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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1885.

DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

Dear little hands, I loved them so ! And now they are lying under the snoinder the snow, socold and white, I cannot see them or touch them to-night. They are quiet and still at last; ah me! llow busy and restless they used to be! But now they can never reach up through the snow, Bear little hands, I loved them so.

Dear little hands, I miss them so! All through the day, wherever I go-All through the night, how lonely it seems, For no little hands wake me out of my

dreams,
I mass them all through the weary hours,
i miss them as others miss sunshine and

flowers; Day-time, or night-time, wherever I go, Dear little hands, I miss them so!

Dear little hands, they have gone from me now, Never again will they rest on my brow-

Never again smooth my sorrowful face, Never clasp me again in a childish embrace And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care, Thinking of little bands one-resting there, But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime, Dear little hands, I will clasp you some

Dear little hands, when the Master shall I'll welcome the summons that comes to us

When tny feet touch the waters so dark and

And I catch my first glimpse of the City of It I keep my eyes fixed on the Heavenly

Over the tide where the white-robed ones wait, Shall I know you, I wonder, among the Will you becken me over, oh! dear little

PLATO AT FAULT.

CHAPTER L. "I quite agree with you, Lord Sands, that love is a mytb, while marriage is a delusion, and only friendship can give any lasting pleasure or comfort." And Lydia Frith clenched her pretty hands and her clear gray eyes flashed deflantly, as though challenging a reply.

For some minutes none was forthcoming; then her companion answered

"You have taken my words too literally, I fear, and I was speaking beyond my knowledge. What does a mere looker-on know of the divine passion? It comes before one's eyes in so many phases that one is dazzled by the frequent changes, and puzzled beyond expression to find the key to this ever-recurring enigma. But as to marriagewell, that is a social necessity."

"Yes, yes, I know," assented the young girl, 'and that is what makes me so bitter against it all. The age of idolatrous fanaticism is past, and I have no desire to throw myself down before this matrimonial car of Juggersaut. Why should I be the victim of this terrible Moloch of society? It is too, too bad!"

she added indignantly. "At least we shall be companions in misfortune," he returned, smiling. "I too am marked for destruction, I suppose, being the unfortunate possessor of the traditional ten thousand a year, an estate in Suffolk, a house in London, and a shooting-box in Scotland,"

Lydia laughed merrily.
"I have worse, far worse than even all that-I have six sisters in the school room, and the two eldest are dying to come out. People may try to coax you to marry, but you are your own master; as for me, it is my destiny. What else can I do? 'I cannot work, and to

beg I am ashamed." She stapped short with quivering lip and troubled eyes. "Lord Sands, you must think me

very, very foolish to speak like this to "I think you are very-at least, never mind what I think-but, Lydia Frith I wish you would let me be your friend. As far as any man can help any woman,

let me help you. You do not know what an interest I take in your welfare -let me be your friend." He broke off hurriedly, and moved nearer to her, holding out his hand with

aquestioning gesture; but she made no reply-her eyes were gazing vacantly at the dark gray sky with its myriads of bright stars, and the moon shone down and her beams lingered caressingly on her upturned face and waving wealth of light brown hair. "So you will not be friends?" he

"Friends! Of course we are friends,"

she answered quickly, arousing herself from the thoughts that had absorbed her, and laying her cool hand in his for "And now let us go in; they are playing my favorite waltz, and I am to dance it with Jack. Ah, here he comes I"

A tall fair youth, with small clearcut features and a slight tawny moustache, joined them as she spoke.

"Well, my little sister, and how goes it with you?" he cried gaily, laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder. "Fancy deserting one's first ball to gaze at a moon and river that in all probability will be here to-morrow, next week, and throughout the term of your natural life!

"So you count my juvenile dissipa-tions as nothing?" she returned reguishly. "But do you know, if my for mer partners were smaller, am not at all sure that they were not more amusing! And I would rather dance with you, Jack, than any one in the world."

"Go and hide your diminished head, Sands - you have evidently not put forth your full powers of attraction; while, as for you, my senseless sister, come and let me gratify your absurdly bad taste;" and, placing his arm around her waist, he drew her in with him, and the next moment they were moving round the room to the well-

marked time of Strauss's famous band. But Lord Sands did not follow them. He stood for some time after they had left lost in thought, and when he went, it was not through the ball-room, but,

Lydia Frith was the eldest daughter of an Essex Baronet of good old family, who possessed two fine entailed estates, which, while giving him much power and prestige in the county, yet added very little to his real personal comfort, they being unfortunately mortgaged to a very considerable extent; and, as he had very little ready money on which to keep up his position, it may be judged what dismay he saw his seven daughters growing up around him clamoring to be fed, clothed, and edu.

"If one could only marry them all off-hand in the good old foreign fashion I" he would say sometimes, with a merry twinkle in his eye. But his wife

"You need not be afraid of my daugh-ters not marrying, or not marrying well. father," said Jack.

