# MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY. PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1884.

THE CONSTITUTION-THE UNION-AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS

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### AFTERWARD.

O strange, O sad perplexity, Blind groping through the night, Faith faintly questions, Can there be An afterward of light?

O heavy sorrow, grief and tears, That all our hopes destroy, Say, shall there dawn in coming years An afterward of joy?

O hoves that turn to gall and rue,

Sweet fruits that bitter prove, Is there an afterward of true And everlasting love? O wearmess within, without,

Vain longings for release, Is there to inward fear and doubt An afterward of peace ? D restless wanderings to and fro

In vain and fruitless quest, Where shall we find, above, below. An afterward of rest? O death, with whom we plead in vain

To stay thy fatal kutfe, Is there beyond the reach of pain An afterward of life?

Ab, yes; we know the seeming ill When rightly understood In God's own time and way fulfil His afterward of good.

### MIGNONNE.

"That? Oh, that's my small sister Mignonne, An uncommon face, rather it ?" and Jack Chandran glanced at the rough sketch which his visitor had unearthed from an old sketchbook, and then turned back to his

"Your sister?" Philip Vanderventer looked at the bit of paper a little more intently. 'Not much like you, Chan-What a pretty, babyish look here is about it.

"She is scarcely more than a baby, said Jack, stepping back a few paces, with his head held critically on one side to observe the effect of the last few touches. "Only a little girl, you know; but an uncommonly nice one. There she is now-In some muddle over the accounts, I suppose. We have occause of fun out of our housekeeping, and poor old Beckie does the work."

And then the door swung back forcibly, and a young girl, plentifully adorned with blotches of ink in every direction, made her appearance.

O Jack !" she cried, "I've been bothering over this thing all the morning, and it won't come out right. Can't you help me?" And then she stopped short, for she saw that Jack was not

"Never mind, girlie," said Jack, seeing her distressed face, "This is Mr. Vanderventer-my little sister, sir. Too bad about the accounts; but I've no bead for figures, you know. Let it

"May I try to help you?" Had Philip Vanderventer been equal to the mental effort, he would have odd, when he began his task, that he should have offered his assistance; but the sensation of being useful was something novel; it pleased him for the time being. And besides, it was such a very pretty little girl who leant over him,

and charming mana r.
Get it wrong again as quickly as possible," he said, when the victory was won over the obstinate figures, "and then apply to me. I feel quite refreshed by my exertions. Don't thank me, I beg of you; I consider it a privilege. on his gloves, looking covertly at Migtown now, and I am bored to death."

And so he departed. It was odd how that child's face baunted him; the great, wide open, dark eyes, with their long, straight lashes; the clear, babyish complexion; the delicate, sensitive mouth: and the long, heavy braids of golden red hair. Such a pretty, pretty girl !" he said, "Such a pretty

The next day he was at Chandran's had suddenly became greatly interested in art; and Jack Chandran was the very man to give 1m ideas on the subject-so he said-and day after day found him at the studio, and he and Mignonne were soon excellent friends. "A very pretty little girl," he had depart. called her, and this conviction grew stronger on him daily. "A very, very pretty little girl" she was indeed,

'She'll make more than one heart ache by and by," he thought, as he sat in the little sitting-room one day (be was admitted "behind the scenes "now; Jack had "taken a fancy" to him, and showed it most emphatically), looking at her as she knelt before the small grate trying to coax the fire into cheer-"Chandran will have his hands full : and I don't envy him,"

And then Mignonne, sitting down all in a heap on the dingy hearth-rug, turned around upon him. "What are you thinking of that you look so cross?" said, "It must be something dread-

"Only of you, little girl," he answer-en, smiling down at her. "Nothing so dreadful after all, is it?"
"And what of me?" The childish persistence was very charming. "What

'Nothing as yet. It's what you will do, of which I was thinking -when you forting shabbiness and unceremoniousare a g own young lady-when you begin to think of leaving Jack."

'I shall never leave Juck !" the pretty hand-pretty although it was darkened floor beside her. "Never, Mr. Vander-

you will some day, my dear child—and dack, knowing that you would be happy every respect. with him, should be willing, then it

would be different, you know." But the pretty head still shook in a most decided negative. "Jack would arrangements without a murmur; had never be willing, I know, And"- been congratulated as a "lucky fellow" there was a sudden little flash of temper in the girlish voice-"and I don't like it for granted that he was one indeed, you talking about my caring for any

"And whom?" said Mr. Vanderven- he had begun to see things a little difr and bright eyes, "And whom,

'And you," she said, looking up at

was such a pretty little girl, and so Therefore, after a little, the monotonous childishly honest. "I am ver do," he said. "But why?" "I am very glad you engagement was enlivened by little dif-"Because you don't wear a velveteen

coat; because you don't smoke a horrid pipe; because you don't talk slang; because you keep your hands nice; and street for comfort and consolation.

