's the most wonderful shot I ing sign nuisance" just now.

ever saw," said an old gendeman to the -Worchester is stocking her city shooter the next morning. "Such a reservoir with 20,000 laud-locked sal-

mon from the State hatchery. "Nothing wonderful about it," said -Ten cents a word is now the highest the California Tell, confidentially. rate paid for telegraphing from one "All you have to do, is to have your point to another in this country. onfederate cut a hole in the cigar with

-A new geyser pasm has been discovered in the Yellowstone Valley, ten miles south of the petrifled forest,

-Fifty thousand dollars a year is expended by the Bank of England in feeding its clerks during business hours,

hinese Seas, the residence of the Sul--The entrance to St. John's harbor tans, there lives not a single European. A small number of Chinese once settled has been nearly closed, it is reported. there, but they were driven away soonby from nine to ten miles of icebergs.

-Petroleum, as a fuel on the locomotives of Russian railways, is said to be 50 per cent cheaper than coal or wood. -The United States raise nearly half

of the number of hogs produced in the

world. Iowa takes the lead with 5,170,-

#### looking young man from 'Frisco yawned in a broad manner and remarked in a very audible voice to a companion of our guests, and a criminally reckless that he didn't see anything very won-one to take such a risk. This produced a series of sarcastical-ly polite retorts on the part of the gan. A Turkish Horse Seller original lords of the soil. The owner was called for, and a "Perhaps the gentleman could show 1291. strapping fellow about 10 years of age approached. He was attired in the them something better?" "Well, I don't know," replied the Turkish costume, consisting of a short jacket, blue vest embroidered and covyoung man, languidly taking one of the hunters' Winchesters. "I might ered with bell buttons, baggy breeches, yellow sash, goatskin boots, and red

A Dead Shot.

A lot of Summer tourists were on the

shooting by a party of profess

if somebody would hold a cork or or ething on his head for me." ez: his hair was short, face dark, with The riflemen showed their teeth with bright gleaming eyes, and a fierce mus-tache. He was above the medium size, musement. "Doubtless," said one of then, wink-

and withal a pleasant-looking fellow. "Now, my son," said the captain, "how much do you ask for the horse?" ng at his companions, "doubtless the centleman's friend will oblige him."

Making a salaam the Kurd answered: "Master, if thy servant hath found favor in thine eyes, thou shalt have the horse for 200 sequins."

"O, Father of the faithful, hear the thief!" shouted the old fellow with the swivel neck. Two hundred sequins for the brute, when I will sell my beautiful beast for 100."

"You ask too much, my son," said

the pride of Bassora, instead of mount-

ing thy old camel, which is fit for noth-

"No; I will give thee twenty.

"I will count down into thine hand

It so chanced, this shortly after Lancelot's arrival, they had a picnic in the woods near Riverport, and on the day appointed, Echo paid especial attention to her toilet, tying a blue ribben around her round white neck, and tipping her hat bewitchingly on one Then she bade her affectionate mamma good-bye, and departed, accompanied by her sister Nellie, who, hke May, was engaged.

When they reached the picnic ground. they found May Fox, Lancelot, Reginald Browne, Lucy Lyndon, Lill Lavender (a fair stranger from the upper part of the river), Victor Despard, and good many others, waiting for their appearance. To describe them all would take some time : but they might be classified thus :- Lucy, an amiable 18 ?" nonentity; Victor, a fiery creole, desperately in love with Echo; Lill, a canion without the slightest regard for any one's feelings ; and Reginald, who despised Echo and adored Lill. Ltkewise, there was May's lover, Mark Townsend, who seemed to consider the whole earth a paradise, and the residents therein, angels, in such a state of overs wandered together under the only trees, privately wondering if two people had ever before been so happy.

side Echo:

"Ye-es, rather," was her equally brilliant response, as she inwardly hoped he would drop that worn-out subjectthe weather. "It looks like a Sundayschool, doesn't it ? 1'm not very fond of picnics,"

"Ah," he observed briefly, and subsided ; Echo smiled feebly in order to encourage him, and finally ended by laughing, more in despair than mirth. "Are you laughing," he asked, "because my last remark was so witty, and

at the same time, so profound ?" "Exactly," she answered. "But it was partly at Mr. Browne's rapturous countenance, of which I just now caught a glimpse. He is in his element now, with Lill Lavender for a com-

panion. She is an innocent who never reads almanacs, and therefore he can make had jokes with impunity." "Happy fellow ! he evidently has an appreciative listener," laughed Lance-

t, tipping his hat over his eyes to shade them from the sun. "Miss Echo -I may call you so, may I not ?- suppose you show me the pretty places in the wood."