Sir John; they have been well brought up under my superintendence, and they will not disgrace me."

"Tut, tui, madam," he would reply angrily; "I don't want to get rid of my daughters until they wish to leave. They sha'n't be turned out of their old

But Lady Frith would purse her lips and toss her head, as though to say that that was her affair, and that what she undertook to manage she would carry out. And now Lydia was eighteen, and o lovely and winning that her mother's whole time was taken up in scheming for her advancement in life; nothing was held too costly, nothing too extravagant that could in the smallest degree eighten her daughter's beauty.

"She ought to marry a duke," she said one day to her husband. "Nonsense, Letty! Let the girl larry a true honest man that she can ove, and I shall be satisfied," was his

And Lydia with flushed cheeks would eclare that she did not wish to marry any one, to leave home and Jack, and would strive to avoid wearing the handsome dresses that she felt were utterly

suitabl to her age and position.
"I am not a princess," she said once rather petulantly; but Lady Frith only shoo; her head wisely, thinking that ven this might be quite "on the cards."

ince her first ball Lydia had had sev eral admirers, who had haunted the places where she was to be seen, and who had bored her infinitely with their absurd flattery and exaggerated compliments. From these she would turn with relief to Lord Sands, who never wearied her in this fashion, but strove to interest her by discussions on art and poetry and all that is so sweet and wonderful to the mind of a very young girl,

"You are almost as nice as Jack," the would say frankly-"you always snow what I want and when I want it." ": am your friend,' was the invaria-e reply, "and friendship has its pleasint duties. You know I have never had a sister, and you come in the place what I have missed in that respect.'

But at last there came a crisis. One of her unwelcome admirers declared his intentions, and offered himself and his very splendid income for the acceptance of the object of his affections: and there was a very stormy scene, when Lydia positively refused to see im again, or to give him the least hope. For several days Lady Frith would ither speak voluntarily, nor answer her daughter when addressed, and at

ast Lydla sought her friend in despair. "What am I to do, Lord Sands?" she cried appealingly, as, having told him of the whole affair, she turned away, and bent over a bowl of flowers hat stood on her work-table.

He haid his hand for a moment caress gly on her hair. Poor little child, I scarcely know hat to say; but you were quite right-

Yes, I know, but in the meantime am very unhappy, and mamma's being vexed and miserable makes it worse-

and all about that one stupid man I' "Do not trouble, it will all come right a time; these things will happen, and the poor fellow could not help loving you. I wonder how it is that women dways despise a man who loves them, without having awakened a correspond-

"A man ought to know when he is not liked, and ought to take a refusal quietly," answered Lydia severely.
"I have a plan," he said a few min-

utes later, after there had been silence between them for a little while; "but will write and tell you what I thought, and you must decide for yourself whether it be practicable or not. Only take care; there is such a thing as escaping Scylla and being engulfed in

And then Sir John came in, and stood talking to them, and soon afterwards Lord Sands took his leave. But the same evening a groom came up with a

etter from him for Lydia. She quietly put it into her pocket, and made no comment thereon; but at about twelve o'clock that night, the door of the smoking-room, where Jack was sitting alone, discussing the Field and a very long pipe, was pushed a litopen, and a cautiously lowered voice egged for admittance.

"Come in, little one," cried Jack cheerily, and Lydia entered, holding the etter in her hand, and looking very dis-

"May I come and talk to you a little, Jack ?" she asked doubtfully. "Why, of course you may; it is like old times, your coming to have a chat. You are getting proud, I suppose. Your head is turned with your numerous con-quests, and a quiet confab with one's brother is tame work after all that sort

f thing." Nonsense, dear; I am always so tired," she answered apologetically, sinking down into the comfortable chair that Jack had drawn forward for er. "But I want your advice now. Please read this, and tell me what you think of it;" and she held out the

This is what it contained-"My dear Lydia,- I am going to make a very strange proposition; and before making it, I wish you to promise that, whether you accept it or not, our friendship shall remain intact. Do you remember our conversation at your first ball, when we both agreed that marriage was a necessity, and that love was far surpassed by his elder and more soper brother-friendship? My opinion s unaltered, and this is my proposition. Will you take my name and be my wife in the eyes of the world, but in reality

my very dear sister-my friend? If were older, I would adopt you, as that would be less binding to you; but of course, as it is, that is quite out of the question. If you decide to come to me, you need fear no unwelcome tenderness on my part, and you need have no more of my society than is agreeable; you have your brother and your six sisters, across the park with a quick step and a strange expression in his dark hazel guests. Think well of all this before could have loved any one, it would have been you. But I will not deceive you; my feeling is that of a father for his daughter-a calm, protective affection that I swear shall never alter. If you have a preference for any one-if you feel that some day you will love, and love leeply, do not hesitate to tell me; do not let me - who would wish to be

your best friend-be the one to ruin Yours always, and whatever happens, your life.