"Thanks," How refreshingly can did she was. "And I like you, too, little gril. We are excellent friends. But of recuperation. "It's solid comfort to All brough that evening, Philip be perfectly to Mignome, during one of these seasons and the gril. We are excellent friends. But of recuperation. "It's solid comfort to all brough that evening, Philip be perfectly to Mignome, during one of these seasons are seasons."

be left quite behind when you are a here for a while."

"It's like once, like always, with us Chandrans," she said, rising, and standing with one hand resting on the man-"If she were a few ever go to the theatre?" years older," he thought, "I should be afraid that I was falling in love with eagerly. her; but a child like that-it's absurd!"

and so he rose to go, "By the way, Mignenne," he said, "i quite forgot it, but I have an engagement. My cousin has just returned, and I must go and welcome her. I am

departed, smiling. But Mignonne, oddly enough, did not fire needed attention again, and, kneel- invited. ing down to look at it, two bright tears day have numerous lovers? It was the surprise in store for him. very foolish and childish of her, certainly-but then she was only a little are very silly sometimes.

Yes, Frederica Vanderventer had reextremely glad to see him when he appeared, and was in the most amiable found it very dull after you left. After one is engaged, you know, she is rather set aside—and as I promised not to flirt.

I felt obliged to keep fuith."

and then Mr. Vanderventer inquired thought it would be a pleasant one," and she gave him a folded slip of paper. They were near a street lamp, and he with a groan. I felt obliged to keep faith."

delighted to have his affianced return to | in the hall, and the door opened. town; of course he had felt wretchedly unhappy and out of sorts during her absence, but, some way, he seemed a Could that be Mignonne?-Mignonn little distrait and ill at ease that even- of the short frocks and long braids ?-

ing, and even Frederica noticed it. How have you spent your time?" she asked, as he stood by the piano turning her music and trying to look was no longer braided child fashion am sentimental enough to be glad of "I heard from the Claxton's that you had gone picture mad-odd you didn't ler-I think-tell me about it."

"Chandran the name is. I have been there sometime; you would like his "He has a sister, I believe," she bent

forward, in her pretty, near-ighted way, to look at her notes, and then looked up at him. "Is she pretty?" He laughed, and then grew suddenly the loveliest faces that I ever saw, but a mere child\_about fourteen I should

judge. You must go with me and see think her a charming little gal-as I do;" and then he sauntered lazily nonne. "I shall come in often, if I away to pay his respects to his aunt may, Chandran, 'he said; "it's dull in before departing. before departing.

The next day he did not appear at

the studio, nor the next, but the third day, when Mignonne was working busily at her own little window, a grand carriage drew up at the door, and looking out, she saw Philip Vanderventer smiling up at her, but he was not alone; a tall, fair faced young lady, dressed in the height of fashion, was with him, and they came up the narrow stairway together.

"Mr. Chandran, Frederica," said studio, and the next, and so on. He Mr. Vanderventer, "my cousin, Miss and suddenly became greatly interested Vanderventer, Chandran;" and then ed, admired, and criticised, after the you, manner of young ladies in studios from time immemorial, until it was time to

"By the way," she said, as she drew her shawl around her. "I hear that you have a sister, Mr. Chandran, Philip has spoken of her so admiringly that I really want to see her," but although Jack departed in search of her, no Mignonne could be found, and Miss Vanshimmering silks, her filmy laces, her dainty gloves, and her almost impossi-

shared her glory. Some way, now that Frederica had arrived, Philip Vanderventer was not so thought, savagely, and then he answered frequently at the studio. Frederica, and Frederica's wants and whims occupied his time pretty thoroughly, but whenever he could escape to the com

ness of Glueck street, he did so, Frederica was nice, charming, in every way a modei flancee, but, some way he never felt quite at ease with here and there in the argument with ber. There was nothing childish, unthe fire-came down forcibly on the formed or fresh about her; she had been "in society" until she was perfectly acquainted with its entrances, "But if you cared for any one-as exits, and complications, and was a

Her cousin admired her, appreciated

ferences which, between a couple less

her beauty, her manners and her conversation, and had fallen into the family he obeyed his aunt's behest. by his envious friends, and had taken without exerting himself to think much derventer." about it any way. Latterly, however, ter, lazily admiring the heightened ferently; he had found himself once or a shade grimmer than usual, but Fredtwice, differing with the "divine Frederica," he began to think vaguely, that perhaps eye-glasses were not the pretti- nonne's manner at first was simply him in her frank, childish way. I like you, Mr. Vanderventer."

He laughed, a lazy little laugh—she

pernaps eye-glasses were not the pretty charming, and Frederica, looking at her through the inevitable eye-glasses, with her through the inevitable eye-glasses, with her eyebrows raised a trifle, was

> high in the social scale, would have been called downright quarrels—after which Philip would retire to Glueck street for comfort and consolation.
>
> for trying to deceive me, sir," and then, of sulphate of ammonia; dry and coat again; put ten or twelve sheets together and then dry in heated moulds under "I don't know what I should do without a little friend like you," he said to without a little friend like you," he said to without a little friend like you," he said to

He had effended her now; he saw it in the drocp of her eyelids and at the from Miss Vanderventer, sir?" away terly hard it would be to go on with the

cinated by her pretty ways and frank the impulse of the moment, "did you

"with Jack." "Would you like to go with me sometime, if Jack didn't mind?"