"Certainly," assented Echo, and the two strolled off, feeling as if they had known each other for ages. "What a queer, pretty little name

you have." be said, as they walked along. "And how did you get it ?" "Please don't think it is because I always have 'the last word.' My name

Rebacca-lovely, n'est-ce pas?-but thank goodness, they shortened it to Echo. Fancy being called Beckie all une's life !" By this time they had one's life [" reached the silver ribbon of a stream,

"Good night," she half whispered "Sir Lancelot !" letting her hand rest in his for a moment.

was so pretty," he replied sentimentally; "Call me Sir Lancelot always, will you not ?" "Certainly, if you like it," she laughed. "Good-night, again "

and seeing him still standing there, flung him a flower ; then without waiting for his thanks, she ran into the house, encountering Mrs. Tudor at the head of the stairs.

she asked.

inquired mamma.

tle way." Lancelot often saw Echo after this. Nellie, who was soon to be married and

hill, asked her sister one day if she would not walk with her, as she was the dark fields below, and just then the to

Echo knelt down on the bank and dab-bled her pretty white hands in the wa-ter, and gazing upward from underneath the shady brim of her hat, to see how her companion liked the picture, she discovered that he was looking at her with an intensity which, however flat-

"I never knew before that my name

"Good-night," he responded, and as she stood on the door step, she turned,

"Who was that with you, Echo ?"

"Only Mr. Verschoyle, mamma," Echo replied, dropping her eyes. "But where is Nellie?" in

"Oh I She and Dick walked on a lit-

to live in a pretty little house on the the Moated Grange."

steps toward the hill, where the brown how near the dread presence is to us. church stood distinctly against an in- The next morning the sun shone with

-or dead? There was no time to lose, so hurriedly taking her in his arms, he placed her in the boat, and then ing up the river, the girl found that springing in himself, rowed for land

with all his might. Through all his trouble and anxiety, through all the fear tugging at his heart that the house upon the hill to white, her long, bright, rippled hair floating loosely back from her face. which he was taking Echo would be a narrow, narrow one, in which he would 'How dreary-how desolate everything have no part ; still, he was strangely reminded, as he looked at the white robed figure with its flowing hair, of sation flowed along, until they began the Lady of Shallot, as she floated, dead-pale, between the houses high." night. He pulled hard against the tide, making the skiff skim over the water, and reached the hill at last. Later in the night a noise was heard like the sound of a thousand thunders, followed by

the mighty rush of the waters, as they poured out into the river. The grand levee had broken, and the water was rushing away from the Riverport side, to flood the opposite country. by, as the sky darkened. For many days Echo battled with the

fierce fever which seemed to burn her life away ; but she did not die, for she was young, and youth does not let life slip from its grasp so easily. By the time she was able to go out into the open air. Riverport had resumed its familiar aspect ; but Echo did not know,

even then, who it was that had rescued her, until her sister Nellie casually menrise in the distance: Lancelot spoke presently. "May I tioned it. Echo sank back on her couch have your bouquet of forget-me-nots to remind me of to-day? Darling-. . . Quarter-less-three! . . . Half twain! . . . . Quarter twain! . . . M-a r-k twain! . . . Quarter-less!" Mr. Bixby pulled the bell-ropes, and the village. One evening she was in Nellie's garden gathering flowers, unconscious that Sir Lancelot's blue eyes eyes, holding out the bouquet as she spoke, "Take them, and keep them in like a fimsy little bit of genre-Maiden slackened. emembrance of the little girl who was plucking roses-blue sky-golden clouds

-jasmine and honeysuckle-hlies for a background-tawny head in relief against white flowers-and so on, maxing quite a pretty little picture. the steamer swung in her (to me) invis-"Sir Lancelot !" she cried, turning ible marks-for we seemed to be in the

suddenly, and seeing him. Perhaps encouraged by the sound of the old name, he came to the gate, and said softly, "Belle dame sans merci, will you let me in, and give me one of your roses?