"Wh-wh-whew," whistled Jack softly, as he daished, folding up the letter deliterately and laying it on the table be-

"What ought I to say?" asked Lydia "He talks as if he were your grand

"But he is not," demurred Lydia.
"Or Saint Kevin himself," her rother added dubiously.

"If you are not going to talk sense, may as well go." "No, stop a minute. Are you in love with him, or with any one else?" asked Jack gravely

"I love you better than any one in the world, and I would rather live on nothing a year with you than have milions with any one else."

"But, my dear, I am a penniless subaltern, living on very little more than my pay, so that is impossible; and I can for you know the governor has had hard work for a time. to make both ends meet. Sands has pleasant shooting." "I don't shoot," remarked Lydia

dryly. "No, more's the pity; for then of course you would not hesitate. To tell slowly over i you the truth, I don't quite like this He resumed. ural; I would rather you married the other fellow, although Lord Sands is the best of the two in everything. But I am afraid to advise you—that's the truth. Think it all over for a day or two, don't hurry yourself, and don't marry any one if you don't like. I will speak to the governor, and see that you

are not bullied.' Lydia stood up, and kissed him.
"You are a dear boy," she said gently;
"but you don't understand. You don't know what mamma is, and you don't know how strongly i feel on these subjects; it is very, very wrong to marry any one that you cannot love—it is doing him a life-long injury. But Lord Sands asks for no love, and I have a great esteem and sincere liking for him; besides, why should there not be friend-

ship between man and woman?" "I don't know why not; but there never is. Plato is a humbug; den't ou listen to his sophistries !" "Good night," said Lydia shortly.

and swept away more vexed with her brother than she had ever been before. A week afterwards the papers were all full of an approaching marriage in can make things right even now." high life, and dilated rapturously on the beauty of the bride and the wealth of

the intending bridegroom. Lady Frith was charmed, and in her element, while ordering the trousseau and making the arrangements for the

The eventful day came at last, and everything went off splendidly, the "happy pair" going off for a protracted our on the Continent during the winter months.

When the first strangeness were off, heir relations were of the friendliest, and Lydia was wild with delight at the many strange scenes and new sights that met her eyes at every turn. "Oh, how kind and good you are,

Lord Sands!" she cried one day, in her "My dear little wife, it is very selfish

"But your sister is very grateful withstanding," she returned quietly He bowed gravely, and accepted the

Nothing bright was in the room-not a gleam of gold or silver, nor even the

old glitter of a looking-glass; everything was rich and warm. It was the winter drawing-room of Lady Sands, and on a low lounge, drawn close to the fire, sat Lydia, a little paler perhaps than she used to be, while at times there was a sadder expression in her deep gray eyes. A shadow had already fallen on her life; between herself and Lord Sands had arisen a coolness for which neither could account, and for which neither was responsible. The first freedom of intercourse had ceased, and now both seemed best pleased when the house was full of visitors, and the

probability of being left alone was proportionately lessened. Since she had grown accustomed to and half wearied of the new grandenr and luxuries that surrounded her, Lydia had chafed bitterly against this strange coldness. Having had so much love all her life, the absence of it had begun to tell on her spirits and usually sweet

temper, so that often she was sad and metimes almost irritable. She was leaning back and laughing at the doleful face of her companion, who was holding her wools while she wound them, and was in despair at the tangled

skein he held. "Captain Dalfrey, you are not a man; you are an angel!" she cried merrily. "I wish people would only believe it," he returned, with mock seriousness. "I suppose you are too rich to be an

angel though," she resumed. The only

gold they have is on their heads-is it

"Indeed I do not know-my experience has been so limited. Shall we leave this now and go on to another

"Yes, if you like, but you must cut this into lengths afterwards. Put it round your neck, and it will not get into orse entanglement. There so. He was sitting on a footstool at her feet. As he bent his head she leaned

lown and was throwing it round his

neck when the door opened, and Lord

Sands entered with a young girl-one of Lydia's sisters. "We have had such a glorious ride, Lydia! Why were you not with us?" she cried eagerly, running to the fire and holding out her hands to the blaze. Why, you lazy people, you have been rinding wools ever since we left, and have nothing to show for it after all.' "It was too cold, May, and we have

been talking," said Lydia languidly, noting the displeasure on her husband's "Your conversation must have been

"It was indeed," assented Captain Dalfrey. Lord Sands did not speak. He took up a paper, and went to the fire at the other end of the room.

"May, you have brought in such ush of cold wind with you that I'm trozen," exclaimed Lydia, shivering. -I am tired, and can wind no

"And I must go," said Captain Dalfrey, rising; "we will finish them some He made his adieux, saying somethin n a low voice to Lydia as he held her hand and May left the room at the same moment to change her habit, Ledia put down her work as the door closed behind them, and crossed over to

where Lord Sands was sitting. "Are you vexed?" she asked gently, taying her hand on his arm. He started up, shrinking away from 'Vexed! No, I am not vexed, or

if I am, not with you; it is myself blame-most bitterly." "What do you mean ?" "Lydia, I was mad a year ago when proposed that you should link your a year before "Heaven grant you may be happy,

harsh ring in her voice.