The look on her face answered him going to bring her around some time to arrange the matter with Jack. It was his stately cousin bend and kiss Migsee Jack's pictures—and you. I am sure you will like her," and so he night until Thursday, but then Freder-her more at that moment than he had smile as the door closed after him. The go then-and so Mignonne was formally as usual, but with a cordial pressure of

Luckily, Philip Vanderventer was friends?" Had he not just told her that the worry and bother of preparation "Come and see me to-morrow, at five

It was a few minutes before the delone, dubious and unhappy.

"I am afraid I have," answered and charming frame of mind imagina- Chandran, solemnly. "I feel so-don't "It was too trying for you to be mind me, I am low-spirited you see;"

"I should think so"-he began, but Of course Philip Vanderventer was just then there was a rustle of drapery

"I am ready," said Mignonne's oice, and then Philip turned slowly. Mignonne, the "little girl ?"

inexpressibly happy, but succeeding down her back—it was gathered up in only in looking tremendously bored. a glorious knot on the very top of her For one moment, I mention it in your letters. They said shoulders. The short frock was sup-enough he liked his cousin Frederica you were studying with an artist-Shan- planted by a prettily-fashloned dress, more at that moment than he had ever gave a new stateliness to her slender Mignonne.

"Read it," he said, and he watched which, trailing behind her in soft folds. to his studio frequently, I'll take you figure, and, as she stood there blushing

"Do you not like me as well?" she

more, the dressmaker said." "Plague take the dressmaker !" Interpolated Jack." "I am quite nineteen, you know,"

this rather defiantly, and so-and so-"How beautiful she is," thought Philip, as he took her hand for a mo-

fearful and wonderful simpleton !" most humbly a minute after.

admiration.

go home now, can't we?"

ible whisper; and Philip Vanderventer, in a singularly mixed state of mind performed the introduction.

guised admiration on the gallant Captain's face, and then he hesitated for a moment. Should he go, or should he not?-after all, perhaps it would be best to face the difficulty at once; a brave front is best under all circurastances, and so, overcoming Mignonne's timidity with a laughing "nonsense,"

"Miss Chandran, my aunt, Mrs. Vanderventer; my cousin, Miss Van-The worst was over with now, and he breathed more easily. His aunt looked

erica was gracious in the extreme. The little shyness and timidity in Mig-

story?" she whispered to her conscience-stricken cousin. "I'll never forgive you fresh blood, thirty-five of lime, and five

you will outgrow it presently; I shall 'run away from everybody and come Vanderventer sat communing with himself. How the world had changed "Away from everybody," repeated to him in the last few hours-how bit-"Bother Miss Vanderventer!" said all the brightness taken away from it-

tel, looking down intently at the fire; pleasure at some trivial states and then for a time they were silent. he, not being in the sweetest of tempers and Frederica's eye-glasses were directly and frederica's eye-glasses and eye-glasses and eye-glasses are eye-glasses and eye-glasses and eye-glasses are eye-glasses are eye-glasses are eye-glasses and eye-glasses are eye-glasses are eye-glasses are eye-glasses are eye-glasses are eye-glasses are eye-glass entirely too indolent, it seemed, to carry the conversation farther, and contented himself with looking at her through his what I say—that's a good child," and himself to entertain us, and you are half-closed eyes, and adouring her im- so Mignonne went on with her drawing, not assisting him in the least. Has It was perfectly absurd for and he sat and looked at her in silence. anything gone wrong, sir?" There was him to feel toward a child like her as A sudden thought struck him after a a keen, but not unkindly look in the he did. He admired her, he was fas- while, "Mignonne," he said, acting on blue eyes behind the glasses, a look which deepened as he roused himself to answer, with a jest, and then she turned

The great dark eyes looked up at him away.

"I shall call upon you again, very "I shall call upon you again, very soon, Miss Chandran," she said, very graciously, as they rose to go. were not in when I came before-and you must come and see me-you and and half-laughing at the pleasure which | Philip," and then Philip, busy with his shone in her eyes, he sauntered away to aunt's draperies, was astonished to see night until Thursday, but then Freder- her more at that moment than he had ica was going out of town, and Thurs- ever done before in his life, and then day evening was his own-they would she gave him her hand, not languidly, friendliness.