And perhaps-just perhaps-she le him in, and gave him a flower.

tilling Attar of Roses

voice, saying quietly, "Good-bye Mr. Verschoyle; you need not try to ex-"Genuine attar of roses," remarked goes!' a New York chemist, "which is made in India and Australia, costs \$100 an cuse yourself." "Ah | I perceive-'La belle dame sans fuil serci' is being enacted for my benefit. ounce at the places of distillation. It takes 50,000 rose blooms to yield an Pardon me, if I say that a little woounce of attar. They are the common manly gentleness would not be unbe-coming." and he turned away. As he roses, and grow in great profusion in spoke, the setting sun burst through a California, where the distillation of at- of the Island. tar could be made a very profitable incloud, bathing them in its dying radi-

dustry. I have seen hedge-rows near Next day Lancelot was gone Samona, in that State, so dense with these roses that the odor from them on Soon Nellie was married, and went away to live on the hill among the a warm, sultry day caused a feeling of roses. Life was very hard to Echo at peculiar faintness and oppression in the this time-to be forced to smile and passer-by. This is the effect of the attar that is distilled by the heat and look interested, when she was longing moist air, and is held suspended, as

to steal away and be alone. One night were. in the atmosphere. she could not sleep, so she rose, and go-"There is money in that cause of faintness and indolence, but in this ing to the window, looked out on the surple night, and at the starry sky. country not only the sweetness, but the Heaven seemed so immeasurably calm, so far away—ah ! should she ever reach great value of the flowers, is wasted on it ? She felt very romantic and miserthe desert air. In Northern India the roses are regularly cultivated. They able, and very much like "Mariana in are planted in rows in fields, and require

The low of the cattle sounded from no particular care. When they begin bloom they are picked before mid going to see about some of the arrange-ments in her future home. Echo as-emnly through the silence, dying away children, who seem to regard it more sented, but being ready sconer than Nellie, grew impatient, and called out from the foot of the stairs, "Nell, I change!" sobbed she, "Ah I that is the can't wait any longer. I'll walk on, and you can join me." worst. How much better would it be if I were lying in the churchyard ;" ed to stand over night, being covered "Very well-and wait for me in the churchyard;" so Echo turned her footcoated with a thin oily film. This is the rare attar of rose. It is skimmed off with a fine feather and dropped into vials. The process continues daily until the bushes cease to bloom. So it may

well be imagined that any essence or oil that requires the distilling of 50000 roses good price set upon it.'

and evidently means it, too. Look at the River.

way she puts it.

ricane deck:

"In Allah's name, say thirty." "No.'

Mark Twain, in his "Life on the Mississippi," describes the daring deed of a pilot, upon whose mind the shape good horse, and loves not beating." of the river was so photographed that Every Other Hand. he ran an intricate and dangerous crossing at night. We condense the narra-

Two residents of Springfield had a lifficulty over a game of cards the other dle-guns and ammunition during the There were several visiting pilots on day and the result was the arrest of one board, going down to "look at the river." All agreed that it would be for assault and battery. When the first a schooner and then a steamer, case was called yesterday the complain- which, with their cargoes, were confisfolly to attempt Hat Island crossing at ant took the stand to explain how it cated by the Spaniards. Schuck, strange happened. An hour before sunset Mr. Bixby

to say, was not taken, and the then Sul-tan, Mahommed Imalio Alam, present-"You see, Judge, he began, "we took the wheel. At last somebody said, ed hind with a considerable piece of were three points up." "What's a point!" blandly inquired land, which he carefully cultivated. with a doomful sigh, "Well, yonder's Hat Island-and we can't make it." Since that time Shuck has been on the the court. "Why, we were playing five-point most friendly terms with the royal The sun dipped behind the horizon,

We each had three. A point family, educates the children, and in the boat went on. Inquiring looks uchre. passed. We bore steadily down the idolized by the natives. After residing counts one, your Honor." for some years in Sulu, he sent to Ger-many for his family, which at present bend. More looks were exchanged. In-"Ah! sensibly the pilots drew behind Mr. Bix-"He dealt, and it was my lead."

"Deal-lead. Please explain?" "Why, he shufiled the cards and dealt all under the age of twenty. This fam-ily paid us a visit on board the Leipsic,

Mr. Bixby pulled the cord, and two deep, mellow notes from the big bell he hand, and it was my first play." floated off on the night, Then a pause "Well, go on. Perhaps I can underof one more note was struck. The watchman's voice followed from a hurstand."

there is a difficulty about the Sultan of "I led the ace of diamonds and he Suln. Mahammed, mentioned above, trumped it with a club. That is, he "Labboard lead, there! Stabboard died a few years ago, and shortly after refused suit." his son and successor also died, so that

"Do you mean he refused to be sued?" "No, sir. I'd like to explain this only the old Sultana, with two sons in The cries of the leadsman began to thing to you, because it was about the their minority, is left behind. "M-a-r-k three! . . . M-a-r-k three! there is a grown-up son of the Sultan suit we had the fuss."