"I was blind then, but now my eyes subject. are opened. Lydia, my poor child, can forgive me?" "I do not understand," she returned

"I might have known-I might have known," he continued wearily, passing his hand across his forehead, as though in pain; "but it is too late now for repentance or for regret. I will do all I can for you-perhaps I ought to go away

"Go away?" echoed Lydia, looking half stunned, and pressing her hands tightly together. He did not see the pained look in her eyes, nor the pallor that was creeping slowly over her face even to her lips

"Yes, it is better I should go, and you might visit your mother for a time, until-until---' "Yes, yes, let me go home! mother, mother!" And Lydia burst

and fro in an agony of grief. Lord Sands walked up and down uneasily, watching her furtively.
"Poor child!" he mured tenderly, with a world of pity in his voice; but he did not go to her nor attempt to comfort her. "I did

not think you had suffered so much Lydia." But she did not answer, except to implore him to leave her; and, when at last he was gone, she sunk down on a pile of soft velvet cushions, and sobbed bitterly in the anguish of conflicting emotions. Perhaps he loved some on else, and regretted the bond that held him to her; or perhaps she, in her anxiety not to overstep the barrier between from you. And, then, for yourself, do them, had been too cold, and less than

you think I did not note your change to friendly. "It is my fault," she murmured with look in the eyes that I had sworn to pang of self-reproach. "Perhaps 1

She dried her eyes, and sat dreaming and planning on the hearth-rug by the lashes; but, as the last words fell on fire, until the dressing-bell rang. Then her ear, she raised her face and stretched she ran up-stairs, singing to herself in out her arms to him with a low, glad the light-heartedness of renewed hope. | cry Lord Sands, pacing restlessly from one end of his study to the other, heard

he said to himself. "After all, she treasure. is only a child, knowing nothing of love or grief,"
But Lydia drove her maid nearly mad

that night with her caprices. Not a tender light in hereyes, and the dreamy dress that was brought out would suit her. One was too bright, another too that he would tain know. dark, another was unbecoming, and all were unsuitable. "I want the prettiest dress I have,"

"Milady, what a pity there is no one

Lydia laughed delightedly, "It is nice," she said, stroking her self down softly and then she went down-stairs. As she entered the drawing-room

neither Lord Sands nor her sister could resist an exclamation. "Lydia-how lovely !" cned May. "Do you like my dress, Keith?" she asked, going towards him, and looking

up at him with a half smile He took her hands in his for the space of one second, and then dropped them "You are perfection," be answered

gravely. "But my dress"-anxiously, "Is very beautiful-but a little too much perhaps for just ourselves." He did not mean to hurt her; but his eyes were so full of her wondrous sweet-

ness that he dared not trust himself to speak in praise of her. She blushed hotly, thinking he had read her motive, and turned away to speak to May, whose simple dress of white silk and black velvet seemed to make her own appear gaudy, and almost theatrical by contrast. After dinner Lydia sat by the piano, with her fingers straying idly over the keys in snatches of melody, while May settled herself at the farther end of the room

and, after wandering aimlessly about the room for some time, at last sat down beside Lydia. "Sing to me," he whispered softly and she complied, choosing in her haste

Presently Lord Sands joined them :

to write letters undisturbed.

the passionate complaint of Guinevere. He moved his chair back with a sharp serk, as these words rang out in her scious fervor; and she stopped singing and turned round. "What is it, Lord Sands? Do you not like my song?" she asked in sur-

on my last evening with you," he answered in a strange harsh voice "Keith, must you go?" "Let us forget all that has been said to-day; be once more as you were-my

"It was a strange song for you to sing

dear friend, my brother. Do not leave hands were clasped tightly together and

her face was raised pleadingly to his. Had he read the story in her eyes his answer would probably have been difterent; but his head was turned away and his lids were fixed and stern as he answered her. do not-cannot know ! She rose with flashing eyes,

"I do know, and understand at last. Pray make no apologies, Lord Sands;' and she swept away from him angrily. In the morning she came down pale gave her strenth to say good-bye with a smiling face, when Lord Sands left

May to her old home, and soon it for its manufacture. seemed to her as though she had never left it, as days and weeks passed by, and her husband did not return. She was very patient and uncomplaining; and it was only her own family who no- and other acids, undergoes a chemical ticed that her face was thinner, her step more languid than of old, and that she looked for her letters with a feverish anxiety.

borhood, and visited them very often. Very soon his motive was discovered, for he proposed for May and was accepted. abroad so their engagement was a very short one. Lydia had written to Lord Sands to tell him the news, but had received no of it, in imitation of tortoise shell, are answer. The welling-day came and

Captain Dalfrey was still in the neigh-

that it was with an aching heart that she dresed herself for church and thought of her own marriage more than

"Keith!" she cried, with a strange dear." she said very gravely, as May came in to show herself in all her wed-It was the first time she had called ding finery, but the bride only blushed, him by his name, but he did not heed it. having evidently no doubt upon the

ball, and the house was merry with music and brilliant with many lights, while Lydia, being the youngest bride present, was besieged by admirers and would be partners. But, though ber feet moved lightly in the dance, her heart was very heavy, and very soon she stole away into the library to be at

rest for a little time. Even here, however, she could not be alone, for scarcely had she entered the room before a footman followed her.