It was decidedly odd-the more so fell on the coals. And why? Weren't not much at the studio during the in-she and Mr. Vanderventer "excellent tervening days, and he knew nothing of and said, in her old, imperious way, -I think you will have something to he "liked her, too?" And was she not a very pretty little girl, who would some when the night came, he little suspected tell me. Good-night!" and she was

gone. What a delightful walk that was signated time that he came into the with Mignonne. She was so happy, so girl, and little girls, as well as big ones, little sitting-room, and Jack sat there entirely pleased with her whole evening, so full of anticipations of "what Jack "What's the trouble, Chandran?" would say," when he knew about it; turned, and had apprised her devoted asked his visitor, "You look as though it was simply charming to hear her cousin of that fact-moreover, she was you had lost your last friend. What is talk, but suddenly, as they drew near her door, she paused a moment. "I had almost forgotten," she said,

your cousin asked me to give this to ou; 'it is a surprise,' she said, and she fingers trembling as he held it; it was a note in Frederica's delicate, unsteady

"I have read your story in your face to-night," it said, "and take the responsibility of breaking an engagement which ought never to have been made. We shall be better friends than lovers. It was Mignonne's face certainly, and Your Mignonne is a darling, and I am and if you have any more highfalutin For one moment, Philip stood look-

pretty head, a long, curing, golden-red | ing at the little slip of paper which had lock falling here and there over her brought such a change to his life; oddly ne before—and then he turned

and smiling as they looked at her, a sudden unaccountable pain smote Philip as she did so.

"Mignonne," he said, at last, "Mig-Vanderventer's heart.

Mignonne was a child no longer; he had lost his little friend forever.

"Mignonne," he said, at last, "Mignonne," and then the lovely, blushing face looked up at him, the heavy eyelashes glittering with sudden, happy said, putting out her pretty hand half- tears, and there in the little, narrow, deserted street, Philip Vanderventer timidly. "Jack is disgusted with me, but I am too old for short frocks any bent and kissed her, not once, but many

"Mignonne, my little Mignonne, my very own always," he whispered, and she did not draw away from him, or

answer "no." The Hotel Clerk The most troublesome guest in the like. ment, and then, with a sudden anger, world is the new Congressman from the what a fool I have been!-what a rural district. He will come to Washington and order a suite of rooms for All that evening he watched the his family, an office for himself and lovely face under the pretty hat, like reception rooms for his constituents, one in a dream. Not one word that was spoken by the actors did he hear or he finds out that it is going to cost him he finds out that it is going to cost him understand; he even answered Mig- something, he will finally condescend nonne at random, and grew almost irrinonne at random, and grew almost irrito take a back room on the fourth floor
table when she laughed at his pre-occuor go to a boarding house. The troutable when she laughed at his pre-occu-pation, although he begged her pardon ble with him is that he don't know that he is not so big a man here as he is "See," she said suddenly, at the close at the Four Forks cross roads. He is oysters, but the full grown quahaug Vanderventer, Chandran;" and then Miss Vanderventer went into lady-like of the first act, "there is your cousin, and the Italian contadina puffed, and the same individual who never sat a dinner of courses in his life, and don't requires over the pictures and wonder. Mr. Vanderventer, she is bowing to how to live life a givilized bon't know how to live life a givil know how to live life a givil know how to live life a givil know how to live li know how to live like a civilized being. shellfish. Truly, there was Frederica, languidly He comes here and gorges himself on waving her fan, and smiling down upon rich food, guzzles whiskey and wine, along the shores of Naragansett Bay. a third member of the party, scornfully him graciously-looking at his com-panion meanwhile, through her eye-curses the climate of Washington. glasses, with a certain sharp curious There is another class almost as bad. who are not used to traveling and who "How very beautiful she is !" said do not know good fare or good service Mignonne, turning to him as he bowed constrainedly to his cousin. "She looks finding fault with the servants, the losuch a grand lady that I should be cation of their rooms, with this, that deventer was obliged to content herself afraid of her," and then, catching and the other, and in nearly every case with a look at the sketch which her sight of his disturbed face, a crimson these people are those who have nothing consin produced from some mysterious hiding-place. "I really wish you painted quick tears came to her eyes, "O Mr. at home. The commercial traveler is quick tears came to her eyes, "O Mr. portraits," was her last gracious remark to Jack, "I should surely have mine painted," and so she departed—her Vanderventer," she cried, with a piteous quiver of her pretty lips. "I am privilege he can; but as a rule he is so sorry! I wish I hadn't come—we can to take care of himself. He is usually He turned toward her sharply; not a bright man, jolly and good natured. ble bonnet, making her the centre of attraction in the shabby street, and Philip Vanderventer went with her and shared her glory.

He turned toward her sharply, not a dight man, jony and good natured, and makes the best of everything. As a class New England people are the how cruelly she had misunderstood him. "She thinks I am sorry that I brought reliant, quick, understand themselves, her, now that Frederica is here," he are accustomed to traveling, and are neither too familiar nor too backward her, under his breath: "You do not towards the other guests. The bridal know how unjust you are to me, Mig- couples are the easiest to attend to, for they are usually too happy to realize nonne, in your thoughts."