"I see-go on. You said you put a diamond down on the table. Did he by one of his slaves, whom part of the subjects wish to have as Sultan until the real heir comes of age, which is at grab it?" sixteen, while the greater part of the "He trumped it with a club. people, and most of the chiefs, have

was answered by faint jinglings far "Ah! Did you see him carrying this below in the engine room, and our speed club around before you sat down to play?" Every pilot in the lot was on the

lispute is to be settled by a civil war, "Your honor, I'd like to take a pack watch now. Nobody was calm and of cards and explain to you. which would be very welcome to the easy but Mr. Bixby. He would put his "No use-no use. I've heard some Spaniards. wheel down and stand on a spoke, and as of the Alderman speak about the right

and left bowers, and I've heard of jacks and kings and aces, but it would be lost midst of a wide and gloomy sea-he time to try to show me. You don't Toronto's livery stables, signaled to seem to have any case,"

She Won't Go.

He had been very kind and solicitous

or several days and at breakfast yester-

"My dear, you don't know how bad it makes me feel to see you look so thin

"You must have lost at least five

"And that haggard expression shows

"Dear me! but I could never forgive

He sighed heavily, but made no reply,

how his wife was, he answered:

day morning he suddenly remarked:

"Yes," she softly replied.

ounds in the last month."

overwork and need of rest,"

'I presume so, "

string

the proprietor, and gallantly handed a young lady out of the carriage. The "But that's because you do not understand me. When I charged him air were about to walk away, when with refusing suit he struck me in the he proprietor called out:

"There! she's over the first reef all montl. " "Did, ehl Well, there isn't any case "Her stern's coming down just exactto speak of. The prisoner is discharged, and you'd better whack up on the

"Now she's in the marks; over she costs. "And to think !" groaned the cour

"Oh, it was done beautifull beautisel for the plaintiff as he reached the sidewalk, "that only the evening before Now the engines were stopped, and this same innocent old J. P. beat me

we drifted with the current. Presently out of seven glasses of beer at that very game of suchre, and I'll take my sol-I discovered a blacker gloom than that which surrounded us, It was the head emn affidavy that he stocked the cards on me at least every other hand. We were closing right down upon it

We entered its deeper shadow. Mr. Bixby stood by his wheel, silent, intent, and all the pilots stood shoulder to shoulder at his back. "She'll not make it!" somebody whis-

would meet and fasten her there.

now and then-such as:

right!"

ly right!"

Out of the murmur of half-audible

talk, one caught a coherent sentence

The water grew shoaler and shoaler,

and care-worn." by the leadsman's cries, till it was down "Eight-and-a-halfl . . . E-i-g-h-t feet!

ven-and:" Mr. Bixby said warningly through his speaking-tube to the engineer:

"Stand by, now!" "Aye, aye, sirl" "Seven-and-a-half! . . . Seven feet! . Six-and"-

myself if you should go into a decline.' "See here, Henry!" she replied, as she laid down her fork and looked him We touched bottom! Instantly Mr. square in the eye, "you want to drop that! If you think you can pack me off to the country for a month and Bixby set a lot of bells ringing, and shouted through the tube:

"Now, let her have it-every ounce you've got!" leave you to gallop around here you have got hold of the wrong end of the Then to his partner, "Put her hard down! Snatch her! snatch her!"

The boat rasped and ground her way through the sand, hung upon the apex and yet as he stood on the corner wait-ing for the car, and Smith asked him of disaster a single tremen us instant. and then over she went! And such a shout as went up at Mr. Bixby's back never loosened the roof of a pilot-house

"Picking right up, thank you. She's gaining a pound a week right along, before! Mr. Bixby was a hero that and was never in better spirits." night. Fully to realize the marvellous pre-

-Texas will send more cattle North to fill an ounce viat has a right to have a cision required in laying the great this season, it is stated, than ever besteamer in her marks in that murky | fore.

Even the Sultan's Pala deserve a grander name. In the interior of the island, which is in its primi-"Well, thou shalt have him for twen- tive state, there is not a civilized being,

cutting it in half.

that sort of thing."

terrible risk, too."

scheme!"

penknife beforehand. It's a boss

The Island of Sulu.

consists of three daughters and

where they were most kindly received

already acknowledged the legitimate

uccessor in splie of his minority. The

Onplicate Wedding Presents.

A young man drove up to one of

"Abem! One moment, young man

"Well?" said the young man, com

"One dollar and fifty cents, if you

"You saw that girl?" queried the the third year.