"My lord is here, and is asking to see our ladyship," he said apologetically, as she turned to confront him, vexed at being disturbed; and, almost before be finished speaking, Lord Sands pushed past him and closed the door be-

"Lydia, what does this mean?" he asked impatiently. She stood motion-less, leaning a little forward, and her into a wild fit of weeping, swaying to eyes seemed fastened on the face which they had hungered to see for so many

> "Oh, why did you not write?" she cried with a sob of joy at having him at last "I did not get your letter for some time," he answered hastily. "I was away, trying to forget the past year of my life, which has been the sweetest and yet the most bitter that I have ever known. Then your letter came—I dared not write to ask you why Captain Dalfrey was marrying your sister when he loved you, and so I started for home at Do you think I did not see the exchanged glances, the smiles and whispers, the way he haunted your footsteps and how he never seemed content apart

me, your coldness, and the sorrowful keep clear from all shade of grief?" She had been standing silently before him with bowed head and lowered

'Keith, my love, my love !" And in another moment she was strained to er husband's breast, as though he "Perhaps I have thought too much of | could never release his newly-found "Lydia, little Lydia, do you really love me?" he whispered at last; and,

though she did not answer in words, the

smile on her parted lips told him all "And so Dalfrey was in love with May?" he said, laughing, a few minutes later. "You see, to me there was she cried impatiently, and presently she only one woman in the world, and I don't think I realized that any one

could see charms elsewhere. And you o see you!" said the admiring maid. loved me only, Lydia, and were grieved "I think I loved you always; Keith; but I had heard so much of marriage as a business affair that I did not think it might also be a matter of affection.' "So much for friendship between the sexes!" cried Jack, chuckling to himseif, when he sawhow things had turned

"Oh, Plate, Plate, with thy dis

mischief than all the philosophers in Christendom!"

vine platitudes thou hast done more

The Rhine Wine Supply. It is perfectly ridiculous for wine merchants to assert that the flower of | tact and easy boshomic of his father. | was adorned with living plants or fresh the produce of the vineyards of the An education commenced at home, cuttings. And now it turns out that Duke of Nassau and of Prince Metter- strengthened by life on board ship. nich gets into the hands of "the trade." The best is almost invariably retained at a university, has developed the in-ference recently held in France it was for certain imperial and royal cellars and for a few favored customers. The "Sehloss" vineyard at Johannishere extends to only forty acres, while that which stands its possessor in lieu of may safely and even with advantage, of the Duke of Nassau, near the Abbey of Eberbach, is only 60 acres. You may, therefore form some inadequacy of the supply as compared with the deusually sold at Johannisberger does in Switzerland, near Lausanne. It was hale a certain amount of ozone and vanot come from Prince Metternich's at first given out that their visit was por, which maintain a healthy dampfamous vineyard. on the adjoining estate of Count Schon-born, while most of that which is sold on the microtes which pro-not mix in society. This was considered mote consumptive tendencies in human in England is the produce of the vine- by the residents as a diplomatic way of beings. It is only flowers and not the yards around the village of Johannis stating that what society there was was plants which bear them, that do the org, which, although not bad, is very not considered good enough for them. damage. Ferns are innocuous, roses far inferior to second-rate growths of However, after a short time it was and sunflowers are pernicious-at least Rudeshelmer, Marcobrunner and Rau-borne in upon those around the princes during the interesting period while thenthaler, Berg-Steinberger Cabinet, in the same way, come, as a rule, from selves with ease and facility in the vineyards in the district behind Hat- French language was not fostered by tenheim. The prices at which the supclear young voice with almost uncon- posed Johannisberger and Steinberger that the contemplation of the beauties are sold show at once that they cannot of lake and mountain was not all-suffipossibly be what ignorant people sup- cient for active, cheerful, intelligent, pose them to be. You can get "Rudes-hiemer" at Rudeshiem for three shil-in the austere-looking houses in the lings a bottle, but for really first-rate steep streets or the picturesque villas Rudesheimer you will pay nearly three times that price. People who like dwelt families dating from the cru-Rhine wine of a high class (and there sades, and whose genealogical roots had is no finer tipple) must be prepared to struck deeper and bore wider branches pay a very liberal price for it, and the present rates are likely to increase. The "crack" vineyards of the Rhinegau She had half risen from her seat; her part of the wines which are sold as coming from them.

Another Use for Paper.