"Ah, Vanderventer, how are you? the difference between good food and Your aunt sent me to summon you and indifferent. They all want the best your friend to seats in her box-by the rooms, though, and are mostly willing way, introduce me," this last in an audible whisper; and Philip Vanderventer, bridal chamber has played out, as it was a little too conspicuous, but an old hotel clerk can spot a bride and groom "Captain Meriton, Miss Chandran," as far as he can see them. There is inwardly raging at the look of undisienced eye can catch at once; it sug-gests a lack of experience, a want of knowledge of how they should carry themselves, and many youthful couples give themselves away by endeavoring to appear independent and by overdoing the matter. A common trick of a bridegroom is for him to telegraph ahead for a room, or a suite of rooms for himself and wife, and when he comes he will neglect to register properly. Then he gets red in the face when the clerk tells him of his error, and sometimes he squares the matter by saying "let's have a drink on that."

A great trade in paper bottles is grow- 1858. ing up in Germany and Austria. Ten per cent. of rags, forty of straw, and lifty of brown wood pulp are used in evidently favorably impressed. making them. Thin paper is coated and impregnated with a solution commaking them. Thin paper is coated be perfectly proof against spirits and

### Sons of Guns.

John William Blank belonged to the Ancient and Modern and Highly Hon orable Sons of Guns of Detroit. If it wasn't that, it was some other fraternal order which meets every Monday night and pays so much to the heirs of every

member who happens to die. John William happened to die the other month, and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions and present them to his wife in person. The first part of their duties was fulfilled to the entire satisfaction of the lodge, but the committee had some little trouble in finding Mrs. Blank. They traced her from ne neighbor to another, and finally found her at her sister's, hat and shawl on ready to go out. "Resolutions of sympathy, eh? Well,

The chairman of the committee proceeded to read that John William was a good husband and kind father and a citizen of unapproachable integrity, when the widow interrupted. 'Too much taffy! We used to have a

fight every week, and as to his being a kind father, we never had any children. As for his integrity, he stole all the wood we burned last winter. The chairman gulped down some thing and continued to read that John William was an unright brother a man with a heart full of sympathy for the misfortunes of others, and that charity

and forgiveness were the beacon fires which guided his footsteps, "Fudge!" sneered the widow, washed for the money to pay his dues to the lodge, and all the sympathy any one got out of him wouldn't buy a cent's worth of court plaster. Forgiveness! Well, some of you ought to He'd have revenge if it cost him a year in state prison. Beacon fires is purty

good, considerin' that we never had a decent stove in the house!" "Exactly; I was at the funeral and

ought to know.' "He was cut down like a flower." "Well, flowers ought to let whiskey and saloons and plug-tobacco and old-

sledge alone." "And we trust that our loss is his "Well, if he is any better off I'm your side. Now that's all I want to

offers to sell a fur-lined circular for \$15, take it in and save it till I come back."

## The Happy Clam.

"Do you know that the more clams increase? Clams, like religious beliefs, thrive from persecution. They really seem to enjoy being dug, cooked and eaten. It seems to be their inspiration.

There is no danger whatever of the one of the party wearying of the monoexhaustion of the crop. There are tony of the church, more clams in the ground to-day than No sooner said than done. A courever before."

"You are speaking now of the genuine New England clams?" "Yes, I am not speaking of quahaugs, The New Yorker, in his ignorance, calls nearly all shell fish by the general name of clam. The New Yorker means well-he means well, but he don't know. Now we of Boston, under the shadow of Bunker Hill nonument, know a genuine clam when we see it. We are not inextricably mixed up with 'long clams,' 'round

'little neck clams' and the clams,'

"How many varieties are there of the true clam?' "One only in shape; two in color. The true clam is what the Manhattanite designates as the 'long clam.' Some have white shells and some black, little neck clam' are simply small quahaugs. They are eaten raw, like

"Large quantities of clams are dug They are dug more easily there than viewing the landscape at our feet, "this along the shores of Boston harbor, because the soil is looser and not so hard and clayey. The Rhode Island clamdigger takes out a hoeful of mingled soil and clams, dumps it in into an iron basket, and washes away the soil by sousing the basket up and down in the water. Around here the soil is too hard to dissolve easily, and the clams must be picked out. The looser the soil the faster the clams will propagate.' "What is the best way to cook a

clam?" "In Indian style: Scoop a shallow hole in the sand and line it with large beach stones; build a fire of wood on the stones, and when they become redon a light covering of seaweed. The salt steam arising from the rockweed cooks the clam and makes a dish fit for the table of Olympian Jove. You want to eat a baked clam at least once before you die.

A peculiar fact is told in connection with the recent sale of the Fountaine collection of bric-a-brac in London, the sale of which realized a total of \$455,-555. It seems that in 1808, when it was proposed to place a memorial of Addison in Westminster Abbey there was difficulty in finding a trustworthy portrait for the guidance of the sculptor. At length it was determined to use a head-size picture of the great essayist which had been in Holland House for many generations, and was always supposed to be a portrait of Addison. The statue in the Abbey was accordingly copied from this work; but some time afterwards it was discovered that the picture in Holland House was in reality a portrait of Sir Andrew Fountaine. The statue placed in Poet's Corner in honor of Addison, is, therefore, in fact a portrait of his friend, the founder of the liorford collection. The story is told in detail in a pamphlet, "The Romance of a Portrait," published in

Montana has on her ranges 600,000 head of cattle, and will ship eastward 125,000 steers for beef during the present year. On the other hand, some of the stockmen of the territory are large buyers of cows and calves in Iowa and other western states, shipping them to their ranches for the purpose of obtaining breeding animals more rapidly than by depending upon the natural increase of their herds.