"Ah-ves. Look here a minute

"Yes; got engaged while we were

"Well. I don't see how that relieves

you from paying for my team," said the liveryman, dubiously.

"Oh, no, no-it don't. But it sug-

"Hold on a couple of weeks and I'll

pay you in duplicate wedding presents."

An Ancient Trapper

Up a tributary of the Pend d'Orellie

train crossed the Coriacan defile, over

the world. This man has a half-blood

daughter at Fort Corville 70 years old.

Col. Ashley's expedition in 1802, and

trapped for the company all that season.

Fur companies. He ascended the Yel-lowstone river in 1804 and saw the gey-

baby." Duchrane was a member

They stepped into the stable togethre.

ing back, reluctantly.

young man nervously.

"We're engaged."

gests a way to my mind."

"What's that?"

Mr.

"Yes,"

out riding.

\*\*Indeed!

A letter from Sulu says, in Mainbun

445. ty; but be kind to Selim, for he is a with the exception of a planter and his -The Paris police arrested about 200 family. This planter, is a German, named Schuk, who has created a real vagabonds in one haul recently in the Tuileries Garden and the Louvre paradise in the midst of the wilderness, He was once a captain of a ship, and

But

Square. -Women it appears are at a premium furnished the natives with German nee in Washington Territory, \$100 being invasion of the Spaniards. He took offered by Cosmopolis for the first woman settler.

> -Within the past twenty-one years he number of female doctors in the United States has increased, nearly 7000 per cent.

-The number of electors now on the register in Great Britain is 2 660 144 in England and Wales, 230,156 in Ireland. and 331,264 in Scotland.

-The total number of separate farms in the United States is 4,000,000, and their aggregate value is estimated at nineteen billion doilars.

-Denver, Col., has a 900 foot artesian well that is said to yield water almost exactly the same (by analysis) as by the captain and officers. At present the famous Spa water in Germany.

-It cost \$66,228 per mile to build the Pacific railroads. The New Mexico Central has been built at a cost of \$24,-000 per mile. The latter was fully as difficult to contract and as expensive.

-A telegraphic message at the rate of from twelve to fourteen words a minute was recently sent over 7000 miles of wire from London to Calcutta. -New York imports on an average

about 30,000 bushels of bananas a week

None come from Florida, which barely

raises enough for its own consumption.

Islands dispose of the remains of a de-

ceased fisherman by lashing him fast in

-The liability of the American peo-

ple for the public debt is \$28.40 per cap-

ital; at the end of the war it was \$78.

25; the interest liability is ninety-five

-A company of Englishmen and

Scotchmen have bought 28,000 acres of

mineral land near Chattanooga, Tenn.,

and will put up two blast furnaces.

in New Mexico apple trees bear the

second year after planting, peaches the

second year from the seed and grapes

-A sawfish was captured near Jack-

sonville, Florida, a few days ago,

measuring 14 feet in length, with a saw

three feet three inches long and about

the dead is practiced by the Parsees who, instead of burying the remains of

deceased persons, allow them to be de-

-The Duke of Marlborough has

offered to let the National Gallery have

twelve of the Blenheim pictures for

-London has seventy-six guilds en-

-Sugar, which is the chief staple of

estimated, ninety million dollars of

capital, and is the almost exclusive sup-

-The cabinet of manuscript of the

National Library of Paris includes 92,-

000 volumes, either bound in boards or

all periods, both French and Foreign.

-Word comes from Los Angeles, Cal.,

\$2,000,090. The Raphael and the Ru

bens "family picture" are included.

-A strange method of disposing of

seven inches wide.

voured by vultures.

river, on which is situated Thompson's dowed by wealthy benefactor for the Falls, is a Frenchman named Baptiste benefit of different trades, and their

Duchrane. He is 103 years of age, and trust property alone yields an income of

which is the highest wooden bridge in Louissana, employs in that State, it is

of whom he always speaks of as "my port of four hundred thousand people.

After that he trapped and sold furs to both the Hudson Bay and American

sers, but, like the other trappers who, of a terrible destruction of fruit by lin-

saw portions of the wonderful scenery nets. More damage has been done in of the Park, he was more interested in furs than scenery, and never told any capable writer of what he saw.

first saw a railroad car last fall, when a one million dollars annually.

-It is said that in the Mesilla Valley

with a capacity of 250 tons a day.

cents, as against \$4.29 in 1865.

a boat, with a baited line in hand, and

sending it adrift to sea.

-The Aborigines of the Chatham