One of the most remarkable uses to which paper has been put of late years "It is impossible-impossible! You is the manufacture of zylonite, a substance which, at the will of the manufacturer, may be made in imitation of horn, rubber, tortoise shell, amber, and even glass. The uses to which zylonite is adaptable are almost infinite, but perhaps the most extraordinary is and composed, and her woman's pride | the manufacture of cathedral windows. The discovery was made by an Englishman named Spills about fifteen years that day for London en route for Italy. ago, but it was only about five years ago of Hanover, a mixture of frankness, A few days later she went back with that a company was formed in London good nature, and stolidity, blending

illusions of fancy! Beware of the solemn deceivings of thy vast desires!

with relentless fidelity. The basis of zylonite is a plain white The stamp of the two races bids fair tissue paper, made from cotton, or cotnot to be lost. Even the last "ewe ton and linen rags. The paper, being treated first with a bath of sulphuric change. The acid is then carefully washed out, and the paper treated with another preparation of alcohol and camphor. After this it assumes an appearance very much like parchment. brious but mild recreation of Alx it is then capable of being worked up Bains), weds with one of those prince into plates of any thickness, rendered almost perfectly transparent, or given of created beings is to mate with the His regiment was ordered any of the brilliant colors that silk will daughters of the royal house of Eng take. It is much more flexible than land. These "serene" consorts, when either horn or ivory, and much less taking their marriage vows, not only brittle. Combs or other articles made assume the heavy burden of matrimony said to be so perfect in appearance as to still she had not heard from him, so deceive the eye of the most practical workman in that substance,

Twenty-one years ago, on a Sunday afternoon, a lady of exalted rank, very ung, very beautiful, worshipped by all, not only for her high position, but for her own personal fascinations, went out with her attendants to watch the gay scene of skaters gliding in and out of the sheltered ponds of a royal enlosure. That year the Christmas time had come with all the brilliancy of frost, the crispness of snow, the cheeriness of bright winter weather, now so rarely seen in Loudon, save in the deluding and apocryphal devices of Christ- English court, now that he has sworn mas cards and annuals. When the away his independence in consenting to lovely woman had walked for a while around the shore of the mimic frozen lake, she returned to the stately pile in which she was one of the fairest guests, and a little later assisted in the ceremonious dinner presided over by her imperious mother-in-law. She retired early, with the gracious smile and gentle words with which she was wont to part from all who surrounded her in ose first days of her wedded life in a bridegroom has borne in mind the famforeign land.

A few hours later the silent streets of the royal borough at Windsor were prudence, and that he will have in perto startled by the hurrying hoofs and clamorous, anxious voices breaking upon the hushed stillness of the wintry An outfitting shop was hastily opened by half-dressed assistants, a bundle of tiny articles of clothing summarily put together and carried off by impatient horseman. Meanwhile paying community. Yet the sum thus doctors and nurses, roused from their midnight slumbers, rushed with fear and awe up to the steep and slippery approach to the castle, while somewhere in the town a woman, who was also a mother, was found willing to leave her own young baby to take charge of the infant at the castle, who, in the midst of regal splendor, had come into the world with as little preparation for its reception as the miserable waif born to starvation and misery under the arches of a bridge or in some foul den of Seven Dials, That child was Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, grandson of Queen Victoria, prospective sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland and Emper-

or of India. Ushered into the world under circ amstances so incompatible with the formalities of etiquette, most of them had to be omitted, and it was only on the morrow that the little Royal Highness entered into possession of the gorgeous cradle, the costly layette, and the accessories that had been waiting for oim at Marlborough House, and which came down in an express train with the nurses and cabinet ministers, the court physicians and other dignitaries who homage at the birth of royal babies. However, the Windsor lady who had so premptly offered her services on that memorable night was retained with grateful courtesy, and to her care the Prince was for some time longer attendants; and she has ever since retained the affection of the Princess of

The majority of Prince Albert Vic he enters on the fullfillment of his in their rooms at night, had met with manhood with none of the untoward fatealmost as tragic as that records

He is as gracious and as pleasant ty-one years ago, and ne has the ready perfected by foreign travel and a spell seems the appanage of all individuals all the savants there present, born on or near the throne - a faculty plants, as long as they are plants only higher powers, and wins for him more be admitted to the elysium from which popularity than the greater gifts and qualities which fit men to be rulers.