It was one August day-the twentyfirst of a certain anniversary-that a party of friends found themselves in the shadow of the Cathedral of St. Peter at Rome. As we lounged about in the twilight of the basilica, we remembered with a sigh of relief, the glowing square outside, the tapering obelisk in its center-so like the one in New York-the fountains spurting up their water dust like great snow-white tiger-lillies striped with rainbows, and the outstretched colonades of the sculptor-architect. Bernini, closing round the front of the church like the claws of a gigantic crab. Every cobble-stone in the square had sent a flinty gleam right into our optic serves and lighted up the face of the church till its yellow colors seemed on fire. There was no coolness anywhere to be found, except in the neighborhood of the ever-splashing fountains, or behind the pillars of the colonades A glance at the Tiber river near by made you recoil from its deep-sunk flood that seemed to boil and ooze sluggishly in the sun. The castle of St. Angelo. over yonder, which was once the tomb of Hadrian, regained a part of its original purpose-that of a huge vase for ashes filled with the relics of the Cæsars, over which the archangel-weathercock exult-

ed in the bright air, like a mounting The sky, absolutely peeled of clouds, was a cauldren of blue crystal in which molten turquoise was all aquiver. Was it any wonder that we had fled to the all-embracing cathedral church of the world for refuge against the beleaguering light? Here within, all was dim and twi light-like and sweet; even the faded, have sat down on his hat some time! and ever-fading incense was sweet. It was delightful to touch the cold marbles, to handle the moist wings of the "young-eyed cherubim" that upheld the mighty basin of eau benite, to put

"Madam your husband has been call- the palm of the hand against the icy porphyry and the shuddering malachite. Away up yonder in the vast arch of the dome, the feathery quill of St. Mark seemed to waft down coolness upon the pilgrims below; the tombs of princes and prophets around were ice chests stored with vitality in comparison with the heat and languishment without; the chapels behind the iron gratings were redolent with mountain breezes in glad on't., but I guess the gain is on the coolness which they suggestively breathed upon us. The silvery tone of hear. I can pick up a thousand better the interior of the church was tranquilimen with my eyes shut. I'm in a hur- zing. No painted glass threw tumbled ry to go down and see a woman who spots of blood and fire on the sensitive floor or concentrated in their glassy flowerbed the humors and passions of Shakespeare to git off my sister will the sun. The air was rich and still and filtered; the panes of white glass were nebulous, the long-drawn aisles were forest vistas full of shade; Vallombrosa itself itself could not be moister or dimmer than the perfect arch of the dome are dug and eaten the faster they will crowded with its far withdrawn mosaics.

> more refreshed. 'Let's go up into the roof," cried

teous ecclesiastical guided us up the inclined plane that led heavenward by an ascent so easy that you could ride up on horseback or roll up in a carriage and four.

"Let's go up into the dome," cried another, finishing his hasty survey of the small town that has sprung up on the roof of the church. The masons and workmen, you must know, live here on top and their supplies are brought up to them on donkey back. They succeed each other in regular bereditary line and the right of living n this zerial is handed down from father to son.

So off we started on the climb of the lome, in and out of winding staircases, with little flashes of light shooting in on us through loop-holes as we climbed. Presently we came to galleria according to the nature of the soil in that girdles the dome outside like a art." which they grow. The quahaug is necklace or the ruche of a Turkish "It minaret. Here some one dropped his pocket book, and out in every direction, scattered and run and rolled the bright gold coins. How the Capuchin panted and the Italian contadina puffed, and be-Joved! Evidently nobody had lung

complaint. "Let's go up into the ball," suggested

is nothing!" Everybody started on a run, higher and higher still, up the steep ladder that led from the galleria into the golden orange that surmounts the dome of St. Peter's. From the ground this said: orange is really an orange to look at. When you get into it—it holds sixteen people! And on the top of this there is what looks like a tiny cross, a mere glittering toy, such as a lady might hang after the other, through an aperature just big enough to admit a person of ordinary size. There were slits in the mossy bronze through which we were soon gazing out, as through an zerial spy glass-out-out-far as the eye could see.

Wonderfully distinct like a piece of chiseled marble, lay the city of Rome, beneath and about us. The thunder of the Eternal City melted to a musical and almost inaudible murmur as it gathered in shadowy focalization within the hollow heart of the ball. Far away westward, or what seemed westward. in the direction of Ostia, there was a

with trembling lightness. Stone-pines seamed the hillsides with statuesque shadows, veritable umbrellas of Old Lak-Oie spreading painted dreams over the heads of the good children sleeping beneath them. The obelisks in the great piazzas shot out their pointed snake tongues at the sun. The huge bowl of the Coliseum looked like a tea cup, and the Palace of the Casars was the house of the tin soldier. You could have hung the Temple of Vesta to your 25 in about twenty years. watch chain as a charm, and used the Column of Trajan as a toothpick. The Pincio was a toy garden that would and pronounced good. readily slip into your vest pocket. Bernini's crab claws shrunk to the dimensions of a shrimp. His holiness, the Deadwood, Dakota, lately, pope, on his white mule ambling in the Vatican garden was a crumb pulled by an emmet. You, yourself, for the moment were an animalcule inside of a spines, and many which have poisonondrop of water, looking out through the clear crystal walls on the world at large. How had we been able to stand it lism."

> of Daniel-a red hot ball of flaming Paris was 15, 000; the total is at presbronze heated by a thousand suns, till ent 44,000. one's very hair smelt like burnt feathers. What was the matter?" Well, the great, greasy Italian con-

but not less inevitably than we. She had ascended—ascended—head—shoulders-bust-middle! There she stuck!

Neither up nor down could she advance; and there she lay weltering and wallowing in the hole, a huge perspiring stopper, sealing us up like a bottle "Good heavens!" we all cried; "wo-

man, will you let us out? Hurry, we are stifling! An elephantine roll was the only

Chuck her down!" murmured one still rolling upward. of the Englishmen, between his teeth; she'll be the death of us all." Again the woman swayed helplessiy in the hole, her clothes gathering in are sheep, are kept, formidable fluffs about her like life South Georgia

preservers, and her dangling extremities going through the pendulum drill far "'Eave 'er out!" urged the other Englishman who had been a sailor. "Throw her overboard-drown her!" The unfortunate contading lay in the

lutch of the hole, caught as securely as the belted Orion. Twirl her extremities as she might-pendulate-oscillate has discouraged their planting in Kanheave-revolve; in vain: there she sas this year, and the area fell off nearly stuck, and the air could no more get | 75 per cent, or 39,223 acres. through her to our famishing lungs than it could get through the bronze during the latter part of his life is on itself. Eight people inside of a brazen sale at Zurich. Its genumess is vouched globe, hotter than ten thousand egg for by documentary proofs, Had it been a cathedral of ice with the slits of the metal to live on. shells, could not get air enough through

"By the eternal Jericho, I won't die up here, you confounded idiotl"

bottle: a fair push, a long push, and a practice of military balleoning. push altogether—and—down she went!

—Between two and three thousand tons of salt are used annually on the through the neck of the bottle, and we Pacific coast, in the reduction of silver breathed again, we were saved! And so our birthday party in the ball

# of St. Peter's came to an end.

"Oh, I do so much like this book," said a lady, putting aside, with weari- -The "Bo" free, in Amarapoora, ness that could not be concealed, a Burmah, is said to be the object tree on work from the pen of a realistic novel- earth. The date of its planting, 288 B. ist, "Everything is so natural. Why, C., rests, it is claimed, upon historic it speaks of the heroine stopping on the documents.

stairway and tying her shoe. "Very thrilling," replied her hus-

it is so real. That's what I call fine to him, young lady to stop and tie her shoe, but Last year's statistics show that the I don't know that it was art. Any number of women who died by their one, of even slight digital education, own hands was one third more than the

can tie a shoe." "Oh, you don't understand. The mere act of tying a shoe implies no art, dowed by wealthy benefactors for the but the fact that the novelist should benefit of the different trades, and their have spoken of anything so natural is trust property alone yield an income of £200,000 annually. "Then, in your opinion, high art -In the five years from 1877 to 1881

paper?"

"Here is a chapter from my forth- numerous wagons that are to be seen coming book: The calf stood in the daily on the streets, one serves the lot. A horsefly buzzed among the Mansion House regularly. leaves of a peach tree. A gray-headed -From the complete returns of the what looks like a tiny cross, a mere glittering toy, such as a lady might hang about her neck, or a nun swing to her rosary; but—it is seventeen feet long, fit for the neck of one of the Jack-killed giants! In we climbed, cautiously, one described the lock window. The calf held up his head and said bah. A lock interest of the complete returns of the last French census it appears that the calf switched his tail. A hawk flew over and a chicken squalled. The calf held up his head and said bah. A lock interest of the last French census it appears that the female sex exceeds the male by 122,254 —thus, males, 18,656,518, females, 18,6778,772. Of the males 10,110,601 are unimarried. dog jumped over the fence and cautiously approached the calf. The calf snorted and looked intently at the dog. The calf said bab, and the dog tucked aggregate capital of about three hun-

Now, my dear, is not this realistic?" "It's disgusting." "It is perfectly natural. Take, for -It is stated that on one of the arms instance, the old man blowing his nose. of a mummied countess buried in the How life-like it is, quite as much so as the picture of the young lady who tied Bremen, and who died 130 years ago. her shoe, I make you tired, sh? I see is a well-preserved glove of the style