Prince Albert Victor and Prince now declares, "far from being hurtful, The fact is that the wine George, his brother, spent some months are beneficial in as much as they ex-The best is grown only for the purpo e of acquiring con- ness in the air, and besides that are

> that the faculty of expressing them- they are in bloom." limiting them to English intercourse and chateaux dotted on the hillsides dwelt families dating from the cruthan any of which British aristocracy could boast. So, for one or all thesereasons it was accidentally rumored that should Highnesses be asked, they would accept the invitations. Thus it come to pass that one or two of the grave half-mediæval houses in the Rue de Bourg opened their portals and disclosed interiors that vied in elegance and comfort with the choicest apartments of the Faubourg St. Germain: that sounds of revely and music echoed in the old brocade-hung rooms; that the young princes danced and flirted a little and enjoyed themselves immensely, and that on the drawing room table of those houses can be seen a personally inscribed cabinet photograph of the two still boyish-looking faces. They both have that unmistakable family likeness which is common to all the scions of the house English and German characterteristics

lamb" of the Queen, the faithful companion of her eternal walks; the unrepining younger daughter, who has never left her side but once (when nominally rheumatism, but presumably hopeless ennui, drove her to the salu piculæ whose only mission in the order with one who by birth and law never ceases to be Princess Royal of Great Britain, but they abdicate, if not a sovereignty they never possessed, at least all liberty of will and power of action. Some, like Prince Teck, the handsomest man of the day, sink promptly into utter insignificance and least 4000 heated steam and hot air,

Singers, of Brookiyn, will begin on July employ, as a source of emergency power 5, 1885, and continue four days. Twenty for ships of war, furnaces into which ty societies, comprising at least 4000 heated steam and hot air,

The Future King and Emperor.

contented servitage, and, after years of uncomplaining dependence, manage in middle age to lure their wives to the cheaper freedom of life in Continental cities. Others, like Prince Christian, after the wedding ceremony is over, are never heard of again in any shape, form, or association. One, like the Marquis of Lorne, seeks in literary pursuits and even in temporary exile a solace from the singular degradation of being his wife's subject, and unable to rise to the manlier position of husband It is not yet certain what attitude Prince Battenberg will take at the apron strings, and abjured the heavenly birthright of making a home for bride. One would have thought that what Princess Beatrice would have sought above all in matrimony would be deliverance from the thraldom in which she has lived for twenty-eight years; but the iron will of her mother has decreed otherwise. It is difficult ous "cas reserve" attributed to Jesuitic

guaranteed to hi uself a saving clause that may enable him to throw off the yoke when it becomes too galling, Whatever Parliament may be prevailed upon to vote as a subsidy to the young couple will of course excite a granted will be but a home athic dose compared with the annual expenditure in appointments, salaries, pensions, and moneys received by the families and relations of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, amounting to prodigious total of £108.614.630, divided as follows: Twenty-eight families of dukes take £9,760,000; thirty-thre families of marquises, £8,305.950; 200 families of earls, £48,181,203; sixty families of viscounts, £11,241,250,211 families of barons, £31,126,188. Of these the Duke of Richmond heads the list. with £1,600,000, followed by the Duke of Wellington, £1,425,500; the Duke of Grafton, £1,115,850, and so on.

The eloquence of these figures requires no comments, save, perhaps, the nflateering felicity of expression attained by John Bright when he referred to "the gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristrocracy of Great Brit-

Plants in Bedrooms.

The controversy as to keeping live plants in a room at night continues to be carried on with vigor and acrimony. although most people have probably rest. Not so many years ago the dauger of keeping such things in a bed-room was a good deal pooh-poohed by practical persons, who regarded the women's tales, belonging to the same category as the myth about sleeping un der the moon, or taking a siesta under a vew tree. But then there were pultor, which he has attained to-day, is cele | who, despising the warning in question brated with pomp and rejoicing, though and depositing boupuets or flower pots haste and accompanying mishais which in the doleful balled of "The Mistleton attended his introduction into the Bough." Thereupon the scientific world, with the whole crew of unlearn ed folk at its heels, rushed to the opport mannered as his mother, who still keeps ite conclusion, and adopted a theory much of the youthful charm of twenfrom sleeping in an apartment which in going as far as this we have gone ; good deal too far. At a medical c herentfaculty oftactful adaptation which demonstrated to the satisfaction of

Storming the Ice Palace.

A January writer from Montreal says: The visitors managed to enjoy themselves in the morning at the Victoria Skating Rink watching a skating tournament. The Governor General and Lady Lansdown and their children were present. The competitors were from Canada and from the United States, The contest was a close one; the local champion, Rubenstein, winning by 282 points, against Robinson of Toronto. 280 points. In the afternoon there was a steeplechase across the mountain, a parties be given, and should their Royal Mardi Gras masquerade and toboggan races at the Russian side. Recently the snowshoers' attack on the ice palace was as peculiar as it was fascinating. The leaders of both the attack and the this country are estimated at a total defense were commanders of local mili- value of \$10,197,096,776. tary regiments. The battle-ground is a large oblong square at one end of the untion has increased 50 per cent. since palace. The towers and turrets of 1870, being now over \$400,000,000. clear ice, with the corners and angles glittering as though set with diamonds were intensified by electric lights within and without. The snowshoe soldiers, with torches, quietly entered the square and took their alloted posinot allow the event to be published in tions. A bomb was fired as a signal for the attack. And a shower of harmballs were at once hurled against the ley ramparta. Rocket after rocket was shot up, and the palace glowed with colored lights. Each turret burned with fires of many colors, and with fireballs and rockets the defenders answered the attack. Then came a rush of the whole number being on theolog from outside, with a perfect storm of ical subjects, 408 were novels. fire-balls from within. Then another rush and a volley of rockets and Roman ger receive rewards, the commissioner's candles, and the palace was taken. being determined to make the health Beseiged and beseigers then narched and life fund of the department the refrom the palace gates and up the cipient hereafter. mountain side. It looked from below as if a great scrpeant of fire was gliding School Board of Lafavette. Ind., has along the mountain. The scene was presented the city with a library conthe most enchanting one since the carnival was opened.

their livelthood in England.

-The total cost of the Tichborne litigation was over \$450,000. Mr. N. B. Clark proposes, in the

NEWS IN BRIEF.

NO. 8.

-Dalton, Ga., boasts of a calf with five legs.

-The genuine silver dollar of 1804 is worth \$600. -Stealing door plates is the latest

-Nearly 2,000,000 ch. dren die every

-Frau Materna is suffering from a sprained ankle.

-The salary of the Viceroy of India is \$125,000 a year.

-Berlin has 1027 physicians, or one to every 1230 inhabitants. -Germans make the most delicate

watch wheels of paper pulp. -Frederick Douglass is believed to to be worth at least \$150,000. -There are 7.162 women mission

aries and preachers in England. -Hereafter the New York Star will show its light but once a week. -The newest craze is to collect every

kind and shape of parlor lamps, Several Western Railroads have stopped the sale of miliage tickets. -Yale is discussing the advisability of founding a co-operative society.

-The number of men employed on the Panama Canal works is 19,000. -The United States used 1,100,000 tons of sugar during the year 1884. -Counterfeit silver quarters, bearing date 1871, are plentiful in Brooklyn.

-The United States uses three times as much paint as any other country. -The Harvard Divinity School has seven professors and eleven students. -The United States is the third slik nanufacturing country in the world. -The highest priced pew in Grace Church, New York, ls \$1,000 per year.

-There are 600 professional beauties in London who don't work at all. -It is a wise woman that knows her own sealskin sacque from dyed beaver. -Vermont school teacher's are prohibited by law from the use of tobac

-The wages of the British iron work-

ers were reduced 30 per cent. in 1884.

-There are 452 women editors in England and 1,309 female photograph--There are eleven million horses in

the United States, one to every five per--Locomotives that cost \$15,000 apiece a year ago can be bought for \$8,000

-The United States is the third lar-

gest beer producing country in the world. -There are 115,995 English school supposed that it was long since set at teachers, nearly all of whom are spins-

> -ln New York and London musical CIBZO. The United States contains three

uarters of the coal fields of the whole

world. -In some parts of Germany paper is now used in the manufacture of lead - It may become necessary to quar

antine against those foreign earth--A pearl has been found on the Western Australian coast valued at \$20,000.

-A war on bill-board displays of ob-

ectionable posters has opened in New

-As an ontcome of the hard times. no shut down of a brewery has yet been reported. -Foreign students in Paris complain of discriminations and being treated as

York City.

intruders. Wachtel, the once famous tenor, has tardily followed his voice and retired from the stage. -The poor of Paris are now crying

for bread. They may soon be clamor

ing for blood. -Out of Italy's twenty-nine million nhabitants only one million subscribe o newspapers. -The Nihilists in Russia continue sy enough to keep the procession to

Siberia moving. -Windsor's great park costs the Queen \$125,000 a year and brings in rentals of \$25,000. -A twenty-six pound mountain trout, forty-seven inches long, is on ex-

hibition in Denver.

in the United States, aside from shops owned by railroads. -Two Boston houses send about 600,000 gallons of rum to the Congo district every year. -The "Lights o' London" are 360,-

-There are sixteen locomotive works

000 gas jets consuming nightly 13,000,-000 cubic feet of gas. -A Norwich, Conn., lady has a banana plant on which several bananas are now ripening.

-In London 149 tons of chloride of

lime are daily used for the deodorizing of the sewer outlets. -It is said that Miss Mackey will sever permit her Italian Count to go into the peanut business. -The four million and odd farms in

-Minnesota's assessed property val--Cleopatra's needle, in Central Park, N. Y., is gradually crumbling away, it is said, owing to climatic influences. -A newly-married couple at Bangor, Maine, were so bashful that they would

the popers. -Twelve thousand invitations will be sent out for the Presidential inauguration ball. But the recipients will not all attend.

-Nearly 5000 new books were pu lished in England last year, one-sixth

-James J. Perrin, Treasurer of the

taining over 10,000 volumes of carefully -Floating sawmills are common on the lower Mississippi. They pick up the drifting logs, turn them into lum ber, and sell the product to planters

along the shore. -The next festival of the United

Journal of the Franklin Institute, to Singers of Brooklyn, will begin on July