# that you do not like realism."

Six New York boys devised a novel the Kimberley damond deposits of line of white that betrayed the shimmer of the ivory toothed Mediterranean as cation. They organized a minstrel of fine diamonds have been discovered it gnawed and chopped the shore. Yonder was the crawling skein of the Tiber, itself in the complications of Old Rome, clutching the throat of the city, like yellow fingers of a thug. Three hundred churches sent up campaniles, clock towers, duomos, of every imaginative clock towers, duomos, duomos clock towers, duomos clock towe able shape and size, into the air to meet us. On one side the gardens of the Vatican, shrouded in shade, made a identity was concealed under burnt the Mayor of Oakland. Cal., has ordered the paper of the property of the paper dark green spot on the earth; and on cork. The agony of his singing changed fered the revival of the old custom of the other the beautiful terraces of the panapili Doria and the lines of the attempted a stump speech. This was at 9 o'clock, with responses from the Janiculum Hills retreated into lovely too much, as the company had recently bells on the engine houses, and the podistances unsubstantialized by the deli-cate and beaming vapor that lay be-orator, and the audience made a wild the street after that hour. tween. The Protestant cemetery rich dash for the stage and cornered the \_\_The National Library of Paris, by in immortal ashes, seemed richer for whole troup in one of the dressing a recently completed inventory, conthe powerful lens of magnifying air through which we looked at it. Tasso's San Onotrio, the sweetest and most sacred spot in Rome, full of honey-bees, and agrees beloved of the ways and and grapes beloved of the wasps, and up a whole keg of beer on the street. both French and foreign.

There was a demand for two kegs, and Out of a total area of menichins, shone like a stanza out of while the dispute was yet under way some mythic Fierie Queen enclosing the bower of Adonis. Over the house lay back door to their hotel and lock-

# NEWS IN BRIEF

the increase on the Pacific slope. -The system of hydropathy was prac-

ticed by the Arabs in the tenth century. -London has 43 theatres, including

-A leather cannon was proved at Edinburgh in 1778, fired three times

-A Chinese doctor is reported to have been thinning out the vicinity of

-There are several sorts of fishes which are armed with poisenous

-Vamilla, inordinately used a French "Air, air!" suddenly gasped some-ody beside me: "air! I'm suffocating!" to a disease which is called "Vanil-

-Twenty years ago the number of even five minutes? Here we were in more than the fiery furnace of the Book | Protestants of all denominations in

-There are 209 varieties of cherries "Air! air!" shouted the Englishman. 60 of apricots, 220 of peaches, 1087 of pears and 297 of plants, a pomological writer says.

well, the great, greaty indication, had ascended the ladder less agilely indeed, States, and now there are more than eight hundred.

-Baltimore, it is said, possesses a master of a vessel who has acted in that capacity for sixty years without losing a boat or a man. -The whole import of frozen meas-

for last year was about 200,000 carcusses. -equal to one week's meat-consumption for London. -While the debt of our republic has been reduced to \$1,543,000,000. that of

France is almost 4,000,000,000, and

-New Mexico embraces 77,586,649 acres of land, on which about 5,000,000 head of cattle, over 3,000,000 of which -South Georgia and Florida, it is ex-

pected, will throw upon the market

this season about three thousand car

loads of water-melons. -There are more colored people in Georgia than there are Indians in the whole country. Georgia's negro population is about 725,000.

-A poor yield of caster beans to 1883

-The loss of life by the Ischia earth-000. The precise number of lives lost

will perhaps never be known, The two took hold of the woman's -An aronautic detachment of enfat shoulders, gave her a scrunch gineers has been formed in Herlin, and downwards, like running a cord into a is hard at work learning the art and

> ores and other metallurgical operations. -Seventy-nine geographical societies. distributed throughout the world, were in existence as the beginning of this

year, with a total membership of 38,-

in a cave a year ago on the approach of "Oh, no, dear, it is not thrilling, but his retreat. His wife carries provisions "It was no doubt necessary for the -Suicides are increasing in France.

-Frank Johnson, of Osceola, Ill., bid

number for 1882. -London has seventy-six guilds, en-

must be easily attained. I am think-ing of writing a piece of high art. I ing of writing a piece of high art. I men was 1,602. In 1882 it had risen to feel the inspiration. Give me pen and 3,113, and had reached 3,500 at the Turning to a table, he busied hi msel date of the latest returns. Turning to a table, he busied in mset with writing, and then, calling his wife Dawson, M.P., is a baker, and of his

his tail and jumped over the fence. dred millions sterling. Three-fourths of them are State lines.

> known as the Saruh Bernhardt, -At Bingera, New South Wales, the discovery of a new diamond field has been reported, which promises to rivat

-Out of a total area of nearly 21,000. the glorified Campagna the purple peak of Soracte, and over this the masses of violet and salmon flame that molded themselves in their rooms. In Great Britain, out of nearly 57,000, They are supposed to have spent the night in devising another plan of themselves into the Apennines and seemed ready to exhale and float the size train nearly 20 per cent, of the surface of the continual continual